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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., SEPTEMBER, 1877.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN

When in late summer the streams run yellow,
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the golden rod is golden still,
But the heart of the sunflower is browner and sadder;

When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
And over the path slides the striped adder;

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket—
Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf;

When high in the field the fern leaves wrinkle,
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;

When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
And brooklets crinkle o'er stock and stone;

When heavy and hollow the robins whistle,
And thick lies the shade in the heat of noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon:

Oh! then be chary, young Robert and Mary:
Let no time slip—not a moment wait!
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
And they who would marry must be done with their mooning;

Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

—Scribner.

CULTIVATE THE BEAUTIFUL.

WE PLEAD for the beautiful, says an exchange, even in farm life. That sentiment of Goethe; "We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself"—should to a certain extent be the watchword of every farmer. A well kept farm, with neat buildings, and a yard in which flowers and trees are more conspicuous than broken crockery and cast off hoop skirts, is worth more to keep or to sell than one where no attempt at beautifying the premises has been made. Some years ago a gentleman of our acquaintance purchased a farm in the front yard of which, put out by a former owner, were several ornamental trees that had attained quite a growth, some flower beds, shrubbery, etc. Almost one of the first acts of the new occu-

pant was to tear away the fence, cut down the trees and turn the pretty yard into the common highway. We never pass that place but we are pained by the thought of the vandalism that has given a barren and cheerless aspect to a home that might have rejoiced in refreshing shade and a wealth of floral beauty. But that was years ago. We hope men are wiser and more considerate now.

The cultivation of the beautiful should receive some of the farmer's attention. All his thought and labor need not be spent upon that which is expected to yield profit only. His fences need not always be built in a zig-zag fashion, and his bars might, without much extra expense, give place to gates that will not sag. Advantage can be taken of some situation or object about every homestead, which by a little labor may be converted into an object of beauty, and made to give fresh pleasure the whole summer. Land itself can be wrought into any form desired, and by the judicious expending of well directed labor be made one of the most pleasing objects about a farm-house. We mean that land directly adjoining the house, garden and home grounds.

Art can certainly improve much upon nature in the attractiveness with which it can clothe the almost unthought of soil about our homes. Grading, the grassing over of bare spots, the cutting of neat walks in turf, the removing of inequalities in the surface and making just such a slope or form as is desired—these will so completely change the appearance of a home that a very little outlay in this respect will increase its money value and add to its attractiveness.

In riding through the country one occasionally sees places that he likes to study. He passes them slowly and looks longingly backward to them. He marks them as places he would like to own. What causes him to have these attachments to the place? It is the beauty of their surroundings, the disposition of tree and shrub and flower, the rich suggestiveness of a half concealed rustic seat or summer-house, of a pretty gate leading into a tempting fruit garden, of a vine clambering over rude lattice-work—these reach his heart at once, and although the place is not his own he has an attachment to it only second to that which clings to his own, and the recollection of that beautiful farm-house, of which he obtained but a glimpse while passing, remains with him a pleasant satisfaction through life. Does not the beautifying of that home pay better than that which simply ministers to utility? And should it not be an object with every farmer, in

some degree, to contribute to the love of the beautiful implanted in almost every man's nature—except in such as cut down trees and root up flowers?

We counsel then more attention to the beautiful. Plant trees and shrubs and vines, make your home surroundings attractive by the help of rustic structures—arbors, seats, gateways—by the artistic forming of land, and the judicious disposition of the various objects employed. Don't hope to do all at once; and don't get discouraged. Do a little this season and more another year. A tree grows slowly, but before you are aware of it, it has outgrown your expectations. Set out trees therefore—for they will not grow where you want them if you do not put them there. How the odd hours of one summer even, can be made to improve and adorn one's home with beauty that will never fade, but be more and more delightful with each returning spring time.

OLD TREES.

The oldest tree known by naturalists, is the Great Dragon tree of Orotova, Teneriffe, which was blown down by a hurricane a few months since. It was a stately tree, seventy or eighty feet high, in A. D. 1402, and so old and remarkable a tree as to excite particular care and notice for its preservation. When it was destroyed, it was believed to be no less than 5,000 years old. On the banks of the Senegal river, Africa, there are, or were in 1848, trees growing, sixty or eighty feet high, and some thirty feet in diameter, which are estimated by Andanson, the French naturalist, to be over 5,000 years old. They are known as the Baobab or Andansenia. The English yew is another very long lived tree.

There are numbers of these trees in England and Scotland, which are believed to be from 1,400 to 3,000 years old. A cypress tree in Oaxaca, Mexico, which forty years ago measured one hundred and twenty feet in height, one hundred and seventeen in circumference and which sheltered Fernando Cortes and his followers under its wide spreading boughs about the year 1520, is supposed to be now 4,000 years old. And in California there are mammoth cypresses which stretch their heads up 300 or 400 feet, and which are believed to be some 3,000 years old. There are many of these trees in different parts of the world—single trees, famous in history, and groups of trees, as locusts, and oaks, and limes, and elms, and pines, nut trees, etc., etc., which are either absolutely known, or believed to be all along from 350, 440, 516, 570, 720, 800, 900, 1,000, and so on up to 3,000 or more years old.



HOSTS AND HOSTESSES.

THE part of host or hostess, though so lightly undertaken, is by no means easy. To most men the duty of entertaining friends and acquaintances at their own houses is an ordeal preceded by dread and accompanied by annoyance of no slight kind. Men at their clubs can, by dint of a good dinner and good wines, both enjoy themselves and confer enjoyment without much trouble and without risk of failure. But it becomes a different consideration when a man has to turn his house topsy-turvy at regular intervals for the benefit of his "circle," and finds his rooms thronged with faces that he hardly knows and does not much care to know. Fortunately for mankind the chief part of such social burden is willingly borne by the hostess. If it were left to the husband there would be few such gatherings. But the wife argues that the husband must not think of himself only; he must return civilities that he has himself received, if from no higher motive, in order to secure future invitations, and the girls must have a chance as well as their neighbors. To most ladies the selection of who shall and who shall not be asked, the writing of the requisite notes, and the bustle and excitement of preparation have strong fascination. But, willing and eager as ladies are to undertake the part of hostess, there is an art in making such social gatherings "go off" successfully by no means common to either sex, and which not even long experience in such matters can insure.

The first duty of a hostess ought to be to see that her guests "mix." She knows, or ought to know, something of the tastes, likings, and sympathies of her guests as well as their antecedents. This, it may be said, is absolutely impossible, considering the mammoth proportion of fashionable evening parties. But in a party of moderate dimensions, where it is the intention that there shall be intelligent human converse, a hostess worthy of the name will at once, by instinct, know who will match with whom, and what is most likely to interest this, that, and the other; and will make it a rule that gentlemen shall not all "clump" sheepishly together to discuss subjects, without giving ladies an opportunity of joining in the conversation. A nervous hostess forgets to introduce her guests to each

other, and, as our countrymen have hardly yet learned to enter into conversation, even in a drawing-room, without some introduction, there is danger that they may stand the greater part of an evening blankly staring at each other without utterance. It is by no means easy, as most people know who are not masters in the art of small-talk, to engage in conversation with another to whose history or predilections there is not the smallest clue.

Perhaps the mistake a hostess is most apt to fall into when her company is large and she has given up the resource of dancing, is to overdo the amusements; in her eagerness that all shall be entertained, there is danger that all will be bored. She is apt to imagine that if she provides one group with a port-folio of water-colors or photographs, if she engages another in discussing a drawerful of shells or coins, that the end of their coming together is answered; and, failing these, she falls back upon some game, the suggestion of which brings on a yawning fit and a longing for the hour when the carriage has been ordered. Private theatricals or a charade on such occasions are pretty certain to keep the actors amused; and if the performance does not serve to cause a smile to light up the face of the audience, it, at any rate, forms a text for cynical, if not complimentary, remarks between the acts.

It is the inanity of conversation arising partly from *mauvaise honte*, and the absurd habit of waiting for formal introductions before free and unrestrained talk is set afloat, that make the people, whose presence might be most welcome at such gatherings, either refuse point blank to go, or go with a sense of being martyrs to the usages of society, and a painful consciousness of useful hours frittered away. A skillful hostess can do much to make her house a popular rendezvous for men whose society is most worth having. Without dwelling upon Dr. Johnson's characteristic dictum as to the necessity of providing a faultless *cuisine*, on such occasions (a supper infallibly loosens the most languid tongues, sharpens the dullest brain, and may send the majority of guests to their homes satisfied they have spent an agreeable evening,) it must be self evident that to sit sternly silent for a long evening, listening to indifferent music, or to the feeble jocularity of an extemporized charade, cannot in the long run be exhilarating or beneficial to any human being.—*Home Journal*.

DRAWING-ROOM FASHIONS.

The mode is to keep out of your drawing-room everything like what is commonly termed "a set of drawing-room furniture;" that is to say, so many sofas (large or small), so many arm-chairs, so many chairs without arms, all of the same wood and covered with the same tissue. The "highest touch" of the day is to be quit of all that sort of thing, to furnish your room with hangings, cushions, statues, rare porcelains, rare plants and as many pretty things as you can get together. You scout the idea of having two seats alike; in fact, you hardly

admit any regular seats at all; the cushions are to do duty for seats.

The first thing that strikes the eye on entering one of these temples of refined elegance is probably a chaste and graceful nymph in marble, between a pair of enormous vases of Chinese or Japanese porcelain, or perhaps of Min-turin's peculiarly charming style, containing a couple of palm trees, or some other plants equally exotic. Over the richly-covered chimney-piece, a magnificent glass and a splendid clock; branch candlesticks, little vases, etc., scattered between them on the rich covering of velvet or embroidery that hides the shelf of the mantelpiece. Opposite the fireplace is the grand piano, to which the divinity of the place confides her reveries, the piano itself being covered with cloth of Java canvas, embroidered in arabesques, and bordered with a silken fringe of tassels of every color.

Two enormous cushions, covered with silk or embroidery, compose a chair, one cushion being the seat and the other the back. Each pair of cushions (square) is of a different color, but all very quiet—black with crimson or dark blue buttons, liver color, mouse color and so on. These cushions make the most delightful seats possible, but can't be moved about without some trouble, and, therefore, are dotted about just where people are expected to sit. Eastern silks and other tissues, broadcloth, covered with various kinds of embroidery, any quiet, rich tissue is used for covering them; the more uncommon the better.

The only thing in the room that can properly be called "a piece of furniture" is an octagon table, style Louis XV., in ebony, elegantly carved and lavishly supplied with writing materials of every kind, comprising an ink-stand, a blotting-book, book-cutter, letter scale and a number of small coffers, of various kinds, a basket of mounted plate for visitors' cards, all of the most elegant and artistic character, but none of them being for show only, all of them, on the contrary, being evidently in constant use.

CONVERSATION.

Among home amusements the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh, and the speaking the good and kind and true things, which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing that home-life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy.

We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel, or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on.

Conversation in many cases is just

what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife, and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood.

It is a great step in education when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a large family, sharing their occupations with one another, the older assisting the younger, each contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. It is the health education of great and noble characters. There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents, in the higher entertainment of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these quick evenings furnish just the time.—*Churchman*.



THE WAYSIDE VIOLET.

BY JANE TREVOR.

Beside a dusty road, from unclean bed,
A blue, wild violet reared its tiny head,
Partook of heaven-sent sunshine, rain and dew,
And sweetest fragrance o'er its dull home threw.
Though traveler's foot oft crushed it to the earth,
It raised itself, and sent new blossoms forth;
Though round it chill and drear the north-wind
blew,
It spread its leaves and took a richer hue;
Though clouds of dust fell on it from the street,
It shook them off and still was clean and sweet;
Though school children plucked out its petals blue,
They learned from it to love the meek and true.
So sometimes in life's pathways do we meet
Those who like wayside violet, low and sweet,
Make precious the dark home wherein they dwell,
And whate'er be their duty, do it well.
And looking on the heart of such a one,
The Master says, "Servant of God, well done."

FLOWERS AND THEIR WANTS.

THERE are people who know, intuitively, the necessities of their flowers. Others again have no such gift. You will see one window or garden ever gay, and another constantly the reverse; whilst, specifically, the occupants of both are alike.

Soil and climate are the great consideration in the case of all plants. In some instances the earth in which these beautiful creations are to grow can hardly be made too rich. If a flower in a state of nature makes a strong succulent growth, and at the same time does not decay as rapidly as it develops, you may be very certain that wherever placed, under artificial circumstances, it must have bountiful supplies if it is to thrive—in other words, a change of place does not give rise to a new organization. Then as has been implied in what has been stated, there are flowers that would speedily die were they to be set out in earth of great richness. Between the cactus which makes its home in the desert, and the gaudy sun-flower luxuriating in the rank dirt

by the side of a cess-pool, there are many intermediate, and yet vegetation is so varied in its character that we have here a chain without a broken link.

In the case of numerous plants, cared for solely because of their utility, we find not a few striking proofs of the importance of exercising great care in selecting soils. It is tolerably well known that a field may be fitted for the production of wheat, and not nearly so well adapted for the growth of corn. In certain lands peaches will succeed, and in certain others no amount of care and skill can make them anything but a failure. If we turn to strawberries, it is found that the sort known as the Jucunda, in strong earth, is a marvel of beauty and productiveness, whilst on lighter lands to plant it is labor spent in vain. These facts—and many more of similar sort might be cited—all demonstrate the correctness of the position taken, together with the important practical bearing of that position.

For all ordinary purposes the most suitable earth that can be found is that known as loam, and the best part of it is that this is fitted for at least 75 per cent. of the beautiful flowers that grace our gardens. The loam for flowers should be procured from an old pasture. Those who grow a great many flowers ought to obtain a quantity of sods and heap them together for some time, so that the grass on their surface, and the roots and fibers that ramify through every part of them may have time to rot and enrich in moderation.

Such soils as that to which we here refer will do admirably for geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, cannas, heliotropes, roses, lemon, justicias, begonias, balsams, petunias, hoyas, hyacinths, coleuses, lantanas and all bulbous rooted plants, such as lilies—in short everything fitted for general culture.

Instead of incorporating large quantities of manure with the compost, we think it much better to distribute it on the surface. In this way the fertilizing properties will be carried to the roots by every rain, and in moderate quantities, instead of being brought in the crude state directly into contact with the delicate fibers.

Many of the most charming members of the vegetable kingdom inhabit bogs where peat is the only sort of soil to be found. Some of our readers have doubtless never seen a sample of peat. It is wholly composed of decayed plants, most of which belong to the moss order. With such constituents, nearly altogether organic, it ranks among the richest of known earths. In fact, we do not know any other soil the equal of this in strength.

Not one of the flowers which we named above as among those that would succeed if planted in loam will do any good if set in peat. This is too rich for them in one respect, and too poor in another. It has a superabundance of some elements, and is almost destitute of others that usually are equally important.

We have referred to the loveliness of many flowers that will arrive to perfection in peat earth and no other. Let us name a few. There are the orchids, about which Charles Darwin has writ-

ten so delightfully, with their sweet fragrance, strange history and structure and pleasing form and hues. A few orchids need loam, but the majority are otherwise inclined. Then you have the ericas, or heaths, or heathers. Some of the fairest of these come from the Cape of Good Hope. They grow on the moors above Cape Town in great plenty and endless variety, and in many parts of Europe their keeping forms one of the most prominent departments of floriculture.

There is one little plant which is a native of the United States, and which we regard as the most interesting of all the flowers that grow in peaty soil, and respecting which the reader will permit us to step aside to say a few words. The botanists call this curiosity *Dionaea muscipula*, and other people name it Venus' fly-trap. It really has the remarkable power of catching small insects, and it is something like the old fashioned fly-trap. The leaf is composed of two distinct lobes or parts, each one of which is margined with teeth, and has on its upper surface three strong stiff hairs. The moment anything touches one of these projections, the two plates or lobes, rapidly, but quietly and noiselessly, move together, and, if the cause of irritation happens to be an unfortunate fly, it has not half as good a chance of getting away as a convict has of escaping from the Frankfort penitentiary. If the fly would lie still and pretend to be dead, the trap would relax its unrelenting grasp, but the fly is not going to do so, for it has not reached that stage of progressive development which would enable it to understand that the more it fights and struggles the worse its situation becomes.

After arranging about the soil for flowers, the next matter for your consideration is water. If you find a large and coarse expanse of leaf-surface, it will be safe to conclude that at least during the growing season, moisture must be supplied with great liberality.

Whilst it may be necessary to give a bountiful supply of water, it is even, if possible more essential to prevent this from becoming stagnant. No ordinary roots, that do not belong to aquatic plants, can long retain their vigor in undrained earth; that is, earth unprovided with facilities for the removal of excessive humidity.

But good drainage does more than merely facilitate the passing away of water. It permits the air to circulate in the soil, and thereby assists in charging this with some of the most important elements which go to build up the vegetable structure.

Frequent stirring of the soil is very beneficial to window plants. Last spring a friend made us a present of half a dozen very beautiful roses in full bloom. And they were all alike vigorous and every one of them was growing in soil the surface of which became quite hard. We resolved to let three of this number alone and at the same time determined to stir very regularly the surface of the other three. We knew well that the result would be very marked, but we wanted to be in the refreshing presence of a real demonstration. In a very little while the plants growing in the soil

which had its surface stirred grew away ahead of the others, and had that strong, fresh look without which plants, however interesting they may be when viewed by the student of science can never yield any great enjoyment to the ordinary spectator.

The neglected ones presented a bare and hungry aspect, with their withered stems and pitiful and prematurely-yellow foliage.

Flowers need fresh air as much as a man does—that is, they are just as incapable of living wholly without it as is a human being.

Most of the fluid food of plants is absorbed by the roots. On the other hand nearly all the nutriment derived from the air is taken in by the leaves.

The contrivances by which the foliage is enabled to do its work are truly wonderful. All over the surface are innumerable windows which the plant can open or shut as the circumstance require. And the leaves though endowed with a power which enables them to perspire very freely, are yet wholly incompetent to absorb one drop of water from without. All this is told in the botany books, and it is introduced in this connection to show the importance of keeping thoroughly free from impurity and defilement the foliage of your flowers, particularly if these have to put up with the conditions imposed upon all plants that live in a window.—*Farmer's Home Journal*.

INSECTS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

A few simple directions about the pests that live only to destroy the beautiful will probably be of some use to amateur window-gardeners. The insects most common in our conservatories and windows are the aphids, the thrip, the scalebug, and the so-called red spider.

The Aphids.—There is generally some specific cause for its presence, that can be removed and the creature will depart of itself. Among these causes is a too humid atmosphere, leading to a diseased growth. Secondly, a sodden condition of the roots, from lack of thorough drainage. Repot the plant, cut away rotten roots, throw in for drainage a good handful of potshreds and charcoal, and give your plants moderate sunshine, and the aphids will not be likely to return. The fact is, one purpose that these insects subserve is to perform scavenger work. They always attack diseased plants with most avidity, transforming the carbonic acid into insect vitality; or, rather, they devour what is poisoning the air by generating carbonic acid gas. Cure the plant and you will rarely have to cure the aphids. But, if you do, the specific is tobacco smoke, and this is effective. But amateurs frequently are not aware that the smoke that kills the parents does not kill the incipient offspring. It is necessary to smoke moderately again on the second or third day.

The Scalebug.—This generally attacks plants that can be washed with carbolic soapsuds. Two washings with a bit of sponge will eradicate them. I have just gone over a liriodendron twenty-five feet long, washing both sides of each leaf. Some trouble, but it will pay. It is equally easy to wash the oleander, the *Ficus elastica*, and most of the plants likely

to be infested. But if a geranium or other plant that can be renewed is badly assailed, burn it up at once and get rid of colonization. It is a good thing to wash the pots in such cases with carbolic soapsuds or scald them thoroughly. Some plants can be cleansed by submerging them in very hot water for a moment. Repeat the bath on the next day. To do this, invert the pot with your hand placed over it and the plant stalk slipped between your fingers.

The Red Spider.—This is comparably the most troublesome and destructive of all we have to deal with. My remedy is a few or frequent syringings of carbolic soapsuds. The lady who has a few pet plants can set them on the ground and sprinkle them thoroughly by using a broom duster. Both sides of the leaves should be thoroughly wet. Roses and many other plants can be entirely cleared by setting them out in a heavy shower. It is well to lay a fuchsia or similar plant on its side in the grass and let the rain get free access to the leaves. The red spider often ruins a housewife's pets when she cannot detect the danger. The insect is no larger than the point of a pin. It is seldom red, and not a spider, but it spins a web. I have a superb Marshal Neil that needs a shower but once a month; but I hope to get the last descendant of the family killed very soon. Aphids like moist atmosphere. Red spiders thrive in the dry.

The Thrip can generally be eradicated by carbolic soapsuds. They are not common in house or window collections.

Let any lady or amateur follow these directions, and not try to keep a thoroughly diseased, infested plant among healthy, clean ones, and they will have little trouble. Remember at the same time that diseased plants are productive of disease to human beings; while thoroughly healthy plants, performing their normal functions, are as good as a family doctor.—*The Independent*.

UNHEALTHY PLANTS—THE REMEDY.

Mr. Peter Henderson, a great authority on all floricultural subjects, gives the following suggestions on this topic in the *Agriculturist*: Whenever plants begin to drop their leaves, it is certain that their health has been injured, either by over-potting, over-watering, over-heating, by too much cold, or by applying such stimulants as guano, or by some other means having destroyed the fine rootlets by which the plant feeds, and induced disease that may lead to death. The case is not usually important enough to call in a "plant doctor," so the amateur begins to treat the patient, and the practice is in all probability not unlike that of many of our household physicians who apply a remedy that increases the disease. Having already destroyed the, so to speak, nutritive organs of the plant, the stomach is gorged with food by applying water, or with medicine, by applying guano or some patent "plant food."

Now, the remedy is nearly akin to what is a good one when the animal digestion is deranged—give it no more food until it re-acts. We must, then, if the roots of the plant have been in-

jured from any of the above-named causes, let the soil in which it is potted become nearly dry; then remove the plant from the pot, take the ball of soil in which the roots have been enveloped, and crush it between the hands just enough to allow all the sour outer crust of the ball of earth to be shaken off; then repot in rather dry soil (composed of any fresh soil mixed with equal bulk of leaf-mold or street-sweepings), using a new flower-pot, or having thoroughly washed the old one, so that the moisture can freely evaporate through the pores.

Be careful not to over-feed the sick plant. Let the pot be only large enough to admit of not more than an inch of soil between the pot and ball of roots. After repotting, give it water enough to settle the soil, and do not apply any more until the plant has begun to grow, unless, indeed, the atmosphere is so dry that the moisture has entirely evaporated from the soil, then, of course, water must be given, or the patient may die from the opposite cause—starvation.

The danger to be avoided is in all probability that which brought on the sickness, namely, saturation of the soil by too much water. Other causes may induce sickness to plants, such as an escape of gas in the apartment, or smoke from a flue in the greenhouse; but in all cases, when the leaves fall from a plant, withhold water, and if there is reason to believe that the soil has been poisoned by gas, or soddened with moisture, shake it from the roots as before advised, and repot in a fresh flower-pot.

Many years ago, when I used smoke-flues in my greenhouses, some kindling wood, carelessly thrown on the top of one of them, ignited, and the smoke caused the leaves of every plant to drop. There were some 3,000 plants, mostly tea roses, in the greenhouse; it would have been too much of a job to repot all, but by withholding water for some ten days, until they started a new growth again, very few plants were injured.

MOUNTING MOSS.

The following is a good method for preserving the leaves of mosses, ferns, etc. Wash them perfectly clean, draining off thoroughly and drying partially, so as to remain flexible; then arrange upon the center of a slide. Over this place a pane of clean glass, and fasten the two together by clamping or "clip." Then taking hold of the slide and glass thus united with a pair of forceps or pliers, hold them in the left hand, and with the right apply a little "jelly of glycerine," which may be obtained from an optician's, certainly, and perhaps from other places, —along the edges of the two, allowing it to run under the glass by capillary attractions. When sufficient has passed, having a spirit lamp turned low hold the forceps or clip (we use a spring clothes-pin) firmly in the hand, and pass it backward and forward over the lamp until the glycerine boils, using care not to crack the glass by heating too rapidly. Clean the glass carefully and varnish with gold-size. Mosses mounted in this way retain their beauty of color far better than when simply dried.—*Household Elegancies*.



CONCERNING WRAPPERS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

NOVEL writers may prate as much as they please about ladies appearing in the morning in soiled, greasy wrappers, but why should a wrapper, more than any other dress, be soiled and untidy? is the question we have to propose to such writers. Certainly there are no garments in a lady's wardrobe more useful than her wrappers, let her have as many other suits as she will. And there is no other so readily washed and ironed as these.

As a matter of convenience, in dressing quickly in the morning, and also on score of comfort in contrast to the dress of many parts—skirt, overskirt, then basque or jacket—the wrapper is assuredly to be chosen.

A lady who has little household labor to perform in the morning, and that, if not in the kitchen, may wear as delicate or as elegant a wrapper as she chooses, and in it look nicely dressed. So the invalid, or summer visitor; but if these wish to be prudent in laundry bills, they will not wear white or the lightest tints, as our romancers dress their airy ladies; and certainly if they do their own washing and ironing they will soon learn that there is work in these very light costumes.

Beautiful prints and cambrics of some medium shade may be purchased now so cheap that a supply of wrappers cost very little indeed. For the woman busy all the morning about house, the medium is far neater, and not more easily soiled, than dark for summer wear. The dark, homely, ill-made up prints that some women wear about their work in bright summer days makes their work seem more of a drudgery, and look so warm and unsuitable, though if unlined they are of course no warmer really than lighter shades. If one thinks that white collars or ruffs at the throat too much trouble—though we do not see why it need be—there can at least be a collar or frill of the material of the dress, to give a little dressy appearance to even a work dress.

Skirts and sacques, or jackets, for young women and girls may be preferred to the wrapper, and are not objectionable if the skirts are not left to hang upon the hips in an uncomfortable manner. We like the skirt basted on to a thin underwaist in seasons when a waist is needed.

In addition to the wrapper for summer mornings—those made with no lining—a sacque of the same material is a great convenience. In the cool of the day it is often needed and can be put on or taken off at pleasure. For an invalid this is especially desirable, and no one who has once made this addition to the dress but will see its worth.

Aside from the morning work wrappers, any lady needs seasonable dress-wrappers to wear as occasion may require. When visiting or entertaining company in the morning, something

better than the common kitchen dress is desirable, as those cannot always be clean and smooth, as any one accustomed to labor is well aware. So a neat cambric for dress-wrapper in summer, and to wear when one does not feel able to dress in a close suit in the afternoon, or for *neglige* at any time, will be appreciated by any lady, though such garments are frequently wanting in the wardrobe. These may be tastefully trimmed, and yet not so as to make the ironing of them a great task.

For cooler weather, a good lined wrapper of some worsted material, finished with a flounce or plaiting at the bottom, with pretty cuffs, collar, and, if one prefers, an addition of buttons and bows, makes a handsome, comfortable dress to wear as occasion may require. Many object to wrappers for usual afternoon dress, considering them looking shiftless or too invalid like; and there is reason in such objections, for we think the habitual use of them tends to a slack feeling concerning dress. There are, however, days, when indisposed or very weary, that nothing seems so desirable to put on as a wrapper, and in a tasteful one we need not hesitate to receive a friend, even if it is undesirable to see ceremonious callers in this way.

The showy figured wrapper goods is less desirable for nice wrappers than camel hair cloth or some other plain goods; but are serviceable and suitable for every day morning wrappers. If one prefers print in winter, let them be lined throughout, then they are warm and wear well.

A double print wrapper, made after a sack night-dress pattern is a great convenience to slip on over a night-dress in case of sickness, or if the care of children call one out of bed in cold weather. Such a garment is valuable to any woman, and once accustomed to having one at hand no lady will know how to do without it. In one of Mrs. Whitney's stories she tells of a lady that always slept with her double wrapper at her bed side, so in case of fire she could dress hastily with no trouble. And at last a fire occurred at a neighbor's, and in a moment she was dressed and there.

THAT APRIL CHAIR TIDY.

I ask pardon of all the ladies who have been bothered by the mistakes given in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD for my tidy, and now with Mr. Crowell's permission I repeat the whole.

Use coarse or fine cotton, as you choose, but for a chair tidy the four-thread number six cotton is considered the handsomest. The needles must be adapted to the cotton.

Take any number of stitches that will divide by ten, and allow two more for each edge. These edge stitches are at the beginning of each needle to be slip one, knit one; and at the end of each needle both to be knitted. Every alternate row is seamed, thus making a right side and a wrong side to the tidy.

Knit across three or four times in garter stitch, then begin pattern.

First row. Make one stitch, knit three, slip one, knit two together and

bind the slipped stitch over, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, and repeat the pattern.

Third row. Make one, knit two, slip and bind three together as before directed, knit two, make one, knit three, repeat.

Fifth row. Make one, knit one, slip and bind three together, knit one, make one, knit five, and repeat.

Seventh row. Make one, slip and bind three together, make one, knit seven, and repeat.

Ninth row. Make one, knit one, make one, knit three, slip and bind three together, knit three, repeat.

Eleventh row. Make one, knit three, make one, knit two, slip and bind three together, knit two and repeat.

Thirteenth row. Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, slip and bind three together, knit one, and repeat.

Fifteenth row. Make one, knit seven, make one, slip and bind three together, and repeat.

You have now completed the pattern. Begin again at the first row, and repeat until the tidy is large enough. Make this end to correspond with the beginning, and bind off. Finish with a fringe or a knitted edging, which I will give if wished for.

These leaves can be made larger if desired, by simply setting the pattern larger. Thus begin by allowing more stitches to each leaf. Five, or seven, before and after the slip and bind, and narrowing off accordingly.

HANS DORCOMB.

COLORING RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—In a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one wishes a recipe for coloring brown. I will send my mother's, which I think is excellent and sure to give satisfaction. For five pounds of goods, one pound of japonica, dissolve in warm water enough to cover the goods, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of alum, put in the goods and keep them hot two hours; let them remain in over night, in the morning take out and drain well. They will look as if they were spoiled. Then prepare a liquid with four ounces of bichromate of potash, keep them in this one hour at scalding heat, take out and rinse well. The bichromate of potash can be put in with the japonica dye or a separate dye, either of which will answer.

In the November number Sara wishes to color cotton carpet rags blue. I think she will find this a good recipe, viz.: for one pound of cotton rags, one teaspoonful of good copperas in water sufficient to cover the rags, boil fifteen minutes, add one ounce of prussiate of potash, stir and air the rags half an hour, take them out and add about one teaspoonful of oil of vitriol, or enough to raise the color, but be careful not to use too much as it will rot the rags.

Does any of the numerous HOUSEHOLD Band know how to color cardinal red? If so, would they be so kind as to answer promptly, and oblige, Rockford, Ill. ILLY NOYCE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I send what we call a good recipe for coloring cotton blue. Take one ounce of prussiate of potash, one ounce of oil of vitriol, one ounce of copperas. Put the cop-

peras in iron and the potash in brass; put the goods in the copperas water and let them remain twenty minutes, then rinse them in cold water; dissolve the potash in water, and when hot pour in the vitriol; then put in the goods and let them remain a few minutes. This quantity is sufficient for coloring five pounds. HATTIE.

MR. CROWELL:—MRS. M. V. inquires how to color red and purple with cochineal. I will send my recipe: For one pound of woolen goods, two ounces of cochineal (pulverized), four ounces of muriate of tin, four ounces of cream of tartar, put it all in brass or tin, keeping the dye hot. Dipped in lime water will turn it purple.

I have a good recipe for coloring cotton green which I will send, thinking it may benefit some one. For one pound of goods, one-half ounce of bichromate of potash, (put in wood,) one ounce of sugar of lead, in earthen or tin; dip first in the solution of potash, then lead, first one then the other till you have a good bright yellow. To turn it green, take a box of bluing, dissolve and dip the goods in.

E. M. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To color yellow, for four pounds of cotton take four ounces of sugar of lead, two ounces of bichromate of potash. Dissolve the sugar of lead in sufficient soft water to cover the cloth. Boil the cloth twenty minutes. Remove it into a wooden or earthen vessel in which the bichromate of potash has been dissolved, a bright yellow will be the result. Changing from one dye to the other will deepen the color. A tin or brass vessel must be used to color in with the sugar of lead. To make the yellow an orange, take quick lime, slake it, settle and drain off clear. Add sufficient water so that the goods will not be crowded in the least, bring to a scalding heat for an hour, or until it is bright enough, also stir around until of a uniform color.

To color blue, one ounce of prussian blue, three-fourths ounce of oxalic acid, pour on two quarts of rain water, stir it till well mixed, and bottle it. Warm a kettle of water, add of the mixture, and dip until dark enough.

Having colored yellow according to first recipe, dip the cotton into the blue dye and it comes out a bright green.

Following the above rules you cannot fail of good colors. H. A. W.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I am much pleased with your paper, and seeing that some one would like a recipe for coloring blue. I will give one that my mother uses. For five pounds of rags take one ounce of copperas, one and one-half ounces of prussiate of potash, one ounce of sour oil of vitriol; put the copperas in warm water sufficient to wet the rags, let them lie in the dye one hour, stir them often, then take them out, rinse them well in clear water; throw away the copperas water, then put the vitriol and the potash in warm water, then put the rags in, let them lie one hour, stir them often, then take them out and rinse well in clear water and then dry them. This makes a nice blue.

CHRISTINE TRYON.

MR. CROWELL:—Some one lately

asked for a recipe for coloring carpet rags blue. Let her get half a pound of prussian blue, and the same or less quantity of alum. This will color six pounds of rags. Rub the blue through a cloth as you would indigo; have warm water enough to cover the rags in two different vessels of any kind, blue in one and alum in the other, dip first in blue, wring, then into alum, partially dry, then dip as before until the desired color is obtained.

E. R. T.

To Color Black.—Some time ago one of the sisters was inquiring for a recipe for coloring black. I have a good one I have used nearly thirty years, and if directions are followed it will not fade. To every pound of silk, wool or cotton, take half an ounce of blue vitriol, two ounces of extract of logwood; then take an iron kettle containing water enough to cover what is intended to be colored. Bring the water to a scalding heat, and put in the cloth or yarn for a few minutes; remove and drain it; now add the blue vitriol, and when dissolved and the water carefully skimmed, put in the articles to be colored, let them remain thirty minutes with same heat, occasionally airing, then remove and drain as before and rinse in rain water. The extract of logwood should now be dissolved in another vessel, the water skimmed and brought to a scalding heat; then put in the material and keep the dye at the same heat; let it remain thirty minutes, frequently airing it; take it out and drain it, pour the vitriol water into the dye, put in the goods and let remain fifteen minutes. After airing they should be well cleansed with suds water, and rinsed well in clear water. Mrs. J. S. M.

Will some one please tell me how to color cotton, woolen and silk a bright sky blue that won't fade?

MISS MINA R. R.

RUG MAKING.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room for one more in your circle? I find so much pleasure and profit in the suggestions and experience of others, that I thought possibly I might say something that would be a help to my sisters. I have just finished a rug that we admire very much; perhaps some of you would like to make one like it. I took bits of worsted of suitable length, wound them round my finger six or eight times, and tacked the rings, or bunches thus made to a piece of stout cloth, taking care to fasten in the ends securely. The cloth must first be hemmed, and the pattern you wish to follow, marked on it. Mine is made entirely of old worsted, a scarf that the owner had cast aside, an old breakfast shawl, a lamp mat that had lost its beauty, etc. Mrs. J. M. B.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—With your permission I would like to tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, my way of making round rugs. Take any two colors you may prefer, (brown and green are pretty,) tear them finer than for carpet rags. Take large wooden needles, cast on forty-two stitches, knit three stitches, then turn and knit them back; knit six stitches,

turn and knit back; knit nine stitches, turn and knit back; proceed in this way knitting three and turning the work so as to knit back to the starting place, and when the forty-two stitches have all been knit back you will have a three-cornered piece shaped like a letter V. Join the other color and knit another piece, alternating the colors until you have a handsome center.

For a border, take knitting cotton, number eight or ten, and knit a border about four inches wide, fringing it with hit or miss rags as you would knit fringe on mittens. I hope some one will try this and tell how they like it. I tried it first with yarn, and common knitting needles.

AMATEUR HOUSEKEEPER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To make a very pretty pansy mat, knit a loose center of white wool, size of tea saucer, finishing with fifty loops of chain, five stitches to a loop, then knit three long bars of yellow wool in each loop, then between each bar one long bar and one chain stitch between with purple, finishing with purple a chain of three between each bar. Then count twelve loops, tie them with purple and leave six (folding back the rose formed by the tie,) count again twelve, tying the first and twelfth as before, and so on tying the circles together afterwards to keep them in place. M. T. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A very pretty rug can be easily made by covering coarse bagging with black or grey cloths, cutting in points or scallops around the edge, then put on a wreath or bouquet of leaves cut out of red flannel, some large, some small, and edges of leaves to be stitched button hole stitch, with black crewel, finishing with points or scallops of red around the edge. Mrs. W. W. P.

CHARM QUILT.

MRS. OLIVER:—A quilt made of nine hundred and ninety-nine different pieces, is called a charm quilt. Many persons have gathered that number of buttons thus making a button charm, which some place on a string, while others arrange them in the form of a wreath, and frame it, which is a very pretty way. But at our place there is a fever for charm quilts, which has proved to be very contagious. In almost every family I can call to mind where there is one or more, or they are making one. In our family there are three.

I have just finished one and am gathering pieces for another. It is rightly named a charm I think, for to me there is something really fascinating about it, I never get tired counting out and arranging the pieces. It is a novelty, both useful and pretty. Some people who are not accustomed to seeing them, say they look like a mass of vegetable hash. But I always notice the longer they look at it, the longer they want to, until at last they call it a perfect beauty. If you conclude to make one I will tell you just how I have made mine, and if agreeable, will exchange pieces with you, as that is the way we all do who are making charm quilts. ORA.

MR. CROWELL:—In the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. W. O.

ver inquired what a charm quilt is. As I have seen no reply, I will attempt one, hoping however she will never undertake to make such a quilt; for she will regret it, if her experience should be like mine. I have heard several say they did not think there was anything very pretty about a charm quilt. It is to be composed of nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces, of uniform size and shape, and the charm is there shall be no two alike. The pattern I have is two inches and three-quarters wide at one end, the sides three inches long, slanting equally so that the other end is one inch and three-quarters. This pattern is much too small to have the prescribed number of pieces make a quilt large enough for a common sized bed. It was the first I saw, I have since seen large patterns of the same form.

There is another pattern, the pieces cut in diamond form, measuring two and one-half inches on each side; nine of these to be put together forming a larger diamond, these to be separated by a sash when put together for the quilt. H. E. M.

A SENSIBLE GARMENT.

HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—I wear what I think to be a sensible, simple and cheap garment that takes the place of chemise and corset. It is a tight-fitting bask, reaching about four inches below the waist line, not quite so high in the neck as a dress, bound at the neck with half inch tape. It has short sleeves and five buttons an inch above the waist line, it supports my heavy skirt in cold weather, and light ones in warm weather. These buttons are placed one on each of back darts, one on each under arm seams, and one in the center of the back. My skirts hold it down so not a whale-bone is used.

This garment worn over a knit wrapper makes sufficient under-clothing for my waist. It gives my body such a freedom of movement, I almost wonder how I lived so long as I did in the straight jacket, with bones mutilating my flesh. Against each of the garments I have abandoned I could bring innumerable complaints but forbear because my grandmother thought them just the thing needed.

Sisters those of you that have never worn such a garment as I have described, if you will try it I will warrant that you will be pleased with it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE WORK TABLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask some of the sisters if they can tell me how to knit children's leggings? I want to tell them, if I can, something I've been learning about knitting children's stockings with a cap for the knee. Begin them with the required number of stitches, and knit a half finger or more, (as far as you wish them to come above the knee,) then take off half the stitches as you would for the heel, knit as you would a plain heel, only narrow on each end of the needle when you knit across the outside; narrow this way until you have narrowed off just half the stitches, then take up the stitches as you do on

the side of the heel and you will have just the number you began with; now you can begin your seam and knit the usual way. I hope I have made it intelligible, and that some one will try it. Mrs. L. BENSON.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I think if J. A. T. will wash her crape shawl, which she tried to color black, several times in strong soap suds, also dip it in hot water in which a handful of salt has been dissolved, and allow it to hang out in the air, the color will be improved. ELLA MAY.

Ashland, N. H.

I have a black lace sack that has been wet and the stiffness taken from it; can any one tell me how I can restore the stiffness? A. L.

MR. EDITOR:—Tell L. S., in the June number, if she has not taken the grease spots out of that dress, she can do it very easily with a paste made of wheat flour and cold water; mix stiff enough to spread good and rub it on the wrong side, if convenient, if not it will not injure any goods, as it will rub off when dry, or wash off in cold water. You can hang it in the sun or by the stove to dry. If one application does not take it out repeat the operation; I never knew it to fail. E. M.

To remove ink spots from linen, dip in melted tallow, then wash. To take grease out of silk, apply magnesia to the wrong side. S. M.

Monica wishes me to repeat my directions for the sofa blanket. I am willing to do so, but I think Mr. Crowell would prefer that she send for THE HOUSEHOLD for March, 1876. There she will find the first article. I will only add that mine is knit in garter stitch, or plain back and forth, beginning with three stitches and widening on each edge. It is necessary to line the blanket, because there will be ends of yarn from the embroidering, and sometimes from the knitting, and my lining is handsome plaided flannel. Use what you like.

Some one has asked what is purl stitch. Does the sister know how to knit a stocking? If not, ask any elderly woman. The wrong side of the heel is always purled. That is purl stitch. HANS DORCOMB.

W. B. can remove the grease spot from her Irish poplin dress by saturating the grease spot with chloroform until it is removed. F. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers inform me how to wash a green and white print dress so that it will not fade? If any can do so, they will confer a great favor on, E. E. A.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—Will A. C. D., in January number, please give directions how to make those pretty tidies and stool covers she learned to make while at the Centennial, also the shell tidy and scrap basket she spoke of in the March, 1876, number. Many thanks for directions for card receivers, etc. BERTHA MAY.



WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me.
(Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I list'ning bent my head.
"This is the letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return for, out of seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie—
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lillian, the baby, slept,
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Soft her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way;
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns not him,"
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bids us befriend him to the grave:
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from our bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we had dreamed.
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

—Selected.

"CROSS" BABIES.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

IT IS a singular fact that a certain class of people seem to think that crying, in a child, is an almost unpardonable sin; or at least that it is a sign of a naughty child and worse mother; a sure indication that the child has a bad temper and that the mother has not taken proper pains to subdue it.

I do not wonder that they do not like to hear babies cry. Nobody dislikes it more than I. The cry of a young child seems to pierce my very heart. But the pain I feel is at feeling the suffering of the child; not grief at his naughtiness in crying, nor regret that his mother has not trained him to repress his emotions and feelings.

Crying is a great blessing. If infants did not cry, how could we form the slightest idea of their ailments. It is both a relief to the child and a guide to the mother. We all know what a relief it is to us to shed tears when we are full of sorrow or pain. He who is unable to shed tears when suffering great distress is in a fair way to become insane. The shedding of tears seems to have a wonderfully soothing effect upon the brain and nervous system when it has been unduly excited. But how much more delicate and sensitive is the brain of an infant. How large a proportion of children die of congestion of the brain, hydrocephalus and kindred diseases compared to grown people, especially during the summer months.

Be sure if you have a child who is ill and suffering who does not cry, you will not be likely to have him long in this world. Crying in a young child is simply a natural, healthy indication of pain or discomfort. Babies have a perfect right to cry as much as they please when they are not well or happy. In fact, even if they could govern themselves so far as to be able to restrain this natural ebullition of feeling, it would be wrong and foolish for them to do so, for how could we possibly guess that they were uncomfortable or suffering in any way if they did not cry. No doubt a great deal of crying might be prevented by attending carefully and regularly to the infant's wants and by taking care that its clothing, food, air and treatment be such as shall conduce to its comfort and health. Much crying may also be prevented by attending to its first call for help or attention. A child who is left until it screams loudly before it is relieved or answered will soon learn to scream violently at first and so save time and suffering.

The best thing to do when you hear a young child crying, instead of showing your own want of patience and amiability by fretting or scolding at the "cross" baby, is to set yourself to work at once to find the cause of its discomfort, and if possible remove it at once.

Poor little children! No one knows how they suffer this hot weather. Even the strong and healthy man or woman feels overpowered by the stifling atmosphere and intense dazzling heat of the sun, in the dog days; but poor little children with delicate digestive organs and an extremely sensitive nervous system, are far more keenly alive to every outward impression. No wonder they die by thousands every summer. We fret and moan at a toothache which is often not so hard to bear as the many ills and discomforts that these poor little children suffer. Yet if they try to tell us of their pain in the only way they know how, by crying, they are set down as "cross" babies, or else the mother is blamed for not teaching them not to cry.

If your child cries make a great effort to leave your work no matter how pressing it is and attend to him. Take him in your arms and speak to him in gentle, soothing tones of affection. If his head seems hot, bathe it in fresh, cool water. Bathe his hands and face gently. If he needs food give him something that is both relishing and easily digested. See that his feet and hands are warm, and especially keep his bowels and lower limbs warm in order to draw away the blood from the head. See that his clothing is suited to the weather. Take him to the window or door where he can breathe the fresh, pure air, or still better take him to ride. If you have no carriage take him into an open horse car if you live in a city. Even that does a world of good to a mother and infant who have been shut up all day. But if you live in the country spread a blanket on the grass, or find a spot that has been thoroughly dried and warmed by the sun but is now shaded, and sit down and have a good play with baby. The mother needs rest and fresh air as well as the baby. Do all in your power to add to his comfort and happiness, but never, never punish him for crying.

As a general rule we find that every child who gets the credit of being good-tempered is healthy and well, and every healthy child is a happy child. Or, as Dr. Hall has expressed it, "To be well is to be happy and to be happy is to be good."

And not only Dr. Hall, but all the best physiologists concur in the opinion that our first care must be of the physical health and growth of our children, if we would have a sure basis for their moral and intellectual development.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home." The voice that said that had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was very sad.

"Your father will be angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered:

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half-curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying, with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come now!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had been only in the house a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing toward children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phebe, you'd like

to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be. Father's good and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness doesn't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you," ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech in his aunt.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone she added—"You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left his seat on the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" and Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are troubled, my son; what has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opened the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my boy?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there once—only once, in forgetfulness."

A little while Mr. Gordon sat controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see, and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness, so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" and the boy threw his arms about his father's neck.

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arms closely around his boy.

Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning; but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."—*Christian at Work.*

THE CURIOSITIES OF NAMES.

We have drifted away forever from the old days of the Roundheads, when pious old Barebones christened his son "Praise God," and his neighbor called his heir "Zeal-of-the-Lord;" when any name of Scriptural origin, however clumsy, was deemed better than any drawn from other sources, however pleasant or appropriate it might be; when "Parable" was made to do duty as a prenominal, and when at least one unfortunate boy was doomed to carry as a Christian name the decidedly revolutionary injunction to "Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron."

But while we are certainly in no danger of relapsing into the dangers of our Puritanical English forefathers, in this regard, we still do a good many curious things at the font, and there are people walking about, even this year of grace, 1877, whose Christian names are any thing but Christian in point of seamliness. We have ourselves known one or two queer specimens of personal nomenclature. "Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette S—" sat next to us in a village school-house, twenty odd years ago, and a little later we knew a young lady whose parents had designated her as "Eveline Ann Wilmington Matilda Shelby Newton Jones W—" In Amelia county, Virginia, some ten or twelve years ago, there were two negro children whose names were respectively "Hollywood Cemetery" and "University of Virginia," and there is another colored boy in Mississippi who made his advent in the early summer of 1865, in consequence of which fact his parents have seen fit to dub him "Cause he Freeborn."

Another curious case was that of a Lynchburg merchant, whose name was "Valerius." Disliking it very much, he always signed the initial only. When it came for the naming of a son for him, the old gentleman refused to make the boy "Valerius," and so named him simply "V," and "V" he remains to this day.

Perhaps the oddest-looking name in the country is that of a prominent Arkansas judge, who, for the sake of distinguishing himself from several other persons having precisely the same name as his own, writes the middle initial after the surname, and is known as William Conway B.

A very singular fact in regard to names was discovered recently by a statistician who finds from a careful examination of the official registry of births that very nearly two-thirds (65.892 per cent.) of all the children in England and Wales bear one or another of twenty-five Christian names. Of these twenty-five names, "Mary" heads the list, and "William" comes next in point of popularity; then follow "John," "Elizabeth," "Thomas," "George," etc., with "Arthur," "Alfred," and "Edward" at the tail of the list.

But in spite of the popularity of

these good old common names in England, covering as they do about two-thirds of the whole population, some very queer appellations find room to put in appearance among the remaining third of the population; and a writer in an English magazine, some months ago, cited from the official list quite a number of them. From him we learn that one boy is named "Eloi Lama Sabachthani;" another is called "Selah;" a third bears the unpronounceable as well as unchristian name of "Mahershalalhashbaz." One father has named his twins "Boreas" and "Zephyr," while another calls his "Huz" and "Buz." There is "Vive l'Empereur" too, as well as a "Shooting Gallery" on the register. And this is not all. In a single village were found "Hosanna," "Cain," "Herod," (whose father was probably prejudiced against children,) "Delilah," and "Pharaoh." One girl is officially registered as "Smart Natty," and a boy "Dirty King." We do not readily recognize the sex of some which the writer gives, such as "Celestial Miller," "Choice Pickerel," "Amiable Reading," "Enough Pearson," (a thoroughly satisfied sort of a name,) "Giddy Edwards," "Modern Leggs," "Holy Davies," "Paramount Pie," "Original Bigot Peele," "Perfect Sparrow," "Tempestuous Stinger," "Stubborn Porter," and worst of all, "Singular Onion Gallehawk."

In the light of the official list from which all these are taken, who shall say that there is no truth in the story of the man named "New," who called his first-born "Something," because it was something new, and his second "Nothing," because it was nothing new.

GARDEN SPOTS FOR CHILDREN.

In laying out ground for gardens, don't forget to give the boys—yes, and the girls too, if they like—a space to themselves wherein they may cultivate a few vegetables, melons, strawberries, or anything else they wish. Encourage a proper pride in their labors, and see that their efforts, if faithful and meritorious, are rewarded by a few dollars to go into their own pockets. Teach them then the most judicious manner of expenditure, and you will have commenced to discipline their minds in two very important particulars, in thrift and in economy—how to earn money and how properly to spend it.

"But it takes them from the more important work of the farm," says A., B., or C., "and I can't have them dawdling away their time over such foolishness, and that's all there is about it."

Yet I think if A., B., or C., were to make the trial, he would not find it so bad an investment in the end, even if it did take a little time that perhaps might be employed in a way to add a few more acres to the farm or a few more dollars to the bank account. It is always worth while to make home-life pleasant for our children. The boy who is kept incessantly at work, of which he shares none of the proceeds save his few clothes and winter's schooling and books, with his spare time all devoted to the sprouting of potatoes in the cellar or some

other—for him—equally irksome and disagreeable labor, will very likely grow up thinking farming drudgery—shirk it all he can as he goes along, and flee from it altogether the very first opportunity that offers.

"I wish we had managed our boys a little differently," said a lady in my hearing a short time since. "I can see now so many ways wherein we might have done other than we did to make their life on the farm and at the fireside pleasanter. But it is too late now for regrets. We are left to childless loneliness in our old age, while they, instead of breathing the fresh pure air of field and forest, are to-day exposed to the temptations of the city, which I greatly fear they will not have strength to withstand."

I fancy there are not a few parents, who, in their old age, find themselves sadly ruminating sentiments similar in substance to those put by Bulwer, in his story of "Harold," into the mouth of old Earl Godwin, in conversation with his wife Githa:

"Mickle and sore it repents me that in their youth I spared not the time from my worldly ambition to watch over the hearts of my sons; and—though I will chide thee not, for all women are the same—thou wast too proud of their outer shine to look well to the ferment within; so that what was once soft to the touch is now hard to the hammer."

Alas for the "might have been" which we all discern with misty eyes as we look from the unsatisfying present to the far off past!

THE DEADLY KISS.

The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes madame, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend, Mrs. Brown, the other day, with a strip of red flannel around your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer-meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless, you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your carelessness was fatal. Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of a sore throat, too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming: and when the doctor came the single word diphtheria sufficed to explain them all.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It were better to avoid the practice.—*Scribner.*

—It is better to sow a good heart with kindness, than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

—The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. The friend and counselor of woman. 2. Gutta-percha. 3. Bear, ear. 4. Feel, eel. 5. Shark, hark. 6. Hare, are. 7. Gutter, utter. 8. Pox, ox. 9. March, arch. 10. Lever, ever. 11. Drill, rill. 12. Spool, pool.

13. J
F O G
F E C E S
J O C U L A R
G E L I D
S A D
R
14. I M A G E 15. P E A C E
M A D A M E A G E R
A D A G E A G A T E
G A G E R C E T I C
E M E R Y E R E C T
16. M u s i C
O H
N i m b l e
E m p r e s
Y a c h T

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of eighty-four letters.
My 5, 63, 9, 12, 67, 14, 3, 1, 2, 13, 7, 15, 78 is a fossil resembling a pig.
My 11, 31, 4, 24, 16, 18, 8 are minute insects infesting plants.
My 22, 68, 74, 55, 6, 19, 62, 20, 27 is a bird that once inhabited the islands of the Indian Ocean.
My 10, 30, 32, 37, 75 is a kind of oil.
My 17, 39, 56, 60, 45, 25 is a kind of soldier.
My 21, 73, 23, 28, 42, 26 is a fluttering rag.
My 38, 48, 33, 40 is a mark.
My 43, 79, 71, 46, 51 is an essay.
My 29, 59, 34, 49 is to harm.
My 50, 35, 52, 57, 67, 66, 61, 83, 64, 84, 74, 77 is idle talk.
My 41, 77, 83, 61, 44 is a plant.
My 35, 68, 58, 82, 81, 55, 84 is a fine.
My 47, 53, 79, 69, 9, 56 is a lighthouse.
My 54, 73, 65 is an expression of some sudden effort.
My 70, 83, 76 is a small fish.
My 72, 19, 80 is a kind of trough.
My whole may be found in Proverbs.

W.

PUZZLE.

2. We are funny little things
With raven heads and wings,
Only than our one leg a little shorter;
So we go with a staff,
And are often cut in half,
And in cruelty we're often drawn and quartered.
We are daily bought and sold,
And you need not be told
That the dealer always gives full measure;
We often put on airs,
We can dance on the bars,
The most difficult gymnastics for your pleasure.

Now you surely can me guess
If I to you confess
We destroy a man's fortune when we please;
And lovers feel inclined
To confide to us their mind;
We can bring the poor to luxury and ease.

ANAGRAM.

3. Lp'lytr narungaaa ot trwie,
Orf mseo fo oyu ot useg;
Oyu liwl otn dinf ti uto ta lgtis,
Utb rrsvepee nad od ryon esbt.

SQUARE WORDS.

4. A girl's name; a boy's nickname; a girl's name. LOUIE.
5. A girl's name; a girl's name; a vegetable. LOUIE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

6. A consonant; a small draught; to divide; a precious stone; conceited; to finish; a consonant. C. R. C.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

7. There we sat.
8. I hire parsons.
9. Sun ghost.

JUMBLES.

Names of Rivers.—10. Nnotceccitu. 11. Nksaa. 12. Toadka. 13. Eemdinosa. 14. Oissnncw. 15. Arskbean. 16. Ysomk ilhl.

LOUIE.



ABOUT COFFEE.

A CORRESPONDENT addresses us and our readers upon the subject of coffee. Now, coffee is a subject not to be treated lightly, as many a wife knows and many a husband. For, does it not come home to men's breakfasts and bosoms? We should think it does, and when it comes regularly in the form that it ought to have, and with the warmth that properly pertains to it, it brings solace and great comfort. But if, on the contrary, it comes too soon, and so loses some of its aroma and some of its heat, and perhaps begins to take a taint of acidity, or too late, so that the hurried and expectant lips are sealed, then do clouds lower, then are mutterings heard; then, on some occasions, not too rare, do storms break forth, shrill echoes of which are afterward heard in the regions below. Our correspondent does not exaggerate the interest of his communication, so far as its relation to the daily comfort of many people goes; and we shall endeavor to supply the information that he asks for so far as it is within our power to do so.

He is quite right, in the first place, in saying that real coffee has become almost extinct, and he is partly right in attributing its disappearance to adulteration. No substance sold at the grocer's, except white vinegar (which is almost always injuriously mixed with acids), is so much and so frequently adulterated as coffee. At an analysis of spirits made by order of the Board of Health it was found, somewhat, it was confessed to the surprise of that body, that, although the specimens were procured from all sorts of out-of-the-way places all over town, there was little or no adulteration found in any one of them, and that nearly all of them were absolutely pure.

Bad rum and bad whisky there were enough of and to spare—vile stuff that would consume any but a coppered throat and stomach; but it was not adulterated; it was merely unmitigated bad spirits. But coffee is adulterated with all conceivable and inconceivable substances; and not only so, it is actually made of a paste cast in a mold to look like the roasted bean, and, this being mixed with enough real coffee to give it a smell of the real thing, is sold as "fine old Java."

The substance most commonly used for the adulteration of coffee, as most housekeepers know, is chicory, the succory of which the succory-water so much in favor with our great-great-grandmothers was made. This is a harmless and a clean as well as a pleasant-flavored substance, and the addition of a little of it to pure coffee is regarded as advantageous by some epicures, particularly among the French. But of the "best ground Java" coffee now sold by many grocers the greater part is chicory, which is rather too much of a good thing. Beans, carrots, dried and roasted,

and many refuse articles, needless and unpleasant to name, are used for the adulteration of coffee, and chiefly, of course, in that which is sold ground. The proprietors of certain mills within fifteen or twenty miles round about New York tell strange stories of the substances which are brought to them in barrels to be ground up coarsely, and which they have good reasons for believing are sold as coffee.

But adulteration is not the only reason for the disappearance of real coffee from our tables. It is one, but there is another of at least equal importance. The art of making coffee seems to be lost. Seems to be, we say, but it is not. The housekeeper of the period knoweth it not, or, at least, she doth not practice it; and yet it is practiced by a few, and is easily attained by all. Our mothers used it, and our fathers had, therefore, good coffee to their breakfasts. This condition of things is implied in the very terms of our correspondent's letter. He complains of the disappearance of good coffee, which he says has become not absolutely, but almost, extinct. Plainly, he and the men of his generation—say those who were boys twenty-five or thirty years ago—had good coffee once and have it not now. Well, we will tell them the reason. It is because the coffee is not bought properly, and, when bought, is not properly prepared for the table. And how it is thus not properly bought and prepared they will see from a recipe that we shall give them, which, if strictly followed, we are willing to warrant, under reasonable penalties, will never fail to produce as good coffee as a man ever drank. It is a recipe which was in common use with our mothers and grandmothers.

First find a housekeeper who has been so brought up that she knows good raw coffee when she sees it. This part of the recipe is all important. Next, let her buy good coffee; not send an order to the grocer's for it, but personally examine and buy the coffee. If it is convenient for her to buy a bag that will be better, for coffee improves by age, and it is best to have the bag standing unopened while the other is in use. Next, let the coffee be roasted as often as once a week, under the personal superintendence of this housekeeper. She need not sit upon the roaster, but she certainly should personally see that whoever roasts it does it gradually, and not too much or too little; to do which it will be seen that she should know the color and the perfume of properly-roasted coffee. The roasted beans should then be put into glass jars, tightly stopped. Then about fifteen minutes, and not longer, before the coffee is needed the beans should be taken out and ground, and the grist go directly from the mill into the coffee-pot, otherwise some of the much-prized aroma flavor will pass off. Thus made, in almost any sort of pot, coffee will surely be good—as good as it used to be when our mothers made it, for this was their recipe. As to buying ground coffee or even roasted coffee in the bean, which lies open to the air, or even grinding up a lot of coffee at home and keeping it in a big box, which may be open or may be shut, and then expecting good coffee, why,

fair ladies, you might as well look for sunbeams from cucumbers!—*N. Y. Times.*

CHOPSTICKS.

I wonder how the young folks of the United States would get on at dinner if they were to try to eat boiled rice with chopsticks instead of a spoon or a knife and a fork! I should like to see you attempt it my young friends.

But I hear you all asking this question: "What are chopsticks?"

Well, they are small sticks a little longer than a pen-holder and about as large. Those used by the poor in China are made of bamboo, while the wealthy people use those manufactured from ebony or ivory or of silver and gold.

They hold them very adroitly between the first and third fingers of the right hand, separated by the second finger and steadied by the thumb.

If you wish to gratify your curiosity in the matter, just whittle out two sticks, ten inches long and as large as a pen-holder, and the next time you have boiled rice for dinner see how you will get on, or you may pick up kernels of wheat for practice.

The Chinese handle them just as easily as we do our knives and forks. They would laugh to see our manœuvring with the sticks, but we should have the fun on our side if they were to sit down to our dinner-table; they would make awkward work of it.

"Don't they use knives?"

"Not to eat with."

In preparing their food they whip a knife from their pocket and use it for cutting up a chicken or a puppy. You would see some strange things were you to visit the land beneath your feet, especially in the eating line. If you want some fun you can have it without going to China in search of it, in your own home, eating dinner with chopsticks. — *The Children's Hour.*

EARLY BREAKFASTS.

A bad custom is prevalent in many families, especially among farmers, of working an hour or two before breakfast, attending to "chores," hoeing in the garden, cutting wood, mowing, etc. This is convenient on many accounts, but it is not conducive to health. The prevalent opinion is, that the morning air is the purest and most healthful and bracing; but the contrary is the fact. At no hour of the day is the air more filled with dampness, fogs, and miasmas, than about sunrise. The heat of the sun gradually dissipates these miasmatic influences as the day advances. An early meal braces up the system against these external influences. Every one knows the languor and faintness often experienced for the first hour in the morning, and that this is increased by exercise and want of food. We do not agree with the boarding-school regime which prescribes a long walk before breakfast as a means of promoting health.

Probably the best custom would be, to furnish every member of the family, especially those who labor out of

doors, with a single cup of warm coffee, well milked, immediately after rising from bed. Then let them attend to chores, or mowing, hoeing, etc., for an hour or two, while the teams are feeding, and the breakfast preparing. They will feel better and do more work.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE DESSERT.

—A German literary man says that in America thieves are so scarce that rewards are offered for them.

—Editing a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day; everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

—Said the little pet of the household on her birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa' and grandma! But—but—I'd been hoping it would be twins!"

—"What makes your bread so dark?" inquired the lady of the house of the cook. "If you please, marm, it's because it was baked in cloudy weather," was the reply.

A naturalist claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow-bar, so to speak.

—Some one is attempting to cast a stain on the reputation of Christopher Columbus by circulating a story that on a certain occasion he left his native land "for parts unknown."

—A very precise person remarking upon Shakespeare's line, "The good men do is oft interred with their bones," carefully observed that this interment can generally take place without crowding the bones.

—At a young ladies' seminary, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

—The Mexican name for a kiss is *telenamequize*; and when a pair of Mexican lovers are caught *telenamequizing* over the front gate at night, they appear not a bit more confused than if a kiss was spelled with only one syllable.

—Professor of chemistry—"Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" K. (who is preparing for the ministry, and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory)—"I would administer the sacrament."

—A community in New York resort to what they call "cure by criticism." When any of their band is sick they get around his bed and faithfully tell him all his faults, as far as known, and this they say, "throws him into a profuse perspiration, usually resulting in a speedy recovery."

—He was sitting quietly by her side one chilly evening last month, thinking of something to say. Finally he remarked: "How sad it is! we shall have a frost to-night, and it will kill everything green." Thereupon the young lady extended her hand and said in a sympathetic tone: "Good-bye."



THE REFRESHMENT OF A BATH.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

FEW physicians, except extremists, consider a daily bath in all seasons of the year as needful; and few of us follow the practice, let the physicians say what they will concerning it.

But if a regular daily bath is neither necessary or practicable, frequent bathing is both essential to the needs of the body and the wholesome satisfaction of the better feelings of our nature.

Habit, however, has much to do with this as with other practices, and those accustomed to bathing find it extremely annoying to be deprived of the privilege, while those not habituated to it often consider it a task to take even a weekly ablution, and many whom we call respectable people are content to live week after week without a single thorough bath. How they do it is a mystery, but it is certain they do, and still live on among civilized people.

Many among our busy housewives and hard-working women, scarce think of frequent bathing as among the things possible, and, wearied with care and labor, do not feel like making the exertion, or insisting upon their children being brought up to taking needful care of their own persons.

Such, through thoughtlessness or otherwise, I think fail to appreciate the luxury of at least a partial bath as often as once in two or three days, and in the warm season as much oftener as practicable. Early in the morning is said to be the best hour for bathing, but it is not always the most convenient, and often not as pleasant as later in the day. Women who have household cares to attend to before breakfast, or children to wash and dress, may not have time, without cutting short their morning nap, to take a bath, and many are not disposed to a cold plunge in any except hot weather.

But after her morning work is finished, and when ready to dress for the afternoon, there is nothing more grateful and refreshing than a quick bath in tepid or warm water, and a change of underclothing, as well as change of dress. If she can lie down and rest for a little time after her work is done, in addition to the bath, then she is prepared for her afternoon sewing or other labors much better than to rush from the kitchen to the sewing machine, with scarce a pause or a care for her own personal comfort.

But all this takes the time, some of you say, and we have none to spare as it is, but must do our sewing, whether we bathe and rest or not. This is all true; but there is such a thing as overwork, and a half hour spent for one's own refreshment may help and give strength to bear the burdens of the remainder of the day. And where bathing is frequently practiced, it takes little time merely to sponge and rub the body, and is not laborious either. But neglect the body, and then no wonder that it becomes a

dreaded task to undertake its cleansing! The effect of the water is not only to produce cleanliness, but to refresh and invigorate, and give a grateful feeling to the whole system.

The feet especially need often to be bathed or put into a warm bath, for they bear not only the weight of the body and become tired, but also need cleansing almost daily for comfort. There is nothing more restful for the tired, heated feet than water, if no more than sponging them over hastily and then dressing them in cool stockings and shoes. And no one needs this luxury more than busy women among their household cares.

With many it may be more agreeable and convenient to take a bath before retiring, and sleep may be more refreshing after it. We are not particular about the time, and have no set hobbies upon the subject, only that we should as soon think of living without having our houses cleansed, clothes and dishes washed, as to leave the body in filth and discomfort. There are women who better spare a few moments from scrubbing, if time can be gained in no other way, than to deprive themselves of the luxury of frequent baths.

In cold weather, if a hasty bath is taken in a cold room, cold water is less objectionable than warm; while in hot weather we often find warm water more agreeable and refreshing, and less likely to do harm to the heated system. And it is during the warmer season that we insist more upon bathing than in cooler weather, and also in a change of underclothing daily or nightly, leaving the ones we have removed to be cleansed by sun and air ready for the next change.

Children should be bathed often and taught early to wash themselves, and especially to care for the feet. Poor, tired little feet! that have worked and played all the long summer days! Let them be cooled and cleansed and rested by a daily bath in all the hot trying months of the year.

A few drops of ammonia in the water is, at any time, good, and will remove offensive odors, arising from perspiration or otherwise.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES TO "CONSTANT READER" AND "ANXIOUSLY WAITING."

In reference to the disease of the scalp and the falling off of the hair, it may be remarked that there are so many causes for them that it is difficult to give a definite answer, though the use of the tar soap or castile soap would be safe and judicious, cleansing the scalp, etc. But this washing of the scalp does not reach the cause—only the result—does not remove the real difficulty. Is this looseness of the hair the result of wearing a heating chignon, a violent headache, caused by reading and sewing late at night, or by any intense mental labor, with poor digestion, tying the hair too tightly, or by the application of certain rancid oils called "bears oil," or dyes so generally poison, or is the disease of the scalp, resulting in an eruption, the result of improper food? These are all very important considerations and must modify the treatment materially. The true method of treatment, of cure and prevention of

a return of disease, since prevention is easier than cure. When able to judge understandingly, shall be happy to make definite suggestions.

There is the same test in cases of "consumption" as in all other diseases not directly presented on the surface. Of course it is more difficult to decide in reference to a case not seen than in one in which the general appearance is presented to the eye. Among the indications of the more usual forms of consumption are more or less pain in the lungs, occasional tightness, a cough, a quickened pulse, more or less feeble, loss of flesh and in the advanced stage a "hectic flush" usually near the cheek bone, with curved finger nails.

In general eat plain, substantial, nourishing food, such as good bread that is made of the whole grain products, beef, fish, eggs, milk, (the latter two freely) with the fruits. As a substitute for "cod liver oil," starch, sugar and butter may be used freely, as "respiratory food." And here let it be remembered in all cases, that "enough is as good as a feast." Too much food, particularly rich and indigestible, may as certainly starve and weaken, as too little. Do not force the appetite—simply observe what nature demands.

Of the clothes it may be said that enough should be worn to keep one comfortable, no more, since too much always weakens and predisposes to colds. Teaching school will aggravate the disease on account of the extra labor of the lungs, the poisonous air of most school-rooms—the carbonic gas from the lungs—and the absence of pure air, an abundance of which should always be breathed, day and night, as the food and medicine for the lungs, as bread is for the stomach. (The "sore throat" may result from the state of the stomach.) The fact that the cough is "fitful, lasting only a few days," is favorable. I should judge that with great care and not much medicine the patient may be cured.

In the matter of teaching, the writer will add that he narrowly escaped the consumption while teaching, and that for years the lungs were weak, never improved till a respite from teaching was secured, now restored to better health than usual, with scarcely a sick day for twenty-five years.

Does the patient "raise," and what color and kind? Any pain in the throat or lungs?

RESUSCITATION OF DROWNED PERSONS.

The following are the rules and methods adopted by the Metropolitan Board of Health for New York city for saving the drowned.

1. Let the throat and mouth be cleansed, by placing the patient face downwards, with one of his wrists under his forehead. Quickly wipe and cleanse the mouth, and if the patient does not breathe, immediately begin the following movements:

2. *Posture.*—Place the patient on his back, with shoulders raised and supported easily on a folded coat, or some kind of pillow.

3. *To keep up a free entrance of air into the windpipe.*—Let one person grasp the tongue gently and firmly

with his fingers, being covered with a bit of handkerchief, and drawing it out beyond the lips; then either hold it or press the under jaw (chin) up so as to retain the tongue protruding from the mouth; but it is better to hold it in that position with the hand.

4. *To produce and imitate the movements of breathing.*—Raise the patient's extended arms upward to the sides of his head, and then pull them steadily, slowly and firmly outward and forward. Next turn down the arms by the patient's sides and bring them closely and firmly across the pit of the stomach, and press them and the sides and front of the chest gently but strongly for a moment, then quickly begin to repeat the first movement. Let these two kinds of movements be made very deliberately and without ceasing until the patient breathes, and let the two movements be repeated about twelve or fifteen times in a minute, but not more rapidly, remembering that to thoroughly fill the lungs with air is the object of the first or upward movement, and to expel as much air as possible, is the object of the second or downward motion and pressure. This artificial respiration should be steadily kept up for forty minutes or more when the patient appears not to breathe, and after the natural breathing begins let the same motions be very gently continued, and let the proper stimulants be given in the intervals.

What else is to be done and what is not to be done while the movements are being made.—If help and blankets are at hand, have the body stripped and wrapped in blankets, but not allow the movements to be stopped. Bystanders can supply dry clothing. Apply hartshorn, on a feather, within the nostrils occasionally, and sprinkle or lightly dash cold water upon the face or neck. The legs and feet may be rubbed and wrapped in hot blankets if blue or cold, or if the weather is cold.

What to do when the patient begins to breathe.—Give brandy by the teaspoonful, or hot sling two or three times a minute, until the beating of the pulse can be felt at the wrist, but be careful and not give more of the stimulant than is necessary. Warmth should be kept up in the feet and legs, and as soon as the patient breathes naturally, let him be carefully removed to a house, and be placed in bed under medical care.

If there is help enough at hand when the patient is taken from the water or afterwards, let the nearest medical officer in the catalogue (or any other physician near by) be called, but let there be no waiting for a physician. Do the best that can be done methodically and deliberately according to the foregoing rules.

Remember that the patient must be treated instantly, and on the spot where rescued. He must be freely exposed to the open air, and all persons not needed for saving him should avoid crowding about him.

—Hall's Journal says, very sensibly, "If a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant reminders after meals, the bodily habits being regular every day, he had better let himself alone, whether he be as big as a hoghead or as thin as a rail."



GOD KNOWETH.

I see not a step before me.
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word—He knows!
—Anon.

PARENTS' RELATIONS TO
TEACHERS.

Number Two.

AS AN illustration of the old custom of boarding round, let us suppose the village doctor is required to board among his patients. Such an idea would be ridiculed as preposterous; but why more unreasonable to require the minister and doctor to board in twenty different families every three months than to require the school-master to do the same?

The teacher needs a steady home, with pleasant surroundings; and it is not only the imperative duty but the best policy of trustees to provide such a home. I am aware that this old custom has for the most part passed away, but still it prevails in some localities, and hence I allude to it here.

Again: Every teacher should be allowed to manage his own school. If not competent to do so, he should not be employed. If a mistake has been made, and an incompetent person engaged, the difficulty will not be removed by the interference of parents.

Teachers often seek advice, and many profit by it; but any effort on the part of parents to dictate and control in the matter of school management is not only unwise, but ruinous. The teacher too often finds among his patrons those who presume to give gratuitous information and counsel. Mrs. A. in a very friendly spirit, informs him that her neighbor has some very bad boys who always make trouble in school, and warns him to be on his guard. Mrs. C. thinks it important that he should know how sensitive the parents in that district are on the subject of corporal punishment, and advises him to govern mainly by moral suasion. She assures him if he will do so, he will be popular and successful.

Mrs. L., an old school-teacher, has, in her own estimation, some excellent ideas upon different methods of instruction; and she is very anxious that the master should adopt them in that school. So the meddlesome mischief-making goes on, until the young teacher is distracted and perplexed beyond measure; and as he cannot, if he would listen to the suggestions, follow the advices of all,

he is sure to become the subject of tea-party gossip, and of village criticism and abuse, such as will greatly interfere with his usefulness, if it does not prevent his success, in that district.

Wise teachers pay no attention to such an unwarrantable interference; and wise parents allow and encourage the teacher to manage his own school in his own way.

Another important idea: Parents should always sustain the teacher in maintaining authority in his school. That authority though delegated, is supreme, and may never be trifled with by the pupil.

Unconditional observance in the school as well as in the family, is the rule; and the teacher has a right to expect the cordial support of all his patrons in enforcing that rule. The best good of the child, as well as the success of the school, depends upon this co-operation. Parents are too often ready to listen to the complaints of their children, and to sympathize with them in rebellion against the authority of the school. It would be better never to allow such fault finding; never to criticise, but always to sustain the teacher in the presence of children. If they have the encouragement of parents in their rebellion, they will become more bold and defiant. O.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Cariad, in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, requests a copy of the verses beginning, "Jesus, gentle Shepherd, hear me." The prayer, for such it was, was written by Mary Lundee Duncan, who, if memory does not lead astray, was the daughter of an English clergyman. It was composed for her little children's prayer, and may be found in her "Memoir," which contains many beautiful thoughts, and is to be found in many Sunday School Libraries.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless they little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou has clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

L. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD M. L. B. wishes for the poem entitled "Best." It is by Helen Hunt.

Mother, I see you with your nursery light
Leading your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries mine to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls shine
On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine,
He can love best.

You tremble each hour, because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppress;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that sears
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfessed;
Mine entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh! how much the best.

But grief is selfish: I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be,
More than the rest:
But I know that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best.

C. C.

BRIGHT PASSAGES.

Extract from "The Ship in the Desert." By Joaquin Miller.

"Ah! there be souls none understand;
* * * * *

Unanchor'd ships, they blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown.
* * * * *

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.
Lo! there be gentlest souls sea-blown
That know not any harbor known.
Now it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this."

"Nor love thy path, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well,—how long or short permit to heaven."
—Milton.

THE REVIEWER.

WHAT TO DO, AND WHY; and How to Educate Each Man for His Proper Work. By Nelson Sizer. 12 mo., cloth, pp. 504. Price \$2.00. Charles Gay, Jr. & Co., Publishers, New Haven, Conn.

This timely work, by one of the deepest thinkers and clearest writers of the age, describes seventy-five trades and professions, together with the talents and temperaments required by each, in a concise and interesting manner, besides giving portraits and biographies of many eminent thinkers and workers including Agassiz, Dickens, Emerson, Greeley, Morse, Sumner, Vanderbilt and others of the same worthy class. The prime object of this volume is to show what bodily and mental peculiarities are adapted to different trades and professions, and also how the intellectual and moral faculties may be cultivated and trained so that every person may secure the best possible development of his natural powers and make the most of himself as a human being. How well the author has succeeded in this undertaking the large and increasing sale of the book fully attests, a sale which we trust will have no diminution for many years to come. No better gift could be placed in the hands of the young man or woman whose future occupation is yet undecided, and its presence in any family could result only in good. The volume is sold only by subscription, our townsman, Mr. H. G. Field, having the agency for Brattleboro and vicinity.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA. We have received Nos. 41, 42, 43 and 44 of this work, which, as our readers know, is a new and revised edition of the well known work issued by T. Ellwood Zell several years since. The present edition is published in monthly parts, 64 in all, of which 44 are already issued, price 50 cents each. For a cheap and serviceable encyclopedia this is unrivalled. The articles are wonderfully clear, condensed, and free from unnecessary verbiage, while sufficient for almost all purposes of reference, either in the library or the family. The different articles number more than 150,000, and thousands of titles are treated of in it that are not found in the larger encyclopedias. In the new edition the information on all topics is brought down to the latest date, and eighteen large colored maps are included. A sample number and map is still sent to any address for 20 cents. Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn., is the General Agent for New England.

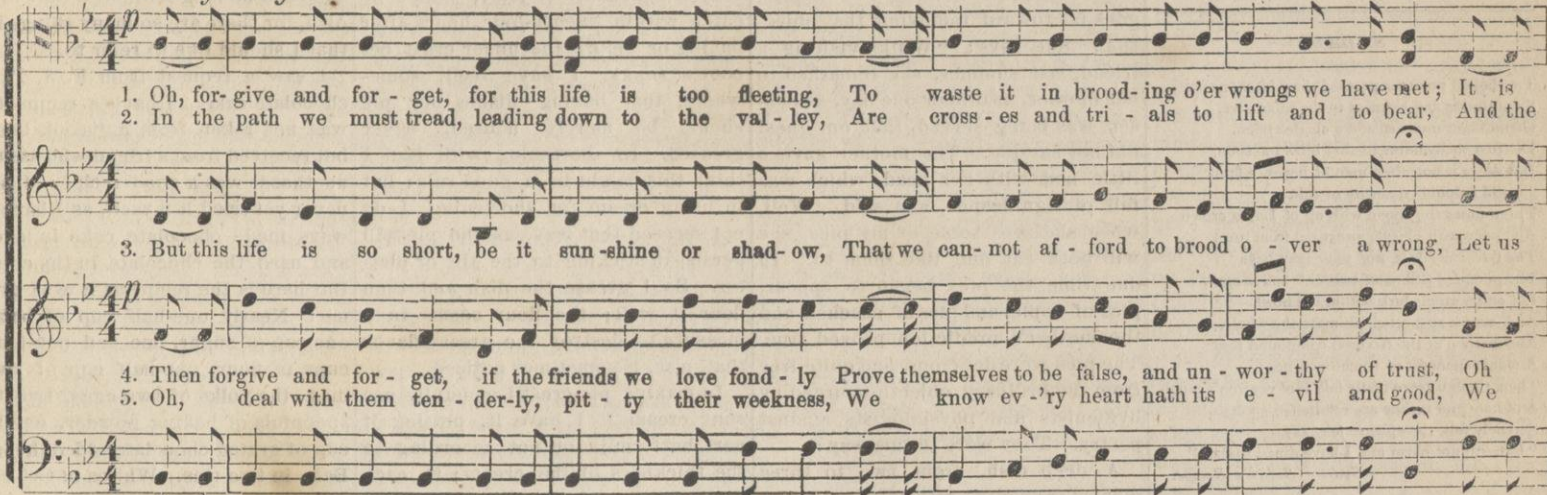
In pursuance of the custom introduced last year by SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, the August number is issued as a special Midsummer Holiday number. Among the material put forth to vindicate this title are illustrated papers on the following subjects: "North

American Grouse," by Charles E. Whitehead; "Canadian Sports," dealing chiefly with Lacrosse, Snow-shoeing and Topoganing, by Dr. Beers; "Babes in the Wood," an account of a trip through the Maine forests to Canada in a birch-bark canoe, made by the family of the author, Mrs. Hoyt, who is a daughter of the late Chief-Justice Chase; and a fourth paper on "A Railroad in the Clouds," by Major J. E. Montgomery, describing the highest railway in the world, which by the way, was built by American enterprise. There is also a horseback reverie on "The Old Boston Road," by E. T. Nadal (who has just been re-appointed to the place on the American legation at London, which he held under Mr. Motley), and John Burroughs has one of his characteristic talks on "Strawberries," which will doubtless prolong the season of that delightful fruit. Of the noteworthy new contributors, Berthold Auerbach has a story of German peasant life, entitled "Adam and Eve at the Agricultural Fair," with illustrations by Professor Thumann, of the Berlin Academy; Miss Clara Louise Kellogg writes about "Some Japanese Melodies," the scores of which are given, and the author of "Deirdre" has a three-page poem of "Reflections" about American authors, inscribed to Dr. Holmes. Other poems adapted to the season are a "Madrigal," by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Summer Thoughts," by D. S. Foster; and "Guests," by Celia Thaxter. Bayard Taylor contributes an "Assyrian Night-Song," and R. H. Stoddard a long poem entitled "Two Kings." The first installment of Miss Trafton's new serial, "His Inheritance," is given in this number. The scene is laid on the south western frontier twenty-five years ago, and the opening story is said to be very attractive. Dr. Hollad's "Nicholas Minturn," it is announced, will be completed in the October number. In the Editorial departments, Dr. Holland writes about "More Protestant Vaticanism" and "The Tax for Barbarism," apropos of the war in the East. "The Old Cabinet" has "A Letter about Toucan," something about "Japanese Music," supplementary to Miss Kellogg's sketch, and two poems—a sonnet on "Keats" and "The White and Red Rose." Other articles in the department deal with "Blue India China," "Budding Fruit-trees," "Self-Trimming Colliers," "Double Boats," etc., etc.

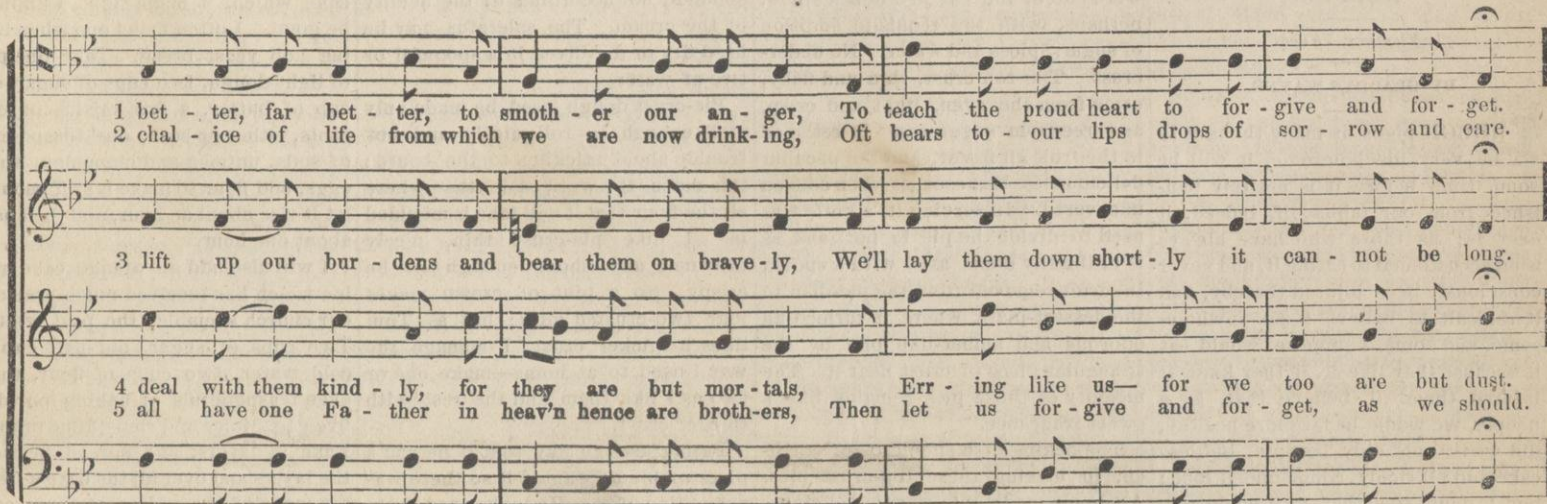
HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is a brilliant summer number, containing one hundred and twenty-six engravings, and an unusual variety of novel and entertaining reading matter. The number opens with a superbly illustrated paper on the White Mountains. Then from the mountains the reader is taken to the sea-side—to the beautiful old port of Castine and the Camden Hills, described by Elizabeth E. Evans in a paper which is a prose-poem, with eighteen charming illustrations. Under the title of "The Golden Treasures of Kurium," William C. Prime contributes a very entertaining paper on General Di Ciesnola's recent discoveries in Cyprus, with forty-two illustrations. Mr. Prime's description of the ancient Cypriot ladies is calculated to excite the envy of the most fashionable women of to-day. The interest, recently awakened, in the poet Keats' American relatives give especial value to Mr. Madden's paper on the subject, containing, with other illustrations, a portrait of George Keats, the poet's brother, who emigrated to America. A sonnet by Keats, never before published, is given. There is also in the Easy Chair for this number, published for the first time, a sonnet written by the late John Lothrop Motley when he was seventeen years old. Mrs. Mary Treat contributes some very important matter about Florida lilies, with illustrations. What she describes as an *Amaryllis Atamasco* has been since discovered to be an entirely new species. This number contains three articles of special interest to sportsmen—Maurice Thompson's "Pan-Fish Angling" (illustrated), Douglas Frazar's "Hints for Practical Trout-Fishing," and W. L. Alden's "The Flying Proa" (illustrated), describing a sail-boat that will not capsize. There are three illustrated poems—Lucy Larcom's "Friend Brook," Thomas Davidson's spirited Scotch ballad, "The Jeet-Black Groom," with illustrations by Fredericks, and Mrs. Spofford's "Inside Plum Island," with three illustrations by Brieher. Edward Everett Hale contributes a poem on "The Old South Meeting-House," and Sidney Lanier one entitled "The Waving of the Corn." In fiction there are five fresh chapters of "Ere-

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

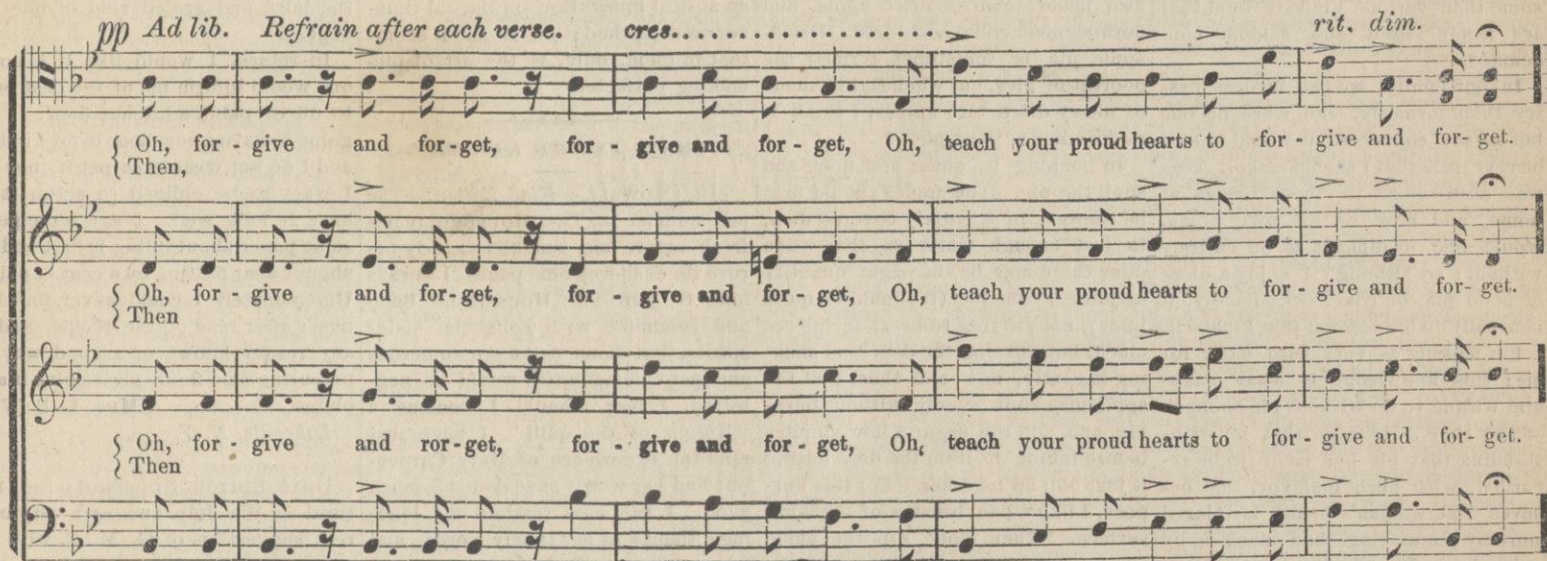
L. O. EMERSON.

With feeling.


1. Oh, for-give and for-get, for this life is too fleeting, To waste it in brood-ing o'er wrongs we have met; It is
2. In the path we must tread, leading down to the val-ley, Are cross-es and tri-als to lift and to bear, And the



3. But this life is so short, be it sun-shine or shad-ow, That we can-not af-ford to brood o-ver a wrong, Let us
4. Then forgive and for-get, if the friends we love fond-ly Prove themselves to be false, and un-wor-thy of trust, Oh
5. Oh, deal with them ten-der-ly, pit-ty their weakness, We know ev-'ry heart hath its e-vil and good, We



pp Ad lib. Refrain after each verse. cres. rit. dim.
1 bet-ter, far bet-ter, to smoth-er our an-ger, To teach the proud heart to for-give and for-get.
2 chal-ice of life from which we are now drink-ing, Oft bears to-our lips drops of sor-row and care.
3 lift up our bur-dens and bear them on brave-ly, We'll lay them down short-ly it can-not be long.
4 deal with them kind-ly, for they are but mor-tals, Err-ing like us—for we too are but dust.
5 all have one Fa-ther in heav'n hence are broth-ers, Then let us for-give and for-get, as we should.

{ Oh, for-give and for-get, for-give and for-get, Oh, teach your proud hearts to for-give and for-get.
Then,
{ Oh, for-give and for-get, for-give and for-get, Oh, teach your proud hearts to for-give and for-get.
Then
{ Oh, for-give and for-get, for-give and for-get, Oh, teach your proud hearts to for-give and for-get.
Then

ma," the best serial novel now being published; Wilkie Collins' "Percy and the Prophet," a powerful novelette, complete in one number; Lizzie W. Champney's "Voodoo Violet," with three remarkable illustrations by Abbey; and Mary N. Prescott's shorter story, "Bell's Match-making." Dr. John W. Draper contributes a paper, with fifteen illustrations, on the Diffraction Spectrum, showing exactly what light, heat, and actinism are in the last scientific analysis. Very timely now, though it would be exceedingly interesting at any time, is Eugene Lawrence's thrilling story of Mahomet's career. The Editor's "Easy Chair" contains reminiscences of the late Fletcher Harper, with some reference to the history of the Magazine. The other editorial summaries are full of interesting matter, including the famous "Drawer," with six amusing illustrations.

ST. NICHOLAS for August follows close upon the superb issue for May, that so fitly heralded the spring. It is a capital Midsummer Holiday number—a feature in children's magazines, which St. Nicholas was the first to bring out. Specially adapted to the wants and longings that prevail in summer weather, it is full to the brim of refreshment and interest, and sparkles like cool water from a deep well. Its array of great and familiar names speaks of high quality as well as of variety and attractiveness. Henry W. Longfellow, the foremost of American poets, has in this number a poem of which the form and spirit are alike admirable, and appropriate for St. Nicholas. As a special contribution, it is evidence of the appreciation given to the magazine in the highest circles. Charles Dudley Warner contributes "John's First Party," a story of country life, in the author's own live

ly vein of gentle humor. Celia Thaxter is represented by some wonderfully sweet and melodious verses entitled "Robin's Rain-Song." H. H. dispenses lovely fancies in her charming "Dream about Fairies," and Sarah Winter Kellogg tells about "The Swooping Eagle's First Exploit" in a manner irresistibly captivating to the spirit of a boy. One of the features the youngsters will like most is Mr. Frank R. Stockton's delightful account of a visit to "A Village of Wild Beasts," given in his most amusing style. "Mr. Tompkins' Small Story," by Abby Morton Diaz, appears, as promised, and Aunt Fanny gives her recollections of the pranks and feats of a "Blue-coat Boy" whom she knew in London. A Neapolitan tale, "The Coral-Fisher and His Wife," by Kate Brownlee Horton, with the admirable frontispiece for illustration, is most refreshingly contrasted with Mrs. C. E. Gro-

ser's "Summer Ride in Labrador," its two pictures by Sol Eytinge vividly reproducing the snowy chill of that frigid country. Prof. W. K. Brooks of Johns Hopkins University, gives a peep at the birds and their ways of building nests, and Prof. Richard A. Proctor, besides his usual Star paper, expresses, in the "Letter-Box" department his views upon the Sea-Serpent. Mr. Trowbridge's serial story, "His Own Master," enters upon a most interesting stage; and into some rollicking verses, illustrated in Hopkins' funniest vein, and telling of the tour of three enterprising infants, "Around the World on a Telegraph Wire," E. L. Bynner has managed to pack a full share of St. Nicholas fun and frolic. This Midsummer Holiday number is just the thing to amuse the youngsters during moments of rest in the cool shade, and charm them with its pictures of summer fun and beauty.



SALAD.

Two boiled potatoes pressed thro' kitchen-sieve
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon.
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town.
The flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.
And lastly o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic spoonful of Anchovy sauce;
Then, though green turtle fail, tho' venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."
—*Sydney Smith's Recipe.*

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Three.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

THOUGH pie is by many thought to be very unwholesome, it will be some time before it is entirely banished from our tables, if, indeed, it ever is; as those who have always been accustomed to eating it, and never consciously been injured thereby, find it difficult to believe it so unwholesome, and some, I suppose, would eat it because they like it, if they knew it injured them. I believe that, as a people, we would be far more healthy, did we eat not only less pie, but less cake and all richly compounded food; but I doubt whether well-made pie, temperately used, is more unwholesome than various kinds of food that are freely eaten and seldom condemned.

In our family, we use far less pastry than formerly, and were no one but myself concerned it would indeed be very little that I should make. Tom was accustomed to those things at home, and now in his own home, would find it difficult to do entirely without; so although I enjoy a piece of good pie, or cake, occasionally, it is usually on his account that I make it.

Pie making is very hard work for me; this knowledge is what makes him willing to do without pie so much of the time. He says that notwithstanding that pie has come to be regarded with such disfavor, he believes that woman's health is injured more by pie-making than man's is by pie-eating. Then he laughs good naturedly, and declares that he shall be obliged to do one of three things; procure help, now and then a day, especially to make pie; learn to roll pie-crust, so as to "lend me a helping hand," himself, occasionally, or adopt my pet theory that pie is none too wholesome, and that the best, most wholesome way of eating ripe fruit, as berries, etc., is not cooked nor "smothered" in dough, but in the natural, fresh state, with or without sugar, and accompanied by good bread and butter. I return his badinage by advising him to adopt the latter plan, and so consult both health and pocket-book.

Regarding the unwholesomeness of pie, it must be largely in the crust—more especially the under-crust which is liable to become soggy and unfit for eating that harm lurks. A plan suggested by Mary E. Wager, goes far toward removing that objection. She says: "While visiting a friend, last summer, she remarked to her mother, at dinner one day, as dessert was being served, that our guest did not eat pie. The mother gave a little nod with her head, which was full of significance, and said, 'Well, when she sees some of my pies, she will both eat and like them to.' In due time the pies began to appear, pies of apple, and pies of peaches, and the mother's prediction proved true. The pies were delicious, and quite free from the ordinary objection urged by hygienists and physiologists against pastry. They were in this way:

A deep dish, from two to three inches in depth, was filled with the fruit, pared, and if of apples, they were cored, and cut in a dozen slices, perhaps, with the requisite addition of sugar, spices and water. No under-crust. The top-crust, thin and flaky, came from the oven, light and crisp, and free from soginess. It retained in the fruit all flavor, and the peculiar deliciousness that escapes when cooked uncovered. In serving it, a knife was used to divide the pie in portions, as is ordinarily done, and, with a spoon, the fruit removed from the pie-dish to the dessert-plate, where it formed an odoriferous and amber-like pile by the triangular piece of crust near it. The memory of those pies remains like a sweet fragrance."

The baking dish should be of earthen, in making these top-crust pies. Apple pie made this way is delicious, (I have tried no other fruit). I have also made some of dried apple, and nothing nicer could be desired. Dried-apple pie is sometimes termed the poorest of pies, but when rightly made of nicely dried tart apples, I think it ranks among "best pies."

In making it, some add flour and spoil the pie. The apples should first be stewed, in a closely covered dish, in just enough water so that when done there may be the right quantity of juice for the pie (it should be quite juicy), not stirring to break the pieces much, but turning the dish and shaking it gently, now and then, that the apple may cook evenly without burning, and add the sugar a few minutes before taking it from the fire, letting it just boil up together. For this purpose, I like a pan, because of the large surface. When done dip the apple carefully into the pie-dish, add the spice preferred, and it is ready for the crust. As a spice for apple pie, to my taste nothing can at all compare with caraway seed. Tom likes cinnamon or nutmeg better.

Berry pie is usually made with two crusts. Line the pie dish with crust, fill it with berries, add the sugar, dredge over the top a little wheat flour, add two or three spoonfuls of water, or enough to make the pie somewhat juicy, put the top crust on, joining the edges securely, and bake until the crust is done. The quantity of sugar should be regulated by the acidity of the fruit; also, the quantity of flour and water varied according as the

fruit is more or less juicy. Never spice berry pie; that is high treason. Had berries voices, every berry in the land would protest against it.

To be at its best, pie with two crusts, especially if juicy, should be eaten within twenty-four hours after baking or before the under crust becomes soggy. I have read, somewhere, that baking-dishes for pie should be merely floured, never greased. In shortening with lard I think this might be a good rule; but in using cream for shortening, I do not succeed that way, as the pie will persist in sticking to the tin or platter. So I grease the dish and then flour it well; the flour seems in a measure to destroy the greasy flavor that, else, is sometimes noticed.

In making pie-crust I generally use sour cream if I have it, putting it part buttermilk or not according to the thickness of the cream; to each pint allowing about a teaspoonful of pulverized salaratus rounding the spoon or not according to the acidity of the cream. The salaratus may be used dry or dissolved in a spoonful or two of water.

Pie-crust dough need be made only stiff enough to roll nicely and not trouble about sticking to the board; this makes the work easier than where all the flour that it will take is moulded in. I like pie-crust thin, nicely browned and short enough to be crispy. So a pint of cream makes four two-crust pies; but as Tom likes a thicker crust, I manage the way I used to at home—make one or two as I like them and the rest with thicker crust.

Father used to say that if he had a piece of pie he wanted it so there was something of it. He looks upon those "top crust pies" with contempt, as an absurd innovation on the old time-honored method; but to me it seems that in them, only, is the art of pie-making perfected.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL.—*Kind Editor*:—The last number of THE HOUSEHOLD lies fresh before me, and as I eagerly peruse its ever welcome pages, I always long to join THE HOUSEHOLD Band and commune with congenial sister spirits, but home cares are numerous and many home duties would be neglected, I fear, should I become a "Knight of the quill." I have just read the experience of Mary Carpenter, and her words have done me much good. I can now restrain my longings, thanks to her timely words, and take up my home cares more cheerfully, and wait until a more convenient season to indulge in more congenial employments.

Perhaps you may think it strange, but I never saw a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD until this year. It is truly a most excellent paper, and is just the paper every wife, mother, and house-keeper needs. It never penetrated this locality until the present year, and I hear every one that has read it speak of it in terms of highest praise. Enclosed you will find money and names of distant friends to which I wish to send trial trips of THE HOUSEHOLD, and am assured that they will wish to become subscribers after having pe-

rused a few copies. Though I am a constant reader, I am not yet a subscriber, for a neighbor of mine subscribed, and as I take several papers, offered to exchange with me, but I shall not be long without a copy of my own, for there are so many things in it that I should like to refer to.

I saw a request from F. J. D. for chocolate cake. I have a recipe that was not taken from a "cook book," but received from a friend who assured me that it was a good recipe. I have never yet tried it myself, as I have always made chocolate cake in layers, and used the chocolate in the cream. But here is the recipe as it was given me: Nearly one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and one-fourth cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, the yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of grated chocolate added the last. Bake in two tins. Whites of two eggs for frosting between and on top.

I will add a recipe for bread fruit cake which, if made right, I know to be good. I often make one when baking hop yeast bread. Take one pint of light dough, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, a few raisins or currants, either or both, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon, three eggs, add flour to make it stiff enough, let it rise about an hour, and then bake about one hour.

I will also add an orange cake recipe which has received much praise at our church sociables the past winter. Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, two cups of flour, three even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, five eggs, juice and rind of one orange. Bake in layers, and spread between the layers and over all the cake a frosting made of the whites of three eggs thickened with pulverized sugar and the juice and grated rind of one orange.

In return, I would like it if some one would inform me of the best way to oil or paint a kitchen floor. I am going to have a new floor in my kitchen and I do not wish to carpet it, nor do I want to be obliged to scrub it to have it look well. I saw a recipe in some paper about oiling it first and in about a year putting on a coat of paint. Unfortunately I could never find the paper after reading the recipe, and if any reader knows of a good way of preparing said floor, please give it and oblige,
Mrs. L. P. W.

Lakeville, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in the July number a very correct suggestion of G. M. C. with regard to cooking rhubarb without peeling, to which I venture to offer one or two additional items, and would say, don't cut it into very small pieces, as thereby it loses too much juice and flavor. For pies I cut mine about an inch long and lay it in a deep dish with sugar between the layers, and no bottom crust; for the top I make a crust of finely chopped beef suet, (two tablespoonfuls for a medium sized dish,) a little salt, milk, and flour enough to roll into a smooth and not very thick paste, put a strip of it round the inside edge of the dish, then cover the whole, make a slit or hole in the center to prevent the escape of the juice and bake a nice brown. I think if

some of the sisters will try this; they will say they have really tasted rhubarb pie. Apple pie with only top crust of the same kind is very nice indeed. Both are better eaten while warm. For sauce as well as for pies, use no water except what clings to the rhubarb after washing, and you will have the pure flavor, and the juice will be of a beautiful color.

I send in answer to Em. G.'s request, a recipe for frosting without isinglass. Eight ounces of white powdered sugar and the whites of two eggs is enough for a large cake. Mix with four table-spoonfuls of rose water, whisk it well, and when the cake is nearly cold, cover it well with the frosting and set it in the oven to harden, but don't let it stay long enough to discolor.

To Ida I would say, there are several ways of preparing celery. It is very good for flavoring soups, and a nice salad may be made of it cut small and mixed with boiled potatoes (warm or cold) sliced thin, a few drops of oil, a little parsley and onion chopped fine, pepper, salt and vinegar. Another salad made of celery roots boiled till tender then sliced and mixed with the same dressing, (omitting the potatoes,) is very nice. I think if she will try the following method of stewing it, she will find it very palatable. Take five or six small heads strip off the outer leaves if green, cut into lengths of four inches, lay them evenly in a saucepan with a cup of weak gravy if you have it, if not, water, stew till tender, then add two spoonfuls of cream, a little flour and butter, and season with nutmeg, salt and pepper. Simmer all together five minutes more. This sauce is an agreeable addition to beefsteak or roast meat of any kind. At luncheon or with dinner celery is much eaten just plain with bread and butter or cheese, in either or any way it is a good and exceedingly wholesome vegetable, and one we never tire of at our table.

For cooking mushrooms Lucy B. G. can rub them with a soft cloth and salt to take off some of the outer skin. Put them in a saucepan, sprinkle them with salt and put in a little whole pepper, simmer slowly till done, then put a small piece of butter rubbed in flour and two spoonfuls cream (or milk will do), give them one boil, then place in a dish with sippets of toasted bread laid round the edge.

To make mushroom sauce for chickens, wash a pint of young mushrooms, rub the skin off in the same manner as above, put into a sauce pan with a little salt, some nutmeg, a pint of milk, or cream if you can get it, a good piece of butter mixed smooth in a table-spoonful of flour, and boil them (stirring gently to prevent burning) till quite tender, then pour it around the fowls.

To dry mushrooms, don't wash, but wipe them clean and peel off the skin. Lay them on paper to dry in a cool oven, and keep them in paper bags in a dry place. When wanted for use, simmer them in gravy, and they will swell to nearly their former size.

With regard to tin cans I would like to tell Lillie F. that I, for one, wish all that are made were used for hanging baskets, or any other possible purpose rather than for the putting up of fruit or vegetables. There is a mix-

ture of lead with the tin which acidity soon corrodes, producing thereby a strong poison. Even fresh fruit for sauce should never be stewed in anything but a porcelain-lined saucepan or in stone-ware. The glazed red ware should also not be used for boiling vinegar, or anything acid, as the glazing is partly lead or arsenic. Lead is not perfectly innocent even for water-pipes, much less for any vessel used for the preparation of food.

Providence, R. I. Mrs. L. K.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—For the benefit of others, I will give my plan of washing with Dobbins' Electric Soap, which I have used for the past year. On wash morning, I shave down one-fourth of a bar of soap, place in a tin pan that will not take much room on the stove, while I am getting breakfast; I fill it with rain water, stirring occasionally that it may all be dissolved. I have a kettle of rain water hot against breakfast is over, which I pour over my fine clothes in a tub to wet them, and then pour over them the dissolved soap in the pan, stirring them with a clothes stick until thoroughly saturated. Against the dishes are washed, the clothes are ready to wash, and taking very little rubbing, then put in the coarser clothes to stand while the first are wrung through hot rain water, and placed in a tub of blue rinsing water. If it were not for this easy way of washing I should be obliged to hire a wash-woman, and then my clothes would not have the pure white appearance that they now do, beside wearing so much longer. I always use my own make of soap for ordinary purposes, but never intend using it again for washing if I can procure Dobbins' Electric.

In the May number some one wrote about lamp wicks. I never buy them but use strips of cotton flannel doubled with the fuzzed side out, and basted or stitched along each edge, I use either colored or white, and when made to fit the burner are quite equal, I think, to the bought wick. I make them ten or twelve inches long.

Will some one please give a recipe for rhubarb jelly? and oblige,
Richmond, Ind. MARTHA B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—With the permission of our good Editor, I take a seat among the Band. I have been a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for six years, but this is the first time I have ventured to speak. Many are the words of comfort and encouragement I have received through its pages, and I always feel strengthened to go on in life's journey after perusing a new number, yes, or an old one either, for I have kept them all and I am always sure to find something suited to my case, and have read and re-read the old numbers while waiting for a new one to come. I love to introduce THE HOUSEHOLD into new families, and feel that it is exerting a great influence for good in our land. I know of no domestic paper whose tone is so bright and pure, and which seems to come right into our home life like THE HOUSEHOLD. I know that life is more to me than before I became acquainted with it. Then everything is so practical. I like practical things.

Now-a-days there is a great deal of talking, and preaching, but when the practicing is called for it is sadly deficient.

Now that I think of it, I want to tell you how I preserve eggs. Take nice fresh eggs. Be sure none are cracked. Have a kettle or boiler of boiling hot water, put a few eggs at a time in an open basket and dip them into the water, (I often use a common wire corn popper,) dip them two or three times, being careful to put them clear under so that every part is covered, but only for an instant at a time. Then pack in oats, beans, salt, or anything handy, setting them upon the small end, and place in a cool dry place. They will look just as fresh when one year old as when first packed.

Please, sisters, when you send recipes for THE HOUSEHOLD, send them early in the season. Frequently I notice something that I very much wished to know, but it is just a little too late to be of service, unless we wait till next year. But I see I must stop or Mr. Crowell will say I can't come again.

CONSTANT READER.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have long been a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, reading and enjoying the many letters, from the dear sisters who are "so near and yet so far." I do not believe there is a letter written but that some heart responds to the sentiments therein. Some come freighted with loving words that seem to whisper a sweet benediction to those who read. Others give kindly hints of ways and means to accomplish certain portions of our daily work with less labor. (But here allow me to say that I never will believe that dish-washing can be reduced to a science.) Again come others with little ones to bring up. They want to learn others' ideas on the subject. It is no light task to train up little ones in such a manner that our conscience cannot reproach us in after years.

Here again is one poor sister, who comes with her great grief to her HOUSEHOLD sisters and asks for sympathy. Dear sister E. E., I could quickly respond to your appeal, for I, too, am a widow, with two little boys looking to me for everything. No woman can know of the deep despair that settles on the heart, till they see the grave close over the remains of one who was all in all to her. For months I almost prayed to lose the power of thinking. Ah! well for us that time has the power to soften our grief and enable us to endure.

Now and then comes a cool, Pharisaical letter from some practical sister not troubled with a delicate, nervous organization, who poohs! at the idea of any one not keeping as calm as a mummy under all circumstances, and who no doubt thanks God in her heart that she is not like other women. Such a one never does anything by impulse. It is all calm deliberation with her. It is well also that there are such, for when there is a dislocated limb to be replaced, or a cruel cut to be bandaged, they are always ready with steady hand and unflinching nerve to assist to their utmost. I never could imagine that bible Pharisee as

having a nervous streak about him, who was so thankful that he was not like other men. He viewed the subject all over in his mind, and then gave his ideas to the public at large. But the poor Publican, I am sure, felt a quiver all through his nerves as he smote upon his breast and asked God to be merciful to him.

Knowing by experience the sufferings consequent on having a nervous temperament, I am inclined to wage war against the sisters who do not believe in "nervous freaks." Would that the mantle of charity could fall on us all. Would that the grace of humility dwelt in our hearts. We have need to think kindly of all. We know not the inward griefs that people bear who show to us a smiling face. To any who have known trouble my heart is with them, for I have seen much. To the light-hearted, too, my heart would join, for I believe in catching all the sunshine one can—in getting all the sweet I can from the bitter. Have pity, dear sisters, for the nervous and desponding, for theirs is an unhappy lot.

Some of the sisters speak so joyously of casting their cares on the Saviour. It must be a blessed relief, but one, which I never could find. I feel a great reverence for the dear Master and His Son, but never have been able to reach them that I might cast my burden from me. Are there any hearts that respond to my sentiments, being so situated themselves. Let us love one another now and alway is the wish of your sister who calls herself,
ENIV.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I often marvel how you can afford to publish THE HOUSEHOLD for the price, but am very glad you can, for we have had a hard year and presume perhaps some of us would have had to do without it, if it had cost much more. We have some excellent writers in our HOUSEHOLD, haven't we? Those on the stage are most of them bright, particular stars, indeed I might say all of them. But, Mr. Crowell, I think we who compose the audience are by far the most to be envied. No responsibility, if I except the one of seeing the dollar dispatched in time, and then comes the feast of "fat things." Imagine one of us in the evening after THE HOUSEHOLD arrives, snugly seated in our cosy reading chair, in our pleasant sitting-room, husband on other side the table reading his daily paper, the picture of content. You may see scores of such, I presume, when the day's work is ended, and children are snugly tucked in bed, the busy mother lays aside her cares to read, for rest, instruction and amusement. And where can she find all combined so easily as in our own HOUSEHOLD? Many, many thanks for the grand idea of a woman's paper, and may the dollars never be wanting to continue its publication.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Dare a stranger, and an outsider, take a peep into your charmed circle? I feel quite acquainted with many of the dear sisters, and have a warm loving interest in several. Marah, dear, where are you? How I would love to know you personally, for I have thought of you any

number of times. There are Rosamond, U. U., Viva Starr, and Merry, (who are you anyway? you are so nice,) whom I like immensely. I was one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band (I sat on a little stool in a shady corner) three years, but alas! had to deny myself for the general domestic good last year, but I hope to be with you again.

Mrs. Dorr wrote one little talk several years ago in this dear "homey" paper, which was worth all I have ever paid for THE HOUSEHOLD to me. Her subject was the compensations of life. Those times I was crying nearly every day, which worried my kind, patient husband terribly, but what she said, and my health improving, brightened me very much. I think we ought to look persistently on the bright side of daily life, forming a habit of so doing; this will help us to exercise that patience we all need. MADIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—With our editor's permission I wish to say a few words to the Band. When Rosamond E. wrote her first letter, I thought her case somewhat resembled mine, and was anxious to see a reply. Gladdys Wayne's letter to her was encouraging to me. I have eight children, the eldest sixteen years of age, the youngest eight months old. Although a "weary worker," I think I am blessed so long as my kind husband is spared to me. I wish every young mother in the land could read Mrs. Dorr's Letter to Alice in March number. It is true, every word of it. If I could only have read such a letter twenty years ago, how many hours of toil and pain I should have been spared.

I am every mail expecting the patchwork patterns which Gladdys Wayne was so kind as to promise those sisters who sent the editor their address.

I always read Dr. Hanaford's articles with interest. I am especially pleased with "Tonics for Women," in March number. ELLEN B.
Queen City, Texas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I feel almost a stranger, having taken your paper but a short time, yet I want to tell you how I enjoy the letters from the sister Band. They carry much cheer and comfort to the tired mother's heart, and lighten many a burden. I enjoy Dr. Hanaford's articles much.

I have tried a number of the recipes, and all have proved good. Why, I feel that I have added five years' experience to my household knowledge since the past few months, and never intend to do without THE HOUSEHOLD again. M. L. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—In looking over the June number of our HOUSEHOLD I see Mary A. Carpenter expresses her dislike of making butter, and of general housework. Now making butter is my favorite employment. The whole process is so interesting to me that I cannot fail to believe that it is wisely ordained by God that we are not all partial to one employment. Baking is also a favorite of mine, although I do not profess to be a good baker.

I think every young lady ought to be taught to do general housework, though she may be rich now, and may have servants to go and come at her

bidding she may sometime be called upon by some unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune to perform her own work, especially if she is married and has a family around her; there are so many little notions which help to make up a happy life we should all be instructed in the art. I think the father has as much to do in making home happy as the mother. If he takes his glass of wine, and smokes his cigar, his sons will take up his evil ways, and if they are reproved for so doing, will reply, "Father does so, and it does not hurt him, so it will not hurt me." How careful parents should be to set a good example for their children. DOR.

DEAR SISTERS:—For six years I have perused with deeply increasing interest the experiences, trials, and life-thoughts from our HOUSEHOLD Band. If others have been encouraged and strengthened in their labors of love, I also have been assisted to a higher life in many ways. But many times, dear friends, when I have read the peculiar trials of some of our sisters, I have said, how many in our land are similarly situated, bearing their burdens all alone, not thinking there is One Ear who ever listens, One Heart who pities all our sorrows, One Hand who would lead and carry all our burdens if we but asked Him, One who can be more to us than all earthly friends. Still it is a comfort to unburden our hearts and receive the friendly sympathy and counsel of those who have passed through similar ordeals. We all have a life experience, but withal life will be brighter if we but remember that behind the clouds the sun is shining still.

I have often wished that I might meet you and look into each one of your faces, and grasp each friendly hand, and I did hope (as some had expressed the desire) that a meeting might be planned during our Centennial, but as that is a thing of the past, it would now be a more difficult matter to manage.

I have now a favor I would like to ask, if my unknown friends will not think me too presumptuous. Somewhere in a corner of my brain lies a love for relics, and years ago I started a cabinet, but a change in my life, new duties and responsibilities, enabled me to make but a small collection. Since visiting the Centennial the desire has been re-awakened. While there I collected some specimens of ore, precious stones, and articles of foreign manufacture. Now let me add, if any one has a number of specimens of a kind, of minerals, relics, etc., if they would like to spare one, it would be very gratefully received, not only as a loving remembrance from members of our HOUSEHOLD Band, but as a valuable accession to my treasures. As we have sister correspondents (and their letters I read with delight) residing in different states, I thought if I could obtain some little fossil, or mineral, with the name or composition, and where found, it would add greatly to the few I have already collected. The post-office facilities are such that they can be sent with less trouble than formerly. Of course I wish to bear all the expense and trouble in mailing, etc. I received a few days since from

Nebraska a small box of fossils, in a newspaper, for the trifling sum of three cents, which was of far more pleasure and value to me than many times that amount.

To those who are interested in sorrento wood sawing, I have some very fine patterns I would copy for those who wish. I have just finished an elegant cross of holly wood, mounted on black walnut. LIZZIE M. R.
P. O. box 459, Lowell, Mass.

CREAM CAKES, ETC.

FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I sympathize with the lady who says "recipes are often indefinite." Cream cakes, for example, are handsomer baked in muffin rings, (tin rings the size of a bisuit,) or in common little tin cake moulds, than when dropped on a flat surface. They should be baked in a hot oven until the tops are hard, else they will fall. It is necessary, or desirable to beat the eggs well before they are put with the batter. The batter should be cool, if cold it is much more difficult to beat smooth with the eggs. A one-half pint, i. e., a common sized tumbler, full of boiling water, a cup (four ounces) of butter, and two cupfuls of sifted flour, is the right proportion for the batter. Put the water and butter in a tin dish on the stove, after the butter is melted and water boiling, stir in the flour. Set aside to cool.

Break five eggs in a large bowl, beat them, when the batter is cool add it to the eggs, and beat till smooth, drop by spoonfuls into the rings or molds, which are supposed to be already set on tin sheets, or sheet iron pans and buttered. There will be just enough for sixteen. Place them in a hot oven; in twenty-five or thirty minutes they will be of a bright brown color, and hard on the top. When you peep into the oven to see how they look, don't hold the door open, shut in a second, but they are supposed to be baked now. Take the largest spider, set it on the stove, half fill it with boiling water, take the tin dish you have just emptied, put in a pint of milk, set it in the spider; while the milk is heating, beat together one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs, when the milk boils, stir it in and keep stirring two or three minutes. Remove from the fire, flavor with extract of lemon, or vanilla. Take a sharp knife cut a hole in the top crust of each cake; put in all if will hold of the cream, replace the piece of crust, and they are ready for the table.

Perhaps Eliza would like to try a paper carpet on a bed-room, or upper hall floor. A light colored, strong paper is selected for this purpose, pasted tight to the floor, when dry, varnished two or three times. I like them for some rooms. And for her cellar the best material for concrete floors is Rosedale cement, one part, and coarse washed gravel, three parts. These should be mixed with as little water as possible, and be well rammed down by placing a board over the fresh laid cement and pounding on it with a heavy rammer until it is well compacted. It sets rapidly and makes a hard and durable floor for cellars, stables, or barn-yards.

"Anna" and I like apple dumplings.

Two cups of buttermilk, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, flour to make a thick batter, a heaping pint of quartered apples, of course pared and cored, the whole well mixed and poured into a common pudding boiler, cover tied tightly, then placed in a kettle of boiling water, which must not stop boiling for an hour. Serve with maple syrup or pudding sauce. A common tin pail will answer for a boiler, if the water does not boil into it.

Apple slump is nice. Put a quart of apple quarters in a porcelain kettle, with two cups of water, cover with a crust made of one cup of buttermilk, one even teaspoonful of soda and flour to roll. Set it in the back part of the stove where it will not burn, cook half an hour, serve with syrup or sauce made of two cups of boiling water, one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, beat together, and boil one minute. A.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF PREPARING CABBAGE FOR THE TABLE.

A lady writes the Farm Journal: An excellent cold slaw is made by shredding a solid head of cabbage with a thin, sharp knife or a slaw cutter, then placing the cut cabbage in your dish, pour over it a dressing made by heating a pint of vinegar scalding hot, then beating into it quickly one beaten egg, with a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and a tablespoonful of sugar. The cabbage should be thinly sprinkled with salt and pepper as it is put in the dish.

To fry cabbage, chop or shred quite fine, have a spider hot on the stove, in which is a small quantity of butter or meat drippings, season, and put in the cabbage, and cover tight, stirring often and taking care it does not scorch on the spider. Cooked in this way it is very sweet and nice.

Cabbage makes a nice dish also cooked by dropping into salted boiling water, and when taken out, minced fine with a knife, then pouring over it a dressing made by taking a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a coffee-cupful of boiling water; cut up the butter with a half teaspoonful of flour, and stir it gradually in the hot water. When it boils, stir in a dessert-spoonful of vinegar, and a dust of pepper, with a little salt. For the sauce, thick sweet cream is an excellent substitute.

For hot slaw prepare the same as for cold slaw, cook tender, and pour over the dressing, or merely season with vinegar before dishing up.

Somebody has said that corned beef with boiled cabbage makes the best 365 dinners a man can eat in a year. To realize the full measure of excellence, the quality, curing, and cooking of the beef should be considered, but with this, I have nothing in this letter to do. Perhaps some one can give us directions by which he may secure perfection in this part of the process. As to the cabbage, have a solid head stripped of the outside leaves, except one layer, divide it into quarters by gashing down nearly through to the lower end of the core. Skim the floating grease as nearly as you can from the top of the water in your pot of boiling beef, and about one hour before dinner drop in your cabbage and keep it boiling steadily

and slowly until you are ready to dish it. Now carefully lift it out with a skimmer and lay on a platter, draining well, take off the outside leaf, and your cabbage will come out clear from grease or scum.

REASONS WHY.

Why does boiling fast render meat hard?

Because the excessive action of heat causes the albumen of the meat to set solid, crisps up the fleshy fibers, and prevents heat having a gradual access to the interior.

Why, when a good soup or broth is required, should the meat be put into cold water?

Because, as the heat is developed very gradually, there occurs an intermixture between the juices of the flesh and the external matter. The soluble and savory parts of the meat escape and enrich the soup.

Why are stews generally healthful and digestible?

Because, being compounds of various substances, they contain all the elements of nutrition, and as the office of the stomach is to liquify solid food before digesting it, the previous stewing assists the stomach in this particular.

What causes the crackling noise when lard is put into a frying pan?

Lard always contains some portion of water, and it is the expansion of this water into steam, forcing its way through the fat, which causes the crackling noise. The heat at which fat or oil boils is much greater than water. When the crackling ceases the water has been driven off from the fat, and when the fat begins to boil or bubble, its heat will be very high.

Why, in frying fish, should the fat or oil be made very hot before the fish are put in?

Because, if the temperature is low when the fish is put into the frying pan, it becomes sodden in the steam formed by its water, but if the oil is very much heated the water will be at once driven off, and the fish nicely browned by the scorching oil.

Why should fish or meat that is being fried be frequently turned?

Because the turning assists the evaporation of the water. When the fish or meat is allowed to lie too long, steam is generated under it, and the substance becomes sodden; and the moment the steam is driven off, the surface catches to the hot pan, and becomes burnt and broken.

Why is broiled meat so juicy and savory?

Because the action of the fire, hardening its surface, seals up the pores through which the juices might escape. It acts in the same way that the sudden dip into boiling water does upon the joints of meat, but more effectually. To turn broiling meat, never use a fork, but tongs; a fork opens an escape for the juice, and wastes the best parts of the meat.

Why is cabbage rendered more wholesome and nutritious by being boiled in two waters?

Because (according to Dr. Paris) cabbage contains an essential oil, which is apt to produce bad effects; and he recommends that it should be boiled in two successive waters, and then it is soft and digestible.

WASHING OIL-CLOTHS.

There is much complaint of the poor quality of the oil-cloths of the present time. "Why! my mother's oil-cloths never lost color or wore out, but mine are so poor and the color so bad that I am quite discouraged." Let us ask a simple question or two. Who washed your mother's oil-cloths, and how? Who takes care of yours, and you know how it is done? In "olden times," whoever did the hard work, the mistress took good care that no soap or hot water or scrub brush was ever used on her oil-cloths, and she also saw to it that when washed they were wiped perfectly dry. If soap or hot water is used or if left wet, they soon crack and the paint peels off.

An Irish servant cannot imagine that she can clean an oil-cloth without a pail of strong, hot suds and a good, stiff scrub brush. Then she puts to her work all the strength of a good, strong, healthy arm, and smiles with great satisfaction at the result of her labors. No doubt for a few moments, till the cloth is dry, the colors stand out clearly and the floor looks fresh and brilliant; but it takes but few of such scrubblings to destroy the best oil-cloth ever made. But take a pail of clean soft lukewarm water, a nice, soft piece of flannel and wash your oil-cloths, wipe them very dry, so that no drop of water is left to soak in and rot the fabric, and you will have little cause to complain that they wear out so much faster than your mother's—provided you select one of good make. After washing and drying, if a cloth wrung out of a dish of skim milk and water and the oil-cloth is rubbed over with this and then again well dried, the freshness and lustre of the cloth will repay the extra labor.—Mrs. H. W. Beecher.

HOW TO KEEP THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—In the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Pearl Clyde wishes to know how some of the sisters preserve their HOUSEHOLDS. I have been a subscriber of your paper for a number of years, and have kept every number. I will give her my way. When I have got a year's paper, I sew them together in pairs in this way: Open two consecutive numbers, as January and February, in the middle, and place them back to back, and sew them together, close the papers, and after a year's numbers have been sewed in this way, lay them together in order, one upon the other, and with a straight awl punch six holes as near the edge as you can and be sure to catch inside the thread previously sewed in; now take some strong twine and a long needle, put the needle through all the papers at the first hole, then through the second, then the third, then back to the second, then back to the first and tie, repeat the same at the other three holes. This will be strong and the back entirely elastic. I place the table of contents in front, and have pasteboard for a cover, which I cover with cambric, and stitch a strip of patent leather on the back, which makes it look much like a bound book.

Now about recipes. My way is this. When I see one I think I should like

to try, I write in a blank book the name of the cake, or pie, or bread, or whatever it is a recipe for, and write the year and page of THE HOUSEHOLD in which it is to be found, then I can easily find it whenever I wish to do so.

I hope Pearl Clyde will try my way of binding, and let me know how she likes it. I, for one, think I like the paper as it is, better than a magazine form.

CELIA.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

One quart of sweet milk, boiled, four cups of corn meal (yellow meal), two cups of rye meal, not flour but the unbolted meal; a little more than one-half cup of molasses, a heaping teaspoonful of soda and a small teaspoonful of salt.

Turn the boiling milk upon the corn meal, and when nearly cool add the rye meal, stirring thoroughly that the two kinds of meal may be perfectly mixed; add the molasses in which the soda has been stirred, having previously dissolved the soda in a little cold milk that there may be no lumps in it. Let it stand about fifteen minutes in a warm place before putting in the oven, which should be hot at first, and for a half hour or more; then allowing the heat to moderate, and the bread to bake slowly and remain in the oven some hours, as slow baking gives it the rich, deep color considered essential to its preparation.

We make twice the quantity and bake in a six quart pail, with a tightly fitting cover, the iron pot I used to consider so essential to perfect brown bread having long since disappeared. We put it in the oven in the evening about eight o'clock, and thus have it smoking hot for an early breakfast. Of course it is understood we keep a coal fire, which does not go out, though it can be baked through the day with a wood fire, but it is rather too fierce to insure perfection in baking. When done, turn upside down upon a plate and you will have a toothsome loaf for all lovers of brown bread.

CANNING FRUIT.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Fruit canning is a science. The most important principles are first to bring the heat up to at least 190°, 212° or the boiling point is safe, and then allow a thorough cooking till every part, even the center, is well cooked, for the purpose of destroying the fermentation principle, and then to seal so tightly that no air can reach them, since it is the oxygen of the air that causes fermentation, with warmth, etc. Keep them as cool as possible. The cans may be filled after the cooking, while the fruit is warm—warm the can also that it may not break—and no sugar need be added, since that is one element of the fermentation, the process being a change of starch to sugar, and the sugar changed to carbonic gas and alcohol.

The fruit can be frozen in an air tight can and the can broken, and the fruit injured. No mould need be feared when the fruit is well cooked, the cans full, and the air utterly excluded. When the juice fills all the

interstices, and the can is filled, there can be but a little air in the can, while the space left after shrinkage is a vacuum. There is really no necessity for re-filling if all of these conditions are regarded as seen in our house. There are fixed chemical principles which need not fail—cannot fail—prominent among which are thorough cooking and the exclusion of the air. Fermentation is impossible above and below certain points, about 30° to 190° Fah.

—The less apples are "picked over" and exposed to the open air, the better they will keep. Many years they will keep but poorly, at the best, but are better barreled up in a cool cellar until used, than in bins, even if they do decay some.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Separate the yolks and whites of three eggs, (more if for a large family,) beat the yolks lightly, then add three tablespoonfuls of milk and one-half teaspoonful of salt, beat a little more; melt half a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, pour in the yolks, and when they begin to thicken pour the whites in without beating. Let them be until they look like the white of a boiled egg, then quickly mix them with the yolks with a fork. Serve in a hot dish on buttered toast.

Mrs. R. H. S.

Boston, Mass.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one egg one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a little nutmeg if liked. Bake in small tins.

AN ENGLISH CAKE.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, one-fourth pint of boiling milk, four eggs, one-half pound of currants or raisins stoned and currants or raisins stoned and cut, nutmeg or lemon rind grated, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. Mix the butter in the dry flour thoroughly, add the sugar, then pour on it the boiling milk, and add the well whisked eggs; add the fruit and seasoning, beat all lightly together, then add the saleratus in finest powder well mixed with a little sugar and rubbed through the sieve. Beat three or four minutes. Bake from one to one and one-half hours.

Mrs. H. C.

Hanston, Kansas.

TO PACK EGGS.—Grease them well with lard or fat and pack in dry sand, and keep where they will not freeze.

EGG BUTTER.—One pint of molasses to four eggs, beat well together and cook slowly, stirring constantly. Spice to your taste.

C. C.

CORN STARCH OR DELICATE CAKE.—Two teacups of sugar, one teacup of butter, one teacup of sweet milk, one teacup of corn starch, two teacups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with the flour. Stir sugar and butter to a cream, dissolve the starch in a part of the milk, the rest of the milk put with the sugar and butter, then add flour, then corn starch, and last the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with almond or lemon.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Two teacups of sugar, three teacups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and four eggs. Break two eggs in each cup, and fill with sour cream. Stir all together and bake in layers. Put jelly between.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—One teacup of sugar, four eggs, butter the size of an egg, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little milk, or two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Jelly for the above Cake.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one lemon grated, one large tart ap-

ple grated, butter the size of a walnut; beat together and cook till quite thick. Spread as you would jelly.

CUSTARD FOR CHOCOLATE FOR CAKE.—Three bars of sweet French chocolate, scrape fine, and add a little water or milk; whip yolks of three eggs with half a cup of sweet cream, add to the chocolate and boil thick. When cold flavor with vanilla. Make a loaf of delicate cake; when one day old cut in thin slices and spread with chocolate custard, or bake in layers as for jelly cake.

GINGER BREAD.—Half a pint of sweet milk, one pint of molasses, two ounces of butter, one-half ounce of saleratus, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Stir the milk and molasses together till neither can be seen separate, then stir in the saleratus (made fine), then add the ginger and some salt. The butter must be melted if the weather is cold, if not, rubbed in the flour. Make hard enough to roll, not soft enough to spread, roll out half an inch thick, wash with new milk before stamping, and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. This will make a sufficient quantity for four sheets.

PIE-CRUST.—Four teacups of flour, one teacup of lard; roll out the upper-crust and spread more lard on.

LEMON PIE.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one cup of boiling water, butter half the size of an egg, the grated rind and juice of a lemon; cook together till clear, and when cold add the yolk of an egg. Line the plate with paste and bake, then fill, putting on the white of an egg with a little sugar for icing, then put in the oven and brown.

SUET PUDDING.—Three-fourths of a cup of suet, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of cloves. Steam two and one-half hours, and serve with sweet sauce. MRS. M. S. L.
Saranac, Mich.

MR. CROWELL:—In the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD Elsie asks for a recipe for tapioca pudding, and not having seen any answer to it which I think is as good as mine, I send it to her hoping it will prove acceptable.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One quart of milk to two-thirds of a cup of tapioca, soak over night, then add three eggs, sugar enough to sweeten, butter half the size of an egg, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Bake three-quarters of an hour. It is very nice eaten with milk and sugar, or with milk alone, as you prefer.

I receive benefit from reading every piece in THE HOUSEHOLD, and have already saved more than the amount of my subscription from the recipes and suggestions contained in it. A. L. R.
Concord, N. H.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup each of butter, sugar, and molasses, three cups of flour, four eggs, one-half pound each of currants and raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and nutmeg.

CRACKER PUDDING.—One quart of milk, three eggs, four crackers, one cup of raisins, spice, salt, and sugar to taste. NELL F.

DOUGHNUTS.—I will send you my recipe for doughnuts. Perhaps some of the sisters will like it. Two cups of sugar, two cups of buttermilk, two eggs, one-half nutmeg, and two teaspoonfuls of melted lard. Mix soft. MARY I. W. B.

UNION CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk (I use cream), three cups of flour, one-half cup of corn starch, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor as you please. Lemon is nice.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda.

LEMON PIE.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Put into a crust.

Take the whites of the eggs and two spoonfuls of sugar for icing.

LEMON PIE NUMBER TWO.—One lemon, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, or more will not hurt, one pint of milk, and one-half ounce of butter. The whites of the eggs mixed with sugar for the top. NEW SUBSCRIBER.

DELICATE CAKE.—I send you a recipe for a cake as delicate as the most excellent pound cake and less expensive. One-half pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half pint of sweet milk, and eight eggs. Flavor with beaten mace or extract of lemon. Eastville, Va. MRS. S. S. N.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Seeing a request in a former number of THE HOUSEHOLD for a way to preserve fruit with a preserving powder, I will send a recipe which I know to be good. Having been a subscriber of this paper for several years, and having received a great deal of valuable information, I am willing to contribute my mite for the benefit of its readers.

RECIPE FOR CANNING ALL KINDS OF FRUIT EXCEPT BERRIES.—To four pounds of fruit take two pounds of sugar, two ounces of neutral sulphite of lime, and enough water to cover the fruit. Put the lime into the water first, let it boil, and skim it until it is clear; then put in the sugar, let it boil, and skim again until clear; then put in the fruit and cook until tender. Cook in porcelain or brass. Marion, N. Y. E. S. P.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One egg, the yolk and white beaten separately, one-third cup of sugar beaten with the egg, one and one-half cups of milk. Flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon. Serve as soon as made. Eaten on puddings that are not sweetened it is delicious. MRS. M. B. S.

FROSTING FOR CAKES.—Dear Household:—I should like Em. A. to try my recipe for frosting. I take the white of an egg and enough pulverized sugar to make it so that it will not run off the cake, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Do not beat the egg, for if you do it will make the frosting hard.

I will also give a recipe for a cheap cake, and a very good one.

CHEAP CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and one egg. Flavor to taste. M. A. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

In reply to Ellen will say that it will not injure such clothes to soak in borax and sal soda, of any reasonable strength, nor will the same, a little weaker, perhaps, disturb the paint, though if very strong the paint might be dissolved. Plants will be benefited not only by such water, but by the addition of a little ammonia, or copperas. The clothes will also wash more easily if the ammonia is added to the water, or the same water. A little stronger of ammonia, not more than a teaspoonful to a pint of water, will be excellent for washing paint.

It is best to stir and not knead the dough for graham, stirring thoroughly so that the raising material may be fully commingled with the entire mass, securing small spaces, instead of large ones, while some parts are solid, having had none of these materials combined. If the oven is hot at first, it will so far harden the surface that the gas—by the expansion of which by heat the porosity is caused—cannot easily escape, after which, or when the bread is well raised, it is well to let it remain till it is well cooked, to be wholesome; cooked brown, like French bread. Dr. J. H. H.

Will some reader tell me how to dry green shell and string beans?

How to make cornstarch for cooking purposes? I know the corn has to be "grated," but what else is done? and what kind of corn, field or sweet?

Also, I want a recipe for cucumber catsup? How to make good black ink?

I have heard of using peach leaves instead of hops in yeast, have any of the sisters had any experience?

How is egg plant cooked? C. C.

MR. EDITOR:—Will E. L. V., whose recipe for jelly cake I found in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, please explain how she succeeds in rolling it. I followed the directions exactly, but could not succeed in rolling without breaking it; and have heard similar complaints from others, who have tried various recipes. E. E. C.
Hyde Park, Mass.

Will some of your readers please tell me how to make a pretty lamp mat? and oblige, Tilton, N. H. BELLE.

Will you please ask some of the sisters for a recipe for puff paste? which please give me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. X.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your many readers please send me some recipes of different kinds of soups? and oblige a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD. MRS. N. H.

An unfortunate sister accepts with gratitude the offer made by Bina, and would like to know how she managed to get so much comfort out of her five plants and Ward's fertilizer? C. E. T.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Please ask sister A. C. D. of THE HOUSEHOLD Band to give directions for hair receiver, scrap basket, and shell tidy, that she spoke of in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD. Also, please inform me how to make those pretty stool covers, and those pretty tidies she learned to make while at the Centennial, that she refers to in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD. Many thanks for directions of card receiver, etc. I will send directions for a pretty tidy of wool if she wishes. New Orleans, La. BERTHA MAY.

MR. EDITOR:—I am not a subscriber to your paper, but my son's wife is, and I read it with interest, and thought, on reading a lady's experience some time ago with bedbugs, that I would like to send a little of my experience to the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD. I have not had a bedbug about my house for fifteen years, except as a stray one has been carried. My mode of exterminating them is to scald well, and then sprinkle dry fine salt on every part of the bedstead that they can find a hiding place, and watch closely and if one makes its appearance kill it and apply more salt. They will not breed in salt. E. S. D.

Please ask through THE HOUSEHOLD if anything can be done for an adult that is round shouldered. Perhaps Dr. Hanaford or some other member can give us a few ideas. I imagine the position a person lies in bed has more to do with it than anything else. I believe that it is said that lying on the side is proper position; in that case the arm has to go forward, and it seems to me that would be apt to make a person round shouldered. I shall be very thankful for any information. MRS. A. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask a few questions through your columns, first, by what process all wool black goods may be washed without much shrinking, such as merinos, cashmere, etc.? And will some one be kind enough to inform me the best way to make paint adhere to old woodwork where the paint has all worn off? NEW SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have noticed several requests in your paper for something for the extermination of roaches. Take granulated sugar, say half a cupful, stir in paris green until the mixture is a pale green, half a teaspoonful would be enough, each particle of sugar will be coated with the paris green; place this in their haunts and "good bye roach." I tried this when I lived in a block of city houses and kept my part free. Boston, Mass. J. O. L.

Some time ago the question was asked in your paper, What would destroy the black ant, so often troublesome in houses. I will say, scatter tansy leaves, wherever they are,

and they will soon disappear entirely. I have proved this many times. MRS. J. H. G.

I would like to ask some sister of THE HOUSEHOLD for a good recipe for chocolate cake. Also, will some one give me directions for making cream cake, (not layer cake.) C. C.

Can any of the farmer sisters tell me what is sure death to the gape worm in chickens? L. C. C.

Will some one please inform me if yeast powder and baking powder are the same? E. S. P.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to Betsey Jane in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I would say that we dig horseradish in the fall for winter use, and put in the cellar covered with sand. Whenever we want it for use, which is generally once a week, I wash clean, and take a plate and the grater, and go to the door, or open air, when it is not "tedious or fearful," to grate it nicely, and it is not a "crying evil" to cut and slice onions in the same way, if she will try the experiment. MRS. P.

MR. CROWELL:—I should like to inquire through your paper if any of the readers can tell me how to prevent the sweat-drops rising on my meringue after it has stood a few hours? If so, they will greatly oblige. VIDA.

MR. CROWELL:—Sir:—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for making ice cream such as is used in restaurants? also, for making home brewed beer. SARAH.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I know you have letters enough without my sending this, but I will cast my worry into the mail box and you can do as you please about reading it. I greet THE HOUSEHOLD as I would welcome a friend, and if I keep so much, when questions are asked, I feel impolite, so I will tell the lady that mush should not be fried like doughnuts, but like ham. She asked for particulars. If it is made right, not too thick, not too thin, and fried right, not too light, and not too dark, it will be just like that in hotels.

Another inquired how to pickle onions and have them white for the table. A good way is to put them in the vinegar as they are taken from their bed, and take off the dark when they are placed on the table.

To another friend I would say, I have seen my mother make custard without eggs by putting a piece of rennet as large as a large egg in a pint of sweet wine, and let it stand twenty-four hours, then put one large spoonful in a quart of warm milk, (not hot,) sweetened, and spiced as she liked, then let it rest one hour, and it is ready.

Now I must tell Rev. Mrs. Hattie that I have felt that bread-making trouble. She told us how she commenced, and she told us she conquered. I should like to know if her seventh, eighth and ninth trials were bad as AUNT EM'S.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your readers give a recipe for making molasses cream candy, such as we get at the confectioners? A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask you for a recipe to make succotash out of old beans and corn, also with new beans and corn. MRS. A. E. G.

Will Hans Dorcomb please state whether those lemons are to be cooked whole, or only the pulp. I wish to try them, in boiling, I mean. LENA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Some of the sisters have been inquiring how to remove bedbugs. If they will take ten cents worth of quicksilver and beat it thoroughly with the white of one egg, then apply with a small paint brush. I think they will not be troubled with them again.

I would like Dolly L.'s recipe for making pumpkin pies, and oblige a constant reader. WILMA M.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Allow me to ask through THE HOUSEHOLD for the words of the song "Paul Vane." LOU.



PHANTOMS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The twilight deepens into gloom.
What are these ghostly shapes that rise
From out the corners of my room
And pass before my startled eyes—
Pass and re-pass before my eyes?

Their burning eye-balls glare and stare;
Their ghastly faces mock at me,
Their long hands seem to clutch the air—
What are these phantoms that I see?
Speak—what are these strange forms I see?

I feel a blanching of my cheek—
My heart grows cold with nameless fears.
The shapes surround my chair and speak:
“We are the phantoms of the years
The phantoms of the misspent years.

Forever more while life shall last,
And after death in spirit land,
We, the pale spectres of the past,
Shall flock about thee hand in hand,
Shall follow always, hand in hand.

Go climb to any lofty height—
The richest treasures seek and win.
Yet we must follow just in sight
And whisper of what might have been—
Of better things that might have been.

Go glorify the years to be,
And crown them with a wreath of fame,
We'll stand behind that thou may'st see
By contrast all our loss and shame—
Our loss and thine—and all our shame.

Go toil the eerie midnight through;
Go take and bear some weary cross—
Do what thou wilt thou can'st not do
Enough to pay thee for thy loss.
Through life, and death, what e'er betide,
Through light and darkness, smiles and tears,
Shall walk forever at thy side
The phantoms of the misspent years—
The spectres of the wasted years.”

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY EDITH ELLIOT.

“Truth is stranger than fiction.”
—Old Proverb.

IT WAS a Saturday morning early in March, 1876, Miss Amelia Collins was busy as usual about her domestic affairs; but while her hands were employed with household work, her large, warm heart was going out towards friends of earlier years, and busy in devising all sorts of schemes for doing good. Hither and thither flitted her thoughts, and presently she found herself thinking of her school-days.

“How time flies!” thought she. “Almost twenty years this spring since I went to Miss Bright's school; yet I seem to see those boys and girls as plainly as if it were but yesterday. Jane Hill, and Louisa Seabright, and little Ben and Sue Long, and Alick and Willie Colman—I wonder where they are now? Mr. Colman used to be rather intemperate, I believe. I wonder if I could not persuade him to go to one of our temperance prayer meetings at the new temperance restaurant. I suppose they live in D— Avenue now. How strange it is that folks will let year after year go by and not take the trouble to go to see friends who live in the same city. I mean to go this very afternoon and see what has become of them.”

And sure enough, when the kitchen

was swept and the dishes washed after dinner, Miss Collins donned her bonnet and shawl and turned her steps towards the house of her old friends. But she was destined to be disappointed. Strangers occupied the old house, and, in answer to her inquiries, she was told that the Colman family had long since removed; whither, she could not ascertain; and all further search and inquiry only served to give her the unwelcome intelligence that the sons had followed in the footsteps of their father and become very intemperate; but no clue could she obtain to their present place of abode.

With a heavy heart and eyes cast down toward the ground as she walked, and a general air of dejection, Miss Collins slowly plodded along toward home.

“Well,” said she to herself, “I don't see that I can find out where they are, to do them any good. Oh dear; I do feel so sorry that Alick and Willie have taken to drinking. But if I can't do anything for them, the Lord can. Let me see—to-morrow is Sunday. I'll just go down to the temperance prayer meeting to-morrow afternoon and put in a request for prayers for two intemperate men. I won't give the names, but the Lord will know, and I'm sure he pities them more than I do, and cares more about them.”

So, sure enough, the request was duly presented, and hearty prayer went up to God from the little band of women, for the tempted ones. Miss Collins herself never prayed in public. She never felt as if she could, but she loved to go and join with others, and her prayer was not less fervent or effectual, perhaps, because it was silent.

Monday was stormy. Miss Collins was working hard in her kitchen when she heard a knock at the door. She opened it, but did not recognize the man who stood outside in the storm.

“You don't remember me,” said the stranger.

“No,” said Miss Collins, “I don't remember your face.”

“Don't you remember your old schoolmate Alick Colman?”

“Why, Alick! is it really you?” said Miss Collins. “How you have changed! Do come in. I'm so glad to see you. Do you know I have been thinking about you all a great deal lately.”

As he spoke in reply, Miss Collins noticed that his breath smelt strongly of liquor, and that he was not quite himself.

“Come in, Alick,” said she, “and take a cup of coffee;” and she led the way to the kitchen.

The man seated himself before the fire and seemed indisposed to talk.

“Where have you been all these years?” asked she, “and why have you never been here before?”

“To tell the truth,” he replied, “times have been very hard with me. I have not the last cent of money left now, and I've just come now to you to see if you would not lend me a dollar for old acquaintance sake to buy food for my wife and children.”

“I'm real glad you came,” said Miss Collins. “You did just right, and I'll send something by you to your wife and children, and go to see them myself, and help you all I can; but—I

can't lend you money, Alick—I'm sorry—but—I'm afraid it would only go into a liquor saloon.”

“How can you think so ill of me?” asked he. “Indeed you are mistaken.”

“Don't deny it, Alick—I know all about it. Do you know we've been praying for you? And I believe that God sent you here to-day,” and she went on to tell him of all that the reader already knows of what had passed on the preceeding days, ending the narration with the words: “And God has heard our prayers and sent you here to-day that you might live to be a good and true man.”

He seemed much affected.

“I believe it,” he replied. “I wish I could leave off drinking and be a better man. Oh! Amelia, won't you pray with me?”

How could she? It seemed to Miss Collins as if she never could. She was not used to praying before people, and besides, there were her artist sister and nephew in the next room, and the door was ajar. What would they think? Henry would certainly laugh at her—but what would God think? How could she refuse? What! throw away such an opportunity? No, indeed. It was her duty to God, and He would help her.

All these thoughts flashed through her mind in an instant. The next instant she was upon her knees beside him, praying, oh! so earnestly. She never knew what she said, but when she had finished, he prayed too.

Did Henry laugh, think you? Not he. A tear gathered in his eye, and he silently brushed it away with the back of his hand, and began to mix colors very industriously.

When they rose from their knees a short conversation followed, in which new resolutions were made. Made, alas! to be broken. For Alick Colman met with a boon companion outside who lay in wait for him, and together they fell an easy prey to the temptations of the destroyer.

The power of the tempter is great, but God's grace is greater. The good seed had been sown, and it took root. The spirit of God had entered the heart and it did not leave him.

During the next three weeks Alick Colman and his brother were led again and again to the temperance prayer meeting by what seemed to them an irresistible impulse; and with them they brought an inebriate companion.

The spirit of God was striving in their hearts. Again and again they felt constrained to remain for counsel and private prayer with that small but zealous band of Christian workers, and again and again have they risen and confessed their sin and implored the aid of the All-Powerful One, and the sympathy and help of Christian friends, in their endeavor and determination to begin and to follow in a new life, a life of sobriety and religious consecration; and it seems as if the demon were indeed cast out and a new life begun. The sufferers, clothed and in their right mind, are sitting at the feet of Jesus, a living testimony to the power of prayer.

Truly, clouds and darkness are often round about us, but since “the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.”

JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE.

Number One.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

“I declare I never saw such impertinent children in all my life, as Mr. Smith's are,” exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as, in the course of our conversation, we spoke of managing children. “I almost dread to see her coming in, for although she is good company, and seems to be a sensible woman in everything else, she thinks her children are perfect, and is utterly blind to their faults. I can't see how any one can be so one sided. Why, just think of it, I've seen that five year old Tom get right up on one of my best chairs with his muddy boots, to pull down something off the mantle or a bracket, and she seemed perfectly oblivious to all that was going on. How I have ached to make him behave himself and let things alone, but I haven't the courage to correct him before his mother, though it is just what I ought to do. He would not dare to make so free if she was not by. Then if, during our conversation, he has any remarks to make, she will break right off in the middle of a sentence to pay attention to him, and laugh till the tears stand in her eyes, if he gets off anything she thinks is witty, and goes on to relate some previous funny speech, while he stands by, swelling with importance. I tell you it was different when I was a child; I never would have dreamed of interrupting my mother. Then her little two year old Mamie, I think, is the most troublesome child that ever came into the house. Almost before her mother has her hat off, its ‘Mamma, pie, mamma, cake,’ and that is kept up, with variations, till I lay down my sewing and get her something to eat, although it may not have been more than an hour since she ate her dinner; and, if I don't go right at once, she will open the safe door herself and stick her fingers into whatever she can. Then Tom puts in his impudence, ‘Mrs. Jones, I want some pie, too.’ ‘No, you don't, Tommy,’ his mother sometimes says. ‘Yes I do, Mrs. Jones give me a piece too;’ so he is furnished a slice. Now, I don't care a snap how much they eat—they are welcome to it, but they generally have to be supplied the second time, probably when I have only just found my thimble and sewed a few stitches, the work is to be thrown down, and it is all to go through with again. By that time, Mary and Sue begin to look wistful, and I have to give them something, though eating between meals is something I do not often allow, for it is not only useless but hurtful, and spoils their appetites for their next meal. If you notice, the children who are always eating, and are not hungry for their regular meals, are the ones that are always fretting, and are restless and discontented. When, from any cause, one of the children has been absent at meal time, and I do give her a piece, I make her sit down and sit still till she has eaten it, and not scatter the crumbs all over the house. But I just wish you could see my carpet some day after Mrs. Smith's children have eaten two or three pieces. I always

get the broom as soon as they are out of the door. There is no sense in allowing children to do that way—they can be taught some manners just as well as not. Mamie will push a chair up to the table, and begin to throw the books and papers on the floor as fast as she can make them fly. Mrs. Smith generally makes her sit down and look at one of the books, but there is often a leaf or two torn out, or a soiled place left on it before she is through with it. I do not allow my own children to handle the books at all; they have their own little picture books and toys, and they have no business with books they do not understand. I like Mrs. Smith very much, but I declare it seems to me its friendship very dearly bought. I don't like to hurt her feelings by correcting her children before her very eyes, yet it is about as much as I can stand to sit calmly by and see things destroyed. She doesn't know how to manage them at all—is not firm enough. Now, I believe I could make a good boy out of that Tom. I know I would make him mind me. Isn't it strange that people can be so near sighted in regard to their children? I know I can see the faults of mine, am afraid sometimes I'm a little too severe with them, but am determined they shall not grow up like some others. Mrs. Smith's children never think of minding her, unless it just happens to suit them. It's 'I won't do it,' 'I will,' and 'I won't.' I'd like to see one of my children speak to me that way!"

Just then another neighbor came in, carrying a baby. Mrs. Jones made a great fuss over the baby—kissed it, and "what a beautiful complexion, and such bright eyes, and it was so sweet." The mother flushed up with gratified pride, and I thought there's one child that suits Mrs. Jones, at any rate, but no sooner had that mother passed through the gate, after a short call, than she turned to me with,

"Did you ever see such a lubberly baby in all your life? I declare it don't look very smart."

"That doesn't agree very well with what you said a few minutes ago," I laughed.

"Well, you know a mother feels slighted if you don't praise her baby, no difference how homely it may be, and that child has no expression in its eyes whatever."

"It's time I was going home," was all I had to reply, and as I shut the gate after me, I wondered what Mrs. Jones would have remarked about me or my children, if she had had a listener.

A few days after, Mrs. Smith brought her work and children to sit awhile, and Mrs. Jones' remarks of them all came back to me like a flash. It was a warm sunny day, and the children were out door playing most of the time, so that I did not see much of them. During the afternoon our talk drifted into the same channel, the children, and I was highly amused to hear Mrs. Smith commence about Mrs. Jones' children.

"They are such forward, conceited little things," she began; "why, they never say or do anything but their eyes search your face for praise or a look of

approval. I won't gratify them by ever taking the least notice of them when they speak. They need holding back—have had their vanity fed ever since they could take notice, but there are very few natural children in this fast age—they are little misses at three, and young men at twelve. Why, it's simply disgusting to see that Sue standing before the glass admiring herself, after she has been dressed in her better clothes and had her hair crimped. She will first turn one way and then another, fondle her frizzles, and smile a satisfied and complaisant appreciation of herself. When it comes to a four year old asking for flattery, with 'ain't I sweet,' 'do you see my new dress,' or 'don't you think I look pretty?' I think it about time to take off the fol-de-rols and dress them simply, like little girls, and not like young ladies. The idea of putting a sash on a child of that age, so wide that it reaches from her arm-pits almost to her knees! It fosters their vanity and makes them think more of their dress than anything else, and if any one speaks of their finery, how they strut around to attract more attention, and soon they grow so egotistical and selfish their one thought is for themselves. I like to see children nicely dressed as well as any one, but becoming to their age and circumstances. Mrs. Jones' children are already showing the result of being pushed forward. See how utterly selfish they are with regard to their playthings, or their own comfort. They won't willingly allow one of my children to touch any of their toys—they run screaming, 'give that to me,' or 'you can't have it,' 'mother, I want my book,' or whatever it may be. After I have persuaded Tom or Mamie to give it up, then it is thrown aside, so that it isn't because they really want it, but are so selfish they don't want any one else to enjoy it. Their mother encourages them in it, too, by making apologies for them. She will say, 'Sue, or Annie, each have their own playthings, and they know they are to have complete control of them, so that it goes a little hard sometimes to see them handled by any other child.' Now isn't that educating their selfishness? Why don't she teach them to share their toys with playmates, thus teaching them manners and hospitality? Then she is constantly interrupting our conversation by calling my attention to something her children are doing, that she thinks is cute or smart. 'Just see how absorbed Mary is with those blocks—she will play for half an hour that way, her whole mind concentrated on them.' Well, 'spose she does, what of it? any child will do the same. Or, 'notice how Sue loves pictures—just give her a picture book, and that's the last you hear of her for an hour. I think she has talent that way—she has a finely shaped head—and I intend she shall have every chance to develop her taste for drawing. Who knows but she may become a famous painter?' How ridiculous!—just as though any child wouldn't look at a picture book! I can't see that her children are any smarter than yours or mine, but she evidently thinks the like were never before born. It is strange how per-

fectly foolish some people can be about their children," and as her footsteps and the children's voices grew faint down the street, I could only hold up my hands and exclaim:

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourself as others see us!"

A lady friend visiting me not long since, told me one morning of the circumstances of a very witty reply her little four old girl had given her, at which we both laughed heartily. During the day two or three ladies called, and it was again related to them. A few days after she took her little girl away to spend the day. In the afternoon there was quite a company assembled, and in the midst of animated conversation, the child came to her mother and whispered, "Tell the ladies about that funny speech I made." "What funny speech?" "Why, the one you told aunt and the ladies the other day," and she demurely seated herself on a chair by her mother's side, to hear it told and laughed at. "That taught me a lesson I shall never forget," the lady said, in relating the incident to me afterwards. "I had no idea the child had heard me tell it, or if she was present, that she took any notice of it." I did not myself remember whether she was in the room or not, but believe she was running in and out, at play with my children.

There is no adage with more truth than the old one, "Little pitchers have big ears," and a person cannot be too careful how they speak before children, for they are often paying heed to what is said when they appear to be absorbed in their play. There is no better way of knowing this than from experience, and I can remember of often hearing neighbors talking with my mother, to which I seemed to pay not the slightest attention for fear they would stop, but all the while I strained my ears to catch every word; not that their conversation related to anything concerning me, or that any one would suppose interested me, but it was just the natural curiosity of a child to hear what grown people were talking about. Neither do I think I was any more curious than other children. For instance, note the startling and mortifying disclosures sometimes made by a child, of some little confidential conversation of the parents, never in the world intended to be repeated, yet unnoticed by them, overheard by the child.

With Mrs. Jones and Smith, I do think it is a little strange that intelligent people should be so insensible to their own children's shortcomings, and so free to see the same faults in their neighbor's, but so it is the world over. I don't blame persons for thinking their offspring are just a little bit brighter and smarter, and better looking than any others in the land—they have a right to if they want to, but it is unreasonable and disgusting to expect other people to think the same thing—they can't and won't do it, and the parents who are silly enough to force their children upon the notice of others, only get laughed at for their weakness on that subject.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Nine.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

My dear Alice, you had better tell Philip all about it. You asked my advice, and this is the very best I can give you. Have no secrets from your husband.

Perhaps you will think my ideas very antiquated and old-fashioned. But if it be the fact that true marriages are growing rarer and rarer, that wedded lovers are seldom seen, and that what should be the closest, holiest tie that human hearts may know is being degraded into a mere convenience, a something to be lightly worn and as lightly cast aside—it surely behooves young wives to look about them. Love is not a plant that will thrive if neglected. Its root is planted deep, and it may perhaps live—nay, it often does live through parching droughts, when the arid earth cries vainly for one drop of heavenly dew, and through pitiless storms that beat its crown of verdure into the soil and mire of the street. It may live even through such untoward fate. But it will not grow and flourish without watchful training and tenderest care. A dwarfed, stunted, deformed existence is not life. It is merely a living death.

I pray you do not draw a veil, even though it be thin as air, and lighter than gossamer, between your heart and that of Philip. It will grow thicker and darker and heavier day by day, until its folds shut out the very light of your life, and its shadow encompasses the whole round earth. For what would life be to you, what joy would earth hold for you apart from him? And it is possible for you to dwell beneath the same roof, sit at the same table, share the same couch and kneel at the same altar, and yet be as far asunder as the poles, as far apart "as the East is from the West."

Perhaps you will say that you have long since outgrown the first romance of girlhood, and no longer believe in "kindred hearts," "twin souls," "accordant spirits" and the like. You do not believe that there is or can be, any such thing as an entire union of hearts, and you quote sighingly from Mrs. Hemans, as follows:

"Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet."

It is very true, dear Alice, that each soul dwells in its own shrine; and that we have each our secret penetralia, our hidden place, into which none can enter save God and ourselves. When it comes to the uttermost we stand alone, alone in the depths of our sorrow, alone in the starry heights of our joy. There are for all of us, hours in life when, clasping it may be the warm hands of our best and our nearest, we still feel that into the deep individuality of our own being no other soul may enter.

But this God-given, Heaven-appointed isolation, which is of itself a foretaste and an evidence of our im-

mortality—a reaching out after the “things not seen,” is a very different matter from the desolate loneliness you will bring upon yourself if you allow anything to come between you and Philip. Therefore, I repeat it, have no secrets from your husband, let there be clear daylight between you and him, let there be no skeletons hidden away somewhere in dim, cob-webbed closets, the doors of which shall surely fly open some day to fill you with horror and dismay.

But this is such a little thing, you will say. Yes, it is a very little thing. So is a spark from yonder candle; yet “behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” Nothing is a trifle, Alice, that can in any way endanger your domestic happiness; and many a fair temple sacred to Love and Peace has been undermined by some small, insidious foe, whose stealthy approaches were scarcely perceptible.

You and Philip are one. Yet the oneness is not yet so entire that you can venture to tamper with it. You have no right to tamper with it. It is your most sacred duty to tend the Lamp of Love and guard its sacred flame, even as fair vestal saints keep the lamps burning before the shrine of the Virgin. No one must be allowed to breathe upon it, or to dim its radiance; not parent, or brother, or friend, or even child. You two have chosen each other out of all the world to be—what? Associates of a day or of an hour? Partners in the revel or the dance? Sharers in some brief dream of delight that shall pass even as a “tale that is told?” Nay, verily. But as companions of a life-long journey that shall end only when one of you shall pass over the dark river to the shores of the great Beyond. The external bonds that bind you together, be they leaden or golden, can be wrenched apart only by some fierce convulsion, some great upheaval that shall be powerful even to the rending asunder of soul and body. Then, to take a plain, matter of fact, common-sense view of the subject, is it not for your highest interest to keep the chain so bright that it can never rust or corrode; to so wreath it with flowers that your soul can rejoice always in its beauty and perfume, and never feel that it is fettering? Dearest Alice, it can be so garlanded with the evergreen of Faith, so hidden by the roses of Love, that they who wear it shall wear it as the victor wears his crown.

You do not wear the bonds alone? You alone cannot keep them bright or flower-wreathed?

But you can do your part. Perhaps you will never have reason to regret it if you do a little more than your part. You and Philip are but mortals, like the rest of us. And being such, you are heirs to the frailties, the imperfections, the errors that belong to mortality. When differences arise and clouds gather in the horizon, do not be too proud to say “I have erred,” or to breathe one little word of seven letters that is charmed to heal dissensions, and restore peace to troubled spirits. What if you do feel that Philip is to blame also, and that he as well as you should say “forgive?” I do not doubt that this is true. I do not doubt at all that since your mar-

riage he has grieved you quite as often as you have wounded him. But that is not the question.

As a rule it is easier, I think—probably solely on account of the different training of the sexes—for women to yield than for men. Her nature is more pliant, more flexible than his. Most women do not need, and do not have, the firm, indomitable will without which man can hardly secure one of the prizes for which he seeks. Then have a little pity on Philip, and do not be too proud to make the first advances when some light cloud has arisen that, at the right time, a single breath can blow away. Breathe it away yourself, and feel that you have exalted rather than abased your womanhood by so doing.

Do you remember a couplet in the “Love Quarrel?”

“Yet give your pride free rein the while, all willful though it be,
For I’d rather ten times bend to you, than you should bend to me.”

Perhaps you might not care to express this sentiment to Philip, without qualifying it somewhat. Nevertheless, it is one that every true woman must feel in a greater or less degree, unless her husband is utterly wanting in the qualities that command esteem. God pity the woman who cannot look up to her husband or to her lover, seeing in him, or imagining she sees, (which as far as she is concerned amounts to the same thing) one who is stronger and wiser than herself.

You have a host of friends dear child, and at that I rejoice. A woman whose interests and affections are entirely confined to her own small domestic circle inevitably grows narrow and contracted. Her family, her relations, her children, instead of being simply paramount,—which is perhaps right, as we are not commanded to love others better than ourselves—become the all in all, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last. Charity *i. e.* Love in its broadest sense, should indeed begin at home, but it should not stay at home forever. It should embrace not only family and kindred but all who have need of its sweet ministrations.

Yet I have feared of late—and for the sake of all our beautiful past, my Alice, you must allow me to speak frankly—I have feared that you have some friends whose influence is not calculated to make you better or happier. Look into your own heart, and judge for yourself. Are you as well satisfied with your pleasant home, with Philip, with all the quiet, nameless delights of your own fireside as you were six months ago? Have you not sometimes wished that Philip were a little more this, or that, or the other? Have you not felt an impatient regret that your lot in life was fixed just where it is—just where God has seen fit to place you? Have you not rebelled at the necessity that compels Philip’s close attention to business, and sighed because he had not more leisure to devote to the graces, the artificial refinements of life? Has not some tempting spirit hinted to you that with your beauty, your loveliness, you might adorn any sphere, and that it was a thousand pities that you should thus “waste your sweetness on the desert air?”

Alice, one throb of Philip’s strong, earnest, manly heart, is worth all the gilded show in the world. You will learn some day, if you have not learned already, to distinguish between pure gold and tinsel, although possibly the latter may outglitter the former. Life is full of shams. Many a one seems to be the very incarnation of truth and nobleness and honor, whose nature, could you but see it as it is, you would find to be but a whited sepulchre. As a wife, you have one safe rule for your guidance. Any friendship that interposes its self-asserting front between your husband and yourself is a dangerous one. Be it a friendship for man or for women, I care not. If it comes between you and Philip, if it weakens your love for him, or lessens your delight in his society, let it die the death. You cannot afford its indulgence. You pay for it too costly a price.

And now, dear child, with more than the affection of olden days, even if I have ventured to read you a lecture—I commend you to Him whose holiest name is Love, and whose eye looks tenderly and compassionately even upon the errors and mistakes of his children.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Number Two.

BY VERONICA.

The National Park is a tract of land in the north-western corner of Wyoming, set apart by our government as a park, and is a veritable storehouse of wonders. The writer visited it last year, (1876,) thinking that next to the Centennial, it was the pleasantest summer trip one could enjoy. Nothing better could be planned to bring back roses to faded cheeks and new strength to tired bodies. It is a joyous, exhilarating, “horse-back excursion,” if one may use the expression. Most of the traveling is necessarily on horse-back, (which is tiresome only for a short time,) as the narrow trails are generally only safe for sure-footed animals in single file. This exercise of riding in the bracing air gives one a voracious appetite, we ladies often eating at table as hearty a meal as we could manufacture excuses for, and when “clearing away,” mysterious bits of food wandered into convenient pockets “for lunch,” as we explained it to ourselves. Such delicious fresh venison and genuine mountain trout!

Our journey occupied one month, traveling over three hundred miles in that time, packing our portable house (tent) and small portions of dining-room, bed-room and kitchen furniture on horses, the general mode of carrying burdens where there are no wagon roads. Of course, in such cases, one can only take “condensed” necessities. When clothed in suitable costume; a capacious sun-bonnet; dress rather short, for free walking; and of material that knows not the art of tearing; shoes impervious to water and proof against rocks; when dressed in this suit (which is certainly more useful than ornamental) one feels oblivious to society’s frowns or fashion’s decrees.

Now that we are properly arrayed and well provided for as to “com-

forts,” will you with your “mind’s eye” travel with the writer? We arrive first at the base of the “Mammoth Hot Springs,” and see upon looking up to them a succession of (mostly) white terraces, rising gradually from where we stand reaching up and back to the tops of the surrounding high hills. There their dazzling whiteness is relieved by the dark green of the pines, forming a striking contrast. These terraces, covering a large area, are formed rapidly from the sediment of the water. Wire baskets and crosses hung in its falling spray will in a few days be delicately and evenly coated with a white, glistening substance. Luckless “hoppers” and butterflies that have fallen in the springs we find covered over till they seem petrified. The water has been thoroughly tested and is said to possess many medical qualities, consequently the springs are yearly visited by many seeking its healing virtues.

We find all degrees of heat; cold, warm, and hot springs that are continually boiling, and escaping steam hangs over them in clouds till the wind removes it; then we can look into their depths, for the water is marvelously clear in most of them. Around the edges are the most beautiful formations, so delicately tinted that we can scarcely tell where one color leaves off and another begins.

We have lingered here to describe only one of the hundreds of curiosities; caves, from which issue poisonous air, as shown by numbers of dead birds, mice, etc., at the entrance; quantities of pure sulphur; chasms, into whose dark depths we look but can see no bottom. One of these is appropriately (?) named the “Devil’s Kitchen.” We will hasten on to Nature’s “arsenal” (the geyser land) to see her display of fire-arms, or rather water-arms, for here water is used for ammunition and the sky for a target. From the ponderous cannon, or geyser, to the little Derringer, or spouting spring, all grades are presented.

When entering the Upper Geyser Basin, we see in all directions more or less regular cone-shaped formations, some of considerable height, from which steam slowly rises, looking very drowsy and harmless. But only wait until those subterranean fires and waters have generated sufficient steam; then that slumbering power is aroused and we are startled by a shaking of the ground accompanied by a sound as of muffled thunder, and the thought occurs to us that we have arrived just in time to be engulfed by an earthquake. But no, it is only warning us that soon there will be an explosion. So we hasten to the spot from whence the loudest noises proceed, arriving in time to see the majestic display of “Old Faithful” so called from the regularity in ejecting its seething contents about once an hour. Being sure to get on the windward side, we take our position for watching or, more properly, staring. The water arises little by little, in steady columns which shoot up, then fall back only to be replaced by others more ambitious; these ascend higher than the preceding ones; still higher and higher they rise, each one thrust forth from the orifice with redoubled energy, struggling through the spray

of its falling companions, to reach the utmost limit of its power, till, there! see that mightiest effort ascend majestically, a silver sheet of water, straight towards the heavens. Yes, it has reached the pinnacle, (between two hundred and three hundred feet,) is held there an instant, then as it falls the sun makes a diamond of each particle and colors them with rainbow hues.

What mites we feel ourselves as, with necks and eyes aching from their strained position, we stand in silent awe and repeat with the Psalmist: "The glory of the Lord shall endure forever; the Lord shall rejoice in His works. He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Our hearts frame a silent thanksgiving for the privilege of viewing these master-pieces of the Creator.

APPRECIATION.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

He that seeks for the beautiful as he goes through life will be very sure to find it.

He that looks out for the good points in the persons and characters around him will not so much notice their defects, and by so doing he will not only avoid seeing and hearing many things that would otherwise have annoyed and offended him, but he will also derive much enjoyment and good from many unexpected sources.

The lowliest person on earth may teach us some lesson or do us some good; nay, even the least of God's works will suffice to convince us of his wonderful skill and loving kindness.

"To me the meanest flower that lives can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We sometimes meet with persons who seem to consider it a very important duty and privilege to express disapproval of all that they do not like, but altogether unnecessary to manifest the slightest pleasure at what they do like. Let us, on the contrary, try to be remarkable for possessing in an eminent degree that excellent though rare trait of character, appreciation.

He that is pleased with others will find others are pleased with him, while he that finds fault with everybody will find everybody ready to find fault with him.

If there is a bright spot anywhere let us be sure to see it, and to so fix our attention upon it, as to be unable to make ourselves unhappy by other things less pleasant. As Miss Muloch says:

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none,
If there is one go and find it,
If there is none never mind it."

And above all let us not be one of that class of persons who apparently think that giving thanks to God or to their own nearest and best friends, for favors rendered is of little importance; reserving all their kindest words and smiles for comparative strangers, who care nothing for them and for whom they care nothing; giving their best to those whom they love least, and their worst to those whom they love most.

Ruskin showed a keen insight into human character when he wrote these

words that have almost passed into a proverb. "No man will serve you for purse or curse."

If you would discover hidden beauties, and new virtues wherever you go, if you would elicit the best and bravest efforts of others, if you would open for yourself an unfailing well-spring of happiness and blessing, cultivate and practice diligently, the rare virtue appreciation.

TRUST AND TRY.

Should your trusted friend betray you,
Brother mine,
Deem not all men false, I pray you,
Brother mine,
Ever heed this truth divine:
That among life's motly crew
Hearts there are which still are true—
Hearts to feel for you—for you.
Should misfortune overtake you
Try again:
Bolder let misfortune make you—
Try again—
You shall not strive all in vain.
Let your aim be pure and high—
Gentle hope still whispering nigh—
Brother, sit not down and sigh.

SECURE A HOME.

A man with a family should own the house in which he dwells, if it be in his power to make such an acquisition. When a working man owns his home, he feels stronger, more confident, more cheerful, and much happier, in the midst of all worldly trials, than he would or could feel if he were without so substantial an anchorage, so to speak, for his purposes, aims, resolutions, affections, and aspirations. Bonds bearing good interest, and well secured, are all good in their way. But a home is the most assuring bond for the head of a family, and the love, and hope, and trust, of whom it will become the center, will, under the blessing of heaven, yield golden fruit through all his future years on earth.

HUMILITY.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

—Moore.

Humility is eldest born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.

—Murphy.

Those showers of grace that slide off from the lofty mountains, rest on the valleys and make them fruitful. He giveth grace to the lowly: he loves to bestow it where there is most room to receive it, and most return of ingenuous and entire praises upon the receipt. Such is the humble heart, and truly, as much humility gains much grace, so it grows by it.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.

I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, not the spreading palm, but a bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

Oh! holy sense of wrongs forgot,
And injuries forgiven;
The human soul that feels it not,
Knows not the bliss of Heaven.

—Foolish fear doubles danger.
—Never speak without thought.
—Richest is he that wants least.
—Better go around than fall into the ditch.
—Fools make fashions and wise men follow them.

—The guiltless are usually without suspicion, but the dishonest man always suspects others.

—While the gift of conversation proves a clever man, the want of it is no proof of a dull one.

—Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life.

—A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires our silence, which costs us nothing.

—Mankind are very odd creatures. One-half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure.

—Though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.

—We may not pause at any point of this life and take its retrospect. Our full lives here are to be visible in our finished lives hereafter.

—A man should no more make his honesty a boast than a woman should her virtue. To speak too much of either renders them questionable.

—It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, scorning to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking.

—Men's lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

—Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself, in order that others may admire your wisdom, they will discover your ignorance. When one manages a discourse better than yourself, although you may be fully informed, do not start objections.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

I. 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.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Dear Sir:—Mrs. Cowan tells me that she wrote you sometime since expressing her great satisfaction with the Electric soap, and in consequence thereof she ordered a box of the same through our merchant here, which she is now using, and is delighted with it.

Yours truly, P. D. COWAN.
Jonesboro', Tenn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received the

bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and my wife has this week given it a trial according to directions. As you desired us to give you our honest opinion of it, after trial, I will briefly state that on preparing the soap for the wash my wife expressed little confidence in it; as we have several times had humbugs imposed upon us; but contrary to all former results and also to her expectations this soap really did just what is claimed for it. If all the soap is made as good as the sample it is the *ne plus ultra* of all soaps. Be assured we shall recommend it as its merits deserve, which in our estimation are unequalled.

P. E. SHARP, Prin. Pub. School.
White House Station, N. J.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—The bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap was received in due time, tested and pronounced to be all it is recommended to be and more. It will wash without the use of wash-board, better than our home made soft soap will with the wash-board, and the clothes come out cleaner and sweeter. The reason I did not write sooner, I wished to have our grocer get some, so that others might try it, that I might know what they thought of it. We have it now and it is taking like hot cakes, and is going to play other soaps out. Please accept my many thanks for the good this valuable soap has done in my family and what I expect it will do in the future.

D. S. COLE.
Nettleton, Caldwell Co., Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and it excels any soap I have ever used. I have very hard washings, but one bar will do it all, and I do not have to boil them at all. It must be used according to directions to get the full benefit of it.

Lock, O. MRS. J. E. MITCHELL.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, and I cheerfully add my testimony to what has been said by so many through the columns of your indispensable paper. I say to all my lady friends that they can no more afford to do without Dobbins' Electric Soap than they can afford to do without THE HOUSEHOLD. I get them both regularly.

MRS. D. M. THOMPSON.
Albany, Oregon.

VANILLA CHOCOLATE.—The highest perfection is obtained in the goods made by Walter Baker & Co., who received the first award over all the world, even at the Paris Exposition. Ask your Grocer for Baker's, and you will get the very best Vanilla Chocolate in the market.

THE PRODIGAL.

Inheritors of vast wealth are proverbially spendthrifts. The golden ore is dug from the mine, refined, and coined, by the labor of other hands and the sweat of other brows. Like children playing with an expensive toy, they can form no just estimate of its value. When the donor weighed it, he cast into the balance so many days of unremitting and fatiguing toil, so many anxious and sleepless nights, so much self-denial, and so much care. But the inheritor into his balance throws only—pleasure. The one, values it by what it cost him; the other, for what it will purchase. Like the prodigal in the Scripture parable,

he thoughtlessly expends it to gratify the caprice and cravings of his nature. Then comes the last scene—the misery, the remorse, and the long and wearisome journey back to the home of frugal industry. But there are other prodigals. On her favorites our bounteous parent, Nature, has lavished her richest treasure—health. But the prodigal values it lightly, for it cost him naught, and recklessly squanders it in riotous living. Present pleasure obscures future want. Soon the curtain rises on the last scene. We see him helpless, impoverished—the rich treasures of body and mind all lost—in misery and despair. Remorseful Conscience holds up to him the mirror of memory. In his own reckless folly he perceives the cause of his present pain. He resolves to return. The journey is long and tedious, but if he perseveringly follows the right road, he will at length see the haven of his hopes in the distance, and Nature, seeing her invalid child, afar off, will come out to meet him, and receive him back with love and blessing. To find the right road homeward, the suffering prodigal should read "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Therein it is completely mapped out, its landmarks all indicated and its milestones all numbered. Read it. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Address the author and publisher, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

COCOA BUTTER, for external use, is superior to glycerine, and meets with great success in cases of sore throat and typhoid fever. This excellent remedy is prepared by Walter Baker & Co., the great Chocolate manufacturers, and may be procured of druggists in any part of the country.

PASTE AND DIAMONDS IN MUSICAL PRODUCTS.

It is the poetry of the masters that is parodied. When a musical instrument has attained a celebrity that tempts unprincipled dealers in trash to imitate its name and steal the cuts from its catalogue, with the deliberate design of deceiving the public, it is clearly proclaimed a prominent and legitimate success. The knaves who would fatten on its merits, advertise simultaneously their own knavery and its perfections. THE ESTEY ORGAN has reached this point, at a moment, too, when its sales in both America and Europe are increasing so rapidly that the extensive manufactory of Messrs. J. Estey & Co., in Brattleboro, Vt., is pushed to its full capacity to meet the demand. The fact is significant when the stringency of the times, the season and the widespread dullness are considered. The Estey establishment is the largest of the kind in the world, capable of turning out more than 1000 organs a month and employing about 500 hands. The business reaches the handsome figure of \$1,000,000 annually.

"HEALTH FOOD CO."

In the last issue there was an advertisement (which see) and a reference to the gluten, prepared by that company. It may be interesting to state some of the peculiarities of these new products, daring to predict that the time is not far distant when our grains, still more improved in the future, will be very much more generally used, in part from an appreciation of their true value as food, and also from improved methods of preparation and from greater care in selecting the best. And here it may be remarked that some of these grains, the wheat, for

example, contains all of the elements in a far better proportion than can be found in the usual kinds of animal food, or in vegetables and fruits. Indeed, there is good reason for saying that life and health can be continued by the use of wheat and water alone, though it is by no means needful or judicious to confine one to so simple a diet.

This company, in giving us their wholesome products, first remove the hull from all, regarding these as irritants, doing much to derange the organs of digestion. It is a well known fact that many cannot use these coarser articles on account of an increased and dangerous activity of the bowels, as seen in dysentery. It is also claimed that the nourishment and stimulus of the wheat, or that part just beneath the hull—by far the best part of the grain for the sustenance of the muscles, promoting the health—is sufficient to secure all needed activity of the bowels, and just to that extent to promote healthy action and guard against dyspepsia, one of the greatest of the physical ailments of civilized society.

Again, instead of grinding, by which a part of the sweetness and nourishment are destroyed, these grains are pulverized by a peculiar process and are made as sweet and palatable as we may reasonably ask. If to all of this we add the fact that they claim unusual care in the selection of their grains, that the very best may be secured, such as all may safely use, we may reasonably expect such food as we need, easy of digestion, nutritious, and capable of improving the constitution and giving strength and vigor.

The first step in the improvement of our grain food, and an important one, was the use of the graham instead of the fine flour, while the use of the hullless products, particularly for those irritable to stomach and bowels, is another step in the right direction, of great moment, as a means of regulating and strengthening the organs of digestion, articles containing increased nourishment.

FIFTY DOLLARS

Will be paid for the best article descriptive of the Dover Egg Beater in its application to the business of the kitchen; its absolute qualities and comparative advantages; to be furnished by the lady correspondents of The Household. To each of those who will compete for this purse, one of the Beaters will be furnished gratuitously on application, together with some of the best articles already written. Ample time will be allowed for competitors to familiarize themselves with the qualities of the Dover Beater. Due notice of the time when the articles must be handed in, will be given in this paper.

Boston, Mass. DOVER STAMPING CO.

IF YOUR MORNING CUP OF COFFEE makes you feel quailish, or renders your nerves unsteady, substitute a cup of Walter Baker & Co.'s delicious Chocolate. It is nutritious, healthful, and very easy of preparation. All grocers sell it.

50 MIXED CARDS, with name, for 10c. and stamp: Agents outfit, 10c. Atwater Bros., Forestville, Ct. 8-4d

Reader; respond at once to the generous offer of Kendall & Co., Boston. See adv. in last issue.

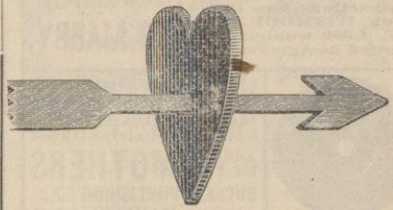
TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

SUFFERER NEURALGIA. NERVOUS HEADACHE and all Neuralgic Pains entirely eradicated. Persons subject to Headache should not fail to procure this remedy. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. DR. DE KALE, 6 South St. Baltimore, Md. 2-12r

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine. 2-12r

Grace's Celebrated Salve,

A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.



PREPARED BY
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GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE.

Is a Vegetable Preparation, invented in the 17th century by Dr. William Grace Surgeon in King James' army. Through its agency he cured thousands of the most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE CURES

FLESH WOUNDS, FROZEN LIMBS, SALT RHEUM, CHILBLAINS, SORE LIPS, ERYSIPELAS, RING-WORMS, CALLUSES, SCALD HEAD, CHAPPED HANDS, CANCERS, FLEMONS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ULCERS, WOUNDS, STINGS, SHINGLES, FISTERS, WENS, STIES, PILES, ABSCESS, FRECKLES, BUNIONS, SPRAINS, BOILS, BITES, CUTS, WHITLOWS, WARTS, BLISTERS, TAN, PIMPLES, CORNS, SCURVY, ITCH, INGROWING NAILS, NETTLE RASH, MOSQUITO AND FLEA BITES, SPIDER STINGS, And all cutaneous diseases and eruptions generally. 9-12r

For sale by all druggists, grocers, and all country stores throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price by mail 30 cents.

TEXAS LANDS, and Tickets to all points West. Texas Guide, one stamp. Dr. AMMI BROWN, 58 Sears Building, Boston. 6-4c

CHAPMAN'S CHOLERA SYRUP Cures Dysentery, Diarrhoea and Summer Complaints of Children. Price 50c. GEORGE MOORE, Proprietor, Great Falls, N. H. Sold by all Druggists. 7-3d

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RELIEVES Apoplexy, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Colic, Headache, Indigestion, Faintness, Chills and Fever, &c.

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25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c. post paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y. 8-1h

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Ct. 9-12h

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Also Trees, Small Fruits, etc. Wholesale rates very low to Nurserymen, Dealers, and large Planters. Send stamp for Descriptive List. Price List FREE.

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DITSON & CO'S MUSICAL MONTHLY

For July, 1877.

\$2.00 PER YEAR, OR 25 CENTS PER NUMBER.

A brilliant number, containing twenty pages of well-selected Music.

The Old Gate on the Hill. By WILL S. HAYS. In his best style. Sells for 35 cts.

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My Father's House. By F. GUMBERT. A beautiful German Gem about the "Water-haus." Sells for 30 cts.

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But these fine pieces are all included in this number of the Musical Monthly, which sells for 25 cts. Order of any News Dealer.

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C. H. Ditson & Co., J. E. Ditson & Co., 343 Broadway, Successors to Lee & Walker, Philadelphia. New York.



FOR LADIES AND DRESSMAKERS.

The Davis Improved Plaiting Board is second to none in Convenience, Durability and completeness in work. Every Lady needs one. Full directions with each Board. Price \$1.25 or prepaid by mail \$1.50. 3-4day E. N. DAVIS, Man'r, Brattleboro, Vt.

65 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 10c. and 3 ct. stamp. 25 Styles Fan Cards, 10c. Samples 6c. M. Bowd & Co., 2-12d Bristol, Conn.

Prices Reduced.

"The Family Favorite" IMPROVED NEW MODEL MACHINE.

Light-Running, Noiseless, No Gears, No Cams, No Springs. New and Elegant Styles of Woodwork.

From this date, by the expiration of Patents under which we have been paying royalties, we are enabled to sell our machines at

Greatly Reduced Prices, and as low as those of any first-class machine.

Send for Circulars and Price Lists.

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO. Hartford, Conn., Aug., 1877. Stfx

REMEDIUM:

OR, THE

EFFECTUAL CURE FOR INTemperance.

This medicine makes the patient hate whatever drink he takes it in, so much so, that the very sight of the liquor will sicken him. One powder is a dose for a full grown person, and may be given in the morning or at noon. H. H. BURLINGTON, PROVIDENCE, R. I., is the importer of the above. Price \$1.00 per box. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

STAR-STOVE-SHINE

Time, labor and money saved. IT REQUIRES NO BRUSH. Simply a damp fabric, then polish with a dry woolen cloth. One second's work will give a beautiful and lasting polish. One of its many advantages is that it gives NO OFFENSIVE SMELL. Price 25 cts. Agents wanted. UNION NOVELTY CO., Rutland, Vt.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. 8-6x

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp, Etc. with name on 13cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn. 9-12h

There is nothing advertised in the U. S. market to-day that is half so important as a proper food for children. Mothers, if you have not tried Ridge's Food, do so at once.

CRACKED COCOA, made of the best quality of cocoa, retains the freshness, aroma, and nutritious properties of the fruit. Eminent physicians recommend its use. Your grocer will furnish the best, which is put up by Walter Baker & Co.

For the convenience of summer travelers Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., have prepared the Wide Awake Library, containing the first four volumes of the Wide Awake Magazine, elegantly bound, and put in a strong and beautiful box.

To furnish not only clear illustrations and descriptions of the prevailing styles, but able comments and valuable suggestions, together with the most interesting news in social, literary and art circles, is the wide aim of "Andrews' Bazar," and with this aim it has already attained flattering success. W. R. Andrews, Cincinnati, publisher.

A revised and enlarged edition of the popular cook book compiled by the ladies of State St. Church, Portland, entitled, "Fish Flesh and Fowl," is now ready for delivery. It will be sent postage paid to any address for fifty cents. Address Elwell, Pickard & Co., Portland, Me. Each book has several sheets of note paper bound into it for the convenience of housewives when they find new recipes they wish to preserve.

RICHEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.—Nothing need be said in praise of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Its completeness surpasses the thought of any one who has not examined it. Add to this a vast variety of classified Pictorial Illustrations, of almost every physical science embraced in the studies of the age, with various other departments, and the work is the richest book of information in the world. There is probably more real education in it than can be bought for the same amount of money in any language. Every parsonage should have a copy at the expense of the parish. It would improve many pulpits more than a trip to Europe, and at a much less cost.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &c.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &c.

These pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood: and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines preserved in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office corner SIXTH and ARCH STS., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

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For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

Valuable sample pages of that superb new book "Buckeye Cookery and Practical Housekeeping," sent FREE, with instructions how to get book WITHOUT MONEY. 1,000 women now wanted as Agents.

MAIDS! WHO WISH TO MARRY.
WIVES Every woman in America should SEND A POSTAL CARD immediately with her Address to the **MOTHERS** BUCKEYE PUBLISHING CO., MARYSVILLE, O.

A SAFE, SURE and CHEAP DESTROYER OF THE POTATO BUG, CABBAGE CURRANT Worms and other Insects is OUR PEST POISON.
Dissolved in water and sprinkled. No danger in use or to plants. Costs 25 cts. an Acre. Sample (1 lb. box) by mail 30 cts. Circulars, sent with testimonials, Kearney Chemical Works, 68 Cortlandt St. P. O. box 3139

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Grown everywhere who have used them for years. A. M. Purdy, Editor Fruit Recorder, and large fruit grower, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I purchased 250 N. D. Batters' Crates and Baskets, and must say, for compactness, durability, lightness, neatness and free circulation of air, have never found their equal." Well made; best material, size and shape. Crates are iron bound, have best hays made; Baskets 8 most other crates, can be nested. Order by freight immediately; delay occasions loss. Remit by registered letter with order. Satisfaction guaranteed. 32 qt. Crates, 24 in. long, 12 in. wide, 15 1/2 in. high, with 32 Quart Baskets \$1.35. 36 qt. Crates, 24 in. long, 17 1/2 in. wide, 12 in. high, with 26 Quart Baskets, \$1.40; 30 pt. Crates, with 30 Pint Baskets, \$1.10. Quart Baskets, \$1.00 per 1,000, Pint Baskets \$1.00 per 1,000, in any quantities.

INVALID RECLINING ROLLING CHAIRS.
THE BEST MADE.
Send for Circular to **FOLDING CHAIR CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.**

GRAPE VINES.
Also, Trees, Small Fruits, &c. Larger stock and lower prices than ever before. Quality extra; warranted genuine and true. Price and Descriptive List free. T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.
A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

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72 Pages, Illustrated, mailed to applicants on receipt of Stamp. All who are seeking for early Vegetables should buy Vermont grown seed, they being acclimated will ripen their crops from one to three weeks earlier.

C. E. ALLEN, Seedsman and Florist, Brattleboro, Vt.

YOUR NAME on 50 extra mix. VIS. CARDS 15¢ J. R. HOLCOMB, P. M. at Mallet Creek, Ohio. 7-12adv

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150 Varieties of Plants, Purchaser's choice, for \$1.00. 12 of which will be forwarded to any part of the United States, on receipt of price, and to Canada for 10 cts additional on every dollar. The purchaser can order by number, and save time.

12 Plants for \$1.00.
No. 1. 12 Coleus, 6 varieties, \$1.00
" 2. 12 Fuchsias, 12 varieties, 1.00
" 3. 12 Heliotropes, 6 varieties, 1.00
" 4. 12 Single Geraniums, 6 varieties, 1.00
" 5. 10 Double Geraniums, 5 varieties, 1.00
" 6. 12 Chrysanthemums, 6 varieties, 1.00
" 7. 12 Gladioli, 1.00
" 8. 12 Carnations, 6 varieties, 1.00
No. 9. 12 Foliage Plants, \$1.00
" 10. 12 Double and Single Petunias, 1.00
" 11. 12 English Ivies, 1.00
" 12. 12 Tuberoses, 1.00
" 13. 12 Pelargoniums, 6 varieties, 1.00
" 14. 16 Verbenas, 16 best named varieties, 1.00
" 15. 12 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 1.00
" 16. 15 Plants, my choice, from above list, 1.00

6 Plants for 50 Cents.
No. 17. 6 Winter-flowering plants, 6 var's, 50 cts.
" 18. 6 Begonias, 6 varieties, 50 cts.
" 19. 6 Calceolarias, 3 varieties, 50 cts.
" 20. 6 Ivy Geraniums, 3 varieties, 50 cts.
No. 21. 6 Salvia, 4 varieties, 50 cts.
" 22. 6 Basket Plants, 6 varieties, 50 cts.
" 23. 6 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 50 cts.

10 Plants for \$1.00.
No. 24. 10 Tea and Bourbon Roses, \$1.00
" 25. 10 Hybrid Perpetual and Hardy Climbing Roses, 1.00
" 26. 10 Sweet Scented Geraniums, 5 var's, 1.00
No. 27. 10 Ferns, 5 varieties, \$1.00
" 28. 10 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 1.00

No. 29. Any 3 plants from first two lists, with the following 9, for \$1.00: 1 German Ivy, 1 Rose Geranium, 1 Lemon Verbena, 1 Amaryllis, 1 Tradescantia, 1 Achyranthes, 1 Centaurea, 1 Artillery Plant, 1 Cigar Plant.

No. 30. 6 \$1.00 Packages from above lists for \$5.00.

No. 31. 6 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, and Marshal McMahon \$1.00.

No. 32. For \$1.50 I will send 12 plants of the following: 1 Silverleaf Geranium, 1 Mrs. Pollock Geranium, 1 variegated Hydrangea, 2 Tea Roses, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Calla, 1 New Variegated German Ivy, 1 Palm Tree, 1 Smilax, 2 Ferns.

The above are grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and labeled, postage prepaid, and each package warranted to reach the purchaser in good condition. Prices given refer only to this list, those selecting from catalogue will be charged catalogue prices. No orders will be sent for less than \$1.00. Directions for the treatment of plants when received sent with each package. A descriptive circular of above varieties will be mailed free to all who apply.

MONEY can be sent at my risk if sent by Post Office Orders, or Registered Letter which can be obtained at any Post Office. Be sure and give your Name, Post Office, County and State plainly, and address all orders to

C. E. ALLEN, Florist and Seedsman, Brattleboro, Vermont.
My Illustrated Catalogue, 72 pages, of Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Seed and Bulbs, mailed to applicants on receipt of stamp.

MINERALS, SHELLS, BIRDS, &c.

The Naturalists' Agency has been established at 3725 Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving collectors of objects of Natural History an opportunity of buying, selling or exchanging their duplicates or collections. Specimens sent to any part of the world by mail. An illustrated monthly bulletin of 8 pages sent free.

I received the highest award given to any one at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and the only award and medal given to any American for "Collections of Minerals."

My Mineralogical Catalogue, of 50 pages, is distributed free to all customers, to others on receipt of 10 cents. It is profusely illustrated and the printer and engraver charged me about \$900.00 before a copy was struck off. By means of the table of species and accompanying tables most species may be verified. The price list is an excellent check list containing the names of all the species and the more common varieties, arranged alphabetically and preceded by the species number. The species number indicates the place of any mineral in the table of species, after it will be found the species name, composition, streak or lustre, cleavage or fracture, hardness, specific gravity, fusibility and crystallization.

The large increase of my business has compelled me to rent the store No. 3727, and use it entirely for Birds, Mammals, Shells, Plants, Books, Fossils, Mound Builders' Relics and other objects of Natural History. I have secured the services of one of the best taxidermists in the country, and can do the best custom work.

Over 38 tons, and nearly \$35,000 worth of Minerals on hand. \$19,000 worth sold since the 17th day of January, when the first box was put into my establishment. November 13th, my cash sales were over \$1,500 and cash receipts over \$1,200.

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For Students, Amateurs, Professors, Physicians, and other Professional Men.

The collections of 100 illustrate all the principal species and all the grand subdivisions in Dana and other works on Mineralogy; every Crystalline System; and all the principal Ores and every known Element. The collections are labelled with a printed label that can only be removed by soaking. The labels of the \$5.00 and higher priced collections give Dana's species number, the name, locality, and in most cases, the composition of the Mineral. All collections accompanied by my Illustrated Catalogue and table of species.

NUMBER OF SPECIMENS	25		50		100		100		200		300	
	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box	In box
Crystals and fragments, -	\$.50	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$1.00	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$6.00
Student's size, larger, -	1.50	3.00	6.00	5.00	10.00	25.00	10.00	25.00	50.00	100.00	150.00	300.00
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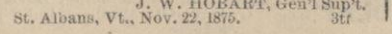
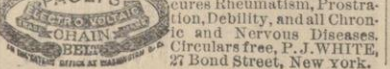
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PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

WANTED, a few more good County Agents, especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South. We give good pay, pleasant work and permanent employment. A few more chances left—will you take one?

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OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

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WE INVITE the especial attention of our lady contributors to the generous offer of the Dover Stamping Co., to be found in another column. We trust that all our readers are personally acquainted with the merits of the Dover Egg Beater, for a good housekeeper must look upon this simple and inexpensive utensil as a necessity in every well furnished kitchen, and we do not see how any one, after giving it one trial, can be willing to use any other kind.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written. We will do the best we can in all cases, but if persons will send us puzzles they mustn't be surprised if we don't always guess right.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different

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AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

TAKE NOTICE.—Our readers have doubtless seen the advertisement of Leamon's Dyes. These dyes are very highly praised by those who have used them, and we offer them as premiums to our friends in the full confidence that they will prove to be first-class in every respect. They are put up in neat packages, each color separate, and—with the exception of the Black, which is a liquid—can be sent safely by mail. To any one already a subscriber, who will send us one new subscription, we will forward a package of these dyes postpaid—for two new subscriptions we will send three packages, and for a club of five we will send by express the full set of twelve packages. Full directions accompany each package together with a beautiful sample card.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send three numbers on trial—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. As an inducement to our readers to make an effort in that direction we will give a

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

to the one who sends us the greatest number of trial subscribers before Oct. 1st, 1877.

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per agate line of space each insertion.

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TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY, of West Lebanon, N. H., has a very high reputation, not only throughout New England, but in half the States of the Union. It is under the charge of HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., whose fame as a practical teacher is only equalled by his popularity as an educational writer. The Fall term begins Sept. 17th 1877. Send to Mr. Orcutt for a circular.—Boston Home Journal.

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This Cement is particularly adapted for Drain, Sewer, and Culvert Pipes, on account of its great strength and its continuous hardening properties, which render it impervious to decay and frost. Every one knows the value and convenience of a permanent house drain. Taking the low cost of the pipe which is 20 to 50 per cent. lower than iron or any Scotch or American clay pipes in the market, parties will see where it will be for their interest to use the cement pipe.

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CRIMSON, VIOLET, RED, YELLOW, PURPLE, GREEN, MAROON, SCARLET, SLATE, BROWN, BLACK, BLUE.

Each Dye colors from one to two pounds of goods any shade, with certain success. Warranted to be the best and cheapest colors for Family and Fancy Dyeing. A CHILD CAN USE THEM!

'The Household' recommends these Dyes to its readers and offers them either as premiums for obtaining new subscribers, or to send post paid on receipt of price.

LEAMON'S DYES
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They present in the simplest possible form the materials by which the professional dyer procures his brightest and most beautiful shades. The manner of using is so simple, and the directions with each package so explicit, that any lady can be her own dyer.

They will color Silks, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Wood, Kid Gloves, Paper, Everlasting Flowers, etc., etc.,

They make the best and cheapest dyes, and the blue is best for a laundry blue. Any one really wishing to practice economy, will not fail to try these Dyes, and they will at once see that a great deal can be saved in the course of a year by their use. Almost any article of clothing can be dyed in a few minutes, for a few cents, without soiling the hands, and all sorts of ties, ribbons, feathers, or any fancy work can be colored as wanted.

A book giving full directions for all uses, with a beautiful sample card, showing how to make 36 colors, sent to any address for a three cent stamp, or the same with a package of any color except black, on receipt of 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists.
Send all orders to THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt. 4-12

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Often deranges the system, brings on flatulency and wind colic, and subjects the patient to great bodily suffering. A single dose of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient will correct the acidity, relieve the pain, carry off the offending cause, and save sometimes a long spell of illness. Its effects are gentle and thorough, and its general use would prevent much suffering.

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GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been known but to a few, it having been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,
12- Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results. ED. HOUSEHOLD.

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GREENE'S SAILORS' HOME,
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I take this method of making known the perfect cure I have obtained from the use of your valuable medicine, the PAIN KILLER. I was urged by a friend to try it, and procured a bottle of Dr. Kernot, Apothecary.

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This is to certify that I have been a sufferer from Indigestion and violent Sick Headache for upwards of four years. I have consulted many of the Faculty, but have derived no material benefit from any source, until I tried PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER, which I am happy to state, has done me more good than all I ever tried before. ESTHER BRIGGS, Bolton, England.

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