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

THE HOUSEHOLD

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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THE OLD HOME.

The roof tree stands as ever it stood, the jasmine stars the wall,
The great wisteria's purple blooms o'er dark gray gables tall,
The roses that our mother loved, blush 'neath her window sill,
And the clematis our father trained, droops as he taught it, still.

The August sunset lights the panes where we were wont to watch
Its rays of crimson and of gold, on baby's brow to catch;
On the wall where our first nest we found, the grand old ivy waves,
As when we chose a shoot to plant upon our sacred graves.

The thrushes that we paused to hear are dead long Summers gone,
Yet the sweet rose thicket echoes now to the self-same ringing tone:
The flowers a fuller glory show, and the trees a deepened shade,
Naught else on nature's face is changed since here of yore we played.

Naught else on Nature's face. Oh, life, can ever seasons pass
And leave our hearts renewed as fair and bright as meadow grass?
Death's icy shadow waits for us, on the home that once was ours,
We see through tears the bairns that sport among our childhood's flowers.

The stranger's shadow flits across our old familiar floors,
The stranger's footstep as of right seeks our old open doors.
With a dim sense of loss and wrong, like one from death returned,
We look on all for which for years our faithful fondness yearned.

Better to keep the fancy sketch of all it used to be,
Better than blurring by the truth the hues of memory!
Oh, earth has no abiding place, but the mighty word is given,
No cloud, or care, or change will vex the countless homes of Heaven!

SHADE TREES AROUND DWELLINGS.

FROM an excellent article on the above subject in a western exchange, we select the following sensible ideas as applicable to any latitude and worthy the consideration of every present or prospective owner of a dwelling.

Every dwelling should be so constructed as to admit sunlight into every occupied apartment, parlor, dining and bed rooms alike, appropriating the rooms deprived of sunlight for storage or lumber. In our groves and forests and towns, especially in the suburbs, it is no uncommon thing to see trees growing so close around dwellings as to almost exclude the sunlight. Such houses are damp and unhealthy. Absolute shade is death to all vegetable and animal life, except poisonous plants and noxious vermin. Many persons, not knowing this, take pains to make their houses as dark and shaded as possible by means of trees, shutters, and curtains. Others, practicing the opposite extreme, have no shade whatever, no trees or shrubbery about their dwellings. Old farm houses on our prairies are frequently seen without as much as a single tree for defence against the scorching sun of summer, or the freezing blasts of winter.

Every country or suburban house, should have, both for beauty and health, the adornment and shelter of trees, so arranged as to admit into the house a good share of the sun's rays, making only a changing, checkered shade, which would at the same time furnish shelter against the cold winds of winter. In setting trees near and around the dwelling for shade and ornament, set so as to blend in pleasing gradations of contrast, various forms of trees and colors of foliage, and have them so placed that the cheering and health-imparting rays of the morning sun would never be excluded from the living rooms. On the appearance of the king of day, draw the curtains aside, open the shutters, raise the windows, and "let the glory in."

In the arrangement of trees around the house, we would recommend placing most of them in a crescent form on the westerly side, whence most of our fierce and killing winds come, and so as to reach well around to the north, with the tallest and stoutest on the outside to loom up as the picket guard of the homestead and parterre. There may be graceful elms alternated with lindens (basswood) and oaks; and then we may grade down with walnuts, box elders, and other maples, Kentucky coffee trees, birches and so on of our various forest trees, and with undergrowth, as the serviceberry, the high bush cranberry and others, to the edge of the lawn and flower beds, which should be composed into a picture of pleasing design, to look out upon and enjoy. Evergreens, but not many, scattered among the deciduous or leaf-falling trees, afford a pleasing variety and contrast.

The whole grouping should be so arranged as to furnish shelter to the westerly sides of the house during the heat of the summer early afternoon sun, and yet not so close as to exclude a circulation of the atmosphere; for fresh air and plenty of it, are as essential to health and enjoyment, as is sunlight. Trees that will admit of such free circulation afford sufficient shelter-screens against the freezing blasts of winter. A well appointed rural dwelling, however humble, almost, but not entirely surrounded by a picturesque grouping of trees, so placed as to afford pleasing outlooks and perspective inlooks, with near the house a secluded, well-composed picture of horticultural beauty, is a perpetual joy to the dwellers therein, and an object of admiration and desire to others. There is nothing more pleasing in nature and art, unless it be indeed, a beautiful, innocent, accomplished woman.

LOCATION OF HOUSES.

The Science of Health has some sensible suggestions on this topic, which are appropriate here:

Houses should be built on upland ground, with exposure to sunlight on every side. During epidemics, it has been noted by physicians that deaths occur more frequently on the shaded side of the street than on the sunny side; and in hospitals physicans have testified to the readiness with which diseases have yielded to treatment in sunny rooms, while in shaded rooms they have proved intractable.

Let there be no bogs, no marshes, no stagnant water in the neighborhood. Then let the cellars be thoroughly drained. Inattention to this subject has caused the death of many a person. No father or mother should rest one moment in peace while their innocent babes are sleeping in rooms over damp and moldy cellars. Cellars should not only be drained, but thoroughly ventilated, otherwise the house must be unwholesome.

Let the drains also be constructed for the conduction of slops and sewage of all kinds to a common reservoir, at a distance from the dwelling, to be used for fertilizing purposes.

It is believed that the oldest rose bush in the world is trained upon the east side of the Hildesheim Cathedral, in Germany. Documents exist that prove that nearly one thousand years ago, after it had been for some time planted, the stone roof was raised for protection.

MISERABLE HOMES.

WHAT a mistake some good people make when they maintain, within the home circle, the rigid rule and decorum which becomes irksome even during a committee meeting; when parents and children assemble at the table in solemn silence, and finish the meal within the prescribed minutes; and the late arrival at the breakfast table is scowled at, reprimanded, and remarked upon by mother and father, aunt and uncle, until the more punctual juniors come to regard him as a black sheep.

Oh, horrid home, where the little boys are never seen without their school books, or the little girl without a towel to hem; where ma no more dares to buy a rattle for the baby without mentioning the expenditure to pa, than anybody dares to throw open the parlor shutters or tuck up the curtains, or even at the table to have more of this dish or less of that.

The small boy who hates fat is not accommodated, as Jack Sprat's wife was, by anybody. The tall girl who naturally likes pudding, has her triangular wedge, and no more; while the eldest son, outgrowing his liking for the dish, is reproved for the leaving of a piece on his plate.

Order and good housekeeping are charming, but the good order of a person, and the regular supply of rations necessary in a workhouse, are not suitable for home. Home is no home unless, as far as reason will allow, the taste and wishes of the youngest child are consulted; unless there is freedom of word and action, speech and love, and good will without measure.

When I was a child home was the place where the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest.

Everything was always forgiven there. There was no awful rod behind the door, no domestic dungeon under the roof. I do not think I grew up a worse woman because I was not whipped, or put to bed without my supper for dressing the bed-post in grandmother's best lace cap, or making paper dolls, against orders, in the front parlor—because life was not made a burden to me by forcing fat into my unwilling mouth, and sugar candy forbidden as though it was poison.

I could shed tears over the wretched homeless children of the house where

discipline, as strict as that of the army, is maintained, though their fare is costly and the dress perfect, and their future prospects as to an inheritance final. They are more to be pitied than the children of any poor man, who clusters about their parents' knee without any fear of chiding; who are encouraged to tell their troubles, and kindly lead away from follies; and who will not, in later days, remember "pa" as the old gentleman who flogged them, and "ma" as the old lady who kept the keys, and boxed their ears for them, but think of them with that respect and reverence due by a child to its parents.

TACT IN CONVERSATION.

There are times tor all things; but the railroads, or a mixed concourse of any kind, affords no time for the discussion of exciting themes. The "price of politeness," is in knowledge of your companions, or, in default of that, in avoiding peculiar themes. The wisest sometimes blunder in this. The Vicar of Wakefield entertained a gentleman who was "cherishing" his fourth wife, with a dissertation on his (the Vicar's) theory, that a man or woman who is bereft of the first mate should henceforth live without taking another mate.

A lady on making an introductory call on a newly arrived couple entertained them with a tirade against female boarding schools. Among the other evils she alleged was, that the pupils sometimes run away from the school to get married, and that under such circumstances the matches were always unhappy. The husband of the lady who presisted in "orating" on the subject, vainly tried to turn the conversation. She understood why, when on her way home she was informed that the lady and gentleman to whom she had been discoursing were marked instances of precisely the folly she had been berating.

To be a really good talker is a great accomplishment, and the science of conversation deserves much more study than it receives. Mrs. Partington lamented that "she never opened her mouth, but she put her foot in it!" Plenty of other people are in the same unfortunate predicament; and innumerable are the social feuds, more or less pronounced which grow out of the careless use of the tongue.

To do the ladies justice, though male malice asserts the contrary, they are much happier in maintaining conversation without embarrassing mistakes than men are. And if a lady seems to be particularly stupid, the chances are that she has a design in it, and is not so awkward as she seems. Those like the Mrs. Posyers, who "will have their say out," are however, the exceptions.

Bulwer says somewhere that a young lady can gracefully do the honors of her father's house, when her elder brother cannot enter the parlor without upsetting the center table. Modesty of mind and manners and self reliance usually go together. Your unlucky young fellow, like him who called the English statesman an old fellow to his face, tries to hide his bashfulness under the assumption of ease. He had much better keep still and wait. The world cannot be learned in a day: and youthful forwardness is among the worst of social disagreeableness.

A WORKING WOMAN'S IDEA.

BY CONSTANCE

"I KNOW plenty of women who cannot even write or read or converse agreeably when ill dressed." So far Mercy had read aloud from "the gospel of good gowns," as given by Louisa Chandler Moulton after her perusal of Miss Phelps somewhat famous book. Mercy had devoured the whole—pros and cons—but now she exclaimed emphatically, "this is exactly my experiene. I would hardly like to tell you girls, how utterly miserable I have been made by some inappropriate or ill fitting garment. They may preach and write as much as they please; but I believe the secret lies in this. A woman must dress so as to be capable of doing her best, physically and intellectually, before she can consider herself well dressed. Do you remember that purple thibet of mine? I bought it because the color was beautiful; but alas! it was not beautiful when brought into companionship with my rosy face and striped shawl. When I wore it I could not sing, or walk, or talk, or think without embarrassment."

"Why didn't you get something suitable to wear with it? Black velvet looks nice with purple." So said cousin Gratia, glancing up from her dainty work.

"Sure enough," said Mercy with a little indignation, "I teach a common school. My wages are four dollars per week besides board. That purple was my one dress, and a velvet cloak an impossibility. Now Miss Phelps ridicules the poor woman who tripped from the street car in her grotesque costume, but I dare say that combination was one great mistake on the part of the wearer. With no education in matter of taste, a working woman buys her clothing without forethought. She sees a lady wearing a rich dress liberally flounced. She thinks it looks nice and inwardly decides that her next dress shall be adorned in like manner. But she cannot afford silk, so takes delaine; blind to the fact that by so doing she does not follow, but caricatures the fashion. I respect the longing that fills the hearts of some women, to be like the rich and fashionable, even while I turn in disgust from the unseemly result of their efforts. I bought that unlucky purple, because Esq. Horns' wife wore one similar to it, and looked like a queen."

"I did suppose you had more common sense, Mercy." Sister Nancy said this as she glanced up sternly from her apple paring.

"Yes, there it is. Common sense! if there is anything I admire it is that uncommon trait. But, Nancy, we workers do not take time to study the combination of colors and their 'delicate blending' of which Miss Moulton speaks. We let others think for us in these matters while we are earning our bread and butter. I could not help admiring Mrs. Horns' royal purple on that unfortunate sabbath, but my mistake was in going straightway and buying for myself, without stopping to consider whether the general effect would be similar. I was dismayed when I found what an object I had made of myself, and that without hope of re-dress, for my money was spent. If Miss Phelps had wandered into our church she might have itemized: a young lady sat with the choir, arrayed in a bright purple dress, a gay striped shawl, and a hat with cherry trimmings, and all the while her victim would have been inwardly raging at her own folly."

"Why Mercy, I always feel easy in my clothes, and I don't think about them, either," said Nancy.

"Yes, because you are foreordained to wear brown and black and drab. I envy a woman who has no temptation to wear rainbow tints. Miss Phelps would be delighted with you."

"But I wear colors, and they don't trouble me," said cousin Gratia in her soft care free way.

"Sure enough. You have money to buy a variety. If one dress does not please you, your closet is filled, and all you have to do is to select, and then your ribbons and jewelry can be chosen to correspond. Miss Moulton talks about laces fine as frost work, and jewels in quaint antique setting, and 'muslin gowns' of soft, fine India muslin, but nine-tenths of our American women can never dress in such glorified fashion until we wear the robe of immortality; what we want here is the bravery and the ability to choose for ourselves such garbs as shall in no wise prevent our very best development. Here is the idea as Miss Moulton expresses it: Every woman's dress should be, and, if she have any ideality, always is an expression of herself. I know one woman, right in our midst, who carries out this idea."

"Who is it for pity sake?" queried Nancy, while cousin Gratia lifted her eyebrows as though she expected a compliment.

"Aunt Mary," said Mercy, calmly. "Do you know that woman spent only thirty dollars last year in personal expenses; yet she always looks well—never shabby—never grotesque. She always buys good material, has her dresses well made, and then takes good care of them. And haven't you noticed how every thing she wears is just like her own self? I remember once while they lived in Sandown I came home from school and happened to go right up stairs. In the spare room I saw a drab morning wrapper trimmed with blue, and I ran right down calling 'Aunt Mary,' although I had no anticipation of the visit. You know she went to commencement this year to see Harry graduate. He told me the other day that he was really proud of his mother; and I know that she wore a black silk that had been turned, and re-trimmed her bonnet with her own hands. Yet she looks so sweet and so complete that her sensitive and critical boy was proud of her. What if aunt Mary had gone to Commencement in a 'sensible' bloomer? O preserve us!"

"But her work dress is always short, is aunt Mary's," said Nancy.

"Exactly, dress according to your work, say I, but you never can make these farmer's wives and daughters believe that they ought to go to church in the same style that suits the kitchen and the dairy."

"Well Nancy, I wish you could suggest some improvements in church attire. It is really shocking to watch the families come in to morning service. The women and children look as though they had been dressed by some mischievous elf," said cousin Gratia.

"Not all of them, Cousin," answered Mercy, "if you knew as I do how women try to make much out of little, you would pity them. But you ask for suggestions. My theory is (and I mean to follow it this year) that every woman ought to know just how much she can afford to expend. Then with such aids as she can gain from friends and a good fashion writer in papers or magazines, she can decide what is best for her to do. Some condemn the fashions wholly, but seasonable hints such as we get from THE HOUSEHOLD, for instance, are not to be despised.

Then let her go to the place where she can find the best assortment, to make her purchases. And when she gets them, let her hold fast to her first resolutions, or she will be persuaded to buy what she does not want.

Merchants and clerks recognize an inexperienced customer from the country, and if they can get rid of some shop worn, undesirable article they will do it, I went in to see Mrs. Lee the other day and noticed she had been crying. She told me that her husband gave her money to buy a nice dress and she went to M——so as suit herself better than she could here; and they were so polite and persuasive that she was just bewildered; and instead of bringing home one nice dress, she had two common ones, out of date and most unsuitable. Her husband had just delivered himself of the comforting assurance that she hadn't any more judgment than a child, and I guess the poor woman believed it.

As to the children, Gratia, I begin to feel that some of them are crippled for life—morally, intellectually and physically—by the garments of their childhood. There was little Tommy Blake, one of my scholars last summer, his clothes were so much too large that he was almost lost in them, and made of cloth almost like buckram for stiffness. That child's strength will be spent in an unavailing attempt to catch up with his clothes. You may laugh Gratia, but it was pitiful to see how his temper was being soured by the taunts of his playmates. He would creep across the floor softly and slide quickly into his seat so as not to attract their attention. I expect when he gets old enough, he will rebel; and buy the tightest suit he can find.

Then there are the little Lawson girls in our Sabbath school. All the summer they have worn dark, warm

delaine dresses, made with ruffled overskirts. I have seen them look at other girls, dressed in white, with an unutterable longing and envy. Cool, light prints neatly made, would have been less expensive and they would have been happy and comfortable in them. But the poor hard working mother did not think. I expect she went down to the village with some eggs, and Bradshaw said to her: 'Dresses for your little girls? ahem! here Mrs. Lawson is a splendid piece of delaine—cost me two shillings in Boston—but seeing its you, you may have it for twenty-five cents per yard.' And the deluded woman took it, and as she passed along, perhaps she met Nina Porter in her blue cashmere, and said to herself 'I can ruffle my girls overskirts just like that,' and so sat up nights to do it. But all unwittingly the fond mother sewed chagrin and misery into the lives of her little daughters.

Mr. H. our State school superintendent, claimed, at one of our teachers Institutes, that drawing ought to be introduced into our common schools so as to cultivate good taste in early life. He said it would help to regulate this vexed question regarding dress. Perhaps it would. I feel that if the rich and the fashionable—the ladies of leisure and taste and culture—will not give us worthy examples to follow, we must begin the work of reform among ourselves; thinking and planning in a small way, that we may look as well as the Lord intended we should."

There was a little silence after this. Mercy's eyes looked fixedly into the future, Gratia nestled into an easier position, Nancy betook herself to the kitchen, singing as she went, and I came up here to tell THE HOUSEHOLD all about it.

CONCERNING BEDS.

During all ages, from the earliest times, men have displayed their invention in designing beds which should gratify their natural love for comfort, for elegance, and for luxury. In the pre-historic times the dwellers in the caves most probably followed the suggestion given them by the animals which they drove out from their rocky dens, in this early stage of the "struggle for existence," and made their beds of leaves. From this condition to providing skins for the coverings of their couches, was a great advance, and with their increasing ability to dominate their surrounding conditions, and provide the materials for gratifying their natural as well as artificial wants, this step was but the first in a long course of invention and improvement applied to beds.

Among the Romans and the Greeks, as well as the other nations of antiquity, such an appliance as a mattress was unknown. They made their beds upon couches of wood, which were covered with skins, furs, woolen and other stuffs. Their luxury in beds consisted only in using more expensive coverings, replacing a sheep's skin by a tiger's or substituting for a rough woolen blanket one of finer texture, or a shawl of silk embroidered in gold and silver thread. These improvements, or those consisting in replacing the wooden bench which formed their support with one of bronze, or even of gold or silver, was really only a display of greater wealth, but could not be considered in these days an advance towards securing the advantages of a comfortable, luxurious, and healthy bed.

In the early period of modern history, beds were almost universally, in Europe, nothing but bundles of straw. As late in England as the times of Queen Elizabeth, when no carpets were used, and the floor was strewn with rushes, the beds were hardly anything better, and a wooden bench, or any rude framework which lifted the bed above the floor, was a luxury. Erasmus, in his letters, describes the social condition of the people during the reign of Henry VIII, and was disgusted at the state of the floors. The rushes, he says, were so seldom changed, and became so damp, that the feet were constantly kept wet, and thence colds and consumption were quite common. In the dining-rooms, he speaks of the filth collected on the floor among the rushes; the bits of meat and bones thrown to the dogs, who fought around the guests' legs for them; the beer and wine emptied upon the floor; the slices of bread, used as plates for eating their meat on, and then thrown aside, altogether giving us no very high conception of the neatness and fine breeding of the time.

From Delaroche's fine picture of "The Death of Queen Elizabeth," an accurate idea can be gained of the beds of royalty at this period, and consequently those of the common people can be imagined. By a careful study of the times, and from all the contemporary evidence bearing upon this point, Delaroche was enabled to reproduce the scene with a truthful accuracy of detail. The queen is reposing upon a bed formed by spreading cloths upon the floor. She is covered with richly embroidered spreads of velvet, bordered with golden fringe. The moment chosen is when she is upbraiding the Countess of Nottingham for keeping back the ring Essex had sent to his royal mistress just before his execution. The queen herself is gorgeously attired, as was her constant custom, but the comparison between the brilliant coverings of the bed and its position, one which now would be considered as in the dirt, affords an admirable picture of the partial civilization of the times, with its splendor of display and its want of the simplest decencies of the present.

Mattresses were first made of straw or wool, then moss came to be used, and feathers, and finally curled hair. The trouble with all matresses of these materials is, that they become by use matted and hard, and have to be remade. Besides, too, all of these materials have a greater or a less tendency to retain the bodily exhalations, and in all public places, such as hotels, hospitals, and other institutions where the beds are used in turn by a number of different persons, the danger of contagion, and the difficulty in any case of keeping the beds hygienically clean and pure, according to the demands of the present medical standard, is very great, if not impossible.

The whole course of modern improvement in beds has been in the direction to obtain the best hygienic conditions of perfect cleanliness and ventilation, combined with the requisite softness and elasticity. The feather bed of seventy years ago, which was then considered perfection, and is still too frequently used, is perhaps the worst possible contrivance for attaining these ends. To lie smothered in feathers, night after night, as must be done with the use of a feather bed, is an outrage against all the laws of health, which is only surpassed by the German method of using two feather beds—one to lie on and the other for a covering.

The curled hair mattress, made of horse's hair which has been crimped by machinery, makes a most comfortable bed, having the proper elasticity and spring; but the difficulty with it is the impossibility of properly ventilating it and its tendency to become matted, thus necessitating its being taken to pieces and re-made from time to time.

In the woven wire mattress, an invention has been perfected which secures all the requisites of a bed combining elasticity and softness with a perfect regard for hygienic laws, together with a durability and simplicity of construction which have, in the short time this invention has been before the public, been fully recognized by those who understand and appreciate the comfort and the luxury of a perfect bed.—*Great Industries of the United States.*

PERSONAL ADORNMENT.

It is not a trivial matter to dress well at home and abroad with limited means; and many sacrifice the first that they may make a more genteel appearance upon the street. The importance of being neatly attired every day, should be near and dear to the heart of every woman; but multitudes of them are so overcome with work, that they feel as if they could not possibly spare the time to arrange a neat and becoming toilette before beginning the labors of the day. Observation will show that where this is neglected in the morning, it is often difficult to find time throughout the day, to accomplish it.

The habit of being slovenly is easily acquired and not easily abandoned. The present outrageous method of dressing the hair is working harm in many ways, and this is not the least among them. The time before breakfast cannot well be spared to arrange the great rolls and braids of hemp, and other abominations, worn by our women, and the want of time begets a system of carelessness, and procrastination until a more convenient season, which time often never comes. Every woman should do herself the justice to not make her appearance before her family and friends with uncombed locks; but should endeavor to be as beautiful as possible, by a neat and tidy arrangement of her hair. This bespeaks refinement of mind as plainly as many other thing.

"Dresses and collars," says one, "how are we to be always neat and clean when we have so much to do, so much washing, scrubbing," etc. We answer: Calico is cheap—we inwardly bless the man who invented it, every time we see a handsome print—and five dollars judiciously invested will furnish a sufficient number of dresses to last any woman one year, who does not willfully destroy them. It is as easy to be careful to preserve clothing neat and whole as it is to wash it when soiled, or to earn money to purchase more when it is worn out. Five dollars more will supply an abundance of aprons, and other little articles of dress, sufficient to make a neat appearance at home every day in the year. Collars are easily made of linen, muslin or even pretty white prints that are now so much worn. These, starched and well ironed, are neat and becoming.

Many women burden themselves with great leather shoes that they may be prepared for all vicissitudes of weather. Good warm shoes are a necessity in winter, but there are both comfort and economy in wearing something lighter in the house, and in summer. Women in cities understand this; but one can find many farmers' wives who wear the same kind of shoes the entire year or what is worse for their appearance and health go without them in warm weather. The daughters follow the example of the mother.

Slovenliness at home that they may dress well abroad, is the rule in many farmers' families, and all this for the want of a little consideration and management. Every woman remembers the pains she took to look captivating to secure the lover for a husband; and surely the prize obtained is more worthy the keeping. There is no man, but what will be more considerate of the comfort and happiness of his wife or daughters, if he finds them always neatly dressed, and the little ones neat and tidy. It is in the nature of things that a man will respect his wife more, for this respect for herself; and many there are whose vanity will construe it into a direct compliment to themselves, and accordingly be more urbane and pleasant in their families. We have seen the look of pleased surprise upon the countenance of the husband upon finding the usually carelessly dressed wife neatly arranged as if going from home, and found it was for him alone the change had been made. Husbands grumble about expenses when there is no value received perceptible in the improvement of the personal appearance in their families.

We would caution our girls to avoid habits of slovenliness, torn dirty dresses, slipshod shoes, or worse, going barefooted, and shun uncombed hair, as they would the most violent plague; and how earnestly we would advise them to forever eschew rats, waterfalls, chignons, and all other horrid contrivances for the hair; but to cultivate and take care of the beautiful covering that Nature has provided for their heads. "A woman's hair is her own glory," and we are always grieved to see it so tortured, twisted, and otherwise made abominable by the present fashions. Disregard of the proprieties of personal adornments in any respect brings only loss of self-respect and refinement.—*Iowa Homestead.*

BENNIE.

I had told him Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stocking
Stuffed full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But me'll be dood, won't me, mother?"
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stocking hid;
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty egg nogg
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten then before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled!
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,—
With a generous look that shamed me,
Sprang up from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back Hawey!" called he loudly,
As he held his apron white;
"You shall have my candy wabbit."
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood abashed and silent
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then as if by sudden impulse
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted
The provoking little elf,
"Santa Claus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof,
And straightway recalled poor Hawey,
Mewing on the gallery roof,
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gamboled 'neath the live oak,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire lighted chamber,
Hawey purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer—
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess," then a pause—
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured, "God bess Santa Claus!"

He is sleeping; brown and silken
Lie the lashes, long and meek,
Like caressing, clinging shadows,
On the plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him weeping
Thankful tears—oh! undefiled,
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

HOW MRS. SANTA CLAUS DID IT.

BY U. U.

COUSIN ROXY was going to Panton to spend Christmas, and Bel was going with her, to visit her little cousins, and have her Christmas with them.

Bel said she wanted to make something her very own self, to take with her for Christmas presents, and for her aunt and uncle, as well as her cousins. So her mamma gave her a bundle of pieces, containing scraps of bright silk and flannel, and then Bel got her scissors and needle and thread and went to work.

She made several funny looking things, which she called pincushions, finishing them off with a bow on each corner, and a button in the middle. After these were done she made a tea-pot holder for her aunt, and cut out some shaving papers for uncle Davis, then hemmed a handkerchief for Cousin Walter, which she did quite nicely for a little girl only six years old.

Bel's mamma and Cousin Roxy had been doing something on the sly, mostly after Bel's little eyes had gone to sleep, and now all was ready, and the next day they were going, so as to have about three days' visit before Christmas day came.

"You musn't get lonesome without me," said Bel, as she gave mamma a big hug and kiss before leaving home, "'cause you know that I shall have ever so many stories to tell you when I come home, and you will be ever so gladder to see me, won't you?"

"Yes," said mamma, "and you must be a good little girl, and mind Roxy as soon as you would me."

"Of course I shall be good, when I'm a visiting," replied Bel, with becoming dignity. "And how s'prised people will be to see me traveling without my mother," she went on, feeling as important as though she were setting out on an Arctic expedition, to find the north pole.

At this speech Mamma and Cousin Roxy laughed, when Roxy said, "why, people will think you are my little girl, don't you see they will? But here comes papa to the door to take us to the station house, so we must go."

Bel took up her little valise, and trudged to the door, stopping, however, to give mamma another kiss, and then they were on the way, and in a little while were seated in the cars really to leave.

"I hope my little girl will have a nice time," said papa as he held Bel in his arms before placing her on the the seat.

"To be sure I shall," was the answer, "and I will bring you home some Christmas, so you musn't get lonesome while I am gone." But papa knew they should be lonely, even for a few days, yet bade her a hearty good bye, and then was gone.

I have not time now to tell you about Bel's journey, or how glad her cousins were to see her, and all the nice times they had together, for you will be getting impatient to hear about Christmas by this time.

Cousin Roxy and Aunt Emma had made arrangements for the day, and planned what was to be done, and when the children were wondering whether they should have a Christmas tree, or whether they were to hang up their stockings, for Santa Claus to fill, Cousin Roxy said:

"Did you know that Mrs. Santa Claus was going to help her husband distribute presents this Christmas?"

At this the little folks laughed, and Walter wanted to know if she would carry a pack on her back and smoke a stub of a pipe as St. Nicholas always did.

Roxy didn't know about that, "but the truth is," said she, "Mrs Santa Claus has always done a pretty large share towards making merry Christmas, helping her husband about getting things ready and filling his pack for him, while he has had the lion's share of the credit.

And now as women are asserting their rights, she is going to take hers, to some extent, and I should not wonder a bit if Mrs. Santa Claus, instead of the old gentleman came here, this year, for a change."

"Good," said Lizzie, "but do you suppose she will come down chimney, as her husband does, or what will she do?"

"Well, really, I cannot exactly tell," said Roxy, "but I dare say she will set her wits to work to find some easier, more ladylike method than that. And she will be getting up something different than her husband usually does, that is, in a different way, you see if she does not. Trust a woman not to follow in the ruts of man, in launching out for herself."

"But," said Aunt Emma, little Bessie's mother, "you children must all, even you Lizzie, go to bed early to-night, for Mrs. Santa Claus does not like to have children watching her, and may pass by if she sees all these little eyes upon her when she comes along. I think that Mrs. St. Nicholas goes to one house, and his wife to the next, so they can keep each other company considerably on the way.'"

"Ah here comes Cousin Jack," said Walter just then, "all right, you are to stay with me to-night."

"Why, you are a poet, and didn't know it," said Jack.

"And you too, what shall we do? to have two such remarkable youths in one house!" exclaimed Lizzie, with mock gravity.

"Come, come," said Roxy, be off to bed, and get this nonsense out of your head, if you would not have sorrow on the morrow." *Exit omnes.*

"There, now that the youngest are fairly gone at last," said Mrs. Davis, "we must go to work and get ready for Mrs. Santa Claus I think. How shall we begin, I wonder?"

Roxy told Mr. Davis that he was to fasten up some large shawls they had ready for curtains, for Mrs. Santa Claus was to work behind the stage. This was done, and then certain mysterious packages found their way behind the curtain, while Mrs. Davis and Roxy seemed to be helping Mrs. Santa Claus in her arrangements, whatever they might be. Finally, things were pronounced finished, though after Aunt Emma had gone to her room Roxy seemed to think of something more to be done and slipped stealthily behind the curtain, and after Roxy went up stairs Mrs. Davis had something mysterious to add to the store, and all was quiet then through the house.

Bright and early the next morning our young people were wide awake, and were not very tardy about dressing, I assure you. Lizzie dressed Bessie quicker than usual, and Bel did not fuss a long time as she sometimes did before being willing to have her clothes on. As Jack and Walter drew on their boots, they thanked their stars that they did not have to lace, and tie, or button them, as girls did theirs, hurry, or no hurry.

When they went into the breakfast room they see no Christmas tree, neither do the row of stockings, which were hung behind the stove, look plump as usual on Christmas morn. Roxy had told them she did not believe that Mrs. Santa Claus would fill them, so the children agreed among themselves not to seem anxious, or to look at their stockings till they met in the breakfast room in the morning.

But there is the curtain, that must mean something, though no one peeps behind it till word is given—the curtain is withdrawn and Mrs. Santa Claus' work appears.

"O! O! O!" exclaimed the children in a breath, as they look on.

"Beats hanging up stockings and getting up trees, don't it," said Jack.

"That's what I should call a tableau," said Lizzie, "how nice!"

"I told you," said Roxy, "that Mrs. St. Nicholas would have something different than usual, but come on and see what there is here, after all."

So while our young people are looking at the presents, I must tell the little folks, who are waiting to hear, all about the tableau and how it was arranged.

About in the center of what we will call the stage, was a neat little rocking chair for Bessie, and in it were two beautiful dolls, dressed alike and looking like twins, as I think they must have been. These, of course, were for Bel and Bessie, who were perfectly delighted with them, and wondered how they could tell them apart.

In front of the chair with the dolls, was a little table with a crimson spread, and on it was Bessie's first set of china dishes. Bel had both table and teaset at home, so needed no more now, as Mrs. Santa Claus in some way found out.

On one side of the dolls was a city, made of building blocks, which was a pretty addition to the picture, as they stood amongst the other things. These were for Bel, for Bessie had a box of her own on her birth-day, a little before this time. Now they could both build cities at the same time and each enjoyed the other's presents as children should.

Then there was a fancy sled with "Jack" printed upon it, while it was loaded with such things as nuts and raisins, candies and oranges, toys, books and skates, while the funny pin cushions which Bel had made found way there in some untold manner, together with various other things too numerous to mention, as the storekeepers say. In front of the sled was a horse for Walter, that looked as though it were really drawing the load behind it. Besides these and other notions for the younger ones, there was a handsome book and work basket for Lizzie, a writing casket for Roxy. These as well as the rest arranged for effect.

Then in the back-ground, was an image made—not exactly like a scarecrow—of a man, sitting in an arm chair, having on a new dressing gown, marked for Uncle Davis, altogether making one of the most comical pictures of all.

At last, after every thing else had been discovered and commented upon, Roxy picked up a mouse trap from under the table, baited with a piece of

roasted cheese, ready for the first mouse that came in its way.

"There, that is for me I know," said Mrs. Davis, "here I've been teasing for it a week, and Mrs. Santa Claus — or the old gentleman—must have overheard me, I'm sure. Much obliged for it any way."

The little ones laughed at the queer present mamma had, when Bessie spied a paper in the trap and commenced pulling it out, and with it came an elegant lace collar, which was for her also, and which Bel thought the mouse must have surely put there.

Well there is an end to all things, so there was to the presents, though the children proposed to have the tableau remain undisturbed for the day, and likewise voted to have Mrs. Santa Claus come again next year.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number Two.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

It should be remembered that infants are but adults in minature, subject to the same laws, affected by the same causes that produce derangements in older persons and that in the management of them, similar principles are to be regarded. If adults may take too much food, and at improper times and of bad quality, it is just as true that infants may be similarly injured. If derangement of the organs of digestion, pain and suffering may result from a wrong course in the one case, so they may in the other. While perfect digestion demands simplicity of food, regula ity and system in it its use, fearful penalties following any disregard of these conditions, in many instances, at least, it is certain that infants are by no means exempt from these penalties.

How often shall an infant nurse? The answer of some may be "As often as it cries." The absurdity of this will be apparent from the fact that mere crying may be the result of various causes,—accident, pain, thirst, hunger, etc., while it is generally admitted by physiologists that the infant often cries for exercise, this act moving the bowels up and down, calling into action a large number of muscles. If, therefore, this is a natural exercise and not the result of pain, practised as the kitten mews, the lamb bleats, and the puppy barks, there can be no valid reason why the child should not be allowed its liberty. It is absurd, most certainly, to suppose that a child cries only from hunger. Equally absurd to suppose that food will remove other causes of disquiet.

Again it cannot be doubted but that most of the crying is on account of some difficulties caused by excessive eating, wrong eating, the result of pain directly connected with the stomach and organs of diges ion in general. When this is true, as indicated by frequent vomiting and other similar symptoms, the folly is too glaring, it might seem to merit even a notice, yet there are mothers, aunts, and grandmothers, who will crowd down the food in the direct ratio of its return, giving it all the more generonsly and assiduously, as the stomach indicates its rebellion by rejecting its contents. Such stupidity is rendered apparent from the acknowledged fact that the stomach rejects food only when it is not best to retain it; when it cannot be digested, when its increase only proves an irritant, a cause of harm, and when absolute rest is imperatively demanded.

Since the infant can not unmistakably inform us of its hunger, having only one means of expressing unrest and pain—crying—it becomes necessary to have regard to principles and to compare them with adults in these respects. If an adult is benefited by regularity and system, labor of the stomach, succeeded by rest, it is apparent that the child is similarly benefited, though it must be admitted that the rapidity of the growth of the child—doubling its weight in a few months — the quickness of its breathing, circulation of the blood, and all of its movements, will necessitate the greater comparative supply and frequency of the food, though regularity and method need not be disregarded.

If an adult is able to labor by taking three meals per day—and it must be conceeded that one thrives with that number, even without lunch—it would seem reasonable that a child may not only supply the daily wants connected with health and strength, but secure the materials for growth and the warmth of the body, by some six or seven meals in the twenty-four hours. If one may successfully labor, supplying the waste of the body, often quite extensive, by three meals, it might seem sufficient for the wants of the child, having but little violent exercise, to take twice as much food, relatively, which will allow nursing once in about three hours, in the early period of life. Indeed, this is the rule adapted by medical men who have given the best years of their lives to the investigation of this and kindred subjects. During the few first days of life it may be necessary to nurse the infant a little oftener than once in three hours, yet philosophy, common sense—a rare commodity among mothers and grandmothers in some communities—and observation indicate the safety and the propriety of adopting the three hour system as early as practicable, gradually diminishing the number of these meals as age advances. As soon as possible, or as soon as the condition of the child will permit, it is desirable to discontinue the night meals, allowing both the mother and child to secure good, continuous and refreshing sleep. No one can need such sleep more than does the mother, while the child seldom if ever needs food in the night after six months of age. It may require two or three nights of effort, yet when the victory is once won, all parties will be benefited by the change, the child included. This matter has been repeatedly tested, and those who advocate this system (in opposition to the custom of the ignorant, of nursing at any and all times, disregarding all principles of physiology) "know whereof they affirm." Indeed the opposite course is in direct opposition to all established principles and can not call to its aid even common sense or observation. While some may be under fed, it is obvious that the larger part of our infants suffer from too much food and the too frequent use of it, at least, in most communities.

Indeed if mothers would have their children healthy, "good," playful, a comfort to them, instead of a source of constant anxiety and alarm, let them adopt common-sense views, letting their children nurse only what their system demands, and not enough to produce frequent vomiting, a sure indication of over feeding or wrong feeding, promoting the health of the child by a conscientious regard for her own, avoiding all causes of pain to herself, with a special care not to injure her milk by the indulgences of feelings of anger, malice, fear, etc. Avoid all causes of discomfort to herself, both of body and mind.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I think them the poetry of the world —the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spell what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and care, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think — if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable in virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

THE PUZZLER.

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

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 4, 2, 21, 13, 17 was a philosopher.
My 8, 12, 20, 7, 17 is an emotion.
My 5, 10, 16, 19, 6 is old and worn.
My 15, 3, 1, 24, 11 is a weapon.
My 22, 18, 9, 23, 12 is a boy's name.
My 25, 14, 4, 16, 6 is a girl's name.

My whole is a proverb that we might sometimes do well to remember.

M. H. D.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in orange but not in le on,
My second is in citron but not in melon,
My third is in currants but not in berries,
My fourth is grapes but not in cherries,
My fifth is in preserves but not in jam,
My sixth is in lobster but not in clam,
My seventh is in sugar but not in rice,
My eight is in cinnamon but not in spice,
My ninth is in parsley but not in greens,
My tenth is in potatoes but not in beans,
My eleventh is in cookies and also in cakes,
My whole the housewife often makes.

M. D. H.

CHARADES OF COUNTIES.

3. A headland and a month.
4. An animal and a crossing.
5. A month and a vowel.
6. A vehicle and a measure.
7. A color and a relative.
8. To insert and a preposition.

DECAPITATIONS.

9. Behead a county in Tennessee and have a musical instrument.
10. Behead a county in Georgia and leave a verb.
11. Behead a county in Arkansas and leave a boy's nickname.
12. Behead a county in Alabama and have a liquor.
13. Behead a county in Iowa and have a public house.
14. Behead a county in Indiana and leave a bird.
15. Behead a county in Virginia and have two vowels.
16. Behead a county in Missouri and leave an herb.

SQUARE WORDS.

17. A fruit; obliterate; a girl's name; a tree; approaches.
18. A vehicle; a tree; to strive; A part af a ship.

HIDDEN CITIES.

19. Sir Hugh entertained us very courteously.
20. Tell Wilhelm I raised twenty dollars for him.
21. My friend Heber Newton sailed for Europe to-day.
22. The cars ran off down at Chezleton Station.
23. THE HOUSEHOLD is the best paper that a lady can take.
24. One war kills thousands.

PUZZLES.

25. To my first two letters prefix wo and make a receptacle; to my second two prefix one and make an animal; to my third two prefix one and make a tree; to my last letter add one and you have an abbreviation for one of the States. My whole is a British city. M. D. H.

26. Two hundred, less fifty,
With ten, less a three,
Arranged in right order,
Show what all should be.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

27. A consonant; a pronoun; to cheat; a poet; gain; a drink; a consonant.

ANAGRAM.

28. Odog githn si thu a eltfilt rodw,
Eyt fuletiabu ghohut efrib,
Dan lafsl poun eht egtnie etahr
Leik ewd unpo het iela.

HATTIE.

JUMBLES.

Names of Girls. — 29. Lleeni. 30. Ailuj. 31. Nelroa. 32. Serio. 33. Tteahi.

MAY.

OVERWORK.

ONE of our leading American monthlies says: A most mistaken notion is widely prevalent, that a good many people, especially brain-workers, are killing themselves with hard study, and much misplaced sympathy is expended in their behalf. No man who gets a plenty of sleep was ever worked to death either in body or brain. Hence, if a man of his own free will and choice deprives himself of necessary sleep, he is as much a suicide as if he starved himself to death. There may be a case now and then, although very rare, where the hours of sleep are deliberately curtailed to an unhealthy degree; but we may as well come to the real cause of maladies attributable to overwork; it is the unsystematic employment of time, and the unwise in frequency, quantity, and quality.

The first great error is frequency. The majority of dyspeptics are made before twenty, on the part of girls especially, because they are always in the house, within easy reach of eatables of every description, that are more or less tempting, and few have the necessary force of character to resist with decision the inclination of the appetite.

Physicans as well as others are liable to be hobby-horsical, but in sober judgment it is not perhaps too much to say, that if from the age of twelve years children were habituated, as a matter of principle and philosophy, to eat but three times a day, and nothing whatever between meals, more nervousness, more dispepsia, more liver complaints, and more neuralgia would be prevented, than from the observance of all other rules together, about eating.

The mothers of young families are urged to possess themselves of the following facts, to impress them on the minds of their children on all suitable occasions, until firm root be taken in the thorough comprehension of their importance—facts which all educated physicans and physiologists of all schools, of all nations and both continents, admit and know to be true. The muscles of the body are the immediate cause of motion. Every part of the body which requires to be moved is supplied with one or more muscles. The movement of these muscles promote health by aiding in the circulation of the blood.

Several parts of the body have two, three, or more muscles, and all must move in combination, in order to promote one motion. The heart has several muscles, so has the stomach, so has each limb. The beneficient Creator has so arranged it that necessary muscular motion is made without an effort in some cases, as in the heart, and in the motion of the eyelids; in other cases muscular motion is the cause of pleasurable sensations, as in walking out after several hours' confinement, as well as effecting a kiss of one's sweetheart.

But all muscles may be moved too much, and they give evidence of tiredness in some cases, but not in all. It is not any trouble, requires no appreciable effort, to wink the eye or crack the finger; but, if either is attempted fifty times in quick succession, an appreciable effort is required; soon that effort becomes painful, and later on impossible. So with walking, and when the limbs get tired, we stop and rest them. But some vessels are over-worked without our knowing it; they do not complain in the way of tiredness, but in such a manner that the person does not know what is the matter, yet is conscious that something is wrong by a great amount of discomfort induced. A person eats too much, for example: a restlessness and discomfort takes hold of the whole system; this increases every moment until almost unendurable, when vomiting comes on, and when it is all over, the body returns to its usual healthfulness. The fact is, the stomach was tired; it was overworked, and could not perform its duty.

When a man eats a common meal it requires the muscles of the stomach to work about five hours to put the food eaten into a condition for imparting nutriment to the body, and to be passed out of it. After this it requires rest; any man requires rest after five hours' work; but if, as soon as his task is done, another five hours labor has been given, and is insisted upon, and so continued for several seasons of five hours' labor in any twenty-four, he would become so tired that he could not work at all. A child of six years of age can be made to feel the force of this argument. If a man eats a hearty meal five hours after breakfast, and another hearty meal five hours after dinner, and another five hours after supper, his stomach is kept working late into the night, while the body itself has long been resting; and if this is kept up, a premature loss of stomach power is inevitable, and a lifelong dyspepsia, with all its daily horrors, repeated after each meal, is the inevitable result.

Much sooner will these things follow, if a person habitually eats between meals, especially as the important fact is known, that when fresh food is taken into the stomach, before what was already there has been disposed of, this fresh food arrests the working up of what was there before, until it has been brought to the condition of that previously eaten; just as when water is boiling on the fire, if a lump of ice is thrown into it, the boiling ceases and is not resumed until the ice has been melted and the water which it makes has been raised to the boiling point; and as the water would never boil if the lump of ice were constantly supplied, so the food is never digested, is never made to give strength to the body, if it is conveyed into the stomach at too frequent intervals. Hence, not giving strength, the dyspeptic is always weak, and the blind instinct, thinking, as it were, that food is wanting, is always crying for more. This explains why dyspeptics are always eating, are always hungry, and always weak.

It is not meant to say that a grape, or a melon, or a peach, or an orange, or a apple, or nice cake, or a bit of candy, or a delicious plate of ice-cream, should never be taken between meals, and that direful results would ensue from some individual infractions: on the contrary, for reasons not necessary to be named now, such things taken between meals now and then are a positive advantage, if not taken over a day or two in succession; it is the daily, the presistent habit of such indulgences which causes the mischief, always, inevitable. Blessed the mother who makes it a matter of conscience and true parental love to inculcate these things on every child given to her.

WOMEN AS DOCTORS.

However the advocates for a larger sphere for woman may succeed in convincing the world of the expediency of their entering other professions or setting up in trades, one thing seems certain, that hereafter we are to have a large number of women in the profession of medicine. Heretofore only here and there has a medical college in this country opened its doors to women, and as a rule those institutions that have done so were of no great note. The managers of all colleges are apt to be conservative, and the way medical colleges are conducted is no exception to the general rule.

The present season, however, is witnessing quite a revolution in this matter. Three or four medical colleges in Chicago are offering the same means of instruction to women as men. We have heard from professors in each of these schools that this system of co-education of students work well; and the only regret is that it has not been adopted sooner. These female students are spoken of as intelligent, well educated and deeply interested in their studies. They are punctual at lectures and attentive to all the requirements of the school. They also take kindly to the dissecting table and acquit themselves well at the regular exercises of the class.

Nor is Chicago the only city where women can obtain a medical education. They are received at one school, at least, in St. Louis, and one in Cleveland. Medical colleges expressly for women are also in operation in New York city and in Philadelphia. In the latter city the clinical lectures at the hospitals are also open to female students. At the recent meeting of the American Institute of Homeopathy holden at Boston it was voted to receive female practitioners in good standing as members of that association.

What stands these forthcoming graduates in medical honors will take, time can only determine. That women possess by nature many of the most important requisites for the successful practice of medicine no observing person can have a doubt. Their sympathy, kindness, gentleness and patience — qualities less often found among men—are all of them to be ranked among the elements of success. Their excellency as nurses has been attested not alone by witness in the sick chamber in quiet homes, but by thousands of sick and wounded soldiers during our late terrible war.

How these female practitioners will be received by the male members of the profession is a question of considerable moment; for unless they are to be recognized as the peers of the other sex they will not be likely to gain the reputation or secure the practice that they may fairly be entitled to. Many physicians will honestly question the ability of these women to become successful practitioners; while others will feel that there is not room enough for them in the ranks of a profession that is now overcrowded. There will, too, be much prejudice to be overcome before many of the male physicians of the country will sit in council with doctors arrayed in crinoline.

Time, however, will remove these prejudices, if they are prejudices, and merit will be allowed to gain the place it is entitled to. There are many women all over the land whose ideas of delicacy would lead them to employ members of their own sex to attend them in preference to others if they could be assured that their knowledge of the healing art was equally good. All these will hail the advent of the coming female doctors.

A HINT TO NURSES.

You know what a racket is caused, even by the most careful hand, in supplying coals to a grate or stove, and how, when the performance is undertaken by the servant, it becomes almost distracting. If you do not remember, take notice the first time you are ill, or you have a dear patient in your care, or the baby is in a quiet slumber. Let some one bring in your coal scuttle and revive your recollection.

Well, the remedy we suggest is to put the coals in little paper bags, each holding about a shovelful. These can be laid quietly on the fire, and, as the paper ignites, the coals will softly settle in place. You may fill a coal scuttle or box with such parcels, ready for use. For a sick-room, a nursery at night, or even for a library, the plan is admirable. Just try it. Besides, it is so cleanly. If you do not choose to provide yourself with paper bags, you can wrap the coals in pieces of newspaper at your liesure, and have them ready for use when occasion requires.

—Geranium leaves, bruised and applied to cuts and other wounds where the skin is rubbed off, it is said, possesses excellent healing properties. The application of one or two leaves will effect a speedy healing.

—For a cold in the head, inhale through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be reapplied in a minute; the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretions of the irritating mucous is stopped. This remedy is said to be peculiarly advantageous to singers.

ANECDOTES OF EPICURES.

To be an epicure, a man should be rich; a poor epicure (unless he steal) must lead the life of twenty Tantaluses rolled into one. Elwes, the miser, was that unhappy creature: an epicure restrained from indulging in one vice, by the preponderance of another. People who laid traps for his rusty guineas used to bring him luxurious dishes, which he spoiled by his meanness. On one occasion, a prudent lady sent the old miser a plate of richly stewed carp, of which he was known to be very fond. It arrived cold. The difficulty was, how to warm it. Elwes had no coal; he was not going to waste a fire; nothing would induce him to do that. What should he do? A happy thought struck him. He took the dish, covered it with another, and sat down on it, patiently, like a hatching hen, until it grew tolerably warm.

An epicure on the sick list, is a pitable sight. Numberless are the stories told of the expedients to which invalid epicures have resorted. The old Scotchman, limited to his glass of claret, took his dose in one of those glass wells that hold a quart. M. Delaboche, a Parisian epicure of eminence of the last century, was less fortunate. A rich financier, with all the mail couriers on his side, he had only to wish for a delicacy, to have it. But his wife, dreading widowhood, crossed him in all his tastes, so that he was obliged to shut himself up before he could eat what he liked, and when he liked. At last he fell ill, and the first remedy that the doctors prescribe to a gourmand is diet. The doctor's rules would have been ill observed, indeed, but for the cruel vigilance of madame, who locked up her husband, and kept the keys, a nurse being her under jailer. The remedies were unpleasant, but efficacious, and monsieur the financier began to amend. At last he was permitted to eat, and the doctor, knowing his patient's weakness, gave strict directions as to each day, prescribing, first of all, the white of a fresh egg, and a single slice of bread. The financier only wished that the egg had been laid by an ostrich, instead of a vulgar barn-door fowl; but he resolved to have his revenge on the bread. He ordered the longest baton of bread he could find in Paris; it was a yard and a half long, and weighed more than a pound. Madame would have fought over this, but there could be no doubt that the strict letter of the law had been maintained. The egg was served up with pomp, and the cook placed it on the bed of the sick man, whose eyes brightened with returning health, as he sat up in bed, eager for the fray. But, too eagerly sucking the white of the egg, he unfortunately swallowed the yolk also. Miserable accident! unhappy precipitation! the bread was now useless. Madame instantly claimed it as forfeit, and bore it off on her shoulder with triumph; the egg-shell she clutched in her other hand. The financier fell back on his pillow, ill with sheer despair. He was not consoled until his first fit of indigestion.

One of the most heartless things ever done was a trick once played on Pope, the epicurian actor. A wicked friend asked him to dine off a small turbot and a boiled aitchbone of beef, apologizing for the humble fare, with the usual feigned humility of friends.

"Why, it's the very thing I like," said Pope, in his reply, referring to the aitchbone. "I will come my son, with all the pleasure in life."

He came, he saw, he ate; ate till he grew nearer the table, and could eat no more. He had just laid down his knife and fork, like a soldier tired of war's alms, when a bell was rung, and in came a smoking haunch of venison. Pope saw the trick at once; he cast a look of bitter reproach upon his friend, trifled with a large slice, then again dropped his now useless weapons, and burst into hysterical and unrestrainable tears.

"A friend of twenty years' standing," he sobbed, "and to be deceived in this matter!"

One of the greatest vexations to a true epicure, is to see the obtuse blunderings of an ignoramus, who does not know what he is eating.

A dinner was given to Lord Chesterfield on his quitting the office of the Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. Thirty persons sat down. It was ordered by Count d'Orsay, an epicure of the highest taste, and the price was six guineas a head. A dinner got up at the Albion, under the auspices of Sir William Curtis, cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a-piece; but then, special messengers had been sent to Westphalia to choose hams. Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the Alboni at ten guineas a-head.

Talleyard tells that Savarin was once journeying to Lyons; arriving at Sens, he determined to dine there. He sent, according to his invarible custom, for the cook of the hotel, and asked, good-humordly, what he could have?

"Little enough, Monsieur," replied the cook, shrugging her shoulders.

"But let me see, my friend," said Brillat, diplomatically. "Let us go into the kitchen and talk matters over."

They went, There were four splendid turkeys turning simultaneously at the fire.

"Aha," said Brillat. You told me you had nothing in the house. Let me have one of those turkeys."

"Impossible!" said the cook; "they are all bespoke by a gentleman up stairs."

"He must have a large party?"

"No; he dines by himself."

"I should like to be acquainted with the man who orders four turkeys for his own eating."

"I am sure that he will be charmed. Follow me, monsieur."

M. Savarin followed him, and found his own son sitting in plaintive expectation at the table.

"What, you rogue, four turkeys, and all for yourself? This is not the road to fortune!"

"Yes, sir," replied the unrepentant Absalom; "but you know that whenever I dine with you, you always eat the whole of 'the fools leave them,' (the tid-bit, sometimes called the oyster,) so I have resolved to enjoy myself, and here I am, ready to begin, although, I scarcely need say, not expecting the honor of your company."
—*Selected.*

A DINNER EXCUSE.

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker of Williamsburg, solved this problem many years ago. She was a daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipwith, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court-day, when the judge brought with him the accustomed half score or more of lawyers, for whom no the slightest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, and she herself, strange to tell having overlooked the fact.

The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. T. made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine she said: "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker; promise me now that you will all dine to-morrow with me."

This was all her apology, whereupon the guests declared that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

Moral: Never worry a guest with apologies.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

DRINKING WHILE EATING.

Nature never intended for any one to wash down their food while eating. She has wisely placed salivary glands in various places in our mouths; they secrete a fluid for moistening (besides chemical action) of the food, after mastication; this gets the food in a suitable condition for swallowing. Drinking every few minutes when eating prevents the usual flow of saliva; also it washes it down before it can have a chemical action on certain portions of the food.

One of the most pernicious habits to health is drinking several tumblers of cold water while eating; better drink warm water. The stomach will not digest one particle of food when it has a temperature below one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit; neither will it digest one atom of food until all fluid is absorbed. No healthy person should drink more than half a pint of some fluid while taking food, and dyspeptics should not drink a drop while they are eating, nor for three or four hours after.

—Most chronic diseases, and many acute ones, are produced at the table. As a rule, no fluid of any kind should be taken at the table, especially if the stomach is weak. The stomach should never be overloaded; not more than two or three articles should be taken at one meal; no stimulants to be used especially just before eating.

THE DESSERT.

—"I live by my pen," said a poet, wishing to impress a young lady. "You look as if you lived in one," was the reply.

—"Do you call this a trunk?" growled a detective porter. "It only needs a lightning-rod to be mistaken from a boarding house."

—A queer old gentleman being asked what he would have for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat and a napkin."

—"No, I thank you, I never smoke," was the courteous reply of a slumbering orthodox deacon as he gently pushed away the proffered contribution box.

—A young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir," cried she. "It is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

—"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

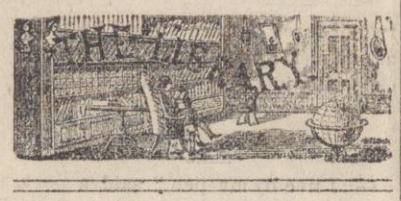
—A distinguished clergyman in Boston performed the marriage ceremony, and the couple walked away without bestowing any fee. But the bride turned and said, "we are very much obliged to you, Sir, and I hope one of these days we shall be able to retaliate."

—"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling book. She has gone through her French, Latin and Greek, music, drawing and dancing, and now she must commence her English studies."

—"According to Milton, Eve kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to a lady friend, and then added, in a rather melancholy tone: "But, alas! there have been no Eves since." "Because," retorted the lady, quickly, "there have been no husbands worth listening to."

—Charles Lamb, one afternoon, in returning from an early dinner party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of pie did the business for me."

—An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him: "You will find the font at the other end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."



FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

There are some flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stony path,
To many a toiling pilgrim, cheer they bring,
And oftentimes in living glory spring
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band
(Even as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,
In storm and wind, unmoved, unblemished,)
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity
Bring soft, celestial light.

Oh, cherish carefully
The tender bud of Patience; 'tis a flower
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour
'Twill rise to comfort thee.

So, when all else hath gone
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong self-denial's stem
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,
Each present thorn a gem.

These are the flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

THE excessive brain work of children in our public and private schools has elicited much comment from those interested in education. But there is one aspect of the subject which has not received the attention it deserves, namely, the kind of education which is given to the girls of the middle and higher classes. There seems to us to be a radical mistake among people of means in the general theory of female education. The public schools do not, perhaps, so much fall into it, but the majority of private academies, schools and colleges for young girls are constantly committing it.

What we allude to is the cramming system in teaching girls. A young lady leaves one of the children's schools, and at fifteen or sixteen enters a fashionable city school or institute, or college. She has but three years of study, for at eighteen, or at latest, nineteen, she must "come out." When her brother enters college or the university, she finishes. She has but three short years, and in them she must cram French, Latin, algebra, geometry, rhetoric, natural philosophy, chemistry, logic, mental philosophy, history, "composition," and music, drawing and embroidery. She has not at those years the solid bodily vigor of a young man. She is "weighted," moreover, with her accomplishments.

The lad has no two or three hours' work in "practicing," and probably no drawing, and certainly no embroidery or fine needlework to do. Yet she undertakes to finish in three years what he only half accomplished in six. The programme before her is something alarming. Yet she devotes herself heroically to carry it out. She attempts one after another of these half-dozen difficult and exacting studies. Being quick in faculties, and especially in memorizing, she manages to make a good show at recitation. She passed a creditable examination, and after three years of this undigested swallowing of all sorts of studies, receives her diploma and graduates. But what has she for it all? In all likelihood a broken constitution, and almost certainly a head confusedly filled with fragments of knowledge, and no healthy solid mental habits.

It is in such training that the mistiness of women's minds is acquired. So many seem deficient in clear conceptions. Their progress, outside of their own sphere, is so often deficient. Their culture is superficial. Such large numbers of them have not, in many cases, that pleasantest faculty of cultivated woman—of appreciating. These crammed students are not found afterward leading society. They have not the indefinite charm of real culture. They cannot even teach or guide the teaching thoroughly of their own children. Their school does not in the least fit them for practical life. They are not trained in the thoroughness and exactness which makes a woman suited for many of the heavy duties of the world. If called upon to support themselves, they are not found to have a careful education for anything.

We believe all this could be obviated. A young girl's education ought to be, in its plan, as nearly as possible like a boy's. It should be simple, solid and slow. No excessive task should be allowed. Time enough should be given. The parent or the teacher must remember that it is not given to each person to know everything, and that a little thoroughly known is a preparation for all other knowledge. We all respect precision of knowledge; and truth is so bound together, that if a young girl has mastered any one branch—say botany, for instance—she has a clue to all departments of science. At all events, her mental habits at once command the respect of men, and fit her for any intellectual pursuit. In our judgment, these girls' academies ought to confine themselves to three studies per diem—including music or drawing—and these studies should be vigorous ones, where slow and solid progress is made.

We would have Latin first, as the preparation for all linguistic study, as a constant cultivation of exactness, and of nicety of expression as an analysis of grammar, and an introduction to all culture, and to ancient history. Then some mathematical study—perhaps, best of all, the thorough mastery of arithmetic — omitting the higher mathematics. Then some exact philosophical study, such as some branch of natural science, or political economy, or perhaps, mental philosophy. The modern languages ought to have come in before, or they should be learned afterwards orally in foreign countries, or with a house teacher or nurse. The school study of German or French is mostly a delusion and a snare. Nor can any modern tongue supply, in its peculiar effect on the mind, the place of a classic language. Women coming from a slow, solid training such as this, taken easily and thoroughly, would have an exactness of mental habit and a taste of culture, which would make them powers in society, and would fit them for any suitable profession or duty to which they might be called.

Accomplishments, of course, and household duties must be picked up by every girl, and might be learned in the intervals of such a course as this suggested. The health would be preserved. What was known would be known thoroughly. The intelligent woman would be interested in a man's topics, while she would be fitted for her own sphere.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE REVIEWER.

THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. So classified and arranged as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition. By Peter Mark Roget, late Secretary of the Royal Society, and author of the "Bridgewater Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Physiology," etc. Revised and edited, with a list of foreign words defined in English, and other additions, by Barnes Sears, D. D., LL. D., President of Brown University. New American, from the last London, edition. With additions and improvements. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Thesaurus of Roget is justly held in high estimation by the learned, both in England and America. It is a work admirably adapted as a reference book for schools and colleges, and indeed for every student of our language, as it furnishes not only a collection of the words it contains and of the idiomatic combinations peculiar to it, but arranged according to the ideas which they express. The purpose of the dictionary is to explain the meaning of words, the object of this work is the converse of this, "the idea being given, it gives the word or words by which the idea may be most aptly expressed." The present edtion is greatly enlarged and improved. We cordially commend it to every writer who is not already in possession of it.

WORK; OR, CHRISTIE'S EXPERIMENT. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This volume is one of the best and the last from the favorite authoress, Miss Louisa M. Alcott. It is designed to illustrate the various characteristics encountered in the every day affairs of early life, especially those familiar to one who struggles with adversity and poverty, though intent on a higher life, or a useful one, rather. The book is what we might expect from the writer, full of good sense, sharp hits, cutting satires, original and keen illustrations and comparisons, bold imagery, stirring thoughts—a book to be read and remembered. Decidedly original, it has not the startling and objectionable features of the more sensational writers—the flash without the substance. Some may think it a little ultra on the woman question, but still must like the book. Price $1.75. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

MESSRS. PORTER & COATES announce as now ready Bec's Bedtime and other stories (re-printed from the Christian Union) by Mrs. S. C. Hallowell; 12 mo., illustrated. The Heroes of the Seven Hills, by Mrs. S. C. Lainy; 12 mo., illustrated. In the Days of my Youth, a novel, by Amelia B. Edwards; 12 mo. The Iliad of Homer, rendered into English blank verse by Edward, Earl of Derby, from the latest London editions, with all the latest corrections and revisions, and a biographical sketch of Lord Derby, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L., 2 vols. This is pronounced by the critical press of England to be by far the best representation of Homer's Iliad in the English language. We may mention that the "Son of the Organ-Grinder," by Mme. Sophie Schwartz, has just reached its second edition, the first edition having been sold within ten days of its publication. Mme. Schwartz's works are standard in Europe, and have been rendered into several languages. As an author she is distinguished by her keen discernment of truths and character. Gifted with an unusual power of description, her works are worthy of the warmest appreciation.

THE SON OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER is the rather unattractive title of what proves to be a very entertaining romance from the pen of Marie Sophie Schwartz, the popular Swedish authoress, translated into English by Miss Selma Borg, a country woman of the author, and her American friend, Miss Marie A. Brown. Madame Schwartz has a masculine mind, and is a clear thinker; an earnest woman who writes always for the right, who attempts to solve some problem, correct some abuse, or uphold some truth. The present volume is written in her best style and has already had a much larger sale than any previous work of this deservedly popular author. Porter & Coates, the Philadelphia publishers, have brought out the book in a style befitting the worth of the author.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The weekly numbers of The Living Age for Nov. 8th and 15th have the following noteworthy contents:—The French Press (second paper); An Arctic Expedition in 1874; Petrarch, his Life, Times, and Works; Mr. Tennyson as a Botanist; Epitaphs; Madam du Barry and the Last Years of Louis XIV; Sunset on Mont Blanc; Narrative of Prince Charlie's Escape, by one of his companions; The Use of Looking at Pictures; Robert Southey; The Religious Embarrassments of Germany; Prophetic Days; The Uselessness of Abstract Preaching; London; Possibilities in Spain, together with instalments of stories by Miss Thackeray and Julia Kavanagh, poetry, and miscellany. With fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each, (aggregating over 3000 pages a year) the subscription price ($8.) is very low; or still better, for $10, any one of the American $4 magazines is sent with The Living Age for a year. LITTELL & GAY, Boston, Publishers.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST for October has been received. The leading article is the admirable address by the retiring President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. J. Lawrence Smith of Louisville, Ky., delivered at the session in Portland, Maine, August 22, 1873. The subject, "Science in America and Modern Methods of Science," is very clearly and succinctly discussed, and is well worthy of a very careful perusal. Some of the other communications are "On some New Forms of American Birds," by Robert Ridgeway; "On the Ovipositor of the Yucca Moth," by Charles V. Riley; a notice of the late Col. J. W. Foster's work on the "Prehistoric Races of the United States of America;" "Classification of the Coleoptera of North America," by Dr. John L. LeConte of Philadelphia, the President elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and the Miscellany, containing many short notices in Botany, Zoology, Geology, Anthropology, Microscopy, etc. Published by the Naturalist's Agency, Salem, Mass.

ZELL'S DESCRIPTIVE HAND ATLAS OF THE WORLD to which we have several times referred, is now completed. The minute contents of this valuable work have been collected with care, and so systematically arranged that the student has at his command a store of knowledge that cannot be surpassed. The work, as finished, contains fifty maps, with a hundred pages or more of general index, together with descriptive tables for each of the maps. The engraving of the maps has been done with great clearness, and they are from the latest surveys. The whole work has been prepared with great care under the editorial charge of an eminent geographer, J. Bartholomew. It makes a volume convenient in size, crowded with valuable information, and desirable for the library. Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn., is the agent for New England.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—This excellent monthly comes to our table fresh as usual and well stored with interesting and useful reading. Its opening pages give the latest patterns for ladies and misses' garments, etc. It has interesting illustrated articles; "A visit to Smyrna and Ephesus," by Andrew Thomson; "Perils of Arctic Exploration;" "The Mill and the Tavern," by T. S. Arthur; besides an unusually large number of well written articles on various topics, adapted to the young as well as those of maturer years. Terms $3 per year; T. S. Arthur & Son, publishers, Philadelphia.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR by the same publishers is a capital little work for the children. Its articles give much information on topics connected with natural history, conveying instruction and yet made interesting even to children. Its illustrated articles are "The Rescued Lamb," "The Cat, Rabbit" and "Bats." Published monthly at $1.25 per year.

MARJORIE DAW; and Other People. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This little volume contains several of the most interesting of the author's sketches, most, if not all of which have appeared in the columns of the Atlantic Monthly during the current year to the great gratification of the readers thereof. The leading story, and the one giving the title to the book, is a most ingeniously wrought creation which holds the reader's interest to the very last and then—it can hardly be said to disappoint him and yet it is very much like it at first before the shock is fairly felt and then it seems the most natural thing in the world to see our fair vision vanish leaving no trace behind. And yet one is not ready to give up this beautiful though airy fancy but fully responds to the sentiment of the following poem, also a contribution to the Atlantic.

"MARJORIE DAW."

BY EUNICE R. COMSTOCK.

Once on a time, a cunning artist drew
A picture so divinely fair
That each beholder's wonder grew and grew,
Beholding loveliness so rare.

And while we waited, with expectant hush
To see the crowning light laid on
One sweep the painter gave with lifted brush,
And all the marvel seemed undone.

But *only* seemed, for through our summers must
That fairy-freighted hammock swing
To measured cadence of the sea, that just
One rythmic name is murmuring.

And from a gable-window looking down,
Forever wistful eyes shall view
The dainty foot, and shadowy eyes, and gown
Of gauze, diaphanous and blue.

And summer moons must ever softly touch
Each golden coil upon that head:
For we, her lovers, will not yield so much
As one pale, sliken, shining thread.

For, having once bestowed this wondrous gift,
The hand that gave may not withdraw;
So long as light shall change and shadows shift
So long shall live rare Marjorie Daw.

SONGS OF THE SUN-LANDS. By Joaquin Miller. One handsome 16 mo. volume, cloth, gilt tips. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Price $2.00.

Here are woven together, with delicate fancy, some choicest gems of poetic thought. With the vigorous originality and exquisite freshness of the "Songs of the Sierras" it is not, to so great an extent, characterized by its mannerisms and eccentricities. With all of Mr. Miller's faults, and they are discernible to the most careless, none can deny that he possesses the divine art instinct. A loving votary of the beautiful, he has loyally reproduced her sweetest ideal characters. Being true to nature and true to himself, he has with artistic skill seized upon her loveliest moods and revealed the glory of her effulgent wealth. "Isles of the Amazons" is the choice poem of the volume, the reading of which will make the poetic heart throb the faster, and the appreciative eye glance the brighter.

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTOR FOR REED ORGANS, bears the characteristic marks of his genius, so does his larger "Method for Reed Organs." This is not designed to supersede the complete Method, but to furnish agreeable meterial for a short and easy course, which kind of course is about all that busy persons may find it convenient to go over. Similar "Dollar" Instructors are prepared by Mr. Clarke for the Piano and for the Violin. All are about 30 per ct. more valuable than the 75 cent methods which are intended to take the place of large instruction books.

The publishers of Plymouth Pulpit have commenced a new series with changed style of make up which will prove attractive. Their method of familiarizing the people with Mr. Beecher's sermons has proved very popular. Messrs. Ford & Co. will send it weekly with a chromo, "The Lord is risen," for $3 per year; $2.75 to those who are already subscribers to the Christian Union.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD contains a large amount of new music and interesting reading matter. The publishers offer to send the October, November and December numbers free to all subscribers for 1874, who forward their names during the present month. For the sum of one dollar four hundred and twenty pages of choice music and musical reading matter can be secured by addressing S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

All the above for sale in Brattleboro by Cheney & Clapp.

In order to make room for the index we have been obliged to omit the music for this month.

THE SICK CANARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to Lizzie's call for some one to prescribe for her sick canary I will reply, although a new member of THE HOUSEHOLD band.

In the first place, friend Lizzie, remove your bird from his cage, and then cleanse the cage by washing it in a strong suds, made of warm water and carbolic soap, rinse in clean water, and dry it; then cover the bottom of the cage with brown wrapping paper, sprinkled over with coarse scouring sand, (but don't use beach sand) put in a piece of cuttle fish, fill his dishes one with pure canary seed the other with fresh drink water, remove the rusty nail, never using it except when moulting. The sulphur bag remove and never replace.

Now replace your bird, hang him at a south window where he will have the morning sun. Clean his cage regularly every morning, putting in fresh seeds, drink and bathing water. Sprinkle the clean paper with sand, give chick-weed, cabbage, and plantain seeds, if you have it growing in your yard, as the birds prefer it for green food during its season.

When moulting give a paste made of hard boiled egg and cracker. Pound one common cracker fine put it in a bowl and with a broad bladed knife you can mash the hard boiled egg with it to a paste, adding a little boiling water to moisten it, give this two days in a week, but never give it when sour.

I think with the above treatment you will soon have the pleasure of seeing your birds improve, if it is not too late. Having had several years of experience with canaries and with good success, I am ever willing to give advice to my friends, as regards care of the old ones or rearing the young ones. M. LOUISA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I can readily sympathize with Lizzie about her afflicted little pet. I had one similarly affected and cured him entirely and have known of several other instances where the birds were sick and ceased to bathe; if she will try my remedy I think she will save her bird.

Procure a bottle of oil of sweet almond (price ten or fifteen cents) and give two or three drops on the end of a pocket knife blade, being careful not to get any on the feathers as it will cause them to come out. The best time to catch the bird is in the evening, about dark, as it does not frighten them as much if they cannot see well. I feel confident that this will cure the little bird. I do not think it is a good plan to keep a rusty nail in the water all the time; put in it in once in a while is much better. LILLIE.

Memphis, Tenn.

Nellie G. wishes for information regarding her canary.

Loss of voice is occasioned by their moulting improperly. A rusty nail kept in their drinking cup will aid them. Keep the bird warm at this period, and avoid having the cage hang in a draught of air. Give an abundance and variety of food at this time. Lettuce seed is a good remedy for loss of voice.

I give my canary a few seeds each day, sprinkled on a clean paper at the bottom of his cage; as they are so very small they would get almost lost in his seed cup. He is very fond of them and comes down for them directly. His voice is improving although he never sings much through August, September, and October, but by the last of November he is always in fine musical order and is a wonderful singer. MARY GOLD.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—In one of the last HOUSEHOLDS, Nellie pleads for some one to tell her about her canary bird. I think if she will try my way she will have no trouble with her birds. In the first place if her bird will take a bath, give him a dish full of water to bathe in as early in the morning as she can conveniently, on no condition leave your bird until the latter part of the day to be attended to, for birds need care regularly; now after they have bathed take out their bathing cup, put in a clean paper, clean the perches that their feet may keep well, then give them new water in their fountain and new seeds in the seed dish; then a dish of ground black mustard or in the summer give them the seed as it grows in the garden, there is nothing that will cure a sick bird like this; also give them chickweed and all green grasses such as herds grass which grows in every garden if allowed to come up, then be sure they have a cuttle bone, and a piece of cracker.

I do not advise much hemp seed, a little will not hurt them. Never give your birds sugar, a small piece of sponge cake will not hurt them. I have had a canary that is eighteen years old and this was my care of him every day, and he never missed a day in singing. LUE.

ARRANGEMENT OF CUT FLOWERS.

The London Gardener says that of all the various mistakes made by persons in arranging flowers, the commonest is that of putting too many in a vase; and next that, is the mistake of putting too great a variety of colors in one bouquet. Every flower in a group should be clearly distinguishable and determinable without pulling the nosegay to pieces; the calyx of a clove pink should never be hid by being plunged into the head of a white phlox, however well the colors may look.

Sweet peas never look so well in the hands as they do on the boughs over which they climb, because they cannot be carried without crowding them; but put them lightly in a vase with an equal number of mignonette, or rather, ornament a vase half full of mignonette, with a few blossoms of sweet peas, and you get a charming effect, because you follow the natural arrangement by avoiding crowding of the blossoms, and putting them with the green foliage which they want to set them off.

Few people are aware, until they try it, how easy it is to spoil such a pleasing combination as this; a piece of calceolaria, scarlet geranium, or blue salvia, would ruin it effectually. Such decided colors as these require to be grouped in another vase, and should not even be placed on the table with sweet peas.

PERFECT ROSES.

Peter Henderson (in the Agriculturist), in allusion to the fact that all the good qualities of fragrance, beauty, hardiness, and constant blooming, are not to be found in one rose, quotes the words of a German neighbor, who came to him in great irritation, and said, "I have so much drouble wid de ladies when dey comes to buy mine rose; dey wants him hardy, dey wants him doubles, dey wants him mondly, dey wants him fragrand, dey wants him nice gouler, dey wants him eberydings in one rose. I have sometimes say to dat ladies: Madan, I never often sees dat ladies dat was beautiful, dat was rich, dat was good temper, dat was youngest, dat was clever, dat was berfection in one ladies. I sees her much not."

A LONESOME CANARY.

A gentleman at Rockport, several months since was the owner of two beautiful canary birds, both splendid singers. They were kept in different rooms, but within sound of each other, there being only a thin partition between. One day last fall one of them sickened and died. The owner took the dead bird and laid it upon the edge of the other's cage, when the live one hopped down, pecked at the dead one once or twice, then hopped back, and from that day to this, a period of four months, he has not sung a note. He has been placed in the neighborhood of other singers, but nothing more than a single chirp has come from him.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

THE ROSE ON THE LAWN.

An English journal says: Few persons are aware of the magnitude to which the rose may be grown, or the splendid effect it can be made to produce on a lawn or pleasure ground; yet with a sufficiently strong stem, and a system of careful and patient training, there can be no reasonable doubt but that the standard roses can be grown to the size and form of the ordinary examples of the weeping ash, having the branches all produced from the top of a single stem, and flowering downward upon all sides—a very ornamental object for the lawn.

OLEANDER.

Some one in one of our back numbers wishes to know the proper time to cut back the oleander tree. This should be done in March, by the first or middle of the month as doing it later will cause a flow of sap which will injure the plant. MARY GOLD.

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side,
His face was wrinkled and wan,
And he leaned both hands on the stout oak cane
As if all his work was done.

His coat was good old-fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide.
Where his "specs" and his steel tobacco-box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man likes to stir the fire.
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah, pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles,
But often started tears.

His wife sat on the other side,
In a high-backed flag seat chair.
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silver hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him.
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it starts the blood in an old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world of strife,
Though bravely they have fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep,
Then let us gently lead them down
To where the weary sleep.

THE IDEAL HOUSEWIFE.

IF any person should ask each of us "what constitutes a good housekeeper?" doubtless there would be very little difference in our replies. We should probably say, one who is neat and orderly, who sees that there is no unnecessary waste of material, and who is able to prepare wholesome and palatable food and proper clothing for herself and family. These definitions would cover the whole ground. Surely any person answering this description is rightfully entitled to be called a good housekeeper, but a good homekeeper includes much more, for while no woman can be called a good home keeper who is not a good housekeeper, the reverse is not always true.

I was once visiting at the house of a dear friend where the arrangements were faultless, where the bread rivaled the snowdrifts in whiteness and lightness, when no speck of dust was visible on the polished furniture or the well-swept carpets, where everything reposed in its proper place and never so much as dared to stir therefrom. True there were no tiny fingers to litter the floor with toys, or to disturb the little ornaments so deftly fashioned by the hand of taste, nor tidies pulled awry, no little foot-tracks on the carpets, for it was a childless home. Thank God it was so, unless, indeed, little hands might have transformed the place by their magic touch and wrought harmonious confusion out of the dreary orderliness which was the law of the house.

The wife was a thoroughly conscientious woman, who loved her husband with all the devotion of her nature, and to attend to his physical needs and keep his house in order, she sacrificed all her time. Never a moment spent in reading the news of the day, an entertaining book, or a graceful poem.

Poems, indeed! Her life was prose, and that of the dullest kind it would seem, yet she found comfort in it, believing that she was in the path of duty, and performing her many and varied tasks for love's sweet sake. Yet, sometimes the flesh was weak, though the spirit was so willing, and a hasty or irritable word would escape the lips, and a frown settle on the brow which began to wear the lines of care although she was still young in years. At last a great pity began to grow up in my heart for her as I foresaw how it would all end (though she would have considered herself the last person in the world to awaken such a sentiment) and I ventured upon the score of old friendship to say one day, "Nellie, why do you never read anything or take any recreation? It seems to me you work too hard. You know your house is small and your family numbers but two, yet you say you never have any leisure."

She drew herself up as though she slightly resented the inquiry as she replied, "I have no time to waste in reading or in idleness. I never knew a good housekeeper to be fond of books, and it is the height of my ambition to become a good housekeeper and to be a devoted wife."

"But some of the best housekeepers I have ever known have been great readers too, and you owe a duty to yourself as well as to your husband. He could not prize you the less for striving to improve yourself in any way."

"Well, something would have to be neglected I am sure," she replied, "and I couldn't sit down in the middle of a dirty room with a book in my hand, for I care more for my husband's comfort than I do for my own culture."

Poor, mistaken woman! I thought of myself. As if any man who was worthy the name, would not prize a healthy, happy wife, whose head and mind had a chance to feed and grow, more than one whose ceaseless labor wore soul and body down to the level of a mere household drudge who aspire to nothing.

How much better and brighter life would become if one would occasionally turn from manual labor and refresh soul and spirit by a draught of that for which they are thirsting. How delicious a rest it would prove to one who was turned out with domestic cares to take a walk with no object but simply to drink in and enjoy, some lovely spring day when buds are bursting into flowers, and the air is freighted with a thousand sweet scents and the glad voices of myriad birds. But at the most delightful season when all nature laughs aloud in the excess of her joy, housewives are busy with soap and sand and the most laborious work of the year goes on, and who can spare a moment to watch Dame Nature spread her soft green carpet with borders of daises and buttercups and star-eyed blossoms fairer than any product of Persian looms. Or when the soft haze of an Indian summer rests like a veil of gauze upon meadow and hillside, and woods begin to wear the crimson leaf, what eye so dull that it would not brighten and kindle at sight of the gorgeous picture? but then the good housekeeper is most frequently found amid a formidable array of jars and cans sealing up the fruits of the season whose ripened beauty she beholds now perhaps, for the first time.

We would not decry soap and sand for they fill an important place in the domestic economy, and since "cleanliness is next to godliness," (in many households it appears to rank first instead of second) we could ill afford to spare them; nor have we aught to say against preserves and pickles though doubtless we should have finer health without them, since the Creator sends us the treasures of the orchard and garden at a time when our system craves them and when we are most benefited thereby. If we really needed strawberries at Christmas or peaches in mid winter, without doubt nature would have supplied them without the aid of Mason's jars, but it is the incessant toiling in kitchen and storeroom that we deprecate, when one longs to breath, if but for one single hour, the free, pure air of Heaven, to bask in the sunlight which trails like a garment of glory over the landscape, or, when one's mind is hungering for food which lies all about us like the manna in the wilderness, if we will but take time to gather it. How can one's nature develop symmetrically if only the physical well being is attended to? We are many-sided, like prisms, the variously colored rays reflected from the several angles blending at last into the white beam which shows no tinge of color upon its spotless purity. If one or more rays are intercepted the pure and perfect result is not obtained.

The model housewife, then, is she who riseth betimes, not before the cock croweth, that she may out do her neighbors and accomplish half a day's work before breakfast, but in season to dress herself neatly and prepare the morning meal without undue haste. This is all that any one ought to do before re-inforcing the system by a good supply of food. After that she goes about her other duties, but in the intervals of toil she manages to snatch a moment now and then to read a paragraph in the newspaper or a page or two of some book or magazine which is near at hand, for in her home the books are not all kept on high shelves in stately and undisturbed repose. She may not have an opportunity to go out before dinner, but sometime before nightfall she does contrive to take a little out-door exercise enjoying it keenly as only those can who necessarily spend the greater portion of their time in the house.

The afternoon finds her always in a different dress with hair freshly brushed, and an air of sweet womanly grace and even elegance pervading all her surroundings, though her wardrobe may boast very few changes of raiment, and those perhaps of inexpensive material and not of the finest texture, but so tastefully arranged by her dainty woman's hand, and so gracefully worn that somehow she appears to be much better dressed than many whose means are more ample. In her girlhood days, she possessed any accomplishment which can now add to the attractions of her home, she does not let them wholly slip from her grasp although she may be unable to make any progress in them. If she have a sweet voice, she can sing about her work, and thus keep herself in practice without taking time from anything, and make too, her memory vocal for years to come in the hearts of her children.

She has patience with these same little folks, who do not always remember to wipe their muddy feet before stepping upon the clean floors, and who presist in tearing their clothes upon every obtruding nail, and who are heedless and noisy and disorderly oftentimes, yet she had rather endure their boisterous mirth than chill the young blood which runs riot in their veins with harsh and querulous rebuke which may drive them away from the safe shelter of home, she chides gently and in time they learn to shut the doors without endangering the hinges and to tread lightly when they come into her serene presence. She sews up the rents in their clothes with patience, adding perhaps a mild word of caution, until they learn to dodge the nails, and wipes up the muddy footprints in silence rather than by scolding to erase all affection from the hearts which are fond and loving notwithstanding their seeming carelessness, and by-and-by it comes to pass after many days that they learn the use of scrapers and door mats and the long-suffering mother has her reward.

Do you say that this is simply an ideal—impossible to be realized in actual life? We think not. It is true that one frequently has unexpected calls upon her time and attention which cannot be provided for beforehand, but is it not also true that much of the time now spent in labor that profits not, such as concocting poisonous puddings or indigestible pasty or something else that might well be dispensed with, if spent in reading a good book or in taking a stroll under God's blue heaven that smiles so kindly on overburdened humanity, a great and lasting benefit would result to many and many a woman who is growing old and gray before the sun of her life has reached its meridian height, and losing all power of enjoying the thousand blessings which God meant his creatures to enjoy and which are free as the air we breathe?

It is a grand and glorious thing to forget one's self in caring for others, and to sacrifice ease and comfort, even life itself if need be, if duty plainly demands it, but there is no virtue in self-sacrifice except some good end is gained or some one is benefited, and would not many of our American homes be sweeter, and brighter, and more what God intended when he set the solitary in families, if the woman who presides over them would cultivate herself and study how to make the drudgery of housework less wearisome, and to relieve the monotony of domestic employments by well-chosen recreations? Rest need not be idleness. A change of occupation is rest and that of the best kind.

To the small minority who cannot do this, whose life is and must be one continual round of unrelieved toil, we extend the hand of sympathy and pray that He whose feet were often weary and who in the hour of his mortal weakness took upon himself the load of all our cares, may pity and sustain and in some sweet way make up to them for the hardness of their lot. For such as these there must be great comfort in the oft-quoted stanza

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a floor as for God's law
Makes that and the action fine."

HINTS AND AIDS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BY PATIENCE POPULAR.

Much is often gained by the mother by teaching or having the children taught to do many little things, which even quite small children are often able to do. For instance we know little girls who beautify their own, their sisters, and mother's clothing by knitting, crocheting, and weaving laces, edgings, etc. We have seen little girls who were so fond of this kind of work that they carried it in their pocket, and worked whenever a spare moment could be found; even while walking to and from school, going on errands, etc.

These little girls make many yards each year of very beautiful edging and other trimmings for the underclothing of the family which they could not afford to buy and which they would be obliged to do without if these little ones could not make it. There are many little boys who easily and readily learn the art of crocheting and knitting and who delight to do such things.

Many boys learn to do house work as readily as girls, and mothers who have large families may often have a plentiful supply of help by teaching their boys to work in the house. We have known many boys who have become excellent housekeepers. They were as neat and quick as a woman and we see no reason why they should not be.

We know a young man who rejoiced when his mother invited her neighbors to dine or take tea with her as it gave him such a delightful chance to exercise and show them his skill in cookery.

Speaking of dining, an excellent dinner pie is made and is in frequent use as such in some of the Southern and Western states. Boil sweet potatoes. When done remove the skins and cut in thin slices. Line a deep pie plate or pan with ordinary pie crust. Now fill half full with the sliced potatos over which sprinkle half a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and half of a teaspoonful of good cloves. Now take a lump of butter as large as a hen's egg, cut one-half of it into small bits and strew them over the potato. Then fill up the plate with potatoes, add another half cup of sugar and the remainder of the butter. Scatter a handful of flour over the whole and pour in the dish a half cup of hot water. Cover with crust and bake thoroughly. This pie must be eaten hot.

A nice and very healthy dish is made for supper in this way. Pare and stew fine three or four apples of ordinary size, adding water enough to make a thin sauce. When the apples are stewed until fine stir in graham flour until of the consistency of corn meal mush. Add salt letting it boil a moment and serve. It should be eaten with sugar and cream or any other sweet sauce that may suit the taste. All suppers should be light and the food taken, such as can be easily digested. All kinds of meats and rich cakes, and warm breads, should be banished from the tea table.

Some friends of ours who are obliged to use hard water in which to do all their washing, prepare it by boiling wheat bran in it. Two or three quarts of bran is put in a bag, made of strong, but thin muslin, tied up and put in a boiler full of cold water. The boiler placed upon the stove and the water allowed to boil for an hour or so when it is poured out and the boiler re-filled. The bag of bran is again put in and again boiled for an hour or so. This operation is repeated until enough water has been prepared for all the rubbing, boiling etc. The water in which the clothes are rinsed needs no preparation but is used as it comes from the well. Ladies who have used hard water for washing for years and have tried lye, soda, sal-soda, etc., tell us that the water washes better and injures the clothes prepared in this way less than in any way in which they have ever seen it prepared. A bag containing three quarts of bran may be boiled in three boilers full of water, but it more water than this is required fresh bran should be used. The water acquires a softness from the bran that renders it more pleasant to the hand and it is not injurious to the colored clothes, flannels, etc., as when prepared with the alkali.

It is not generally known that for scouring knives, forks, spoons and tin ware, the common water lime such as is used for plastering cisterns, cellars, etc., is one of the very best materials. It does not scratch and will not injure your best silver. Apply with a damp cloth. The more often such things are cleansed the more easily they are cleaned.

The coming on of cold winter weather bids us prepare for the usual cold feet, coughs and colds which always occur in winter and strive as best we may to shield ourselves against their attacks. Many persons who are sorely troubled with cold feet may be relieved by the use of hot water. Three or four times a week let patient get a pail of hot water insert the feet then soak them for at least twenty minutes. The water should be as hot as can be borne by the patient when the feet are put in and should be kept so as long as the feet are kept in the water. A little hot may be poured in several times to keep it hot as can be borne. On taking the feet from the water they should be rubbed dry and covered immediately. If possible this should be done just before retiring, if not practicable then at any time during the day.

Those who are troubled with sore throats may keep them well by bathing thoroughly with cold water just before retiring.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

Mr. Editor:—Little did I think, last spring, on being solicited to subscribe for The Household, that I should ever contribute to its columns. Indeed, I at first refused to subscribe on the plea of no time for any more reading, but consented to take it thinking the puzzles would amuse the children. Now I think The Household indispensable.

In the August number some one asks is there a remedy for sour bread during the heated term? I think there is a remedy, and that, to have the right kind of yeast. Years ago I had the same trouble but for twelve years past, I have had no trouble. Never have had but one batch of sour bread during the time, and that the result of carelessness. My recipe is this.

For one gallon of yeast, I take a two quart basin of pared potatoes and one pint of good hops, boil till done, mash through a colander, put in the hop and potato water: (for I boil them together putting the hops in a bag) when it is cool enough add one pint of good potato yeast, that has no flour in it, as the flour will sour after a while. Add one teacup of sugar, one teacup of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger. If it is necessary add more water to make it one gallon, sometimes I do not have enough potato water, and have to add more; I think pure soft water is the best. Let it be kept a little warm while it is fermenting, for it will not rise much as it is quite thin, but if it is right it will be covered with small globules or bubbles. In the morning, I put it in a stone jug, and cork it, not very tight the first day as it will sometimes send the cork out. The second day press the cork in tightly. When I use it I shake the yeast well from the bottom and use one teacup full, take about a quart of sponge at noon, using three mashed potatoes and the water they are boiled in, yeast and flour enough to thicken, let it stand till night, then sponge my bread, adding as much more water as necessary. In the morning mix and knead letting it rise in the pan, then put it in the tins and rise again. The jug needs scalding every time it is empty. I do not think you will be troubled with your bread if you use this kind of yeast.

Some one asks for a recipe for canning corn, I have a good way of drying corn, and many people think it as good as canned corn. Take good sweet corn, quite green, as this is the secret of its sweetness. After it is husked and silked, hold the ear in the same position that you would to cut the corn from the cob, just clip with a sharp knife the outer edge of about two rows at a time, and so around the ear. then scrape out the pulp leaving the hull on the cob, then I fill my baking plate as full as a pie would fill it, put in a hot oven, and scald about ten minutes, or perhaps fifteen stirring it once or twice, I let it remain in the oven long enough to scald the milk through, till it looks more watery than milky then empty the plates and fill again, when the second ovenful is done, spread all thinner on other plates, and dry around the stove, stirring it and turning often, it will dry in one day, then put it in a bag and hang by the stove, and fill the oven again. When the corn is ready to be used, I make a business of it, keeping a little fire all day. It is some work but I think it pays, as it is so nice.

When I wish to use it for five or six persons, I take a pint of the dried corn and put it in water a little warm, let it stand over night, or it will soak soft between morning and noon, if it is stirred often.

When wanted for the table, I put it over the fire, and cook about seven or eight minutes, stirring most of the time as it is so pulpy it will burn easily, when it is cooked I add salt and a teaspoonful of white sugar, after it is done thin it with milk or cream, add a little butter for I intend to cook it with only water enough to keep it from burning. I had half a bushel, last summer, after it was dried and this year I intend drying as much again; I often have it for tea, and you can rest assured that with plenty of corn and bread and butter, cake will go a begging. Janette.

Geneva, Walworth Co. Wis.

Editor Household:—Please find enclosed $1.00 to pay for The Household for the coming year which I cannot well do without. A man is known by the company he keeps, and a woman also. I am not ashamed to have The Household seen upon my table, or to be seen reading it. I consider it just the paper to take up on a warm, summer day when a person feels languid, or on a cold, winter's day when the mercury stands at 20 below zero.

I have been keeping house for nearly forty years and would like to give the new beginners some of my experience did I feel capable of doing so. I think I have never known my household affairs to progress without friction if I put off my usual washing on Monday. There must be system in housekeeping, as well as in every other business, and I hope my young sisters will not feel distressed, should some one (perhaps the "minister's wife") call and find them with sleeves upturned, and, may be, flour upon their aprons.

Be independent, and make yourself so by observation and experience. Do not be governed by that kind friend, who marks out a course requiring every little job to be done by a certain hour, or may be, before dinner. Consult your own health, comfort, and convenience, and that of your family.

If possible, have at least, one plant growing in your window in the winter and as many flowers out of doors in the summer as you can care for. It will do you good, and your husband too. Do not neglect to read The Household, and have a book or two, (substantial books) near your work stand that you can look into occasionally, which is better for mind and body too, than to sew every moment.

A New England Sister.

ABOUT RECIPES.

How many are there who can write a recipe perfectly, leaving nothing out that should have been mentioned, and putting nothing in that should perplex the reader? Good housewives

of culinary skill! I thank you in the name of inapt and ixexpert beginners for your benevolence in sending now and then bits of your experience in the form of recipes, but you are not careful enough to express yourselves clearly and fully.

What does a little mean? A teaspoonful, a half-cupful, might be relatively, a small or large proportion. A teaspoonful of salt, when a pinch is enough, would make things briny; a half-cupful of Indian meal, where only a tablespoonful is wanted, would make the pudding too compact to be delicate. I found to my mortification, on Thanksgiving day, that a half-cupful of flour less gave my fruit-cake a very sunken appearance. The loaf looked like a well-begun volcano with the crater tumbled in. On the next trial that neglected half-cupful of flour was admitted, and I enjoyed a grand success.

You often say in writing, "do this or that according to judgment." Dear woman! some of us were born without judgment, and we need reliable rules. Many young housekeepers and some old ones were never instructed, and they are now dependent on their wits and what aid they can glean from writers. You are doing a good work for them—only do more of it, and do it better. Be explicit; a heaping spoonful, and a level spoonful, are very different measures, modern silver spoons have much larger bowls, in comparison with old spoons—don't say "ashes;" tell whether you mean wood or coal ashes; don't say as thick as cup cake; tell the exact quantity of flour or meal, if you know it; Sarah Ann might not know just how thick a cup-cake would look in the uncooked mass; don't say "thick enough to run;" why! several degrees of thicknesses might run, and if we should choose the wrong degree, we might be glad to run from the result.

Every household have the standard measures of a gill, pint, and quart, and scales of standard avoirdupois weights, dram, ounce, and pound. Why not use these in recipes as much as possible? they are the same in every home, and will help your noble work immensely. M.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

FRENCH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one half cup of butter, whites of three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. M. M. M.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of white sugar, yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, milk to fill the plate. This makes a large pie, with an undercrust only. Bake until done, then take from the oven and pour over it a frosting made of the beaten whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and set back in the oven and brown lightly.

CORN STARCH DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one cup of corn starch, whites of seven eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; mix the flour, starch and cream of tartar together; dissolve the soda in the milk. Add to the butter and sugar, the flour and milk alternately, and last the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Flavor with lemon. LUE.

DELICATE CAKE.—One teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of flour, half a cup of butter, whites of eight eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

FRITTERS.—One pint of sour milk, one egg, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to form a batter sufficiently thick to drop from a spoon without running. Fry in hot lard, a small spoonful for each one.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and flour to make a thin batter; slice some tender apples, not too thin, drop a piece at a time in a spoonful of batter and fry. Sift powdered sugar over them while warm. They are very nice for dinner.

SILVER CAKE.—Whites of ten eggs, one and one-half teacupfuls of sugar, two-thirds teacupful of butter, one teacupful of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda.

GOLD CAKE.—Yolks of ten eggs, one and a half teacupfuls of sugar, two-thirds teacupful of sweet milk, a trifle over three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. MRS. S. R. S.

NANTUCKET FISH CHOWDER.—Take a nice cod, haddock, or blue fish, weighing about four pounds, two middling sized onions, and about three-fourths of a pound of fat pork. First, cut the pork quite fine, put it in your kettle or boiler and let it slowly fry; have ready the onions, also cut small, and after the pork has fried add the onions, let them cook a few minutes, then add about four quarts of water; cut your fish into about six pieces; as soon as the water boils put your fish in with some salt and pepper; after cooking about fifteen minutes, make some thickening of flour and water, and let that boil for a few minutes. Dish it out, and I will promise you will want the second dish. No better place to eat fish chowder than where this recipe came from.

TEA OR BREAKFAST CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of milk one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, a small piece of butter, and two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Bake quick.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one egg, one cup of water, one cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of flour or corn starch. I generally scald the lemon a few moments, and then chop it, being very careful to remove all the seeds. Bake with top and bottom crust.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Four cups of graham flour, two cups of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

INDIAN CAKE.—One and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half cups of Indian meal, two cups of milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and one tablespoonful of water. Beat the whites and yolks separate.

PORK CAKE.—One-half pound of fat pork chopped fine, one-half pound of citron, one-half pound of currants, one large cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of dry saleratus. Pour over the pork half a gill of boiling water. Add flour enough to make it very stiff. Bake slow. L. A. H.

MR. CROWELL:—A Novice asks recipes for gold, silver, and delicate cakes. I will send mine which I consider excellent.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two scant cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and the whites of four eggs.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups of sugar beaten to a cream with one-half cup of butter, add the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then add two and one-half cups of flour, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk and one-half teaspoonful of soda, stir together and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor to taste.

GOLD CAKE.—Take the yolks of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, mix them with a cup of sugar and three-fourths of a cup of butter previously stirred to a cream, add two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cup of milk, and when well mixed stir in a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon. A. E. B.

MR. CROWELL:—I have received so much benefit from THE HOUSEHOLD that I want to send a few recipes which I have never seen in its columns hoping they may benefit some one else.

TELEGRAPH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and three-fourths cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and four tablespoonfuls of cold water.

MORNING RELISH.—Take a quarter of a pound of cheese, good and fresh, put it in a spider with a cup of milk, when boiling add one-half teaspoonful each of salt and dry mustard, a dash of pepper, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, then add three rolled crackers, stir briskly a few minutes and turn into a warm dish. It is very delicious. MANTIE E. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to add a few recipes to the many good ones I see in your columns. Will say in passing that I tried the recipe for cooking beef steak in the May number, and we like it so well we will not have our steak cooked any other way.

In the November number M. E. M. asks how to make a nice frosted lemon pie. I will send my recipe which I have used a considerable and find very nice. Think M. E. M. will like it if she tries it. Grate the rind of one lemon and squeeze out the juice, add one cup of sugar, one cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and the yolks of two eggs. When baked pour over it the whites of the eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and place in the oven to brown.

In the October number Clara E. R. asks about the care of the wax plant. I have one which has blossomed most of the time for a year and I have given it simply no care at all. I water it once in a while when the earth looks dry, but that is all, and it is in blossom most all of the time.

Will some one please tell me what to do with my musk plant? As soon as the stalks grow to be three or four inches high, the leaves all wilt. I have watered it and set it in the shade, but it don't seem to do it any good. Will be greatly obliged if some of the kind sisters will give me some information about it. A. E. K.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you ask for a recipe for very nice corn bread, as I am very anxious for a good recipe? MRS. W. S. H.

GEO. E. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—Will some of your many readers tell me how to clean kid and buckskin gloves without shrinking them? and oblige, SCHOOL-GIRL.

MR. CROWELL:—In answer to our friend who is in such despair on account of the red ants, I want to tell her that I know one way in which she can keep food, etc., from the little pests, and that is to place such things on a table with the legs set into dishes filled with water.

Some one asked for a good rule for spice cake. Here is one. Three cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup of chopped raisins, one and one-third cups of butter, four eggs, one tablespoonful of cloves, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda.

Here is a good recipe for sponge cake that I know the members of all households will like. One cup of sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of cold water, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in with one cup of flour. It should be stirred together as quickly as possible—the eggs being fresh ones and well beaten with whites and yolks together. Bake in a quick oven moving as little as possible. POLLY.

MRS. A. C. G. MERIDIAN, MISS. I am only an occasional reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, although I am a patron of the paper by sending it to others, therefore I was ignorant of your request until a few days since. The name of the president of the Ladies' Domestic Association of Randolph is C. M. Price. I shall take pleasure in giving any information in regard to our society that you may desire.

I see a request from Mrs. A. C. G., in the same number, for a recipe for making soda biscuit. I will give one that was adopted by the R. L. D. Association. Three teacupfulls of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda; mix the butter, cream of tartar and soda thoroughly together with nearly two quarts flour, add the milk quickly, making a soft dough, and bake immediately in a quick oven. C. M. PRICE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your readers please inform me what will restore my hair to its original color? It was formerly black but has begun to be quite gray, and as I am but twenty-five it is not very pleasant. If you will inform me through your columns what will restore it without injuring the hair, will oblige, A READER.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—The November number of your excellent paper came to-day. In looking over the questions I noticed a request for a recipe for making frosted lemon pies. I have a very good one, so will gladly contribute my mite. One lemon, with peel grated, one cup of brown sugar, and the yolks of three eggs. Bake with an undercrust, and when done beat the whites of the eggs with one cup of white sugar, and spread over, browning a very little.

Will some one give me a good recipe for fruit cake. M. M. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the short time that I have known THE HOUSEHOLD, I have become very much attached to it, and derive much benefit from reading its pages. Seeing some queries that I can answer in the last two numbers, concluded to add my mite. Mrs. A. C. G. asks for a recipe for home-made crackers. This is nice. Five pounds of flour, ten ounces of lard, one pint water, one large teaspoonful of salt. It requires much strength to knead it.

Tell Nettie to cook dried cod fish in this wise. Wash as large a piece as desired and pick it up into milk and stand over night; bring to a boil in the morning and thicken, adding pepper and butter, and an egg if you choose.

L. J. J., always dry your tooth brush immediately after using, and it will retain its stiffness. LUE.

MR. CROWELL:—L. J. J. wishes to know "how to get rid of bed-bugs in the walls of her servant's room." I will tell her one way to dispose of them: Melt together one shilling's worth each of Burgundy pitch, Venice turpentine, red precipitate, and lard. Apply to either bedsteads or cracks in walls. This has proven most effectual.

Nettie wishes to know how to make "Sally Lunn." One cup of butter, a cup and a half of sugar, four eggs, three cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flour to make a thick batter. Bake in round tins.

J. A. wishes to know "a simple way of making a chair tidy." One way is to crochet strips in afghan stitch of number ten tidy cotton, about eighteen stitches broad, and if she wishes red with it, crochet in simple post stitch around each strip, two rows, in either red yarn or zephyr worsted, then join the strips in simple stitch on the right side, finish the ends with flat tassels or a fringe on the upper part. I crocheted a little edge across it. She can embroider a simple Grecian pattern on each strip, if she likes, although I made one without which was easily made and pretty. MRS. S. R. S.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish some one would send me a recipe for pound cake and tapioca cream. A. E. B.

HOW HAPPY I'LL BE.

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair.
"Ah me," said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten years more have gone over me,
And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with soft perfume.
Vases were near of antique mold,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she, of all the loveliness there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
"Ah me!" sighed she, "how happy I'll be
When my heart's true love comes home to me;
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over a cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest.
"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
And she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"O child, sweet child! how happy I'll be,
If the good God let thee stay with me,
'Til later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower."

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she sighed in an undertone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting through sun and shade;
Turning when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in Heaven.

THE POVERTY CURE.

BY MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

MRS. DURAND was an invalid. For many years she had been a victim to a complicated and baffling disease, which for want of a better name was christened by her physician and friends "nervous debility."

The slightest excitement or exertion left her actually prostrated and weary, and every muscle and nerve in her system kept her painfully conscious of their existence. The luxuries that surrounded her were only to her a realization of the fable of the cup of Tantalaus. True, she had an elegant carriage, fine horses and many servants; but the fatigues of driving out were far greater than the pleasure of a drive, and she rarely attempted it. She had a fine library, but books she had never cared much for; and if she had loved reading, her eyes were so weak as to put that amusement out of the question. An extensive and choicely-kept conservatory was a part of Mr. Durand's establishment, but the odors of the flowers made his wife faint and sick. She had no taste for fancy work, that busy idleness which saves so many women from *ennui*. Embroidery, crochet, knitting and netting she had tried in turn, and each tired her and made her head ache. Her three children generally paid her a visit once a day; but it would be difficult to decide which enjoyed it the least, or was most pleased to have it over—the boys or their mother. The children were glad to escape from the hushed, gloomy chamber, where everything they did seemed to be out of place and wrong, so constantly were they checked from being boisterous or troublesome, and Mrs. Durand experienced a sensation of relief when she had kissed them all and seen them safely marshaled out of the room by their nurses; for she had done her duty, and that she had seen the last of them for one day at least.

After this morning visit she had nothing to do but lean her aching head wearily back on the pillowed easy chair until her physician's coming roused her from her listlessness for a few moments. This call, and a still briefer one from her husband just before dinner, were all that varied the monotony of her life.

Mr. Durand was a kind-hearted man, and reasonably fond of his wife; he had spared no pains or expense to restore her to health; he had made no objection to the trial of the pathies—allopathy, homœopathy and hydropathy—and only shrugged his shoulders, when, as a last resort, healing mediums were called to the rescue. He had gratified her every whim; had taken her to every variety of climate; without a word of remonstrance; he had visited the springs, far and near, in search of that health which was nowhere to be found, until at last, after going round the whole circle of remedies in vain, it had been Mrs. Durand's own proposal to remain at home under the care of her own family physician.

Meanwhile, as his wife's malady, though incurable, seemed not at all likely to prove fatal, Mr. Durand's anxiety, which at first had been extreme, died away. It grew to be a matter of course that Maria should be sick, and his daily call and this stereotyped dialogue became equally habitual:

"Well, how do you feel to-day, Maria?"

"No better"—with a sigh. "My head is as bad as ever."

"Sorry to hear it."

A pause—then a glance at his watch. "It's near dinner time. Good night Maria, I wish you could set at the table with me."

This conversation, almost without a variation, had been repeated day after day, until it was as much a part of Mr. Durand's daily life, as his dinner, the cigar, the evening paper, and the quiet rubber of whist with a few cronies that followed it.

The lonely evenings Mrs. Durand spent as she did her lonely days, reclining in her chair, or on the lounge—her thin, white hands shaded by exquisite and costly lace, folded and lying idly in her lap, while with half-shut eyes she gave herself up to sad reveries.

It seemed almost like a dream to her to look back, as she often did, to the time when a rosy, plump and joyous country maiden, she had raked hay, made butter and cheese, washed dishes, and even scrubbed the white floor of her aunt's neat kitchen. Her small hands, now white and soft, had been red and hard once; her transparent cheek had been sunburned and browned; but her rustic beauty had won the heart of the rich city merchant, whom business brought up for a few weeks to the neighborhood of Mapleton, and not many months later she became his wife. City life was entirely new to Maria Durand, and for a few seasons she had enjoyed it to full. Parties, the opera, and all sorts of gayeties succeeded each other, until suddenly her health failed. And now so young, while life held out to her a cup overflowing with a delicious and intoxicating draught, one drop of bitterness poisoned it all. It was hard, indeed, and poor Maria Durand shed many scalding tears as, in the solitude of her own room, she contrasted the present with the past. She had plenty of time for such reflection, for the calls of her many friends, and the inquiries after the health of "dear Mrs. Durand" had grown less and less frequent, until they had almost entirely ceased, and she who had been at one time a reigning belle—admired, flattered and envied—was now forgotten.

The circle in which Mrs. Durand had moved was not unusually heartless; but sickness is a test which never fails to distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine friendship, and it must be confessed that few human beings have a fountain of sympathy which will sustain a drain of four or five years, without at times running dry. As if conscious of this, invalids are very apt to make up for the deficiencies of others by bestowing all their sympathies on themselves; absorbed by their own sufferings, they forget all others. Mrs. Durand was no exception to the general rule, or she would have observed that her husband was growing pale, thin, wrinkled and careworn. He was strangely absent-minded; he came up to her after dinner several times, and sat silent and moody; if she addressed him he answered at random and she made no further attempts at conversation.

She was lying on her couch one evening when Mr. Durand entered the room. She did not look up; she hardly spoke, for she had felt unusually ill all day, and her head was still throbbing painfully. Her husband approached her and stood by her side.

"Maria," said he, "I should like to talk with you a little if you are able to bear it."

Something in his voice startled her; she looked up, and for the first time noticed how haggard and changed he had grown.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up. "How fearfully pale you look. The children?"

"Are perfectly well," he replied.

"Has anything happened to you, Robert?"

"Maria," he said, hardly heeding her words, "I am ruined—bankrupt."

He buried his face in his hands, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

In an instant his wife's arms were round his neck, kisses on his brow, and her voice whispered words of comfort.

"But Maria, feeble as you are, what is to become of you? I could bear it myself; but to think of you and the children—it almost unmans me."

"Is all lost?" she asked.

"I fear so. My honor, thank God, will remain untarnished; but nothing will be left after the payment of my debts."

"And how did it happen?"

Her husband briefly told her of his misfortunes, which were mainly owing to losses at sea, for he was largely engaged in navigation; he rehearsed his struggles, told of his sleepless nights and anxious days, and Maria listened with moistened eyes and parted lips.

"My own dear husband," she said at last, kissing him fondly, "and what are your plans for the future?"

"I have made none as yet. I have been overwhelmed in the present trouble. The future looks dark indeed. When I think of you, in ill health, requiring every comfort and yet feel that I shall be unable to supply your wants—"

He stopped for his voice was choked with emotion.

"Do not speak so sadly, Robert. The future to me does not look dark. You made your own fortune—you can do it again; and as for me, if I have lived in luxury for many years, I do not forget that I was once a poor country lassie and lived very happily without the many appliances of wealth that you have bestowed upon me. Dear Robert, let us submit with a good grace to our present troubles."

Mr. Durand shook his head sadly. "You speak lightly, Maria, of giving up luxuries, forgetting that they have grown to be necessaries to you. If you were strong and well it would be hard to exchange this home for one suited to our income, or rather lack of income, and instead of having servants ready to do your bidding, to wait not only on yourself but on others."

"It is very pleasant to be waited on, I admit," said Mrs. Durand, "but I can do without it; and I have not forgotten how to sweep and make beds, and bake. Try me, and see that I am as good a cook as our French artiste. We shall be happy yet, Robert. Riches are comfortable, but poverty shall not make us miserable."

Cheered in spite of himself by his wife's spirit, Mr. Durand began to talk of the future, and the evening which began so gloomily ended quite pleasantly.

Robert Durand felt already like a new man; his wife's sympathy lightened the load which had well-nigh crushed him, and he set about the settlement of his business with fresh courage.

From the wreck of his fallen fortune he came out with a large stock of self-respect—for no man could charge him with dishonorable conduct—and a very small stock of capital with which to begin the world anew.

Mrs. Durand meantime was not idle. It was her part to see to the domestic affairs, and though head and limbs ached, yet she never complained. But, to her surprise, her sleepless nights vanished—what opiates had failed to do, the magic fatigue accomplished; and when at last the family were settled in a small but comfortable house, though she was very tired, she yet felt that she was really better than she had been for a long time.

As months passed, her appetite, which had been capricious and variable, become natural and healthy; dyspepsia slowly yielded its hold upon her. Her thin features became rounded, her figure gained plumpness, and

at last a faint color tinged her cheeks! In one short year the invalid, Mrs. Durand, was transformed into a fresh-looking matron.

With her health, her spirits returned and her children astonished her one day by telling her that "they loved her a great deal better than they used to, because she was so nice," which adjective, when she pressed for its interpretation, was further explained to mean that "she didn't tell them to keep still all the time, and she baked them nice cakes, and she told them nice stories, and she looked a great deal prettier."

This latter compliment Mr. Durand, who had been a listener to the conversation, emphatically pronounced to be true enough.

"And she is as good as she is pretty, little folks," he added, passing his arms around her waist.

Mrs. Durand looked up with a smile.

"We were not so miserable, after all," she said, slyly. Her husband's reply was a closer embrace.

Years had passed, and Mr. Durand was again a rich man; once more his wife was mistress of a fine establishment—once more she attended and gave parties; but now she sat among older people, and looked on to see her boys and girls enjoy, with all the zest of youth, the music and the dancing. She was still a healthy, comely matron, whose sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks, and luxuriant hair many a young girl envied.

She was sitting one evening at a party, with a lot of her friends, when a pale young creature joined them.

She looked so listless, so feeble and miserable, that Maria's thoughts at once reverted to her own past, for Mrs. Tyler seemed a perfect counterpart of what she had been at her age. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she hardly heeded the conversation around her, till the mention of her own name startled her.

"I was telling Mrs. Tyler," continued Mrs. Lorimer, that she reminded me of you when you were so ill many years ago. It was the water cure, I think, that restored your health; was it not, Mrs. Durand?"

"No, Mrs. Lorimer, it was the poverty cure!"

"The what?" cried a chorus of voices.

"The poverty cure," repeated Mrs. Durand. "It is not very pleasant to take but it restored me to health."

"You are talking in enigmas. Pray explain," said Mrs. Tyler, roused to a little animation.

Thus pressed, Mrs. Durand gave briefly the history of that period of her life which followed the reverse of fortune. As she concluded her story, her husband joined the group to conduct her to the supper-room.

Rising and taking his arm, she said,—

"And so I regained my health, but that is not all for which I have to thank the poverty cure."

SELF CONDEMNATION.

BY AUNT LEISURELY.

DEAR LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—October, with its lovely, still days is upon us, its russet leaves, its farewell song of the birds, and we housekeepers, who, like the provident ant, have been laying up our stores for winter, have now a breathing spell. I have just emerged from preserving and canning, pickling, marmalading, jellying and jamming, and am happy to state there is enough left of me to indite you another epistle, whether you are as happy to hear it I have no means of knowing, but "I'll lay the flattering unction to my soul" and proceed:

I arose this morning cheerful and refreshed, and intended my letter to you to-day should be as Burns says, a "sang," but now with the shades of evening closing around me, with the weariness of a busy day upon me, and the memory of a lost opportunity of doing a kind action haunting me, I feel, not low spirited, that I never allow myself to be, but saddened and repentant, so I have resolved my message to you shall be a "sermon," and my subject shall be "Self Condemnation"—it will be a relief to me and perhaps some little benefit to some dear HOUSEHOLD sister.

It has been a raw, damp day—succeeding so many beautiful ones, we feel the influence of such more keenly. I was busily engaged baking, when a crippled beggar called and asked for something to eat. No matter under what circumstances that call is made it is one to which I never turn a deaf ear. He may be indolent, he may spend every penny he can lay hands on for liquor, but better give a dozen ill-deserving wretches a meal, than turn one really hungry unfortunate away so I gave it, but I did it ungraciously. He humbly asked for a cup of hot coffee; he was chilly and damp; I could have made him some in a few minutes had I been so inclined, but I told him I had not time. I set him a good meal but it was cold. After he had gratefully thanked me and gone, then self-condemnation set in and reigned rampant in my uneasy conscience. How well, I thought, might I spared a few minutes to make a cheering cup of coffee for the weak old man; how do I know but it might have saved him from the temptation of taking something stronger to warm him if the opportunity came, and might not this little deed of kindness stood to my credit in my Father's sight, as the cup of cold water when given to "one of these little ones."

Ah me! I reflected, almost arrived at middle age, and every day, every day, having occasion to reproach myself for lost apportunities of doing good. Ought we not, I communed, be patient with the follies of our little ones, when we who have so many more years of experience than they fall so far short of what we might and ought to be. We can all remember the detracting word that would slip from our tongue when the good qualities of some absent one were eulogized, and would have given our best silk gown to recall it when the opportunity for doing so was past. The world may have given us credit for candor, when in our own souls reigned the most thorough contempt for the selfishness which dictated and the cowardice which perpetrated the action. Oh! by both words and actions how often we make ourselves as well as our "fellow-creatures mourn."

I often think of a lady whose sad experience on this subject I will relate to you. It is one of the many occasions for self-condemnation which come crowding to my mind as I write, but I must not monopolize too much room. This lady, whom I shall call Hartley, resided in Washington, and once while visiting some friends in Baltimore, she happened to meet with a young Irish girl, who with her young brother, had just landed in America, and were in search of homes. Pleased at once with the mild countenance and gentle demeanor of Norah, she engaged her as nurse for her five little children, and exultingly took her home with her. Mrs. O'Brian, the old woman with whom they had been staying since they landed, wished to keep Terence to attend to her children, while she went to service by the day, and as she had been so kind to them, they willingly consented.

In a short time Norah was as much at home in her new place as if to the "manor born," and the children were so happy with her. No one could tell such lovely stories, such entertaining reminiscenses of the trip with Terence across the big water as Norah, no hand so gentle in sickness, no patience so unflagging, no sympathy so untiring as hers.

Her chief delight was, that on Christmas Terence was to come and spend a week with her, and many were the devices she and the children planned for his enjoyment; but a few days before Christmas a letter was received by Norah from Mrs. O'Brian, and from the cramped and almost unintelligible scrawl my friend deciphered—for Norah could not read—that Terence was ailing, he ate nothing, and was wearying for his mother and Norah; could she not come? Of course she could, but when? It was on the eve of a wedding reception for a beloved sister of Mrs. Hartley's, the invitations out and preparations made, but my friend assured the weeping girl that as soon as the party was over she could go and stay until he was well enough to come back with her. The next evening, just as the company began to assemble, a telegram was put into Mrs. Hartley's hand. Terence was taken suddenly worse; Norah must come right away if she wished to see her brother alive.

Here was a path that diverged in the mind of my friend. The angel over the right shoulder pointed to one, "Let her go," it said, "What is all the inconvenience to which you will be subjected by it, you, who are so blessed with home and friends, in comparison to the wrong you do these poor creatures, who have nothing but each other. Do not deprive them of their only consolation, that of being together in this hour of distress."

But the angel to the left pointed to the selfish side of the question, "How in the world could she get through the evening without Norah. She was disappointed in getting as much help as she required before, and now this was too much. What should she do if the baby was fretful, as she often was, and Norah not there? Beside, the Irish get so easily frightened, she argued, they are not used to sickness. She would not go to bed after her guests were gone, but get Norah's clothes together, and see she had a comfortable breakfast, and provide her well with delicacies for Terence; it would be really better for Norah herself, than going in the evening train, and why need tell her until morning? it would only make discomfort all around."

So the good angel, with a sigh, took his flight, the message was suppressed, and Norah at that moment unconscious of the mental conflict was tenderly soothing the fretful infant to sleep on her loving bosom.

And now turn we to little Terence. The poor woman with whom he had been staying, at the first approach of danger had him removed to the hospital, wisely conjecturing he would receive better attention than she could possibly bestow upon him, and there surrounded by strange faces poor little Terence breathed his last, vainly calling on Norah to receive his last embrace, and bear a message to his mother in her distant home.

It was many days before Norah was able to return to her place. Completely prostrated in body and mind she felt as though she never cared to move more. "Oh, to think," she would sobbingly say, "here was I enjoying the fine supper and the music, and poor Terence callin' on me, and maybe died thinking I didn't care to come, and how can mother ever forgive me when she hears it, and I promised her with my last breath I would take good care of him, and how have I done it."

But her grief, deep as it was, was no more sincere or lasting than that of Mrs. Hartley. Every tear of Norah's added to her unavailing regret for the selfish part she had taken. It was one of those misteps in life which there is no retracing—"even Omnipotence itself cannot undo a deed that is done."

And so it is with the most of us in his life, always stumbling, only regaining one equilibrium to be overthrown by the next assault. Will added years never bring strength to put this earth, earthiness under our feet? Perhaps the good God who sees and pities our weak and erring natures, will, if we continue earnestly seeking for it, bring us to be, even in this world, what we in our better moments so ardently desire.

Then shall a triumphant song rise and abide in our hearts, "At last, O earth! I have conquered, at last my love for you is free from dross, I have seen and suffered so much because of you. I have been taught and helped so much of you, the depth and breadth of the love I bear you because of that, none but those who stand where I stand can comprehend. My conflicts and failures were only so many steps to the peaceful atmosphere which I now breathe; now I see you as you are, your dominion over me is gone; I am at last anchored on that foundation over which your breakers harmlessly roll. Henceforth, no more stumbling, no more self-condemning for actions past, no more regretting lost opportunities of doing good, nothing but the almost transparent veil of Death separating me from the glories of Heaven.

—With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Forty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

It cannot be doubted that the words of a "Louisiana Girl," in THE HOUSEHOLD for September, found an echo and a response in the hearts of hundreds of other girls from Maine to Georgia—girls who, like herself and like Maud Muller, are conscious of a "vague unrest," and

> "A wish that they hardly dare to own
> For something better than they have known."

Yet why should they not own it? Why should they be ashamed, or afraid, to acknowledge that they are not satisfied with themselves, with their lives, or with their surroundings? "Godliness with contentment is great gain," said the chiefest of the Apostles. But he did not mean the contentment that does not aspire. Paul's whole life was one long aspiration after "whatsoever things are true" and pure and lovely and of good report. There is an ignoble Content that sits with folded hands, saying, "Why shouldst thou trouble thyself O my soul? Rest now and take thine ease. 'There is no joy but calm.'" There is a noble Discontent that is always reaching upward toward something that is better, grander, higher than itself. It aspires. It longs to lift itself to a loftier plane. It is willing to struggle and to work. It says "O my soul, there is no rest for thee until thou hast climbed the highest height that thou canst reach! Find thou thy bliss in toil; thy joy in striving; thy peace in the consciousness of work well done." Girls of THE HOUSEHOLD, which will you choose—the first or the last?

I hope you are all discontented and dissatisfied, in a certain sense—discontented with present attainments, dissatisfied with present planes of thought and feeling, with present hopes and ambitions. For no matter how high our standards are, there are loftier ones that we have not yet raised. No matter how much we have attained, it is only as a drop in the bucket. No matter how purely and grandly we live to-day, there is no denying that we may live more purely, more grandly to-morrow. Shall we try? Or shall we say, "*Cui bono?*—what's the use?—Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

Girls, life is not an easy thing, even to the most fortunate. It *may be* grand and beautiful, and it *is* full of glorious possibilities for every one of us. But it is not easy. Doubtless very many of you who, like the little "Louisiana Girl" whose voice comes to us from afar, feel that you are fettered by circumstances, hampered by difficulties, held back by hindering hands when you would fain press onward towards the objects of your warmest love, your highest ambitions,—doubtless, I say, very many of you think that if your fathers were only rich, or if they took different views of things, or if you did not have so much housework to do, or if there wasn't always a baby in the house, or if Mary's apron and Johnny's trousers were not "forever" in need of the "stitch in time" that "saves nine," life would be—oh, so easy! But it wouldn't be. Because, you see, the truth is that every station in life has its own peculiar cares and duties and responsibilities and trials and disappointments. And it has its hard work, too. It may not be the making of bread, the washing of dishes, the scrubbing of floors, or the mending of the boys' pantaloons. But it is work, nevertheless. Many a woman who is to-day mistress of a first-class "brown stone-front," who has a dozen servants at her command, and who, from your standpoint, would seem to have nothing in the world to do, really works harder and expends more nervous energy in her work, than many another woman who does the cooking and washing for her entire family.

You don't belive it? Well, I do not know that I wonder; for we all feel the weight of the burdens we carry ourselves, and our own packs seem to us heavier than those of our neighbors. And, mind you, I do not say that my brown-stone woman would be willing to change places with her of the farm-house or the log-cabin. Very likely she would not be,—for it is as true now as it was in the days of Hamlet, that most of us would "rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." But it is equally possible, or probable, that if you, O patient, independent toiler for those you love, could at once put yourself in her place, comprehending at once her obligations and responsibilities, the incessant demands upon her time and thoughts, the friction of the complicated machinery of her household, the entanglements of the hundred threads she holds in her delicate, white hands,—if you could know all her hindrances and limitations, which she feels as keenly as you feel yours, you would not be willing to change your lot for hers. And this brings me back to my first proposition—that life is not an easy thing for any of us. All we can any of us do is to make the most of it and the best of it; to look at the bright side of our own lot as far as we can; and if we must compare it with that of others, to do it with an eye to its advantages and its joys, rather than its troubles and its drawbacks.

But how shall we make the most of life? Ah! that is the very question over which philosophers and sages have stumbled since the foundation of the world. We will not try to answer it. It is too high for us—we cannot attain unto it. One thing, however, is certain. In order to make the most of life, we must make the most we can of ourselves; and to do that requires thought and effort and painstaking.

Our Louisiana friend speaks of the young girls who must give up the dream of "cultivating their minds." I doubt if there is any girl, young or old, who need give it up. What is it to cultivate one's mind? It is not, necessarily, to go through with a regular course of study. Many a one has done that and come out an ignoramus after all. It is not simply to learn Latin and French, or even Greek and Hebrew. It is not to study the higher mathematics, or to be versed in the sciences and philosophies. Do not think, girls, that you cannot become thoughtful, cultured women because you have not the leisure—or the money—to give your whole mind to the pursuit of knowledge, even as the dandy we read of, gave his to the set of his neck-tie. Of course if you can do it, it is well. A thorough course of study, well and faithfully pursued, ought to give one better command of his (or her) various faculties, a better disciplined intellect, a more perfectly balanced mind than can be gained in any other way. Education is valuable, not so much for what is learned, as for what it makes of us; valuable for its effect upon character, rather than for the multitude of facts it enables us to know. If a course of study leaves us more thoroughly manly or womanly; if it makes us stronger and broader and clearer of vision; if it rounds our natures into a more perfect symmetry, then it has done us good, and the time given to it has been well bestowed. If it does not—well, I am almost afraid to say what I think about it, it is so dreadfully heterodox—but I do believe one might almost as well have devoted three or four years to repeating

> "Hickory, dickery, dock—
> The mouse ran up the clock."

"Where there's a will, there's a way," says the proverb. The spring is often backward and long delayed, but it comes at last; and with it the fresh grass, the young grain, the buds and blossoms that are the sure precursors of the harvest. The young girl (or the young man, either,) who wishes to learn, will learn,—who longs for growth, will grow. If the mind is kept open and receptive, if the doors and windows of the soul are unlocked, knowledge and culture will flow in, one hardly knows whence or how. No person ever yet set up for himself a high standard of thought and life—set up and maintained it—who did not in some degree approach it. No young girl ever heartily desired to grow into a graceful, cultured womanhood, and utterly failed to do it. I mean if she had the desire that is the twin sister of effort. One may simply wish for a thing that one is not willing to strive for. But a strong, yearning desire for knowledge, for culture, for growth, is sure to accomplish its own ends. It so warms and vivifies and awakens the soul, that the smallest and most insignificant seed sown by the winds of heaven, is sure to spring up and to bring forth much fruit.

One of these seeds—perhaps the most important of them all—is a love of reading. He who really loves to read, will in some way or other find, or make, time for it. The habit of reading is one of inestimable value. Some people never think of taking up a book, or a paper, unless they are sure of an uninterrupted hour, or half hour. But five minutes—two minutes—one minute—half a minute, even, may suffice to give you the germ of a thought which will help and strengthen you till the day of your death. I have not much patience with people who say they cannot find time to read. They may not have time to read many books through, chapter by chapter, page by page. But there are none—or at least there are very few—who are out of the ranks of abject poverty, who need die of mental hunger if they will learn to read by snatches; as we eat, sometimes, in great emergencies. It is better to read, as well as to eat, at leisure. Yet it is also better to do either one in a hurry, than to die of starvation. I know a young mother who did nearly all of her reading while nursing her babies and getting them to sleep. It did not hurt them—and to her it was a source of rest and refreshment better than wine.

But one thing is certain—and it must be spoken of in this connection, even at the risk of making our talk too long. No parents, unless they are so poor as to have absolutely no choice in the matter, have a right to let their daughter's life be so "crowded with little things that she cannot stop to gain the great ones." Time for growth, for development, for culture, for glimpses of the true beauty of living, is the young soul's birthright. Woe unto him or her who would sell it for a mess of pottage! It were better that you should tie a millstone about your child's neck and cast it into the midst of the sea, than that you should wilfully deprive it of what it needs as imperatively as the plant needs sun and air. It is a fearful responsibility to give birth to a living ing soul; and having done so it is a fearful crime to deny it every help it is in your power to give, towards the fullest and freest development. To every father, every mother who fails to do this, a voice comes down through the ages, crying sadly,—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

A SLACK HUSBAND PUNISHED.

"Mr Moncton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn today. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa to pick up some," said the good man, making a stride towards the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything already."

"Oh! well then, do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer, and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen spinning on her great wheel and singing a pleasant ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat sat purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner, with empty dishes.

"Well, wife, here we are," said my grandfather, cheeringly.

"So I see," replied she, placidly; "have you had a good morning in the corn field?"

"Why, yes, so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the door step. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the door step, to be sure, sat the great iron pot, nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover and there lay all the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner—everything prepared in the nicest manner, and the pot filled

with the clearest of water, and all the vegetables as raw as they had ever been. My grandfather stared and my grandmother joined another roll to the yarn upon the distaff, and began another verse of her song.

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all!"

"Dear me, is it not? Why it has sat in the sun these four hours."

"Sat in the sun?"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to have a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat, he said:

"Come, boys, we may as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner till we have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women almost always are. And so she won the day.

The cellar stairs in the old farmhouse had become broken and so unsafe that my grandmother besieged her husband, early and late, to repair them, lest some accident should happen. He always promised to do so, and always forgot to fulfil his promises. At last, one day, my grandmother fell in going down, and spilled the milk she was carrying.

"Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather, smoking his pipe beside the fire.

"No matter whether I am or not!" returned the angry housewife, re-appearing with her empty pan. "That is the last time I carry milk down those stairs until they are mended."

"Please yourself and find the next best way to get it down," said the husband, a little vexed at her tone.

"I will," said my grandmother, and she was as good as her word. The next evening my grandfather went down to the cellar to draw some cider.

"What in thunder!" exclaimed he—nothing worse, I assure you, for he was not a profane man—"what in thunder is the matter down here? why, woman, your milk is all over the cellar bottom!"

"Is it?" replied my grandmother tranquilly. "Well I think that it is likely enough, falling so far."

"Falling so far? What do you mean?"

"Why, you know I said I shouldn't carry milk over those broken stairs again, and you told me to try the next best way of getting it down, and so I took up a board in the kitchen floor, threw down the pans and then strained the milk down into them."

The cellar stairs were mended next day.

—Speak kindly in the morning, it lightens the cares of the day, and makes household and all other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before the dawn some loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER:

A TALE OF THE HEROIC AGE.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The End of the World," etc.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."
Isaiah.

"—Beginners of a better time,
And glorying in their vows."
Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

"Nec propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."
Regimental motto: Cromwell's Army.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

WHATEVER is incredible in this story is true.

A tale of the heroic age it is. For not among the Hebrew prophets, nor among "the Knights that sat at Arthur's Table Round," nor among the rugged Ironsides who followed Cromwell, was there truer heroism than in the romantic life of the early Western adventurers; hunter, warrior, settler, and preacher.

The tale I have to tell will seem strange to those who know little of the social life of the West at the beginning of this century. These sharp contrasts of corn-shuckings and camp-meetings, of wild revels followed by wild revivals; these contacts of highwayman and preacher; this *melange* of picturesque simplicity, grotesque humor, and savage ferocity, of abandoned wickedness and austere piety, can hardly seem real to those who know the country now. But the books of biography and reminiscence which preserve the memory of that time more than justify whatever is marvelous in the following tale.

Living in early boyhood on the very ground where my grandfather—brave old Indian fighter!—had defended his family in a "block-house" built in a wilderness, by his own hands, I grew up, familiar with this strange wild life. At the age when other children hear fables and fairy stories, my childish fancy was filled with traditions of conflicts with wild beasts, Indians, and highwaymen. Instead of imaginary giant-killers, children then heard of real Indian-slayers; instead of Bluebeards, we had Murrell and his robbers; instead of Little Red Riding Hood's wolf, we were regaled with the daring adventures of the generation before us, in conflict with wild beasts, on the very road we traveled to school. In many households the old customs still held sway; the wool was carded, spun, dyed, woven, cut, and made up in the house; the corn-shucking, wood-chopping, quilting, apple-peeling, and country "hoe-down" had not yet fallen into disuse.

In a true picture of this life, neither the Indian nor the hunter is the centre-piece, but the circuit-rider. More than any one else, the early circuit preachers brought order out of this chaos. In no other class was the real heroic element so finely displayed. How do I remember the forms and weather-beaten visages of the old preachers, whose constitutions had conquered starvation and exposure—who had survived swamps, alligators, Indians, highway robbers, and bilious fevers! How was my boyish soul tickled with their funny anecdotes of rude experience—how was my imagination wrought upon by the recital of their hair-breadth escapes! How was my heart set afire by their contagious religious enthusiasm, so that at eighteen years of age I bestrode the saddle-bags myself, and laid upon a feeble frame the heavy burden of emulating their toils! Surely I have a right to celebrate them, since they came so near being the death of me.

It is not possible to write of this heroic race of men without enthusiasm. But nothing has been further from my mind than the glorifying of a sect. If I were capable of sectarian pride, I should not come upon the platform of CHRISTAN UNION to display it. Much as I have laughed at every sort of grotesquerie, I could not treat the early religious life of the West otherwise than with the most cordial sympathy and admiration. And yet this is not a "religous novel" in the ordinary sense—one in which all the bad people are as bad as they can be, and all the good people a little better than they can be. I have not even asked myself what may be the "moral." The story of any true life is healthful if only the writer will tell it simply, keeping impertinent preachment of his own out of the way.

Doubtless I shall hopelessly damage myself with some good people by confessing in the start that, from the first chapter to the last, this is a love-story. But it is not my fault. It was God who made love so universal that no picture of human life can be complete where love is left out.

The above is Dr. Eggleston's Introduction to his brilliant Serial Story, just commenced in Henry Ward Beecher's weekly family journal, the CHRISTIAN UNION, and will be continued only in that paper. Its opening chapters show the merry side of the period of which it treats, and the reader is soon drawn into deep sympathy with the characters. The scenes are drawn with graphic power and irresistible humor. Back chapters to subscribers *up to January 1st.*

After this story follows Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's new tale, "WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS," the long-expected sequel to "*My Wife and I.*" It needs only this simple announcement to give assurance of a great attraction. Thus the CHRISTIAN UNION offers this coming year, works from the *two foremost writers of wholesome fiction in America!* The CHRISTIAN UNION contains contributions from eminent writers of all denominations, and has matters of interest for every member of the household, *young and old.* The paper will be kept up to its high standard of general excellence. Having *the largest circulation in the world* of its class, it can afford to buy for its columns the very best talent. Moreover, there will be given to each subscriber for the ensuing year a PAIR of new French Oil Chromos, called "OUR BOYS," or, *The Dinner and the Nap,*" after paintings by Mrs. Anderson, artist of the famous pair, "OUR GIRLS: or, *Wide Awake and Fast Asleep.*" *Either pair* of these choice pictures will be presented to every annual subscriber. Price of subscription, $3 00. Subscriptions should be sent to J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers, 27 Park Place, New York. For particulars concerning the paper, pictures, prices, &c., see next column.

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TO MECHANICS AND MANUFACTURERS.—The State of Iowa, is a very rich and prosperous state. It is scarcely twenty-five years old, but is already the sixth in population, in the Union. The low price of land and the richness of the soil, has been the chief attraction heretofore, and now there is felt a great want of local manufactures. There are many manufactures that offer large returns, especially in those lines when transportation is costly, and where the raw material is produced in the state. To meet this want a manufacturing association has been organized at Algona, at which place it is intended to build up a perfect circle of *all kinds of manufactures that will pay*. Algona is a pleasant and beautiful place, a college town, and county seat. The proprietors are giving great advantages to settlers. Long time and low interest, and free fare on the railroads. And to all kinds of manufactures, peculiar advantages are offered. I will cheerfully give further information to those who desire it. I have arrangements by which I can furnish railroad fare at reduced prices to colonies or small parties, traveling to any part of the western states. ASA C. CALL.

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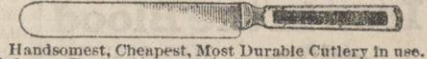

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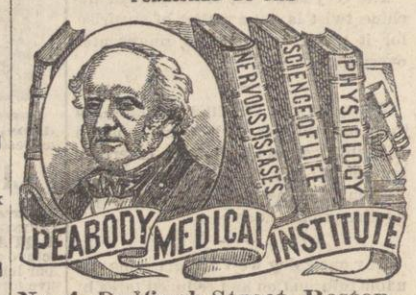

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Night Express leaves Ogdensburgh at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., 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) 6:45 a. m., Brattleboro 5:41 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 10:30 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 8:30 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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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)	6 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
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