



The household. Vol. 10, No. 12 December 1877

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, December 1877

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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1877.

No. 12.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

TERMS: - \$1.00 per year in advance.
Postage 10 cents extra.



LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the years that have gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for its vanished promise
Of honor, ambition and truth;
But hopes will fail and pride decay,
When we think how soon we must away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch on our children's faces
The moon tide of sparkling day;
But our sun must set our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows;
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern lattice,
And live over all life's pain;
Though life's sunrise be brilliant, its sunset is
sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

THE aspect of the Elizabethan house is known to every Englishman. Who does not remember the gable end, the gilt vane, the stone-shafted oriel, the chimneys of molded brick, with their rich ornaments, overgrown by the honey-suckle or the ivy. Outside is the old terrace, with its ivied statues and roses; inside the old hall, with the lozenged floor, the stag's horns and quaint pictures. What recollections linger in the faded tapestry, the tall Flemish flagon, the shovel-board, and the worm-eaten cross-bows!

The houses, built for leisure days of magnificence and display, have generally their courtyards, where the bridal or the hunting train could wind and prance, the terrace where the ladies, with merlin in their fists, could pace in company with the mad lovers in the ruff and cloak, with roses in their shoes, and gilt rapiers by their sides; huge paneled rooms, stamped

with heraldic devices, where gray-bearded men could entrance Shallows and Ague-cheeks with "excellent good conceited things," or perform ravishingly upon the viol or gambo. They have high clock towers, bushed with ivy, where owls build among the bells, and from whence thundering volleys were discharged at the birth or marriage of heirs; quaint gardens, with clipped hedges, where lovers watched the fountain god who weeps perpetually for some deed done long since in the flesh; bowling-greens where the old knights and chaplains every day quarreled and made friends; huge halls for Christmas feasts and mumblings, or a chapel for secret masses or early prayers; long passages for voices at midnight and wind murmurings; and burial vaults for the dead to lie in quietly and be forgotten.

These old houses could only have been built by a nation fearing no enemy. They breathe an old secure religious grandeur and faith; they boast a richness and a sense of permanence; they were monuments and shrines added to and improved till they became objects of pride, of love, and of adoration. They have been sanctified by the residence of many ancestors; they seem to have shared their joys and sorrows; they had been the theatre of great actions and great crimes; they were the visible type of the greatness and wealth of a family.

The Elizabethan houses are wonderful in their individuality. They seem to share all the hopes, and joys, and passions of the builder. They have sunny spots, caves of shadow, bright clear quadrangles, and gloomy corridors. There is no mood in your mind they will not fit. They have about them a calm stately dignity, neither self conscious nor arrogant. They do not oppress you with a sense of wealth, but greet you like old friends. They are neither flimsy nor tawdry, nor so massy and dark as to remind you of a workhouse and a gaol. They seem fit for all seasons. They are cool in summer and cheery in winter. The terrace is for June, the porch for December. The bay window is so clear and airy that you could not believe the same house had that red cavern of a fire-place, the very shrine of comfort and of warmth, hallowed both by legend and recollection.

How we dwell on the feudal grandeur of the deep embrasured windows, and the family pictures on the walls between the paneled and radiated ceilings, the broad heraldic panes, the rich fringed dais, and the stone figures that watch you from the fireplace; and then we wander in dreams, following tip-toe after Beatrice up broad hall staircases, with carved bal-

ustrades and pillared images, cupids, and vine wreaths, suits of armour, and sheaves of weapons, and calm, watchful, ancestral pictures. The staircase winds round, carved like a casket over head, past tapestried rooms and sounding corridors that echo even the velvet-footed maiden's step; outside in the moonlight are the clipped yews black as coffin plumes, and the fountain splashing silver on the sleeping flowers, broad swards holy and calm in the glamour light and gilded vanes shifting and changing ever to catch the stray moonbeams. The windows are shining like bright armour and the brook where the deer drink is breaking like melting metal over the pebbles. The lions that support the great clock in the tower, I see, are staring stonily at the hour, and the two statues in the niches bide their time in the deep shadows that rest under the roof and projecting eaves.

But this is only one scene: there is another chamber, with Corinthian columns and Grecian statues, where grave Capulet sits reading, his cap and sword lying on the table, and there is a bullet hole near him in the panel, and there is a legend about it which I am not going to tell here. Well may he be proud when his genealogy stares at him from the windows and from the tapestry, and is gilded on the ceiling, when his crest is round the weather mouldings, and over every gateway, and on the tiles in hall floor. How can he, English Capulet, forget that he is of a very ancient and princely lineage?

There are rushes on the floor, and the fire-brands rest on the wings of brass pelicans; and there are old, dim mirrors on the wall, and oak buffets and carved screens, and the walls are paneled with his badge; and there are stone seats round the room, and the door is huge and clamped, and the embrasures of immense thickness. Without, the deer are feeding in the sunlight, and the boys are running at the quintain, or trying their bows; and there is a lady reading Plato at the window, where the rose struggles in. In the distance is a village of gable roofs and striped white walls; and a wedding procession is passing out across the meadows: the bride also, and the favours and the pipers, and the fiddlers, are all coming to the Hall. —Shakespeare's England.

In Gilroy, Cal., a gentleman several years since planted some Lima beans near his house, training the vines over the door for ornament and shade, and these vines have become perennial, having grown and produced seed every season since.



MASKS AND FACES.

MANNERS," says Emerson, "are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage." And, again, this nice observer declares that good manners are made up of petty sacrifices. These two statements include both the essence and the substance of genuine politeness. It must have its root in the feeling of kindness, that it may flower into beauty of behavior.

The old-fashioned epithet "well-bred" seems to us the highest praise of man's or woman's conduct. There is a politeness which is of the surface only; there is an unblemished courtesy of bearing which implies no real kindness of feeling; there is a smiling propriety of speech and action which is assumed with the dress-coat and the artificial roses, and doffed as easily as those lendings when the festive occasion is past.

But one's breeding is ingrain. Nitrogen and carbon, phosphorus and oxygen, have no more subtly fed and mingled with the tissues, and built up the unconscious body through the years of its nonage, than have all the moral forces wrought at their finer chemistry to make the spirit. In contact with the well-bred person, you seem to look back through that past which has moulded him, and to see a serene home, with gentle-voiced inmates, courteous of speech, slow to anger, long suffering, in honor preferring one another.

Dr. Franklin said that nobody would take the trouble to dress carefully if he were certain to meet only blind people. But the well-bred woman is a model of neatness and painstaking in appearance, first, no doubt, because she feels it her duty to be an agreeable object in the eyes of all beholders. Yet, if she were in the midst of "Poor Richard's" sightless community, she would not lower her standard of propriety in that regard, because her breeding would compel her to be true to her own instinct of ladyhood.

Being well-bred, one must be free from those personal peculiarities which annoy spectators. The instinct which prefers another's comfort to one's own will have been developed by years of exercise into the unconscious habit of petty sacrifice. Thus a man who is ordinarily polite may be

guilty of picking his teeth after dinner in the presence of the company, not that he means to be rude, but that the operation in question removes a disagreeable sensation. But the well-bred man could never offend in that way, because he would instinctively deny himself a gratification which must be purchased at the cost of possible annoyance to others.

Every awkwardness of manner, as biting one's nails, sitting doubled up, or unduly drawn out, or on the small of one's back (which is said to be the American custom), whistling, eating too fast, or drinking audibly, talking indistinctly, interrupting a speaker—all these things and their evil kind are *anathema maranatha* of good-breeding for the same simple reason, that they occasion discomfort to somebody.

Yet, while the well-bred person yields unquestioning obedience to these laws of etiquette, he is capable of heroic rebellion when the form of politeness cannot contain the spirit. It is related of an English king that he one day entertained a country squire at dinner. Now this was at a time when an English gentleman traveling in France reported that the French cobblers displayed better manners than most English peers, and it may, therefore, be inferred that the behavior of the fox-hunting rustic was not to edification. When a snipe was put upon his plate, he seized it by the legs and twisted them off before picking the bones with his teeth. The royal guests sat petrified; the attendants gaped, wide-eyed. But the king, determined that the visitor should not be mortified at his board, grasped his own snipe in the same vigorous manner, and proceeded to dispose of it without the aid of knife or fork. It is only a well-bred man who could protect the feelings of his guest at such a cost. Conventional politeness would have broken down.

In this country the seeds of courtesy spring up in very barren soil. Every body can recall instances of delightful manners in persons whose early life had been passed among coarse associations. But always it is use that doth breed a habit in a man. The politeness of one generation, with its occasional flaws of judgment or action, becomes the good-breeding of the next, flawless and perfect. But it is perilous to permit constant lapses from one's own highest conception of courtesy. As he would not allow himself a daily dissipation of ornate falsehoods who was striving to develop an absolute truthfulness of speech, or as he would refuse a diet of carbon who was laboring to reduce his flesh, so the seeker after good manners must avoid right-hand fallings off and left-hand defections. One cannot be habitually rude to servants yet always polite to equals, or graceful in public while slouching and awkward in private, or ostensibly considerate and generous, and secretly selfish and mean, or fastidious and tasteful abroad, and untidy at home. Whether we consent or not, our manners are a test and revelation of our nature. And that person whose laudable ambition it is to be thought well-bred has the simple and certain way to success within his reach—it is to be well-bred.

HOME DECORATIONS.

In winter, when the snow and ice are on the ground, the farmer's family, so free in other senses, are the most secluded of people. It becomes them, therefore, to provide for the pleasures of that season, to which, when it comes, we shall add our share. Nothing is prettier than to carry summer into winter, as the farmer with his crops knows nothing in this world is more useful. We are pleased with the idea of the Forest and Stream, that people should provide grasses for bouquets, and, as it says:

Just at present in meadows and hedge-rows the different varieties of wild grasses can be obtained in perfection, and they should be much more extensively employed in floral decorations than they are, for not even the most delicate greenhouse fern will give the same airy look to a vase of flowers that a few spikes of wild grasses will impart. It is only a few years since they were first brought into requisition, and ever since—especially in England—their use has been steadily increasing. It is a good plan to lay in a store of the different varieties of grasses at the present time for use during the winter months, when they cannot be obtained in the fields. In cutting them for this purpose each variety should be tied in separate bunches, and care should be taken that they are not bruised together; for if this is the case when the bunch is opened each spike will be found to have dried in its crushed position, and its form will thus be quite spoiled and its value for decorative purposes destroyed. All grasses should be dried in an upright position, particularly those of a drooping character. Oats and rye while green are also very pretty in large arrangements, especially ears of black oats, which are seldom seen used and which form a charming contrast to grasses and sedges.

The great value of grasses is, that in addition to their giving a light appearance to a vase, a large plume of handsome grasses and sedges enables you not only to dispense with many flowers, but show those used to much better advantage. To some this may be no object, but to many it must be a matter for consideration.

In this connection attention may also be directed to the utility of the bloom of the ribbon-grass for mingling with flowers. This spike of bloom has a silver-like luster in some stages of its growth, while in others it assumes a rosy-pink tint, which is equally pretty. In the trumpet of a March vase, in which red and white flowers predominate, a few spikes of the ribbon-grass bloom will help to carry up the color with charming effect into the green of other grasses, flowers and foliage employed in its decoration. For a trumpet the graceful drooping oat-grass of bromus is best adapted.

Mention need not be made now of their usefulness also for winter decoration in connection with pressed ferns and autumn leaves, as that will form the subject of another communication; but if our lady friends will only give grasses a fair trial now in their floral arrangements, they will be delighted with their airy, graceful effect in winter when flowers are scarce and hard to procure.



COIFFURES.

NO DETAIL in a lady's toilette, says Harper's Bazar, requires more consideration than the arrangement of her hair. The most refined order of beauty can be vulgarized by a loud style of coiffure, by the addition of one braid, the twist of a curl or puff, the yielding to any ridiculous extreme in the fashion of the day, as well as by ignoring custom and that conventionality which is not conspicuous or unwomanly. The style of face, head and figure should be carefully studied. Large-featured, tall women should dress the hair with rich simplicity, wearing few curls or frizzettes, following the style which depends more upon a graceful and careful arrangement of braids or coils, not trying to imitate the piquant airiness which belongs to faces delicately molded and child-like in their prettiness. So many different styles are now coming in vogue that it announces great lack of discernment if a coiffure be unbecoming. Fashion has charitably considered all her followers, and certainly there never was a season so full of suggestiveness and picturesque fancy.

The small puffs so much worn during the last year are now not recognized by fashion, loops of hair taking their place, while braids of various kinds are coming into popular use. The French twist is also going out, as well as the Vandyke fringe on the forehead, a simpler style of the natural-looking wave or crepe being adopted. The newest style has the hair coiled up at one side in the back, the ends forming a loose twist or loop, while two curls of moderate length are worn close to it, beginning at the top and falling just to the nape of the neck. If a high coiffure is needed on the top, the new French knot may be put on. This requires a false switch with the coil and curls, and is made by brushing out the switch smoothly, and tying in one knot; this gives a looped effect, and the switch may then be joined across the front, the ends being concealed at the back. A bow of black velvet or ribbon may be worn with this coiffure just behind the knot. Such a style is well adapted to an oval face, and may be modified and altered in various ways to suit the features, the front of the hair being dressed according to fancy, brushed back smoothly with a few loose rings of hair on the brow, or creped softly and drawn back at each side.

A second novelty can be arranged by means of two switches, or, if the hair be moderately thick, with one switch. In the latter case the hair must be tied moderately high. Divide it in two strands, using one for three loops of hair in the center of the head, the other is knotted, and should hang down half low upon the neck, the ends of the strand forming a fourth loop. Make a second knot of the switch and put it across the top, drawing out the loops slightly, and adjusting them after the knot is fastened on. Those who have very large heads of hair can arrange this coiffure without any false piece, by making three strands, and using one for the upper knot. The loops are made by pinning down the piece of hair used, and then turning it over in a long loop, fastening the ends in as if for a puff. In all arrangements of the hair an unstudied effect is sought, hence the two sides are frequently unlike—a braid on one-half of the back, loops on the other; and to those whom it becomes, the left side of the top is worn higher than the right.

Where braids are used, a pretty style is to wear one chatelaine braid drooping slightly at the back; in front put the braid on like a coronet, bringing the end around the left side, thus making it higher than the right. With this a crepe may be worn in front, or loose waves of hair. For a tall or large-featured woman, a fine style now being introduced has the back of the hair in three heavy braided loops. A front piece is brought down, creped or plain, to the top of the braids, and at the back braided in four strands, the ends being rolled under. This has a very elegant effect, a bow of ribbon or flowers being an addition low at the left side.

For those to whom high and simply arranged coiffures are becoming, various styles are coming in. Where the hair is thick enough the following arrangement is extremely pretty: Comb up the hair quite high, and give it one twist to the right, fastening with hairpins very securely; then comb out the hair, taking care to make it very smooth; make a loose knot of it, bringing the end through once, precisely as you would knot a ribbon or scarf. This will probably leave a short end of hair, which can be tucked away at the left side, the knot filling the top and front of the head, and, when adjusted, having a charming and simple effect on a young person.

Loops of hair may be added at the left side, if desirable, and a high comb or bow of ribbon through the knot is quite enough; combs, unless of silver, are only worn in demi-toilette. When the hair is too scant, a false piece may form the knot, and one's own hair be used in one or two loops at the left side. A second knot below, and put on endwise, may be worn at the back, or two short thick curls caught in at the neck, while the hair underneath is combed up smoothly and securely.

The elaborations of the last century are returning this season. Enormous coiffures of loops, curls and knots are worn in evening dress, recalling the days when the hour for the hair-dresser was a fine lady's time for receiving her friends. Certainly, if so much of the day must be devoted to the coiffure, it would be well to utilize it in a double way. High and deep coiffures are worn in full dress, and may be arranged almost according to fancy; simplicity is also fashionable where it is becoming. Indeed, in speaking of this part of a lady's toilette, the "embarrassment of riches" is the only difficulty. Natural flowers are also worn in the hair, and French fashions show feathers and laces.

Curls are to be introduced the coming season in great variety. Two or

three long curls, fastened in at the top, are brought down closely and caught at the neck, thus forming a coiffure of themselves, while the front locks of hair may be creped and drawn over to conceal the stem of the curls. In such cases one's own hair may be tied high and combed up, making a knot or loops above the curls. Short locks on the brow should be waved irregularly. The best method of producing artificial waves is to cut the locks a proper length and then divide them into the desired thickness. Soap well with common bar soap—which is the only kind ever to be used on the hair—curving them around by means of soap and water. Tie down with a broad piece of linen tape, and when thoroughly dry pass the comb through them lightly. These have all the effect of natural waves, and where the hair is inclined to curl, after a few applications only clear water will be necessary. The scalpettes now very generally worn are front pieces of hair made on a thin gauze, and creped softly. These have the effect of one's own hair, and are useful, as they protect the natural hair from the injurious result of creping, and are extremely convenient. Fine ones are sold from \$6 to \$8.

Young girls now are wearing the hair in two styles—the braided loop, tied with a bow of ribbon, or, for dressy occasions, the back hair is made into three curls, tied down very low, the front waved and drawn back prettily. Small children have the Vandyke fringe waved slightly. This can be done by putting up in loose curl-papers, or, for an emergency, by curling it inward over a hot clay pipe-stem; this produces a wavy appearance far prettier than the straightly cut Vandyke fringe. The rest of the hair should be neatly combed back, the upper strands tied with ribbon. Little boys have the hair cropped closely after four years; under that age it may be cut short, with the wavy fringe, or the back part left long and wavy.

OVER-DRESSED WOMEN.

I am convinced, says a newspaper correspondent, that there will come a time when man will rise and assert his preference for plainly dressed women. He is just now ground into the dust with the tyranny of over-dress. It annoys him to think that the soul-harrowing skirts and sense-withering bonnets are sent out by the importers to be exhibited, and that the goddess who nightly gathers her laurels from mankind is only touting for a dry goods firm.

Plainly dressed does not mean shabbily or inelegantly dressed; by no means. It means, I think, appropriately dressed. It is opposed to too much and too often dressed. A richly attired lady is one of the abiding incentives to virtue and respect. A tawdry and flashily dressed woman is a standing menace to respectability.

And here let me say that the church has attempted this advertising business. I am told by a New York milliner that those peerless ladies who appear in the sanctuary every Sunday in new bonnets have them supplied regularly and gratuitously by uptown

houses. The ladies recompense the houses by mentioning the names of their firms when their bonnets are admired.

How shocked these dear creatures would be if their beloved pastor should appear in his pulpit on Sunday with a placard on his breast inviting his congregation to buy their under-clothing of Jones and Jobson.

HOW FASHIONABLE LITTLE GIRLS DRESS.

Dress to touch the top of the boot, flounces or side-plaitings and occasionally kilted flounces set on at the knee; polonaise draped in front, and looped in the back; paletot-shaped cloak, dolman, or English jacket, generally a little loose to the figure, trimmed with braids and fancy buttons. For little girls of five or six, a princesse-cut dress, plain in front and full in the back; deep plaits set in the waist, giving the fullness necessary for the skirt. This dress is trimmed with mohair braid or galloon. The outer garment is made to fit a little in to the figure, has long, pointed ends in front, and is finished with a cape.

Another style for a child is the baby dress; the front cut like a loose polonaise, the back with a little basque, to which the skirt is set on in hollow plaits. A sash starting from the side seams is tied loosely at the back. Pique and Marseilles dresses are worn under the above, which is a kind of outside coat. Marseilles dresses trimmed with narrow flounces of embroidery are pretty, worn over red flannel under-dresses, giving warm tints to the dress. And white cambric dresses over pink or blue merino are not only comfortable, but pretty. Little caps of valenciennes over silk are always favorites for little children, and little shirred bonnets of silk or velvet are more worn than hats.—*New York Evening Post*.

ARTISTIC FAULTS OF THE CURRENT FASHIONS.

There is one great fault in the present cut of dresses, which is very glaring to the observant; it consists in the want of symmetry existing between the bust and the lower part of the dress. Thanks to the new corsets and the skill of dress-makers, however, stout persons can appear almost slender, and slight ones look like sylphs. This improvement applies to the figure from the waist down, but the shoulders remain unaltered, as in spite of the new cut, which places the sleeves so high on the shoulders that they extend over the back and front of the waist, the broad appearance of the bust remains unchanged. This accounts for the fault alluded to, which renders the upper part of the figure too large in proportion to the lower part. It is to this error that the growing favor of high-necked dresses for evening wear is attributable and that a decided preference is shown for dresses cut square in the neck, as they are considered as matching better with the remainder of the toilet. The way of arranging these dresses to the best advantage is to observe moderation with regard to the drawing back

ments of the figure, and to make the waist and lower part of the skirt harmonize as much as possible.—*New York Times*.

FINE STARCHING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though young in years and wisdom, may be I can help somebody a little. I prize this paper above all others, and would much enjoy being received as one among the many who make up this HOUSEHOLD Band. In the October number A Reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inquires about fine starching. My sister's "starched clothes" always look smooth and glossy, and she taught me her method. I like the "silver gloss" or "satin gloss" starch the best. Dilute with a little cold water, put in a trifle of butter, turn on boiling water, stirring of course, till the starch thickens. Let it boil up a few times. Rub the starch into dry bosoms, hard, as hot as possible, roll tight and leave for a short time. When ready to iron rub briskly with a damp cloth to remove all starch that would stick, spread over it a dry cloth and iron almost dry, then use the polishing iron faithfully. If the bosom should dry too rapidly for polishing well rub quickly with a cloth slightly damp. I have a piece of beeswax tied in a cloth to rub on the irons if they are rough. OLIVE.

DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING A TIDY.

MR. CROWELL,—*Dear Sir*:—Your paper for August seems unusually full of good things, and may I add my mite? I have been making a tidy, the pattern of which was designed by an inmate of the Insane Asylum in Somerville. It is simple and very pretty. Use spool cotton, any number, say number 12. Circle of 12; 32 d. c.* in circle; once round s. c. between each d. c. 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same hole, ch. 1, 1 d. c. in next hole, repeat from § 8 times, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same last hole, repeat as before 8 times, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same last hole, repeat as before 8 times, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in same last hole; 1 d. c., ch. 4, 1 d. c. in same hole, 1 d. c. in next hole, repeat 9 times as before through circle. Ch. of 6 repeat 10 times. Ch. of 8 repeat 11 times. Ch. of 10 repeat 12 times. Ch. of 12 repeat 13 times. 16 squares crochet or sew together. RIVERSIDE.

*Abbreviations.—Ch., chain; s. c., single crochet; d. c., double crochet.

VENEERED DIAMONDS.

Quite a notable industry is now carried on in Paris, namely, the manufacture of what are termed veneered diamonds, the method of production being briefly, according to the following fashion: The body of the "gem" is of quartz, or crystal, this being considered the hardest and best adapted substance that can be made available for the purpose. Then, after the crystals are cut in proper shape, they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, this latter being made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and of the clippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. In this way, all the small par-

ticles of diamonds that have heretofore been regarded as comparatively worthless, can now, by means of this ingenious French process, be made quite serviceable in the jeweller's art.

THE WORK TABLE.

A Reader asks for some one to tell her how to keep her feet warm, hair from falling off, etc. I have been relieved by folding brown paper two or three thicknesses and placing in my shoes next my stockings. A nephew tells me that cayenne pepper sprinkled on the outside of the stocking is sure relief.

Cold tea with two or three drops of ammonia water is good to apply to the head for hair that comes off by combing.

N. J. S. asks how to take out mildew. Let it soak in good sour milk two days, then rub out, applying soap and hot water. If not wholly out take a spoonful of oxalic acid in its dry state, one cup of boiling water, dip in and let it stay two or three minutes; if removed rinse quickly in hot water to remove the injurious effect of the acid.

JANE.

If A Subscriber will ask at the millinery stores I think she can get copy books from which she can work such letters, flowers, or figures in cross stitch, on perforated cardboard or canvas, as she may choose.

S. B.

A Subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD wishes to whiten old flannel. I have whitened it by the following: Wash clean in soap suds, rinse in clear water, then in a weak solution of saleratus water, then hang in a box or barrel over burning brimstone; the barrel must be covered closely. The process is the same as milliners use for bleaching straw. I have bleached a straw hat and a pair of woolen stockings at the same time.

SARA.

Dorcas and Mrs. W. D. M. want recipes for removing iron rust. Rub the spot with lemon juice and common salt and dry in the sun; if not successful the first time try again, as it is infallible. The same is also good for ink spots on white goods.

BELLE.

If M. C. M. will try my method I think she will have good success both as regards stiffness and polish for collars, cuffs, and shirt bosoms. Of course the amount of starch varies with the number of articles to be starched. I take a deep dish, put in some of the best starch, a teaspoonful of salt, and a piece of white soap, fill the dish with cold water, and stir until the starch is dissolved, then take out the soap (as there will be as much in the starch as you desire), then wring the articles separately in the liquid, and lay for one-half hour in a towel. Iron until they are dry with a very hot iron. After using as much of the starch as you wish, let it stand a short time to settle, pour off the water and set the dish where it will dry; the starch will be as good to use again.

MRS. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to know how to take soda water stains out of silk and pale blue ribbons

B. C. T.



THE LITTLE BOY'S WATCH.

Dear little Dick, curled up by the fire,
Sat watching the shadows come and go,
As the dancing flames leaped higher and higher,
Flooding the room with a mellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed,
And he turned for a moment a listening ear;
"Mother!" he cried, "I've got a watch!
I can feel it ticking right under here!"

"Yes, Dick; 'tis a watch that God has made,
To mark your hours as they fly away;
He holds the key in His mighty hand,
And keeps it in order night and day.

"Should He put aside the mystic key,
Or lay His hand on the tiny spring,
The wheels would stop and your watch run down,
And lie in your bosom a lifeless thing."

He crept to my side and whispered soft,
While his baby voice had an awe-struck sound;
"I wish you would ask Him, mother dear,
To be sure and remember to keep it wound!"

—Apples of Gold.

THE BABY.

BY ROSAMOND E.

WITH a heart brim full of sympathy for all mothers, and more especially mothers with but one or two little ones, who seem such a burden to them that they are quite worn by it, I am tempted to give a few words, suggestions as to preparation for and care of diet and habits from my own experience after a trial thereof with my ninth new baby.

Preparation for baby consists of but the making of its clothing, and it is most fascinating work; the dainty little linen shirts, the soft flannel bands with wee darts in the lower half of the front, felled flat, the cunning little socks, with red, blue, or buff slipper, simulated, and white tops, and the many pretty combinations of wool in sacks, shawls, etc., are very pleasant work indeed and it is well to take pleasure in it.

It is very important to keep baby's feet warm so I would urge the necessity of having socks; they are easily crocheted, but prettier knitted on needles, and if dried over boards, cut in the shape of feet, and made smooth, they will last nicely. I allow three pairs to last till I think the little ankles need the support of shoes. If baby is very weak and must have flannel shirts they are nice with the neck, sleeves, and even the lower part pinked. I cut some once in scallops with my scissors. Hems full up so after a few washings, and are clumsy about a wee baby's neck and wrist. For flannel skirts too, I find it pays to embroider the edge instead of hemming, and use linen floss for that purpose. I do not incur the expense of stamping, but take my thimble and with a lead pencil mark a dozen scallops on a piece of pasteboard, cut them out and then laying the board on the flannel about one-fourth of an inch from the raw edge, can soon with a lead pencil mark it on the flannel. I have several such bits of pasteboard (some with inch deep points, some with the points plain, others scalloped, some with two thimble sized scallops on a line, the

third lower, thus forming one long one). Linen floss, A, not too closely worked, looks well with any number of washings. It is cheap and I can work one breadth of a skirt, and put in some dots above the edge, in a short evening.

I always have muslin skirts, too, just a trifle longer than the flannel ones, they keep the flannel from catching every muss in contact with the clothing of its nurse, and we think the little yoke slips as easy to iron as sack slips, and they can be utilized as the child grows older for dresses or skirts which is impossible with the gored ones or sacks. I make two alike, of the same muslin, I mean, and then can put them together for the older ones who leave outgrown dresses to fall to baby. From coarse crochet cotton, one can crochet very durable bibs, quite as thick as pique ones and much nicer looking.

Of double width or the wide single width flannel, I get three squares for shawls, and either have them neatly pinked, or embroider an edge all around them; some bind with bright ribbons, but they do not look well after washing. I prefer these shawls for day wear to the bulky blankets some mothers deem necessary to the comfort of their darlings, but when I change its dress and skirts for night I like a blanket. It seems curious to me that some do not undress a wee baby at night. I have it done from the first, and chase its back and limbs, after which it is tired and rests better.

The pretty little crocheted sacks are very easily made, and cost not one-half so much as is asked for them; two ounces of white wool and one-half ounce of colored I use for a child of six months or under, and I am told one can now order split zephyr from Macy's in New York city by sending nine cents per ounce, and paying postage.

To cleanse white zephyr sacks, hoods, etc., a friend of mine advised me to try her plan which I did with success. Take a quart of wheat flour or less, put in your sack and rub it, as if with soap suds, till it is full of the flour, still rub and shake out, put back and rub again two or three times, and the result, after beating all the flour out, will be a clean new looking article. Of course it must not have been wet at all.

For baby's toilet I provide linen mouth rags five inches square, larger wash rags of soft old linen, and some of flannel. I could not endure to submit to having my mouth cleansed by a washrag used for my person, and always have a cup of clean cold water, and a rag as I say for that purpose.

My powder puff and box have long since been superseded by a fine muslin rag in which is tied equal parts of starch and magnesia, which is easily dusted through.

A small bottle with clean borax water is convenient in case of sore mouth or inclination to dandruff in the hair.

Some nurses put a little camphor or salt in the tepid water used for baby's daily bath, but it is unnecessary, I think, unless the child is very delicate. I used salt for one, after protracted illness, with good results.

After a wearisome number of years apprenticeship at feeding from a bot-

tle and trying to give warm milk, I decided to try giving cold milk instead, (I had seen it recommended in medical journals but know of no one who had tried it,) and have since raised four children without warming their milk. I use milk from one cow, and add to it at first two-thirds boiling water and sweeten with white sugar, gradually reducing the quantity of water to one-half, at three months old and at five or six months give whole milk. If the child's bowels are constipated I use brown sugar once or twice in its milk, if inclined to diarrhea I scald the milk on the stove, not enough to form a skim upon it, but to just begin to crinkle, but always give it cold, thus the temperature is always the same and it is not so apt to sour as when heated over so often, neither are my babies subject to colic. The gum tabing has been denounced as poisonous but if rejected so soon as it begins to be offensive and soft inside, I think there is no danger in using. We clean the bottle, tubing and all, thoroughly, twice or three times every day with wood ashes and hot water, rinsing with cold water afterwards.

It seems that very young children can acquire very bad habits. A lady who sat with me a day before one of my babies was a week old was surprised that I objected to having her take it up if it fretted a little, and seemed to consider me rather hardened, but when she visited me several weeks after she said:

"I never saw such a good baby, she does not know how to cry, I believe."

"Ah!" said I, "you wanted to spoil her, but I knew I could not take her up all the time she was awake, so 'twas no use to begin it."

Of course circumstances may prevent it occasionally but my rules for baby's day till six months old are, daylight, take up and after changing so as to be comfortable, turn and shake up its pillow, and lie down again with some milk in its bottle, (I never hold it while taking its milk in health,) and it will sleep till after breakfast, when I put on a large apron made of a piece of worn blanket and give it a bath, or wash off in tepid water rubbing well its spine and limbs, and talking gently all the time so that when its clothing is on again it is so tired as to be glad to lie still, and, taking some more milk, take a long nap.

Here I would protest against a habit one of my nurses had of washing baby, wringing the same rag, and wiping it on it again. I suggested very meekly, I hoped, that there were plenty of dry rags for that purpose, all nicely fringed or hemmed, and marked B for baby, so they were not to be used for older ones, but she informed me baby was not so "fussy," as it knew no better.

Every possible means should be taken to prevent a habit being formed of crying all through the process of this morning toilet. Unless positively in pain, my children stop crying when I speak to them, a habit they form when quite young as I try to be cheerful and gentle, though firm in all emergencies and they have every confidence that all will be right "now mamma's here."

If baby is restless or hungry about

the middle of the forenoon its wants are attended to without lifting from its bed till three months old, after that I prop it up with pillows, or turn it over a large pillow, face down, for ten or fifteen minutes at a time, then it will sleep again till noon; any one can again give it its bottle, and if wakeful, the little sister six years old can pat, or rock, or sing to it till three o'clock, when mamma must sit down and take it up to rest an hour or so, not simply let it lie on the lap but hold it up over the shoulder or on the arm, an entire change of position before able to sit alone, then often a change from cradle or crib, (I have two of each,) to a chair or the floor will do if mamma is too busy to spare the time.

It is not necessary to hold baby, as many seem to think, half the time. If mine are troublesome and refuse to accept a change of position, I infer they are sick and proceed to administer a remedy. Of this again.

Early in the evening, before lamp light, I undress baby, rubbing a little again with my hand and make it comfortable for the night, hold it a few minutes and then put to bed for the night, only turning from side to side and filling its bottle twice or three times at night; if very restless I pat it a while or take up and change, but this not once a week.

If a child is well this can be done; if it is sick it needs a physician, unless you have had experience enough to know what is the trouble and the remedy for it. One can remember remedies easier than recognize symptoms, and a child has many little symptoms only visible to a practiced eye.

The tone of its cry, expression of eyes and mouth, manner of breathing, condition of skin, these must be learned sometimes by a sad experience. The sympathy I have for inexperienced mothers would carry me to their aid in the ailing hours of their little ones, when their hearts are sinking and they feel how helpless they are, till the doctor comes to prescribe.

One thing you are always safe in doing, even for restlessness; bathe the little feet in warm mustard water for five or ten minutes, and if the head is hot, apply mustard poultice strips (one-half spoonful of mustard to two spoonfuls wheat flour, mix with hot water, spread on a cloth, and put a thin cloth over) to the spine, from the neck down. I spread about one inch wide and three or four long, and always keep black ground mustard in the house.

This is an inexhaustible subject, but whatever more I know about babies must wait till another time.

LEARNING TO WORK.

Little Eleanor's mother was quite feeble, and often feared that she should never live to see her little girl and baby Jamie grow up and able to take care of themselves. It was a great grief to her sometimes; still she trusted in God's promise to the fatherless children, and prayed every day that He would be a father to them.

Nelly was eleven years old, and large enough to be useful. She loved play quite as well as work; but her mother knew that if she was not industrious now she might suffer a great

deal when left to herself, so she began to teach her how to use the sewing machine. How thankful her mother had been a thousand times for that excellent machine. It was the last gift of her husband before he went to the war, and no doubt he looked forward to the day when she might be left a widow, and that would furnish her a good means of support. It had enabled her to provide for her two children very comfortably, and she knew if Nelly was well qualified to work on it she would not be dependent on charity when her mother could not take care of her any longer. Children cannot be taught too early some useful business. They are thereby better qualified for any changes that God may see fit to send upon them. Thousands of young people are left to depend on themselves every year in our land who are not at all prepared for it, and who drag on very miserable lives in the humblest callings, who might have supported themselves in respectability if they had been taught to work when they were younger.

"O, mother, I am so tired of setting on these bindings and making button-holes on these shirts. I wish the machine would do everything about them," said little Nelly.

"If you had lived twenty years ago, Nelly, before there were any sewing machines, you would know how to prize the work that they do for us. The lady where I used to board was a widow's daughter, and she told me that when she was a little girl like you she used to sit up with her mother and little sister late into the night, stitch, stitch, stitching, to get money enough to buy them a little flour and a few potatoes. When they got so sleepy they could not sew any longer they would take a pinch of snuff all around to wake themselves up. Poor little Hepsy dropped a pinch right into her mouth once, she was so sleepy, before her mother could stop her. Don't you think they would have valued a sewing machine, and thought it very light work to set on the bindings and make the button-holes? Should we not be thankful to our heavenly Father every day for this excellent gift to us?"

Whenever, after that, Nelly was disposed to complain over her work, she thought of poor little Hepsy Blakely dropping a pinch of snuff in her mouth, and thought how sleepy and tired she must have been, and it stopped her own complaining.

After awhile, she was able to make a whole shirt by herself, basting it and setting it together. Her mother allowed her to save all the money she earned toward buying herself a new winter cloak, and in about four weeks she had enough to get a very nice one of glossy black cloth. I dare say she was never so well pleased with an article of dress before, for she had fairly earned it. There is an invisible value about anything we have obtained by our own industry which gives a hundred times more pleasure than anything we receive merely as a gift.

By the time Nelly was thirteen years of age she was such a skillful little needle-woman that a great load of anxiety was removed from her mother's mind with regard to the fu-

ture. She had grown more thoughtful and womanly, too, and the long conversations she had with her mother, as they sat together over their sewing, were indeed, a blessing to her. They made her sad, it is true, when her mother spoke of her failing health, and the possibility of her being left alone in the world with little Jamie; but it drew the dear lamb closer than ever to her bosom; and when, at last, her mother was too unwell to work any longer, Nelly's busy fingers brought her comforts by their willing labor. O how thankful she was now that she had conquered her dislike for work, and had learned the lessons of industry when her mother was able to teach her!

Perhaps a season of rest will restore her mother to health again, and she will yet be spared to her dear children; but in any case, you may be sure, Nelly will never regret that she learned a business by which she can maintain herself and her little brother and mother.

A GOOD WORD FOR ROMPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of these. Mothers would rather their little daughters were called anything else than romps. They say to them, "be very quiet now, my dears, don't run or jump, try and be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap, when its little heart is so brimful of tickle. It is absurd and wrong, because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need it to expand their chests, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally.

And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor. They need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger place than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces. Better be as brown as a berry, and have the pulse quick and strong, than white as a lily and complain of cold feet and headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes; suppose they do wear out their shoes; it don't try a mother's patience and strength half so much to wash and mend as it does to wash night after night a querulous sick child, and it don't drain a father's pocket-book half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctors' bills.

Indeed, we don't believe there is a prettier picture in all the wide world than that of a little girl balancing herself on the topmost rail of an old zig-zag fence, her bonnet on one arm and a basket of blackberries on the other, her curls streaming out in the wind, or rippling over her flushed cheeks, her apron half torn from her waist, and dangling to her feet, her fingers stained with the berries she had picked, and her lips with those she had eaten. Mother, mother don't scold that little creature when she comes and puts her basket on the table and looks ruefully at the rent in the new gingham apron,

and at the little bare toes sticking out of the last pair of shoes. Wash off her hot face and soiled hands, and give her a bowl of cool milk and light-bread, and when she has eaten her fill and got rested, make her sit down beside you and tell what she has seen off in those meadows and woods.

Her heart will be full of beautiful things—the sound of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the music of the wild birds and the laugh of wild flowers, the rippling of streams and the color of pebbles, the shade of the clouds and the hue of the sunbeams—all those will have woven their spell over her innocent thoughts, and made her a poet in feeling, if not in expression.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like house-plants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next and if you would have them healthy in body and gentle in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets and blues; if you would fit them for life—its joys, its cares, and its trials—let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is Nature's own specific, and, if taken in season, warranted to cure ails of the girl and the woman.—Anon.

A BOY MISSING.

A little flaxen-haired boy, with blue eyes, pretty pink cheeks, and scrubby brown hands. He wore heavy, clattering boots and whistled funny little tunes, which made you nervous. He turned summersaults upon the sofa until he broke all the springs; he "fired" marbles through all the window panes; dragged his muddy boots over the clean floors, and tormented poor old tabby until she came to look with terror on all small boys. He studied little and played a great deal; insisted upon it, that America was on the Northern Continent; and started out bravely on the multiplication table, but ship-wrecked ere he reached the fives; he forgot his lessons while coming home from school, but remembered every funny thing that happened during the day; and could tell tales *a la Gulliver* until quite exhausted.

He had a taste for the military, and every Saturday drilled his company, which consisted of three boys, a toy gun, a tin whistle, and an old faded flag, which his little sharp eyes discovered one day under the dust and rubbish of the garret. He heard the old story of William Tell, one evening in the gloaming, and for many a day thereafter he has been firing recklessly at an apple, set up on the gate post.

But he is gone, and the house is lonely without him. We miss the clattering of his boots through the hall, when school is out; the tunes he used to whistle, and the incorrigible "Captain Jinks;" the coats, and mittens, and caps that used to be strewn about the house; the military display on Saturday, and more than all, the quaint little face that peered into every household mystery.

The house is quiet and orderly now; the Maltese cat sleeps soundly behind the stove, in a blissful state of security; the great shaggy black dog walks solemnly into the room and looks anxiously about as if in search of some-

body, then stalks out with a dissatisfied air; the old faded flag flaps mournfully at half-mast, in the back yard, and all around the house are the abandoned targets he used to practice with. But the little boy that effervesced with life and jollity is missing, and the days are lonely without him.

O good people, wandering up and down the crowded highway of life, if in your travels you come across a white-haired little boy, with blue little eyes, and a fair, girlish face, who whistles funny tunes, and wears heavy clattering boots, stop him, and send him back to us, for he is the little boy that is missing.—*Rochester Union.*

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Waterfalls. 2. Ornithorhynchus. 3. Oxygen.

4. D O D O 5. G A L A
O P E N A B E L
D E M Y L E A P
O N Y X A L P S
6. Hair. 7. (Miss-Tell-toe) Mistletoe. 8. Heart, ear, hear, art, he, tear, tar, rat. 9. Stand. 10. Dish. 11. Chest. 12. Chair. 13. Stove. 14. Lamp.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of sixty-three letters. My 17, 14, 32, 9, 13 is a musical instrument. My 58, 37, 22, 20, 45, 34, 11 is a country of Europe.

My 4, 25, 47, 14, 2, 36 is a small bird. My 10, 56, 40, 48, 7, 38, 18, 52 57 is a part of Asia.

My 12, 5, 32, 23, 58, 57, 16 is a large fish. My 51, 21, 24, 12, 13 is a large animal. My 6, 37, 25, 53, 27, 28, 33 is one of the United States.

My 1, 19, 38, 29, 31, 40 is a city of New England. My 50, 35, 32, 39, 30 is a young person.

My 26, 41, 55, 42 is a castle. My 59, 13, 49, 63, 37, 61 is a plume. My 43, 60, 14, 15 is a ravenous animal. My 54, 56, 62 is a part of a harness. My 41, 44 is an interjection.

My whole is one of the proverbs of Solomon. E. P. G.

2. I am composed of seventeen letters. My 13, 14, 3, 8, 6 is a range of mountains in New England.

My 12, 4, 10, 9, 1 denotes superiority. My 2, 15, 5, 7 is a metal. My 17, 15, 6 is a number.

My 11, 3, 16, 7 is a part of the body. My whole is the name of one of the mightiest conquerors that ever lived. E. P. G.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in hard but not in soft, My second is in garret but not in loft, My third is in rock but not in stone, My fourth is in bread but not in bun, My fifth is in mirth but not in laughter, My sixth is in beam but not in rafter, My seventh is in flesh but not in bone, My eighth is in wander but not in roam. My whole is one of the months. E. P. G.

CHARADES.

4. Complete I am an article highly prized by ladies; behead me and I am a unit; curtail me but give me back my head and I am a tree.

5. When I am whole I am an adverb; take away my first and I become another adverb; take away my second and I become an adverb and a preposition; replace my first and I become a verb; take away my fourth and fifth and I become a pronoun; replace my second and take away my first again and I become another pronoun.

AVEC PIEDS.

6. Annex a weight to a period of time, and make a city.

7. Annex an article to a kind of bed, and make a girl's name.

8. Annex earth to useless burden, and make a river.

9. Annex to gain by conquest to an idol, and make a man's name.

10. Annex a piece of land to wisdom, and make a fool.

11. Annex a valley to a bird, and make a general's name.



PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-nine.

RECREATION FOR THE INVALID.

IN MY "Paper" in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I said, concerning invalid life, "But how to spend the long weary days—what to do to make the invalid life more cheery and durable—we must leave to talk upon another time."

And just here, as I have taken my pen to write, occurs the difficulty of prescribing for individual cases by one rule, more than can a wise physician advise for all patients alike, independent of the disease, the circumstances, and the peculiarity of those with whom he has to deal. It is useless for him to prescribe a trip to the seaside or mountains, or a voyage to Europe to the poor denizen in the pent-up city, who may not possess a single dollar of his own, while, oftentimes, the benefit that might be gained from better surroundings and more nutritious food is denied the really poor. On the other hand, the rich may need more incentive to exertion and a plainer course of living—a rousing out of their selfish, indolent selves as a stimulus to a more healthful life, both physically and mentally as well.

One important thing for either rich or poor or those of simple tastes with moderate means, is a change of some kind, if the thing can be made possible. It is not only a relief to the terrible monotony of sick life at home, but may often prove as a starting point towards ultimate recovery or at least improvement of health. The change may be one thing, or it may be another, but a getting out of the old ruts, and for a time from home cares, with a change of air and diet will often raise from despondency, and also give one new resources upon which to live when again at home. We have undertaken some device of this kind at times when it was thought impossible for the fatigue consequent upon it to be borne, and with an ultimate benefit, which it seemed that nothing else could so well have given.

But whatever "outings" may be advised or carried into action, the larger portions of the days must be passed at home, where, after all, it is most desirable they should be. And here we must learn to make "outings" for ourselves. Nothing is more disastrous than living entirely within self, and pondering upon the diseases and discomfits incident to invalid life. To sit passively down and brood over these things is enough to retard recovery, and to render the days gloomy indeed, if not to drive the victims to the mad-house. It is often a difficult study, when cut off from a share in the more active pursuits and pleasures of life, to know what to do with one's self and yet not do harm by the effort; and it is still more difficult to pass the hours of enforced inaction, and not dwell upon self and the pain and privations that sickness necessitates. I

have just been reading of one of whom it is said that he bore the most excruciating anguish for years with fortitude; and not only this, "but he kept his mind clear and love of knowledge bright, as well as loved God through the whole of it."

Here I think are the secrets to making endurable the most trying circumstances of invalid existence. It may be difficult to learn to patiently submit, and to cheerfully believe

"That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

but the lesson once learned, there may come a sweet and holy trust, a peaceful resting on the Rock of Ages, which might never have been so fully attained amidst the busy cares and avocations of the more active periods of life. This may be and often is the good Father's compensation to his suffering children, and sad indeed must be the case of the sufferer who has shut himself or herself out of an appreciation of the divine love, freely offered to all.

But however much the spiritual faculties may be developed and strengthened, and however necessary this should be, especially to the invalid, this is by no means all that should be sought as a help to passing by the way day and hours that must perforce come.

No one, much less an invalid, can dwell on any one thing persistently and not do harm to the other faculties of nature. We are part physical—of the earth earthy—while the mind as well as soul has its needs and its capabilities for development. Therefore "to keep the mind clear and love of knowledge bright" is among the most important things to be persevered in, no matter how discouraging the attempt may seem.

The mind may be interested, to a certain extent, in what is going on around us, even if we cannot join in the activities of others. As far as one can, some favorite pursuit is better than doing nothing, where one is able to make any exertion at all. The difficulty in recommending all such things, or in undertaking oneself to thus while away the hours, is the liability to keep too long employed, and then the over-wrought mind or body, or both, causes the impression that the least exertion in itself is harmful.

We all well know that what might prove of interest to the minds of some would be of no moment to another; and also that different occupations, and various degrees of indulgence is to be taken into consideration in different cases. One lady, of severe nervous difficulties, cannot take care in household affairs to any extent at all, but out of doors, in her garden, among her fowls, and with nature's free charms she can not only pass pleasantly many painful hours, but do much to make her labor profitable. In seasons when she cannot do this, her plants, her fernery, her mineral cabinet, and other occupations of the kind, give her something varied and pleasant to do besides brooding constantly on herself and her "nerves."

Another, who may be unable to make as much physical exertion, may find fancy work of various kinds a desired change from common sewing, if the

needle can be at all used; while to another, the pen, pencil, or brush may supply a favorite employment for a limited share of the time. Tastes in these things differ; to some there is no comfort in anything but necessary labor and useful pursuits—all fancied things are as vanity and waste of time.

As far as an invalid can it is well to combine the useful with what may be one's peculiar taste, for thus, especially if in middling or poor circumstances, there is less a feeling of being burdensome to others. One's own ingenuity is often taxed to secure a variety that no one thing shall prove seriously injurious.

Where the mind has been kept clear and love of knowledge bright in health, there is little danger that the mental faculties will be allowed to rust in sickness, and the patient can usually find sources of recreation and enjoyment such as the illiterate are strangers to. As I view it there can be no situation more pitiable than invalidism or helplessness, with ignorance and only common-place desires in life. And these, if coupled with deep poverty, make the case sad beyond description.

To me it seems that whatever else may employ a share of the time and claim the attention, there must still be a vacuum; unless books and literary pursuits come in for their share of recognition.

In no other way can a love of knowledge, either in sickness or health, be kept bright, and in no other way can the mental faculties have their proper food and exercise. There is no more mistaken idea than that the mind of an invalid should remain inert.

With a severely ill person, in cases of sudden sickness, this may be needful, but there are few, of such as we call invalids, to whom it will apply. It is the mind left to its own fancies, and to prey upon itself that works the mischief—not the faculties judiciously exerted that does the harm. Overdoing in this, as in any exertion, is of course to be avoided.

For this reason, if for no other, I consider something that becomes a kind of study far better for an invalid than mere desultory reading, especially of novels. There are plenty of people who will be amused for the time with a story or some other light reading, who yet have no real literary taste, and do not make their reading a means of mental progress or of real, true culture and enjoyment. A novel, begun and read through (because once commenced it cannot be left alone) will often do the invalid the greatest of harm, for the very reason that the employment is too exciting, and has been too long continued to be anything but an injury to the reader. Often, when in comparative health, the system may be more overtaxed from reading an interesting novel than from digging on Greek and Latin roots.

The point is, to interest the mind—not to overtax and debilitate. For this reason an invalid may be a student in a moderate way and be all the time getting something substantial while within the walls of the sick room. History excites the imagination and the passions far less than do most novels, and yet the reading is engrossing as well as of benefit. The book can be laid down at any page, and some-

thing given the mind that is real to dwell upon afterwards.

So, I think, may sciences, and languages, and English literature, and, indeed, anything which comes in the catalogue of a scholar's pursuits, be moderately indulged without harm in usual cases of invalidism. Mrs. Browning, in her weak and helpless state, when not able to hold her head from her pillow comforted herself with reading now and then a verse from her Greek Testament and from Plato, declaring she could not live without some exercise for her mind, and saying that but for her books she should have gone mad. The translating of a few lines from some Latin classic may be food for a day, and I am not sure but the elementary study of a language would be the best kind of employment for many a discouraged and helpless invalid.

Books, however, are to be valued for the help it gives us in thinking for ourselves in such cases quite as much as for any other reason. Says Bronson Alcott in his Table Talk: "I value books for their suggestiveness, quite as much as for the information they contain, works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken my thought and prompt to following these things into their relation with life and things."

Few novels do this; and though I am not one to condemn these or other light reading of the better class, I know by experience that they afford little real mental food, nor do they serve, but for the moment, to give occupation to the faculties of the mind. They answer for occasional sweet-meats—not for substantial diet. For an invalid to read little but such reading, is more hurtful than for a person in health and actively engaged for the most part of the time. It becomes a surfeit of sweet-meats to them.

Some book, in which a single page, or even a sentence, suggest a thought that may occupy an hour, or perhaps long languid hours, becomes of value forever. Take Ruskin and others of the kind, or some poets, and a little reading may give food for hours afterwards where one knows how to apply the word read.

Writing out the suggestions given by a book, or takings notes as well as making excerpts from valuable works is pleasant occupation if carefully indulged in and, in either sickness or health, is valuable as a help to forming a critical taste and getting the idea of an author. These notes taken thus may after prove of great value, while the knowledge and literary culture gained may not only extend to the farthest limits of life but to a higher, more fully developed state of being hereafter.

I must drop my pen right here though I am not half done with my topic.

—I notice inquiries for a remedy for cold feet, and would say I have found the following treatment successful. Bathe the feet twice a week, commencing with water comfortably warm and increase the heat for twenty minutes or more, until it is as hot as can be borne, and wear good clean woolen stockings. This will cure all ordinary cases of cold feet if persevered in.

L. E. P.



THE FOOD WE EAT.

Number Two.

BRAD and beef are the staples of Yankee life. In my last article I considered wheaten bread as a key to the composition and nutritive quality of all vegetable food. I will now examine beef as a representative of every kind of animal food.

A piece of fresh beef steak weighing four pounds, can be so thoroughly dried in the sun, that only one pound will be left. This experiment shows that three-fourths of the whole substance was water. If this piece of lean beef be washed thoroughly, it will lose its blood and become a mass of fibrous tissue. Now if this tissue be put into alcohol, its fat will disappear, and the fibrous mass will become drier and more compact than before. Thus having disposed of its water and its fat, it is less than one-third of its original weight, and is called by chemists fibrine. In its composition and properties this fibrine is almost entirely identified with the gluten of the plant. Without the blood, beef steak is composed of three substances, water, fibrine and fat. Wheaten bread has also water, fat, and gluten which is identical with fibrine. The main difference, therefore, between bread and beef is, first, the beef contains no starch, which constitutes nearly half the substance of wheaten bread; and secondly, the element of fibrine (or gluten) in flesh is about three times as great as in wheaten bread. One pound of beef steak, therefore, contains as much nourishment as three pounds of wheaten bread.

Animal food contains four times as much gluten as the most nutritive grain, but it is entirely destitute of starch, as intimated. In dried oat meal, starch forms seven-tenths of the entire weight. Of the beef and mutton met with in the market, from a third to a fourth of the whole weight is fat. This fat represents and replaces the starch of vegetable food. Hence flesh holds its place, as compared with vegetable food, as much more nutritious. Fish is generally less rich in fat than fresh meat, and hence, it has more fibrine. When the animal designed for the slaughter is too lean, we feed him to increase the fat. If the meat is too lean, we use other fat substances in preparing it for the table. The egg is nearly related to flesh and fish. Within the shell it consists of two parts, the white and yolk. The shell is merely for protection. The white, (or albumen,) makes up about six-tenths, and the yolk, about three-tenths. The egg has more fat than fat beef, and yet the white of the egg contains no fat. Much the larger part of the entire egg, is water. The albumen of the egg needs be eaten with fat, to be healthy. Hence "bacon and eggs" have been a popular dish among gentle nations from the earliest times. Milk is also animal food, but it contains more water than either beef or

eggs, but less than the turnip or melon. Milk yields butter (or fat), and curd (or cheese). Curd is classed with gluten, fibrine and albumen, as a nutritive substance. The extensive manufacture of cheese indicates the importance of a mixed food, as it is seldom eaten alone, and serves as a pleasant and useful condiment, taken in small quantities, with or after the usual meal.

Cooking meats, I know, is a habit of civilized life, but it is always at a loss. Boiling four pounds of beef shrinks it one-quarter; baking reduces it three ounces; roasting, five ounces more. Salting meat is necessary for preservation, but the salt diminishes its nutritive qualities. From the analogy which exists between vegetable and animal forms of food, and the fact that deficiencies found in one is always supplied in the other, we may infer that it was designed that man should not live on bread alone, but should gather his subsistence from two kingdoms of nature. O.

THE INTRODUCTION OF COFFEE.

Coffee drinking, though a much more modern custom than tea-drinking, began in England a little earlier. It was first practiced in Arabia about the middle of the fifteenth century, when the story goes that the chief of a company of dervishes noticed that his goats frisked and played all night long whenever on the previous day they had eaten of a shrub growing wild in the neighborhood. Finding it difficult to keep his disciples awake during their evening devotions, he prepared a beverage of the leaves or berries of the shrub, and it proved so healthful to the midnight piety of the dervishes that from that time coffee came into use. The coffee-plant being abundant and easily cultivated, the new beverage soon became a favorite all over Arabia.

Great opposition was offered to it by many good Moslems, who urged that it was an intoxicating drink, quite as bad as the wine forbidden in the Koran, and numerous raids were made upon the coffee-houses; but the very fact of its serving as in some sort, a substitute for the juice of the vine, tended to make it popular. It reached Constantinople about 1554, and was of universal use in all Mahometan countries before the close of the sixteenth century. So essential was it deemed to domestic happiness that a Turkish law recognized a man's refusal to supply his wife with coffee as sufficient ground for her claiming a divorce. About the year 1600 it began to be talked of in Christendom as a rare and precious medicine. In 1615 it was brought to Venice, and in 1621 Burton spoke of it in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" as a valuable article which he had heard of but not seen.

In 1612 Sir Nicholas Chrispe, a Levant merchant, opened in London the first coffee-house known in England, the beverage being prepared by a Greek girl brought over for the work. Other coffee-houses in abundance were soon opened. In William III.'s and Queen Anne's days they were the great places of resort for wits, beaux, fops, gallants, wise men, and fools, and as such are amply described in the Spec-

tator and other works of the time. And coffee was not merely an excuse for social intercourse; its first drinkers in England knew how to drink it. Pope says:—

"For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle and the mill goes round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast."

The growing demand for coffee, of which more than 30,000,000 pounds are now consumed in Great Britain, caused the plant to be cultivated in other districts as well as Arabia, where it is indigenous and thrives best. At a very early date the Dutch began to grow it in Java and their other East India possessions, and they were unintentionally the causes of its introduction to the New World. In 1690 some seeds were brought from Mocha to the Botanic Garden at Amsterdam, and from the produce of these seeds a single plant was, in 1744, sent as a present to Louis XIV., and by him treasured up in Paris. In 1717 a Frenchman named Declieux obtained a plant raised from one of its seeds and carried it to Martinique. The ship was weatherbound, and before the Atlantic was crossed, the crew were in grievous trouble for want of water. There was water on board, but the captain, anxious above all things to preserve his treasure, doled it out in meagre quantities to the men, while he nourished the coffee-plant without stint. And the plant made a good return for the care bestowed upon it. From its seeds, we are told, have descended all the coffee-trees now abounding in the West Indies and Brazil.

CURIOUS CHINESE FEASTS.

The first day of the New Year's feasts is called by the Chinese Birds' Day (Kay-Yat), and is intended to bring to mind the utility of the feathered tribes as food. On this day the Chinese are expected to abstain from eating flesh, and it is frequently observed as a day of fasting. The second day is Dog's Day (Ku-Yat). According to a Russian writer, the Chinese honor the dog so much that they have workmen whose especial business it is to make coffins for dead dogs. They believe that the life of one of their sages was saved by a dog killing and eating the man who attempted to murder him, and yet the Chinese eat the flesh of the dog, which they consider a great delicacy.

The third day, Hog's Day (Chen-Yat), is celebrated in honor of a hog that drew a valuable manuscript out of a fire. The Chinese honor this animal by making its flesh their principal dish on this festive occasion. The fourth day, Sheep's Day (Yaong-Yat), is specially honored in memory of Pun-Koon-Venga, a shepherd who clothed himself with the bark of trees, and refused to make use of any part of the sheep either for food or clothing. The fifth day is Cow's Day (New Yat). This day is consecrated to the cow that suckled an orphan, who afterward became Mandarin, and built street,) "Very, especially the one a temple in honor of the cow. Ma-

Yat, or Horse Day, the sixth day, is set apart to call to mind the usefulness of this animal.—*Dumb Animals.*

THE DESSERT.

—Of course Noah took a swarm of bees into the ark, else of what use would the archives have been to him!

—A Yankee editor wishes no bodily harm to his subscribers, but he hopes that some of them in arrears will be seized with a remittent fever.

—A California paper says of one of the artists there that "she is a nice dumpy little soul, with eyes that have a slight tendency toward toeing in."

—“My dear,” said a gentleman to his wife, “our new club is going to have all the home comforts.” “Indeed!” said the wife, “and when, pray, is our home going to have all the club comforts?”

—They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert except oranges.

—“Will advertising pay?” is a very old question which has always been answered in the affirmative, but the question in a newspaper office is “will the advertiser pay?” This is not always answered in the affirmative.

—Alexander H. Stephens having been selected as the orator of the day for next Fourth of July at Macon, has begun the delivery of his speech now, in order to get through in time for the display of fireworks.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—A London paper printed the following notice: “The attendance at the wedding of Mr. Smart and Miss Jones yesterday being so large, for the benefit of the many friends unable to gain admission the ceremony will be repeated.”

—A poor woman coming from a wretched garret in an inland manufacturing town for the first time to the sea shore, gazing at the ocean, said “she was glad for once in her life to see something which there was enough of.”

—A man recently wrote to the officials of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad “for a chance to run on the road.” He was told he could “run on the road,” as much as he liked if he would only keep out of the way of the trains.

—A gossiping girl went into a neighbor's, intent on slander, and exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair: “One-half of the world don't know how the other half lives!” “That isn't your fault,” quietly responded the neighbor.

—A correspondent desires to know what sort of a thing a “pocket gymnasium” is that he sees advertised in the papers. Well, a pocket gymnasium holds from a pint to a quart, and is made of glass covered with leather; but we can't recommend it.

—Lizzie, (gazing admiringly into Miss Ryan's richly trimmed millinery window,) “Don't you think they are very handsome?” Jennie, (whose thoughts are on the other side of the temple in honor of the cow. Ma with the long, black side whiskers.”

PARENTS' RELATIONS TO
TEACHERS.

Number Four.

NEXT come the specific duties of parents in these relations. The interest they feel in their school is manifest:

1. By their efforts to secure constancy and punctuality of attendance. This is an important point. Children who do not give their undivided time and attention to the school suffer an irreparable loss of time, of ability, and of interest. The days, half days, and hours of absence and tardiness frequently amount to weeks in terms, and months in years. And this not all: the loss of ability to study successfully results from the loss of time. Lessons are dependent upon each other; and when one is learned, and the next omitted, the scholar has no ability to understand the third: he acquires superficial habits of study, becomes disengaged, and loses his interest in lessons and in the school. And still further; the class and the school to which he belongs suffer in consequence of his absences. The teacher's time is taxed in giving him extra instruction; and yet he drags behind his class. And thus, not unfrequently, scholars of good ability accomplish nothing, and lose all the benefit of the school, in consequence of tardiness and frequent absences which it is the duty of parents to prevent. And, beyond all these evil results, the habit of irregularity is formed, which follows the child through life. He who is habitually tardy at school, will be tardy at church, tardy in business, and unreliable everywhere.

And it is equally objectionable to allow children leave of absence before the regular hour for dismissal. Parents should so arrange their business and their meals as to give their children the full control of their time during the term of school; and then they should insist upon constant and punctual attendance. A word to the wise is sufficient on this point.

2. The measure of parents' interest in their school is their efforts to encourage fidelity and studiousness in their children.

Parents should not only give their children the time while the school is in session, and insist upon their constancy and punctuality in attendance, but should also impress upon them the importance of improving the opportunities thus afforded. Much may be done to aid in the successful working of the school by earnest home-counsel. Point out to these children the personal advantages to be realized in the future by those who improve their youth by self-culture. Show them that their relative position in society, their influence and usefulness, depend upon the manner in which they spend their fleeting school-days. Encourage them faithfully to prepare every lesson assigned them, and to cherish a deep interest in every school exercise, as a means to the end in view.

Who can fail to see, that if such an interest should be manifested and such an influence exerted in every family in the district by the parents, a power would be brought to bear upon the school which would be felt for good, in its elevation and prosperity?

Teachers would by such co-operation be inspired with new hope and encouragement, and would renew their diligence and fidelity in the noble work in which they are engaged. A want of such encouragement and aid has been a fruitful source of difficulty and failure in the public schools of our country.

O.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

WHERE IS THE SEA?—In answer to J. in November number. Song of the Greek islander in exile.

"A Greek islander being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beauty, only replied, 'The sea—where is it?'

Where is the sea? I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags, and breezes free.

I miss that voice of waves, which first
Awoke my childhood's glee;
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree;
The echoes of my soul are mute;
Where is my own blue sea?

—Mrs. Hemans.

Copied by MRS. R. T. H.
Wheeling, W. Va.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—For a long time I have wanted a song entitled, "Wait till the Moonlight Falls on the Water." If any one can favor me with the words it would greatly oblige,

Freedom, Illinois. SARAH M. B.

One of the sisters in the August number is hereby informed that the only books extant containing memoirs of James Francis Edward, called the First Pretender and Chevalier St. George, is one entitled Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents, by John Heneage, whose *nom de plume* is Jesse, an English Poet and Biographer, and was published in 1845, in two volumes, in England. I think the book may be found in the Public Library in Boston, or the Astor Library in New York. Shall be pleased to furnish the "sister" any further information in my possession in relation to his birth, education, exploits and death, if she will address, JAMES G. YOUNG.

Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the August number A. D. S. wrote an article on "The Study of Music," in which I was much interested, and willingness was expressed to give more if desired. I should be pleased to hear more of the writer's ideas and experience in teaching music, and also what course the writer would recommend in order to obtain a practical knowledge of all the systems and methods of music.

Boston, Mass.

ELLA M.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Helen W. M., through the pages of THE HOUSEHOLD, give me the names of a

number of her instrumental pieces and their authors. I should be much pleased to see more contributions on music by A. D. S. I think Helen would like the following selections: Rondo Capricioso, by Mendelsohn; Grand Galop de Concert Opus 24, by Eugene Ketterer; The Whispering Wind, by Wollenhaupt, and Fra Diavolo, by Sidney Smith. The last is very showy, as is also the one by Ketterer.

CECILIA.

CLARA B. M.—In the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I noticed a request for the words of two songs, of which you gave the first lines. About a year since a friend copied for me some poetry which begins like one of them, though I know not whether it is a song, or whether it is the one you want. I send it herewith. The copy I have is as follows:

TO A FRIEND.

I pray for thee at nightfall,
When twilight shadows creep,
Like sentinels from heaven sent,
To guard a world asleep.
I pray that God's almighty care
May guard and guide thee everywhere.

I pray for thee at nightfall,
When stars look down in love,
Like messengers of mercy,
On errands from above.
I pray that light and love divine
May ever on thy spirit shine.

I pray for thee at nightfall,
When gentle dews distill,
Like sacred drops of mercy
From Zion's holy hill.
I pray that heaven may freely shed
Its choicest blessings on thy head.

I pray for thee at nightfall,
And at the early dawn,
I ask that grace and mercy
May wait thy steps upon,
And all their holy influence lend
To lead thee to the sinner's Friend.

I pray for thee at early dawn,
When light breaks o'er the earth,
Fit emblem of the joy that fills
The soul at the new born birth.
I pray thy soul may feel within
The peace and joy of pardoned sin.

The author's name I do not know, though I might find it out by writing to the friend who copied the poetry for me, also the paper or book from which it was copied, if you wish.

ED. G. EWART.

MR. EDITOR:—Low, in the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks for the words to the song, "Paul Vane." If no one has answered her request, please print for her benefit these words:

"The years are creeping slowly by, dear Paul,
The winters come and go;
The winds sweep past with mournful cry, dear Paul,
And pelt my face with snow.
But there's no snow upon the heart, dear Paul,
'Tis summer always there,
Those early loves throw sunshine over all,
And sweeten memories dear.

I thought it easy to forget, dear Paul,
Life glowed with youthful hope,
The glorious future gleamed yet, dear Paul,
And bade us clamber up.
They frowning said, 'It must not—cannot be,
Break now the hopeless bands.'
And, Paul, you know how well that bitter day,
I bent to their commands.

I've kept you ever in my heart, dear Paul,
Through years of good and ill,
Our souls could not be torn apart, dear Paul,
They're bound together still.
I never knew how dear you were to me
'Till I was left alone,
I thought my poor, poor heart would break the day
They told me you were gone.

Perhaps we'll never, never meet, dear Paul,
Upon this earth again,

But there, where happy spirits greet, dear Paul,
You'll meet Lorena there.
Together up the ever-shining way,
We'll press with hoping heart;
Together through the bright eternal day,
And never more to part."

KATE B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you permit me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, to say a few words to Lettie E. J. Her letter interested me greatly, and I am in full sympathy with her, in that I am a single woman, and have an abiding love of music; and my heart warmed to her at once. There are a number of things of which I would like to speak, but I am afraid of trespassing; so I will just mention some of my favorite pieces of instrumental music: Cradle Song, (Schlummerlied,) Oesten; La Favorita, from the Opera de Douzetti, Oesten. The Monastery Bell, Wely; Tam O'Shanter, Warren; Angels' Greeting, C. D. Blake; Angel Voices Ever Near, by A. S. Sweet; two beautiful songs, "Only," and "Weary," by Virginia Gabriel; and Gently Rest, by Kucken. If I mistake not some of these pieces will suit Helen M. W., for I have been thinking of her as well as of others. I hope to hear more from these two, and also hope that I may be allowed to come again. T. L. B.

Manchester, Mass.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me where a piece of music is published with a chorus like this (I don't know the title of it):

Oh! when Grandmamma is gone,
When Grandmamma is gone,
When her smiles, and tears,
And prayers for us are o'er
Who will cheer us day by day,
All along the narrow way,
To the beautiful, the ever-shining shore.

Baraboo, Wis. MRS. ALICE B.

THE REVIEWER.

FOUR GIRLS. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Sent by mail, prepaid, on the receipt of its price, \$1.50.

It is enough perhaps to say that this charming book was written by "Pansy," author of Julia Ried, Esther Ried, and a dozen or more of other valuable works. To read one of her books is to wish for the next. This has, like all of hers, a decidedly good moral and spiritual tone, is filled with startling word-pictures, stirring incidents, attractive illustrations and abounds in incentives to a purer and higher life—a book to please on account of its chaste style, instruct and elevate humanity.

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT A COLONEL. By a High Private. Published by Loring, Boston. Price in paper, 50 cents.

This story relates to the custom in some parts of this country, of giving military titles to everybody of any consequence. It tells how Colonel Jonas Smith acquired his title without being entitled to it, the difficulty it plunged him into, and how he got out of it.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November is the concluding number of the fifty-fifth volume. The publishers announce for the coming year new serial novels by Miss Thackeray, Miss Mulock, and Thomas Hardy. Edward Everett Hale's story, "Back to Back," begun in the current number, is to be concluded in the December issue. Among the attractions of the December number will be a new poem, entitled "Keramos," by Longfellow, which will be illustrated by Fredericks and Abbey, and will occupy fourteen pages of the magazine. The November is richly illustrated, and full of exceedingly interesting matter. By no means the least interesting article is Olive Logan's fascinating narrative of Houdin's remarkable career as a prestidigitateur. His most wonderful tricks are explained and illustrated. "Madelena" is a very beautiful story, by Mrs. C. V. Hamilton, with three effective illustrations by Abbey. Mr. Blackmore's "Erema" is concluded in this num-

ber. It has been a serial story worthy of the brilliant author, whose "Lorna Doone" and "Alice Lorraine" captivated the most intelligent readers in England and America. Mrs. General Fremont begins in this number a short series of autobiographical papers—a narrative of her California experiences twenty years ago. In this first paper we have some very interesting glimpses of the scenes amidst which her early years were passed in St. Louis, Washington, and New Orleans. The Editorial Departments, with their social gossip, scientific and literary intelligence, historical summary, and humorous anecdotes, are as varied and comprehensive as usual, including a very amusing "Drawer."

The capital opening story in the November *Wide Awake*, "Polly Pepper's Chicken Pie," will put all the children in good humor for Thanksgiving, and possibly incite their parents to carry a plump chicken to some poor sewing woman for her dinner that Day of Days. It is followed by "Telling a Fortune," one of Mrs. Piatt's finest poems, which has a sweet little picture by Miss Humphrey. "Child Marian Abroad" plays with the little Austrian Princess Marie Valerie, and the two chatter in a very democratic fashion. "Solomon's Seal," by Sophie May, has grown painfully interesting, but the "Flossy and Bossy Story," by Margaret Hammond Eckerson, of "The Day at the Deacon's," is merry enough to balance. "Miss Charity's Lady" is full of sharp hints to girls about "Behaving." "Pinkie Posey's Seven Little Doctors," by Elsie Gorham, "Six Surprises," by C. S. P., and "Ned's Thanksgiving," by Mary Standish Robinson, will amuse the little folks. "Little King John," by Ella Farman, and "The New Baby," by Anna F. Burnham, are delightful illustrated poems. But we have not mentioned the two leading attractions, No. XIV. of the "Poets' Homes" series, by R. H. Stoddard, about E. C. Stedman, with portrait, and a new three-page Classic of Babyland, "Little Dame Fidget," by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. This has a score of imitative illustrations by "Boz." There are also "Parlor Pastimes," prize guess-work, and original music. Only \$2.00 per annum. Ella Farman, editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The November number of Scribner is the first of its fifteenth volume. Edward Eggleston's new novel, "Roxy," is begun with an illustration by Walter Shirlaw. The scene is laid in Indiana, where lived "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and other interesting characters with whom Dr. Eggleston has made the world familiar. Henry James, Jr., has a short story in this number, Bret Harte a poem, John Burroughs a tramping paper entitled "A Bed of Boughs," and George M. Towle a sketch of the career of theirs. The opening illustrated article is one of Scribner's sporting series, entitled "Canvas-back and Terrapin," by W. McKay Laffan, of Baltimore, illustrated by the author himself. This paper tells about methods of hunting which will be new to most readers. Mr. Frank R. Stockton comes back from the island of Nasau with glowing accounts of its winter climate, and a number of pictures of curious and interesting persons and things there. Col. Waring's usefully and amusingly illustrated papers on the saddle-horse are begun, the first paper being devoted to thoroughbreds and Arabians. Dr. Holland writes about "Women's Winter Amusments," "The Bondage of the pulpit," and "Indications of Progress." The Old Cabinet contains, among other things, a letter from L. Clark Davis on "Joe Jefferson in London," and in Bric-a-Brac, Frank R. Stockton has a contribution which shows how every man may become his own letter-writer.

THE NURSERY keeps up its bright appearance excellently and has a pleasing variety of reading matter. "Steering for Home" is a full picture, strikingly alive in its characteristics and telling its story so well that the pretty little poem on the subject by Tom Bowling is not an absolute necessity. The picture of a clever fox is another good one, and the other illustrations are well drawn and of a character to interest the little patrons of this popular juvenile. Published by John L. Shorey, Boston.

THE SANITARIAN for November has articles upon the Faulty Menu of Boarding Schools, House Drainage, Influence of Valleys on Health, Civil Malpractice and Surgical Jurisprudence, and other kindred topics. Published by Dr. A. N. Bell, 82 Nassau street, New York, at \$3 a year.



WINTER FLOWERING PLANTS.

BY F. A. MILLER.

THE winter season will soon approach again, and flowers will become scarce as usual, and on account of their scarcity they will be much more appreciated than during spring and summer, when they are plentiful everywhere. It is time now to provide for the winter, in order to establish plants sufficiently to produce flowers when they are wanted. We certainly can not rely upon the open ground for flowers during winter, as all depends on the weather, which, even in the mild climate of California, is severe on flowering plants; if there will be flowers in the garden it will be really accidental. Such shrubs as diosma, laurustinus, habrothamnus, ericas, a few varieties of fuchsias and zonale geraniums will give some flowers, and are very acceptable, but these are considered common here, and others are wanted to make up a variety. In a few sheltered places we may see some roses, cestrum, abutilons, plumbago, a few pinks, veronica, sweet alyssum, and perhaps in a very well protected place some heliotrope, but they can not be relied upon. Toward Christmas violets will be coming in, and help out very much, but more is wanted. The out-door flowers are weather-beaten, rusty looking, and without much scent, except the violets and diosma. Flowers raised under glass are brighter, more perfect, cleaner, and better in every respect.

The question is, what plants are most desirable for winter flowering?

The camellia certainly stands foremost. The beauty of the flower is unequalled, and the plant itself is a pleasing object. Some say the camellia is hard to cultivate. This is certainly a mistake; no plant requires less attention than the camellia. A few hints may be acceptable: The camellia requires a shady place; gas is injurious; over-potting is detrimental, and too much water will cause the buds to drop, while it is equally as bad to let the soil get dry; give plenty of air; syringe frequently, and keep the foliage clean; provide good drainage in the bottom of the pot, and keep the soil moderately damp, neither too wet nor too dry. With these suggestions any one can cultivate the camellia without risk of loss, and every bud will expand.

The azalea indica ranks next to the camellia as a winter flowering plant, although its flowering season commences really in January here. Amateurs tell me that azaleas are also hard to cultivate. This is another mistake. Treat the azalea in the very same way as prescribed for the camellia, and success is certain, with one exception, and that is more light. During our cloudy winter months the azalea ought to have all the light we can provide for it, excepting a burning sun, which is injurious to them. During summer, however, and during their

season of rest, a shaded and protected place in the open air is most desirable. Keep them in small pots, well drained, and never allow the soil to get dry.

Begonias are indispensable, and give general satisfaction; they are also easily cultivated. The following varieties are the best for winter flowering: *B. nitida*, *R. parvifolia*, *B. Wettioniensis*, *B. odorata*, *B. Verschaffelti*, and *B. semper-florens*. Strong healthy plants potted in six-inch pots now, will produce an abundance of flowers during the entire winter season. If a little artificial heat can be given, so much the better for them.

Heliotrope is most valuable at any time. Such as have been planted out in the border of the greenhouse should now be cut back so as to obtain plenty of young wood, which will develop the flowers; a good top-dressing of old manure or some manure water will help them very much. Young vigorous plants shifted now in six-inch pots, will make fine flowering plants for the coming winter.

Hyacinths are very desirable for winter. The new imported bulbs will come in now, and a good supply should be laid in at once, and planted at different times, in order to have them in bloom successively. Their cultivation is simple, and I have given some suggestions about their treatment at various times.

Eupatoriums are now extensively cultivated for winter cut flowers, and certainly they are a most productive class of plants. A few strong plants in six or eight-inch pots will give a profusion of white flowers. *Eupatorium aramaticum* flowers during the early part of winter, while *Eupatorium riparium*, the best of the two, comes into bloom in January and February. Both are indispensable for cut flowers.

A CHEAP CONSERVATORY.

Many people of modest means would be glad to have more house plants than they have room for indoors, and yet can ill afford the expense or care of a greenhouse.

To such we would suggest to build out from the south side of the parlor or sitting-room a glass structure about eight feet square, with double windows, so arranged as to be entirely removed in summer, when a canvas awning should take the place of the glass upon the framework, and will form an agreeable shelter from the sun.

It should be entered from the sitting-room by a long window reaching the floor and shutting tight; this will be closed when smoking the plants to kill insects, or sweeping the sitting-room; at other times it will be kept open to warm the conservatory by the stove in the sitting-room. This heat will be enough for the health of most plants except in very severe windy nights, when a small oil stove should be kept burning in the conservatory, which will cost only two cents per hour, and will only be needed for a few severe nights in winter.

If the house is heated by a furnace in the cellar, it may be quite easy to carry a hot-air pipe into the conservatory, or a steam pipe; and if the house

is supplied with water, a hose should be provided to reach the conservatory, so as to give the plants a frequent sprinkling, which will greatly improve their health, and will give a pleasant and healthful moisture to the air in the sitting-room.

Reasons unfamiliar with greenhouses will be astonished to see how much more healthily plants will grow in a place like this than in an ordinary sitting-room, the air of which is too dry and dusty for vegetable life to endure. The temperature of the sitting-room is also too hot for the health of most plants.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—With your permission, I will intrude upon your time and patience long enough to inform M. E. C. and New Subscriber how it was I succeeded so well with my few plants. To begin with they were strong, healthy growing plants in the fall, and I kept them so by using the fertilizer just as directed, and right here I would say do not use any more or you will injure your plants. I use it once a week all winter, now give your plants plenty of sunlight and air, water them every few days over the top, laying them on the side at least once a week in order to cast off any stray insect. Keep water in the saucer, stir the earth occasionally so as to promote the growth; last, but not least keep a pan of water under the rack to keep the air moist, and you have all I do for my pets, except to love and admire them. I think the reason so many persons fail, is simply because they undertake to keep too many plants for the room they have, and then fail to give them the attention needed. I never try to keep anything that does not bloom through the winter, hence my flowers depend a good deal on this. But I am too lengthy and if our kind editor should throw this into the waste basket I shall not be at all surprised.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

BINA.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been an earnest reader of your paper for some years, and although we take a great many papers and magazines, I don't think there is one that is greeted with so much joy all round, from my little seven year old Jessie to myself, and as I see so many ladies avail themselves of the opportunity of asking and answering questions that I thought perhaps some of the ladies might answer this question for me. I am a great lover of birds, and I have always had one for the last twelve years. He was given to me when I was a young girl and I have had him ever since, he sung constantly until about two days before he died, which was about a year ago. I then purchased another as we thought we could not live without one. I have had him about nine months, and I put the bath tub in every day but he won't bathe, and I have always heard that birds would become lousy if they did not bathe, can any of the kind sisters tell me what to do to make him, if they can they would oblige me very much.

Mrs. M. W. B.

Will you tell me how to take care of a gold fish.

Mrs. F.



THE STAFF OF LIFE.

BY ALMA.

IN THE first place, I know, as probably do all ye kitchen-wise little housekeepers, that bread is the corner-stone of every pantry in the land. Under that name is ranked biscuit, gems, rolls, and sundry conglomerations of flour, meal, and rye, but chief and altogether lovely, is the ideal loaf of sweet, white, home-made wheat bread, concocted with good, lively yeast, and nice flour, and the question is, how to obtain such bread. Now there are so many charming magazines devoted to the especial need and wants of the housekeeper, and presided over by wise and discriminating editors, the band of sister workers can often compare notes, and mutually aid each other and the younger ones that are taking up the sceptre, or fetters, as the case may be, of house-wife; and thanks to these same magazines, doubtless there is better bread in the pantries of '77 than could ever have been found in those of thirty years ago, despite the masculine growlers who preach from the well-worn text to be found in the second chapter of Matrimony: "How mother used to do!"

It seems that many, if one can judge by their letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, make bread the least important article upon their tables. We are fairly bewildered by the avalanche of elaborate recipes poured forth for cakes, pies and pudding; from the richly compounded wedding and bride's cake, down to sugar cookies and ginger-snaps. There is beating, and stirring, and whipping, the oven must be just right and the greatest of care used in baking to the nicest possible shade of brown; this is just as it should be, but after the cake is made and taken in triumph from the oven and transformed into a miniature snow-bank, then, thinks Mrs. B. "I really must put some sponge rising for we are all out of bread; so down cellar she trots and appears brandishing the yeast jug, and a cupful is poured out, "Well I declare, that yeast is a little old; never mind I'll put in a pinch of saleratus and it will be all right."

A "sponge" is at once stirred up with a few hasty whisks of the spoon, thick but lumpy, then it is set to rise under the stove, perhaps where it gets so warm that a crust forms over the top of the mass. Then when it should be moulded into great, soft, velvety, shapely loaves, it is only kneaded up thick with flour, given a pat here and a poke there, dumped into the pans, left to rise an uncertain length of time, according to the memory of the maker, then put into an oven too hot or too cool, quite likely, and baked. The loaves may split at the sides, as if their feelings lacerated them, run over, scorch slightly, or not stay in the oven quite long enough to get rid of the raw taste, but it is bread and "that job is done with!"

"I haven't the time to spend in kneading my bread," Mrs. B. will say. My dear creature, how long did you beat that delicious Berwick sponge cake this very morning? Half an hour to say the least. Do take as much pains with your bread as you do with cake and you will in the end enjoy the improvement as much as any one, for there is no housekeeper but is proud to have fine bread. The extra time you spend in this moulding and kneading is a saving, too, if you choose to make it so. When you rise the sponge use warm water, if you haven't plenty of milk, add a cup of good sweet yeast for two loaves of bread, and mix thick or thin as is your custom, but give it a good stirring. When ready to mould into loaves, shorten only with a little extra labor. Mould and knead till it does not stick to the board and then as much more and longer as you choose, or, better still, chop it with your chopping knife, and pound it with the rolling pin, and the longer you manipulate it the whiter and shorter, and finer grained it will be. Another way to make the cells fine is to stir down the sponge several times. Then take great pains in letting your bread rise, for if it rises too much before going into the oven it will be coarse and dark. Finally bake it just right in an oven just right, and you will have a floury poem; and at tea time you will have another, if you choose, in the shape of a table enveloped in snowy linen, and bearing the weight of slices of bread scarcely less white, a pat of golden butter and that Berwick sponge cake, with other goodies that you may fancy, and don't forget a few flowers to beautify the whole.

The fact is, dear sisters, many of us, yes, most of us must make our poems and pictures with very commonplace materials. Many of us as girls had an innate love of culture and refinement, a God-given love of the beautiful. Thank him for these gifts when you see so many who do not possess them. We may have dreamed of a bright future, a literary career, an artist's fame or of a lovely home, beautiful, artistic, ideal, to awaken to the realities of life and sometimes repine that the paths our oft times weary feet are pressing, are not filled with sunshine and flowers, and our air castles are never to be realized. We are ambitious and the trivial round, the daily tasks are so hard to bear sometimes; for we wives and mothers must work when we are weary of life's battles and long for time to rest body and mind, for time in which to read, think or write. Remember, it is our duty to grow, for "the higher one's ideals, the nobler his future," we read, and one may progress mentally and spiritually even in the kitchen. I often think of these lines by George Hubert:

"Who sweeps a room as to Thy law,
Makes that and the action fine."

We can make our homes beautiful by their neatness, bright by the beautiful sunlight shimmering through, not costly lace curtains if we cannot afford them, but delicate vines and tiny blossoms, and the forests will give of their treasures to add brightness to the long winter hours. We must educate

our children day after day to high tastes, a reverence for all things pure and good, and recognition of the beauty and grace they chance to encounter, whether it be in a lofty landscape, a gorgeous sunset, a great painting, a sweet poem or a tiny violet and delicate fern.

Dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, how I would like to see many of you whose pen-names are so familiar. I will write again if you will keep for me a tiny corner in your memories.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Four.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

It will soon be butchering time, and there will be plenty of work, trying out lard, making sausage, head cheese, etc. We usually butcher late in November, or in December, when the weather is cold enough to freeze what we save fresh. We pack our own pork, then we know just what sort of an article we are using.

Neighbor Allen lost a barrel of pork last year, simply because it was not properly packed. Tom succeeds well in packing pork, and this is the way he manages. After the hogs are dressed, they are each cut in two lengthwise by the backbone, and put away to cool; then before the meat is entirely cold, it is cut in suitable pieces, removing the backbone and spare ribs, and laying them aside with such other pieces as may be desired for fresh pork. The meat is not allowed to freeze before packing, but should be entirely cold when it is packed, putting a layer of salt something less than an inch in thickness in the bottom of the barrel, then a layer of meat, then a thinner layer of salt, another layer of meat, packing closely and pressing it down firmly, and so on until the barrel is nearly full, using about a bushel of Ashton salt to a large barrel of pork; then put a large flat stone on top, to hold the meat under brine, and if there is no old well kept brine to be boiled and skimmed till clear, and poured cold over the meat, five or six quarts of cold water is added. The barrel is then closely covered, and kept in a cool cellar.

As the season advances, it is sometimes advisable to pour the brine from the pork, boil and skim it, and after it gets cold pour it on again; but where the above quantity of salt is used this is seldom necessary. Where there is danger of pork not keeping well, from imperfect packing with too little salt, it may be saved, if attended to in season, by boiling the brine in this way, adding more salt and a little saltpetre to the brine while it is hot.

If there is room we pack the hams and shoulders on top of the other pork, so it may be handily removed when desired to smoke them; or if there be more than one hog, or if too large to admit of that, they may be packed separately in the same manner. We generally leave them in brine about a month, then they are taken out, soaked for three or four days in plenty of cold water, hung in the smoke-house, and a steady smoke kept under them, days, until well browned outside, or until the flavor suits the fami-

ly taste. Smoke of corn cobs or birch chips is by some considered best.

If possible, I try out the leaf fat on butchering day. It is cut in small pieces, put into an iron kettle and heated slowly and carefully, and stirred from the bottom frequently, to prevent burning and flying out. When thoroughly cooked and the scraps have settled, I let it cool enough to handle, strain it through a towel into tin pans, squeezing the scraps as dry as possible. When cold it is packed in stone jars, covered closely and kept in a cool place. An old housekeeper told me never to put it into the jars while hot, or they would eventually become grease-soaked, as we sometimes see plates that are much used for meat or butter. The rough fat is soaked in cold water for a day or two, meanwhile changing the water once or twice; then tryed out in precisely the same way as the other.

To make head-cheese: Take the head, the shanks, the heart, skirts, tongue, etc., soak them in cold water a day or two, changing the water several times; then boil all together, adding salt, and when done very tender, take the meat from the bones and chop it; then season to taste with salt, pepper and powdered sage, mix thoroughly and pack it in a suitable dish. To be sliced and eaten cold with bread and no butter. Nice for sandwiches.

Sausage making used to be such tedious work before the introduction of the "sausage cutter;" now one has only to cut the meat in strips and run it through the machine, when it is ready to season. In making sausage, rather more lean than fat should be used. Some prefer sausage more highly seasoned than others, and a very good way is to add salt, black pepper and powdered sage, then fry a little to try it, adding more of either if desired, thus seasoning to taste. Be sure it is salt enough. Some use the following rule: To three pounds of prepared meat add three teaspoonsfuls of salt, five of powdered sage, three of black pepper, and if desired five spoonfuls of sweet marjoram.

After the seasoning is well mixed with the meat, I pack it in tin pans, leaving some space at the top, and pour melted lard over the sausage to exclude the air; then cover the pans and keep them in a cool place. Sausage keeps nicely this way. If the pans are small so much the better, as there is less danger of its spoiling while being used.

The souse is well cleaned by singing, scraping, etc., then soaked, washed, and boiled until very tender, salting it when put to boiling. It may be eaten warm or cold; or if preferred pickled, put it into a dish and cover with vinegar a sufficient time before serving it.

HOMELY HINTS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

A. L. R. of Reinach, Switzerland, wishes to know how to promote the growth of eyelashes. We can tell her. By carefully cutting off the very points, the fine forked fringy edges of the eyelashes they will grow and thicken, and have the effect of deepening the

color of gray eyes. It should be delicately done with a pair of scissors. This adds a charm to the face of a baby, or a little child, but we know from experience that it is no idle feat, provided the sweet little victim is a sleeping baby. We are glad to give this item of information to A. L. R.

Another lady signing herself "A Subscriber" inquires what will restore her hair, which is turning gray from ill health. The state of the hair is largely dependent on one's physical condition, and hers will not be glossy, and vitalized, and very pretty, until her health is better, though it can be restored to its natural color in a short time. Take equal parts of good cider vinegar, lemon juice and pulverized litharge, and boil together over a slow fire in a porcelain lined kettle. This is not as harmful as many of the hair dyes which are recommended. A few applications will dye the hair black.

A very good remedy for a sudden cold is to pour a pint of boiling water on a sliced lemon, stir and sweeten well and then just before going to bed sip it, a spoonful at a time, as hot as you can bear it. Grease the nose, throat and breast well with any kind of clean grease or oil that is not offensive, cover up warm in bed, and you will get up the next morning either well or a great deal better. Don't expose yourself to the weather much for a day or two.

This is the season for using pig's feet. If you have more than you want to use at present boil them until well done, put in a deep crock or jar and cover well with warm vinegar, put a plate or weight on them and they will keep good until used. Spice the vinegar if you prefer, or put in a red pepper and a few roots of horseradish. Another way to keep pig's feet is to boil them until the bones will come out easily, mince them coarsely, and boil a while in a little of the same water in which they were cooked, pour into a crock, press down closely and cover with vinegar, and a plate, and they will keep until spring. Let the mixture get cold and firm before pouring on the vinegar. Cut out in slices when used.

For a pain that comes from any derangement of the stomach, bowels, or vitals, put over a warm poultice made of bran, hops and vinegar. It is good for toothache too, pleurisy, pain in the back, or shoulders, colic, and periodical aches and pains. Even a woolen cloth wrung out of hot water and put over the seat of a pain is frequently efficacious in removing it. Put something dry over the poultice to prevent the clothing becoming damp.

If cold boiled potatoes accumulate it is a good way to take the skins off and drop them into boiling water, allowing them to boil a few minutes. Then season with salt, mash thoroughly, dress with butter, cream and pepper, and they are quite as good as newly cooked potatoes. Or, slice your cold potatoes and add a couple of onions, cover closely and let them stew in half a cup of milk or water. Season well and they will be excellent, much better than to fry them brown in lard or butter, thus making one of the most indigestible dishes of food that ever went to the table.

To the lady who inquired whether

she must oil her hair before she put it up in the flexible rubber curlers I sent to her order, I say, no; don't use any oil whatever, whether you curl your hair or not. It is a filthy habit. Keep your hair and your head as clean as possible; make your hair smell like newly ironed clothes. To those girls who wrote to me for curlers, I repeat the formula; divide your hair into slips as thick as your finger, dampen it a little, roll it up on the soft rubber curler, and let it remain until dry. Then unwind it, round and round, off the upper end of the curler, carefully, and it will let down into a smooth, soft, shining, graceful ringlet. It may take a little practice of those girls who never put their hair up in any manner of curls whatever, but you will soon become skillful, and will teach your hair to curl prettily and naturally. The picture on the box shows you how it is done. I guess all of you know how to use the crimper without being told. I will continue to send to any address for one dollar a dozen and a three cent stamp to pay the postage, and to pay me for my trouble. Won't some one tell me where I can get Horsford's baking powder. How large are the packages? and could it come by mail?

Children's night clothes should be made all in one garment to fasten at the neck, ankles and wrists. If they kick off the bed-clothes then, there is not so much danger of colds. Good canton flannels are so cheap now that our very dogs might have dusters and night shirts.

Perryville, Ohio.

PUFF-PASTE AND PATTIES.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

In a recent number of a periodical we read an account of a visit to the New York Cooking School, under the superintendence of Miss Juliet Carson, at Number 8 St. Mark's place. Here ladies come in at certain hours and receive instructions in cooking, which in this establishment is reduced to a science, or rather one of the fine arts. The ladies write down the instructions given by Miss Carson, while a cook called the "Chief de Cuisine" illustrates the lessons by doing the cooking before the class.

One thing described is the making of puff-paste, and as it may be welcome to some of our readers, I will give a brief description of the process. First the chief weighed out one pound of flour, and one of butter. He sifted the flour on the table, made a depression in the middle of the pile, dropped the yolk of an egg into the hole in the pile of flour, poured in cold water and began to mix the mass. He mixed the dough well, kneading until quite smooth, put it aside, and, sifting a little more flour pushed it aside also. Next he kneaded the butter until quite soft, dredged it with flour lightly and then placed the butter in a napkin to remove any water or milk that might be in it. Then he floured the table and rolled out the dough to about half an inch thick put the butter in the center of the square of dough folded the corners over firmly, and then rolled the mass as before.

This process was repeated about a

dozen times, and then the dough was put upon ice to cool. The chief then went on with other cooking, and after about two hours called for the puff-paste to make into oyster patties. While the oysters were simmering on the fire, he took the almost frozen dough, proceeding to roll and fold it as before, repeating the process a dozen times or more. Pieces cut from the dough which were scarcely half an inch thick, were placed in the oven for three or four minutes, and when taken out were puffed up three times as high as when put in the oven. This was puff-paste indeed, and elicited from the ladies the warmest admiration. He brushed the dough over with the yolk of an egg so as to give it a golden color when it came out.

To make the oyster patties, he cut the dough in different forms by patterns, then placed circles one above another upon it, and feathering the whole with the yolk of an egg, baking quickly, and taking them from the oven puffed up more than two inches thick, golden and beautiful. Running a sharp slender knife around the small circle of paste, he lifted it off from each patty, flattened the inside with the handle of the knife, dropped three or four of the prepared oysters in each one, replaced the cover and they were finished.

I have taken pains to write this out, not particularly because of the recipe for patties, as much as for the general directions concerning puff-paste or any kind of paste that it is desirable to make. We all know that having the dough very cold is desirable and also that rolling and re-rolling tends to make paste light and puffy for pie crust, tarts, or whatever we are making. If we do not have ice in summer, using the coldest of water in mixing is desirable while the paste might be improved by placing in the well or cellar for awhile. In winter any one can harden the dough which is really desirable, and by making our pie-crust a little before wishing to bake it, there need be no delay in our work. Few of us, however, can spend the time and strength to roll a dozen times or more, but the hint is valuable for us all.

COLORING BUTTER.

BY OLIVE OLDSCHOOL.

DEAR SISTERS:—Although I have remained silent, in my quiet corner, so long, yet I have shared in your monthly feasts, and have been interested as you came bringing your offerings for the general good. There are many whom I would like to greet personally, especially those with sad faces, tearful eyes, and aching hearts; but my message at this time is for farmers' wives who have to make butter in all seasons of the year; hoping a little of my experience may be a benefit to some of my hard working sisters.

I have had much trouble in the past trying to make good butter in winter. Sometimes we had to churn a great while, and the butter when it came, would be too white for the market. I used to scald the milk, but then the cream was a long time rising. If milk is kept in a cold place in winter, the cream will grow bitter instead of sour-

ing; and if the milk freezes, it is difficult to get all the cream.

Last winter we had made a movable cupboard with a door, and shelves a little farther apart than the depth of a pan, and placed it in one corner of the common sitting room, as that is of the most even temperature; and it more than paid all the expense before spring. The cream rose quickly, and the butter came as well as in summer, only it was too white. I resorted to carrots as the merchant requested me to, and grated enough during the winter and spring to color more than a hundred pounds; and it was very hard work. But now my golden day for butter has dawned!

A short time ago I noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD an advertisement, a "Perfect Butter Color." I sent for a bottle without delay, and am very much pleased with it. No more lame arms, caused by grating carrots for me! It gives the butter a natural golden color like that of June. Indeed, I believe it is what it claims to be, a perfect butter color. Some cows make butter in summer too light colored to suit fastidious customers, a few drops of the color will make it all right. Carrots would make June butter spoil in a little while; I do not think this would injure it at all; it will certainly increase the value of fall and winter butter. Try it sisters. If it is not kept in your town, get some of your neighbors to join with you and send to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., for a few small bottles and you will not regret it.

If you have no good place for your milk, ask the good man to make you a cupboard. It need not cost much. You can paper the outside with wall paper. If the cream should be too warm, and you find the butter is coming soft, get some clean snow and put into the churn, and keep churning until it comes together. By doing this you can ball it up nicely, but if your cream is too cold you may churn until your patience is sorely tried before you will get butter, if it comes at all.

SWEEPING.

Very few persons sweep well. Some take long strokes with a broom, creating wind, and sending the dust into the air. When they are through sweeping they have taken very little dirt from the room, and the dust settles again on the floor and furniture. It takes time to sweep properly; the strokes should be firm and short, creating very little wind.

This open winter will cause a great deal of sweeping; and many will be obliged to take up their sitting-room carpets before spring. Whenever snow can be procured, and the rooms are so cold that it will not melt, cover the carpet thickly with it. Scrub it around with a broom, and when it is swept off the snow will be black, and the carpet will look as clean as if freshly shaken. Any one who has used snow on their carpets once, will be embracing every opportunity to have a snow sweep. It is excellent for sweeping bed-rooms—no dust in the air to settle. It can be used on the best of carpets without detriment, provided the rooms are so cold that the snow does not melt.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

PIPPIN APPLE JELLY.—Half a peck of ripe pippins, cut up, neither pare or core, cover with three or four inches of water, slice three fresh lemons in them, allow them to cook slowly until very soft, about an hour and a half, strain off the juice, into every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar, cook slowly until it thickens, and strain into glass jars.

PAPER JUMBLES.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three eggs, vanilla and nutmeg to season, thicken with a very little flour, and bake quickly.

INVALID'S JUMBLES.—One pint of light brown sugar, two pints of flour, half a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one egg, half a teacupful of rich milk with a small quantity of saleratus in the milk, stir in a wine glass of rose brandy, work well, roll thin, cut out, and bake with moderate heat.

CHEESE CAKES.—Take one quart of curd, after the whey has been strained off, mix with the curd one-half pound of fresh butter, one ounce of pounded blanched almonds, the whites of three eggs, one teacupful of raisins or currants, season with sugar and rose water to the taste, bake in plates with paste.

If "Lemon Cheese Cake" recipe is desired or "Queen of Puddings," I will give the recipe, also "Imitation Cream." SPUD.

SAUSAGES.—To twenty pounds of chopped meat, put six ounces of fine salt, one ounce of black pepper, ten or twelve tablespoonfuls of powdered sage, and one spoonful of ginger. Some add a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

SPICED VEAL.—Three pounds of veal chopped with two large slices of salt pork, beat two eggs into it, three rolled crackers, season with salt, pepper, and a little sage, pour in a little hot water, stir it well, make it into a loaf, butter the dripping pan and lay it in, bake a little brown, and eat cold.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, one cup of molasses, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, pour into a tin pudding dish or two quart pail, shut a cloth in under the cover to make it tight, set it into a kettle of boiling water, and let it boil steadily four hours.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of scalded milk, while hot stir in twelve tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, a little salt, and three-fourths of a teacupful of molasses, set it by to cool, and just before putting into the oven add one-half pint of cold water, and bake two or three hours.

CUSTARD IN CUPS.—Beat three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little nutmeg and salt, add a full quart of milk (new is best), pour into your cups and set them into a dish that you can fill with boiling water, and put them into the oven to bake. In this way they are much nicer than when cooked out of the water.

PAstry.—Mix with your flour, cream of tartar and soda, or Horsford's baking powder, as for biscuit, add a little salt, mix with cold water, roll and spread on your lard or butter, sprinkle on flour, roll up, and continue the operation four or five times till as short as you wish, the last time rolling very tightly. Cut slices from the end, lay together irregularly, roll thin, bake in a quick oven, and when needed put on canned fruit. They will keep some time and are very convenient for any kind of canned fruit pies. M. B. A.

MR. CROWELL:—I send you a recipe for a pudding that we all like very much indeed, and if you think it worthy a place, shall be glad to give a little for all the good I have received. Split and butter ten crackers, boil one and one-half cups of raisins until soft, then put in a pudding dish a layer of crackers, and then one of raisins, until they are all in, then a quart of milk, a little nutmeg, salt, sugar and one egg, poured over the crackers. Bake two hours. S. J. D.

LIGHT DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda in a cup of sweet milk; flour your hands and

make into small balls by allowing a spoonful for each ball. Boil just ten minutes by the clock. Do not take the cover off until done, and if they are not "light and spongy" it won't be my fault. MRS. T.

TO MAKE GOOD SAUSAGE.—To thirty pounds of meat add ten ounces of fine salt, three ounces of sage, one and one-half ounces of pepper, mix it well with the meat and grind together. FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Take a piece of veal or lamb and partly roast it, then take a pint of milk, a little salt, three eggs, and flour to make a thin batter, then beat all hard together five minutes, then lift up the meat and pour the batter in the gravy, set the meat on a standard and bake all twenty or thirty minutes; to be eaten directly. NELLIE.

THE BEST WAY TO KEEP DRIED BEEF IN SUMMER.—Make a good strong brine of just salt and water, have a strong tight sack, (I use flour sacks,) dip and thoroughly wet through in the hot brine and hang up to dry, then repeat the process until the sack is stiff with the salt, put in your beef and tie up tightly, and you will have no trouble with the flies disturbing it, at least I don't. You can put a number of pieces in one sack.

KANSAS.

CORN BREAD.—Take one quart of corn meal, two teacupfuls of buttermilk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, a little salt, and sweet milk and water enough to make a stiff batter. Bake as usual.

TEXAS.

CUSTARD CAKE.—One teacup of sugar, one coffee-cup of flour, three tablespoonfuls of milk, three eggs, one large teaspoonful of baking powder, or two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda.

Custard.—One and one-half cups of milk, one cup of sugar, three eggs. Custard to be put on when cold. MRS. J. O.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—Two ounces of white glue or gelatine, one-half ounce of white lead, one-half pint of soft water, and one gill of alcohol. Boil glue and lead by a water bath. When the glue is dissolved add the alcohol. Stir until mixed. S.

PLUM CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of soda, mace, cloves, one and one-half cups of raisins, stoned but not chopped, one cup of currants, two eggs, and three cups of flour.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cold water, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and extract. MRS. L. V. D.

COCOA-NUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix not very stiff, and bake in sheets, as for jelly cake. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a froth with nearly a cup of white sugar, and one cup of grated cocoanut, which mixture spread between the cakes.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, and flour to roll.

POP-OVERS.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of a hickorynut, and a little salt. Bake in cups.

CREAM PIES.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Before stirring put in a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, then stir well, and bake in two flat tins. When cold, cut open and spread between a custard made of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn-starch, and one pint of milk. Flavor with lemon, and boil till it thickens. MRS. M. L. B. R.

HONEY CAKE.—One cup of nice sugar, one cup of rich sour cream, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, and two cups of flour.

Flavor to taste, and bake half an hour. To be eaten while warm.

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste. This makes a nice cake.

CALIFORNIA CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of water, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and spice to suit the taste. L. M.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—S. A. P. would like a good recipe for scalloped oysters. I can give her mine which is quite simple and very good. If she is as unfortunate as we are to live where oysters are only to be obtained in the can, to one can grate up one good sized loaf of stale bread. In the bottom of your baking dish (earthen is best but tin will do) strew a layer of bread crumbs, then a few pieces of butter, with a little pepper and salt, next a layer of oysters, then bread, and so on until the dish is full. Strew the bread rather thick on the top, and lastly pour the liquor from the oysters over it. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

MRS. DR. P. Tompkins, Mich.

GINGER SNAPS.—Three tablespoonfuls of water, three tablespoonfuls of butter, fill the cup with molasses, and use ginger and soda to suit.

SOFT GINGER-BREAD.—One cup of water, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of soda.

MRS. E. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—M. B., of Belmont, Mass., wishes to know what will remove iron stains from straw matting. I would suggest a solution of oxalic acid.

Also, L. M. B., of Oil Regions of Pennsylvania, wants a "sovereign" cure for bronchitis. I have seen several cases permanently benefited by the use of a solution of muriate of ammonia. Most any druggist can prepare it.

TEXAS.

MR. CROWELL:—Please say to Leonore Glenn, in answer to her question in the July HOUSEHOLD, that it is not necessary to boil any clothes washed with Dobbins' Electric Soap. They can be boiled or not as people prefer, but experience will show any one that it is a waste of time and fuel to boil them, besides filling the house with unhealthy steam, which last I think one of the worst of the evils of an old fashioned wash-day. With any other soap than Dobbins' Electric clothes must be boiled to get the filthy sticky rosin, or other adulterating substances in the soap, off the fabric of the garment, but as Dobbins' is perfectly pure there is nothing to boil off. Of course clothes must be rinsed thoroughly in clear tepid water to rinse out the dirty suds, but for ten years I have used the above soap, I have never boiled my clothes, and no one can have whiter clothes than I.

I would like a recipe for fish chowder as made at the sea shore. AUNT MATILDA.

If you have a recipe for good plain waffles, please send it through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, and oblige, M. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed some time ago an inquiry as to the best method of cleaning swan's down. I would say in reply that if it is washed clean in warm (not hot) soap suds, and rinsed in clear water, it will look as well as new. Spread smooth on paper to dry.

E. C. B.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, if any one can tell me how to clean a flannel-lined rubber piano cover?

ALVARA.

In the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD E. S. wished some one to try her recipe for sponge cake. I have done so, and met with no success. Will some one tell me why my sponge cake always falls? I follow the directions exactly.

Also, I would like to inquire if some of the sisters can tell me how to make egg crackers like those we buy at the grocer's? An answer to these questions would oblige, H. E. H.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please give full directions for cooking macaroni with cheese for dinner? and oblige, M. A. S. K.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be kind enough to inform me how to make sugar candy and chocolate caramels? I have always found trouble in getting the exact quantities.

MIRIAM L.

MR. CROWELL:—I send the following recipes, hoping they may meet the wants of the inquirer.

To prepare citron for cake, cut the citron in thin strips, and steam it until you can run a fork through it easily, then drain it very thoroughly and spread on plates, then sprinkle with some sugar; I have no rule, but think a little answers for cake as well as to have it candied, dry nicely, and I think your citron will be as nice as you can buy.

Take common house lime and dissolve a lump the size of a very small hickorynut in a teacup of soft water, bottle and label, and you have a sure cure for burns.

You can tell the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD that if they will mix their stove polish with cold coffee it will last longer than anything else they can mix it with.

E. S. wants to know what will remove paint from window glass. If she will scrape chalk very fine and mix with cold water about as thick as thin cream, it will take it all off, and it will clean her window glass, glassware, gilt frames, lamps and silverware, better than any polish she can buy. Just let it dry enough to rub off easily with a dry cloth. A sponge is the best to put it on with. I found this out by experimenting.

I will give a recipe for molasses cookies, which I think are very nice. Two cups of syrup, one cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of soda with five tablespoonfuls of water, one scant tablespoonful of alum with five tablespoonfuls of water, spice or ginger to taste with flour enough to roll. Roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

LIZZIE B.

Alameda, California.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask some of the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to tell me the reason of doughnuts cracking and bursting, while boiling, and a remedy for it. Please answer through THE HOUSEHOLD and greatly oblige one that likes to see a perfect shaped doughnut when ready for the table.

I will send a yeast recipe that I know will be liked after a trial, and do not think any will be troubled with sour bread, or biscuit, after using it. Take twelve common sized potatoes, boil them, mash them up while hot, pour on one pint of boiling water, add one pint of cold water, put it in a colander, get all through you can, then add one teacupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teacupful of yeast (when cool enough), and set it to rise in a warm place, and when light enough set in the cellar, or some cool place to use. Use one-half or one teacupful, according to the baking.

MRS. H. N. E.

Will some sister please inform me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, how to wash scarlet so that it will not turn crimson? and oblige a constant reader, A. K. S.

MR. CROWELL:—Enclosed please find \$1.10 to pay for THE HOUSEHOLD another year. I am very much pleased with your paper, and have received many valuable hints from THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

I notice one of the members wishes to know what will remove rust from a new teakettle. By boiling about a pound of fresh lard in it for a little while, I think she will be satisfied with the result.

MARY E. M.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me through its columns, what will remove grease spots from green rep furniture without taking the color out? Also, if there is anything that will color green rep furniture where the color has been taken out? and oblige, MRS. C. H. P.



THROUGH PATIENCE.

BY JANE M. READ.

Not all at once the small bird builds,
She builds from day to day.
She does not wait for fifty shreds
When one is in her way.

She takes the shred her bright eye finds
And works with tireless will,
She works with patient, hopeful trust,
But toils with all her skill.

A little here, a little there,
She finds enough at last:
Her nest is built where leafy boughs
Will shield it from the blast.

A lesson great, a lesson good,
From her our hearts may learn;
The smallest gift that God bestows
No inward thought should spurn.

Not all at once He sends His gifts,
But sends them one by one;
Then let us toil, in quiet faith,
Till life's great work is done.

And while we trust, as trust the birds,
Through years that glide along;
Like happy birds that warble praise,
Our hearts shall rise in song.

Littleton, Mass.

ONLY EIGHTY-FOUR CENTS.

BY EDITH ELLIOT.

CHAPTER II.

POOR little Katy Murray was crowded in a corner trying to get warm. Her clothing was thin and scanty, and she was cold and hungry and tired of having nothing to do. She had no toys or picture books or blocks, nothing to do all day but to watch her mother stitching at the sewing machine. She went to the window to look out by way of variety, but there was nothing very attractive there. Only old forlorn looking houses opposite that seemed to stare at her with a grim and disconsolate air. Few carts and fewer carriages passed that way and the foot-passengers went by with a slow and tired step, or a drunken reel.

She could see men going into the liquor store opposite. Such beautiful flowers as they had in the window! She had never seen such beautiful plants grow in winter. It must be nice and warm in there too, she thought, for men who went in cold all seemed to come out with very red faces, as if they had been near a hot fire. No wonder so many people stopped there this cold day. She wished she could go in herself just to get warm. But then she thought of the swearing and cursing and quarreling that she heard there in summer when the windows were open.

"I should be kind o' afraid of those men after all," said she to herself, "they might kill me. I saw Bill Slocum come out of there fighting one day; he hit another man over the head with an iron poker and knocked him down. I saw the blood running all over the dirty snow by the door. A policemen and a crowd of boys gathered around, and two policemen carried the men off. They say the man died and Bill is going to be hung. His

mother feels drefful bad about it. She is 'most crazy. She says it is all liquor, for Bill would never have done it if the liquor hadn't made him crazy. Liquor must be a bad thing after all. I'll try to keep clear of liquor stores if they do look nice and tempting outside. Little Mike Murphy up stairs has to go 'most every day to bring a bottle full to his father. Mother says goin' to liquor stores is what leaves so many folks poor. That must be the reason so many folks round here is so poor. It's awful hard to be poor, too. This morning ma hadn't but three cents. She sent me for a loaf of bread. We allus useret get 'em for three cents, but they have riz now on the price. They hadn't none cheaper than four, so I had to get three rolls. 'Twan't much of a breakfast and I'm just as hungry now as I can be. Well, we're better off nor some folks. We've got a room to ourselves with a carpet on it, and a stove, and lots of things. There goes Ann Sullivan to hunt for cold victuals, and old Mis' Pounce goes round all day in the cold poking over the ash barrels. Nothing but a ragged shawl tied over her head. I should think she'd freeze. And there's Nellie Morrison. Her mother is dead and her father drunk half the time and awful cross to her. Well, I've got a mother, that's one thing. But I wish she'd stop sewing and speak to me once in a while, but then she goes stitch, stitch, stitch, and I know she's awful tired. I'm so hungry! Oh, dear! Won't I be glad when I can go to the Industrial school. I'm going when it begins again. The girls get their dinners there, and don't they have good times? Sukey Bates goes and she told me all about it. The girls go in the morning so't their mothers can go out to work. They have such a nice teacher—Miss Taft, her name is—they all like her first rate; and then at noon the ladies come there and give them their dinners—all they can eat and so good! Some days bread and molasses and some days bread and cheese, and lots of nice things. I've seen some of those ladies, Mrs. James and Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. McKee and the others. They are every one of 'em jus' as sweet and good as they can be. They look at you so kinder lovin' and pitiful. It does me good just to look at 'em. One of 'em gave me a bunch of flowers last summer as I was a goin' by, and another gave me some cherries."

This long soliloquy was interrupted here by the unexpected appearance of a carriage and two horses driving up the street, which, to her astonishment, stopped at the door of the crazy old tenement house where she lived. The next minute Mrs. Starr knocked and was admitted.

Dreary and dingy enough did the old house seem to the lovely Mrs. Starr, about whose own person and house everything was the perfection of neatness and fragrance.

Never before had she entered such an abode of poverty, and the sights and smells which greeted her eye and nose seemed to her disgusting and odious in the extreme. At first she doubted whether this was the right house. There was no bell or knocker and the number upon the door was partly effaced. Entering the door,

which was open into the dark dirty entry, she knocked at the first door inside. "Come in," was heard, and entering she saw poor little Jennie's pale face and her mother at the sewing machine with a large pile of summer coats at her side.

The greasy rag carpet which Jennie had thought so valuable seemed to Mrs. Starr much worse than a bare floor, which might have been kept clean. The general aspect of the room was scant, dirty, and disorderly, in short anything but inviting, and Mrs. Starr hastened to make known her errand.

Ascertaining that Mrs. Smith lived in the house but was out that day in search of employment, she left a message for her and was about to leave the house, when, noticing the woman's pale, anxious face as she turned wearily again to her sewing machine, it occurred to her that she might help her in some way.

"Could you do some stitching for me?" asked she.

"I am afraid not, ma'am," was the reply. "I don't expect to have this machine long enough to do anything more than these coats."

"Then it is not yours?" asked Mrs. Starr.

"No, ma'am. I was to pay for it by installments. I paid five dollars down and was to pay five more every month till it was all paid for, but I haven't been able to get enough work to do to raise the money, and the man was here yesterday for the next payment. I hadn't five cents, let alone five dollars, and so he said he should have to take it back."

"And you will have to lose the money you have paid?"

"Yes, I shall have to lose it all. I thought when I took it that I should be able to get work enough from the shops to make an honest living, for I never had to beg yet and I don't want to be beholden to anybody. All I want is work to do and strength to do it; but all I've been able to get is these coats. There are fourteen of them. There's a great deal of work on them and bothersome work too for one as isn't used to it. I've been nigh onto three weeks a makin' on 'em, and I've stuck to 'em pretty close, and let the housework go, an' things look bad enough as you see. I like to be clean and decent as well as anybody, but when children are hungry 'twont do to be too particular. I've had to let things go till the room looks so bad I hate to see it. I'm in hopes to get the coats done to take home this afternoon and get my pay."

"I hope they pay you well," said Mrs. Starr.

"They don't pay much—six cents apiece. Only eighty-four cents for the whole of them," and noticing Mrs. Starr's astonished expression she added, "taint much, but 'twas the best I could do."

Mrs. Starr saw that she was detaining her from her work, and with a few hasty words of sympathy and cheer she returned to her carriage.

"Only eighty-four cents for three weeks' work!" she thought to herself. "How perfectly dreadful? I wish I could help them. I felt like giving her some money but I remembered I hadn't a cent left with me, and then

she has considerable pride; one can easily see that she would dislike to take money as a charity. We must try to find work for her. I'll speak to Edith about her."

And so she did the very next day, and found her not only interested but prompt and energetic in devising and executing means of relief. And as Fanny from time to time after this, visited the homes of the poor and the suffering with her sister, her kind heart and impulsive generosity found free scope and her energies full exercise in finding employment for the destitute and in giving help to the helpless; and as the sisters went day by day together on their errands of mercy, they tasted all the sweetness that one feels in imitating the example of Him who pleased not himself, but who went about doing good.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Twelve.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"And the twain shall be one flesh." After a while. Not just at first, dear Alice, unless "the twain" are still dwellers in Paradise. Perhaps Adam and Eve alone in their leafy Eden, pure and spotless from the creative hand of God, un vexed as yet by earthly cares, unworn by earthly sorrows, unwarped by diverse training, and "takin' no thought for the morrow, what they should eat, or what they should drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed,"—it is very possible that they may at once have become "one," one in hope, one in sympathy, one in desire, one in happiness and one in holiness, even as afterward they were one in sin and one in sorrow. It is beautiful to think of them—the first wedded lovers, standing hand in hand on the far-off verge of time just awakened to the joy and surprise of a conscious existence, gazing into each other's eyes with ever new delight, wondering at each other and at the beautiful world about them, every inch of which was unexplored ground, whose marvels they were to search out together—yet with nothing strange or startling in their new relationship, with no doubts of their adaptation to each other's needs, with no old ways to unlearn, no old prejudices to renounce, no old faults to conquer. *That* match, at least, was made in Heaven.

But the young husbands and wives of to-day have much to learn and much to unlearn—they have need to give much and to lose much before it can truly be said of them that "the twain are one." That it can ever be said at all is, perhaps, more surprising than that it should be said only after months and years of waiting. When we consider how little, in most cases, young people know of each other, how differently they have been trained and educated, how each family has its own idiosyncrasies, its own peculiar modes of thought and action; when we find such sharp contrasts in character and disposition and see how differently different minds regard the same subject, we are more inclined to wonder at the harmony that does exist, than to complain of the want of it. Take, for instance, two families of the same

rank and position in society, between other is as the "shadow of a great whom an alliance would seem eminently fitting and desirable. Yet in But--and this is a very large but--this thought and life--the real life of which mutual love of which we have been the world sees so little, they may be as unlike as light and darkness. What would seem to one only judicious and praiseworthy economy, the other may regard as niggardly parsimony. What to one would be reasonable indulgence in pleasures healthful both for mind and body, to the other may seem idleness and frivolity. What the one would regard as eminently right and wise and proper, to the other may seem exactly the reverse. And so on through all the multitudinous affairs of this chequered human life.

Now let a son and daughter of these respective families marry, each molded and fashioned by the training to which they have been subjected, and the circumstances that have surrounded them. Are they one? Will the love of the halcyon days of courtship and romance, the blessing of the priest, the endearments of the honeymoon be powerful enough to bring all these discordant elements at once into entire harmony? Are "the twain one flesh?" Verily, no. They are two distinct individualities, of diverse wills and habits, and rules of action. Only years and discipline and the silent influence of all-enduring, all-pervading love, can make them truly one.

"Only years and discipline!" you repeat, and I think I hear a faint little sigh as your voice falls. "How many must be the years, and how long and how severe the discipline?"

That depends, dear Alice. Depends in a good degree upon circumstances, in a great degree upon temperament, and in the greatest degree, perhaps, upon what you and Philip will in the matter. Not that I mean you and Philip especially—but merely as you represent young wives and husbands in the aggregate.

Self-pleasing and self-seeking self-love in all its various forms and modifications, is perhaps the first thing—and the last—that interposes between husband and wife. You cannot be happy as Philip's wife, if you think first of your own happiness, your own comfort, your own ease, and afterwards of his. He cannot be happy as your husband, if in the pursuit of his own gratification, his own pleasure, he ignores your wishes, and forgets your claim, as the weaker party, to his forbearance, to his indulgence, to his gentle, tender care. I have utterly failed in the purpose of these letters, my dear Alice, if I have not shown you that your happiness lies together, or it lies nowhere. The whole matter is in a nutshell. If husbands and wives are not happy in each other, they are not truly happy at all. If their love is not a rose shedding its perfume all about their way, it is an ever rankling thorn. On the other hand if their relationship is such as God designed that it should be—such an one as every pure and earnest human heart craves,—if it is the close, sweet tie that wedlock ought to be, they will be blest in spite of trials, in spite of sorrows, in spite of losses, in spite of tears. They will feel that all else can be borne as long as they are left to each other. Each to the

other is as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But--and this is a very large but--this attachment you have not a shadow of a doubt, who yet contrive to make each other unceasingly miserable. There must be assimilation as well as love.

A friend who has recently seen you was speaking to me the other day of your married life. What do you think she said? Just this. "Philip and Alice are growing more and more alike year by year. Philip is more patient, more tender, more womanly; she is stronger and more thoughtful; her character has gained in depth and in devotedness. She has given him of her sterling womanly qualities, he has given her of his manly strength."

That is what I mean by assimilation, Alice—the gradual blending of two opposite natures until they become one perfect and harmonious whole. It is worth waiting for; it is worth striving for; it is worth toil and sacrifice, it is worth pain, and the loss of much that has been held precious. It is worth the giving up of self, the overcoming of prejudice, the smothering of some tastes, the awakening from some dear dreams. For married life is not, after all, just what young people imagine it. There is in it a vast deal more of plain prose than of poetry, of the real than of the ideal, of the toil and more of the practical, every day life, than of wanderings by Arcadian streams.

Yes, it is worth waiting for, this gradual assimilation by which husband and wife at last become really one. It is not the work of an hour or of a day, of a month or of a year. Neither do I say that it can always be accomplished even by a lifetime of sacrifice, of forbearance, of love. Some natures are utterly antagonistic. They repel each other as the opposite poles of the magnet. In spite of themselves, perhaps, they grow farther and farther apart, until the distance between them can only be measured by immensity itself. Of these exceptional cases I have nothing to say. The patient endurance of a bond that should never have been woven is all at which they can aim. But in most instances, thank God! husband and wife can adapt themselves to each other and be happy, *if they will*.

Much has been said and sung of young love. Ah, Alice! the old love is the best. The love that has endured much and forborne much; that has forgiven and has been forgiven many times, even, mayhap, unto the "seventy times seven;" the love that has outlived passion and become holy as a sacrament; the love that has done with doubts and distrusts and jealousies; that trusts itself and its object as it trusts the God who called it into being; the love that can look backward upon long years of mutual love, and help, and sympathy, upon troubles encountered together, upon temptations overcome, upon triumphs and successes rendered doubly sweet in the sharing, upon grass-grown graves over which neither has wept alone—the love that can look back-

ward upon all these, and forward to a still brighter life in the great Hereafter—this old, long-enduring love is surely something better and dearer than any young love of which minstrel has sung or poet dreamed.

May this love be yours, dear Alice. May this love which brings with it more of blessedness than of happiness, this utter rest of the heart, this sweet settled assurance whose serene depths no storms can disturb, come at last to you and to Philip. I prophesy it will.

Looking forward into the coming years, I see you standing upon the brow of the hill, just ready to begin the long descent. Around you are grouped the sons and daughters who are your pride,—as you are theirs—tall, manly boys, chivalric in their love for the mother who is the friend and confidant of their dawning manhood, as she was but a little while ago the guardian of their infant slumbers; and fair young girls—as fair as you are now—who under your gentle guidance will tread the same path that you have trodden, and make other homes as bright as you have made yours. Your eye has lost somewhat of its sparkle, but it has gained in depth and in spirituality. Your cheek has lost somewhat of its first freshness and your step is not as light as it was when Philip led you to the altar. Ah, my child, you are older by five and twenty years!

But do you think Philip knows it? call him to your side and ask him. Say to him "Philip, look at these boys and girls. I am their mother. I have given to them my strength, my beauty, my youth. My husband, your wife is growing old."

What does he answer you:

Ah! the soft color steals back to the faded cheek, the sweet lips curve and tremble, even as they trembled in the long ago when they whispered a maidenly "yes" in response to his first, fond pleadings. Putting back the hair from your forehead with a light, caressing touch, while he draws you closer to his side, he whispers:

"My wife can never grow old. Her eye may grow dim, her soft brown hair may be streaked with silver, her form may lose its lightness and her step grow weary with the march of life. But, nevertheless, souls grow not old, and my wife is crowned with immortal youth, —immortal as our love!"

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Number Four.

BY VERONICA.

The nights and mornings are so deliciously cool that we are becoming laggards. Beds made with fragrant pine boughs for feathers bear us as far into the mysterious realms of dreamland as those of eider down. The call of "breakfast" finds us yawning and wishing for "just a few minutes more sleep." After an exhaustive effort at dressing, with eyes partly open, we are finally enabled to present ourselves at the breakfast table, there to obey the command, "Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might." This accomplished,

we leave our pleasant camp for a short

trip of seven miles to the Yellowstone Lake. The trail seems to us the most picturesque of the whole route, being mostly by the riverside and presenting beautiful views every mile. We are each moment surprised by its varied landscape, now entering the cool recesses of a shady forest; now crossing an open grassy lawn, sloping down to the river's edge, so smooth that we involuntarily glance around for the warning sign, "Keep off the grass." Presently all else is absorbed in a magnificent view of the Yellowstone Lake, extending far as the eye can reach; hemmed in by snow-topped mountains; dotted with numerous well wooded islands. Its grandeur is increased by the hazy blue atmosphere which hangs over its surface, as if to lull the waters to slumber. It possesses an indescribable fascination for eyes so long accustomed to land alone. Soon the white tent is placed by the lake's side, within sound of its murmurs, and we are again "at home."

Afternoon finds us rambling on the wide beach, wondering at the polished stones, curious arrowheads, and at the water's mirror-like surface, being so clear that the trees near its bank, vain of their delicate cones and feathery evergreen beauties, proudly flung their stately shadows out into its depths. The next thought is a boat. And when one is discovered and strong arms are at the oars, we yet enter tremblingly, for the water once so calm seems agitated at the idea of our venturing upon its waves, which now roll threateningly about our frail craft with foamy white caps on their edge. Finally we conclude that constant bailing is too laborious and pronouncing our bark unseaworthy, return to shore where it is landed and calked for next day's exploits.

Game, especially of the fowl kind is abundant, but being very wild, much strategy is necessary to capture it. All fish found in the lake are rendered inedible from being infested with worms.

After another night's repose we are awakened by the sound of a shrill whistle, as of a steamer entering port, and upon inquiring find the noise proceeds from what are known as the Steamboat Springs, distant from us twelve miles, yet because of the pure, morning atmosphere, we hear them distinctly. Later in the day a portion of our party, curious to see these springs, leave camp for the twelve miles row across the lake and back. As they are late returning we build a fire on the beach, at dusk, to lighten their way, and soon hear floating over the water the well known strains of "Home Again." They report the springs quite wonderful, for though no water is seen the steam rushes through narrow orifices with such power as to cause the ground in their immediate vicinity to tremble violently. The noise nearly deafens one when in close proximity. Truly in this case, "Distance lends enchantment."

Mother Earth has so long worn summer's emerald mantel that now autumn, jealous of her rights, is robbing the fair form in brilliant colors, turning the emeralds to rubies, and working magic changes in the thousand dainty banners the trees are wav-

ing and in the delicate ferns and grasses found on the lakes margin. Some of these beauties are pressed for autumn wreaths or bouquets, and after many lingering looks we leave the lake camp and its pleasant surroundings. The direct route takes us again past the mud geysers and on to Sulphur Mountain. The composition of this immense mass is mainly sulphur, the springs at its base being highly impregnated with the same. The main spring is worthy of note. Its crater is double, one might say, resembling one bowl set in another larger one, the tops being ornamented with formation and tinted by the sulphur. The many other springs, less in size and beauty scarcely deserve mention. Passing on, a cold rain storm hurries us into camp within a mile of the Grand Canyon and Falls of the Yellowstone.

Succeeding the storm is the calm, and a bright morning finds the party wending its way to this (as many think) the finest scenery of the Park. Dismounting, the horses are made fast in a shady clump of trees and we proceed to climb very cautiously to rocks which jut out over one side of the Canyon there to obtain a better view and what a magnificent sight our eyes behold! At our right are the Lower Falls where the Yellowstone's immense volume of water takes the fearful leap of 350 feet, falling with such impetus as to throw back the spray one-third that distance. This misty veil of spray gives to the Falls the crowning effect, especially if the sun can steal a march upon its glittering particles and mirror rainbows in them. Moran, the artist was lowered by ropes to the base of the Falls there to obtain a perfect view and complete his famous painting which now, we believe, hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The canyon is from 1000 to 1500 feet in depth and is truly grand. From our perch a stone is nine seconds falling to the bottom and the distance calculated to be nearly 1300 feet. The river looks as though it were but a silver thread. The walls are of a reddish-yellow cast and appear as though chiseled into form and hardened by action of the water. We see the most fantastic shapes and if the imagination has full scope it will spirit us away in a day dream of airy temples, ruined castles, giant faces and figures. But day dreaming is a poor occupation in this the nineteenth century, so let us be up and going although leaving behind a wondrous work of the All-powerful One.

The next point of interest on our homeward-bound way is Mount Washburn, a peak 13,200 feet above sea level. And indeed, by the time the summit is reached we could testify that every foot was good measure—fully twelve inches. Here with field glasses we command the view of a very extensive region—the Yellowstone Lake, River and Geyser Basin. The day is bright and calm but at this altitude much suffering is caused by the intense cold and in fear of becoming genuine icicles, we hasten to descend.

Our noon camp is at Tower Falls on Tower Creek. The surrounding scenery is quite romantic but the falls

bear no comparison with those of the Yellowstone.

The trees here, also in many other places along the route, constitute a series of autograph albums. A portion of the bark is hewn off, the tree smoothed, and travelers' names, with dates inscribed thereon. Ours are also written there for the sake of "doing as others do." One day more and we are again at the Mammoth Hot Springs, Our pen has already attempted a description of these which will suffice, and now, dear readers, we must separate. Hoping that these "Echoes" will serve to interest and instruct, we make a retiring bow, and trust to our readers that,

"Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song."

MEN'S PART IN HOME-MAKING.

Most of the preachers we have seen from the text of happy homes have been aimed at the women. This is natural enough, for they are the home-makers of the world; and in a future number we shall "join in the chorus," and also say something to the young folks about their part in a work from which no responsible member of the family can be excused. But just now we desire to nudge the heads of the households, and ask them how they are performing their responsible part in the realm of home. Their forte lies in breathing and enjoying the atmosphere after somebody else has made it—and not a few can't get along and make known their authority without "raising a breeze" in it. Men are too busy, too much pre-occupied, too impatient and thoughtless, and—it must be said of some of them—too selfish to do their fair share of that pre-eminently millennial work, the creating of a happy home, wherein love reigns supreme, and amiability, affection, cheerfulness, joy and peace are the natural conditions of family life.

Now in certain things man has been a constitutional shirk from the time of Adam—if the scientific gentleman have left us any Adam—down to this day. Men will fight for their homes, and make slaves of themselves to their business to maintain them; but like the proverbial man who would die for a woman, but would never bring up a scuttle of coal, they can't tell what their children are studying at school, who their mates are, what they are learning of good or evil, nor hardly anything else that a father ought to know concerning his offspring. It is so sad a fact as to spoil the satire, when it is said that many a father finds his Sundays and holidays too few to enable him to "become acquainted with his boys." But we maintain that a man who hasn't time to be a father to his children, with all that includes, has no right to have any. He wrongs them, robs himself, puts an unjust responsibility upon the mother, and neglects his highest duties, human and divine.

There are so many ways in which a father may contribute to happy home-life that it seems strange the number of houses should so greatly exceed the homes. It takes so little to make children happy at home, that it is a wondrous pity so many little ones are

miserable, or uneasy, or discontented. If for an hour after the evening meal the father should give himself to his children, would the mother wear out so fast, or the children so lawless, troublesome and uncomfortable? What a ministry for good to both parties is a papa's frolic with the babies! What an interest is added to the books, the drawings, the games, or even the studies if the father enters into them!

Aside from the children, and in homes where haply there are none, men still have a more direct part than most of them are ready to bear, in making the daily life pleasant. We hardly need say that a man should set the example for the family in patience, cheerfulness, courtesy, forbearance, and all the amiable moods and graces that are the soul of home happiness. The sort of men who display all their suavity and politeness on the street or at their business places, and save the storms, and sulks, and sourness, and all the evil brood of devilish dispositions that they characterize by the convenient euphemism of "moods"—well we have our opinion of them! and if they will come within range we don't mind expressing it privately; but we are afraid it wouldn't look well in print!

The whole tribe of home tyrants—men who make the entire household revolve around them as the center; whose tongues are chronically "furred" in the morning, and nerves so upset in the evening that the family must keep silence while they read and smoke; who "can't bear" the noise of innocent and natural mirthfulness; who have to be toadied and tended and humored; they ought all of them to be doomed to pass their days in a shabby-genteel boarding houses, without sight of wife or children—with hash for breakfast, warmed over pancakes for lunch, and lean mackerel and centennial hens for supper, with the lodger overhead always learning the trombone and servant girls that steal the hair-oil. They don't deserve a home, and no man does who will do nothing to make it. For man's rights do not include the right to all the comforts of a home without any of the work, or worry, or self-sacrifice, or thoughtfulness and well-doing incident to its creation and maintenance.

A good many men think they have done their full duty if they pay the bills, more or less grudgingly. But one might as well try to warm a room with a fire-place and a pair of silver-plated andirons, and no fuel or fire, as to make a home with money. The money simply makes a place for the home; to complete it the man must put in himself, and the best part of himself at that.—*Golden Rule.*

ABOUT A BRUSH FENCE.

While the editor was an amateur farmer he attempted to build a brush fence. The object of the fence was to keep the cattle out of a field adjoining their pasture lot, in which we were going to sow alfalfa.

Now the value of a brush fence depends upon its bristling outward like an abattis. The rougher the material the better. We went into the chaparral. We cut the tangled under-

growth and dragged it to our fence. The work was far from agreeable, and the workers were often tempted to grumble at the thorns, that tore the clothes or even the flesh, and at the bushes which held the branches we were trying to drag through them. But why grumble? It was the brush that we wanted. The rougher and thornier the brush, the better the fence. The fact that the work was hard and annoying showed that the material was excellent. We might easily have cut nice, pliant branches, that it would have been easy to handle. But what would our fence have been worth? The cattle would have eaten it up and trampled it down. It would not have protected our alfalfa field. The logic of our grumbling was this: We wanted the brush to be nice, soft and pliant, while we were handling it, and to become very rough, thorny and tangled as soon as it was put on the fence. We wanted it to be pleasant to us but unpleasant to the cattle.

This kind of practically absurd logic is not confined to builders of brush fences. It is the logic of grumblers everywhere. I once heard a man, who was trimming his Osage orange hedge, swearing roundly at the thorns. I said to him: "Why did you plant such a thorny hedge as that? Why didn't you plant a hedge of willows; they would have been so nice to trim?" "Willows," he said with a sneer, "much protection would they have been to my orchard. It is the thorns that do the business. The cattle won't go through them." "Oh," I replied, looking as innocent as I could, "I thought, by the way you were cursing the thorns that you were disappointed in some way by them; that you planted a hedge that you supposed would be pleasant to trim, and that somehow it had turned to thorns just to spite you."

The blacksmith scolds because the iron is so hard. He might have taken lead if he didn't want hard metal. The cabinet maker calls the rosewood or the oak provokingly tough, as he dresses it. Why doesn't he work in pine then? We would like to have God's laws bend and twist to suit our convenience. We would like to play fast and loose with them, to have them relax to give us an easy time; then stiffen and toughen for our protection. The sailor wishes the anchor light while he draws it up, but as heavy as possible when it is down in the sea, and holding his vessel against wind or tide. As with natural, so with moral laws; we like them until we want to violate them just once, and then their inflexible strength and constancy annoy us. Why can't God give a little margin to the Ten Commandments? Why can't he let us gratify our lusts and passions, now and then, with impunity? We would not for a thousand worlds have those commandments abrogated. They are the safeguard of our lives and our homes; without them society would be a chaos of lawlessness and crime. But they are so thorny. They bristle so with their "Thou shalt not" wherever we turn. Well, it is a grand and glorious fact that God's law has no pliancy, that it is ever the same. Let us learn to rejoice in that fact even when its strictness tempts us to murmur.—*The Occident.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWBURY SPRINGS, VT., }
Aug. 8, 1877. }

In the family of Mrs. Wm. Clark, at "Montebello," in Newbury, the remarkable fact was noticed this season that among her guests there were represented six nationalities; eight have been born in the United States, one in South America, two in France, two in Hungary, one in India, and one in Prussia. The different languages spoken by these fifteen guests are English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Dutch, Hungarian, Marathi (Hindoostanee), Turkish, and Armenian. The guests at the Spring Hotel, kept by that prince of landlords, R. W. Chamberlin, speak English principally; one or two speak the French language.

Since our last communication we have been rambling in the state of New Hampshire. We attended the Centennial Celebration of the town of Antrim, which occurred on Wednesday, June 27th, 1877. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells at sunrise. A procession was formed under the direction of the chief marshal at nine o'clock and marched to the church. Reed P. Whittemore, Esq., was announced as President of the Day, who delivered a short address of welcome followed by invocation of Divine blessing, scripture reading, singing, prayer, reading town charter, and music. The principal oration was delivered by Prof. James E. Vose, of Ashburnham, Mass., and followed by a poem from Prof. J. W. Barber, of Buffalo, N. Y. Singing by the choir, and music by the band closed the morning exercises. Dinner was then announced, and a social half hour was spent enlivened by music from the Hillsboro and New Boston bands.

The after dinner exercises commenced with toasts or responses to sentiment. Through the kindness of David Goodell, Esq., and Dr. Morris Christie, members of the committee of arrangements, your correspondent was furnished with a desirable seat upon the platform. Some of the toasts were as follows: "Scotch character—still marked by grit and grace;" Hon. Chas. Adams, Jr., Boston. "Hardihood and toil of the fathers and mothers of Antrim;" Isaac Baldwin, Esq., Clinton, Iowa. "Influence of the hilltowns on the destiny of our country;" Rev. J. M. Whiton, principal of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass. "Lawyers of Antrim," by Frank H. Pierce, Esq., Concord, N. H., nephew of the late President Pierce. "Rev. J. M. Whiton, D. D.—his life a gospel of peace;" Prof. Cyrus Baldwin, Meriden, N. H. "Antrim forty years ago;" Col. S. I. Vose, Peterboro. Among the closing responses was a recitation finely rendered by Mrs. E. M. Huntley, of Milford.

After these responses the procession reformed and marched to the old parade ground on Meeting House Hill, from which lofty summit can be seen one of the grandest views in Hillsboro county. Rev. W. R. Cochrane, pastor of the church, delivered here a historic statement, and the band played a dirge over Old Century.

Through the politeness of Mrs. Anna M. Woodbury, who organized, completed and carried through successful-

ly the antiquarian department, I was shown many unique relics or heirlooms of "Auld Lang Syne," so to speak, and not having time to give you a complete catalogue, will mention only a few. The first to which my attention was directed was a deed written in 1698, and executed on parchment, contributed by Mrs. B. H. Whitney; Isaac Baldwin's ancient family bible, contributed by Mrs. Major B. R. Jenne, Brattleboro, Vt.; an old cabinet 150 years old, property of John M. Carr. One of the most quaint articles was a spontoon, a weapon of warfare carried by Robert Matthews in the Revolutionary war, now the property of B. Frank Hunt. The color standard had a spear head nine inches long, and the entire length some seven feet.

A few well selected words from the President, and the benediction, closed the exercises of the day, previous to which the closing hymn was sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. I here-with present you an extract from the same:

"We bring thee here, our father's God,
Our tribute warm and deep,
Where once our sires in vigor trod,
Where now in death they sleep.

But o'er their dust we pray that we
May touch Thy garment hem;
And the same voice acknowledge thee
That bids farewell to them.

And since our sires through all the past
Were safe to rest or roam,
We trust our father's God at last
Will bring their children home!"

CHORUS—

Of Auld Lang Syne we sing,
Of Auld Lang Syne;
We'll drop a tear in memory here
Of Auld Lang Syne."

RUSH.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

1. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their *honest opinion* of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—Wishing to relieve your readers of some of their hard rubbing on washday, I advise them to try Dobbins' Electric Soap, knowing that after giving it one trial they will pronounce it as I do, the very best soap ever made. It does away with rubbing or boiling the clothes altogether, and avoids the unhealthy steam through the house on a wash day.

MRS. GEO. PERRY.
Black River Falls, Wis.

MR. CROWELL:—I received my bar of Dobbins' Soap, and take pleasure in recommending it to all who wish to do their washing quickly, and easily. Respectfully, MRS. F. B. THORP.

Fairfield, Conn.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I can with pleasure recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by I. S. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., as being the *very best* soap I ever used. I have used it for five years and found it the best labor-saving and least destructive soap of any I ever saw. There is no other soap to be compared with it. It will go farther than three bars of any other

soap I have ever tried, and I am very anxious that others should be benefited by it. I know that clothes will wear longer, wash easier, and retain their whiteness better, with Dobbins' Electric Soap, than with any other washing soap or fluid ever made.

Mrs. W. D. HART.

East China, Mich.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to express my thanks to "Aunt Matilda," for her introduction to us of THE HOUSEHOLD family, of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I have tried it and am delighted with it. Contrary to the rule, it is an article that will bear *all* that can be said in its praise. I do wish that every woman who reads THE HOUSEHOLD would try it for herself, and write you her opinion of it. If every one knew of this soap and its most wonderful merit no other soap could be sold. If your grocer don't keep it, dear sisters, send fifteen cents to pay the postage on a sample bar, to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and they will send you a sample gratis, at least they did to me.

MRS. JENNIE WARDER.

Ithica, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I say a word to your thousands of readers all over the country, in regard to an article I see mentioned in your columns? If I may it is this: Try Dobbins' Electric Soap, once, and see what you think of it. Try it for your own interests, not for mine, nor for its manufacturers. I have used it for years, and I would no more use any other soap than I would fly. I am not going to tell of its merits for that would take all of your paper, just try it and it will tell its own story, and I will guarantee that its story will be a surprise to many.

MRS. C. A. CALDWELL.

South Boston, Mass.

WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

The perfect accuracy with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take for example the electro-magnetic telegraph—the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to exactly locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with those most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be tomorrow in Florida or New York, as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain signs. From these the scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. A few fossils sent to the expert geologist enables him to accurately determine the rock-formation from which they were taken. He can describe it to you as perfectly as if a cleft of it were lying on his table. So also the chemist can determine the constitution of the sun as accurately as if that luminary were not ninety-five million miles from his laboratory. The sun sends certain signs over the "infinity of space" and the chemist classifies them by passing them through the spectroscope. Only the presence of certain substances could produce these solar signs. So also, in

medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, Dr. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, has been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases without seeing and personally examining his patients. He has spared neither pains nor expense to associate with himself, as the Faculty of the World's Dispensary, a large number of medical gentlemen of rare attainments and skill—graduates from some of the most famous Medical Colleges and Universities of both Europe and America. By aid of Dr. Pierce's system of diagnosis, these physicians and surgeons annually treat, with the most gratifying success, many thousands of invalids without ever seeing them in person. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient they claim to possess no miraculous powers. They attain their knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application of well established principles of modern science to the practice of medicine. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed them that they owe their almost world-wide reputation for the skillful treatment of all lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which being subjected to scientific analysis or synthesis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The amplest resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. The peculiarities of this scientific system of practice are fully explained in the Appendix of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of over nine hundred large pages, which is so popular as to have reached a sale of almost one hundred thousand copies within a few months of its first publication. It is sent (post-paid) by the Author to any address, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address, R. V. Pierce, M. D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

PASSUMPSIC RAILROAD.

New Short Route to Montreal—The completion of the South Eastern Railway from Newport, Vt., to West Farnham, P. Q., opens a new short route from New York, Boston, and all points East and South to Montreal, which offers special attractions to all classes of travelers. It is the only direct route between the White Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, and Montreal.

Pullman sleeping car on 5:35 p. m. train from Boston goes through to Montreal, via Newport, without change.

For the White and Franconia Mountains, and Lake Memphremagog.—This is the most direct and pleasant route to White and Franconia Mountains, Lake Willoughby, and Lake Memphremagog, passing near the villages of Norwich, Vt., Hanover, N. H., (where is located the celebrated Dartmouth College,) Thetford, Vt., Lyme, N. H., Fairlee, Vt., Orford, N. H., Bradford, Vt., Haverhill, N. H., Newbury, Vt., (the location of the sulphur springs, much resorted to for their medicinal qualities,) Wells River, Vt., (where White Mountains Railway connects for Littleton, Fabyans, and Crawford House,) Barnet, St. Johnsbury, Lyndonville, Barton, Newport, (the head

of Lake Memphremagog,) North Derby, Stanstead, Ayers Flat, North Hatley, and Sherbrooke.

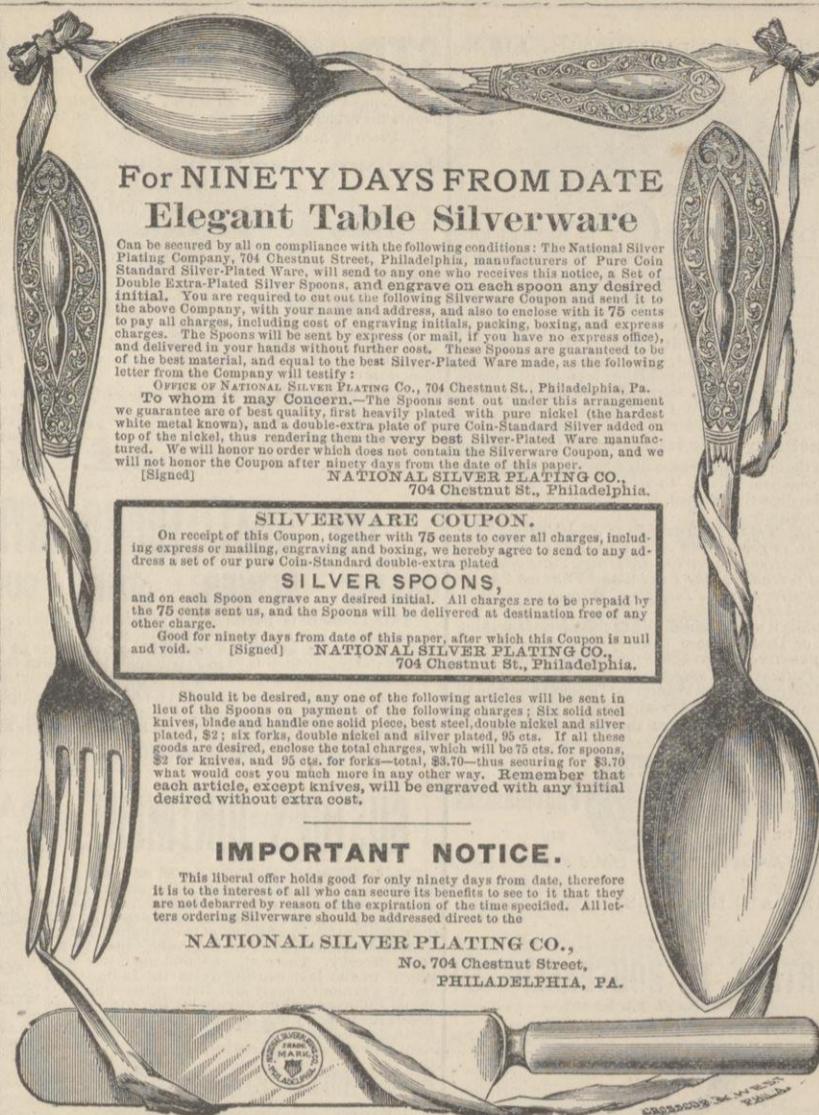
New York or Boston to Quebec.—This is the established mail route, and is shorter and quicker than any other. Unrivalled attractions for both pleasure seekers and business men. Connections, at Sherbrooke, with Grand Trunk Railway for Portland, Quebec, Montreal, and the West, also with Quebec Central and International Railways. At Newport, with South Eastern Railway, for Richford, West Farnham, St. Johns, and Montreal, also with steamboat, daily (during the pleasure-travel season) for Magog. At St. Johnsbury, with Portland and Ogdensburg Railway, for Danville, Hyde Park, Morrisville, Cambridge, Swanton, West Concord, etc. At Wells River, with White Mountains Railway, for Littleton and Fabyans, (the nearest railway station to the Franconia Mountains,) and Boston, Concord and Montreal Railway, for Concord Manchester, Portsmouth, Nashua, Worcester, Providence, Lowell, Lawrence and Boston, also with Montpelier and Wells River Railway for Montpelier. At White River Junction with Northern (N. H.) Railway for Concord, Manchester, Portsmouth, Nashua, Worcester, Providence, Lowell, Lawrence and Boston; with Central Vermont Railway for Waterbury, Mt. Mansfield, Montpelier, Burlington, Ogdensburg and Saratoga Springs; with Central Vermont and Connecticut River Line for Windsor, Bellows Falls, Rutland, Saratoga Springs, Keene, Fitchburg, Worcester, Providence, Brattleboro, Northampton, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, New York and Southern cities.

H. E. FOLSOM, Supt., Lyndonville.

N. P. LOVERING, Jr., General Ticket Agent, Lyndonville.

W. RAYMOND, Gen'l Agent, 240 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November presents an unusually attractive table of contents. Henry James, Jr., writes in his best vein of "London at Midsummer." A sketch of American rural life, "The Doings and Goings on of Hired Girls," by Mary Dean. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, author of a well-known work on the Tyrol, contributes an interesting historical paper, "The Flight of a Princess," based on documents recently discovered in the Austrian archives; and Hugh Craig describes the celebrated church or mosque of Saint Sophia, at Constantinople, and the remarkable events of which it has been the scene. The illustrated papers, "Chester and the Dee" and "Baden and Allerheiligen," are by Lady Blanche Murphy and T. Adolphus Trollope. The new serial, "For Percival," is also illustrated. Mrs. Davis's story, "A Law unto Herself," is brought to a conclusion in a well contrived denouement. The shorter stories are by Will Wallace Harney and Virginia W. Johnson; and the poetry by Epes Sargent, Oscar Laighton and C. Rosell. "Russian and Turkish Music," in the "Monthly Gossip," is a lively paper; and "The Literature of the Day" comprises notices of Mr. Parkinson's new work, Daudet's Jack, and other recent publications.



For NINETY DAYS FROM DATE Elegant Table Silverware

Can be secured by all on compliance with the following conditions: The National Silver Plating Company, 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, manufacturers of Pure Coin Standard Silver-Plated Ware, will send to any one who receives this notice, a Set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spoon any desired initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon and send it to the above Company, with your name and address, and also to enclose with it 75 cents to pay all charges, including cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The Spoons will be sent by express (or mail, if you have no express office), and delivered in your hands without further cost. These Spoons are guaranteed to be of the best quality, equal to the best Silver-Plated Ware made, as the following letter from the Company will testify:

OFFICE OF NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
To whom it may Concern.—The Spoons sent out under this arrangement we guarantee are of best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double-extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver-Plated Ware manufactured. We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper.
[Signed]

NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SILVERWARE COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75 cents to cover all charges, including express or mailing, engraving and boxing, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our pure Coin-Standard double-extra plated

SILVER SPOONS,
and on each Spoon engrave any desired initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75 cents sent us, and the Spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charge.
Good for ninety days from date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void.
[Signed]

NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the Spoons on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, double nickel and silver plated, \$2; six forks, double nickel and silver plated, 95 cts. If all these goods are desired, enclose the total charges, which will be 75 cts. for spoons, \$2 for knives, and 95 cts. for forks—total, \$3.70—thus securing for \$3.70 what would cost you much more in any other way. Remember that each article, except knives, will be engraved with any initial desired without extra cost.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This liberal offer holds good for only ninety days from date, therefore it is to the interest of all who can secure its benefits to see to it that they are not debarred by reason of the expiration of the time specified. All letters ordering Silverware should be addressed direct to the

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Persons who design to compete for the above mentioned prize are requested to send their articles to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD on or before Dec. 15th, 1877. With each manuscript is to be sent the name and address of the writer in a sealed envelope which will not be opened until the purse has been awarded by a committee of three disinterested persons. No pains will be spared to insure an impartial decision in accordance with the merits of the contributions.

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ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER begins the fifth volume with generous measure. It is closely packed with autumn cheer, and its chief attraction is a clearly written article on how to get up home-made Christmas gifts, giving the youngsters just the kind of work they like, for filling the long in-door evenings. The paper occupies twenty-two pages and has forty-six illustrations. Professor Proctor furnishes a timely contribution, with six illustrations, about "Mars, the Planet of War." Under the title "Chased by Wolves," there is a stirring account, with a telling picture, of an adventure such as boys delight in. The girls will find great attractions in a capital illustrated story called "Mollie's Boyhood," in the historical sketch "A Child-queen," with the accompanying frontispiece by Fredericks; and in the cleverly named and touching little tale, "Polly: a Before-Christmas Story." Younger readers will rejoice in Mr. Judson's account of "Nimble Jim and the Magic Melon," and in the delightful pictures by Bensell that go with it. They will ponder the tantalizing mystery of "The Story that would not be told," and pore over its thrilling picture of ogres and little boys. The pretty poem, "The Willow Wand," with illustrations by Jessie Curtis, will charm children of all growths; and there is a lovely little Thanksgiving Hymn by Mary Mapes Dodge, to the music of William K. Bassford. The Departments are fresh and entertaining, especially the "Letter-Box," which treats the young folks to two poems from the lately found book, "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, and the boys particularly, to a kindly letter of advice from General W. T. Sherman of the U. S. Army, besides telling the latest news about the Moons of Mars, and talking of the Russo-Turkish war. The whole number, in typography, make-up, and quality and execution of engravings, shows how much can be done in the way of providing the young folks with a Fine Art Magazine.

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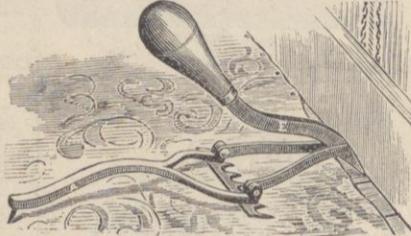
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10-3h

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This well known remedy has effected so many
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For the prompt relief and cure of
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OF THE

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A Case of Consumption.

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Gentlemen—Mrs. Smith gives me the foregoing certificate of the efficacy of your medicine in her case. She is an acquaintance of mine, and took the Balsam on the strength of my certificate, which she saw in the papers. Her story is literally true. Yours truly,

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Bleeding at the Lungs.

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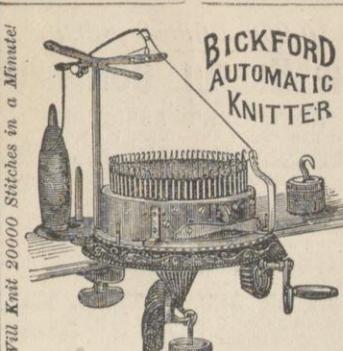
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12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	6
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
32	Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (A. G. & C. selection)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
54	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Tafle Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20

