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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. 15.

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No. 2.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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## The Heranda.

### WOODS IN WINTER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the rivers' gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their merry lay,  
And winds were soft and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year—  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

### WATER FOR STOCK IN WINTER.

MANY farmers are heavy losers by their neglect to supply suitable means to provide water for their stock during the winter season. Some fall into the habit of allowing their animals only one opportunity during each twenty-four hours to obtain a drink. On this occasion they are often driven a long distance to a stream or pond that is covered in part by snow and ice. When this is the case a part of the animals are obliged to wait their turn, till they have become completely chilled by the cold wind and the snow about their feet. The smaller and more feeble animals suffer most, because they are obliged to wait the longest time. They often become chilled to such an extent that they decline to drink, and are driven back to the barn to go without water for another twenty-four hours. Their food during this period consists of dry hay, straw and corn fodder. Some farmers who have water in their feeding-yards only pump it once a day, and expect their cattle to obtain their supply at this time. The watering trough is generally lined with ice on the inside, and the ground about it is covered with the same material. Every animal that obtains a drink is subjected to a chilling process while it is endeavoring to quench its thirst. Cattle and horses of different ages fight to obtain the first places to drink, and the stronger obtain

the mastery. The longer the water stands in the trough the colder it becomes by its contact with the ice, and the smaller is the amount drunk by the animals that have waited the longest. The animals after drinking water that is ice-cold, remain exposed to the wind and storm, and often suffer very greatly. Having but one opportunity to obtain water during the day, they generally drink more than is good for them.

Animals of all kinds should be allowed an opportunity to obtain water at least twice every day in winter. All animals, men included, desire less water in cold than in warm weather, but when all the food is dry a considerable amount of water is required to moisten it, and to supply the demands of the system for fluids. All persons know the injurious effects of drinking a large quantity of water at a time. It is as injurious to the inferior animals as to men. Water obtained from any other source than a spring will necessarily be quite cold in winter, but it need not be cold as ice and snow will make it. The watering-trough should be emptied after all the stock have drank, so that no ice will form in it. Pains should also be taken to draw off the water in such a manner that it will not form ice on the ground where the stock will stand to drink. It is always desirable to have the watering-place under cover, and thus protected from the winds and storms. It is best to have the space around it covered with plank that can be kept clear of ice and snow. Many dairymen and horse-men have found great advantage in bringing water into their barns and stables for use during the winter season. This may generally be done without great trouble and expense when spring water can be obtained and conveyed through pipes. The water is comparatively warm, and a supply can be obtained by simply turning a stopcock. The cattle and horses can be turned out to drink one at a time, and allowed to return to their stalls when they are done drinking. By this arrangement the animals can obtain water without being exposed to the cold, and without being subjected to the danger of being hooked, pushed about, or of slipping on the ice. Animals watered under cover during severely cold weather are not likely to contract colds or to suffer from diseases of the throat and lungs. If stock is let out into an open yard to drink during cold weather, only a small number should be turned out at once, so that the opportunity for quarreling may be obviated as far as possible. During cold weather animals should be allowed salt quite often, and it should be fed out in the morning, so that the thirst it produces may be quenched before they are tied up and deprived of the opportunity to obtain water.—*Chicago Times.*

### THE INVENTIVE FACULTY AMONG FARMERS.

While it is the farmer who uses the machinery invented as substitutes for manual labor, it is very rarely that he in-

vents anything for his own use, leaving that for the inventor whose ideas of farming are usually but theoretical at best. Viewed in this light, it is quite wonderful with what astonishing rapidity meritorious machinery is being perfected, and even original sorts brought out to meet demands which, even a few years since, were supposed never would be needed. As the grain areas became extended, the single reapers came to fill a want; then the table rake attachments; finally the self-binders, and when the farmer was at a loss how to obviate the disadvantages of a wire band, the twine binder was brought forward and by slight alterations all machines now use twine. The growth of the threshing machine and of the grain drill has been a creation under the eyes of the farming classes, but how few of them stop to consider that it came about by the merest combining of wood and iron, never stopping to think of the vast detail of study and experiment each and every combination cost.

With increased grain fields and the demand for a plow that could do anything or turn anything under came the sulky plow, but the farmer "for the life of him" would never have thought of rigging it up that way. Cutting corn is associated with a cutter made of an old scythe, and husking with cold, wet fingers, and a hickory peg for a husking pin, but each within a few years will be done by machinery, but who will be the inventor? Creditable it is to our farmers that they so readily adopt the labor-saving devices, and use them with a skill that is evidence of an intelligence that is keeping pace with our fast age, but at the same time it would be yet more promising if the farmer would study out the principles that would satisfy the demand made by his needs, and become an inventor himself. In such a position as an aider and counselor to the inventor, the mechanism of the farm in this country would become rapidly perfected, and its results and possibilities become almost beyond calculation.

As it now is there is no danger but the farmer will thoroughly inform himself upon political subjects, and will acquaint himself fully upon the "points" and "corners" of Wall street; but the real danger is, that upon the matters of the farm, its constantly shifting conditions upon which success is based, will not be instantly recognized and promptly met and success met with, as each opportunity presents itself. The farmer needs broad culture, a discerning mind that can look ahead, and withal a leaning toward the domains of the inventive genius, as applied to the mechanism of the farm, and allied with an inventive skill that can seize upon disadvantage and turn it to advantage, that can invent some way to disarm bad luck, and make prosperity a natural gift to be obtained by ingenuity; and which can, if unfortunately disaster seems inevitable, invent a method of honorable and successful escape.—*Cleveland Herald.*

## The Drawing Room.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

NEVER was snug hour more feelingly commenced! Cowper was not a great poet: his range was neither wide nor lofty; but such as it was, he had it completely to himself—he is the poet of quiet life and familiar observation. The fire is now stirred, and puts on its liveliest aspect, in order to welcome those to whom the tea table is a point of meeting, and it is the business of the fire-side to cherish this aspect, for the remainder of the evening. How light and easy the coals look! How ardent is the roominess within the bars! How airily do the volumes of smoke course each other up the chimney, like so many fantastic and indefinite spirits, while the eye in vain endeavors to accompany any one of them! The flames are not so fierce as in the morning, but still they are active and powerful; and if they do not roar up the chimney, they make a constant and playful noise that is extremely to the purpose. Here they come out at the top with a leafy swirl, there they dart up spirally and at once, there they form a lambent assemblage that shifts about on its own ground, and is continually losing and regaining its vanishing members. I confess I take particular delight in seeing a good blaze at the top, and my impatience to produce it will sometimes lead me into great rashness in the matter of poking; that is to say, I use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing it about in search of a flame. A lady of my acquaintance—"near and dear," as they say in Parliament—will tell me of this fault twenty times in a day, and every time so good-humoredly that it is mere want of generosity in me not to amend; but somehow or other I do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and sleepy, and is in danger of going out. It is like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who, thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears till he produces the very evil he would prevent. But, on the present occasion, I forbear to use the poker; there is no need of it; everything is comfortable, everything snug and sufficient. How equable is the warmth around us! How cherishing this rug at one's feet! How complacent the cup at one's lip! What a fine, broad light is diffused from the fire over the circle, gleaming in the urn and the polished mahogany, bringing out the white garments of the ladies, and giving a poetic warmth to their face and hair! I need not mention all the good things that are said at tea—still less the gallant. Good humor never has



an audience more disposed to think it wit, nor gallantry an hour of service more blameless and elegant. Ever since tea has been known, its clear and gentle powers of inspiration have been acknowledged, from Waller paying his court at the circle of Catherine of Braganza, to Dr. Johnson receiving homage at the parties of Mrs. Thrale. The former, in his lines upon hearing it "commended by her Majesty," ranks it at once above myrtle and laurel, and her Majesty, of course, agreed with him:

"Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;  
Tea both excels which she vouchsafes to praise.  
The best of queens, and best of herbs we owe  
To that bold nation, which the way did show  
To the fair region where the sun does rise,  
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.  
The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,  
Repress those vapors which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene  
Fit, on her birthday, to salute the queen."

The eulogies pronounced on his favorite beverage by Dr. Johnson are too well known to be repeated here; and the commendatory inscription of the Emperor Kien Long, to a European taste, at least, is somewhat too dull, unless his Majesty's tea pot has been shamefully translated. For my own part, though I have the highest respect for this genial drink, which is warm to the cold, and cooling to the warm, I confess, as Montaigne would have said, that I prefer coffee—particularly in my political capacity:

"Coffee, that makes the politician wise,  
To see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

There is something in it, I think, more lively, and at the same time more substantial. Besides, I never see it but it reminds me of the Turks and their Arabian tales—an association infinitely preferable to any Chinese ideas; and, like the king who put his head into the tub, I am transported into distant lands the moment I dip into the coffee cup—at one minute ranging the valleys with Sinbad, at another encountering the fairies on the wing by moonlight, at a third, exploring the haunts of the cursed Maugraby, or wrapt in the silence of that delicious solitude from which Prince Agib was carried by the fatal horse. Then if I wish to poetise upon it at home, there is Belinda with her sylphs, drinking it in such state as nothing but poetry can supply:

"For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd  
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;  
On shining altars of Japan they raise  
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;  
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
And China's earth receives the smoking tide:  
At once they gratify the scent and taste,  
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;  
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd  
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade."

It must be acknowledged, however, that the general association of ideas is, at present, in favor of tea, which, on that account, has the advantage of suggesting no confinement to particular ranks or modes of life. Let there be but a fire-side, and anybody of any denomination, may be fancied enjoying the luxury of a cup of tea, from the duchess in the evening drawing room, who makes it the instrument of displaying her white hand, to the washerwoman at her early tub, who, having had nothing to signify since five, sits down to it with her shining arms and corrugated fingers at six. If there is any one station of life in which it is enjoyed to most advantage, it is that of mediocrity; that in which all comfort is reckoned to be best appreciated, because while there is taste to enjoy, there is necessity to earn the enjoyment.

There are so many modes of spending the remainder of the evening between tea time and bed time, (for I protest against all suppers that are not light enough to be taken on the knee,) that a general description would avail me nothing, and I cannot be expected to enter into such a variety of particulars. Suffice it to say that where the fire is duly

appreciated, and the circle good-humored, none of them can be unpleasant, whether the party be large or small, young or old, talkative or contemplative. If there is music, a good fire will be particularly grateful to the performers, who are often seated at the farther end of the room; for it is really shameful that a lady who is charming us all with her voice, or firing us at the harp or piano, with the lightning of her fingers, should at the very moment be trembling with cold. As to cards, which were invented for the solace of a mad prince, and which are only tolerable, in my opinion, when we can be as mad as he was, that is to say, at a round game, I cannot by any means patronize them, as a conscientious fire-sider; for, not to mention all the other objections, the card table is as awkward in a fireside point of view, as the dinner table, and is not to be compared with it in sociality. If it be necessary to pay so ill a compliment to the company as to have recourse to some amusement of the kind, there is chess or draughts, which may be played on a table by the fire; but nothing is like discourse, freely uttering the fancy as it comes, and varied perhaps with a little music, or with the perusal of some favorite passages which excite the comments of the circle. It is then, if tastes happen to be accordant, and the social voice is frank as well as refined, that the "sweet music of speech" is heard in its best harmony, differing only for apter sweetness, and mingling but for happier participation, while the mutual sense smilingly blends in with every rising measure—

"And female stop smoothens the charm o'er all."

This is the finished evening; this, at once the quickener and the calmer of tired thought; this the spot where our better spirits await to exalt and enliven us, when the daily and vulgar ones have discharged their duty!

"Questo e il Paradiso,  
Più dolce, che fra l'acqua, e fra l'arena  
In ciel son le Sirene."

—TASSO.—*Rime Amoroze.*

"Here, here is found  
A sweeter Paradise of sound  
Than where the Sirens take their summer stands  
Among the breathing waters and glib sands."

Bright fires and joyous faces; and it is no easy thing for philosophy to say good night. But health must be enjoyed, or nothing will be enjoyed, and the charm should be broken at a reasonable hour.—*From "A Day by the Fire," by Leigh Hunt.*

#### HOME ATTRACTIONS.

I wish to speak for a moment, on this common, yet not exhausted subject of home attractions. We hear much about fancy work, of little things with which to adorn our rooms, of the cultivation of plants, of new dishes for the table, etc. All these I heartily approve of in their places, yet there are other things equally, if not more important, to be remembered and practiced. All these make home attractive to husband, father and brothers, but if these were all, there would be an aching void in their hearts. It is the cheerful face, the smile, the kind word, the tidy room, and a thousand other little things that make home the dearest place.

Have any of the readers ever thought how much there is contained in a greeting? A cheerful good morning contains balm for every one. O mothers, teach your children how much there is in a greeting. A warm and hearty one inspires, animates, and influences far more than we ever dream of its doing. And if these little things are practiced at home, they will come perfectly natural when out in company. It is the observance of these little things at home that causes the school teacher to guess very quickly the kind of home a particular pupil has.

Make the hour at meal time one of the most pleasant of the day, that gathering of the family together to which memory will revert with the sweetest remembrances when far from the parental roof. We Americans make it too much a transaction of business, to be disposed of like everything else, as hastily as possible. Discuss what you have read, relate stories in history, adapting them to the comprehension of the greater part of your hearers. Avoid by all means, "small talk," gossiping, tale-bearing, etc., which by no means add to the attractions of home.

E. M.

## The Conservatory.

### SNOW-FLAKES.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Out of the bosom of the air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken;  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent and soft and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

### FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirteen.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

"PLEASE tell in the next HOUSEHOLD just how you keep your plants," writes a lady from Alabama. I do not quite understand her request. Shall I infer that she wishes to know how I keep them safely through the winter, or the care I give to them indefinitely? As both these inferences will cover the ground of similar requests from others, I will try to answer them.

But first, I would have my southern friends understand that I live in a cold section of the globe, and many of the precautions that we practice here to protect our plants, would be quite unnecessary there, for many of the plants in cultivation that are termed half-hardy in this cold climate, are hardy and need no protection in the southern states.

I remove all plants and shrubs from the ground in September and October, except those termed hardy here, and I assure you they have to be pretty tough to withstand our excessively cold winters. Geraniums that have been bedded out I label, and suspend in the cellar with the roots upwards until March. I then remove the dry leaves, cut back the tops, and plant in moist soil, not too wet at first, or they will rot. It takes them three or four weeks to swell to their usual proportions, but after they begin to put out new leaves, give them the sun part of the day, and by the time the ground is ready to receive them again, our plants will be in fine condition to plant out. But it is only the zonale varieties that I treat in this way. The pelargoniums will not live in the cellar, and as they begin to flower early in the spring they should be kept growing through the winter months.

When I bring my geraniums to the light in spring time, I usually find a few dead ones, but not many, but I provide for this contingency, if they are choice varieties, by planting slips from them when they are pulled up in the fall. I set them quite close together in shallow pot or box, and give them a good sunny place to make them grow compact and hardy until De-

cember, then I set them one side and withhold water, except a sprinkling occasionally, just enough to keep them alive until the first of March, then water and place at the window again, and pot off singly as soon as they begin to crowd each other. In this way, too, we can have good plants for the garden, and it is a good way to keep them if our space for plants at the window is limited in cold weather.

Roses, fuchsias, and all plants that are wanted for bedding purposes another season, are potted when taken from the ground. After their roots have had time to take hold of the earth, they are set away in the cellar for safe keeping, but even there they would not be quite safe, if we did not kindle a fire morning and evening in the coldest weather.

I do not water plants after they are put in the cellar, they will gather all the moisture they need in so cold a place, and I do not put them away in a wet condition, as more plants die in the cellar of too much moisture than from any other cause. I make but one exception to this rule: sometimes I have chrysanthemums that are very late about-flowering, and I want the space they occupy for other plants, then I put them in the cellar wet, or pretty moist, and the buds will open in due season, and remain perfect nearly all winter, and I often find sedums and roses that have blossomed in the darkness. It is very convenient if you want a bouquet to find one in the cellar.

My winter room for plants that are growing, is heated by an open wood fire, and I cannot tell you which enjoys it the most, the plants or the writer. It is an old-fashioned luxury that only a few indulge in at the present day, but as conducive to the health of the one as the other, and it is to be hoped since old-fashioned things are fast coming into favor that the day of open fires and Chatty Brooks' hasty pudding and corn cakes is not far distant.

In one corner of this room I have a warm, dry closet where I keep all tender plants and bulbs that will not bear the moisture of the cellar. I keep the door open through the day and close it at night, for unless it is severely cold we let our fire go down late in the evening, and sometimes the weather changes suddenly before morning, and my plants are left at the mercy of that irrepressible foe, Jack Frost. Last night the mercury went down thirty degrees in eight hours, but I found my plants safe this morning.

And now I sit with pen in hand, puzzled to know how I can explain to you just how I keep these plants in such a healthy and thrifty condition. It is a harder thing to do than I at first supposed it would be. If you should ask Rosamond E. to tell you just how she takes care of all her children, she could give you a general idea of her daily round of duties, from the time she assisted at their toilets in the morning, till she tucked them in their beds at night, but interspersing all these generalities, are numberless little attentions, gentle love pats, tender caresses that the mother's instinct tells her just when and where to apply, but it would be very difficult for her to explain them to another.

If we were in like circumstances, we might perhaps understand her, for these things come of intuition, they are born of the heart not of the head. And even so I find it hard to tell you just when and where I give my plants those magical touches, little things in themselves, but as potent for the prosperity of the plant as caresses are to the happiness of our children. If you are making an earnest of the science of floriculture, if the heart, as well as the hand, is interested in the work, these things will come to you in due season; but if the feeling is



only superficial, to attempt an explanation would only be time wasted.

There are things, however, that I can tell easily, and the most important one is that I keep my plants clean. I give them a good showering once a week, and the warmer the room is where plants are grown, the oftener they need it. Then I am careful about watering them. When the weather is cold I never allow it to stand in the saucers, and apply it warm to the hand, at all seasons of the year.

I am aware as I write just what the ideas of some people are in regard to taking care of plants. They pot them in the fall, and place them at the window where the curtain is dropped at least half the time, and consider their whole duty done, except to water them whenever they happen to think of it, perhaps to-day and to-morrow, and again, it may be, next week, and they get really indignant to think the "pesky things" won't grow!

I make it a rule to look over mine at least once a week, to find out their especial needs. To-day I found a geranium that did not absorb the moisture from the earth. First, I looked to see if the outlet to the saucer had got clogged, but found it all right, so I concluded it was tired, and set it in the sun to dry off, then it will go into my closet for three or four weeks. The earth in another was baked hard. This I hoed carefully with a hair-pin, watered it, and set it at the window again. Another was growing very irregular. I trimmed it and turned the sparse side to the sun. The foliage of a fuchsia was looking pale and yellow, and the plant had a starved look, so I gave it a stimulating drink.

It is by attending to these minor duties in season, that I keep my plants up to a high standard of beauty and worth, and make them really a pleasure to the beholder. There is an old proverb that "anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well." That is my motto. I do not cultivate flowers merely for pastime, I find deeper and purer joys in the employment.

I am very careful how I apply stimulants as there are some plants that are very sensitive to them, particularly begonias. I seldom use them on geraniums, but to roses, fuchsias, heliotropes, and carnations, they may be given with more safety. To these, if they are growing vigorously, liquid manure may be given, not too strong, twice a week. When using liquid manures, or stimulants in any form, I would act upon the principle that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," for when used too liberally, our plants will become infested with vermin, worms, lice, scales, etc., and this is sure to be the result when the earth is kept continually moist.

Another thing that I do not omit, is to prepare a box of earth in the fall and put it in the cellar, for it will be needed for sowing seeds, potting plants, and starting bulbs, long before the ground is open in the spring.

Speaking of bulbs reminds me that a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD writes to know if they can be kept in the cellar, and how. I do not try to keep any there except the hardiest kinds, such as gladioli, dahlias, amaryllis, lilies, oxalis, and the like. These I wash clean when taken up, let them dry thoroughly, wrap singly in paper, and enclose in a paper sack, and suspend from the floor above. Mine always come out sound when treated in this way. But caladiums, cannas, tuberose, richardias, and the more tender varieties, need a dry warm place to keep them in a sound condition. I usually look them over several times during the winter, for these bulbs produce some of our prettiest decorative plants, and we can afford to give them in return a little extra care.

#### MY BAY WINDOW.

With your permission I will receive such ladies as are interested in plants, in my sitting room, where I will show them mine, and perhaps answer some of their questions.

The room has a large bay window facing the south. On its wide shelves and stands are some forty-five plants. Of geraniums I have twelve varieties; the New Life, mammoth scarlet, and pink, are covered with blossoms and buds. The fancy leaved, such as Madam Pollock, Sophie Dumaresque, Crystal Palace Gem, Happy Thought, and others, have such beautiful foliage that one does not ask for blossoms. These I give a very sunny place.

My heliotrope is covered with dark purple clusters, and fills the room with its perfume.

Of roses I have two, the Duchess de Brabant, a perfect gem, cup shaped, of a delicate pink and very fragrant, and the Daily Bloomer, a deeper color, free bloomer, but not so choice.

The three varieties of fuchsias have several sprouts from two to three and one-half feet high, trained to a trellis. The two largest stand one on either side of the window. These were cut back early in the fall to within a few inches of the earth, given good soil, good sized pots, and plenty of water. These blossomed later.

On my callas are three buds. Having been touched with frost, the plants are not what they were last winter, when five bulbs in three pots, stood on boxes in the center of the window, with leaves over three feet from the pot.

Cactus, petunias, primroses, cape jessamine, hoyas, or wax plant, cyclamen, cyperus, and farfugium, may be found among my miscellaneous plants.

On either side of the arch stand my two English ivies. The small one, three yards long, is trained up one side, while the other goes over the arch, around the inside of the window, and on two sides of the room. I wish you could see it with your eyes, instead of in imagination. It is seven years old. The first year it grew but little, but I let it alone, only giving it water and putting it in a shady place out of doors in the summer. Now it has seven main stalks, the longest of which is ten yards long, these send out numerous shoots, and we think the vine with all its branches, would measure over sixty yards. Every other morning, I give it clear, warm coffee, and in November I placed down in the earth a piece of raw beefsteak. Now that's absurd, I know, to give an ivy beefsteak and coffee, but if you could see the amount it has grown this winter, and the size of its leaves, you would think it liked its fare. This has not been re-potted for four years.

I will mention but one thing more, a southern fern standing on a stand in the middle of the window. This is two years old, has over twenty fronds two feet long, and as these fall outward from the center in all directions, it gives a most delicate and graceful finish to the window I love.

I have not time now to speak of the soil, care and attention, necessary to success, nor of another window of begonias, nor of our fernery. E. IVY.

#### MY WINTER FLOWER GARDEN.

Often have we heard from the sisters of their beautiful flowers and window gardens. Allow me here to describe to them my out-door garden. Last fall I placed in the frame with my rose cuttings, (the make and management of which I described in a late HOUSEHOLD,) a bunch of the fragrant single blue violet, one of the double violet and some daisies. Through the severe weather they had an

extra covering over the sash at night, and in daytime too if very cold or if not closely covered with snow; an occasional peep however, discovered that this was not sufficient to prevent the ground and plants from being frozen sometimes, which made it necessary to keep them in darkness except when clear of frost. When the snow moved off, which it did in this latitude about the ninth of February, the plants were all looking quite well preserved, and after three mild days the single violet disclosed one sweet little flower, which was soon followed by others, and very shortly by a daisy. The violets are now, (middle of March,) still in full bloom, with rich foliage, the double ones in bud, and more daisies appearing. Of a mild winter they would be still more forward. The single violets spoken of are hardy, with a slight covering of leaves and will bloom early in the open ground, though not so early as treated in this way, nor will they make such rich flowers and foliage. The rose cuttings in same bed have wintered well, though the frost has caused some of them to drop their leaves. Another winter I mean to try some pansies this same way, as I see no cause why they may not succeed as well as their blue sisters.

M. A. BROWN.

#### CARE OF CANARIES.

Canaries are not so delicate as many suppose. I have one which is seven or eight years of age, and is very healthy. In addition to his seed and water, he has a piece of yeast bread every day, of which he is very fond, liking it equally as well when it is wet with water after it has become dry and hard, as he does when it is fresh. We also give him apple, orange, lettuce, celery tops, sweet potato and cracker. He never has hemp seed, and rarely either sugar or cake, these being the things which are fattening, and frequently producing apoplexy. When he has plenty of bread, and something green, he eats very little seed. He always dislikes to be let out of his cage, and when we force him out, as we are sometimes obliged to, in order to clean it, he comes back with the greatest delight. Scolding the cage is the best way to get rid of mites. One thing of which he is very fond, I forgot to mention, the seeds of green peppers. He will eat all the seeds off of one core in a day. A little cayenne pepper in the drinking water is good for birds when they appear to be cold, or when they have diarrhea.

A friend of mine had a bird which lived to such an advanced age that he was unable to crack his seed, and he was fed on raw meat in addition to various other things.

Mrs. E. J. F.

#### WATER BOUQUETS.

I raise quite a variety of flowers, consequently I am quite fond of making bouquets. One I think very handsome is the water bouquet. The smallest flowers are the prettiest. I generally take sweet alyssum, fuchsias, rose geranium leaves, and perhaps a pink or two, arrange them in a small bouquet, wind the stems closely together with thread, then leave about a finger length of thread, to which fasten a small pebble, also fasten tin foil around the stems. Get a pail of water, a glass tumbler, and a small plate, put the plate in the bottom of the pail, your bouquet in the glass with the stems upward, lower your glass in the pail upside down upon the plate, raise up your plate, and if all the air is out of the glass, you will have a beautiful bouquet to adorn parlor or schoolroom. Scholars are always anxious for something new.

—White flowers are generally the most fragrant.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one asks how to bleach celery. The following method is good: Get the true dwarf Boston market celery seed, of some reliable eastern seedsmen. Most other sorts are inclined to grow pithy. There is a variety sent out by many seedsmen, under the name of Boston market growing about two feet high, which is coarse and pithy. The true dwarf grows only about twelve to fifteen inches, is always solid and crisp, and around Boston there is but little of other varieties grown. Sow the seed in March or April, and when three inches high, transplant about three inches apart in a frame with very rich soil, not too much exposed to the sun. About the first of July, set the plants in the trenches, three or four inches deep, highly manured, making rows four feet apart and set plants six inches apart in the rows. Stir the soil every ten days, picking off all decayed leaves as they appear. If you wish early celery, commence to earth up from the first to the fifteenth of August, every ten days, packing the earth firmly around the stalks, taking care to leave the tops of the young shoots a little exposed to allow them to grow freely. At the third or fourth banking the celery will be fit for the table. For winter use store in the cellar or a trench out of doors, covering the roots only lightly, with soil to keep from drying. It will stand a few degrees of frost without injury, but should be stored before heavy frosts appear. Celery is one of the most wholesome of vegetables, and very quieting to the nerves. A.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to Ann Wilsie, I would say that the strawberry geranium, or saxifraga sarmientosa, is a native of China, properly used for hanging baskets and rock work.

The tree of paradise is better known as the tree of heaven. Its botanical name is *ailantus*, from *ailanto*, referring to its lofty growth. It is deciduous, of rapid growth, and a native of China. At one time they were planted as shade trees, but the unpleasant odor of the flowers caused it to be unpopular. It thrives well in barren soils and cities, making a beautiful shade tree.

In regard to sending minerals by mail, I do not think the government would object to sending a few ounces if securely packed in small, light boxes.

Mrs. E. H. Whitcomb, both geraniums and carnations bloom the second year from seed. A.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to your correspondent, Ann Wilsie, that the botanical name of the strawberry geranium is *saxifraga sarmientosa*. The plant is a native of China.

I never heard of the "tree of paradise." I think the lady means the tree of heaven, *ailantus glandulosus*. It is sometimes called Chinese sumach. It is a native of China, a tall, rapid-growing tree, with hard wood, and long, pinnate leaves. It flowers in early summer.

Tell Mrs. Whitcomb, geraniums will bloom from seed in one year, sometimes sooner, carnations in one and two years, according to the variety.

Mrs. G. W. FLANDERS.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD, if any one knows what sort of insect it is that infests the snowball bush, gets on the under side of the leaves and curls them and the twigs too for nearly half a yard? I have thrown on wood ashes and soap suds without avail, and I should be glad to be told of a remedy.

I learned one thing this summer, that has been worth to me the price of THE HOUSEHOLD for ten years. A lady writer said, to destroy silver fishes, scatter sulphur where they run. I was terribly troubled with them, but am now having a glorious rest. I give her many thanks, and wish she knew how much good she did with those few words.

LYDIA W. CLARK.

MR. CROWELL:—Having noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD communications and questions, from time to time, regarding the care of gold fish, I feel compelled to give my experience, for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD family.

I have an aquarium in which I keep from six to eight gallons of water, and in which I have five gold fish. The bottom of the aquarium is covered with about two inches of sand, and scattered around over that, are rocks, shells, etc. I have growing in a small pot of earth set down into the water, a calla lily. The soil on top of the lily pot is covered with sand to prevent the water getting muddy.

As to the care of the fish, they require almost none at all. I feed them twice a week in winter, and every other day in summer. I use for food, Hungarian flour wafers which can be obtained at any drug store at eight or ten cents per box. For the five fish I use half a wafer at a feeding. I change the water once in from four to six weeks, renewing only about half of it. The presence of the calla lily, or some other growing plant, is necessary to the health and life of the fish, unless the water is changed every day. My fish are as healthy and lively as can be. I never lost but one, and that died from purely outside causes. The reason so many people have trouble in keeping gold fish, is because they take too much care of them. They want to be let alone. A. J. L.



## The Library.

### CONNECTICUT VALLEY.

Sweet vale, among thy beauteous scenes  
My tongue first learned to lip the names,  
Of those my heart holds dear. Upon  
Thy sheltering hills I've sported  
Many a summer day; and to  
Thy grand old woods oft have I hid  
When blazed the heat of noon to dream  
Away the golden, bliss-fraught hours.  
The giant trees would lock their arms  
To form a sheltering canopy—  
And in soft numbers murmur they  
Unto each other, and so far  
Above me that my childish heart  
Would well-nigh still its bounding beat  
In awe before their majesty,  
And I have almost bowed the knee  
Unto the spirit whispering there.  
Fair vale, these are thy crown  
Of glory—and the verdure rich  
Of dale and mead thy vesture is.  
Thy fair Connecticut winding  
Its graceful way 'mid meadows green  
And willow-fringed banks is like  
A silver girdle for thy form  
Of beauty and of loveliness.

Thy soil is sacred in my sight  
For 'neath it where two waters meet,  
Within a quiet graveyard lies  
The form of one who fell in all  
The glory of his manhood's strength,  
A loved and loving brother, him  
Nor tears nor prayers of ours could keep,  
So unto immortality,  
We gave his spirit up. His form  
Rests in the quiet grave.  
Guard well the mound from steps profane—  
Nor suffer yet a careless eye  
The epitaph upon the stone  
To trace. For weeping eyes have read  
And tears have wept upon that soil  
And trembling forms have bowed them there,  
And bruised, broken hearts have prayed.  
Guard well the dust. For at the last  
Great day, it shall be counted meet  
For heavenly residence.

When thou  
With loveliness unspeakable  
Shall scathed be, and pass away,  
The form that once contained a soul  
Made meet for paradise, shall rise  
Above the desolation, rise  
Renewed in grace most glorious.

Newbury, Vt.

M. M. PARKER.

### LESSONS IN MUSIC.

#### Number Two.

NOW that the scales in the last lesson are well learned, not well enough yet, by any means, scale practice being a life-long necessity, we will extend them a little. Try them all, running two octaves instead of one. Commence as usual with the C scale, passing the first finger under the third to strike F, then go on until the fourth finger strikes B. Pass the first finger under again and strike C, proceeding as before. The rule in the first lesson giving the notes in each scale which are struck with the first fingers will now prove of use, and is all that is needed to enable one to master the first movement in scale practice. After two octaves can be smoothly and rapidly run, try three, with the right hand first, remember, striking the chords with the left only at the beginning of the scale, then with the left hand, taking the chord with the right, then with both hands together, very slowly and carefully at first, taking great care that the fingering is correct, increasing in rapidity only when it can be done smoothly, with no break in passing the fingers under or over. Do not be discouraged. Though the scales are sometimes considered as a mere lesson for beginners, they are one of the most important things in the study of music. One of the finest pianists I ever knew told me that if he missed the daily practice of the scales, for even a few days, it made a great difference with his playing.

To change the monotony of the common scale, it is well, before proceeding to other movements, to practice the arpeggio scales, or chord scales, as they are sometimes called. Commence with the first finger (thumb) on C, striking the chord with the left hand, the same as in the first scale; then strike E with the

second finger, G with the third, and C with the fifth, and return. Repeat until it can be done smoothly, when the chord should be played with the right and the arpeggios with the left hand. When well done run two or three octaves, passing the first finger under the third when it strikes G, and touching G ready to take the next octave. Great care should be taken to keep the hands in good position, not allowing an awkward twist on passing the first finger under the others.

These scales, when smoothly and rapidly done are very effective, and form the greater part of many of the popular concert pieces which give the impression of fine execution. It is really, although one of the simplest things in piano music. A thorough knowledge of the scales, and constant practice, allowing one to vary at pleasure any of the old familiar airs, which are so beautiful as to be almost spoiled by the variation.

Chords and scales, the knowledge of which is easily acquired, so easily, in fact, that many lose sight of the importance of constant practice, are the basis of the ordinary music. In practicing these scales the time must not be lost sight of. The notes are generally divided into groups, in plain scales, four notes being at first sufficient to play at one count, accenting the time slightly, but yet noticeably, especially in the arpeggios, making no stop between, which is extremely awkward, but it should be remembered that fine accentuation goes far towards that expression which is really a talent, and to some rather difficult to acquire. Still there is no excuse for an awkward or slovenly manner of playing, any indication of such should be immediately checked by the player. Those who study these letters with no other instruction, will have the necessary ambition to excel, which will lead them to exercise proper care and attention to such matters.

As a change from the plain scales and the arpeggios, which should be practiced in all the keys mentioned in my last letter, taking care to remember the fingering given for each, there are scales in thirds which are of value in giving a habit of a clean, even touch. With the right hand strike C and E together with the first and third fingers, then D and F with the second and fourth, then E and G with the third and fifth, taking care to do it evenly and easily, without stiffness or cramping of the hand. When evenly and easily done try with the left hand, commencing with the fifth and third fingers upon C and E. Then with both hands together, very slowly at first, as all these exercises must be played, increasing in rapidity only when the exercise is smoothly and easily played. In these exercises you will soon perceive the necessity for what is termed a clean touch. Both fingers striking the notes simultaneously, with an effect never lost upon the appreciative ear.

EMILY HAYES.

### DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

At a recent meeting of the Holland club at Greenfield, Mass., Rev. A. C. Sewall of the Williamstown, Mass., Congregational church, read an able essay on the late Dr. J. G. Holland, the distinguished author, whose name the organization is honored to bear. The essayist spoke of the worth of Dr. Holland as a man, and the great good he had done with his pen. He quoted from the poem "Kathrina;" and, later in the program, responded happily for the recipient of an elegant copy of that poem. Resolutions of respect for the deceased were adopted, and the secretary was directed to forward a copy of the same to the family of the illustrious dead. A beautiful mound of bitter-sweet

graced the center table, which was sent to Mrs. Holland, as was also a fine wreath of bitter-sweet and laurel. The bestowals were made by a committee of the Holland club. The fund to meet the expense of the bestowals was contributed by many admirers of the sweet singer Holland. One was L. B. Williams of Northampton, Mass., who had watched with delight the career of Dr. Holland, from his earliest struggles in the literary world to the crowning success of his magazine enterprise.

The audience room of the memorial church was filled to overflowing at the time of the memorial service in honor of Dr. Holland, and a bright gem of the occasion was Rev. Dr. Gladden's poem. The latter had given the same day a sermon in his own pulpit, which contained a comprehensive survey of Dr. Holland's literary career and alluded with a beautiful eloquence and deep emotion to a benediction from Dr. Holland when he (Dr. Gladden) was beginning the struggles of life; words of cheer coming when he had not a friend in the world, words that were "a light shining in a dark place." To the same blessing Dr. Gladden alluded in a letter to a member of the Holland club several years ago.

### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Jean will send me her address and stamp, I will send her the words of the poem, "The Day when You'll Forget Me."

A. LAURA CANNON.

Sylva, Jackson Co., N. C.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, if they can inform me of any particulars concerning Tristan d'Acunha, or Pitcairn's Island? It was settled by a colony of mutineers of the ship Bounty many years ago, and became Christianized. I should be thankful for any information as to their present and past history. MRS. M. E. STAFFORD.

336 Bracket St., Portland, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Nellie Mc. will send me her address, I will forward, "Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven."

ELLA W. BANE.

Norway, Chester Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—I want you to ask the 54,000, if any one of them can furnish me the words of "Rossum the Beau," commonly known as "Rossum in the Bow," incorrectly so, however. I have its history. MRS. R. G. WATERHOUSE.

Waubeek, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me where I can obtain the two pieces of music entitled "Over the Garden Wall," and "We all Wear Cloaks?" Please oblige by sending desired information. F. W. JONES.

Box 300, Princeton, Ind.

MR. CROWELL:—Tell Nettie W. that I can obtain "No one to Love," with variations, by C. Grobe, for her for sixty cents, if she will send her address to, MRS. E. W. KIMBALL.

127 Pearl St., Manchester, N. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the school-ma'ams send me the names of the presidents in rhyme? also, the states, their capitals and situation, commencing,

"Maine, Augusta, Kennebec,  
New Hampshire, Concord, Merrimac,  
Vermont, Montpelier, on the Onion rolling free," etc.? I should be glad of any historical facts in rhyme also, they are so much easier to remember.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

Box 149, Weston, Vt.

I would like to ask if the members of the Band could send me the words of a song entitled, "Shun the Broad Road, my Boy," and also "My Father's Growing Old." They are very old, I think, as I find no one that seems to know them. MISS LIZZIE.

Box 253, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem from which the following lines are taken?

"Speak gently to the erring,  
I pray you ne'er forget  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is thy brother yet."

Hartland, Vt.

LAURA H. WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Inez Shaub, Patchen, Santa Clara Co., Cal., the cradle hymn, "Hush, my Dear, Lie still and Slumber," is in an old English volume of poetry, by the Taylor family, also, in "Songs for

the Little Ones at Home," credited there to Dr. Watts. I will copy it for you, if desired.

Box 670, West Chester, Pa.

MRS. D.

Can any of the sisters furnish me with the verses of the song called "Rosalie the Prairie Flower?" NELLIE I. ROWELL.

Milford, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you ask some of the sisters to send me the words of a song called the "Faded Coat of Blue," also another which commences,

"High in the belfry, the old sexton stands?"

I will return the favor.

MRS. M. DEAN.

Ferndale, Humboldt, Cal.

### THE REVIEWER.

BEAUTIES OF SACRED SONG. Price \$2.00. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

A collection of sacred songs with piano accompaniment, of unusual excellence. The selections are chosen from the works of favorite writers of sacred music, and form a pleasing addition to the home circle.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January is a fine number, beautifully illustrated. The leading article treats a characteristic western subject—the transportation of coal from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. An interesting sketch of old Venetian glass is exquisitely illustrated. There is the usual amount of good reading and several fine poems, while the Editorial departments are full of entertaining and instructive matter. \$4.00 a year. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE ATLANTIC for January contains a full amount of interesting reading. There are several fine short stories and poems and other articles of merit. The Contributors' club is unusually bright and readable, the notes on recent books are many, and extremely well written, and the Editorial departments are by no means the least interesting of its pages. \$4.00 a year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January is a pleasing number, full of well selected matter. It opens with a finely illustrated article on Seville; a new serial is commenced, and there are several short stories of merit. The book notices are numerous and furnish many hints as to the selection of books, always useful in the holiday season. \$3.00 a year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for January is at hand, with its pages full of interesting matter and beautiful illustrations. The Art notes embrace much useful information of interest to the art student, and the new department given to notices of American artists and their work is an addition which will be thoroughly appreciated. \$3.50 per year. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL, a large, handsomely printed volume, containing a full list of all newspapers published in the United States, Territories and Canada, with full information as to circulation, political and distinctive features, advertising rates, etc., together with reliable census rates of the population of the cities, towns, and counties in which they are published. Published by W. W. Ayer & Sons, Times Building, Philadelphia.

A life-size portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, uniform with the Atlantic portraits previously published of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes, has just been published. To those who used to hear Mr. Emerson lecture twenty years ago or more this portrait will recall the marked features and the personal appearance of one who then was, and who still is, a leader in American thought and letters. The portrait was prepared for subscribers to the Atlantic Monthly, to whom it is furnished for one dollar by the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

We have received from the United States News Co., 55 Chambers street, New York, a copy of THE SEASON, a large and handsome fashion magazine, containing also many elegant designs for fancy work. Published monthly, 30 cents a number.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from G. D. Russell, 125 Tremont street, Boston, "Lotta Waltzes," by E. Strauss, with portrait, "March of the Wooden Soldiers," and "Dolly's Sick," two pretty little studies for children by Teshakorosky, "Mother's Greeting at the Door," song, by Geo. Brayley, and "There were Blossoms of White," a pretty contralto song, by Arthur Henshaw.

NOTES FROM SUNLAND, on the Manatee river, Gulf Coast of So. Florida. A readable little book, which will be welcome to the many seeking information concerning Florida and its resources. Price 25 cents. Published by Samuel C. Upham, Bradenton, So. Florida.

We have received a copy of the AMERICAN JUVENILE SPEAKER AND SONGSTER, containing new and pleasing songs for the little folks, poetry, amusing dialogues, etc. Price 40 cents. Published by F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.



DUET FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Melody by Mrs. A. M. C.

Arranged by M. I. D.

Violin.

Piano.

*Allegro.*

*mf*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*mf*

*cres.*

*cres.*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*ff*

FINE.



## The Nursery.

### WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?  
The north-wind, Freddy; and all the snow,  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?  
The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,  
And peaches redden for you to eat,  
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?  
The east wind, Arty; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?  
The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low,  
The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the west begins to blow.

### A DAY AT NIAGARA FALLS.

I THINK there are a good many little boys and girls who would like to hear about a child's visit to the wonderful Niagara Falls. On the map you can only see the name in the middle of Niagara river. This river connects the vast waters of Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, separating New York state from Canada. This river, strange as it may seem to your childish eyes, flows northward from Lake Erie. It is a gentle, peaceful river until within a mile of the falls, where it reaches a bed of uneven limestone, which makes the rapids. From here it dashes and roars along until it is divided by Goat island, into two sheets of foaming water, then it plunges down about one hundred and sixty feet. Below this great leap the river narrows abruptly, then flows on rapidly through deep gorges and level land to Lake Ontario. By looking at your map you can see exactly how near it is to you.

Of course, you can imagine how delighted I was to have mamma and my uncle take me with them on their visit to the falls. Wouldn't it please you if mamma or papa should take you some time? But I will not tell you which direction I came from, so you can think yourself going with me from your own dear home.

As we rode up to the Cataract house my first thought was, where are the falls? I expected to see them the first thing, but I was disappointed, as I was told they were some distance from us. While mamma was resting in her room I was given permission to go out into the halls and wander around, for you know how hard it is to sit still when there is anything to be seen. I started out, not realizing how large the hotel was. After going through several halls I spied a door leading to a balcony, so out I went, expecting to see something grand, and I could see nothing but streets and stores. I did not stay long, but when I turned to go back to our room, you can imagine how frightened I was, when no matter what hall I entered, I could not see the door of our room. Finally, tired by fright, I sat upon the stairs and looked down upon the entrance hall below, thinking, with tears in my eyes, that I would never find my mother. Every one seemed to look at me so funny, that I thought they were going to take me away with them. Soon I heard my uncle's and mamma's voices, and looking around I saw them locking a door very near me. Mamma asked me why I was crying. I told her the troubles I had been through, and she said it was not very wise for a child to wander far away from her friends while traveling. Now please remember that, you dear little boy or girl, whichever is reading this,

We went through several halls into a very large and lovely parlor. On three sides of this room were several long windows, and on two sides the windows

opened upon a piazza. Every story had a piazza for visitors. As we stepped out on the piazza I said, "Oh, how it thunders!" My uncle said, "No indeed, it is the rapids roaring as they dash over the rocks."

The bank here is walled up and it seemed to me that the hotel was built upon this wall and would be torn down by the rapids. I could not go near the railing of the piazza without the fear that the huge, frothy and beautiful waves would take me with them as they dashed furiously along.

I could see in the distance, towards the falls, a beautiful green island, connected with the mainland by a bridge. We watched the angry waves until we could hardly see, because the sun was so dazzling.

After dinner we rode to the island above mentioned. While riding over the bridge I felt safer if I closed my eyes, so I could not see the foaming rapids under us. This island is called Goat or Iric island. The island was so called because in 1770 a man placed some goats there, and the name Iric is derived from the number of beautiful rainbows frequently seen there. This island divides the falls, and is half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, and contains seventy acres. Cannot some of the little readers tell how many square yards it contains? All this mamma explained to me.

As we arrived on this island we saw a house on the left from which several roads and paths diverged. This small house contained Indian curiosities. We went in and examined them, and I wanted to buy something, but uncle said, "Not now, we may see something we would prefer."

The ride around the island, especially the one near the margin of the rapids, enchanted me, because the verdure was so green, and the foliage so luxuriant. We soon reached a spot from which we had a good view of the American falls, and the river below, rushing on as if in exultation after its terrific leap. At the extremity of this island, toward the Canadian side, is built a small bridge leading to the Terrapin tower, situated upon a mass of rocks on the brink of the Horseshoe fall. It looked to me like a strong sentinel, left to guard the falls. Proceeding a short distance we came to a stairway, firmly secured to this rocky cliff, for the purpose of enabling visitors to descend the perpendicular precipice, and visit the cave of the winds, situated under the falls. The guide told us if we would put on rubber waterproofs we might descend this stairway, which would enable us to see one of the grandest sights of this country, and would repay us for the trouble. Just to think of being under that great sheet of water! I was delighted when they decided not to visit either of these great wonders, as I did not think I ever could put my foot upon the bridge or stairway, even to see the magnificent view from the tower, or to realize the grandeur under the falls. Arriving at another bridge that led to the Sister island, I plucked up courage to cross it, not wishing to be left behind. This bridge is like an arch, and when in the center of it you feel as though you were up in the air, and that the rapid, dashing water would hurl you along to the falls. While wandering on this island I thought if it wasn't for the furious waters what a nice place it would be for a picnic. It seemed more beautiful and secluded than Goat island. After crossing two more bridges like the one just mentioned, we arrived at the last and smallest Sister island. On its extreme bank I bent down, (my uncle holding my hand,) and put my other hand into the foaming water, and drew out some pebbles and a piece of wood, which proved precious souvenirs. We returned safely

over all the bridges. The streets and stores seemed strange to me after the wild fairy-like islands.

We rode to a park situated on the bank of the river where the American fall takes the fearful leap. I soon wandered, step by step, near to the bank, and my uncle, anticipating by my actions, the fascination that was drawing me to the water, came and offered to hold my hand again, while I bent down and put my hand into the water, within a few yards of which place was the precipice, over which one grand sheet of roaring water was dashing. The water at this point was so shallow and clear that I could see the white pebbles before I picked them out of the sand. The pebbles thus gathered proved a great curiosity to my friends and schoolmates for years afterwards.

Strolling a little further down the bank we came to a covered railway and stairway leading to the grand and beautiful cave of the winds, situated under the American fall. As our courage failed us the same as when at Goat island, we did not descend the stairway.

We were able to find a point from which the view of the Horseshoe fall was grandly beautiful, God's great power being our prominent thought as we gazed enraptured. We then returned to the hotel, and after tea we were sufficiently tired to spend the remainder of the day upon the piazza. MYRTIE ALERNO.

### WILLFUL PARENTS VERSUS WILLFUL CHILDREN.

BY CAROLINE WORMELL.

A few years ago I visited a school friend in a distant city. The visit was made far from pleasant by the behavior of a little three-year old boy, then, the only child of my friend, and the common though doubtful method taken by his mother at correction. Johnny was a bright, active, affectionate child, and when the domestic sky was clear, was very much petted by his doting parents.

My friend had been herself an only child, thus both the care and trouble of children were new to her. She was a notable housekeeper, and this was another important cause of trouble between herself and Johnnie. Johnnie had a temper of his own, the very counterpart of his mother's. I do not mean that Emma gave way to hers often, but she was devoid of much patience, that inestimable virtue in the training of children. The hearth rug kicked up at the corners, after a thorough going-over of the room, blocks over the carpet, and paper cut up, chairs tipped over, etc., such things, you know, as children will do, irritated her. Then she would hold a conversation with the culprit something like the following:

"Johnnie, pick up that paper, and put it in the scrap bag. Pick up every one of those blocks and put them away in the box, and smooth down that rug."

Then she would turn to me, "I am tired to death trying to keep things in order. That child will put them out of place faster than I can put them in."

Johnnie being supremely unconscious of the conversation concerning himself, meanwhile is lying on his back, kicking his chubby legs and thick soled boots against the varnished table legs.

"Johnnie," shrieks his mother, "stop kicking that table, you will scratch it all up! Mind, I say! Where's that switch?" addressing the wall.

Johnnie stops and looks askance at his parent, evidently considering whether she is in earnest or not.

"Get up this instant! Why don't you mind me?"

Johnnie leisurely regains his feet.

"Now do as I told you! Pick up those blocks and that paper, and smooth down that rug."

"Johnnie don't want to. You, mamma?"

"No, I want you to do it. Go about it this minute, you naughty boy!"

"I don't want to," Johnnie reiterates.

"But I want you to. Go about it instantly."

Johnnie attempts to smooth the rug by kicking it, by which means he only makes matters worse, for the rug is kicked into a heap, his mother meanwhile talking all the time.

"Johnnie, I shall certainly punish you, if you do not obey me. I shall tell your papa when he comes and he won't love you."

"Don't care," asserts master Johnnie.

"I'll send for a policeman."

"I'll till old p'licemans."

"I see plainly that I must whip him," said his mother addressing the wall again.

At this moment a ring is heard at the street door. She rises to her feet in alarm, and begins to do the work she has been trying to make Johnnie do.

"Mercy!" she exclaims, "who can it be? and this room looking so!"

The paper is in the scrap bag, the blocks picked up and placed quickly in their box, and the rug smoothed down in the twinkling of an eye. The caller is ushered in and everything is in order.

"After a while the visitor notices Johnnie sitting quietly in his little chair. "What makes you so still, dear?" she asks, smiling winningly at him. "Come here, and let me talk to you a moment."

Johnnie obeys.

"You are a good little boy, aren't you?"

"Yeth'm."

"I thought so. I've got a little boy at home about as old as you are." Then turning to her hostess, "I don't see how you keep so orderly, Mrs. Lenord, I think Johnnie must be very different from my children. I have given up trying to keep the sitting room in order. Sometimes I think I will banish them to the kitchen chamber, and I have gone so far as to put the idea in force for a day, but I feel so lonely, and everything is so still that I can't endure it long."

"Then other people have the same trouble that I have," said Emma, as though the idea had just occurred to her. "I get so tried with Johnnie that I don't know what to do. Everything helter skelter about the room!"

"I used to do and feel just as I think you do, Mrs. Lenord," and tears started in the lady's eyes. "I lost my oldest child, you remember, dear, little Charlie, when he was only four years old. It was six years before God saw fit to entrust another to my care, and I had ample time to keep my house in order. Every day I longed for the little mischievous fingers, and the noisy little feet, and his ear-piercing shouts. If I could only have found whittlings over my clean carpet, and chairs tied up with pieces of rope and strings, if his trucks and sleds had blocked the passages, and toys been strewn from garret to cellar, do you think I would have cared then? Ah, no? My dear, I am much older than you, and you must forgive my plain speaking. Believe me, there are many things much worse than these things of which I have spoken."

One could not feel affronted by these remarks, and they evidently made a deep impression upon my friend. I returned home shortly after this, and it was two years before I saw her again. I was stopping in an adjoining city, and spent a few days with her. I was struck with the change in master Johnnie. I mentioned it to Emma one afternoon as we were alone in her pleasant sitting room, Johnnie being sliding in the back yard.

"You recollect Mrs. Morrison, and what she said that afternoon that she called here, do you not, Caroline?" she asked,



I assured her that I had not forgotten it.

"Well, it made a deep impression upon me. It set me thinking. I found that I was unfit for the care and training of a child. I was too much in need of discipline myself. I was in want of patience, besides many other things. I began to see Johnnie's willfulness and disobedience in a new light, and then I felt so powerless to do more, or, I should say, otherwise than I had done, to correct his faults that it actually frightened me. How was it to end? I remember that at this point in my meditations, Johnnie indulged in one of his tempers. Previous to this I should have punished him severely, and forced his obedience by mere physical superiority. But now I felt too grieved. I felt as though my baby, instead of growing up into a blessing and comfort to me, was growing each day farther and farther away from me, and I would almost rather have him dead than to see him develop into such a saucy, disagreeable child as he must in a few years, if he kept on in this way. I felt almost as though his sweet baby ways were leaving him so fast that before long he would be away from me farther than any one could tell. I drew him close to me, his little face red with passion, and his eyes flashing, I drew him close to me and kissed him two or three times. Such a surprise as this was to him! He looked at me quickly and the passion died out of his face, his lip quivered, and he threw his arms about my neck and burst into tears.

"Don't you love me, mamma?" he sobbed. "Johnnie will be a good boy, mamma, if you will love him."

I talked to him calmly, and told him how grieved I was when he was naughty, and that mamma loved him always. I reasoned with him, something I had never done before. I had often coaxed him, and praised him, and tried many other ways, but I had never realized myself that he was old enough to think, therefore he had probably been led to understand that he was not responsible for his actions.

We were on different terms after this. I had learned a little lesson myself. I knew when he began to show temper that my own would rise, and I would determine that I would conquer. While assuring myself that it was only for his good to be under subjection, I was many times made to feel uneasily conscious that it was oftener for my own gratification that I struggled to win. A new train of thought was caused by this little episode. I knew that Johnnie was a reasoning being like myself, and could be guided by love better than by force. I began by restraining myself. If when Johnnie lost his temper, I felt my own rise, I kept total silence until I felt my natural self again. I found that it made a great difference with Johnnie. He did not feel antagonistic towards me. We were allies now, both working for the same object. It took a long time, and we are both very, very far from being faultless, yet we understand ourselves and each other much better than before, and therefore have gained a victory."

I remember once, when quite a small child, of being on a visit with my mother, at the house of a lady, whose daughter, and little two years old grandchild, and elderly aunt, were among the guests. The child was very much indulged, and consequently, was very willful. Some trifle was not just to his liking, and he threw himself backward upon the floor, and kicked and screamed for a long time, in spite of his mother's coaxings and pleadings, and his grandmother's offerings of sweetmeats and toys.

At length, the grandmother's patience gave out. "Laura," she said to her daughter, "you must punish him; there is no other way."

Laura continued her coaxings for a while longer, with the same success. Her mother again advised punishment.

"I cannot," almost sobbed the young mother, with her eyes filled with tears. "If I could feel angry with him, I could do it, but I do not."

"Laura," said the elderly lady, her great aunt, "never punish your child while angry. If you cannot govern yourself, it were folly to attempt governing him. I recollect punishing one of my children while angry. I did not punish him more severely than I should have done at another time, but I never forgave myself for it. I regret it to this day."

I do not remember how the difficulty was settled, but the above incident I never forgot.

Willful parents almost invariably have willful children. Some parents consider a temper the worst evil that can befall a child, and it must be "broken" at all hazards. Often the process of "breaking" develops passions and evils compared to which the original temper was a virtue, and which will ultimately be his ruin. In another child the same method will so destroy his spirit that in all his after life he will be a nonentity, having no will of his own, dependent upon some one who has a "temper" and influenced so easily that it only depends on his associations, whether his life be for good or ill. Temper is a good thing. It is will. But it must be governed, kept under control. Reason must be used. Don't let us mistake our own tempers for independence, self-respect, and other good qualities. Let us analyze our own feelings and passions with impartiality, before attempting to correct the same faults in our children. Remember what our Saviour said about the mote in the brother's eye. I think it is as applicable to parents in their bearing toward children as in a more theological sense, of church people toward each other.

#### THE FIRST LESSON.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Little Joe was four years old, and had never given his papa and mamma any trouble, but always did just what they told him, and was so sweet-tempered that everybody loved him. But one day Joe did a very wicked thing, and I am going to tell you about it. His mother went to the grocer's to buy something, and took little Joe with her. He trotted along by her side, talking all the time about everything he saw. As they entered the grocer's door, Joe's mother noticed a large bag of English walnuts standing there open, but she did not stop to look at them, but bought what she wanted, and then went out again, holding little Joe by the hand. They walked rapidly homewards, Joe's mother wondering that her little boy who had been so talkative before was now so silent, not saying a word the whole way.

They got home, took off their things, and Joe's mother sat down to her sewing, while Joe went to his playthings. But his mother saw that he did not play much, but was very quiet and seemed to be thinking. She was just going to ask him about it, when he got up, and coming slowly towards her, said in a low voice, as he held out his hand, "See, mamma, what I found."

He did not look at his mother as he said it, but hung his head. She took hold of the chubby little hand, and saw in it two English walnuts.

"Where did you find these, Joe?" she asked.

"In the street," he answered, speaking so low that his mother could hardly hear him.

She guessed the truth at once. She remembered the bag of walnuts at the grocer's door, and knew that her dear little

boy had been tempted to steal these two. Oh, how unhappy she felt! He had stolen the nuts and then told her a lie about them! Her dear little Joe who had always been so good, what could have made him such a bad boy that day? The tears came to her eyes as she drew the little fellow to her and said, "My son, you did not find those nuts in the street. You took them out of the bag at the grocer's door. Can it be possible that my little boy is a thief?"

Joe hung his head still lower, and did not answer a word.

"Come" said his mother rising, "you must go and give those nuts back to the grocer, and I don't know what he will think of you."

Still Joe did not speak, but looked very, very unhappy. His mother put on her own things, and then his coat and hat, and taking him once more by the hand walked again to the grocer's. Not a word was said as they went along. They entered the store, and Joe's mother led him directly to the grocer, who stood behind the counter. Making Joe hold out his hand in which he held the nuts she said, "My little boy has come to return to you two nuts he was tempted to take from the bag at the door when we were in here an hour ago. He is very sorry and hopes you will forgive him."

"Pshaw!" said the grocer, "he didn't mean any harm. Here, bubby, I'll give you as many nuts as you can carry."

"No," said Joe's mother, stopping the grocer, "Joe knew very well that if he had asked me, I would have bought him some nuts, or he might have asked you for a few, but he chose to steal them. I cannot let you give him any now. Please take the two nuts from him."

Joe laid the nuts in the grocer's hands, without even raising his eyes, and then followed his mother out of the store.

When they reached home she took him on her lap and told him how wicked it was to take anything slyly or without asking leave. She showed him how one fault leads to another, how, after he had stolen the nuts, he had to make up a story to tell her about them. And she told him how unhappy he had made her, and how unhappy his papa would feel when he came to know about it.

At this, little Joe burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck sobbed out, "Please don't tell papa, mamma, he won't love me any more—please don't, mamma. I will never steal anything again as long as I live."

His mother folded him to her bosom, while her tears fell fast. But she wanted to have this fault that he had committed, sink very deep in her little boy's heart, so deep that he would never forget it, and so she told him that she would not tell his father, but that he must; that he must have no secrets from his papa, and though it would grieve him very much, he must know all about his little boy, the bad as well as the good.

All day little Joe was very quiet and very miserable. He did not care to play with his toys or with his baby brother, and when, at last, he heard his papa coming up stairs, he did not run to meet him as he always did, but hid away in a corner of the room.

"Why, where's my little boy?" cried his papa, as he came in.

Joe did not answer, and when his father, spying him, took him up in his arms, and asked what could be the matter, poor little Joe burst into tears, but managed after a moment to say sorrowfully, "I've been a bad boy, papa—I stole two nuts from the grocer—don't cry, papa, like mamma, I never, never will do so any more—and the little head sunk on papa's shoulder, and the little heart seemed ready to burst with grief.

It was very hard for his papa to keep

from crying too, when he had heard all the sad story, but he drew little Joe very close to his heart, as he talked lovingly to him about what he had done, and when the dear child knelt down that night to say his prayers, he understood what meant when he prayed not to be led into temptation.

Little Joe never forgot that unhappy day, and I know that he kept sacredly the promise made to his mother, that he would never do so any more as long as he lived.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

JACK GOREY.

I cannot tell you of all the wonderful things we heard from Jack Gorey, or Uncle Jack as we learned to call him, but I will tell you, as I promised, why he was so long away and why his sister did not hear from him.

He went down to the great town on the coast, carrying his little bundle tied up in a handkerchief, just as he had read that sailors always did. He was quite fortunate, for he found a man who had known his father, and he helped him to get a place on a vessel just leaving for China.

Jack felt very proud when all was settled, and thought his bunk looked very cosy indeed. He sent a note to his sister, telling her of his good fortune, and then the ship sailed proudly away.

Like all young sailors he was very sea sick for a time, but when he was well again, he enjoyed himself very much. He was a great favorite with the men, and being quick to learn, soon made himself very useful.

They had rather a long voyage to China because of the head winds, which meant that the wind blew the contrary way for them, but at last they were safely in port, and staid there for some time. Jack meant to write home now, but there were so many strange things to be seen that all his time was spent in looking about the queer town. Then came his first misfortune, though it proved good for him at last.

Walking along one day with a companion, he saw a little English girl and her nurse just before him, and at the same moment a sign from the front of a building was loosened by the wind and fell towards the little girl. Jack sprang forward just in time to push the child beyond the reach of danger, but in doing so he fell to the ground, and when they picked him up his leg was broken.

He could not go to sea with a broken leg, and the next day the ship was to sail. It cost him some tears to bid his friends good by. But the father of the little girl had Jack taken to his home and gave him the best of care, and the little girl, whose name was Bessie Somers, spent many hours by his bedside, amusing him in every possible way.

When he was able to write he sent a letter to his sister and after awhile another, but they never reached her, and as he had no answers he gave up writing.

Mr. Somers gave him a place in his office, and he worked there for many years, by his faithfulness and diligence gaining the approval of every one.

At last one day a sailor came into the office, a very old man, but a peculiar mark on his cheek led Jack to look at him closely, and to speak with him, and he found it was one of his comrades on the ship, a man from his own town. Jack learned from him that his sister was still living in the little cottage, and waiting for him, so having saved up a good sum of money, he left the office and sailed for home, and came up the lane at supper time with his pocket full of gold, as he had promised.

But I don't believe he could have done it if he had not been a faithful, industrious boy, do you?

CONSTANCE.



## The Dining Room.

### DINING ROOM NOTES.

#### Number Twenty.

TO COUNTERACT the rather plebeian tendency of my last "Notes," we will devote a little time this month to the preparation of desserts, which form so important an adjunct to the dining room. I know many people consider dessert to be a sort of superfluity, a great trouble, and an unnecessary expense. It is in reality neither. Many a very plain dinner being rendered quite a different affair by the delicate dish which made it a success.

By desserts I do not mean the rich and heavy puddings and mince pies which are a dinner in themselves, and aside from the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, which somehow are generally exempt from the serious results which would follow such feasts at other times, should be seldom indulged in. I mean the creams, blanc manges, and lighter affairs, which are not the unwholesome, indigestible things, many people think desserts have to be. Fruits, of course, stand first on the list, but fruits are not attainable by the majority out of their short season. Pie occasionally—a nice apple, or peach, or berry pie, is very nice—but pie every day, as it is found in many families, is an excuse for a great many of the ills which the New Englander is heir to.

I do not agree wholly with Warner, who in one of his inimitable little essays, says, "A little north of Bellows Falls, you strike the region of perpetual pie," "perpetual pie" being by no means confined to the Green Mountain State, dear to us all as the home of our HOUSEHOLD. Dwellers in other states are slaves to the idea that the Saturday's baking must include a dozen or two of pies, which must last till the next Saturday comes. If a pudding is made, it is often a solid affair of rich crust and fruits.

I am strongly in favor of both desserts and soups, a dinner which is commenced by a plate of light and delicately seasoned soup, and ended with a dainty little dessert, will prove twice as healthful to the partaker as a hearty meal of more solid food. Any physician will tell you that to sit down tired to the dinner table, and eat heartily of hearty food, is much more injurious to the system than if the hearty food is preceded by a few spoonfuls of warm soup, which rests and refreshes one for the weightier matter of dinner to follow.

Plain corn starch blanc mange, the directions for which come on every box, is a foundation for many nice dishes. It is nice poured into a dish about two inches deep—a tin plate with straight sides is very nice to keep on hand for such purposes—and when cold cut in squares, and served with a soft boiled custard, which should be very cold. Or the blanc mange may be sweetened and poured into a tin plate not more than an inch in depth. When cold turn out on a platter, cover with strawberries or raspberries in their season, and sift sugar over thickly, when sent to the table. Serve with whipped cream if you have it, if not soft custard is very nice. Sliced peaches are delicious instead of berries. In the winter canned peaches or quince, or apple, drained from the syrup will be found very nice, or apples peeled and halved with the core cut out, may be steamed and laid over the top, sometimes being frosted with the whites of two eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Set the plate in a dripping pan of cold water, and put it in a very quick oven till the frosting is a delicate brown.

I make the soft custard by heating a

pint of milk in a double boiler, or in a pail set in a kettle of boiling water, add a pinch of salt, and when hot stir in a heaping teaspoonful of flour mixed smooth with a little cold milk. Stir till it is well cooked, then add the yolks of two eggs beaten to a cream with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir for a minute or two, and when it begins to thicken, remove immediately, flavor to taste, and when cold, if I have no other use for the whites of the eggs, I beat them to a froth, and beat all together with an egg beater to a foam. It is nicer than when served plain, but I can generally use the whites of eggs to more advantage, being very partial to the delicate silver cake, and many other nice things for which the whites of eggs are necessary. A meeringue top delicately browned is a great addition to many things. A cream pie with one crust, or a custard pie, (leaving out the whites of two of the eggs for the purpose,) is an entirely different affair, and so little trouble that there seems to be no excuse for not oftener making such things as attractive as possible.

I have already given, in a late HOUSEHOLD, recipes for several of our favorite desserts, all very simple, inexpensive, and easily made. Some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers have asked how to make pop-corn puddings. I have seen no reply, so I will give a recipe which is always successful, but I make it seldom as we prefer the plain custard. Roll a pint of freshly popped corn, add to it one and one-half pints of milk, half a cup of sugar, three eggs well beaten, and half a teaspoonful of salt. A little nutmeg may be added if liked. We use no spice with ours. Bake like any custard, twenty minutes ought to be sufficient. If overdone it is not nice.

A Neapolitan blanc mange which we make very often is a great favorite with us, is as nice for tea as for dessert, and especially nice for children's tea parties, being very simple, and at the same time one of the prettiest dishes imaginable. For one you will need three pints of milk, (I let the milk stand over night, and remove the cream to whip,) a little corn starch, sugar and flavoring, nothing very expensive. Put a pint of the milk into a double boiler, or a pail set in a kettle of hot water, stir two tablespoonfuls (rounding full) and a teaspoonful of corn starch, with just milk enough to mix smooth, taking a little from the boiler for that purpose, and when the milk is hot, but not scalding, pour in the corn starch, add a pinch of salt and two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir till thick and smooth. Remove from the fire, add half a teaspoonful of rose extract, (if you use Cleveland's, half that quantity will be sufficient,) and just enough rose pink or cochineal extract, which you can buy at any druggist's, to give a handsome pink shade. Pour it in a cake tin, three or four inches wide, and eight or nine long, and put it away to cool. Wash your boiler, put into it another pint of milk, and proceed as before. When your blanc mange is done, flavor it with lemon—this is white—and pour it in the tin containing the pink, which is cold by this time. Set this away to cool, put another pint of milk on to heat, grate two teaspoonfuls of chocolate, and put it in a cup, place it in a dish of hot water to melt, and when the blanc mange is smooth stir in the chocolate, remove from the fire, and add half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour this over the blanc mange in the pan, and keep cold till the next day, when it will turn out smooth, and will keep several days if cold. It is served in slices, with or without whipped cream, which should be sweetened a little, but not flavored. I omitted to say that before the first layer of blanc mange is poured into the tin, it must be dipped in cold water.

Now, as to the coloring. I read in an old Bazar once, how to make "pokeberry" jelly for coloring jellies, etc. Happening that summer to go where such things grew, I got some and made a glass of it. It is made like any jelly, a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, but I boiled it only about fifteen minutes, making a syrup which I thought would be more convenient. Keep in a wide mouthed bottle, or a glass fruit can. A pint will last a year, as it requires very little to give a fine color. A teaspoonful will color a quart of jelly or blanc mange. This is perfectly harmless, gives the handsomest color I ever saw, and since my first trial I have never used anything else. I have not been successful, however, in coloring cake, as the color seems to "bake out" in some way, but for anything else it is very nice.

To step from desserts to graham bread is rather inconsistent, but I want to say to S. C. Vaughan, and others, that graham bread, made expressly for dyspeptics, should contain neither yeast, molasses, nor soda. The objection to molasses lies in its natural acidity, requiring soda in the bread, and in its being very apt to create acidity in the stomach, while soda is something no person with weak and impaired digestive organs should use.

Another way I would suggest is, that instead of graham, they procure some of the "fine granulated wheat," prepared by the Health Food Co., of New York, whose address is in each issue of THE HOUSEHOLD. It can also be bought at their Boston office, 199 Tremont St., under Hotel Pelham. To three even cupfuls of the wheat, add a tablespoonful of butter, and mix thoroughly together. Then sift in three teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder, add a teaspoonful of sugar, and stir till well mixed. Pour in one and one-fourth cups of milk, with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in it, and mix quickly. Mold lightly, just enough to get the dough in shape, butter a round tin pie plate, roll out the dough large enough to come up well around the edge, and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a quick oven. It may be eaten warm, and when cold should be covered closely and put in the oven till well warmed through. This will be found the most delicate of all graham bread, and the most easily digested.

A cup of milk and one-third of a cup of sweet cream may be used instead of the cup and a quarter of milk and tablespoonful of butter, either makes it delicate and delicious enough to satisfy any one, spoiling the partaker's taste for bread made from the ordinary white flour which is insipid and tasteless enough after a diet of this rich wheat bread. If graham meal is used, it should be sifted, but will not be as nice as the "fine granulated wheat" in any respect. The "whole wheat flour" is also very nice, very nutritious and wholesome, and is used in the same manner. Gluten wafers, a recipe for which is among others published by the Health Food Company, are also good.

I have noticed that most of Dr. Hanaford's replies to dyspeptic inquirers, advise the use of the Health Foods as a diet, but his valuable advice, I have known, in many cases, to have been of little use to the people who, sending for such, stirred the rich oat meals and wheat to a sticky paste, and made gems, black with molasses, and soapy with soda, and then complained, after a few days' trial of the new diet, that "they didn't feel any better!"

"Health Food stirred is Health Food spoiled," is a motto which should be hung in every pantry. After it is thoroughly mixed with the water in which it is to be cooked, do not lift the cover till it is done. It needs no attention whatever,

save that the water in the outer kettle is not allowed to boil out.

One of THE HOUSEHOLD readers asked not long since, how she could have oat meal for breakfast, as there was not time to cook it properly in the morning. We always cook it in the afternoon. Cooked in one of the Health Food Company's porcelain boilers, it may remain over night. If cooked in tin, it should be poured into a dish when done, a deep bowl is best. In the morning place it in a dish of hot water, cover and let it stay till warmed through. It will be as nice as if freshly cooked. Remember it needs no stirring, no more water—nothing but re-heating.

I am always sorry to see a dish of Health Food spoiled by improper cooking, knowing how nice it might have been with no more trouble, and I wish that all who try these valuable articles of diet, might carefully follow the directions which insure success. EMILY HAYES.

### THE DESSERT.

—The Canadian Indians are organizing brass bands, and can no longer be classed with the untutored savages.

—Susan B. Anthony wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pullman-and-woman or Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars.

—Strawberry shortcake at a church festival is charming stuff to eat. It is such exciting fun to see who gets the strawberry.

—It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

—Many men who strongly advocate local self-government have to acknowledge a higher power every time they enter the door of their own dwelling.

—A Nevada man announces that he has invented a lying machine. If he thinks he has struck anything new, he is mistaken. We've had gas meters for a long time.

—One of our young ladies who has a large autograph album to which only her gentleman friends are requested to contribute, refers to it as her "hymn book."

—"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

—Being intoxicated three times deprives a man of the right to vote under the old French law. If that were the law in this country, election day wouldn't amount to much.

—Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had wives who were deaf mutes. Just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet!

—Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" and "measles" are singular or plural. They often look singular, but that is no criterion on a question of this kind.

—A health journal says, "An attack of hiccoughs may be stopped by holding the head under water." It does not say how long the head should be held under water, but we should think about two hours would be plenty long enough to stop the worst case of hiccoughs ever invented.

—"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a Texas milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water and a quart of milk, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."



## The Dispensary.

THE SICK ROOM. HINTS AND REMEDIES.

Number One.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

NOTHING causes more grief and anxiety in a household than the sickness of one of its members. All show their fear and devotion. The family machinery moves, but it is a mere mechanical effort. There is no interest in the work beyond the fact that it must be done. If father or mother is the one stricken the other parent and the children are overwhelmed with fear, lest one prop of the home be removed forever. If one of the children is over-shadowed by the angel of death, how anxiously do the parents watch over the dear one, and pray that God in his great love will cause him to pass by on the other side for this time.

Hard hearted and undeserving of friends and care are those who will not, when their friends are suffering, do all that lies in their power to alleviate their distress. But there is a great deal of fuss made and work done that is worse than useless, for the lack of brains and education to direct it in the right way. We are in great need of education on this subject, and when it becomes as fashionable to know ourselves as to be *au fait* in the last figure of the German, or to know who won in the last game of base ball, or bean pot tournament, there will be fewer apothecary shops, and many of our egotistic M. D.'s will take down their shingles, and throw physic to the dogs, I was going to say, but no, I have too much regard for these noble animals to wish them any such fate.

Some people are more out of place in a sick room than is the traditional bull in a china shop. Many a good woman, whose kind heart is burning to be of the utmost service, so distracts us by her endless questions, and general fussiness, that we think if we could only dispense with her attentions the illness would be as nothing in comparison.

The sick are easily affected by outside influences, and by the manners of those who wait on them. I have seen the time when a pair of creaking shoes or a rustling dress have rasped my nerves to the edge of distraction, and the labor and exaggerated efforts made by the wearer to be quiet were harder to bear than the noise of thunder, or the jar of a respectable earthquake.

Never employ watchers unless absolutely sure that the case demands them. Oftentimes a whole neighborhood is kept in commotion by the demands made on the people for watchers, by some family where one of the number is sick. It is terribly annoying to a patient, unless so ill as to be unconscious, to have a strange person knocking around the room, and staring him out of countenance every night. They often feel as must the poor mouse when Tabby sits with her green eyes fixed on its retreat, staring at it hour after hour, and ready to spring at any moment, only they lack one great virtue possessed by Tabby, silence.

A nurse should dress in some wash material and wear white aprons and list slippers. She should be even tempered, cheerful and obliging; possess bodily strength and endurance; be absolutely cleanly in her person and tidy in her general habits; possess tact, be quiet and firm, careful, painstaking and reliable, and follow out implicitly the directions of the attending physician.

When a person is taken sick they should at once be removed to the most sunny, airy, and cheerful room in the house, and where they will hear as little

as possible of what is going on in the domestic regions. Have some arrangement for a perfect circulation of air without a draft striking the patient. Have the room well warmed in winter, and kept at an equable temperature. A fire-place is best for this purpose as all foul odors are thus drawn up the chimney. In warm weather setting a lamp or a candle in the fire-place will effect this. In summer exclude all insects, as they are extremely annoying to the sick. If the heat is intolerable it may be somewhat ameliorated by hanging wet sheets at the windows and doors, where the air will strike them. Let every thing be as cheerful as possible. Allow no lugubrious picture to remain, or anything else to which the patient may express a dislike. Flowers should always be there when procurable, but do not allow them to remain after decay sets in, or they will do more harm than good. The bed should be low, broad and comfortable, and furnished with blankets and white spread. Heavy bedding wearies the sick, and nothing should be used which cannot be easily washed. A spring mattress opening in the middle, and which can be elevated at the head, will be convenient. In case of severe sickness two beds of equal height should be provided, and then the patient can be easily moved on a sheet from one to the other. Of course the bedding should be renewed whenever soiled in the least, but in case of fevers or cutaneous diseases the sheets and pillow slips must be changed daily, and the blankets exposed for hours to the sun and wind, airing them well by the fire before using. Never allow articles of food and drink to remain in the room, and remove at once all discharges. These should be buried in case of contagious diseases. Never whisper, nothing is more rasping to the nerves, but speak aloud in a low tone, whatever is necessary to be said.

Never discuss the symptoms of the patient in his hearing, nor seek to enliven him by accounts of the illness of others, but it is desirable, except in cases of severe nervousness and fear, that sick persons should know just how ill they are, and they should always be informed if they are not expected to recover, for then there are many things they would wish to have attended to.

Never allow visitors in the sick room except in cases of lingering disease, like consumption. Then it may not be objectionable if only those are admitted whom the patient particularly wishes to see, and their visits are short, and like those of the angels, few and far between. Great injury is done sick people by this negative kindness of their friends. Send them bouquets, books, pictures, and such delicacies as you may happen to have, but be contented with hearing of their condition from some one of the family. This will be the greatest kindness of all.

Be scrupulously neat in everything pertaining to the sick person and the room. Disorder is very annoying. Serve the food neatly on a tray covered with a spotless cloth, and put the gruel in a pretty china dish, it will relish so much better. Do not taste of any mixture you may be preparing, as this often sickens them, so that when taken it does more harm than good. Never waken a patient to administer medicine unless by express direction of the physician. One hour's sleep is worth a dozen pills any time.

### IMPAIRED HEARING.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I see your correspondents are discussing remedies for impaired hearing. Allow me to make a few comments upon L. E. Fogg's article, in your January issue.

He, I judge, is one of the afflicted, and uses an audiphone, while I am also

among the afflicted, and use a dentaphone. I agree with the writer that artificial ear drums are a humbug, and that the conversation tube is useful to some persons, but more troublesome than the dentaphone, and of no use in listening to public speaking. But in comparing the audiphone with the dentaphone I am sure your correspondent has made a mistake.

I regard the dentaphone, the lecture and concert size, much superior to the audiphone. I have used mine for more than two years, chiefly in listening to public speaking and musical concerts. I had not in thirty years, heard the whole of a sermon or lecture. With my dentaphone I can hear distinctly, from fifty to one hundred feet from the speaker, whose elocution is tolerable. I would not sell my dentaphone for \$100, if I could not procure another.

Not only is the dentaphone a more valuable instrument to aid the hearing, but it is more convenient. It can be folded and carried in the pocket, while the audiphone cannot be changed.

I hear many severe criticisms upon the dentaphone, (and the same are made upon the audiphone, no doubt,) because it does not relieve every case of deafness. I am told that it is a humbug, and that the manufacturers are a fraud. Now I know better. Thousands are benefited by the dentaphone, and it is not the fault of the dentaphone that all are not relieved. It is the fault of the auditory nerve, which has been paralyzed by disease. Eye glasses are useful for impaired eye sight, but useless to the blind. The dentaphone is useful when the drums of the ear are defective, and the nerve is in a normal condition, and the front upper teeth are good, (or false teeth are well fitted,) but to the toothless, with impaired auditory nerves, it is useless. A little information and common sense will prevent all such criticisms.

HIRAM ORCUTT.

16 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

—Exercise and temperance are God's medicines, and they have this great advantage over all others: that while they promote health and long life, they secure for all who put trust in them the means of independence.

### DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. W. S. B. In my remarks in reference to vaccination to which you refer, I did not have any particular "school of medicine" in mind, but simply common sense, which was fearfully wanting in the past, when the small-pox patient (victim) was shut up in a hot room, warmly clothed when burning up with fever, and, in the main, left to die. I will say, in the first place, that the disease is not particularly contagious, is not dangerous, of itself—is not as bad as the former treatment—only is a filthy disease, the design of which is the purification of the system, which it does most effectually, if not interfered with too much. The ordinary means of abating fever are appropriate, allowing the patient as much air as possible consistent with comfort. The ever outflowing filth is the most safely disposed of by mingling with the air, being so rapidly diluted as to render the danger of contagion less. The air wonderfully aids in the purification of the patient, thus reducing the fever. Let in the sunlight, also, for the same reason. Bathe or wash the patient very often in water of a comfortable temperature, avoiding a chill—not much to be expected. If very hot, it is safe to apply wet cloths, often removing and cleansing them, and washing the part. Keep the face and exposed parts generally covered with cloths wet in water to which a teaspoonful of soda, a "pinch" of salt, and a half-gill of milk have been added. This treatment, keeping out the strong light, and the head cool, will do much to prevent the "marks." The wet cloths, applied to the whole body, will aid in reducing the heat and fever, soften the skin, promote the comfort and modify the marks. Let the patient drink reasonably of water, eat sparingly—when the appetite returns—of the simplest food, such as baked apple and similar fruits, potato, skimmed milk, dry toast, and the like, in their order. But a little medicine, with more good nursing, are needed. Keep the room as clean and pure as possible. For several days while improving, apply glycerine to the surface, or, in its absence, sweet oil.

L. G. BELL. Yours is indeed a hard case. Like many a fond mother, you are "worn out." With a mother's devotion—commendable of itself—you have exhausted all, and are now a wreck—physically bankrupt. It may be, after years of rest, the small remnant of vitality may rally, that depending on the amount of vital force remaining, and your age. This rest, with thorough friction of the surface, having the most favorable conditions of air, light, wholesome food and the like, will do for you more than drugs, since you have no special disease. Nature does wonders, if the conditions are favorable. With the little exercise, a moderate amount of very simple food, only, will be admissible. You have but to have the conditions favorable, and then wait a reasonable time. But, let me "improve," for the good of others. Let no mother sacrifice herself for the supposed good of her family. Her greatest duty to her family is to preserve her health, that she may be of the greatest service to them. A sick mother is of but little importance, practically, to herself or the world. She is respected for what she has done, and pitied for her injudiciousness. It is more natural for some to be good to their children than to themselves, and yet, to preserve the health of the mother is to be "good" to the children.

If your husband would escape that "dyspepsia," advise him to be more careful about his food, omitting those lunches, especially at bed time.

MOLLY MIRTLE. Without detracting from the merits of any other brush, I simply say what I have done, selecting a "metallic" brush (see my indorsement of "Hill's Metallic Brush" in January number,) because I do not see how bristles can successfully conduct the electric current. I well know that the metallic brush does this, and I know, from having carefully watched the manufacture, that an ample "battery" is placed in the handle.

M. L. H. Under favorable circumstances, I should say, yes. You should recruit first, secure all needed strength for yourself, as you may see, or there will be trouble elsewhere. I would suggest a careful reading of "Mother and Child." (See my card.) If you will give your full address, I may say more to your advantage.

ROSAMOND E. Without wishing to add to the playful criticisms, I take a "text" from one of your remarks about that carpet. And that leads me to ask, is it not as important to save female muscle, vital power, and thus avoid those "pains and aches"—which do not naturally belong to early and middle life—as to be very careful of the carpet? When the carpet is worn out, it is possible to replace it by another as good, but not so when the vital powers are exhausted. I honestly believe that the average housekeeper is, in New England, needlessly wearing herself out, filling a premature grave, by laboring at night, when she should be asleep, by toiling too many hours by day, in doing some things that need not be done, but done to avoid the criticisms of Mrs. Grundy, or because some neighbor sets the example. Will our sensible sisters—and we have lots of them—discuss this matter in our loved and valuable HOUSEHOLD?

NELLE NOSTAW. The "coal smoke" of which you speak, is not the worst evil in the use of "coal smoothing irons." Charcoal should never be burned in the open room, without some means for the escape of the carbonic acid gas and carbonic oxide—still more poisonous. These are deadly poisons, the worst effects being sustained by the babe in the cradle, as the gas is heavier than air and falls to the floor. All smoke is bad enough, but this gas, if breathed when of the full strength, will destroy life, ordinarily, in five minutes! If this is used, open all of the doors and windows, that it may escape, and aid in feeding vegetation, as an important means of purifying the air. We make the same gas by breathing, by our fires and our lights. Hence, the necessity for great care in ventilating our rooms, the sleeping room included.

I do not know much about the "Persian fly powder," but know that if it is "injurious" to flies, it will not benefit human lungs. I also infer that if the Creator deemed it expedient to create these "scavengers" to "clear up" around our premises, and purify the air, as they do most effectually, to utterly exterminate them would not be a blessing to the world.

### OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A gruel made of boiled flour will cure cholera infantum where other remedies fail. Tie up in a strong cloth a cup of flour, boil two hours without stopping, and while hot pare off the thick rind; you will then have a white ball of flour; grate off enough for your gruel and make in the usual way, but do not use anything with it but water and a very little salt.

OLD NURSE.

B., in November HOUSEHOLD, inquires for something to stop hair from falling out. Strong sage tea applied cold once a day, brushing well two or three times a day with a soft brush, is a sure remedy when the roots of the hair are not destroyed.

J. S. C.



## The Dressing Room.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

AS FASHION is continually changing in dress, articles of jewelry, and furniture, no less do we notice the varying of the different styles in regard to the decoration of our rooms. Lace curtains, expensive lambrequins and painted plaques, ebony tables inlaid, and Persian rugs may not be at the command of all, but tasteful, inexpensive room decorating is within the reach of thousands; and with a few simple artistic touches, a pair of sharp scissors, a good set of patterns, and with little outlay of money, the barest room may be transformed into an attractive, lovely home, that will reveal to the most casual observer the love of beauty, and the innate refinement of those whose nimble fingers have transfigured a comfortless lodging place into the sweetest of all words—home.

Many a time have I seen elegant furniture standing so stiffly against the walls, that one could not help but wonder curiously, if, at night when all the house was quiet, and the inmates wrapt in unconscious slumber, the chairs and tables did not yawn and stretch themselves, and jump out into the middle of the floor, to enjoy a good merry time together, and as the daylight crept over the tops of the chimneys, they would all return to their proper places again, and look as sternly decorous as ever—as if they had never been guilty of the indecorum of being found to vary one inch out of their proper places.

Well, the thought of home decorations came to me to-night as I sat looking over the most beautiful patterns that are lying in my lap; so I will describe them for the benefit of the fifty-four thousand lovers of their homes.

A mantel lambrequin which is cut into a double row of points, the lower points are made of flannel, every alternate one of blue and scarlet, with applique figures embroidered on it with silk floss, the alternate ones have a flower, worked in crewels; each point is finished by a tassel, the center of which corresponds with the color of the point while the outer edge of the tassel is of black. The upper row of points is made of black velvet, while the finish to the lambrequin is a neatly pinked scarlet flannel border of two inches wide, in the center of which are driven the silver headed tacks which keep it in place on the mantel.

The next pattern is a whisk holder, a bird with outstretched wings is on the face of it, and patterns of butterflies, large and small. Window lambrequins, which can be tastefully made of twenty-five-cent cretonne, add much to the appearance of a room; this pattern is a particularly pretty one. Embroidered white ties for gentlemen; spectacle wipers for elderly people; a glove of chamois skin for literary people who are seldom seen without a pen in their hand, and who alas! so often wipe their pens on their—well, I'll not say the word, for fear the five thousand contributors to our appreciated paper will be ready to open fire on me and finally denounce Marjorie March as a betrayer of the secrets of her party.

I must not forget to describe an emery in the shape of the daintiest little boot that ever trod shoe leather, this is not made of leather either, but of silk of any color, finished with a top of old gold plush, with an old gold cord lacing up the instep. "And by whom are all these pretty things made?" I hear from every side; so to save the answering of numerous letters, I will just state here—they

were made by one of our dear, helpless, suffering sisters of the shut-in society; a society shut in with pain and weariness and distress; shut in from the pleasures and enjoyments of life; shut in from life's luxuries, and comforts—or shall I say shut out rather—and yet this suffering, frail little piece of humanity contains a brave and loyal spirit, a heart overflowing with love and sympathy to those who are in pain like herself, or who are in need. Still this patient little Maggie yearns for independence, and in her well moments—that is, those times when the pain is not the greatest, she is able to cut patterns from all the beautiful work she has done. Now I would urge all that are warmed into sympathy with our poor, suffering, but valued shut-in sisters, to lend a helping hand to this one. What I would desire, is that they would send to Maggie, box 62, Candor, Washington Co., Penn., for some pattern, enclose a silver three-cent piece for the small ones, or a dime for a large one, and let each one think as she mails her letter, "I have helped to make a heavy burden lighter."

In speaking of fashions, I must not forget the malaria, which is exceedingly fashionable this fall, and for a precaution against that, and a remedy for the frequent colds I have been taking, I have invested in a pillow inhaler which was advertised in our paper last summer—let all sufferers from catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, overlook their July and August numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, and read carefully what it says. Of course I am like everybody else, who does not care to risk five dollars without knowing of some one who has used the pillow with success. I have heard and known some cases where this pillow did marvelous and untold good, but I am anxious to try for myself, and then I shall be more competent to speak again of its virtues.

If fashions were more observed in the churches, we would have fewer "Sleepy Hollows," and more beautiful places of worship and attractive services. While writing, I am thinking of a church that gives me a chill to enter, the high white marble pulpit reminds one of a mausoleum, the choir drawl their singing, the indifferent worshippers either rise or sit still as they feel inclined; the furnishing of the church is cold and toneless, the commandments stare down from marble slabs fastened high on the walls, and when the clergyman's head appears above the mausoleum the sermon may be a good one, but all the time you fancy you are listening to what was said in the same manner just fifty years ago. Fashion has not entered that church, it has been asleep for a century.

Outward surroundings do not affect every one's worship, but I find myself depressed and chilled in such a church, but where the sunlight casts a ruddy glow through stained glass windows, and the tones of the organ swell and float in liquid sounds along the fretted roof, where the coloring is warm, and blends in perfect harmony, where the organist is a genius and the music which comes forth at his bidding bears all souls on its wings to the gate of paradise; where outward beauty blends with spiritual beauty, there indeed can we worship in spirit and in truth. Some I know will be ready to dispute this, yet it seems to me that the author of the beautiful did not create it in vain, or inspire His creatures with the love for it if there was no real meaning in beauty, and if He did not design it as one of the helps for our souls.

I was much impressed with a sermon that I heard the other day in the church I have just described, on the unpardonable sin; the clergyman said he had formerly believed the unpardonable sin to

be the willful and persistent resisting of the Holy Spirit, but as long as a will remained, there were hopes of its conversion, for conversion was but changing the will; there was some foundation in that character of stubborn will, to build upon, but alas! for the weak, vacillating will—"unstable as water thou shalt not excel," that hesitancy between knowledge of right and the action of right like a wave of the sea, dashing against the rocks of repentance in mad, bitter haste—and then—the ebb, sinning and repenting, never firm, never decided, knowing the right, and yet from weakness of character doing the wrong. "In one sense sin was never pardonable, for it left its scar upon our moral nature"—and then the sun withdrew behind a cloud, and the church was wrapt in shadows, while the earnest tones of the clergyman rang through the church urging the people to stand firm and to avoid sin.

Then the sun came out gloriously and the church was bathed in splendor, as the clergyman spoke words of pardon and peace, but as the sermon was ended the gloom was profound, the shadows crept up the dusky aisles, and rested heavily against the pew tops as the choir arose and sung in exquisite strains, the mournful, soul-piercing words, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." The whole service was most effective, and the clergyman evidently one who had reached the higher plane of spiritual life.

I had intended, when I began this article, to speak at length on the styles of dress this winter, but I find that it is time to stop, so will only stay long enough to tell those who inquire how to cleanse laces, that if they place their lace between layers of flour and pulverized borax I think they will find them successfully laundered in a dry way, after slight rubbing and shaking out.

### SILK SCRAP WORK.

BY REBA L. RAYMOND.

There are very many pretty articles that can be made of the pieces of silk, the odds and ends in bright colors, and the beautiful dark shades, that are often considered useless. There seems to be a fashionable mania too for this kind of fancy work, and when ornamented with pencil and brush, it claims a place in what is known as decorative art that has been brought forward and revived since the centennial.

Many of the silk quilts that were commenced fifteen or twenty years ago, and then put away unfinished, have since been completed, and some of them really border on the artistic in the grouping and arranging of the great variety of colors in many different shades and tints. I have never attempted such an extensive article as a silk spread, although I admire them very much. My efforts in this work have been confined to smaller articles, as chair cushions, sofa pillows, pin cushions, needle books, etc. To me it is charming work. The patterns used were those in diamond, hexagonal and triangular forms. The sides of each pattern should be equal, that is the four sides of the diamond, or the three of the triangle, or the six of the hexagon. The edges of the different articles should, of course, be filled in even, with half and quarter pieces of either pattern. For a sofa pillow eighteen inches square the sides of the diamond measured one and one-fourth inches, and those of the hexagon from three-fourths of an inch to an inch. For a quilt the diamond should measure three or four inches on each side, and the hexagon one and one-half inches.

I had the patterns cut in tin, very true. The diamond I at first made too wide, it should measure the same across as the

sides, less if there is any difference at all. Then from stiff paper, old letters, copy-books, or paper collars, I cut the patterns. Each piece of silk was carefully basted on these, allowing from one-eighth to one quarter of an inch of silk to turn over the edge, according as the silk was straight and heavy, or bias and thin, so that it may not pull apart. Sew together on the wrong side by overseaming with fine but strong silk thread. I leave the papers in until the article is completely finished, then it is very exact and true, because of the extra care in first basting, and is much better than those that are merely cut out and sewed in a running seam which will stretch and ravel.

I reduce the patterns to a smaller size for pin cushions, to use up all scraps that are too small for the other articles. I like this pattern very much for pin cushions, which can be finished in any form preferred, a large diamond, star, hexagon, or square, by simply filling in the edges differently. Mine was nine inches square and finished with a heavy cord of silk. The hexagon when finished was hexagonal in form. For a great variety of silks I much prefer the diamond, as each one may be different in color, and often a scrap will make only one of each pattern.

The pattern as given to me required three to form a section or patch, made by sewing two together of contrasting colors, but joining the colors that look well together, say yellow and green, or I found it nice to use two of the same color, a light one and a dark one, of blue, green, red or brown. Black ones are used for all those lying horizontally, or for filling the space between the two. I was told to use all black ones, but substituted some of the darkest shades, as prune, plum, myrtle green, navy blue, etc. I have heard the pattern called a box, and also a puzzle. Join as many of these sections as are necessary for the width of the cushion, and continue them in length until as long as wished, or square if so liked. The friend who gave me this pattern advised a plentiful use of shades of yellow, particularly canary. I found it added very much to the beauty of the pattern. Scraps and remnants of ribbon are nice to supply this color. Finish with a heavy cord of silk. I noticed a pillow of this kind in the woman's pavilion at Philadelphia.

A friend made a very handsome quilt of this pattern, of many colors, shades and styles of silk. The old-time, gay-flowered, added not a little to its beauty. There were broad, bright plaids, and brocaded stripes, and old-fashioned plain silks in the oddest of colors, the long ago sheeny, changeable silks, and satins, in blue and gold, and green, and red, some of the many new bronzes, creamy silks and satins, bridal gowns of fifty and seventy years ago. The finest of silk velvets too were used showing the wedding bonnets and hats, these mixed with the new shades and delicate tints of to-day, made up a spread of great interest. Each piece had a history of its own. Here was a piece of creamy white, grandma's wedding silk, purchased in her Scottish home, here a bit of velvet, mamma's bonnet for the same occasion in her life, then there were wedding gowns of many others in the intervening years, drabs, slate, silver, ashes of roses, of her own girl friends' dresses when they stood at the bridal altar. There were blues in every shade, in hair stripes and checks, the brighter tints in sea green, ecrû, rose and lilac, each calling up some festive occasion. There were brown silks too from the darkest, richest color to the lightest tint, garnets, clarets, etc. A gay, rainbow-striped was of Dinah's wedding silk, one equally gay in large roses of Bridget's purchased in "ould Ireland." Friends sent contributions of their pieces



adding to the variety. Some of the plain white silks, she ornamented with clusters and sprays of flowers, on one yellow violets and blue forget-me-nots, on another moss rose buds and leaves. When finished it was a handsome, mottled affair. I liked it best of the patterns I had seen, because of the medley of colors. I never tired of looking at it.

Another quilt was made in the hexagon pattern, using a black one for the center, with a ring of six of one color around. This forms one patch. The different patches were separated by a circle of black. This is a nice pattern for chair seats. I have made them in two colors, scarlet and black, and black and brown worsted. The most elaborate piece of silk work I ever saw was in this pattern, a small hexagon being used, and the different colors so joined together as to form a large bottle fly. The dark shades of silk and fine velvets, as black, green, and brown were used for the body, while the bright shades of yellow, of which there was a great deal, red, green and blue, formed the wings. It was filled out with plain black silk, this part of which was quilted with machine stitching in small diamonds. It was the work of a lady in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The scraps which she wrought into this handsome pattern had accumulated during a lifetime apprenticeship in the dress-making art. She intended to place it on exhibition at the centennial, but it did not reach completion until a year later.

I noticed Mrs. W. A. L.'s request in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, "for a pretty pattern for a silk quilt other than the old log cabin style." I think she would like either of the three patterns given better than that. I preferred them for my work. I do not like cutting the silks into narrow strips as it spoils the different styles we wish to preserve, although I have done so.

I have been told that silk scraps are often sold by the pound in the cities in the large millinery and dress-making establishments, but do not know whether it is now done or not. I should be very glad of information from some of the readers in regard to this.

#### KNITTED TIDY.

##### THE OLIVE LEAF PATTERN.

Helen M. S. asks for a knitted tidy. I send the following for her, which is pretty, and so easily done that one can knit it without directions after a little, or at least I can. For mine I use coarse needles and No. 8 Dexter's cotton, four-ply, and cast on one hundred and fourteen stitches, which makes the tidy about the right width.

Cast on thirty-eight stitches with four extra for edge stitches, two on each side.

1. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, (by knitting two together,) knit eleven, purl two, over twice, knit one, over twice, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

2. Knit two, knit two, \* purl three, knit two, purl ten, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

Remember that the second loop of the "over twice," is to be dropped throughout the pattern. Also that in "over twice" before a purl stitch, the cotton is brought forward, and then carried twice around the needle.

3. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, knit nine, purl two, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

4. Knit two, knit two, \* purl five, knit two, purl eight, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

5. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, knit seven, purl two, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

6. Knit two, knit two, \* purl seven,

knit two, purl six, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

7. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, knit five, purl two, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

8. Knit two, knit two, \* purl nine, knit two, purl four, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

9. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, knit three, purl two, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

10. Knit two, knit two, \* purl eleven, knit two, purl two, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

11. Knit two, purl two, \* narrow, knit one, purl two, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

12. Knit two, knit two, \* purl thirteen, knit two, purl two together, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

13. Knit two, purl two, \* over twice, knit one, over twice, purl two, narrow, knit eleven, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

14. Knit two, knit two, \* purl ten, purl two together, knit two, purl three, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

15. Knit two, purl two, \* knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, purl two, narrow, knit nine, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

16. Knit two, knit two, \* purl eight, purl two together, knit two, purl five, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

17. Knit two, purl two, \* knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, narrow, knit seven, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

18. Knit two, knit two, \* purl six, purl two together, knit two, purl seven, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

19. Knit two, purl two, \* knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two, narrow, knit five, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

20. Knit two, knit two, \* purl four, purl two together, knit two, purl nine, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

21. Knit two, purl two, \* knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl two, narrow, knit three, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

22. Knit two, knit two, \* purl two, purl two together, knit two, purl eleven, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

23. Knit two, purl two, \* knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, purl two, narrow, knit one, purl two, repeat from \*, knit two.

24. Knit two, knit two, \* purl two together, knit two, purl thirteen, knit two, repeat from \*, knit two.

Repeat from beginning, and when the tidy is some longer than square, finish off the ends with knitted lace of some kind, or fringe. I used the latter. Directions have been given in THE HOUSEHOLD for it. When done, wash, starch, and iron on the wrong side over flannel, and there will be a row of scallops on each side of the tidy.

The same one also asks, if there is insertion to match oak leaf edging. Enough stitches cast on to knit two or three rows of the "fagoting," (the open work, straight edge of the oak-leaf,) would be suitable.

"A Delawarean," in a late number. I think an ounce of zephyr will be sufficient. At each point of every strip, sew in double cotton, (same kind as the tidy,) over the fingers, or a pasteboard measure, until the tassel is of the right size, then in same way, a covering of the zephyr, and tie around with the latter close to the point of the strip, which leaves a head about the size of a large pea, then cut the ends.

In March, 1880, I received a letter through the editor, from a Mrs. W. B. Collins, of Keokuk, Iowa, asking if I

would explain my directions for bedspread, in June number, of 1878, also send a sample. It was very difficult to knit at the time, on account of a lame wrist, but I complied with her wishes notwithstanding, and sent them "soon," furnishing cotton, besides postage on package and letter. Did she receive them? From her letter, I expected at least to hear from her again, if they were received! Hereafter no notice will be taken of such letters that do not contain "stamps" for postage and trouble.

I am glad the sisters like the apple leaf tidy. I intended, and supposed I had signed my name to the directions, until I saw them in print. NELLIE MAY.

#### ANOTHER BEDSPREAD.

Three-threaded cotton number twelve. Five needles, size depending on the knitter. Cast eight stitches, three on one, three on another, and two on third; join and knit around once plain.

2d row. Thread over at every stitch, (making sixteen stitches in all.)

3d row. Take the other needle and get a fourth of the stitches on it, and knit around plain.

4th row. (You now have stitches on four needles, with the fifth to knit with.) Thread over and knit one, all around. (Thirty-two stitches.)

5th row. Seam one, knit five plain, seam one, and knit one plain. (Eight stitches.)

6th row. Thread over, knit three, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three, thread over, knit one crossed. (That is done by taking the part of stitch from you. When you seam you put needle in part of stitch next you, but now take the other side of needle. I hope I make this clear to you, always put thread over when you knit a crossed stitch.)

7th row. Seam two, knit seven plain, seam two, one plain. (Twelve stitches.)

8th row. Thread over, knit five plain, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit one crossed. (Sixteen stitches.)

9th row. Seam three, knit nine plain, seam three, one plain.

10th row. Thread over, knit seven plain, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit seven, thread over, knit one crossed. (Twenty stitches.)

11th row. Seam four, knit eleven plain, seam four, one plain.

12th row. Thread over, knit nine plain, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit nine, thread over, knit one crossed. (Twenty-four stitches.)

13th row. Seam five, thirteen plain, seam five, one plain.

14th row. Thread over, knit eleven, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit eleven, thread over, knit one crossed. (Twenty-eight stitches.)

15th row. Seam six, knit fifteen plain, seam six, one plain.

16th row. Thread over, knit thirteen, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit thirteen, thread over, knit one crossed. (Thirty-two stitches.)

17th row. Seam seven, slip and bind, knit thirteen, narrow, (knit two together,) seam seven, one plain.

18th row. Thread over, knit twenty-nine, thread over, knit one crossed.

19th row. Seam eight, slip and bind, knit eleven, narrow, seam eight, one plain.

20th, 22d, 24th, 26th, 28th, 30th, and 32d rows are to be knit like 18th row.

21st row. Seam nine, slip and bind, knit nine, narrow, seam nine, one plain. (Thirty stitches.)

23d row. Seam ten, slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, seam ten, one plain.

25th row. Seam eleven, slip and bind, five plain, narrow, seam eleven, one plain.

27th row. Seam twelve, slip and bind, three plain, narrow, seam twelve, one plain.

29th row. Seam thirteen, slip and bind, one plain, narrow, seam thirteen, one plain.

31st row. Seam fourteen, slip one, knit two together, bind slipped one over, seam fourteen, one plain.

33d row. Plain every stitch.

34th row. Thread over, slip and bind till last two stitches, then thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one crossed.

35th row. Plain.

36th row. Thread over, slip and bind, \* thread over, knit four, slip and bind, \* thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one crossed. Repeat between the stars; at end of needle there will be two stitches; do as it says after the last \*.

37th, 39th, 41st, 43d, 45th, 47th and 49th rows are to be knit perfectly plain.

38th row. Thread over, slip and bind, \* thread over, knit one, thread over, slip and bind, knit one, slip and bind, \* thread over, knit one, thread over, slip and bind, thread over, knit one crossed.

40th row. Thread over, slip and bind, \* thread over, knit three, thread over, slip one, knit two together, bind the slipped over, \* thread over, knit three, thread over, slip and bind, thread over, knit one crossed.

42d row. Thread over, knit two, \* thread over, slip and bind, knit one, slip and bind, thread over, knit one, \* thread over, slip and bind, knit one, slip and bind, thread over, knit two, thread over, knit one crossed. (You ought to have forty-two stitches.)

44th row. Thread over, knit four, \* thread over, slip one, knit two together, pass slipped one over, thread over, knit three, \* at end of needle, knit four, (instead of three), thread over, knit one crossed.

46th row. Thread over, rest plain, till last one, when thread over, knit one crossed.

48th row. Thread over, slip and bind till last two, when thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one crossed.

50th row. Turn the square and knit three plain rows on wrong side. Then bind off. You ought to have fifty-four stitches on each needle before binding.

I hope you will not have any trouble in knitting this, but if you do, Mr. Crowell has my address, and you can let me know if I can help you about it. Don't forget a stamp, for it will be no great benefit to me, but shall be glad to give you all the ideas I have on the subject, only if all of the fifty-four thousand write and expect an answer it would be expensive to pay postage on so many. It is a very handsome pattern, four leaves in the center, finished off with a pretty border.

SUNNYSIDE.

#### CROCHET LACE PATTERN.

Make a chain the length desired, for this pattern is crocheted lengthwise, instead of across the work.

1st row. Two double crochet into every chain stitch the entire length.

2d row. Three chain, skip three stitches, nine double crochet through nine of the succeeding stitches of the second row, and not between; repeat from the beginning.

3d row. \* Three chain, one double crochet through the second chain of the preceding row, three chain, skip the first stitch in the group of nine, seven double crochet; repeat from \*.

4th row. \* Four chain, one double crochet into the one double crochet of the preceding row, four chain, skip the first stitch of the seven double crochet, five double crochet; repeat from \*.

5th row. \* Five chain, one double crochet into the one double crochet of the



preceding row, five chain, skip the first stitch of the group of five double crochet, three double crochet; repeat from \*.

6th row. \* Seven double crochet into the space made by the last five chain, three chain, seven double crochet into the next space, one single crochet into the second stitch of the group of three; repeat from \*.

7th row. \* Five chain, one single crochet into every third stitch; repeat from \*.

8th row. \* Five chain, one single crochet into the middle of the preceding chain; repeat from \*.

IDA Y.

## SPATTER WORK.

BY CANDACE.

Now that I have part of an afternoon to spare, I will tell those who are wishing to learn something of spatter work, what I know about it. In the first place, gather all the delicately formed leaves you can, and cut from advertisements or newspapers all kinds of letters, large and small, fanciful and plain. I have a box of letters that I have been collecting for years, and I find almost any kind there I may need; they can be used almost any number of times. Press the leaves carefully. They cannot be used like the letters, but will shrivel and be worthless after two or three times using. The kinds I like best are those similar to lady-in-the-green (nigella), cypress vine, rose geranium, and small maple leaves. Some of our common weeds are lovely for spatter work.

Now for implements. A great many use a tooth brush and like it. I have used it and do not like it. I have also tried a fine comb and a large brush. The most satisfactory work I do with the small part of a common shoe brush. Common pasteboard covered with white or tinted paper is nice to work upon, also cloth which I will mention by and by. Arrange your pressed leaves or letters on your papers, fastening down firmly with fine needles, which wipe after using, as they rust if not wiped, then dip the brush in the dye, and holding an old sieve over your pattern, rub, carefully at first, over the wires, making it heavy or light as you desire. Let the leaves and letters alone till dry, then remove, and by handling carefully they can be used again. That is all except a few hints about dye and arrangement of patterns. Any one who has not seen this work, will be surprised at the beautiful effects from so simple a process. For working with paper, I find any color that will not dry and rub off, nice to use, black ink, bluing, and burnt umber, the latter two set, the bluing with alum, and the burnt umber with vinegar.

Beautiful crosses shaded and twined with a pressed vine, with ferns at the base, can easily be made after a little practice, also wall pockets, letter holders, comb cases, and old cigar boxes, covered neatly, and carefully spattered, are very ornamental. In using cloth any light color can be used, and black spattered upon crimson or scarlet cambric is astonishingly pretty. You must pin down the cloth used at each corner and sometimes oftener to keep the edges straight. Pillow shams, in fact an entire set spattered upon book muslin with black or brown, and lined with colored cambric, is quite attractive. I spattered a table spread among some of my first work. It was of old white cloth. I cut it the right size, and tacked it down on the floor, after spreading the floor with newspapers, then pinned a strip of paper over the edge nearly three inches wide, above this all around was a wavy strip of paper intended to imitate a vine, and on every curve a rose leaf cut from paper, in the corners a cluster of rose leaves and a fern, and in the center a group of large

ferns. I used logwood set with alum, and the ground work when done was a dark purple, and the pattern snowy white. It was not very nicely done owing to inexperience, but now I could make a lovely one. They can be washed. My last work has been on mottoes with letters and vines. Vines are quite indispensable, the cypress and wild buckwheat being easily pressed.

## INFANTS' SOCKS.

Seeing several inquiries for directions for infants' socks, I will send one. It is in three parts, and when finished looks like a fancy stocking with a slipper on, heel and all complete, and is very pretty. Material, white and colored zephyr, and coarse steel needles. Cast on sixty-six stitches with colored zephyr.

1st and 3d rows. Purl.

2d and 4th rows. Plain.

Now use the white.

5th, 7th and 9th rows. Knit one, throw the thread over, knit one, slip one on the needle without knitting, narrow two into one, bind the slipped stitch over it, knit one, throw the thread over; repeat this until the end of the needle.

6th, 8th, and 10th rows. Purl.

Now with colored knit as first four rows. Now use white, and knit as between the colored rows until thirteen rows of holes are made. Now reserve fifteen stitches in the middle of the needle for instep, which knit as the ankle. The stitches on each side of the fifteen purl, including the first of the fifteen. Then knit the pattern across the instep, purling the last stitch of the fifteen, (without narrowing,) with the remaining stitches. Purl back the length of the needle. Next, knit three, throw the thread over, narrow, repeat to the first of the fifteen of the instep, then widen one without making a hole. Knit the pattern across the instep as before, not narrowing the last of the fifteen. Knit on that side of the instep as on the other. Purl back, then bind off to the first stitch of the instep. Widen one stitch on the instep, and bind off the other side of the heel, and continue the instep until thirteen holes are made, then bind off.

*The Slipper.* Cast on forty stitches. Knit two, purl two, reversing the pattern after each two rows so as to form little blocks, widen one at the toe end of the needle, until nine blocks or eighteen rows are knit, then bind off forty stitches on the heel end, and continue the pattern with the remaining stitches until fourteen blocks are made. Now cast on forty additional stitches for the other side. Knit nine blocks, narrowing at the toe end, then bind off. Take up the stitches around the top of the slipper and purl one row, then bind off.

For the sole, cast on eight stitches, and knit garter style until twelve ridges are on the right side, widening one stitch at the latter end of each needle until the heel is eighteen stitches wide. Now knit two plain and narrow, which repeat across the needle. Next row narrow the center stitch. After the heel the knitting must be plain on the right side. When twenty-two ridges can be counted on the wrong side, widen one stitch in the middle of the needle. Then knit three rows, and in the fourth widen on each side of the middle. Knit three more rows and widen two in the middle, leaving three stitches between. Knit twenty-two times across, and narrow at each end of the last row. Knit three times across and bind off. Sew all the parts together.

Some one writes about fastening on tidies. When the backs are cane, I take a piece of tape and pass it across the front of the back, and put it through a hole on each side far enough from the edge for the tidy to hide it, and tie it be-

hind, then pin the tidy to it with little safety pins under the tape. Common pins will do but are apt to work out. Fasten in this way both front and back.

MARIE.

## KNITTED MITTENS.

Materials, one hank of Saxony yarn, and four knitting needles, number seventeen. Cast on sixty stitches, twenty on each of three needles.

1st row. Knit plain.

2d row. \*Purl three, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, repeat from \*.

3d row. \*Purl three, knit thirteen; repeat from \*.

4th row. \*Purl three, slip one, knit one, pass the slip stitch over the knit one, knit nine, knit two together, after doing this you will have eleven stitches between the purl stitches; repeat from \*.

5th row. Like fourth, when you will have nine stitches between each purl.

6th row. Like fourth, after which there will be the original seven stitches between each purl.

7th row. Like second row.

8th row. Like third row.

9th row. Like fourth row.

10th row. Like fourth row.

11th row. Like fourth row.

12th row. Like second row.

Make as long as you wish, two inches is a nice length, but be sure to have just the original seven stitches between each purl before leaving the part that extends up the arm, otherwise it would be too loose at the wrist. Then knit several rows of the plain, purling three and knitting seven. Make that about three-fourths of an inch long. In making the hand, have three stripes of the open work extend up the back of the hand, knit the thumb and the rest plain. Knit the thumb at one of the purls, carrying a purl up each side of the thumb as in plain mittens. On the opposite side of the hand, only carry two purl stitches instead of three. Make a plain stitch out of the third purl stitch. There will be right and left to the mittens, as you will observe. In narrowing at the end, only narrow on the inside of the hand. When almost long enough, commence to narrow on the back by decreasing the number of holes, having five holes instead of seven. That can be done according to your judgment. Will any of the sisters who try these directions, please report through THE HOUSEHOLD.

I tried Alida C.'s directions for infant's sack with good success. Will some one please give directions for crocheting infant's cap of silk. I tried H. A. B.'s directions for shirt, but could not understand them fully.

MOLLIE.

## DECORATED VASES.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. M. A. R. asks for information in regard to the ceramic art, whereby old glass bottles and lamp chimneys are made into pretty and useful articles. As I did not see the question answered I thought I would give my directions for making handsome vases for holding dried grasses out of lamp chimneys.

The process is quite simple, and the results most satisfactory when directions are carefully followed. If you desire an imitation of French china, with bands of gold and gay flowers, for the flowers there is nothing prettier than the decalcomania designs for this work. But if that is not convenient, you can substitute engravings or colored pictures, such as are found in floral catalogues. This is all a matter of convenience and taste, the most important point being to fasten the designs se-

curely so that no ground paint or plaster will run under.

When you have all your designs carefully cut out and your chimneys clean, then arrange your center pieces upon a piece of paper of same size as the chimney, then mix a little scraped soap and water to a thick mass, dip into it a strand of coarse thread and pass it round the center of the chimney, remove it and again wetting pass it lengthwise round so that it crosses the former line in two places, then across on the other side in the same manner. This gives you four central points. Next take your central designs, two or four, and placing the center of each one against the central spot where the lines cross on the outside of the chimney, hold them in place successively, and with a fine camel's hair pencil dipped in the solution of soap mark out the outlines, so that when placed within they may be put directly in proper position. Next, if paper pictures are used, coat them with gum arabic mixed to the consistency of syrup and carefully rubbed until not a particle of undissolved gum or any roughness remains, then put the design in place either with the fingers, or if the chimney is narrow, with a stiff wire bent to shape and furnished with a pad on one end, with which pat the picture all over until not an air bubble or a wrinkle prevents the perfect union of the paper and the glass, upon this depends the perfection of the work in a great measure. When done wet a camel's hair pencil in the mucilage and go round the edges so as to fill them completely, then put on narrow lines of gold, either using gilded paper or lines, flowers, or any fancy borders may be put at the upper edge or between the gold lines. When this is all done allow it to dry.

Then have some liquid made by mixing fine plaster of Paris and water to the consistency of cream, pour in a cupful and quickly turn the chimney about until every part receives a coat, then pour out any surplus and mix another cupful, with which proceed in the same manner. This gives a pure white ground as perfect as the finest French china. If you wish to color the ground, mix beforehand in the water a little fine rose pink powder, or any color can be so used.

Will some one please send or give full directions through THE HOUSEHOLD for spatter work? If some friend will send me a few designs I will gladly send stamps for the same, or directions for transferring on glass or china.

MRS. E. B. MATHEWS.

480 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

## HOW I USED AN OLD COAT.

Before the summer has entirely gone, the busy mothers must plan and prepare for the winter. There are in nearly every wardrobe half-worn garments that are not nice enough to wear, yet too good to throw away. Such a one was Will's overcoat, which for four years I had taken down and hung up when I cleaned the closet, until I was tired of seeing it. But last winter I used it up in a way so satisfactory to myself that I thought I must report it for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

The coat was a drab cloth overcoat, not very heavy, and had been worn until the color was nearly gone, and there were many darned places ornamenting the sleeves and fronts. I ripped it carefully to pieces. To begin with the smallest parts: Of the breast lining of quilted wadding and buckram, I made two nice iron holders. I covered them with some striped ticking, worked a flower in zephyr in the center, and gave them for Christmas presents to two old ladies, who think they are beauties, and keep them with their press boards to be used only for pressing, or on grand occasions.



The lining of the coat was drab silesia with a stripe of a darker shade. Of this I made a skirt for Gertie, lining it with an old waterproof cape. I faced the skirt on the outside with some cardinal dress goods, about four inches deep, then quilted it on the machine with cardinal silk in straight rows one-third of an inch apart. A canton flannel waist completed this pretty and comfortable garment.

The cloth outside I brushed thoroughly, then sponged and pressed it, ironing on what had been the right side. Then I mended the breast pocket hole as neatly as I could. I had provided myself with a pattern for boy's overcoat for five years, price twenty-five cents. I found that every piece cut to good advantage except the left front where that pocket had been. But I concluded to go ahead, and found after it was made that a false pocket flap looked real nice just there, and covered every bit of the darning. I lined the coat with canton flannel, bound it with drab alpaca braid, and trimmed it with smoked pearl buttons. The total expense was one dollar, and it was just as nice as one that my neighbor had got in Cincinnati for eight dollars.

While I am talking, I would suggest that old felt skirts may be rejuvenated by lining them throughout, and facing twelve inches deep with farmer's satin, alpaca or cashmere. Black or dark brown is the prettiest color. Then quilt on the machine in straight or curved lines.

ERIN.

## KNIT SKIRT.

The material used is Peckham's best four-threaded, scarlet yarn, four skeins. Knit on rubber needles. Cast on one hundred and forty-four stitches.

1st row. Knit plain.

2d row. Knit plain.

3d row. Seam.

4th row. Knit plain.

5th row. (This row sets the scallops.)

Knit two together, three plain, \* thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three, slip one, knit two together, bind slipped stitch over this, knit three; \* repeat between stars to the end of needle. At the end of the needle you will find that after you have bound the slipped stitch over, you will have but two plain stitches to knit instead of three. Two is the number needed.

6th row. Seam.

7th row. Like the fifth row. At the end of the seventh row you will have but one stitch after binding the slipped stitch over, knit this and then take up a stitch and knit it. Do this at the end of each row knit like this when you find but one stitch left instead of two.

8th row. Knit like sixth row.

Knit in this way till you have five rows of holes for one set of scallops. Seam back on the wrong side. Seam on right side. Knit plain on wrong side. Seam on right side. Knit plain on wrong side. Then knit like seventh row. Do this till you have seven sets of scallops. Seam across the last time on the wrong side, then begin the dimity stitch.

Slip one, \* put thread over, slip one as for seaming, knit two together; \* repeat to the end of the needle, knit last stitch plain. Knit back and forth in this way until it is one inch shorter than your flannel skirt, then bind off. Knit three equal breadths in this way. It is liked with us better than a gored skirt.

COM.

## DOUBLE ROSE LEAF PATTERN.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches.

1. Three plain, over, narrow, (by knitting two together,) over, three plain, over, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, narrow, over, three

plain, over, two plain, over, narrow, purl one.

2. Three plain, over, narrow, purl six, one plain, one purl, one plain, one purl, one plain, six purl, two plain, over, narrow, one purl.

3. Three plain, over, narrow, over, five plain, over, slip one, knit two together and throw slipped stitch over, one purl, slip one, narrow and throw slipped stitch over, thread over, five plain, over, two plain, over, narrow, one purl.

4. Three plain, over, narrow, eight purl, one plain, eight purl, two plain, over, narrow, one purl.

5. Three plain, over, narrow, over twice, one plain, narrow, one purl, narrow, one plain, over, slip one, narrow and throw over the slipped stitch, over, one plain, narrow, one purl, narrow, one plain, over twice, two plain, over, narrow, one purl.

6. Three plain, over, narrow, one plain, (on the first of the "over twice," three purl, one plain, seven purl, one plain, three purl, three plain, over, narrow, one purl.

7. Three plain, over, narrow, over, one plain, over, one plain, narrow, one purl, narrow, three plain, narrow, one purl, narrow, one plain, over, one plain, over, two plain, over, narrow, one plain.

8. Three plain, over, narrow, five purl, one plain, five purl, one plain, five purl, two plain, over, narrow, one purl. Repeat from the beginning.

PEARLIE.

## FANCY ARTICLES.

*Toilet Mats.*—Very pretty and useful toilet mats may be made of white enameled cloth, cut in sizes or shapes to suit the fancy. Punch small holes an eighth of an inch from the edge, and the same distance apart. Into these crochet a border of colored split zephyr, using white knitting cotton of suitable size for the outer scallop, which should be edged with worsted.

*Fern Pictures.*—Bleached skeleton ferns may be laid on photograph book covers, wooden trays and blotting books, and varnished. They look specially well on black painted wood, when, if laid close together, they resemble an inlaying of ivory. A plain table with one drawer, makes quite a pretty writing table by staining it black, and then laying the ferns on a border around the top, and around the drawer. The ferns can also be applied to velvet frames when the whole should be covered with white tulle, of the finest and most invisible description. A blue velvet covered board for placing in a fireplace during the summer, may have a center bouquet of skeleton ferns, lightly covered with tulle, and a border of lace quite at the edge.

*To Make an Aeolian Harp.*—Take a soft piece of wood and cut the edges to fit the middle or lower crack of your window. Split the thin edge a half inch up, so as to insert two well waxed silk threads, knotted to prevent their slipping. Every passing breeze will awaken the weird and fitful music of this wind harp.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

## A PRETTY TIDY.

The requisites are a ball of number fourteen tidy cotton, and a wooden frame about twenty inches square, with an inch sprig driven half down in the center of each corner, and similar ones along the sides in line with these, and an inch apart.

Fasten your cotton to the second side sprig, and weave from this sprig to the one directly opposite, passing round each sprig three or four times, then draw the thread to the next sprig and weave in the same manner. Continue this until you reach the second sprig from the side you

are working toward. Now cross these threads in the same way from the other two sides, then cross with the same number of threads diagonally in both directions. You will then have on your frame four warps, each in different directions. With a needle and tidy cotton securely fasten as they are, every place where four sets of thread intersect, drawing the cotton from one to another. Cut the cotton at every sprig, and it is finished, except trimming the fringe a little. Made in this way they are serviceable, and less work than you would think.

M. A. BROWN.

## FLUTED LACE WITH HOLES.

To be knit with Saxony, or any kind of cotton you fancy, and with any sized needles. Cast on eighteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Purl fourteen, leave four stitches on the left hand needle, turn the work, and,

3. Knit plain all the way across.

4. Purl fourteen, turn the work as in the second row.

5. Knit plain. This ends the first fluting.

## FOR THE SECOND FLUTING.

1. Knit plain all the way across.

2. Knit four, purl fourteen.

3. Knit one, \* thread over, knit two together, repeat from \* seven times or until you have a row of eight holes, knit one.

4. Knit four, purl fourteen.

5. Knit four, purl fourteen.

Repeat these two flutings until you have as many as may be desired.

AUNT ADDIE.

## THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to inquire of the ladies if they know of any way of restoring kid gloves that have become spotted during the warm weather, or if necessary to color them, can they give the process and the material required? Do they shrink badly in being colored?

F. B. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In knitting a lace edging I have been puzzled by the following directions: "Cast off one plain," "Cast off two," etc. Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell how to cast off stitches as directed? I would like to know how to work Holbien stitch and Vienna cross stitch. If A Subscriber, from Watson's Corners, Mich., will send me the pattern for home-made leggings and one for children's combination undersuit, they will be thankfully received.

MRS. H. W. GREEN.

Hawleyville, Fairfield Co., Conn.

MR. CROWELL:—If the author of "Spatter Work" will prepare her paper, leaves, etc., as she describes in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and then place a wire sieve over it and use a tooth brush on the sieve, she will "spatter" in one-fourth the time she can do it with a stick.

Y. D. B.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to know how to knit the double oak leaf knit edge, if some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD will please inform me.

C. A. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give me, through the paper, directions for making gentleman's slipper case, or inform me if they have a pattern for the same?

Box 205, Greenfield, Ill. MRS. CHARLES.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask the sister that wrote "How to Furnish a Sleeping Room," to send her address to,

MRS. T. E. CARL.

Rock Island, Ill.

In the February number, 1881, some one asked how many pounds of warp it would take for forty yards of rag carpeting. We allow one-half pound to the yard. We make very pretty rugs by cutting our old ingrain carpets up into

strips one inch wide and fringe each side, say one-third of the threads, and then weave the same as rag carpets. I have made a good many the past few years.

MRS. A. L. PUTNAM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—M. E. Wilcox asked for directions for scent bags. I made quite a number Christmas. Mine were six inches long and three inches wide when made. I fringed them at the top, filled them with jeweler's cotton and scent powder, (you can get it at any drug store,) and tied with a narrow ribbon, putting a pretty picture on one side. If desired a picture can be painted on one side. Satin is the prettiest material to use, thin lining satin being the best kind. Thick silk should not be used. A crimson one tied with a cream colored ribbon, or an old gold or cream colored tied with a pretty red ribbon are very handsome.

A CONSTANT READER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Let me tell the sisters of a beautiful cross I have, very simply made, and ask them to try one. Get a piece of ordinary pasteboard and some moss, usually found in woods clinging to dead limbs, which must be lightly sewed on the board, after it is cut in the shape of a cross. Sprinkle well over the whole a strong solution of gum arabic, and then sprinkle on flour. After shaking off the loose particles, embellish your cross with finely cut or powdered mica, or any substitute that will give it a brilliant appearance. I enclosed mine in a walnut case, black background and glass top, and have a beautiful ornament at little expense save the case, which I suppose could be constructed on a cheaper plan.

MARAH.

Mrs. A. B. Clark asks for directions for making a hair switch. I send my way. Take a common salt box, drive a carpet tack in the middle of the edge, and one in each corner at one end, and one in the middle at the other end. Take three pieces of linen thread, double them and tie a knot half an inch from the doubled end, forming a loop. Put this loop over the one tack, then take two of the threads and draw them straight, and fasten to each of the three tacks. Now prepare a wisp of hair, moisten it, and having set the end of the box containing one tack towards the left, place the root end of the wisp under the first thread, over the next, under and over the next, under the next, over and under the next, over the next, under and over the next, over the next, and under the next. Hold the ends in the left hand, and with the right thumb and forefinger, crowd the hair towards the knot. After weaving what suits you, tie the threads and trim off the short ends. I use a round boot string. Sew the last end of the web to this, turn and sew until all is sewed on. It can be crowded or not, according as you wish for a long or short stem. Finish the loop and you have a switch.

ANN.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask Bessie if directions for star stitch shawl, in November number, make a square shawl or half square. Also if she can give directions for a pretty edge for it. Can any one give directions for any other pattern for shawl?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to Ernestine that I have tried the directions given by her for infants' socks, and think they are handsome, also the pansymats by Montana May.

I was wondering like every one else "What should I make for Christmas?" But it needed only a review of the back numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I found more than I possibly could make.

Will some one please send directions for crocheted mittens, ladies' size?

I will knit lace of linen thread for any one who will send me dried grasses.

WALTHAMITE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing Mrs. Roy's request for directions in regard to making a hair wreath, I think my time has come to speak. Making hair flowers is one of my favorite occupations. I have made a large wreath and cross, also several smaller pieces, and I am making a wreath now for a friend. It would be a difficult and tedious process to write directions so they could be understood without a sample. If Mrs. Roy will write to me enclosing necessary stamps for postage, I will send her directions and also samples, by the aid of which I think she can successfully make the flowers, and after they are made there will be no difficulty in putting them together into a wreath. I think perhaps this way might suit Fan if her pieces are long enough. It requires hair three inches long at least, but shorter can sometimes be used after one has had some experience, and it must also be smooth and straight, although if one has the time and patience snarls can be picked out. If Fan would like this way she can write to me also.

HATTIE B.

Box 71, Suffield, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send directions through THE HOUSEHOLD, for making some pretty lamp mats? I have a pansy mat and I want something else.

S. J. E.



## The Kitchen.

ALL SORTS.

First Paper.

WHILE on a visit to an old friend with whom I was very intimate in old days, and who has theories on house-keeping matters which differ from mine considerably, I overheard on the afternoon of my arrival, when the children came in from school, late, as I found was usual, and with two or three others with them, rushing into the dining room to see if "supper wasn't 'most ready," an interesting conversation between them.

"Oh girls," said Freddy, boy-like, a little in advance on such a quest, "we've got company!"

"Company! let me see," said Bessie looking over his shoulder. "Oh my, yes, the new dishes are on the table, and the sauce dish, and the cake basket. Nelly I shall not go home with you to-night, we've got company, and shall have something awful good for supper."

Now I still hold to my old theory of making one's home a home for its everyday inmates, and not merely a place of entertainment for a chance guest.

My friend looked up from her work with a smile as she said "I don't suppose I should hear such a thing as that in your house, but if I didn't do as I do, everything would be ruined. When I have visitors I won't be out-done by any one. I've got the name of setting the best table in town when the sewing society meets here, or I give a tea party, and I'd rather scrimp myself all the year than to give it up. Of course, one cannot live like that all the time."

"I shouldn't think much of the name of setting the best table in town once a year," I replied, feeling free to say what I thought.

"Well, I should. I should be mortified to death to have such a supper as Mrs. Allyn did last week, cold meat, cold bread and butter, strawberries, and only one kind of cake. She did have some delicious ice cream, I must say, but only one kind of cake! I wouldn't be seen giving such a plain supper."

"You would see very much such a supper at our societies, minus the ice cream too. Helen, I don't wonder you take so little comfort in your home as you were telling me this afternoon, or that the children are never contented to stay in doors a moment after school. There is no place for them to play in up stairs, they cannot play in here if even their books and papers are kept in a closet in the kitchen, and they never go into the parlor. I don't believe they have ever heard your fine piano a dozen times in their lives, and little Helen is certainly old enough to commence studying music."

"Yes, but I should have to have the piano moved in here, and the case would get scratched, besides it's been used so little lately that it's probably all out of order."

"And how does your husband like that?" I asked, remembering his fine tenor voice and fondness for music.

"Well, he's got used to it now, and knows it won't do any good to talk. I know just what you want to say, Em, but I won't have my parlor or my best things any way, look as if they had come out of the ark when company comes."

"You could easily afford more," I suggested meekly, but with no success.

I went out to a supper table glittering with silver and handsome china, and laden with rich food in such quantity that no one could even taste of all, a table surrounded by ill-behaved children, who ate as though they never before had anything

nice, and never expected to again, and I sighed for the bread and butter and strawberries and one kind of cake which my hostess had condemned. I knew the lady in question, and had taken tea at her house the afternoon before. Her dining room received no extra touches on account of my presence, and the children behaved as though they were in the habit of behaving themselves. The parlor was open, and the host came in and sat down to read his paper in the easy chair by the sunniest window as though it were an every-day affair, and I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

It is still a mystery to me why women will be so blind, why they cannot see that a pleasant home is the greatest safeguard against the temptations of clubs and such places that a young man can have. I really do not wonder sometimes, that they do go "where a fellow can have a good time," when I see some of the cheerless, dull, un-home-like "homes," in which they are expected to live contentedly, practicing the full list of cardinal virtues. They won't do it, in most cases. It takes the stuff of which heroes are made to enable a boy to grow to an honorable manhood in such a home, and heroes are not too plenty in our age.

But boys are not the only ones who have a right to complain. In other homes, where everything is pleasant and comfortable, the petted daughters have their grievance too, though they may not realize it. How many of them, and not alone in the wealthier class, go from the old into a new home, competent through teaching and practice to be the real mistress of the house which they expect to be, or which is expected of them? The old adage, "The surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach," though horribly destitute of sentiment, is undeniably and emphatically true. I never yet saw the young husband, or old one either for that matter, whose affection did not "tottle" a little, after a succession of uneatable dinners.

I always feel a good deal of pity for one who endures month after month, and year after year, the impositions of an untidy, incompetent cook, who takes advantage of the fact that her mistress cannot get along without her, as well as for those on whom alone falls the cooking and other labors they are entirely ignorant how to perform. This is a fault which generally comes back to the loving, indulgent mothers who take the entire burden of household cares upon their own shoulders in order that the girls may give their whole time to study or pleasure, neglecting the plainer duties of every-day life, the knowledge of which is as necessary to the daughters as to the mothers, who generally say when such a thing is mentioned, "It's twice the trouble to teach the girls how to do things that it is to do them myself. They will find out for themselves how to do them when the time comes. I did. I never made a loaf of bread in my life until after I was married."

And so it goes. The mother perhaps forgetting the worries and troubles of the days when she was learning to make that first loaf of bread.

Now I am glad to see it is getting to be no unusual thing for a young lady to pride herself upon her nice cookery, cooking being just now one of the freaks dame fashion has seen fit to indulge in, and we may reasonably expect to see for some time the results of the cooking schools, lectures, etc., which are so widely patronized.

A lady who is now an excellent house-keeper, said to me not long since, "I wonder that I know how to do anything about cookery, I did very little at home, and that was all guess work. I would ask mother, who was a splendid cook, how

to make biscuits, for instance, and she would say, 'Oh, you want a little butter, and milk enough to make a soft dough, and don't forget your cream of tartar and soda.' I shall never let my girls grow up in such ignorance."

I don't care how wealthy the family, there is no station which shuts out the necessity of a knowledge of household duties sufficient to render a lady the real mistress of her house, and the young girl who would not find herself way down in the valley of humiliation and despair, if in a future home of her own, the "girl" should be too impertinent or leave her suddenly, holds a position enviable in the extreme.

We can see in many, many instances, the good which is being accomplished by our HOUSEHOLD in carrying assistance into so many new homes. The letters from the different sisters which invariably tell us of the comfort and help gained from its pages, giving proof of its value as a real woman's paper. We do not open it expecting to find the scholarly eloquence of a Ruskin in its pages, but we do look for the manifold recitals of daily trials and daily successes, and help and incentive for each reader, and we are always sure to find it. Sometimes in a fashion homely enough, but always with good will and the desire to help some one else out of the "hard places," which is appreciated at its best. EMILY HAYES.

### THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Nineteen.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I have just been making some apple butter, and as with us, newly made cider is not to be had, I used sugar as follows:

**Sugar Apple Butter.**—Stew sour dried apples until soft and the juice nearly absorbed, let them cool sufficiently to rub through a colander, which done, measure, and to every four cups of apple allow one heaping cup of sugar; spice to taste (not too highly), with cinnamon and cloves, or whatever spice preferred, and simmer until down quite thick, taking care not to burn it. As I do not make much at a time I make it in a porcelain kettle. Were a large quantity to be made it might keep better with more sugar. I think it would be an improvement if made of part sweet apples.

But probably the way of making apple butter practiced by our grandmothers, is the best and the cheapest:

**Good Old Connecticut Apple Butter.**—Take new cider made from sweet apples, and before it has in the slightest degree fermented, boil it in a brass or copper kettle until thick enough (four pailfuls into one, if the cider be pure apple juice, is about right), removing any scum that may arise while boiling; then add sweet apples, pared and cored, a heaping half-bushel of quarters to three gallons of boiled cider, mother says would be about the right proportion; boil slowly, stirring frequently until thoroughly stewed, let them cool sufficiently, and rub all through a colander; then, having washed the kettle, return to it the sauce, add one ounce of cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves, both ground, and half a nutmeg, grated. Simmer it half an hour or so, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Some prefer less spice, others none at all, deeming it more healthful.

Fruit butter should be of the consistency of jam, the rule for trying it is to put a spoonful on a plate, let it cool quickly, and if the juice separates from the fruit it should be cooked more, but if the fruit holds the juice and the top has a smooth, glistening appearance, it is done, and will keep a long time if well

covered and kept in a cool, dry place. It may be put in jars.

It was no uncommon thing for our grandmothers to make apple butter by the half-barrelful, and a barrel of cider apple sauce!

All things considered, cider apple sauce is the best sauce; combining cheapness with convenience and excellence—no sugar required, plain yet healthful, and being made in large quantities, always ready and good enough for any emergency. It is made by cooking sweet apples (pared and quartered) in boiled sweet apple cider, until as rich as desired. I think the sauce is best when dried sweet apples (after being soaked) are used. Some prefer the apples green, or only partially dried. The sauce is thought to keep better if not made of green fruit. In any case it should be cooked slowly and simmered to the desired richness. Some prefer it made of sour apples.

It may be here remarked that nothing which is to be eaten should be cooked in a brass kettle without first cleaning the kettle. For my part, I do not like the idea of using brass or copper cooking utensils. I hope the granite ware will supersede all others.

**To Clean a Brass Kettle.**—Set the kettle over the fire, throw in a big handful or more of salt and nearly a pint of strong vinegar; when as hot as the hand will bear, take a cloth and thoroughly scour the inside of the kettle with the salt and vinegar; then wash and rinse the kettle well and it is ready for use. For a small kettle less salt and vinegar.

About mending iron kettles. I have long had a simple way of mending an iron kettle that has a hole in the bottom. Draw in a piece of new white cotton cloth, putting it through from the outside, and until it fits snugly; then cut the cloth off close to the kettle. When it comes out or is soiled from cooking, it may easily be replaced by another.

Another, which I have not tried, but which is called excellent, the sisters may find just the thing:

**Aquarium Cement.**—Mix together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash boilers, or cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. I have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles, and used the same for boiling water and feed. It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops, to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases the article mended should not be used until the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of hot or cold water, acids and heats."

Will not our good HOUSEHOLD genius—Dr. Hanaford—kindly tell us if it would be unsafe to eat food cooked in utensils mended with this cement? At any rate they would be useful in many other ways.

### MISCELLANY.

BY ALLIE E. WHITAKER.

No one should be discouraged by reading what others write of accomplishing, for we must remember that the style of living varies in different localities. One, must keep her table always ready for company, another seldom has a guest. One mother must keep her little girls in neat white aprons and nice shoes and stockings, another can let her little ones run in dark dresses and barefooted and yet do as well as her neighbors. One needs to sweep her parlors and front hall every week or oftener, another can give



them a brush once a month, and in some houses only four times a year, and yet have them look well. One woman must dress more than another, and this necessitates more sewing, and so on through all the work one home is not just like any other.

In our vicinity Rosamond E. is regarded as a myth. A woman with a family of eighteen or twenty with inefficient help can not keep house, look after ten children, take naps, visit on the piazza, or ramble in the woods and have her house in a state which would prove instructive to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Still, her letters are pleasant reading and contain many instructive hints.

There is plainly a right and wrong way of using Dobbins' soap. My mother began using it about eight years ago, always following the directions given at that time, which advised soaking the clothes over night in cold water and dissolving the soap in the morning, pouring it on the clothes hot, and allowing the whole to stand half an hour before rubbing; not to boil the clothes but rinse well in warm water. Her clothes always looked very white and have lasted remarkably. Lately, having occasion to change help, I thought I would try and overcome the prejudice of most hired girls against innovations, and induce the new one to use Dobbins' soap. She agreed, but persisted in following the directions as now given on the wrappers of the bars. The result has been that the clothes in six months became grimy and were fast giving away. Allowing them to stand in the solution over night had tended to rot them, and no such suds filled the tub by that process as followed the use of it fresh in the morning. Then the matter of rinsing had to be impressed on her mind, that unless the water was warm the clothes would feel hard. We all concluded that the old directions were best. This soap is the only kind that I will allow used on paint, and it is excellent used quite hot on the painted walls of kitchens where there is smoke and dirt which are hard to remove.

We have just taught one of the children to gargle, and feel that something has been done which will be a help in time of sickness. So many throat troubles are prevalent and they are so obstinate to treat, as outside applications are of little value, that it is of the utmost importance that children learn to gargle as young as possible. Not all medicines beneficial to the throat are safely taken into the stomach, and the mere act of swallowing will not so thoroughly wash the diseased parts as gargling will. It is no time to teach children to gargle when they are sick and nervous, but sometime when they are well and good natured take clear water and show them how it is done, and have them practice it once in awhile.

In vacation time in cold weather it is hard for the children to get along shut up in the house, and the little girls here have found much amusement in working perforated paper. Five cents' worth each of paper and worsted will last some time. They first worked names, mottoes, copying a sampler ninety years old. Then they advanced to working designs which came in fashion magazines, and made wonderful presents for us all. Cutting paper is a favorite business with them, but however strongly they promise to pick up when done, they invariably find some excuse for only half doing the work, but to-day they had a sheet taken from the clothes basket and spread down on the carpet (which is a clean one) and had a large tin pan to cut into. When they were done the pan and sheet removed at once all litter.

Little girls who are too destructive with paper dolls, like them cut out of

cloth, the same as paper ones are cut, and the different colored races are easily represented.

When at the beach this summer a rainy week imprisoned us in doors, and while the gentlemen of the house made themselves miserable, the ladies brought out their fancy work, got acquainted and enjoyed themselves over their canvas, wools, etc. One lady, a subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, as I soon discovered, was just finishing a tidy which she intended as a wedding present. It was formed of three strips of insertion knit of shoe thread; these were joined together by two strips of deep cardinal satin ribbon the same width as the insertion. Fringe about two inches long was tied into the ends of the insertion, and the ribbon was fringed out to the same depth. The sides of the outer rows of insertion were edged with a small crocheted scallop. This tidy was so handsome that since coming home I have knit one of the same pattern, but not being able to get shoe thread I used macramé flax in an ecru shade, which for a change is as pretty as the shoe thread.

Another lady was working a bunch of calla lilies and leaves on a square of black wool canvas. This all wool canvas does away with the need of filling in a ground work to any design. Cardinal wool canvas, worked with old gold silk in some of the new stitches, makes a bright and effective piece of work.

#### WORK.

BY BRETTE LYNDON.

Unto those who will work, more work shall be given; and of those who will not work, but little is expected.

Let a person once establish a reputation for being industrious, never idle, always willing to assist in every good work, and doing whatever he undertakes with all his might, and to that person leisure hours, in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, never come.

From morning until night, and often after other people have retired, the industrious and energetic man is busy, heart, hands, and brain. While he works, he plans; and before one piece of work is half completed a dozen other things demand his attention, each equally deserving of receiving the first notice. His brain, operating conjointly with his hands, supplies not only the directing and controlling power, but also supplies a certain momentum without which his work would move but slowly. Every stroke of the hammer, every sweep of the saw, accomplishes its predestined purpose. To use an old and oft repeated phrase, "he hits the nail on the head every time." Yet it is not merely physical force that does this.

Every movement of the hand, every glance of the eye, every swelling and shrinking of the muscles, is controlled by a mind whose powers, brightened by honest labor, by the excitement of competition and by a desire to excel, are reaching out and governing by only an effort of the will all the implements of his industry. He brings brains to his aid.

Like the poet painter, who, when asked what he mixed his colors with in order to render his pictures so life-like and true to nature, replied, "I mix them with brains." Many people seem, if we may judge by their actions, to think it a waste of brains to mix them with the trifling affairs of every-day life. But it is in every-day affairs that they are most needed. And here let me tell you one absolute truth. When you see one who shirks his work on all occasions, refusing to do his best every time, afraid to mix a few brains with his business, doing just as little, and that little as poorly as he possibly can, be assured that person has not

much brains to spare, and he does well to be economical of them. He does not understand that by cultivating these little arid patches of brains and stunted undergrowths of common sense, pluck, industry, perseverance and courage, that they will enlarge and become beautiful fields, from which may be reaped bountiful harvests. He does not realize that the brain, the mind, the muscles, in fact every fiber of our bodies improve and grow strong by exercise. He has no conception of the emotions of delight experienced by those who do and dare everything for some grand purpose; who conquer or die.

I sometimes think, when I observe the different phases of character which the daily lives of our neighbors exhibit, how can it be possible for a person to sit down supinely, and drag out a weary waste of existence, without one noble action or one lofty aspiration? How can they see the need this world has for workers and not feel compelled to arm themselves for the conflict? How can they see the many fields of useful labor that are open to all, and yet feel no desire to enter? They lose so much of happiness, so much comfort, so much beauty. They lose their own self respect as well as that of their fellow-men, and are merely an excrescence upon the surface of society, that society would be well rid of.

Idlers are usually those who "haven't time," and "can't." How I wish those expressions were stricken from the English language. My young friends, let me beg of you, do not begin your journey up the rugged hillsides of life by saying "I can't," and "I haven't time." You can do as much as any one else of like ability is able to accomplish, and if you profit by the experience of others, whose failures should afford you a valuable lesson, you can exceed even their highest efforts. You have time. Only take good care of every minute. Do not do anything useless, and you will have plenty of time for all things necessary.

Do not be a drone in the busy hive of life, but gather information and knowledge from every cloud, every breeze, every tiny leaflet. Let your mind and heart expand and your field of research become broader and deeper. Then, like Hugh Miller, you will "see sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and God in everything."

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

#### "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER."

BY THERESA.

Who has not felt the need in a sleeping room, of a receptacle for the soiled collars, cuffs, laces, handkerchiefs, etc., that accumulate. One does not like to have them lying around until washing day comes, neither do they wish to put them in the basket or bag where the soiled clothing in general is kept, especially if they are of any value. I had long felt just this need, and one day last summer, read a description of one in some magazine, which I hastened to copy from, and have found it very convenient. I did not copy exactly after the book, but caught at the idea, and used my own judgment after selecting the best place to hang it, which was "in a niche behind the door," and fashioned it accordingly.

I cut stiff pasteboard about twelve inches long, and half as wide, which was slanted off on each side of one end a few inches, leaving a rounded point for the top. This was covered on both sides with strong, dark colored worsted goods. Two pockets of the same felled all around leaving a gathered ruffle for the tops, with strong twine (rubber cord would be also) run in a shirr, and fastened at

each end, were sewed on, which covered all the space, except the slanted part. A loop to hang it by was fastened to the top, with a small rosette of a double biasing piece, all of the same, with a fancy button in the center to hide stitches and raw edges. The idea may be something new, and one can make them as fanciful, and as much larger or smaller as she pleases.

After the pan of doughnuts were fried and the pies were in the oven, one baking day, mother says, "If we use the old bread for that stuffing as we spoke of, we must do something about more bread." It was too late to set a sponge, so I thought of this way: I stirred two round- ing teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's superior baking powder with a quart of flour, and sifted, to which I added one-half teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful or two of melted lard, and mixed with sufficient cold water to make a very soft dough. This I divided equally, and with as little handling as possible to get in shape, rolled out into two round loaves, cut marks across with a knife, and baked in round tins fifteen or twenty minutes, in an oven which proved to be neither too hot nor cold, but "just right." When cool, and slices of it were set on the table next meal, it disappeared so rapidly I began to wish I had made twice the amount. 'Twas but a few moments' work, and they were so tender and light!

We have used Horsford's and other kinds of baking powder, but our average success is better with the Cleveland. In our experience, the greatest "knack" in using any kind, is in mixing the dough. It must be very soft. When we make a mistake and mix too hard, we observe a great difference. We make warm biscuits for tea same as above, rolling and cutting round ones, quickly as possible, the oven heating meanwhile. When we have milk, we prefer it to cold water for wetting, but that must be cold and sweet.

There was not a drop of milk or buttermilk in the house, what dessert should we have for dinner? Why there is Cleveland's baking powder, always ready for an emergency. So I stirred about three gills of flour, with which a level teaspoonful of baking powder had been sifted, into half a pint or more (I did not measure it) of cold water. There were those crusts of stale bread to be got rid of, one of which I soaked soft and stirred in, also half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of melted "fried meat fat," mixing thoroughly. Quarters of apples were being cut, and put in a greased baking tin, and this batter poured over them immediately, and put in the oven, from which it came in about half an hour, light and good. I do not know as the bread was any help or hindrance, but I prided myself on inventing a good way of utilizing it, as we had no milk for bread pudding. Another time, I would powder the bread instead of soaking, and mix with the flour, and for a change, steam the pudding. For the sauce, I mixed in a pint basin, a large tablespoonful of flour, two of sugar, with half a teaspoonful of salt, made it smooth in just enough boiling water to cover it, then filled the basin two-thirds full of boiling water, and set it on the stove. When done, added a large piece of butter, and flavored with nutmeg. I ask for no better "proof of the pudding than in the eating."

#### HOW TO MANAGE A KEROSENE STOVE.

Frequently we read of accidents by the explosion of kerosene stoves, and many believe it caused by poor oil, never dreaming the stove wicks to be at fault. I have one on which all the work for a small family has been done the last five years, from the time a range was uncomfortable



in spring till cool enough to need fires in autumn, baking, washing, ironing, everything. For three seasons great annoyance was experienced from wicks clogging and frequent explosions, but this has been entirely overcome by a home-made wick.

Take thick and firm cloth so that two or three thicknesses will fill the tubes loosely, and stitch on machine lengthwise about one-fourth inch apart. This makes it stiff enough so it will not clog. It should fill as tightly as possible at sides and play easily, for it will shrink a little but not like the woven or felt wick in the market. I usually make mine twelve or fifteen inches long so a set will last an entire season. If the tube is not filled at the sides, leaving a space one-eighth of an inch, more or less, an explosion is imminent. Such wicks should be discarded, especially if cheap oil is used.

G. E. BRADFORD, M. D.  
Clinton, Mass.

#### HOW WE FAILED TO PAY FOR A HOME.

BY HARRIET SCOTT.

As the home question seems to be somewhat in agitation, I will endeavor to give some of the experience of my husband and myself in that direction, hoping, hereby, to be of some service to others, and especially to the young married couples who are just starting out on life's journey, in presenting a view of our mistakes in such a light that they may not "go and do likewise," but be induced to pursue a different course.

Twelve years ago we commenced to pay for a home under circumstances more propitious than those under which we are now placed, as our family was then small, and times better. Our house was built in a new village across a river, and one mile from a medium sized town whose only business was the manufacture of iron. We had three hundred dollars to commence with, and with it we bought two lots, and on one prepared a cellar at a cost of seventy-five dollars.

Husband had been paying into a building association for some time, so he borrowed from it what his shares entitled him to, say seven hundred dollars, and erected his house, rather a large and stylish-looking one, and our return payments were to be at the rate of ten dollars per month. Into it we moved our household goods, and also our two household gods, the children, and no mortals were happier than we in those days. As time passed on much hard-earned money was expended in the way of nice fences, finished out-buildings, painting, fruit trees and shrubbery. As times were flourishing almost everywhere, our village grew rapidly, and mechanics and laborers were in great demand. Nearly all the buildings had been erected by the occupants with the intention of keeping them as permanent homes, consequently it was difficult for new comers to obtain a house for lease, and real estate met with a ready sale when desirable. Under these circumstances, husband conceived the idea of building a second house, on the still vacant lot, with the supposition that it could be rented at a good price, or sold as readily if necessary, as parties were then about to start a machine shop, and rumors were afloat that a firm of great wealth was coming from somewhere in Massachusetts to establish a shoe manufactory in our midst! In truth, we had every encouragement to believe that our town would move right along until it reached the proportions of a city, and we hoped to show to the world that the west is not the only place where towns spring into importance at a rapid pace. To be sure, our neighbors across the stream likened us unto a small-sized

mushroom which is withered by the noon sun before its full growth, and I remember one poor soul who had canvassed the entire place, unable to sell a map or a book, declaring that he never saw so poor a lot of people living in fine houses in his life before.

There is a homely old couplet running somewhat in this fashion:

"Small boats must keep near shore,  
But large ships may venture more."

We all seemed to belong to the latter class, at least, we thought we did, and so fine buildings kept going up, principally on money borrowed from the different associations in the vicinity, sometimes at the enormous rate of forty per cent, and our second new house went up accordingly. A tenant was soon found who seemed glad to get it at ten dollars per month. All went merry then, and oh, how we did work! Many of our neighbors belonged to the class known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," and they are rightly classed among the hardest workers in the country. Our place was very stony, and what digging and hauling we did to clear our lots of these enemies to culture! A farmer told my husband that his grandfather owned the town site many years ago, and worked until he had it entirely cleared, but in a few years the frost caused the rocks and pebbles beneath to appear upon the surface, and it was then stonier than before. However, we but looked upon this as one among the catalogue of envious sneers that were occasionally thrown out by our friends of the iron mart, or the neighboring farmers, who, blind to their immense advantages should another Chicago arise, kept continually worrying over the trespasses real or imaginary which might be made upon their grounds from having a town so near. Six years had sped away, and all was well as yet. Buildings did not go up so rapidly as at first, and for some reason the firm from the east failed to locate among us, and more than half our men had to depend upon our neighbors over the way for a livelihood, which was somewhat humiliating.

Our village was lovely now. Every yard was blooming with flowers, the fruit trees were beginning to bear, and no situation could be better in the way of beautiful scenery, with its long stretch of undulating valley framed with mountains, with occasional breaks of gray rocks or lichen boulders jutting from their sides, a turnpike, a canal, two railroads, and grandest of all the broad, rock-bedded river noted more for its beauty than for its utility.

The next year a financial gloom seemed to be settling over the country, and our locality was among the very first to feel its deadening effects. Orders for rail iron were on a rapid decrease, firms of different kinds began to totter, works began to close, until many could get no employment of any sort. My husband having friends in the west who guaranteed him a good situation, left me in the care of the property and took his departure, hoping thereby to save us from ruin and the loss of our home, which by this time was nearly paid for. Debts to quite an amount contracted on the second building outside the association, began to press, and I together with most of my neighbors, as the saying is, "had my own troubles." However, my husband being fortunate in his adventure, was making money in a section that as yet had not felt the least pinch of the panic, which many of us will never forget, so that I was able to pay bills of considerable amount from his remittances, not without much self-denial, amounting at times to an abstinence from life's necessities.

The next year husband came home, and as everything seemed to be getting

gloomier, and no one could tell when the end would be, he decided upon selling the goods and taking us with him, leaving the houses in the hands of an agent. No sooner were we settled in our new home than we were notified that our houses would be sold by a person holding rather a small note against them, unless the money was forthcoming. We got it together by much exertion, fifty dollars, and sent it to our lawyer, who in turn told us that his own and the sheriff's fee was seventy-five dollars for services rendered! Well, indignant and astonished as we were, we had it to pay. Meantime times began to grow dull in the west. Our agent failed to answer our letters of inquiry, but neighbors wrote us that our affairs were going badly. We had now paid in all, including monthly installments, seventeen hundred dollars, and felt it too much to lose if it were possible to hold it till a better time might relieve us in some way. With these considerations we determined to return, and the following spring we sold our furniture and I and my children started eastward, my husband intending to come on in the fall, but when fall came it was darker than ever, and no signs of the cloud lifting. Our renting house had a notice, "To Let," continually on it now, with no occasion for its removal, as a tenant could not be got, able to pay even the taxes on it, and half the houses in the village were empty, and it was the same in many of the neighboring towns. I still did all I could toward keeping up the monthly dues, but it did begin to appear that the more money we put on it in order to save what we had spent, the more we lost.

There is no use rehearsing to most persons in the eastern and middle states, what followed for the next two years, as all in the manufacturing districts know well the general distress, which filled the country with broken homes, workless men, bands of tramps, riots, and misery of all sorts; a distress which was driving thousands upon thousands to the distant lands of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, or the plains of the northwest. Property had gone down to one-fourth its former value, but the interest kept accumulating, until ours was hopelessly gone into the hands of the association, as was the greater part of the village. Everybody was going west who could get the means to go with, so my husband did not return, but sent for me to come back to him, and almost giving away what little furniture I had, I again started toward the setting sun. Now I have not written this to obtain sympathy in our troubles, but that others, reading this, may be warned of the labyrinth of quagmires, which debt is so apt to bring. It is well, in raising your balloon, to see that you have not too much gas for your ballast, and a home, however humble, that is paid for, is better than a mansion upon which another holds a claim. Of course there are cases where going in debt has proved beneficial, but the chances are risky, and I think, to build on a solid foundation is much the better plan. Again I may tell you of how we have started a home, for the second time, here in the west, on a very much smaller income than Sister Jessie had.

#### OUR VISIT.

BY MARY.

Nearly a dozen years ago my husband's sister Clara and I decided to pay a visit to a friend living about seven miles away, so the day before we hurried our work, baking and cooking, so the good auntie, whom we left in charge, should have but little to do. We would leave the three older children at home, taking with us only the year and a half old baby.

It was a hot, dry day in August, but we had not been idle, and by eight o'clock the house was in order, and we were ready to start, "over the hills and far away," but the gentle ponies we were driving were in no hurry, and it was so hot that ere we arrived at our friend's cottage it was ten o'clock. She met us with a welcome which I know was sincere, and Dick, her husband, cared for the ponies, and seemed as pleased as she.

"Dick," said Susie shortly, "will you please bring some of those nice potatoes out in the patch and split me an armful of wood?"

Of course he would, and away he went. "Dick is going to the village," she said to us, "and I was getting him quite an early dinner of his favorite dish, apple dumplings. They are almost done now, so he can have his dinner, and we will have our dinner later on."

Of course we said "all right," although as kitchen and parlor were one, and I could see the tempting balls and smell their delicious odor, I must confess I felt hungry.

Swiftly the hours sped by. One, two, three, almost four o'clock. A plump pullet had been caught, dressed and cooked, also two kinds of pie, cake, and several kinds of vegetables. Oh, how hungry I was! She had given the baby some cake, and I felt as if I could have eaten the crumbs he dropped from his dimpled fist. At last the table was loaded with good things, and nothing remained to do but lift the steaming contents of the kettles on the stove. Susie went to the door, shading her eyes from the sun, and wondered why Dick had not come. He surely would be here soon, so taking a snowy cloth she spread it carefully over the table, and sat down to wait his return. It was the first moment she had sat down all day. Her whole time had been consumed preparing this spread for two plain, working country women.

At five o'clock Dick had come, and we ate with a relish, you may be sure. Six o'clock saw us homeward bound. About half way home—were the fates against us? the tire flew from one of the wheels with a ringing thud, and try as we would we could not replace it. The sun was just setting, and we could not think of carrying baby, so we borrowed a light wagon, and by nine o'clock we were safe at home, where we found auntie all in a tremble, and the children ready to cry, for fear something terrible, they hardly knew what, had happened to us. Husband was away on business, and had not returned. The cows had been driven from pasture, but I must confess they went without milking that night, as we debated that it would be but a little while till morning. When we told auntie about our late dinner Clara declared my very eyes took on a hungry look.

The moral of my little story is this: When we have company let us not aim to make a spread, but to make our friends comfortable. Susie was not able, in strength or purse, for what she did that day. She is our dear friend still and often comes to see us, and if she should happen to see this, of course will not think it means her.

#### A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

BY AFRA.

Experience show us that unless the habit of being orderly is cultivated in youth, it will never be ours in mature years. The disorderly girl may be subject to spasmodic fits of tidiness, and at such times her closets, drawers and boxes are put in order, but as these attacks are but temporary they are soon over, and the old way fallen into again. Such a girl may be good and clever in many respects, but her want of order and system, be-



sides being an inconvenience to herself, will also be more or less a trial to those about her. Girlhood is the time when habits are formed, and if an impulse to be orderly is followed, then it will grow upon us until it will become a second nature and disorder will be a pain to us.

If, however, during these years we are careless, put things in their proper places if it is convenient, and if not leave them around for some other member of the household to pick up and put away for us, we are doing ourselves an injury which if not now apparent will be when we have reached womanhood. Some girls make their things last so much longer than others, and we wonder by what magic they can be worn so long without looking shabby. The reason is that they take good care of them; their clothes are carefully brushed and the slightest spot upon them removed before hanging them away, ribbons and laces are folded and laid away with care, gloves are mended when the tiniest hole shows itself, a button from a shoe is restored immediately, and the stitch in time keeps many a wardrobe looking fresh and new which otherwise would become old and worn out if neglected from time to time. Girls! don't give way to self-indulgence and laziness in regard to your own personal belongings. If you have a desire to leave things around, or to put off mending a garment because you don't feel like it, do not yield to it, for every time you do you are strengthening the impulse to be disorderly and are taking the steps that will influence your character for the whole of your future life.

#### THE OLD FIRE-PLACE.

BY A. P. REED.

We have built a fire upon the hearth to-day, and as I look in upon the coals, my mind runs back to the time when the fire-place was the only mode of "warming up." While the advent of modern inventions has brought us many new pleasures and comforts, still there were pleasures and comforts lost in the departure of olden times. And it seems to me that the loss of the old fire-place is a lost pleasure, lost in a great measure at least, for even though many of us have a disposition to retain it perhaps, fuel is so expensive that we are compelled to use it in the most economical manner. And you know the old fire-place is a fearful "wood eater." Perhaps it would be wrong to indulge ourselves in a fire-place, even if we could afford it, seeing that wood is so high. At any rate it seems wicked to look back to-day in the light of modern times, and see the great logs rolled on to the andirons and burned to ashes in an hour! Enough wood was burned in this way in one evening to last a whole week in our stoves!

Nevertheless, the old fire-place was indeed a pleasure, a fact which I fully realize as I gaze into the bright blaze streaming up the chimney. And I think it does us good to indulge in a fire upon the hearth now and then, as often as we think we can afford it, those of us who are so fortunate as to have this old relic left in our houses. I believe I would not build a house without finding a chance somewhere for a fire-place in order that I might break the monotony of stoves once in a while. What is more cheering in sad moments, than a bright, crackling, sparkling fire upon the hearth! It makes the sad joyous, and the joyous more gay. Let us preserve this relic if possible, those of us who have it, and though we cannot in these times of high prices in fuel afford its constant use, yet we can now and then afford a cheery fire upon the hearth. We all know the healthfulness of it, physically speaking. There are times when it may do our minds good as well as our bodies.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is Rosamond E. in the kitchen? If so do let another bewildered admirer in to see for herself, whether she is a "truly" mother of twelve, and performer of all those tasks which make us, who cannot do half as much, sit in sackcloth and ashes, while our "Ichabods" read her diary with emphasis, and wonder "why we can't do so and so with our small families and all necessary help." I think she ought to consider how prone men are to such ideas, and spare us.

I wish Ichabod would write us a letter. The poor brother who complained that "he sees nothing of Bonnie," would hide his diminished head and keep silence forever more, if he could hear the experience of that long suffering brother, of whom we seldom hear save when he comes into the house to lift a stove, and carry out a carpet.

Yes, I am out of temper a little this morning. It is aggravating to get in the habit of thinking you are doing your very best, and then read how very far behind you are in the performance of everyday duties. But I "feel better now," as Willy says when recovering from some little hurt, and can go on with the things I want to say.

Can any one tell me how to rid our house of rats and mice. Traps and cats are of no avail. They are in the walls, between the floors, every where, where nothing can reach them, and sometimes it seems as though the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" must have mistaken our house for the "river Weser," and left his numerous train here. We cannot poison them on account of the unwholesome results, but is there no way of getting rid of them? Some of you wise ones who know every thing please answer.

I don't know whether I can bring any little offering which will benefit THE HOUSEHOLD Band or not. Sometimes I think there is nothing unknown to its fortunate members, and then I read some question from an ignorant young sister, and consider how many things there are which I don't know, and feel sure I cannot be alone, and so take courage. I want to tell Emily Hayes that I have provided myself with one of her pet Stanyan mixers and some Cleveland baking powder, and do not wonder she advised us to try them. I would not be without either now for anything.

Reading how some one uses crackers with cream and sugar for dessert, reminds me to tell you how we use them sometimes for supper in cold weather, when we want something warm, and different from bread and butter. Place a cup of boiling water or milk at each plate, split the crackers and dip them, one at a time. Take out on your plate, butter them and season with salt and pepper, and like the lemonade which the marchioness made, "if you make believe a great deal" they are not only "very nice," but taste a good deal like oysters. If the plates are warmed it is an improvement. They are very nice soaked a few minutes in milk, allowing a beaten egg to each cup of milk, salting a little and frying in a little butter. We do not live on crackers at our house, however, but occasionally use them in these ways and for puddings; but for real, wholesome food, commend me to the delicious "Health Foods," which some of THE HOUSEHOLD writers have told us of. Since trying these different preparations of oat-meal and wheat, we think we have nothing for breakfast unless our favorite mush and cream (of which we are fortunate enough to have an abundance) appears.

Can any one tell me how to use the oat flour? I have tried, but without success

in anything, and look in the Dining Room every month for help. I think it must be very delicious, as well as nutritious, but do not know how to make it so. My blanc mange is sticky, and muffins are—well, there is no word to express it. I'm also waiting for the recipe for the perfect loaf of graham bread which THE HOUSEHOLD is expected to furnish its readers.

RUTH PINCH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I like your paper so much I cannot forbear my word of praise in its favor. I think any paper is a public benefactor that tries to lighten and make pleasant the routine of woman's daily life. I think sometimes that we do not suffer from over-work as much as we do from this terrible sameness in the treadmill of our daily life, and whatever diverts our minds and thoughts, and gives scope to our mental powers, must necessarily be of incalculable benefit.

I enjoy the talks of Dr. Hanaford, and if this letter is published, I have something to tell him through THE HOUSEHOLD, in regard to my baby boy, now two years, which I would like to have him explain.

I have become acquainted with a good many through THE HOUSEHOLD, and their letters are very acceptable reading to me. How pleasant it is to know that though you are in the east and we in the far west, yet every month we can meet each other and enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

I often wonder how under the sun they managed to live in "ye olden time," when newspapers, the telegraph, the sewing machine, and thousands of other useful inventions were unknown. I expect if we keep "marching on," like John Brown, future enlightened generations may be wondering as I am now, how we could possibly have existed with our limited knowledge in any kind of comfort.

I don't intend to be without THE HOUSEHOLD, now that I've learned its intrinsic value, as I would feel lonely without its monthly visitations. I would prefer any time to go clothed in calico, than to starve my mind, or live in ignorance of the world in which we move, for the sake of decking myself in silks or jewels. Before closing I will give a recipe for shirt front polish that I know is good, so that my appearance in these columns may not be altogether useless. Here it is.

*Chinese Polish for Shirt Fronts, Collars, Cuffs, etc.*—Ingredients, white wax, four ounces, spermaceti, two ounces, stearine, one-fourth ounce. Melt all together, and run off into convenient cakes for use.

*Directions for use.* After ironing the articles to be polished, and while yet warm, rub the polish over them, then rub with a dry cloth till the polish is effected.

The ladies will see that this is a kind of varnish after ironing, just like the laundered shirts we buy at the clothing stores.

MRS. A. GALPIN.

Waterville, Kan.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received so many helps and hints during the two years I have taken the paper, that I should like to thank you particularly for a few.

The directions for starching and ironing fine shirts, using soap suds in the cold starch, are invaluable, and I never fail now to have clear, glossy shirt bosoms. I had tried before several kinds of polish, besides gum arabic and kerosene, but I never felt sure with any of these. Let me suggest to the young wives who have trouble with ironing shirts nicely, that it may not be entirely their inexperience that is at fault. Probably their husbands had a supply of new shirts when married, and they are so much harder to "do up" than old ones, especially if bought ready made, as the linen and cotton do not shrink alike when

not shrunk before making. I generally have to rip the bosom off and stitch on again before they will iron without a wrinkle.

Shirts are not the only hard things for new housekeepers. All the linen and cotton is new, and will not look smooth and nice without a good deal of patient work. The bread, pie and cake tins are bright, and do not bake nearly as well as old, blackened ones, so she must steel her heart against all vain desires to have things shine. I find it is a good way to use pie and layer cake tins for kettle covers, as that will brown them gradually, without burning. And be sure, when buying your stove furniture, (if you cannot afford granite ware,) to get a six quart tin pail, larger at the top than at the bottom, for a kettle. It is so much lighter to handle, and will cook much quicker than an iron one, as it sets down in the stove. I have used one for six years by having a new bottom put in once. It would not do to use for cooking fruit, but for meat and vegetables.

But I am digressing. Rosamond E.'s recipe for pie crust is the best I have ever tried. Emily Hayes' dining room notes always have something that I use, and every thing is nice. Her meat shortcake in particular is very popular at our house. But if I should go into details it would fill the paper, so I will only add that so much was said in praise of Flo's bread recipe, in the February number, that I tried it, but think it must be intended for Haxall or patent flour, as my bread was not as nice as I had been having. It did better with me if I let the bread rise once before putting into pans. It certainly is very convenient, and I should use it if it made as good bread as my old way. I use whey, (made by scalding thick sour milk till the curd is quite hard,) to make the sponge, and generally use the National yeast. This makes the whitest, lightest and tenderest of bread. Perhaps you will think, as I did before trying it, that it must be sour, made from sour milk, but the scalding makes the whey perfectly sweet, and I never use soda.

I make my own baking powder, and like it, because I know just what it is made of, and it only costs one-half as much as any other good quality. Eight ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, and seven ounces of tartaric acid. Mix thoroughly, adding one pint of flour. This will fill two pound boxes, and costs me forty cents. Any druggist keeps the materials.

Rockwood.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Although I can't call many of you by your real names, I greet you all the same in the spirit of fellowship and love. Aren't we becoming a large family, although scattered from north to south, and from Maine to California. And still they come, and still there is room. Many of us who had never before been accustomed to any kind of literary work beyond family correspondence, now find ourselves contributing in a weak and faltering way to the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. Although we are so large a family of sisters, yet we cannot lay claim to many brothers. To be sure there is good Mr. Crowell, who so kindly mends our mistakes, and wise Dr. Hanaford, who by good counsel enables us to repair our shattered health, and then there is meek Moses Fagus, who has a sly way of hitting the nail on the head and clinching it every time. We have a sly suspicion that he is a carpenter as well as an M. D. There are also other brothers whose names deserve honorable mention, besides half a score of sisters whose names, though fictitious, have become household words. Among the latter is Rosamond E., the mother of an unabridged family. While we admire this martyr to many babies for her heroic



spirit that never murmurs nor repines at the lines of life wherein she is called to walk, it still remains a mystery to me, how she dismisses the cares of such a household from her mind long enough to write. How does she dismiss the idea that one of the babies will overturn her work basket, and swallow her thimble, or poke the scissors into its eyes, or fall down stairs, or into the cistern? We have never really considered Rosamond a myth, for we have in our mind several mothers who are her counterpart.

To make this chat profitable, we will append a few bits of knowledge gleaned here and there since we last wrote. After reading hundreds of testimonials in THE HOUSEHOLD, all speaking in praise of Dobbin's Electric Soap, while I had but little doubt that it was all it was represented, I had a desire to test its virtues for myself. Through the politeness of our grocer, I obtained two bars purchased in Syracuse, costing ten cents each, and weighing respectively one-half pound per bar, with the name of J. B. Dobbins' Electric Soap, Philadelphia, stamped into each bar. As no directions accompanied the soap, I had to refer to THE HOUSEHOLD testimonials for directions, and there obtained a general, but not a particular knowledge of how it should be used. I found it to work well on clothes not much soiled making them beautifully clean and white, but when I came to put into the tub such articles of wearing apparel as farmers wear, I found, as I must not rub the soap on the articles, that I must resort to soft soap and muscular strength as usual. While it may do for families who live in towns and cities, I fear it is not as well adapted to the wants of the rural regions as soft soap and washing fluid.

I give a recipe for a cake much prized for picnics and church entertainments, as it is cheap and soon made. Have your oven well heated before you begin. Beat the yolks and whites (reserving the white of one egg,) of three eggs until light, add one cup of white sugar, and one cup of flour which has had two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted evenly through it, and stir well together. Then turn the mixture on two round cake tins, and bake in a quick oven. Make a frosting of the reserved white, and when the cake is cool, put it between each layer and on top, and sprinkle on prepared coconut if liked.

Although the season of canning fruits and vegetables is past, I will give the process by which a friend of mine successfully cans green corn and tomatoes, so you can have it in season for next year. Take sweet corn that is just right for table use, cut from the cob before it is cooked, press tightly into common glass fruit cans until full, then place the cans in a boiler containing sufficient cold water to come two-thirds up to the top of the cans, and boil four hours not omitting to cover the boiler, as it must be kept tightly closed. It is well to place a nail or a small piece of broken china under each can as you place them in the boiler. At the expiration of four hours, remove the cans and seal up in the usual way. I shall try this method, and if there should be a vacancy in the can, when removed from the boiler, I shall fill the vacancy with boiling water, as this appears to me to be the proper method and correct principle of successful canning.

For tomatoes, select only such as are sound and not over ripe, scald to remove the skins, with a pointed knife dig out the stems, then put them whole into two-quart cans until full, then place them in the boiler as given above, and cook them for two hours. When removed from the boiler, have some stewed tomatoes boiling hot, with which to fill up the cans un-

til rounding full, seal up, and put them in a dark, cool place, and when you come to use them you will find something to delight the eye as well as the palate. All kinds of soft fruits are much nicer put up in this way.

A. B.

## LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—There is much said and written now-a-days about "What shall we teach girls?" Teach them to be neat, to be orderly in their habits, and to work, of course. But in giving them information about work, have them practice thoroughly your instructions. Persons may be told a great many times how to do certain things, but if there is no practical effort on their part, no disposition to perform those duties, ignorance will forever be stamped upon them.

In many cases, mothers will let girls do certain things about housework, while they themselves perform the more difficult tasks, and the girls, not being permitted to touch them, never learn how they should be done. When they are married and the whole round of duties falls upon their shoulders, they find it hard to rightly perform those same labors, and have then to learn what would have been acquired much easier under the home roof. It is a good plan to allow girls to do all kinds of work, at least until they know the *modus operandi*.

So many appreciative words are said and written about THE HOUSEHOLD that it seems unnecessary to add to them. The important information contained in the different numbers assists a great many, and the pleasant, chatty letters from the Band, are indicative of the interest felt by a large circle of readers. I have long thought of becoming a member of this Band, but have not ventured to knock for admittance before. I believe the necessary qualifications for membership are, an interest in the paper, in each other, and in the topics discussed from time to time. I am interested in all of these, and think that the interest will continue to increase. I am especially interested in Rosamond E.'s writings, she reminds me so much of my sister in her ways of planning and working. If accepted as a member, you may hear again from,

MYRA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell you my plan for finding anything in THE HOUSEHOLD. You all know how almost impossible it is to find the recipes or directions of any kind when you want to use them, on account of their being in letters and other articles. My way is, to take a small blank book, and begin by putting down the month and the number of the page on which any article in that month that I should ever be likely to want, can be found. When there is no heading that will do to use, I write a few words to show what is to be found on the page indicated. In this way I go through the year. When I get the December number, I sew the numbers for the whole year together, they are so much easier to refer to when they are in proper order in a book. This may seem a good deal of trouble but it will save time in the end. You can have the index book by you while reading THE HOUSEHOLD, and mark down the items as you come to them.

When my HOUSEHOLD comes, I always read the letters first, and have grown to have a great interest in the different writers. I think our letter department without an equal. Instead of the disputes, cutting remarks and personalities, with which so many household departments in our weekly papers are filled, we have almost perfect harmony and a feeling of affection for each other. The exceptions to this are so rare that I think we have all learned the sensible lesson that while we cannot all think alike, each individual has a perfect right to her own opinion.

Before closing I would like to advise those who have not grown the momordica, or balsam apple, to try it next year. It is one of the prettiest annual vines. The leaves are a pretty shape, and while the flowers are not conspicuous, the seed vessels are very showy, being a bright yellow when ripe. The seeds are curious, looking as though they were carved. If I write any more, this will surely follow in the wake of its predecessors, and I don't want to do more than my share towards furnishing our editor with kindling, so good by, everybody.

JULIA.

MR. CROWELL:—Please sir, may I speak to Mr. DeHurst and Bonnie? Did you say I might? Well, Mr. DeH., I will try to answer your question in the November HOUSEHOLD, "What shall I do with my wife?" Answer: Love, cherish, and protect her as you promised, when she took you for better or for worse. Now, if I may, I want to turn back some pages in life's history, and ask Bonnie to read, yes, read aloud so all the sisters may hear.

In the glad days of the long ago, my husband sat all day in our little sitting room, wrote, composed, and arranged music. He was leader of cornet and string bands. We were young, and my cup was brimful and bubbling over with the joys and happiness of my lot. It never occurred to me but that it would always be so. A few

brief years, and all was over! The violets have bloomed a score of summers above his ashes, and all these years I have been walking alone and softly, and now, Bonnie, let Mr. DeH., have all of your society his heart craves, for you are only loaned to one another for perhaps a very short time. Stay by him every evening as though in the morning he were going away never more to return. I can say this for I am walking down the shady side of life, and I would all wedded hearts were welded so that their wants were all one.

Now, how to do it. "Our Home on the Hill-side" has wrought out a problem in happy results to thousands of homes. The two-meal a day plan, the last meal eaten at least as early as four, so the children from school may sit down at the same time. This gives the mother time to do up all her work, and lock up her house, cellar, and wood house, so that when the lamps are lighted, she has nothing to do but to sit and listen to her husband's reading, or she may in turn read to him, or talk as best befits the hour. If children grace the home, some merry games for a few minutes, in which all partake, unbend the strained hearts and lives, and sweeter sleep results.

Sometimes one wishes to get up a nice repast in a short time. Here are some hints to that end: All scraps of bread should be put in the oven and thoroughly dried, and put in a sack or paper pocket till wanted in haste. These pieces will crumble in your fingers like crackers, and in half an hour, with a few eggs, some sugar and milk, a nice pudding may be gotten up, to be eaten with sweetened cream or milk.

Baked apples are always handy, and fit to grace the table of a king if the apples are sweet.

Use little flavoring. It nourishes no one, and as a rule our appetites do not need coaxing, if they seem to, they need fasting one meal.

If you must have your coffee, put a quart of bran in your coffee toaster, and break in an egg. Stir as you would coffee nearly parched. If not made strong it is a fine substitute for coffee, and contains no narcotic principle.

For tea use hot water, "cambric tea," and if you are thirsty in health, drink hot water instead of cold. These simple rules will add to the comfort of any family, lengthen life and insure happiness.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

M. E. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ease my mind a little. I am roused up to the highest pitch of exasperation by that model woman and housekeeper that some of you almost worship, Rosamond E. I can't stand it another minute, and must speak or die. How many of you believe in her any way? Well, I don't for one. Now, all ye credulous ones, don't banish me at once. I know a good many who doubt her existence, and several have expressed those doubts in THE HOUSEHOLD, but Mrs. Rosamond always quietly ignores them, and makes no attempt to demonstrate her reality. Marjorie March claims to know her personally. Shall I be thought over suspicious if I express the belief that she and Rosamond E. are identical, or rather that Marjorie is the real one, and that she writes up the exploits of her imaginary heroine, just to amuse herself by seeing how much she can impose upon our credulity? But this has gone on about long enough, and I think it is time now that she owned up her little game like a true disciple of "the hatchet that never told a lie." Yet Rosamond seems very sensible about some things, and I admire her in many respects, if she is only the "baseless fabric of a dream," but she goes too far. What good can it do to palm herself off as possessed of enough virtues and capabilities to endow half a dozen women? Nobody else can imitate her, and she only discourages us. That family of ten children alone is quite a stretch on the imagination, but when she has to wash, dress and feed them all, make their clothes and keep them mended, kiss away all the tears, cure the cuts, bumps and bruises, go through the sieges of whooping cough, scarlet fever, measles, chicken pox, teeth cutting, and all the rest of childhood's afflictions, take care of her house and the belongings thereof, not to mention taking up those heavy carpets every few weeks, caring for her flower garden, doing fancy work, keeping diaries, writing regularly for THE HOUSEHOLD, taking daily afternoon naps, reading, training all those olive branches in the way they should go, having poor health herself, and only one regular servant—raw help sometimes at that—receiving visitors, attending to all the thousand details of housekeeping that one never thinks of mentioning, but which all take time in the doing, and then have any life and freshness left for her family and friends—all that is mystery enough, but when she gets time to make Christmas gifts three months beforehand, plans to take up the Chataqua course of study, and then—trots that eleventh baby on the stage, it is too much, the situation grows ludicrous, and I laugh all to myself, and exclaim in the eloquent language of the illustrious poet, "She is fooling us all!" Now, Mrs. Rosamond, you don't honestly expect us to believe one woman can do all that, do you? And won't you, or whoever is responsible for your own up candidly that you are a first class

hoax, but that you are real sorry, and "won't never not do so no more," then we will forgive you, and love you a great deal better, if you will make yourself out a trifle more human. But if you possibly can be a reality and not a myth, then won't you prove it by inviting me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, to call on you? I imagine I live within visiting distance of you, if you can go to Philadelphia to do your shopping with Marjorie March, as you say you do sometimes, and I want to see you for one small hour, if you will tell me where you live, and I want every one of those eleven children marshalled before me. Now, if you don't ask me to come, and don't show me the eleven when I do come, I shall have a right to pronounce you an unmitigated fraud. By the way, I have some brothers, and they are anxious to know if you have any daughters that bid fair to develop the abilities of their remarkable mother.

PEARL VAN HORN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was much pleased and interested with the letter from Justicia in the May number, for I am just making a start towards hygienic living, and I feel as if I were groping in the dark, as it were. I know very little about it, yet I am satisfied it is much the better way. I hope she will give recipes for that kind of cooking, and thus benefit the whole HOUSEHOLD Band, for I know that we all use too much rich food. A year or two ago, I neglected to subscribe when my time expired, and so lost about six of the papers. During that time Persis, the good Richmond woman, gave her way of making yeast and bread, which I would like to have. I am much interested in the articles entitled "We Women." Indeed, I think everything in our paper is good. I shall look anxiously for recipes for hygienic cooking.

MATTIE M. F.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say a few words to the exchangers. The Exchange Column of our paper is a valuable feature, and is highly prized by many readers. I think we must accord to Lillian the honor of offering the first exchange of minerals in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, since which time the exchange business has been brisk, and a large proportion of the exchangers seem to be collecting cabinet specimens, and I have received many fine specimens from readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. I find that a great many who put notices to exchange in THE HOUSEHOLD do not reply to all correspondents. This is an error that I think should be corrected, lest it bring the exchange column into disrepute. When a lady puts her name in print as having certain articles to exchange, she should consider herself bound to reply to every one who writes offering the article for which she advertised, even though she may be overwhelmed with a correspondence she did not expect, and may have to decline many offers. It is true that sometimes persons will write offering all manner of things for which she did not advertise. She must use her own judgment as to replying to these, but a fair offer should always meet with a response.

A few words as to the packing of minerals to send by mail. For long distances, a cigar box is best, but a pasteboard box will usually go safely if packed with care. The postal laws allow no writing in these packages. I have found it a good plan to cut printed figures from newspapers, and with a drop of mucilage fasten one on each specimen, then write a list of the numbers and names corresponding, and inclose in a letter written to the person with whom I am exchanging. The minerals should be wrapped in pieces of soft, flexible paper, the box packed full, and all interstices filled with bits of paper; tie the box with a string, and if it rattles, re-pack it, if not, wrap in strong wrapping paper, and tie again with plenty of string, direct carefully, and your box will probably go safely. I have received many packages merely wrapped in paper, or boxed and no wrapper, and the contents were nearly always pulverized.

Flora inquires how to make an herbarium. I will give a few simple directions. First procure your herbarium, or sheets of paper on which you wish to preserve your specimens. Most American botanists use heavy white paper, eleven and one-half by sixteen and one-half inches. In collecting plants, secure if possible leaf, flower, fruit, stalk and root. In large plants take those parts which will accurately represent the whole. In grasses and similar plants, too long for your sheet, bend the stem back and forth in a zigzag shape, and thus reduce it to the desired size. If you have no plant case, an excellent substitute is to place your plants in folds of newspapers, having a board beneath and another on top, and put a heavy weight on the upper board. When thoroughly dried, before removing to their permanent place, sprinkle lightly with an alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate. This is to keep insects from attacking the specimens; it is a poison and must be used with discretion. Fasten the specimens in the herbarium by gumming narrow strips of paper across the stems of the plants in several places. Put but one plant on a page, unless very small, then two or more of the same species are put together. The name and locality should be written at the lower right hand corner.

I find that many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD are making "leaf albums." These are simply pressed leaves or flowers fastened in a blank



book, with name and locality written beneath. These flowers and leaves are collected from noted places, or are sent by friends as mementoes.

ALAMEDA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—With this issue we enter a new year of our lives, also of the existence of our paper. Like the day of President Garfield's funeral when a lady said to her family, "It is well to pause and reflect to-day." So with us, is it not well to pause and reflect? In our rapid, pushing life, do we take time sufficient for this, filled with wise pausing and earnest reflecting?

In our little paper, how much pleasure we enjoy! Its friendly sheet is like the face of a trusted, welcome visitor, and we must confess we are sometimes rather out of patience when it is delayed beyond the usual time. Twelve times during the year it glides into our homes, bringing greeting, cheer, and instruction. I do not believe it is a spiritualist, and yet it is a happy medium, for by it and through it how many delightful correspondences are established and friendships formed. Although young in the way, I have in my album, or on my mantel, the pictured faces of friends still unseen, whom I prize; and in my drawer is a goodly package of letters from members of this order. Our letter circle is a department of much interest in our paper. Probably we shall greet many new comers the present year, and to all extend the hand of sympathy and welcome.

To the already at home and acquainted, we send a warm—not frosty—New Year's greeting. Dear friends, through the coming year may we be enabled to lift up our voices and send forth thoughts so helpful, pure and true, that others away down in the Valley of Despond, hearing our ringing words, may take heart again. Though we may not stand high on the roll of fame, may we not stand high on the roll of goodness and kindness, remembering,

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

CECIL LEIGH.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.**—Remove all green leaves, boil the white part in salted water, or half sweet milk and half water, and when tender put over it, while hot, slices of butter.

**BAKED EGG-PLANT.**—Peel and parboil, then mash fine, season with salt, pepper and butter, put in a deep earthen dish and grate bread crumbs over it, then bake a light brown color.

**FRIED EGG-PLANT.**—Peel and parboil five minutes, cut slices crosswise, season with pepper and salt, roll the slices in beaten egg, then in fine bread crumbs, (or they may be dipped in batter,) fry a light brown in hot lard. CARRIE.

**SUET PUDDING.**—One cup of finely chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one cup of chopped raisins, a little over two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the molasses, add a little ground cloves, ginger and cinnamon. Stir all together, pour into a pudding pan that it will fill about two-thirds full, set in a steamer over a pot of boiling water, and steam two hours. This will keep several days, and is just as nice steamed over as when fresh. Make any kind of sauce that you prefer. H. S. D.

**HICKORY-NUT CAKE.**—Two well beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with one and one-fourth cups of flour, and one-fourth cup of boiling water stirred in quickly just before putting into the oven. This will make three layers. It is best to get your tin ready before beginning the cake.

**For Filling.**—Take one cup of sweet milk and thicken with two spoonfuls of flour, sweeten to taste, add three-fourths cup of well chopped hickory nut meats, and spread between layers.

**ANOTHER.**—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of four eggs, and one cup of chopped hickory-nut meats. LENA GRAY.

**SOFT GINGER CAKE.**—One cup of sugar and one cup of butter mixed together, one cup of molasses, three beaten eggs, one cup of milk with a teaspoonful of soda in it, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and three cups of flour.

**COTTAGE CAKE.**—Four and one-half cups of flour, one-half pound of butter, two cups of white sugar, one pint of milk, three eggs, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. VIRGINIA B.

**BOSTON CREAM CAKES BY MEASURE.**—One-half pint of water, two-thirds cup of butter, one and one-half cups of flour, five eggs; boil the water, stir in the flour and butter and let it cool, then add the eggs, having beaten them well, drop

the mixture with a spoon on a dripping pan and bake twenty minutes, then open one side of each with a warm knife and fill with cream. I make the cream by boiling one pint of milk thickened with two eggs, one cup of sugar, and one-half cup of flour. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

**RAISED DOUGHNUTS.**—Warm together one pint of milk and one small teacup of lard, add one cup of yeast, stir in flour to make a batter, let it rise over night, add four eggs, two and one-half cups of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cassia, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, knead and let rise again, roll, cut out, and let them rise fifteen minutes before frying. MRS. S. AUNSBY.

**CREAM BISCUITS.**—To one quart of sour cream take one heaping teaspoonful of soda and a little salt, add flour sufficient to roll, cut out, and bake in a quick oven. Try it, sisters, we think them splendid. S. I. P.

**WHEN TO COOK OKRA.**—The time to cook okra is when the pods get a little larger than a pod of green peas, and until the pods get too tough. One nice way of cooking okra is to boil it in water with a little salt for half an hour; when done take it up with a skimmer, season as you like with butter, pepper and salt. It is also very nice cooked as greens with meat, and is a great addition to soups, for which cut across the pod, pieces one-half inch thick, (not lengthwise), and put in plentifully; it thickens the soup and makes it better. It is one of the principal ingredients of the famed "gumbo." The seeds are an excellent substitute for coffee, and during the war many southern people used it for coffee, parched, ground and made the same as pure coffee. A friend tells me that by analysis it is shown that it resembles coffee closely, more so than any other article known. It has not the stimulating property of coffee. MRS. S. L.

**RAISIN TARTS.**—Take pie crust and cut out with a biscuit cutter. Use two crusts to each tart. For inside, one cup of chopped raisins and one-half cup of sugar.

**ELECTION CAKE.**—Two quarts of flour, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one-half pound of raisins, one cup of yeast, mix with sweet milk, let it rise over night, and in the morning add a little soda, salt and nutmeg.

**RYE DROP CAKES.**—Two cups of rye, two cups of flour, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of milk, salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of butter or lard. L. M. R.

**PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.**—One pint of new milk, scald, add one tablespoonful of sugar, cool, two quarts of flour with a little butter or lard rubbed into it, pour the milk with one-half cup of yeast into the center of the flour, let it soak in, (not mixed,) and in the morning mould thoroughly, raise, roll out, cut with a biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold together, raise, and bake. This makes superb biscuits. COM.

**POLISHING FLAT IRONS.**—Sand-paper is the best polisher for smoothing irons; it removes all roughness and starch.

**CLEANING RIBBON AND GREASY SILK.**—Chalk or magnesia rubbed on silk or ribbon that has been greased, and held near the fire, will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Four eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of chopped raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, one nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves. Bake in a slow oven. AUNT IRENE.

**DUMPLINGS FOR SOUP.**—One cup of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and mix with flour to the consistency of dough as for biscuit. Let this be done as quickly as possible, cut them out and lay them on top of the boiling soup, and on no account allow the cover to be lifted till they have cooked for twenty minutes. L. H. W.

**COOKIES.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, stir to a cream, one cup of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one egg, and six cups of flour. A little caraway seed improves them. You may need to use a little more flour to roll them out. Roll rather thin and bake quick.

**ORANGE PUDDING.**—Take ten oranges, peel and slice into a deep dish, pour one and one-half cups of white sugar over them; then take the yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, beat together, and stir them into a pint of milk, set it into a dish of boiling water on the stove until it thickens, then pour it while hot over the oranges and sugar; take the whites of

the eggs, beat to a stiff froth, and add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Put the frosting over the pudding, let it stand until cool, and I think you will call it worth the trouble of making.

**HARD TIMES PUDDING.**—One cup of boiling water, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, stir in flour until about as thick as griddlecakes, steam about an hour. Fruit is an improvement. Serve with sauce. EMMA.

**SNOW WHITE SPONGE CAKE.**—One tumbler of flour, one and one-half tumblers of pulverized sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the whites of ten eggs beaten to a froth; mix the flour, sugar and cream of tartar together, then add the eggs by dipping gently with a spoon a little at a time. Stir it as little as possible. QUEENIE.

**WELSH RAREBIT.**—Toast slices of bread a nice brown, cut thin slices of cheese, lay on top of the bread, then set in the oven until the cheese is melted, then it is ready to serve. Some grate the cheese, but it is not enough better to pay for the trouble. It is a very nice dish, though not very wholesome. L. P. H.

**CRACKER LEMON PIE.**—One lemon, grate the rind and cut the pulp fine, one cracker, rolled fine, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, a bit of butter, and one teaspoonful of corn starch. Bake between two crusts. B. F. S.

**ONE EGG CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda, two even cups of flour, and flavor with lemon. COM.

**STEAMED TURKEY.**—Prepare it the same as for roasting; put a small quantity of water in a large kettle, and place a cross-piece made of two sticks to prevent the fowl from touching the water. Steam five hours. We pronounce it the best we ever ate. Cooked in this way it is not nearly as dry as when roasted. Chickens may be cooked in the same manner. SU.

**GRAHAM GEMS.**—Break one egg in a large bowl, add a pinch of salt and beat thoroughly, add one and one-half cups of sweet milk, then sift in carefully one and one-half cups of graham, beating all the while with an egg beater. Have your pans well buttered and piping hot, pour in the batter, and bake immediately in a hot oven. WASTE BASKET.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

For Minnie Myrtle's "ribbon cake," she can use any recipe for layer cake, and the colors are made by dividing it into different dishes, I use bowls, and putting spice in one, red sugar in another, and using, of course, the yolks and whites separately for the white and yellow layers. SUBSCRIBER.

**MR. CROWELL.**—A Subscriber can clean all colored and white kid gloves with gasoline. It is cheap. Pour a little in a saucer, put the gloves on the hands and fasten them. Wash the gloves in the gasoline in the saucer, as if washing the hands. Rub off the dirt still left on the gloves, with a clean, white, dry cloth. Do all swiftly. Gloves clean and dry in five minutes. Keep away from the heat. It is said naphtha will do the same as well, and can be re-bottled and used again.

G. can clean all pipes and stoves of Russia iron by rubbing them thoroughly when cold with a cloth dipped in boiled linseed oil.

Clara can color white and colored feathers black with the same recipe used for coloring woolen goods, only make the dye four times stronger. Color in an iron spider, (cleaned by boiling ashes and water in it afterwards.) Use one ounce of extract of logwood, and one-half ounce of blue vitriol. Dissolve the logwood in hot water in the spider, put in the feather for thirty minutes, airing often, then add blue vitriol, put in feather from fifteen to thirty minutes, rinse thoroughly and dry. If it is not black enough, return to the dye until it is. If it corks the hands, wash the feather in soap suds and rinse. ACORN.

L. A. K. wants to know some good use to put coal ashes to. They are splendid to keep worms from currant and gooseberry bushes if put around them. L. A. B.

**MR. CROWELL.**—H. M. H. wishes a recipe for making hard soap. I will give mine that for more than ten years I "have tried and know to be good." Pour over six pounds of unslacked lime and three pounds of sal soda four gallons of boiling, soft water, let it stand over night, drain off the clear liquor, strain, add six pounds of grease, boil two hours, stirring most of the time, another gallon of water may be added to the grounds, stir it, let it settle, strain, and add

to the boiling soap. Its thickness may be tried by putting a little on a plate to cool. Stir in a scant cup of salt, just before taking from the fire. Pour into pans, or any convenient vessel that has been wet with cold water to prevent sticking. When cold cut into bars and spread on a board to dry. ANNA E.

Will some one tell me how to take sweet oil out of black Irish poplin?

Does any one know how I can get some of the trailing fern that grows near Hartford? A SUBSCRIBER.

To those who are troubled with butter sticking to the hands when working it over, I would say that after washing the hands in hot and cold suds, rub them in dry corn meal, and rinse in cold water, and I think they will have no further trouble. I think the hands will be in better condition for butter working at ten o'clock than at five in the morning. ANNA E.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD tell how to renew feathers that though comparatively new, and always treated with the best of care, have become heavy, and packed down like old feathers? Air and sunshine have failed. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish some of the friends would tell us what to get for breakfast for those that relish neither meat nor oat meal. Won't Innovator give us a program for a week's meals?

Also, can any one tell me whether the upright pianos wear as well as the square ones? and oblige, NELL COLE.

Can any of the sisters tell me the cause of bread cracking open on the ends of the loaves when they are placed crosswise of the pan, and how to prevent it? E. C.

Some one asks what will cure and drive away carpet bugs. I have never known this to fail: Wash the floor in strong alum water, then put turpentine all along the base boards and she will have no further trouble. MRS. W. M. W.

Will some of the sisters tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to clean busts of plaster of Paris after they have become soiled? and oblige, C. W.

If the lady who is troubled with dust when sweeping, will dampen her broom, she will avoid the difficulty to a great extent.

Rinse your flannel in hot water to prevent shrinking. EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell the sisters how I color white woolen scarlet for my carpet. I called at a woolen factory for dye enough to color four pounds, which I received for twenty-five cents. I dissolved the dye in hot water and I had a brilliant scarlet with very little trouble and expense.

I have tried the saw tooth edging with Saxony yarn for trimming flannel. It is very pretty. D. L. P.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will Anna C. kindly inform me through your columns what is a balloon fly trap, and where one may be obtained? and oblige, DAISY.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I see one sister asks how to make fried turn-overs that will not burst. I have been told to wet the edges with the white of an egg instead of water.

I would like to ask for a sure recipe for making red and white layer cake. MRS. G. E. S.

Will some one give me a test for black silk by which I may determine whether my goods are all silk? SU.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—In butter making, I have found the better way is, to take the cream off the milk while it is entirely free from any disagreeable scent, and place it in a cool place, with a free current of air about it. Do not let it remain over two days in warm weather, or four days in cold weather before churning. Butter should be kept from the air as much as possible, to prevent its becoming rancid. E. W. B.

Will some lady give a recipe for yeast-raised, baked, corn bread, and also a cure for chilblains? MRS. DIAMOND.

Will the editor or some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me of the best way to keep an iron sink from rusting, or what substance can be put on it so that standing water and even soap suds shall not cause rust? J. E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of those good bread makers of your Band send me the recipe for making peach tree leaf yeast? I should be very glad to get it. MEMMIE S.



## The Parlor.

### CHANGES.

BY ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH).

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed,  
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much may be borne which it is hard to bear;  
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care:  
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.  
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;  
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
I think of one (heaven help and pity me!)  
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!  
We all are changed. God judges for us best.  
God help us do our duty and not shrink,  
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.  
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.  
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,  
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!  
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

### THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"ARE we not detained a long while  
at this little station?"

The question was asked of my opposite neighbor, because I had reason to suppose her the conductor's wife, and that official had just entered with hurried steps, and after speaking to her in a low voice, departed in the same abrupt manner.

She waited a moment before replying. In that moment our engine had been detached from the train, and was steaming rapidly up the road without us, its whistle shrieking shrill warning to any who might be approaching from the opposite direction. Then, just as the passengers began to manifest excitement, and many rose to leave the coach, she spoke in the clear tone which is heard so far without being unpleasantly loud.

"There is no cause for alarm. You had better remain in, or very near the train."

Then, as all turned to her for the explanation, she added, looking at me, as if in reference to my question, "There is some doubt about the track ahead. A freight train should have been waiting here for us to pass. They have telegraphed the station ahead, and find it left there a sufficient time since to have been here ten minutes ago. My husband has gone on with the engine to ascertain, and if they have only met some slight detention, may be back in a moment, and hurry on to make up lost time."

Even as she spoke our engine was seen in the distance, returning as rapidly as it went, and soon the voice of our conductor was heard in the coach, saying rapidly and loudly, "Freight train wrecked two miles ahead! No one hurt. Culvert over a deep ravine all gone. No chance for trains passing before to-morrow morning, but we are going to run up there with workmen, and such passengers as are anxious to go on can cross in about an hour, on a foot bridge they will construct at the side of the road. The Chicago bound train will be on the other side of the gap. It will run back to St. Louis and the train men will transfer your baggage. That is the best we can do for you, but it will be too late for those who change at the junction, and there are good hotels here for so small a place."

Those gentlemen who had no lady friends with them at once accepted the arrangement, but as it was December,

and bitterly cold, most of the ladies preferred to stay in the pleasant looking little village where we then were.

One burly old gentleman, heavily wrapped in beaver cloth and furs, had left when he first discovered the prospect of detention, declaring that as his home was at the next station, he would get there and eat his supper before the train passed his house. The conductor told us the next day that the old gentleman had crossed the stream on a large tree trunk before the train arrived there, and if he made as good time all the way he surely fulfilled his promise.

Turning to his wife the conductor added in a lower tone, "I must return to Chicago with such passengers and baggage as are transferred to me, but it would be a needless fatigue for you and our child to go with me. There is a quiet street a few steps from here, where a worthy woman keeps a small boarding house. You will like it better than the hotels, and if this lady likes to go with you she can accompany us."

Having also a little boy with me I gladly accepted this offer, as a village hotel is not a very desirable place for a youngster too old to keep still, and not old enough to keep out of mischief or select his own associates.

We reached the place in a few moments, but here also we found others who had arrived before us. As not only ladies who did not care to scramble down a steep bank into a deep ravine, cross a foaming stream below on a foot bridge, and clamber up its opposite bank amid snow and ice, but also all who, like me, expected to take other trains at the junction, were seeking supper and lodging, the two small hotels had been at once sought by an unwonted number of guests. To their great disappointment they found the larger and better one already filled to overflowing, a company of musical performers having arrived a few hours previously. Inquiry had at once been made for boarding houses, and even private families had consented to receive a portion of the detained passengers.

"There is only one way I can make you comfortable," said the motherly looking old lady. "I can give you my son's room, and let him sleep on a lounge in the sitting room. Then I have a trundle bed in the attic which I keep for use during the visits of my little grandchildren. If the ladies will sleep together, and the two little boys the same, it will certainly be better than spending the night at the station."

There was no hope of doing better elsewhere, and the conductor had not a moment more to spare. Besides the sight of a cheerful wood fire, which was revealed by the half-open door of a cozy sitting room, and the smell of a savory supper which came up from the basement, were strong temptations to cold, hungry travelers to enter and be comfortable without further delay.

So a hurried and affectionate good-by from the conductor to his wife, a kiss to his little boy, and a friendly nod to me as he hastened off, and we were left in the quiet little village of Medora, she, to wait her husband's return, I, for any train that would cross the gap with a prospect of meeting the train I was to take at the junction. I was anxious to be very certain in regard to this point, as railroad junctions are apt to be quite far from desirable places of rest, and I had been informed that this was particularly true of the one where I expected to change cars. Nor did I wish to journey in the night, if it could be avoided.

Supper was ready and we were hungry, so we did not stop for other change of toilet than removing outside wraps, before we made a vigorous onslaught. "We came, we saw, we conquered,"

with the aid of two growing boys, nor did we suspect, until we heard the supper bell ring again, more than an hour afterwards, that those for whom it had been intended had been obliged to wait until another had been prepared. Then we grew slightly remorseful, and could well forgive the delay in preparing our room for the night, although very weary. This was the easier to do, as the sitting room was a model for warmth and comfort, and its easy lounges and low rockers were excellent places of rest.

The two children soon became quite good friends, with the blessed facility of childhood, gilding the otherwise gloomy hours with the sunshine of love. Soon, we mothers, having no other employment than looking out upon a secluded street in a small village, followed their good example. We entered into conversation, first by a few of the common platitudes about the weather, the accident, etc., but soon diverged upon other, and more interesting subjects. She proved to be a lady of much natural intelligence and some culture, with a solid foundation of common sense, the last item being, so far as my own observation extends, far the most uncommon of all the desirable attributes. We were too weary and sleepy to enjoy conversation, and were glad to see once more the pleasant countenance of our hostess.

She came however, not to tell us as we had hoped, that our beds were ready, but to consult us in a woful dilemma. She had no clean sheets except such as were frozen on the line. It was washing day, and guests arriving before we did had been provided for from her small supply. But the sheets had been changed the day before, and her son was a neat young man. Would we use his or wait till some could be dried by the kitchen fire? We were decidedly unwilling to do either, and rather hesitatingly asked if she had any blankets, we always used them in the winter when at home. To our joyful surprise she had plenty of clean, home-woven ones. A few years previously they had lived on a farm and had a large flock of sheep. The price of wool having fallen very low quite unexpectedly, just as they had sheared a heavy crop, her mother, who resided with her, at once proposed that they should spin and weave it into blankets and winter clothing for the family.

Tired and sleepy as we were, we yet gladly assisted our weary hostess in arranging the room we were to occupy. The little boys made a play of bringing the trundle bed from the garret, and although it was not quite as long as they were, it was much better than no bed. Mrs. Maynard, our landlady, rolled up a piece of old carpeting and placed it on the floor at the foot, and a thick quilt rolled and placed above the carpet, made an addition to the length of the bedstead and a chance to lay the little tired feet.

"It is a better place than our 'boys in blue' had during the war," she murmured in an undertone, and the tears dimmed our eyes at the remembrance. For we had all of us some one, father, brother, husband, son, or lover, most of us more than one, engaged in the then so recent struggle, bearing the hardships of the weary marches, and the oftentimes unsheltered rest, some of them the pitiless prison, some left in a bloody grave, while so many came back to us with shattered health and broken lives. There was no time for sad memories. Work for the living is, next to our faith in an all-wise Father, the best antidote to our sorrow for the dead.

The tired boys soon slumbered in the hastily improvised couch, and we gladly sought our own amid the clean, home-woven blankets.

A night of quiet sleep enabled us to en-

dure with more patience the inconvenience of dressing in such limited space as a very small room with two beds, a washstand, and two chairs could afford us. The young man's trunk had been removed to another room to make place for the trundle bed, and if it was some trouble to us to give up our usual toilet privileges, it was of course worse for him with only a lounge in the sitting room. The only comfort I missed much was the morning bath, but as the only chance for that was a two quart pitcher of water, a small wash basin, and a large table napkin, the towels also being in the wash, there seemed to be no other way but to rummage my traveling bag for a towel, which is certainly one of the necessary articles in a traveler's outfit, and be content with clean faces and hands.

Descending to the breakfast room at the sound of the bell, we found a good supply of the staples, bread, butter and coffee, in their most perfect manner of preparation, and had no regret for the absence of meats, which Mrs. Maynard informed us could not be procured, the concert company and the passengers from delayed trains having quite exhausted the supply from their one meat shop.

Breakfast over and a message from the station assuring us that there was no alternative but to wait the eleven A. M. train, which they hoped would be able to pass on time, and which would connect with the train I wished to take, we adjourned to the sitting room that we might thus give our friendly hostess a chance to restore our borrowed sleeping room to its previous occupant.

The two boys, by this time the best of friends, were soon rambling through the village in charge of the landlady's son, a worthy looking youth of seventeen, who had kindly offered to take care of them, and bring them back in time for the train.

Thus left alone without writing materials, sewing, or reading matter of sufficient interest to engage our attention, we naturally, being genuine daughters of Eve, talked. And thus it was she told me many incidents of her previous life which would not otherwise have been revealed to one so recently a stranger.

Our conversation recurred naturally to the expected train of which her husband would have charge.

"Once in my lifetime," said she, "I was expecting his train with far different feelings."

Her voice quivered, almost broke, and I turned from the window whence I had been gazing, with a look of inquiring interest.

"Excuse me," she gently said, "you do not seem like a stranger to me, and I will explain my careless words. When I first married Charlie," said she, "I was a mere child, and a spoiled one at that. My father was not wealthy, but his business gave him an income sufficient for our every need, and if our wants had not far exceeded our needs we might have been very happy. As it was, in the midst of ease and luxury, we were continually regretting our inability to live as some others we happened to know did, or to dress as certain others were in the habit of dressing. Even after we had once or twice seen those splendid mansions with the auction flag flying at the door, and the wearers of velvets and jewels reduced to the brink of poverty, we still were blind. Papa was a better business man we thought than their fathers or husbands were, and he would never fail as they had failed.

We found at last that even the wisest cannot foresee every contingency in business life, nor the most prudent guard against all emergencies. Hard times, panic, failure of firms largely indebted to him, and poor papa went with the rest. No, not with all the rest, for some were



defaulters, swindlers, thieves of the honest poor, taking from them the little pitance saved from meagre earnings for a day of deeper want, and confided to their care.

My father failed because others had defrauded him, but he gave up all he had. My mother sold her diamonds which were his love gift in the days of prosperity, and paid the most needy of his creditors, even before the settlement was made. When all was arranged and we had retired entirely from the fashionable world and its gayeties, to a neat little cottage in a suburban town, we were poor, but only a small percentage of indebtedness remained, and papa immediately obtained employment as book-keeper and confidential clerk, with a firm who were well aware of his business ability and unsullied integrity.

Papa's reverse of fortune was the crisis of my life. I was his only child, and had been educated up to the highest point of a fashionable young lady's education, but now all was changed.

Little of it all was available as a means of assisting my parents, except my music, and pupils were few in our place of residence. So I copied for city lawyers, wrote articles for city papers, and studied book-keeping, to assist papa evenings. It was such a comfort to make him lie down on the lounge evenings, and rest from his hard day's work, while I posted the books and made out the bills, which he had expected as his evening's labor.

Papa's health so visibly suffered from overwork that I saw plainly something else must be done to relieve him from his burden of care and anxiety for us, or he would never willingly take a vacation. So I smothered my pride and learned telegraphy, and was soon established in the little office near home. Of course all kinds of people came with messages, and the railroad employees were always in and out, but I took no notice of them, for I had been educated to consider myself of very different flesh and blood from what they were.

At last one evening, just in the twilight, with a dimly thick fog enveloping everything, I carelessly attempted to cross the track just ahead of a slowly approaching train. Usually it would have been safe, but the track was slippery with a mixture of ice and mud, and I fell just as I stepped upon the rail. A terrible death would have been mine, but Charlie happened to be just behind me. I say happened, but he afterwards told me that for some time he had been in the habit of attending me home every evening, as his train came in a short time before the hour I left work, and his home was not far from mine.

'You know,' he said frankly, 'I would not like my little sister to go home alone in the evening, and you looked so gentle and so lovely, and I heard you had no brother of your own, so I thought I would see you safe home as if I were your brother.'

A muddy little bundle I was when he picked me up on the track, just in season to escape the iron juggernaut that rushed past the next moment, screeching as if angry at being deprived of its prey.

After that, of course, I had to be grateful to him, and to speak a few words when we met, which was twice a day, for his train went out every morning, and in at night, about the same hours I went to the telegraph office and returned. So as we lived on the same street and only a few doors apart, almost without thinking about it, we got the habit of walking together. Still this seemed almost like a condescension to me, so long had I felt myself superior to all working people, and Charlie was only a brakeman then. You know they have to run as brakemen a long time, sometimes several years, be-

fore they can become conductors, and it is a life of constant peril even for the most active and careful.

Still I could not be uncivil to the young man who had saved my life at the risk of his own, and I soon found him more than my equal in education as well as intelligence. He had been in his last year in one of our best colleges, when his father's death changed his prospects materially, as well as socially, and abandoning his wish to study for the ministry, he at once set himself to find work by which to support himself and assist his mother.

The railroad was the first thing that offered to his labor waiting hands and he accepted the only place he could take as a beginner there, brakeman on extra freight trains. At first it was very hard, called out all hours of the day or night when extras were needed, to be gone for hours or days, as it might happen, returning exhausted from a long trip, to be awakened in a few hours by the night watchman or the day-time call boy, to start forth again upon his perilous work, with no regular meals, no regular hours of sleep, no holy day of Sabbath rest, nothing but the consciousness of toilsome duty, well performed, could have made such a life even an endurable one.

At last they gave him a regular train, better still it was a day train. By mere accident his hours were the same as mine, another accident led to our acquaintance. Before I was aware of it, his nobility of character and intellectual culture had made him more than a mere friend. He had what the fashionable fops, with whom I had been surrounded during the time of my father's reputed wealth, had not—genuine manliness.

Fortunately for my after life, I had the common sense to appreciate it. I saw too, that socially we were equals. Whatever position I might have once imagined myself born to occupy, it was no more than his had been previously to his father's death. We were each of us, in fact, upon a level as railroad employees. My work was cleaner and less dangerous than his, but it was work, honest work for honestly paid wages. He was a working man. I was a working girl. In education he was far my superior, as the prevalent ideas of that time prohibited many of the most useful studies to woman, and gave her a smattering of, so called, ornamental branches instead.

I am lingering too long over those happy days of courtship. My father liked Charlie, and we were married. Even then I would not quit my work. As one condition of my mother's consent had been that we would remain with her for a few years, at least, we boarded at home, and as before, walked to the station and back in company.

Next year a babe was given us, the little boy who is now at play with yours. Of course then I had work at home for both heart and hands. About the same time Charlie was promoted to his place of conductor, first upon a freight, and a few months after upon a passenger train. Our happiness seemed now complete. His work was not only easier and far less dangerous, but much better remunerated, so that there was now no reason for my wishing to remain in the telegraph office, even if baby had not come with angel messages for my heart.

My mother's death first shadowed our happy pathway. She died suddenly of heart disease, and her physician told us she had known for years that death might come to her at any moment. Probably that was why she so strenuously insisted upon my remaining with her.

Father soon followed her. He had been obliged to give up business some weeks before mother's death, on account of failing health, and tenderly attached to her as he was, he had not even that strong

desire for life, which gives many a weak body the victory over disease.

I shudder now to think how all alone in the world I should have been in this time or terrible bereavement, had not God given me my precious husband and our darling boy. With their love I could never be utterly unhappy. Our little household went on in its quiet way, beguiled from utter loneliness by the prattle of our little one, its domestic labors all attended to by the faithful young woman who had been with us for more than five years, and who seemed as much a part of the family as any of us.

One day a bronzed and bearded man appeared at our door inquiring for Miss Jane L., and it required a minute for me to remember that such was the name of our Jennie. The next day she quietly informed me that I must engage another girl immediately, as she was to be married the next week.

'Why, Jennie!' cried I, in amazement, 'is not this rather sudden? You know marriage is a thing that requires a long time to consider.'

'Well, ma'am,' replied she, with a shy smile, 'Jamie and I have had about ten years to consider it, and we think that is enough. We were as good as promised in our early youth, when we went to school together, he a lad of seventeen, and I two years younger. When he was twenty-one he went to California. He told me he was coming back for me as soon as he had money enough to be sure of taking good care of me, and I promised to wait for him till my hair was gray as my grandmother's, if need be. It is not very grey yet, ma'am,' said she smiling, and tossing back the pretty brown curls baby loved to play with.

'But why did he not write you in all this time?' I asked, determined to find some fault with this unexpected intruder upon my household quietude.

'He did, ma'am. At first only once in a long while, but after the Pacific mail came through so regularly, as often as once every month. That and the good home I had here, kept the time from seeming so long. At first he did not get on very well, and he often wrote me of his discouragement, saying if I was tired of waiting he would release me from my promise. Then I was vexed, and wrote him that if he wished to release me he could write me word, but when I was tired of waiting, I would let him know. The last few years he has been making money quite slowly, but still enough so that he could see better days ahead. Last week he sold a part of his claim for ten thousand dollars, and he says that with his previous earnings, that will do to begin with,' and she laughed merrily, for the sum seemed immense to the hard-working hired girl.

'But you should have given me longer notice, Jennie,' I remonstrated, for an abyss seemed opening before me.

'I gave you all the notice he gave me,' laughed Jennie. 'He took the train as soon as the sale was completed, and came through in five days. He must return next week he says, and he wants me to go with him. We have known each other from our babyhood, when his father's farm joined ours. It is six years since we promised, and he thinks he has waited for me long enough.'

I thought so too, and finding by inquiry of others, less interested than Jennie, that he had always borne a good reputation in the town, his native place, I wished her much happiness and bade her a cheerful adieu, with a sad foreboding that my own troubles were not all of the past.

Brought up as I had been, in utter ignorance of the myriad little details which make up the great whole of housekeeping, the prospect before me was dismal. Of

course I must get another girl right away, but she could not take Jennie's place. You can imagine all I went through with different girls, all of them having some good qualities, and most of them would have done well enough had I known how to direct and help them for a few weeks.

As it was we went from bad to worse with the cooking, and the once orderly house bore a strong resemblance to Dinah's kitchen, as described in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' My poor baby, neglected so often in my attempt to bring order out of chaos, became very fretful and at last really ill. All this made me very nervous and unhappy, and when Charlie came in, tired with his arduous and engrossing duties, and longing for the rest he used to find at home, I often poured upon his tired nerves the burden of my own. This did not make my troubles less, while it added so much to his.

He bore this very patiently for a time, but at last the numerous discomforts which he had to bear, with my frequent complaints, made him irritable, and he wondered why some other girl could not be found besides Jennie, who could cook at least a decent meal, and make the house look a little less like a pig pen.

He said this just as he was leaving home, and I flung after him a petulant answer as he closed the door. Then I sat down and cried as I had never cried for any sorrow of my life. Not even the loss of my dear father and mother had wrung from me tears so bitter, and so dark did my pathway seem that even my darling babe seemed to have lost all power to comfort me.

At last I sprang up, and sending for a woman who had sometimes helped me in house cleaning time, proceeded to give the house a thorough cleaning, although it was now a most inclement season. She swept and scrubbed and did the harder work, while I re-arranged, dusted, and added the finishing touches. Then I went into my kitchen and cooked and worried over the stove, trying to help an ignorant girl, while I was myself very nearly as ignorant as she. Indeed she had the advantage in one respect, being blissfully ignorant of how things ought to be done, she had not the painful knowledge of her own deficiencies.

At night the house did indeed look less like a pig pen, and some passably cooked food was in the pantry, but I was nearly wearied out, and my poor babe, nothing save the half frenzied state of mind I was in could have led me to so neglect him as I had done that day. I did not then know that my excitement of mind, and feverish, hurried overwork were fraught with danger and perhaps death to my boy.

He had been uncommonly quiet all day, and I worked on, thinking once or twice how good he was, but giving him far less thought than usual, and only taking him occasionally to nurse him, little knowing his mother's milk was poison to him, in her then state of mind and body.

When the day was over and I had exhausted my grief and indignation, I took the child to my arms with a feeling of remorse for having so long neglected him, and a mental promise that it should never be so again. His flushed cheeks indicated fever and his quietude seemed unnatural. At once alarmed I sent for our physician, and he arrived not a moment too soon. My darling was in convulsions. Even now I cannot recall the terror of that night, in which my only and idolized child lay struggling between life and death, without a shudder. I will pass it by with as few words as possible, although I seemed to have lived a lifetime of sorrow in that one night.

How trivial to me that night seemed all those vexations, and how unimportant the successes and failures of the kitchen. Had the life of my child been the condi-



tion of the penalty, I would gladly have promised to live upon bread and water the remainder of my earthly existence. No hut so cheerless, no station so low, that it would not seem heaven itself to me if my darling was with me.

Charlie, too; how remorsefully my thoughts turned to him! For the first time in our wedded life he had spoken impatient and angry words. It had been the result of a long series of discomforts, patiently endured by him, while I had complained bitterly. He would soon be at home, wearied with a day and night of toil, broken by but a few hours rest at the other end of the route, to find his once happy home desolate.

Desolate! Oh, might there yet be hope! God was merciful but even his mercy might not spare the blow. Never had prayers so passionate ascended from my heart. Never have I once doubted they were answered. The physician said a strong constitution triumphed over disturbing causes. The neighbors said it was the doctor's skill. I knew it was the merciful kindness of God.

When I heard the whistle of the approaching train it was with a great throb of joy, for our child lay weak and pale, but free from pain, and the physician said out of danger. A few days of careful nursing restored him to his usual health, but his mother had learned a lesson she never forgot. Housekeeping cares still came, some of them were very hard to endure with calmness, but a thought of that night reduced them to their proper level as annoyances, not real troubles.

Whether I had grown more patient, or my girl more experienced, our cottage home soon resumed its old air of neatness, and our table was spread with a more tempting array of viands. I kept the same girl until her marriage about a year since, and as my own health is now good, and Harry grown so old as not to take so much of my time and care, I have since managed our little household without assistance.

Possibly if, like many tired mothers, I had a half-dozen little ones all clamoring for care, with scanty means and an unsympathizing husband, I might find it well-nigh impossible to be patient. But hark! There is Charlie's whistle. I should know it among a million. We must go at once to the station, for they make scarce a moment's stop here except for accidental delay, as yesterday.

The boys came scampering along. We were in and off in a moment. An hour afterward I bade her a kind adieu as I hastily changed to the Alton train, while she passed on to St. Louis. I have never seen her since, but have never forgotten, and for the benefit of some worried and overworked woman, now write down this record of a mother's lesson.

#### PENELOPE PEPPER'S TOUR.

Like Samantha, Josiah Allen's wife, I have been on a tour, and if I only had her ability to describe it I should be glad. You know the old saying that "shoe-maker's wives have to go without shoes." Well, my husband is a carriage-maker, and I have to go without a carriage. He has several times announced that he was going to keep "this" wagon for his own use, but every time some evil disposed person, not feloniously, but for filthy lucre, has taken possession and walked off with it before it could do me any good. But this summer we have succeeded in keeping one long enough to use a few days. It is a buck-board wagon, and if you never saw one you don't know how nice they are. Instead of springs the seat rests on a long, elastic board. They are low, so they are easy to get into, easy to ride in, and it is almost impossible to

over-turn one. But John is always trying to improve things, and so he had a spring made, or made it himself, I don't know which, and put it in over the forward axle of the wagon, and then he made a top, a kind of canopy resting on two iron rods. They divided into three forks at the top, and held it firmly in place. It was a great deal better than the large umbrella I have seen used for the same purpose, for it was up out of the way and was no trouble at all, while it protected us completely from the sun, and also from a smart shower of rain which came up soon after we started. It was the easiest wagon I ever rode in, and I told John,

"If you sell this wagon there will be a fuss."

He shook with terror or some other emotion, as he said: "If I do, I will make another just like it before we need one again."

As it was two years since we had been anywhere in a wagon he is likely to have plenty of time to make one.

Well, Saturday night came and we wanted to start Tuesday morning. John came home with, "I can't find a horse in town that you will ride after. I have tried everybody, and everybody has an excellent and undisputable reason why he can't let us have a horse."

"Well," I said with a groan, "I can stay at home then."

It is an old joke in my family that when I was a very small child, on being told that if I was such a naughty child and struck my lamb I wouldn't go to heaven, I answered pertly, "Well, I can stay at home then," and I gave the same answer now.

But Monday afternoon came, and with it a good man, who said he would let us have a horse for five days. He would put off his work to accommodate us. May some one do him as much of a favor sometime. Tuesday morning I put on a black bunting dress which I had worn two summers, a shade hat, a blanket shawl, packed a hand bag with a few articles, among them a bottle of extract of ginger, put a sheet of gingerbread into a paper bag, and we started. The skies were threatening and had been for several days, but John said it wouldn't rain, and it didn't. We had two slight showers, and they rattled around us on the top of our carriage, and that was all the rain we had while we were absent. Soon after we were well out of the village we came to a road that led up a mountain, and as I had never been there, and John wanted to see some new buildings, and a new shaft they were sinking at the mines, we went that way. Up, up, up we went and still kept on going up. The road was very good, smooth and wide. We kept on for what seemed to me a long time before we reached the top of the hill or mountain, whichever it was, and then we stopped. I don't know why, but the place where we stopped made me think of the place where the bears lived in the story about Golden Hair and the bears, and the big bear stood there chopping wood. The middle-sized and small bears must have been in the house for I did not see them. You know bears are very fond of honey, and this one, instead of stealing it, kept it for sale. We could see the hives standing all around. Now John has a very sweet tooth, in fact his whole life has been one prolonged honeymoon, whenever he could get the honey, and now he told the old bear to be sure and bring him a good lot this fall. He told us we were almost at the top of the mountain, but we thought he was mistaken before we reached it. We were not so long going down as we were coming up, but still we did not hurry any. The blackberry bushes almost touched us as we passed. If they had been ripe I should have picked a good

many, but as it was I only took a few, and left the rest for some one who came along after us. The beech, birch and maple trees grew thick on both sides of the road, the beech trees loaded with nuts. We saw very few walnuts or butternuts, and several spots were thickly covered with the pretty partridge vine and berries. How I wished I was going towards home, I should have dug some up and taken them with me for my fernery, but like so many other things that have to be left, I shall probably never see them again. When we reached the foot of the mountain we could see in the distance the new buildings that were going up, and the rest of the mining settlement that we wanted to examine, and turned our horse's head in that direction, but the cold north wind that blew in our faces was not at all pleasant, and the scene of desolation that a mining village presents does not tempt one to prolong their stay. We came back to the main road and turned our backs on the north wind. We soon passed a new Roman Catholic church. It was a very fine building and literally founded on a rock. Only a devout worshipper would scale the steep, rocky path that leads to it. We stopped a moment to look at the different ore beds, some new and some deserted, that dotted the hills around us, and then turned into the road that led to the pretty village where some friends of ours lived, but concluded we would not stop this time but went on to the next village, about three miles further on, where we stopped at the hotel long enough to feed and rest our horse. We walked around looking for something to interest us. The only thing we saw that looked as though people ever tried to amuse themselves was a croquet ground with a group of men, young and old, around it, with not a woman visible. Two of the men I am sure, and I think three, were cripples, at least they carried crutches, and one man had his head bandaged.

A man at the hotel asked John if he had a patent on his carriage, he thought it was just what he wanted. He told him no, any one was welcome to make one like it. When we were well out of the village we ate our gingerbread at our leisure. We laughed, at least I did, at what any one would say who should come across two staid, respectable-looking people riding along munching gingerbread. John is not so frivolous as I am, and does not find so many ridiculous things in the world as I do, although I must say I have demoralized him considerably. We concluded that the people along the road were diligently engaged in minding their own business, for we met scarcely half a dozen people that afternoon, and about four o'clock arrived at our destination, tired but jolly, and found a warm welcome and a warm supper.

There is a place sometimes called Forest City, about sixteen miles from where we were visiting. It is a great resort for city people in the summer, and is noted for its beauty and healthfulness. There is a beautiful little lake, and three or four large hotels have been built and are filled every summer with city people in search of health and pleasure. We had long wished to visit it, and our friends told us the roads were good, so we started the next morning about nine o'clock, taking this time some cookies in our paper bag. Our road lay over another mountain and through another mining village, but it was very much more so than the previous day. Indeed, when we came to going down the mountain I got out and walked. I very much prefer walking when the wagon stands straight up in the air. The roads were better than one would expect in such a place, but it did not seem possible that the great stage wagons loaded with passengers and baggage would go

over some of the places we saw. But we soon met a double wagon with two passengers and two large trunks, and afterwards two more larger and more heavily loaded. We soon came to a lake. I was surprised to find it so large. It is six miles long, and about in the middle a long point runs out so far that it looks as though you were at the end of the lake, but when you get on a little farther you find the lake just as large as ever. There were several islands, some large and some small, and a number of small boats were scattered around. I could see no place where any one could live anywhere around, but we afterward found on another road a large, handsome house at the foot of the lake that could accommodate a good many guests.

Sometime during the forenoon, I think it was, before we reached the lake, we were riding by the side of what looked like a river, but I suppose it is called a creek, when John said, "See the pond lilies!" and there they were, dotting the surface of the water for several rods. Oh, how I wished I could get some of them, but not being web footed, and not having wings, I was unable to get any. We came to a place where two or three roads branched off, and as John is sure to take the wrong road if he tries to guess which to take, he asked a man which one was right. He pointed out the very one we should not have taken, which confirmed John's opinion of his own capability of going wrong. Indeed not many miles on we came to a place where two roads turned off, and he took the wrong one, and we went a long way before we found it out. But the road was a good one, we had plenty of time, and it only gave us a little more chance of seeing the country. We turned and came back to where a large stone bridge stood, with a warning on it of twenty dollars fine for driving over it faster than a walk. Now if no one had any more wish to drive over it fast than I had they would not need any warning. We asked again which road to take and went merrily on our way. We did not have to inquire again for we were almost there.

We stopped at a house near the village and they fed our horse. John wandered around and I sat in the wagon and ate cookies, and watched what was going on around me. What I saw might not interest others as it did me, so I will not inflict it upon them. With our steed rested and refreshed we proceeded on our way through the village, around where the great hotels stood surrounded by their beautiful grounds, down to the lake shore, where we saw the loveliest little yacht along with a number of small row boats. It was a good time to investigate for it was dinner time, and most of the city people were busy with their dinner. Well, we saw all we conveniently could and then started on our homeward way. By this time my head was aching severely, and I knew why. I did not have any coffee for breakfast. We stopped at a grocery store and John went in and called for a quarter of a pound of coffee. I only wanted a spoonful but it would hardly do to call for that quantity. If the coffee had been better it would have been better for my head, but what little coffee there was in the mixture did some good. I had read somewhere, sometime, that to take some coffee and hold it in your mouth would do as much good as an infusion of it would, and it is so. I have tried it several times.

We took a different route from the one we came over in the forenoon, and it led through totally different scenery. The buildings, most of them, had once been good, respectable farm houses, but now seemed dropping to pieces. In riding through the mining settlements I thought of dirt and desolation, but this was decay



and desolation. We saw one lonely, weather-beaten church and one or two saw mills, very useful no doubt, but not at all interesting. We found the twin of the bridge we saw before, and they charged the same price for the privilege of riding over it faster than a walk. I wanted to try it, but John said I had better wait until we found a cheaper one. We soon came to the foot of the lake, beside which we had been riding in the morning. The large white house with its pleasant grounds looked strange to me in such a lonely place. But what won't people do for city boarders; how did people live before they were invented? We met the same loads of people we met coming out, and when we were going up the mountain again we walked awhile and picked berries and looked for flowers, although we did not find any. All the live creatures we saw, were a squirrel on the branch of a sumach, which looked at us with his bright eyes, but never stirred except to give a perfect illustration of "rock-a-by baby on the tree top, when the wind blows the baby will rock," and a large gray hawk which came so near that I was glad I was not a chicken.

I have not said much about the mountains for I am not capable of describing them. The road went over, around and through mountains. No sooner did we pass one than another made its appearance. Now it is my ignorance I know, but I had rather see a good farm than a mountain any day. But I could not get along without the lake. My home has always been beside the blue waters of Lake Champlain, and there I hope to be laid to rest in peace when the time comes for me to leave this beautiful world for another still more beautiful.

When within a few miles of our resting place John turned off into still another road. He wanted to show me the old mill and furnace where he played and worked when he was a boy. All there was left of the old mill was the dam, the rest was gone, and it looked strangely to see nothing else. I suppose the water thus held back is utilized somewhere, but we could not see where. Where the old furnace once stood there was nothing left but acres of refuse of different kinds, and two holes, one where the furnace used to stand, and one where the shaft was sunk where they procured their ore. There was a group of old women gathered there that reminded me of a picture I had once seen of a meeting of witches. They were raking over the rubbish. John said they were looking for old iron. Our road now lay along the edge of a pond, and a mountain came down close to the other side, and there we were between the two. If it had been a little later, and I had been alone, I should actually have been afraid, everything looked so strange and eerie. But we soon reached home, and rested, warmed and refreshed, forgot the trials of our way and remembered only the pleasantness.

The next morning we could not see a rod from the house the fog was so thick. I never saw anything like it. We wanted to go blackberrying, but it was so late before the fog cleared away, and everything was so wet, that we did not go. We stayed and visited with our friends. As it was seventeen years since I was last there, we found plenty to talk about. Seventeen years, how much had taken place since! Then we were in the midst of our civil war, and we came to attend the funeral of the soldier brother who had been taken from the group of five who went from the same family.

John had five brothers in the army at the same time, and I had four. Was it any wonder that I was not willing to let him go too? There was a whole company of cavalry enlisted in this one town, besides those who went in other regiments.

The son and nephew of the owner of the iron works went with them, and did good service through the war. The son came back with the title of general, and he has represented us at Washington since. I wanted to see the monument to those who were killed, which he erected at his own expense when the war was over. It cost six thousand dollars. But we decided to go home by another road.

We started for home the next morning. We had intended to stay one more day, but, well, I may as well own up, when I go for a boat ride in a small boat I am sure of one happy moment, and that is the one in which I get my feet on dry land again. In visiting it is very much the same with me. I am perfectly happy when I get home again. I enjoy visiting though.

This town has the peculiarity of being composed of several different villages. First, we went through Irondale, that is the headquarters of the iron interest. All the machine shops are here. The railroad which leads from the lake to the mines passes through it. Then comes the Hollow, quite a large place, with a good deal of business going on. Then some smaller Hollows, one of them Slab Hollow. Then Factoryville, almost the only place near there where anything is done except make iron. There is a factory here where doors, blinds and window sash are made. But the man who has carried on the business for several years has lately failed. Iron making and farming are the only things which seem to amount to much, and some of the farmers carry very long faces. One with whom we talked thought nothing but an unlimited supply of greenbacks could save them. I could not blame him much, for I have sometimes thought that was what would do me the most good of anything. There is still another village down the lake a few miles further, but we did not go there. We took a road I had never been on before. We rode for a long while by the side of a beautiful river. In one place it added quite a curiosity to its beauty. The stones over which the water flowed were arranged like regular stairs, and for a long ways the water flowed over these stairs. If there had been more water the sight would have been more grand, but as it was, it was beautiful and interesting.

Somewhere along the road John pointed out the place where some Indians caught Gen. Putnam, or "Old Put," as some called him, and tied him to a tree and prepared to burn him to death. Now I don't believe that story. It is much more likely that Gen. Putnam caught the Indians and tied them up to trees and left them there, or did something else with them. A man that could catch wolves and ride down precipices, and such things, wouldn't let himself be taken by a few miserable Indians. My great-grandfather was threshing in a barn once, and as many as twenty Indians surrounded the barn and called him to surrender. He went at them with his fall and killed some and drove the rest off, and it seems as if Gen. Putnam could have done as well as he did. John says he won't tell me any more historical facts if I manufacture history to suit myself.

After we left the river we found a railroad. Now I don't know which I like best, a river or a railroad. I think I would rather own both and then I should probably find out. It was nearly noon, and time for the mail train, and we tried to hurry a little, for we did not know whether our steed approved of such proceedings or not. We were near a deserted furnace when we heard a strange noise. I said, Has the old furnace come to life? and then like a flash the express dashed past. My heart stood still, and so did our horse, at least she never stirred

except to keep right on as though there was nothing in the world she was afraid of. Thus re-assured, we loitered until the mail train came along, and sat and watched it until it disappeared in the distance.

I wish I could tell you about all the beautiful things we saw, the lake, the mountains, the forests, the handsome houses and grounds, and some not handsome but picturesque, but even if I could, it would take more time and space than any editor would give, I am afraid, and my object is more to show how much pleasure might be felt in a short time, and with little expense, than to describe what I saw. If the world stands, and we live, and nothing happens to prevent, we may go on another tour sometime.

Ye who "have tears, prepare to shed them now." That wagon is gone to a better and higher sphere. In spite of early training, and I dare say many sermons on the subject, a D. D. broke the commandment, "Thou shalt not covet," and it now rolls over the country under his guidance. His son compared it to a circus wagon, on account of the scarlet fringe adorning the canopy, but the benign faces of the good doctor and his wife would give respectability to a "really, truly" circus wagon.

PENLOPE PEPPER.

#### ARTISTIC TASTES.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

The modern art mania has acquired such proportions that the furnishing of a modern house, to persons who want it furnished artistically (as the word is now understood,) is a matter of such grave responsibility that it is attempted with much inward tribulation. In former days people furnished their houses to suit themselves, and mainly with an idea to comfort. Now they furnish them to please others, and with more consideration to obtaining an air of artistic taste than to any thing else. The nearer a house resembles a small museum for promiscuous bric-a-brac the higher will be the commendation of our friends who "fairly dote on art." The intrinsic ugliness or beauty of an article will matter little, so long as it has been pronounced "artistic." Genuine individual taste is now at a discount. We must order our china, pictures and bric-a-brac, as we would order a harness, or a new coupe.

The present phase of taste, though it contains much that is really good and admirable, is not likely to have a long reign. Fashion is a fickle and despotic leader, and it is possible that we may be compelled to educate our harassed faculties and our tastes in quite another direction before long. The next generation may look upon the present era as having been benighted to an extraordinary degree as far as art goes. The Chinese and Japanese creations, now held in such high esteem, may be viewed by them with contempt mingled with pity for the dense ignorance under which we labored. They may see no beauty in china decorated with leering, mis-shaped monkeys, brutish gorillas, reptiles, bloated toads and lizards. They may recoil from eating from plates upon which a boa constrictor lies coiled, or a dragon with flaming eyes waits ready, seemingly, to swallow one's hand. The rich and brilliant coloring in which we now delight, may strike our great-grandchildren as extremely vulgar—there's no telling.

The finest and most constant quality of taste is discrimination, the faculty of distinguishing what is excellent and permanent from what is merely the caprice of the hour. There are many designs and pictures which, though charming us at first, become positively intolerable after a time. Extreme care is necessary to

guard against the attractions of those articles which are merely novel, and have no intrinsic merit.

If you wish to have your house make a good impression and at the same time observe economy, there is a short rule which is not hard to follow. Buy everything of the simplest sort. Eschew ornamentation on your china and furniture, buy your carpets of small figures, and have no glaring patterns in your wall papers. Get nothing that has an air of pretense, and avoid cheap lace at your windows and tawdry worsted work in your parlor.

Beautiful paintings are well-springs of pleasure, attractive to the eye, refining to the mind, and lending an air of comfort and companionship to any room in which they hang. How delightful to contemplate the fair landscape portrayed by the artist hand, until we fancy ourselves wandering by the brook, listening to the music of its waters, and resting in the cool shadows of the spreading trees! We can almost see the graceful motion of the leaves as the rustling boughs are swayed by the soft wind, can almost hear the trilling of the birds among the branches.

It is well to cultivate the love of the beautiful in art as well as in nature, for it dwells in the mind of the child, and is one of the first faculties developed in the pure soul of infancy, as we see in his joy over the brightly colored prints in his book of fairy tales. And a love for art is nearly always sure to keep the young from low and debasing associations. The young mind, trained to love what is beautiful and refined, will instinctively shrink from what is vulgar, impure or rude.

If young ladies would spend more money on books and paintings, and less on candy, cheap jewelry and trash of a like kind, they would find themselves far happier. Their hours of solitude would be enlivened by the thoughts and ideas of the gifted minds who have lived for a purpose, and unconsciously they would lose much of conceit and vanity, and would grow in beauty and refinement.

#### UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

Number Two.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

The fact that we may have the power to influence the minds and hearts of others under certain circumstances, even when at a great distance from them, has been proved by well authenticated facts, and whether this power be some subtle influence or force proceeding directly from one person to another, or whether it be an influence brought about through the aid and intervention of God, the Great Spirit of love, in answer to our prayers, it is a subject of universal and practical importance and interest, and it is natural to inquire:

1. Under what circumstances may such influences be most effective?
2. By what class of persons?
3. What practical benefit may be derived from such power, or from the facts under consideration?

In order to form an opinion in answer to the first query it will be well to consider some instances of so-called "spiritual telegrams" or "mental influences."

1. Mrs W., of this city, a highly esteemed Christian friend, tells me that during the late civil war in the United States her oldest and dearly beloved son was in the army, far away from her. Letters of course were necessarily irregular, and her anxiety for her son's health and safety intense. But so great was the sympathy between them, that if either was ill or suffering, the other felt it, and also felt it if circumstances were more favorable. These impressions for good or evil were always found to be correct by comparing letters received later, and



after her son was killed she felt the presence of his spirit. It seemed quite as real to her as that of any friend on earth.

I had also a friend in this war whom I had not thought of particularly till one Sunday I felt a sudden impression that he was in great danger. Not being able to think of anything else I kept praying for him most of the day, and wrote to him, but received no answer, not knowing exactly how to direct. Months afterwards I learned that on that very day he was shot. The ball passed entirely through his body, and it was considered a very dangerous wound, but yet he lived, and is now alive and well.

Another instance is given of a Mr. Danskin, who, though "engaged with the business committee," away from home, and "anticipating a pleasant week with friends," suddenly felt that he must return home, immediately left business and pleasure to follow the dictates of his impression, and arrived at home "just in time to see the last moments of one who had been his central thought for nearly twenty-seven years," his beloved wife.

It is noteworthy that the affectional, rather than the intellectual nature is the recipient of these spiritual telegrams. This is apparent from the fact that the impressions are always received through the emotions rather than through the reasoning faculties. We feel that a friend is thinking of us, and we find it was so. We feel that a friend is sad or in pain, and find it was the case. We feel that our friend is well and happy, and learn afterwards that we were right in our impression. We know not why we think so and so, but we believe it and feel it to be so, and afterward find we are right, and so learn to trust to these intuitions and messages, and to obey them implicitly.

Truly it is said:

"It is the heart and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain.  
And he that followeth love's behest,  
Far exceedeth all the rest."

Women, as a class, are more intuitive, more spiritual than men, and more apt to be guided by these unseen influences, but all may cultivate this power by shutting out the noisy din of the world and its affairs, and opening their hearts and quietly listening. It is in the quiet of the Sabbath, in the calm hours of evening, and in the silence of the night that we oftenest feel the presence of the unseen, but sometimes voices are heard speaking to us, even in the daytime, more clear than all the noise and bustle around us. We forget the carts and cars rattling over the city street and listen.

Loving hearts are always around us and near us, but we do not always heed their silent messages of love.

Let no one imagine that I am a spiritualist. Far from it. I have no esteem for, nor sympathy with the sect that calls itself by this name. I have no faith whatever in rappings, or mysterious messages supposed to be from departed spirits, bad or good, to whom "spiritualists," so-called, go for information and guidance. The Great Spirit and Creator is the only fountain of wisdom, and to Him we should go for guidance and direction, not only in spiritual affairs, but in all the affairs of this life, assured that He who watcheth the little sparrow will care much more for us.

The truth that impressions may be conveyed to friends at a distance has been recognized and acknowledged by scholars, poets and philosophers in all ages. Cicero says, "Friends though absent are still present." Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a famous scholar of ancient times, born 1486, author of Occult Philosophy, says "It is possible for a man to communicate his thoughts to another even at a great distance," and appeals to his own experience as well as to that of

others for the truth of this fact. Perhaps no one has ever expressed this truth more beautifully than that real genius, Adelaide Proctor. My readers will surely enjoy reading part of her beautiful poem, "The Sister," which (with most of her poems) seems more real every time we read it.

"Then I leant against the casement, turning  
Tearful eyes toward the far off west,  
Where the golden evening light was burning,  
Till my heart throbbed back again to rest.  
And I thought, 'Love's soul is not in fetters,  
Neither space nor time keeps souls apart;  
Since I cannot, dare not, send my letters  
Through the silence, I will send my heart.  
If perhaps now, while my tears are falling  
She is dreaming quietly alone,  
She will hear my love's far echo calling,  
Feel my spirit drawing near her own.  
She will hear, while twilight shades envelop her,  
All the gathered love she knows so well,  
Deepest love, my words have ever told her,  
Deeper still, all I could never tell.  
Wondering at the strange, mysterious power  
That has touched her heart, then she will say,  
'Some one whom I love this very hour  
Thinks of me and loves me far away.'  
If, as well may be, to-night has found her  
Full of other thoughts, with others by,  
Through the words and claims that gather round her  
She will hear just one half-smothered sigh;  
Or will marvel why without her seeking  
Suddenly the thought of me recurs;  
Or while listening to another speaking,  
Fancy that my hand is holding hers.'  
So I dreamed, and watched the stars for splendor  
Glimmering on the azure darkness start,  
While the star of trust rose bright and tender  
Through the twilight shadows of my heart."

To the readers who cannot understand or appreciate the truth embodied in these lines, who are incredulous as to these unseen influences, and ready to ask "How can these things be?" I will give some results obtained from studying the subject in a scientific point of view another time.

In the first number I made a mortifying error, which I discovered just too late. The beautiful text "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee," referring to those who trust in the Lord and make Him their refuge in trial, is in the xci. Psalm, eleventh verse. See also verses first, second and ninth. The fact that the evil spirit Satan used this text in trying to tempt our blessed Saviour to disregard His personal safety does not make the promise less true or less precious to us. It is still the word of God to us given for help and comfort. As Shakespeare makes one of his characters remark, "the devil may cite scripture for his purpose," (Merchant of Venice, Act I., Scene 3,) but that does not injure the scripture, nor lessen its value in the least, for whoever makes use of holy things for unholy purposes injures himself but not that which is sacred.

#### AN OLD ROMAN WEDDING.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

XXVTH DAY OF DECEMBER, }  
Year of Rome DCCLXIV. }

DEAR GLAUCUS:—I went to the wedding that I spoke of, and will now give you a description of the ceremony. It occurred between C. Galenus, of the proud Marcian gens, and Valeria, the daughter of the rich Spanish wine merchant, Cathullus. Formerly Romans could marry none but Romans, but the statute was repealed long ago. Now they marry whom they please. Many Greeks have already married into the best Roman families.

Marriages among the Romans are always preceded by a solemn affiancing or betrothment, which in some cases takes place several years before the wedding, but usually not more than a month or so. After a man has secured the consent of the girl and her parents, mutual friends meet at her house and arrange the marriage contract. Betrothals are usually made in the night. When the tablets are signed the man places an iron ring as a token of fidelity, upon the fourth finger of the bride's left hand. The sacrifice of

a bird and the offering of incense, to render the gods propitious, completes the betrothal.

The wedding ceremonies began at dawn, in the peristylum of the bride's father's, and did not end till long after dark, when the wife was conducted to the house of her husband. All the omens were auspicious. The voice of a turtle dove at sunrise and the flight of a crow, made all hearts rejoice, and as the weather was bright and clear there was nothing to mar the pleasantness of the occasion.

The bridegroom was about thirty years of age. The bride was under twenty, very beautiful, and will have a large dowry. I am going to tell you how she was dressed, for I have never seen a more magnificent costume. A long, white robe covered her whole form, reaching from her neck to her feet. This robe was made of silk, which is just beginning to be used by the wealthiest Romans, and was adorned with a purple fringe and many colored ribbons. Around her waist she wore the marriage girdle made of crimson, which was secured in front by a graceful knot and a golden buckle, made in the shape of a bent bow and adorned with jewels.

The bride wore on her feet a pair of high shoes or buskins, made of the dressed skin of a kid colored a bright yellow, and trimmed at the top with falls of fine white linen. On each instep sparkled a buckle of precious stones. Rich jewels hung from her ears, and her arms, which were bare to the shoulders, were encircled with gold bracelets above and below her elbows. She also wore several jeweled rings on her fingers, the richness of which contrasted strangely with the plain iron hoop she received at her espousals, and which she will never lay aside unless she becomes a widow.

The crowning glory of the bride was her hair. She had an abundance of it, of a lustrous gold color, which is the most fashionable hue, many having their dark locks colored to suit the requirements of fashion. This mass of hair was disposed in a tier of six curled tresses, on top of her head, after the manner of the vestal virgins, as indicative of her chastity. The hair was parted by the point of a spear, which had been dipped in the blood of a gladiator, as a sort of prophecy that she would be the mother of valiant children. Over all, clothing her whole person, fell a veil of a bright yellow color.

The bridegroom was dressed in a large toga of crimson silk, which completely enwrapped his person. He wore sandals on his feet that were richly adorned with precious stones. His hair was anointed and perfumed, and his fingers were covered with rings. The men spend almost as much time on their dress as the women do, and dote on trinkets and fine clothes. Some of the young fops carry parasols brought from India, and paint their faces. They lisp in soft whispers, and in every way ape silly women in manners and personal adornments. The Cæsar has set his face against such degeneracy, but even emperors have to yield to fashion.

It was a little before sunrise when I reached the wine merchant's house, but early as it was I found all the friends gathered among the flowers in the peristylum. The bride and bridegroom stood hand in hand, and uttered their bridal vows. Near by stood a little altar on which fire was burning. The priest now sacrificed a sheep and spread its skin over two chairs. The bride and groom took their seats on the soft wool, with their heads covered, and the bride's mother dressed like Juno Pronuba, who sanctifies marriages, laid her hands upon their shoulders to denote their unity. The company then all united in singing the Talasi-

us or bridal hymn, accompanied by the music of flutes and hautboys, after which the priest offered a lamb and invoked the blessings of the gods upon the wedded pair. This ended the religious ceremonies, and the rest of the day was spent in feasting and amusement.

At sunset the bride was carried home to her husband's house. She was taken, as it were, forcibly from her mother's arms, a close veil put upon her, and she was carefully carried over the threshold and placed at the head of the procession. She was supported by two boys, one on each side, dressed in white togas with purple borders. Another boy preceded her with a lighted torch of thorn wood, and two followed behind. One of these carried the bride's jewels and trinkets in a covered vase, the other a distaff and spindle, in memory of Caia Cæcilia, wife of the first Tarquin, who is held to be a pattern of conjugal fidelity and industry. The whole wedding company followed, many of them carrying burning wax candles. Slaves attended them, some of whom played on musical instruments, while others distributed bride cakes among the multitude of spectators. When we reached the husband's house the bride bound the door posts of her new residence with white woolen fillets, and anointed them with the fat of wolves. She then called out in a clear voice, "Where you are Caius, I am Caia," which was as much as to say that she entered the house as an equal in the government of the family.

A fire was burning on an altar before the door, and beside it stood an amphora of scented water. This was touched by the bride and groom in token of mutual purity and nuptial fidelity, after which they were sprinkled with water. The attendants lifted her over the threshold, the friends reverently followed, and we went into the atrium, or great family sitting room of the house. The room was brilliantly lighted with a central lamp, and by the wax candles that had been brought in from the street. The husband now gave his wife the keys of the mansion, formally installing her its mistress, which she delivered over to the chief servant.

After this the musicians struck up and the whole company fell to singing and uttering words of praise to the bride. The husband offered a little sacrifice to Priapus, the god of fruitfulness, and then we all sat down to a sumptuous feast. During the supper little clay models impressed with images of the married couple, were distributed among the company. It was nearly midnight when the party broke up. As we retired each one saluted the bride with a kiss and wished her much happiness.

The next day I attended the christening of an heir that had been born to one of the consuls, which was graced by the presence of the emperor himself. So you see I do not lack for excitement. There is something every day to attract attention. Festivals and shows are the order of the day, and a Roman could not exist without something to pass his time away. I am sorry to say that I am fast getting like them. I will tell you something about these festivals when I next write you. Vale! DIONYSUS.

#### SOME OLD MEMORIES.

I often wonder if others have so many pleasant memories connected with old hymns, as I have. I often sing with my children that beautiful one commencing,

"Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
We're homeward bound," etc.,

and by the time we have finished, memory has taken me far away to the scenes of my girlhood, and I sit and look at the firelight until my darlings say, "What are



you thinking of." I try to tell them of a beautiful picture of long ago, that the words of the hymn always bring to my thoughts. A beautiful old church in a distant city, high, dark, richly carved beams reaching far up to the roof, the moonbeams streaming through the beautifully stained windows; no other light, but one small gas jet way up in the organ loft where a young man is playing that beautiful air, and in the broad middle aisle, right where the moonbeams seem to rest, a group of merry, light hearted girls, and beside them the stately form of their pastor, with his hand raised above their heads, all of them singing "Homeward bound." They had been having a fair in the lecture room of the church, and a number of the girls had gone into the church to rest, and a young friend was practicing on the organ, when their pastor came in, and asked him to play that air, and then said, "Now girls, all of you sing, and sing as if you meant it." He was nearer that "gloried shore," than any of them then dreamed, for in less than a year he went home. Some of those girls are dead, others I have not heard from in years, and I now have children, some of them older than I was at that time, and probably the scene has passed from the memory of all but myself, but to me it is still bright and fresh as if it happened but yesterday.

Others bring to mind old schoolmates, from whom I have long been separated. The one beginning,

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come,"

makes me think of a dear teacher who loved so well to sing it with her class. After teaching them for many years, she left them at Christmas, with bright hopes for the future, and with good wishes and gifts from her class, and in less than a month she was dead, killed on her wedding day by a dreadful railroad accident.

Not long ago I visited a church not far from us, and the choir sang that old hymn, "Loving Kindness." I had not heard it since my own dear mother used to sing it while about her work. It is almost twenty years since she went home, yet I can plainly see her, sitting at her work, her dear loving eyes turned toward me, and singing in a low, but to me so sweet voice, those old words. Dear mother, she did always see God's loving kindness in everything, and I often wish that I could always say as fervently as she did, no matter what happened, "It is all for the best."

I might write many pages telling of memories of days long passed, brought to my mind by old airs and words. Some that we used to sing Sunday evenings, sitting around the fire, in the dear old home now passed into stranger hands, others sung at concerts, and anniversaries, all have some pleasant reminder of long ago, and of dear ones, many of whom we shall never see in this world again.

LOUISE C. WILSON.

#### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of 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.

Let Every Subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD do these things at once:

- 1st. Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of any grocer, and get a bill of it.
- 2d. Cut from the bottom of EACH wrapper our name and address.
- 3d. Mail us all these pieces of paper with our name on, the grocer's bill and your full address.
- 4th. We will mail YOU FREE seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold

representing Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—I send you a bill for twice seven bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap, which I bought, as you will see, of Mr. Oliver, 412 Main street, Quincy. In return please send me two packages of Shakespeare cards. I can cheerfully add my testimony in favor of Dobbins' Electric Soap after a trial of over four months past. It is certainly the best soap for cleaning and whitening fabrics of all kinds we have ever used, and we have tried all "the best in the market," so claimed. Dobbins' Soap for laundry purposes is the soap "par excellence" by a large majority.

J. C. HART, Pastor Baptist Church, Payson, Ill.

[We do not have the cards, but have sent your bill to Messrs. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and they will send them.—ED.]

MR. CROWELL:—My family has used Dobbins' Soap for two or three years. We have tried several other preparations, but always return to it. The manufacturer's way of using it is perhaps the best, but my family have another way that is certainly good. A bar is cut into shavings and dissolved in a gallon of water brought to a boil. The dry clothes are put into a barrel and the soap in sufficient boiling water to cover the clothes, poured over them, and are pounded in the old-fashioned way. It thus requires considerable less soap than the other way. The clothes are then rubbed on a wash-board with half the labor it takes with other soap, and every spot thus reached.

F. P. PAULL, Lewistown, Fulton Co., Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for nine years and have found it unfailing, and clothes are made pure and white with no board and no boiler. The reason some do not like it is that they do not rinse in warm water, and the soap sticks to the clothes. Many will not follow the directions on the wrapper. It is splendid.

MRS. WM. R. DE KRAFT, 53 Apsley St., Philadelphia, Penn.

MR. CROWELL:—I will say Dobbins' Electric is not new to me, having used it for five years. I consider it the best soap in use. It saves labor, does not rot the clothes, and makes them clean and nice. I always recommend it to every one.

MRS. W. COOKE, Box 35, Northboro, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Soap from the manufacturers, which they sent me by mail. I have given it a fair trial and find it a perfect success. It does all it is claimed it will do. I can recommend it to all THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

MRS. S. V. PICKENS, Hendersonville, N. C.

#### OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. E. E. McIntyre, Logansport, Ind., will exchange patterns for ladies, gents and children's clothes of any kind, for anything ornamental or useful to a young housekeeper.

Mrs. E. Winslow, Walpole, Mass., has a lovely pattern for a chair stripe, in Berlin wool, (calla, roses and pansies,) cost \$2.50, to exchange for something of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockland, Me., has a waist pattern with skirt supporter attached. Also coat, pants and vest patterns for a boy about thirteen years. Will exchange for dark gingham.

Helen Day, Skaneateles, N. Y., will give directions for making plaster of Paris flowers for wreaths and crosses, etc., or an oil painting, in exchange for directions for Egyptian crystal work.

Mrs. O. L. Hall, 35 Eastern Avenue, Springfield, Mass., has green-house plants to exchange for patterns for children's clothing, one to three years, garments, or pretty and useful ornaments. State what kind of plants you want.

L. K. Schultz, Colebrookdale, Berks Co., Penn., has tidies worked on canvas to exchange for pampas plumes.

Mrs. E. S. Lewis, Anaheim, Los Angeles, Co., Cal., would like to exchange seaweeds found on the Pacific coast, for those from the Atlantic.

Mrs. S. E. Poole, Chilmark, Dukes Co., Mass., will exchange sea mosses from Martha's Vineyard, and twelve patterns of baskets, card cases, etc., for most anything useful.

Mrs. Amy E. Damon, Bellows Falls, Vt., has a handsome adjustable lamp shade to exchange for minerals and curiosities for a cabinet.

M. F. Jones, East Douglass, Mass., will exchange "Wood's Class Book of Botany," steel engraving twenty-two by thirty-two, motto eleven by twenty-eight, or tidy pattern, for anything of equal value either useful or ornamental.

Mrs. O. D. Barker, 658 Cass St., Milwaukee, Wis., has three or four amaryllis bulbs of different varieties, worth from one to three dollars each, to exchange for a copy of the "Chapin Genealogy," by Orange Chapin, in good condition.

Mrs. H. B. Cobb, Steward, Lee Co., Ill., would like to exchange pieces of print, and samples of feather braid edging, for anything suitable for a cabinet except cotton balls.

Mrs. L. M. Moore, North San Juan, Cal., will exchange Chinese chop sticks, envelopes, and newspapers, and directions for making Kensington embroidery with sample, for reading matter, fancy work (especially crochet), or choice house plants.

Mrs. E. L. Hudson, box 6, Claremont, N. H., will exchange toilet set for traveling stones with I. P. B., also will send Rosamond E.'s daughter a tidy for her dove pattern.

Mrs. C. W. Benton, Conneaut, O., will send "Gathering Shells from the Sea Shore," to Montana May, if she will send her address.

Mrs. J. L. McLean, Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill., has knitted silk mittens, tidies, and other fancy work, to exchange for reading matter. Would like "Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Please write first.

Mrs. Solon Cooper, Clinton, Rock Co., Wis., will exchange one dozen fancy work patterns, or six varieties of flower seeds, for cabinet specimens with name and locality.

W. S. Beekman, West Medford, Mass., has a camera obscura, magic lanterns, papers, cabinet minerals, fossils, etc., to exchange for minerals, fossils, shells and books. A microscope wanted.

Mrs. A. M. Parker, Webster, N. C., received a package of flower seeds from Worcester, Mass., and the address was torn off. If the lady will send her address I will return the exchange.

Mrs. A. M. Buckman, Norwalk, Huron Co., O., has house plants, bulbs, and dusty miller roots, or articles of fancy work, to exchange for quartz crystals, nice sea shells or minerals, or anything suitable for a cabinet.

C. L. Wheeler, Box 75, Chesterville, Me., has foreign and domestic coins to exchange for U. S. silver, copper and nickel coins. All coins sent in registered letters at my risk. Send card with list first.

Mary E. Lush, Vineland, N. J., wishes birds' eggs. Please state what kinds you have and what you wish in exchange.

Annie Vickroy, Bay Pt. Station, Contra Costa Co., Cal., has specimens of California marble to exchange for spatter work, specimens, moss, or patterns for fancy work.

Mrs. Letitia Golden, Millen, Scriven Co., Ga., wishes to exchange a mocking bird, a fine singer, for curiosities for a cabinet, stuffed birds or fancy work, pictures, guitar, etc.

H. M. Bliss, Corinth, Vt., would like to know if any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will exchange the January number, 1881, for a fig slip, wax plant, leopard or lace cactus, or specimens of copper ore from Vershire mine.

Miss Carrie S. Davis, Cullowhee, Jackson Co., N. C., has mica, with samples for making into wall pockets, etc., bulbs, ferns, leaves and mosses, to exchange for fancy work, ruchings, edgings, zephyr, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. F. A. Wood, Northbridge Centre, Mass., has seeds of white ageratum, portulaca, mixed colors, double zinnia mixed, and sweet briar, to exchange for bulbs of crocuses or tulips.

Mrs. R. Brooks, Arkansas, Pepin Co., Wis., would like to exchange animal patterns for one skein of Germantown yarn, scarlet preferred, or two yards of good print. Also patterns of fancy articles, for a generous roll of worsted pieces. Send postal with name and address.

Mrs. W. J. Buchanan, Lawrenceburg, Lawrence Co., Tenn., will exchange Vick's for some other floral guide, embroidered pillow case pattern for large apron pattern, plants, seeds, quartz, and pine cones for other varieties.

Kate Holman, Box 57, Goodison, Mich., will exchange patterns of lambrequin, animals and fancy work for Florida moss, star fish or embossed pictures.

Mrs. J. C. Vaughan, Fulton, Hempstead Co., Ark., has books, rooted slips of choice plants, cones and sweet gum burrs, to exchange for shells, magazines, plaster busts, or stereoscope and views.

S. Maxson, 208 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y., will send hand painted satin pendant for the neck for each package of fifty fancy advertising cards sent her. State color of satin preferred.

Mrs. S. E. Comstock, 100 Ross St., Brooklyn E. D., L. I., has patterns for braiding or chain stitching for shams, lambrequins and knit or crocheted edgings, for fancy advertising cards, or fancy work except cardboard.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges, some with no signature, others signed only with initials, or number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

#### THE GENUINENESS OF OUR TESTIMONIALS AND REPORTS OF CASES.

There are two classes, the naturally credulous and the naturally skeptical. Those who belong to the first are often deceived—often the prey of sharpers, empirics and speculators. They gain wisdom, but many times through dear experiences; and yet, in the long run, their gains probably far exceed their losses, because new discoveries in science are giving us a clearer knowledge and a larger command of the hidden forces in nature, and they are far more likely to profit by these new discoveries than those who belong to the class which takes it for granted that every alleged new discoverer is a cheat.

Against the doubts, skepticism and foregone conclusions of this second class we have had to contend from the beginning of our administration of Compound Oxygen; and now, after twelve years, when our patients are numbered by thousands, and the emphatic testimonials of a large number of these are before the public, the doubters are still inclined to the opinion that Compound Oxygen is a humbug, and the testimonials to its value manufactured or paid for.

As to the genuineness of the testimonials we publish, any one can satisfy himself by writing to those who have voluntarily given them under their real signatures. Of the large number of reports of cases given in HEALTH AND LIFE, our quarterly publication, and which are taken from the private correspondence of patients, we can only say that they are *verbatim copies of letters on file in our office*. Names are not given, except where consent is obtained, as this would be, as every one knows, a violation of professional confidence.

A letter, pertinent to this subject, is now before us. In our July number of HEALTH AND LIFE we made an extract from our correspondence with a patient, showing a large improvement in his condition since using Compound Oxygen. Writing to us after he had received that number he says:

"I am stronger, and strength is constantly increasing. Lungs are also increasing in strength and capacity."

He then adds:

"I saw in your last issue of HEALTH AND LIFE a statement of my case and reports which I have made to you, and will say that it is all correct. \* \* \* I wrote to several of the persons whose testimonials are published in one of your pamphlets, before ordering my first supply, about their testimonials, and they told me they were genuine, and would advise me to use Compound Oxygen. I told this to some of my neighbors, whom I was trying to persuade to use Compound Oxygen, and they said, 'How do you know that they are not bought to say and write this?' I answered, that there are too many whose testimonials are published that have used Compound Oxygen, and it would cost too much to buy them all."

But now, since I have seen my own reports published, I know for a certainty that other reports published are genuine; for I was not asked to have mine published, but you did so (not using my name), and I knew nothing of it until I saw it in print. It is all right, though."

As to the large number of testimonials and reports given in our various publications, we can only affirm their entire genuineness. If doubters and skeptics refuse to credit the evidence we present, we cannot help it. Their numbers, however, are becoming less and less every year; for the positive results of Compound Oxygen, and the living witnesses to its value, are multiplying in a steadily increasing ratio all the while.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which is sent free, contains a history of the discovery of this new agent of cure, and of the remarkable results which have followed its administration during the last twelve years. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.













Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., FEBRUARY, 1882.

**DON'T FORGET** that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

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.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

POSTAGE STAMPS of the smaller denominations—1, 2 and 3s—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do NOT send any larger ones.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

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.

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.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

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 remailing 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. 74 and 89 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof.

Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

**CHICAGO SCALE CO.,**  
147, 149 & 151 Jefferson St., Chicago.  
MANUFACTURE MORE THAN  
**300 Different Varieties.**  
Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



**2-Ton Wagon Scales** (Platform 6x12) --- \$40  
**3-Ton, 7x13, --- \$50** **4-Ton, 8x14, --- \$60**  
All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.  
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box and building directions with each Scale.  
The "Little Detective," for Family or Office, \$3.  
Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.



DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

In the course of his practice discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a *sure cure* for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and *will cure* any case. The Doctor's great remedy for Skin disease, called Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is exceedingly valuable and greatly sought after by all persons who have skin diseases or bad complexion. An excellent toilet dressing.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxes for \$2.50, to any address.

### DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

**ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS,  
INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST,  
ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS,  
DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP,  
SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and  
TENDER ITCHINGS** on all parts of the

body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the **BEST** toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package.

We have the pleasure of again calling the attention of our readers to the New England & Colorado Mining Co., whose advertisement will be found on the last page of this issue. To those who have money to invest in an enterprise of this kind, it comes with the confidence of an honest and secure business, based upon legitimate principles, and endorsed by many of the most respectable papers, and leading business men throughout the country.

### PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:—Yes, my "ears have burned" in genuine school girl fashion. I have been conscious how it would be when the January HOUSEHOLD came, and nothing from Riverside about Hans Dorcomb's "Little plan for one whom you all esteem very highly." And why don't you let me tell of the grand result expected? It rests with you to feel happy over it, or oh, so sorry by and by! Allow me to say to each reader personally, please do not say "I cannot bother, my three cents will not make much difference, and there are plenty of others." It is just your one letter stamp that is needed to make our "little plan" a perfect one. If I could but whisper one magic sentence in your ear such an influx of letters as would come to me this month. Dear twelve hundred, how much I thank you. Be patient until the others join us. Our postmaster, good, obliging man, (he is a subscriber to our paper, does that account for it?) who in his official capacity sees and understands different phases of human nature, inquires "when do you expect to be through with this business?" Oh, said I, "by Christmas, I hope, by New Year sure." With a wise look, "If you don't have some of those letters a year and a half from now, yes, two years from this time, I will give you a new suit of clothes." "Well," said I, laughingly, "to be even with you I suppose I must promise you a suit if I do." "Certainly," said he. Now, dear sisters, do you realize my predicament? It will never do for me to "keep peace out of the family" by clothing the husband of another woman, neither can I bear, unmoved, the implied dilatoriness of our sisterhood. So sisters, come quickly to the rescue, and direct thus: "Riverside," Medford, Middlesex Co., Mass., simply that and nothing more.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want correspondents in southern California and Florida. I would like information as to the country, its advantages as to health, etc. What part is best adapted to fruit growing and health combined. Whether a living can be made in Florida while waiting for an orange grove to bear. How long before it will be profitable, average profits per acre at that time, price of good land per acre, and the best way for northern people wishing to settle there to proceed? Advice from those who have lived north preferred. J. E. MCCORD.  
Newburg, N. Y.

### The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort, restore the natural action of all the organs.—New Covenant.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate, Tonic in Feeble Digestion.

I have found Horsford's Acid Phosphate to be a good tonic where there was enfeebled digestion. G. SCHLAGENHAUF, M. D.  
Altamont, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

### "I Don't Want a Plaster,"

said a sick man to a druggist, "Can't you give me something to cure me?" His symptoms were a lame back and disordered urine, and were a sure indication of kidney disease. The druggist told him to use Kidney-Wort and in a short time it effected a complete cure. Have you these symptoms? Then get a box or bottle to-day—before you become incurable. It is the cure; safe and sure.—Knoxville Republican.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. again come before our readers with a column advertisement, a large portion of which refers to their excellent magazine, The Atlantic. To those who have not already made out their list of periodicals for the current year, and especially to the Reading Clubs, so rapidly growing in favor in our country towns, we heartily recommend this magazine. Parents will find in the juvenile publications of this firm, nothing but clean, wholesome reading—the best of its class.

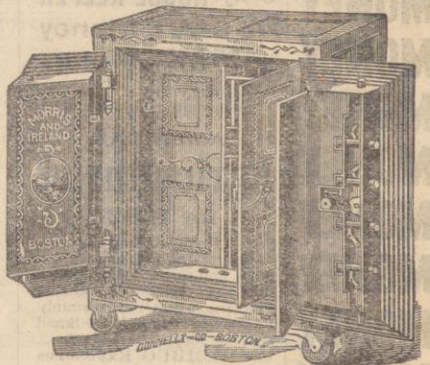


Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night. "Suffered with Itching Piles; used many remedies, but no permanent cure until I used Swayne's Ointment." As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps, 3 Boxes, \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa.

### CHAMPION RECORD IN THE GREAT BOSTON FIRE.

## Morris & Ireland's NEW IMPROVED EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE,

THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD.



AND CONTAINING OUR

Patent Inside Bolt Work,  
Patent Hinged Cap,  
Four-Wheel Locks,  
Inside Iron Linings, and  
Solid Angle Corners.

**MORRIS & IRELAND,**  
68 Reade Street, NEW YORK.  
64 Sudbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

### A CHEAP GUN.

Last week in our columns we advertised a \$5.50 breech-loading central-fire gun, made by the Saxon Importing Co., of 116 Chambers St., in this city. Some of our friends upon our recommendation purchased them, and speak very highly of them. One gentleman to-day writes us, "That this \$5.50 gun shoots as well and gives as good a target as a \$100 gun I brought from the old country. I shall recommend them to my friends." For rough usage or wet days this gun has no equal, and we can safely say that any one who sends for one will find them what we say, and will agree with us that it seems almost incredible how a breech-loading gun, fully tested, and having the government proof-mark upon it, nicely finished and "blued," strong in all its parts, and with a remarkably fast breech-loading device, can possibly be sold for such a sum as \$5.50. For presents these guns stand without a rival, as they look at least worth \$25. We have one at our office, and will be pleased to show it to whoever wishes to see it.—Commercial World, N. Y., Dec. 29.



MEMORIAL TO SIR FRANCIS  
DRAKE.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE TRICENTENARY  
OF HIS CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE  
GLOBE, AND OTHER EMINENT NATIONAL  
SERVICES.

Plymouth, Devonshire, aye, the Eng-  
lish-speaking race the world over, is  
pledged to a high and noble duty, namely,  
to do honor to one of the worthiest of  
that long muster-roll of "worthies" of  
whom historians, poets, and essayists in  
old time delighted to speak; one whose  
deeds ought long since to have been en-  
graven on enduring brass or imperishable  
marble.

Past generations, from some unex-  
plained cause, have been singularly ob-  
livious of the duty laid upon them, it re-  
mains, therefore, for this generation to  
celebrate the fame of one of England's  
greatest heroes, of whom the learned  
American blacksmith and linguist, Elihu  
Burritt, thus writes: "Drake, first of  
England's vikings as a sailor, went out  
with his little fleet of schooners from  
this port on the 15th of November,  
1577, to plough with their small keels a  
track through all the seas that surround  
the globe. The pluck and daring, faith  
and will of the dauntless seaman and his  
crews seem astonishing when measured  
against modern expeditions."

J. A. Froude, the learned and eloquent  
historian, himself a native of Devon, has  
severely censured the English people for  
having so long forgotten their worthies,  
the great seamen of the Elizabethan era.  
While doing so, however, he has set a  
noble example in giving us a true and  
worthy history of those men, with Drake  
at their head, to whom the England of  
to-day owes so much.

Charles Kingsley, another right worthy  
Devonian, thus writes in his "Westward  
Ho!" "It is to the sea-life and labor of  
the men of Devon that England owes the  
foundation of her naval and commercial  
glory. It was the Drakes and Hawkinses,  
Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenvilles and Ox-  
enhams, and a host more of forgotten  
worthies, to whom she owes her com-  
merce, her colonies, her very existence."

The services of Sir Francis Drake were  
eminently national. As such they were  
recognized by his queen and country,  
and spoken of by historians in all ages:  
even his bitterest enemies, the Spaniards,  
accorded him a full measure of credit for  
his wondrous deeds, which they ascribed  
to magic and the influence of unearthly  
powers. It is not for us, therefore, to  
narrow the sphere of his fame. His lo-  
cal services—to his native Devon, to his  
adopted town of Plymouth, and to the  
west generally, were eminently valuable  
—but they are small in comparison to his  
great national achievements, and it is for  
them we now claim a national response  
to a national appeal. We wish to perpet-  
uate his memory and the fame of his  
deeds, in this the three-hundredth anni-  
versary of their performance, in a manner  
that shall be worthy alike of his glory,  
and the honor of the nation. For this  
we appeal to the English-speaking race  
throughout the world.

Drake's bones do not lie in Westminster  
Abbey. It was not for him to be interred  
in that sacred fane where lie so many of  
the great and noble, and brave and good.  
Wellington, Nelson, and many more equal-  
ly great, rest there; but Drake, where  
is he? We do not seek to place our memo-  
rial to him in that National Mausoleum;  
we have a fitter place, a spot more in  
keeping with his career. On Plymouth  
Hoe, from whence he so often sailed on  
those notable expeditions which have  
made his name famous; that Plymouth  
Hoe to which he looked again and again  
with great yearning on returning there-  
from; that Plymouth Hoe near which he  
was standing when the intelligence was

**Your Choice for \$1.**

**ROLLED GOLD SOLID JEWELRY** makes a beautiful and valuable gift for a lady or gentleman, and in order to introduce our goods and to secure new customers for our Company we will forward **POST-PAID** to any address in the U. S. or Canada, any article of our **HEAVY 18K. "ROLLED" GOLD** jewelry as shown in the accompanying illustrations, on receipt of **THIS ADVERTISEMENT** on or before **MAY 1st, 1882** and **ONE DOLLAR**. On the inside of any ring we send you we will **HANDSOMELY ENGRAVE** without extra charge any **NAME, INITIAL, MOTTO or SENTIMENT** desired. Descriptions:—No. 1. Ring, we furnish in either **AMETHYST, GARNET or TOPAZ**. Nos. 2, 3, and 4, respectively, Ring, Gem's Stud and Lady's Ear Drops are set with our justly celebrated **FRENCH DIAMONDS**, the best imitation of the real stone ever produced, and we defy any one but the cleverest experts to detect that they are not. No. 5 is our handsome **ONYX INITIAL** Ring suitable for either lady or gentleman, the **ONYX** stones we use for settings show both black and white in their composition, and the effect of the engraved initial is very striking and beautiful. No. 6 is our **GLOVE RING** set with either **Red or Black Onyx**, something new and very handsome. No. 7 is an **INITIAL CHARM** suitable for either lady or gentleman. On one side we **CUT INITIAL** same as No. 5 Ring, on the other side we use as setting **Red Onyx**. No. 8 **HANDSOMELY CHASED BAND RING**. In the manufacture of all the above described goods we use **HEAVY ROLLED GOLD**, and in offering a **LIMITED SUPPLY** of these goods to the readers of this Paper at the nominal price named, we hope to make **Regular Customers** of them. At the same time we send article or articles selected, sure that you will be so highly pleased with our **CATALOGUES** and feel us by distributing our Catalogues among your friends, at the same time showing them the **BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY** you have received from us. You can in this way assist us in selling other goods of **STANDARD QUALITY** which are manufactured from **New and original Designs** and which are guaranteed to give satisfaction or **REFUND MONEY**. We depend on our **FUTURE SALES FOR OUR PROFIT**. Remember the jewelry Catalogues in your vicinity. **OUR COMPANY IS OLD AND RELIABLE**, manufacturing First-Class goods from the **PRECIOUS METALS**. We can only send out a **LIMITED NUMBER** of this **FIRST-CLASS JEWELRY** at prices named, and in order to protect ourselves from **Jewelers and Dealers** ordering in quantities we will insert this advertisement but **ONE TIME** in this paper, hence require you to **CUT IT OUT AND SEND TO US** with your order that we may know you are entitled to the **BENEFITS** of this offer. Under no circumstances others are desired we will furnish them in **18K. Solid Gold** at \$5.50 each. If you wish one article send this advertisement and \$1.00; if you desire two articles send this advertisement and \$2.00, or if all (one of each) are desired send this advertisement and \$3.00. If more than one of each are desired you must pay full price as given in our catalogue, to ascertain the size ring you wear, cut a piece of paper so as to fit around the finger you wish to wear the either Nos. 5 or 7 state the initial desired. In ordering No. 1 state the stone desired, as we furnish them in either **Amethyst, Topaz or Garnet**. And if No. 6 is ordered state which setting you prefer the **Black or Red Onyx**. **ORDER BY NUMBERS**. Remember under **NO CIRCUMSTANCES** will we sell more than **ONE OF EACH** at prices named. You can order one or any number up to eight, but not more than one of each kind and you must **CUT OUT** this advertisement and **SEND TO US** on or before **MAY 1st, 1882** with your order. Small sums can be sent through regular mail or sent by Registered Letter, Money Order, or Draft. Address **G. W. PETTIBONE & CO., 25 Maiden Lane, New York.**

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**L. A. THOMPSON & CO., 22 Beekman Street, New York.**

brought of the approach of the Spaniards, and from which he hid on that memorable summer's day the incidents of which have been so graphically described by Macaulay; that Plymouth Hoe from whence the townsfolk in that far-off time often looked on the little ships of their favorite adventurers, and from which they had cheered the departing and hailed the home-coming. On Plymouth Hoe alone, hallowed by such eventful associations, never to be effaced from the page of history can be the appropriate and chosen site for the Drake memorial whatever form it may eventually take. There let it stand, that future generations, sons and daughters of the old country, from Greater Britain, from the vast colonies, from the myriad islands of the sea, coming to this "mother Plymouth, sitting by the sea," may behold the noble monument reared by the men of this generation to the memory of him who opened up so many highways for commerce across the mighty deep, who cleared so many obstacles from the path of England's enterprise and glory. Drake died at sea:

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,  
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.  
His body's buried under some great wave,  
The sea that was his glory is his grave.  
Of him, no man true epitaph can make,  
For who can say, 'Here lies Sir Francis Drake?'"

Here, then, on Plymouth Hoe, laved by the waters of that sea which so often bore him to victory and discovery, and which still holds him in its mysterious depths, we propose to erect the memorial which shall tell of his name and deeds.

Subscriptions may be sent direct to the Honorary Treasurer of the "Drake Memorial Fund," Mr. Alderman Derry, Municipal Buildings, Plymouth, Devon, England, or to Charles F. Burnard, Mayor.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

Few complexions can bear the strong white morning light, which exposes every speck of tan, every pimple and the slightest spotting of eczema. In Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is sure relief from the annoyance of these blemishes on the cheek of beauty.

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As it is for all diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.**

It cleanses the system of the acid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

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of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

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has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, **CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION**, but harmless in all cases.

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Always cures **BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILLS and all FEMALE Diseases.** Is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form**, in tin cans, one package of which makes a quart of medicine.

Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated** for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

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**WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's.**  
(Will send the dry post-paid.) **BURLINGTON, VT.**

## KIDNEY-WORT

THE  
Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

## HUNDREDS

OF THESE

## SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited  
Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it. Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks." It is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction. Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

## REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

## The HOUSEHOLD

for one year, for only **\$3.50**. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for **\$3.00** each, and in either case warrant them to be as

## Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

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Brattleboro, Vt.

FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Velvet Paper Letters, forming the words

## HAVE FAITH IN GOD,

mailed for Fifty Cents, by  
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**JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists**  
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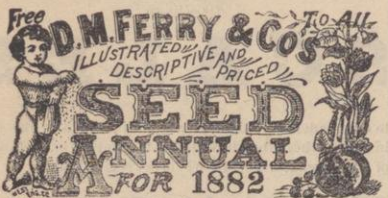
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**SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!** A package mixed of Flower Seeds (50 kinds), with sample Park's Floral Magazine, all for stamp. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.

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**THE WHITE IS KING.**

It has the finest finished wood-work and is the BEST MADE. Its shuttle is self-threading; its bobbins can be filled without removing the work or attachments. So simple in construction and light running, that a child can use it. It is **WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.** Agents can make more money handling the "White" than any other. Address, for particulars, **WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

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Cheap Edition, 25 Cents.  
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**HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.**

**50 Gold-Edge & Chromo Cards**, name on 10c. Book of Samples 25c. **F. M. Shaw & Co.** Jersey City, N. J.

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Send the price mentioned below, and receive by return mail one of these splendid new Music Books for Holiday Presents:

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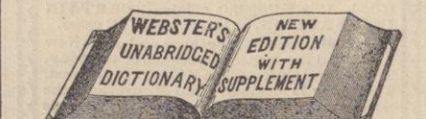
Everywhere known and prized for Skill and fidelity in manufacture, Tasteful and excellent improvements, Elegant variety of designs, Yielding unrivaled tones. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free. **J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.**

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Most Popular, Most Durable, Latest Improved, and Best. Simple, Strong, Swift, and Sure. All its wearing parts are made of steel, carefully tempered, and are adjustable. It has the automatic tension. It has the easiest threaded shuttle. It has a self-setting needle. It has a large space under the arm. It has a scale for regulating the stitch. It is warranted for five years. The bobbins are wound without running or unthreading the machine. It is almost noiseless and has MORE POINTS OF EXCELLENCE than all other machines combined. Woodwork made of solid black walnut in new and beautiful designs. Attachments adjustable and nickel-plated.

**NEW HOME SEW'G MACH. CO.,**  
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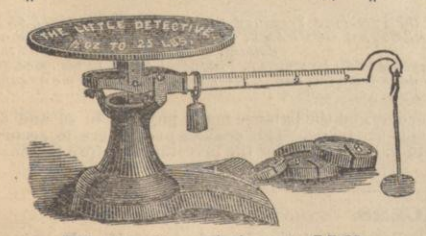
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73	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,)	12 00	24
74	Cash,	6 25	25
75	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
76	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
77	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
78	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
79	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
80	Photograph Album,	15 00	30
81	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
82	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
83	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
84	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	60 00	60
85	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
86	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
87	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
88	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	100 00	100
89	Cash,	35 00	100
90	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
91	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150 00	150
92	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
93	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

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Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free those wishing to procure subscribers.

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SHERMAN & JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agents, Brattleboro, Vt.



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Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

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Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00	
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00	
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near Alma, Park County, Colorado, surrounded by several of the best paying mines in that State. Most of its officers named below, have had a **PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE** in the mining districts of over **TWENTY YEARS**, and their ability and integrity are vouched for by leading business men and bankers.

Read an Extract from "ZION'S HERALD," the leading Methodist paper of New England:

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From Feb. 26, 1880, to Sept. 10, 1881, (less than 19 months,) carefully compiled statistics show that 68 Mining Companies in the United States, representing 11,700,000 Shares of Stock, 15 OF WHICH ARE COLORADO COMPANIES, PAID IN DIVIDENDS to its STOCKHOLDERS **\$104,710,300**, or **NEARLY NINE DOLLARS PER SHARE**, demonstrating that Mining Securities ARE among

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Subscriptions for Stock may be sent to the Financial Agent in the following form:

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One-third the amount should accompany the order, and the balance made payable in 30 and 60 days and Stock will be delivered as fast as payments are made. This enables purchasers to secure Stock at \$1.50 per Share, affording them time to raise money for the investment before the next advance in price.

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