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## The household. Vol. 5, No. 11 November 1872

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, November 1872

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# THE HOUSEHOLD

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOVEMBER, 1872.

No. 11.

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## The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.  
GEO. E. CROWELL,  
Editor and Proprietor,  
Crosby Block, - - - Main Street,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.  
TERMS: - \$1 00 per year.



### A NOVEMBER GLORY.

The gold and green have disappeared  
From woodlands where the partridge reared  
Her timorous brood, and brown and seared,  
Are now those woodlands hoary.  
What though the woods are brown and bare,  
And autumn leaves lie thickly there,  
There's summer lingering in the air,  
And still a lingering glory.

Sweet birds have sought a Southern clime,  
To others ring their merry chime,  
But had they dreamed of summer time  
Still in the woodlands hoary,  
They yet awhile, had lingered here  
In their old haunts, though brown and sear,  
Forgetful of the waning year,  
In this late autumn glory.

As slipped from us October days,  
We grieved to lose their golden haze,  
The purple and the crimson blaze,  
Of all the woodlands hoary;  
But still there hangs a misty veil  
Of golden tissue, thin and frail,  
That wraps the distant hill and dale  
In its November glory.

### VEYATIONS OF A FRONT YARD.

UNCLE SAM" hands us in the following article by the "Fat Contributor," which we hope our readers will enjoy as well as we did.

We have recently moved into a house that has a front yard. We have always lived in houses whose front yard was the street. Children will play in the yard whether there is a street running through it or not. After two or three of them had barely escaped being run over by the teams that insisted in running through our front yard, wife said she must rent a house that hadn't any street in it. So we did. But law! the children don't make any account of it. They are in the street as much as ever, accumulating their daily supply of narrow escapes.

Wife said the yard looked bare without shrubs and flowers and vines. I hinted that a little grass would help it, too. She asked me if I knew where I could get some, and I told her I knew a little grass widow on the next street, if she would do. I retreated, followed by the rolling pin.

The morning as I was going away my

wife asked me to bring her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what she wanted of annuals as I rode down town in the street car, but I am accustomed to a blind obedience to her requests, so when I went home at night I brought her some annuals. There were "Dr. Jaynes' Annual Almanac," I remember, and "The Odd Fellows' Annual Offering," and a "New Year's Address" for 1862, and the "Birth Day Gift," and numerous annual addresses before agricultural associations that had accumulated on my hands.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Boggs, (she never swears like that except under great excitement) "what have you brought me?"

"Annuals, Mrs. Boggs," said I. "You said you wanted some annuals, and here they are."

Then Mrs. Boggs burst out laughing and cried, "Why you old fool, you (we have been married twenty years, but Mrs. B. calls me pet nan as yet), the annuals I meant are flowers, such as verbenas, pansies, daisies, morning glories, mignonette and the like, to set out in our front yard." Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to collect and set them out in the back yard among other rubbish.

The next morning she asked if I thought I could get her some roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time a year for setting them out. (I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising a flower, unless it be a barrel of flour.) Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memoranda of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but just as I was about taking a car for home I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda and found the following:

"Get a few geraniums, fuchsias, heliotrope, roses, bourbon, running rose, 'Prairie Queen,' golden tea plant vines, English Ivy, Wandering Jew, seeds, etc."

I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I, "Give me a few geraniums and a few she's, and—"

"A few what?" asked the flower man, looking puzzled.

"A few she's," said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me what my wife wanted of a few she's about the place, as she could never live in the same house with another woman. As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memoranda, when he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why man," he cried, "it's fuchsias she wants!" and then he roared again.

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it, anyhow, front and back yard too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memoranda

seemed to call for at various places, and went home. "Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for your front yard."

"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memoranda. Pretty thing to set out in a front yard, though. How long do you s'pose it'll stay there with the neighbors we've got?"

"Boggs, you are an ignoramus; that memorandum was 'Bourbon Rose.' But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel with a highly colored title-page representing a gorgeous squaw on a fiery and untamed mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is 'Running Rose, or the Prairie Queen,' one of the Beadle's, you know."

My wife carried it at arm's length and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of bourbon and emptied it into the back gutter. While she was gone I concealed Alexander Dumas' "Wandering Jew," which I had also purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have ascertained since that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine, but how was I expected to know all about it?)

### GOOD WALKS FOR WINTER.

There are too many people in all sections who are in the habit of neglecting matters and things about the dwellings and out-buildings, which may be called small comforts. In many cases they are over-looked and are not considered of sufficient importance to deserve attention, at least any special attention. Among these there is nothing that adds more, not merely to the comfort and convenience, but to the health of the family than good walks about the house and premises.

We have known these in many instances to be utterly neglected. They are regarded as good enough when the weather is dry, and when the weather is wet they cannot be made better. And thus year after year the members of the family are left to wade through mud to the cow stables, hog-pens, wood or coal shed to the pump or spring house to the place of drying the wash, and so on.

Now, the little labor it would cost to make hard dry paths to all these points is not worth mentioning. About every place there are stones, old mortar, bricks, etc., which could be laid down in an excavation of six inches and covered with coal-ashes. This would last for a dozen years, and would always be dry in five minutes after a rain. Or, in lieu of this, lay down board walks, which, if taken up in the spring after the weather is settled and carefully piled up, will last from eight to ten years.—Germantown Telegraph.



### THE WINE QUESTION IN SOCIETY.

IT is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer.

In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the "wine question," and the "grape culture," and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wines at our feasts, and we furnish it as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are so closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity.

There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine



has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then again it is generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?

The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men thought or talked about temperance at all. A man cannot, without sullying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a demijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—"the excess of the thing, you know,"—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little.

A man who talks temperance with a wine-glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without suffering, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a comfort or a pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or power of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let these all declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity and national strength—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done.

Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine drinking at dinners is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shameful rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good

society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moderately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor broken down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment for the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on.

Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drinking women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safe-guard in many ways.—*Holland.*

#### DECALCOMANIA, OR THE ART OF TRANSFERRING PICTURES.

Decalcomania consists in transferring colored pictures to various objects in glass, china, marble, leather, wood, etc., by means of cement, water and varnish. These pictures closely resemble a finished painting. The designs are printed on paper so prepared that after they are cemented and laid on the article to be decorated, the paper can be removed by means of a wet cloth or sponge, the colored design remaining on the article.

The materials required, are: Designs, a bottle of decalcomania cement or varnish, a bottle of French detergent, a bit of fine sponge, an ivory paper knife, a roller, and a few small camel-hair pencils.

First, take the design, cover the colored part carefully with a thin coating of the cement, being particular to cover it completely, as if any of the parts remain uncovered, that portion will remain on the paper instead of being transferred. When the cement is "tacky," which takes place in a minute or two, place the cemented side on the article you are ornamenting, and press it well down in every part, then place the finger firmly on the bottom of the picture (to keep it from slipping) and press it firmly down all over by rolling it with a lead pencil, or any hard, round thing about the size of a pencil, or you can take a tooth-brush handle, or paper knife, and rub over the picture, to remove all the air-bubbles; then with a wet cloth, or small, fine sponge, slightly wet, press the picture till none of the paper remains white, roll again slightly, lift one corner carefully, and the paper will peel off, leaving the design transferred to the object. Now take your sponge, wet in a little of the detergent, and wipe quickly from the picture, (not towards it) to remove any smears around the edge, carefully wash the picture with a soft brush or sponge, and dab it with a soft rag till nearly dry. Do not rub it. Let it remain twenty-four hours, apply a thin coating of the varnish and the work is complete.

To decorate cards, white paper materials, silk, and other fabrics, apply a coating of the cement on the picture, allow

it to dry, then with your sponge carefully wash the paper surrounding the design. This done, apply a second thin coating of the cement, and proceed as before directed.

Another method is to cut out the design carefully, cover it with a thin coating of the cement, place it on the silk or other article, roll it thoroughly, wet, and remove as before.

This beautiful art offers a complete substitute for the process of hand-painting to the house-decorator. It is successfully used in decorating cars, carriages, furniture, fancy boxes, holly-wood articles, china dishes, perfumery bottles, parian, glass, china, and every variety of vases, tea and coffee services, flower-pots, and in fact it is difficult to say what may not be ornamented.

What a beginner must avoid is the too free use of the cement, and too much wetting.

The designs are, many of them, exceedingly beautiful. The variety is very great, including flowers, birds, figures, landscapes, heads, fancy letters, etc., in every style, size, and form. The artists of Paris have copied, with great skill, some of the best pieces of this and the last century, and with a little care and perseverance any one can succeed in transferring them.

M. E. I. H.



#### THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour,  
I cast to earth a seed,  
Up there came a flower—  
The people said, a weed.  
To and fro they went  
Through my garden-bower:  
And, muttering discontent,  
Cursed me and my flower.  
Then it grew so tall;  
It wore a crown of light,  
But thieves from o'er the wall,  
Stole the seeds by night;  
Sow'd it far and wide,  
By every town and tower,  
Till all the people cried  
"Splendid is the flower."  
Read my little fable;  
He that runs can read,  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.  
And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

#### WATERING POTTED PLANTS.

How often shall I water my plants? asks the purchaser of a small bill at the nursery. In window gardening the water question is also one of the anxious ones,—and even in the regular operations of gardening, under the treatment of quite practiced hands, the relations of water to plant life is not as clear as it might be.

We shall understand better how to water if we correct some first impressions derived from the old works on physiology. It is said that plants want water. This is not strictly true. Water is found in plants, but it enters rather in the shape of vapor. A soil that is wet will grow only water plants; and it is a remarkable fact that these water plants seem to have very little water in them.

A reed or bulrush grown in water has far less water in its structure than a nearly allied species grown on the dry land. The plants which have most fluid matter in them are those grown in the driest places. The deserts of Africa abound in Euphorbias; while on the plains of Mexico the only moisture wild cattle can often get is from the large, spiny, Globe Cactuses, which they manage to cleave open with their hoofs.

A wet soil is totally unfit for plant growing. A plant standing twenty-four hours in water is often irreparably injured. A Hyacinth, to be sure, will live one season in water; but all the matter which goes to make up the flower is prepared the year before, and after flowering the bulb is exhausted and almost worthless.

A good soil for plant growing, therefore, is not one which will hold water; but one in which water will rapidly pass away.

The soil itself is composed of minute particles, through which air spaces abound. The water may be just enough to keep these particles moist, and the air in the spaces is thus kept in the condition of moist air. The roots traverse these air spaces, and it is therefore moist air which roots want, and not water.

If it were water simply which plants wanted, we should cork up the bottom of the hole in the flower-pot, and prevent the water getting away. Instead of this we try to hasten the passing of the water through as much as possible, by not only keeping the hole clear as possible, but often by putting pieces of broken material over the hole.

A plant will generally be the healthiest, therefore, which wants the water the oftenest. This will show that there are plenty of air spaces, and that the roots are making good use of them. If it does not often want water it is in a bad way, and more water will make it worse.

How often to water them will be according to how easy the water passes away. If, when you pour water on earth it disappears almost instantaneously, it would be safe to water such plants every day.

And now for open-air work. We often hear good men say about a piece of ground rather low, that it is wet in the winter to be sure, but a few open ditches in winter to carry off the water will make all things right. But water in winter does not hurt things much. It is water in summer—water while plants are growing which hurts them. And the reason why land is wet in winter, is because the conditions are such that water cannot pass rapidly away, and such land is of course the same in summer. Every shower takes several days to soak away; in the meantime the plants suffer.

So the constant aim of the cultivator, whether of plants in pots or things in the open ground, should be made to make water pass rapidly away, and yet to have the soil of such consistence that a moist atmosphere should be always present in the air spaces existing through it.

In its relation to moisture, we might say a little about the consistence of the soil. If the earth, for instance, were composed of all sand, there would be little moisture except in the air spaces. The particles of flint of which sand is composed are not capable of absorbing moisture, any more than we get water to soak through a glass bottle. For



moisture retaining purposes, therefore, sand is useless. But it is useful sometimes to add sand to clayey soils, which otherwise would lie so close that there would be no air spaces. It, indeed, helps to make air spaces, and has no other use.—*Exchange*.

#### ARRANGING FLOWERS.

It takes patience, skill and love to achieve a truly good bouquet. Only one who loves flowers should be suffered to touch their bright beauty, for such an one will consider the feelings of flowers, and give them fit associates and surroundings. Lyra would never dream of putting violets in a tall ruby glass, but she keeps sacred for them a tiny crystal vase. Blue and red are extremely bad settings for flowers, and green is almost worse, unless it be very pale or very dark. Let the Gladiolus, the Yucca, and branches of roses have tall receivers, but as a rule, keep the flowers low, and look down on them as you do in the garden. The best effects are produced by placing but a few kinds of flowers in a vase, since then you can arrange them as airily as you choose. Think of taking a nodding Harebell, a scarlet Verbena, Maurandias, and Sweet Peas, putting them up to their chins in foliage, and crowding them into a bouquet with Marigolds and Roses! And yet this is no worse than many a combination that I have seen.

Alexis brought to Lyra, in the early spring, some very beautiful flowers made up by a florist. "How beautiful they will be when I have arranged them," said she, and in a trice the buds and blossoms were scattered before her. The snowy Camellia held its ring of fiery Poinsettias, and retired to the mantle in a bud-glass; the pink Azaleas drew back from the red roses, and smiled from a white vase; the roses themselves, rosy and pink and shelly white, clustered together in a crystal bowl, with pale hued Heliotropes, adding sweets to their sweetness; double Primroses, Ageratum, Dentzias and Violets, nodded from a slender parian pitcher. She had four graceful groups instead of one stiff bunch of blossoms.

If you grow your own bouquets, be sure to have enough white flowers—Candy Tuft first of all—since it blooms so early and lasts so long, that is, if you prevent it from going to seed by liberal cutting. The old fashioned Fever Few is one of the best pure white flowers. White Phlox lasts with Verbenas and Petunias till the frosts. Among the perennials we have white Hyacinths, bell-like Dentzias, Phlox, plummy Lilacs, Jonquils, Lilies and Roses.

With an abundance of white flowers one may always do something creditable. They are almost always needed for contrast, or to shade from. For real show, make a bouquet of white, and use one strong-hued flower in a suitable pattern on the white. Let me fill your vases this pleasant morning. I shall want two of your paper pans. Into the first I'll cut foliage; Spirea and Peony leaves, Geranium leaves, sprays of the lemon Verbena, feathery heads of southern wood, and sprays of your pretty Maurandya. I shall have nothing but green, you say? Nature knows better than we, and has more leaves than blossoms, mostly. Now I will trim your Phloxes. This dark red I shall put about the edge of a round bouquet, and shall shade it from a white center. Nothing shall be

in that but Phloxes and Geranium leaves (the latter for fragrance) and I think I can make it pretty enough for your parlor. For the dining room I'll make a conical bouquet of Candy Tuft, with southern wood enough to break the regular outline: at the base, these lovely pink Verbenas, and the stiff Peony leaves, and a little above the Verbenas a few dots of blue Asperula. And there's one thing more that we must have this warm day—some of this Ice-plant—the coolest looking plant that ever grew—five pieces of this to put in a round dish; then among the cool leaves I'll have a few of your mammoth Balsams; their short stems make them useless for bouquets, but treated in this way they last several days, and have all the effect of roses.

"It must take an awful sight o' work to 'tend to all these posies," said old Mrs. Doolittle, as she walked through my garden of delight, sniffing my mignonette, and reckless of my seed Carnations. I might have replied that they gave me an "awful sight" of pleasure, and that many a homely task indoors was sweetened by Lilies, and brightened by Verbenas and Geraniums.—*American Rural Home*.

#### CANARY BIRDS.

Who does not admire the variegated plumage of these beautiful creatures, and listen enraptured to their song? But I fear they are too often neglected, either through carelessness, or lack of time. It is wicked to confine these little creatures, without providing them with every needful article.

Their cages should be thoroughly cleaned every morning, and it is well to strew over the paper that covers the bottom a handful of coarse sand, and occasionally a handful of fresh earth. If one of these articles are kept by them always, (generally the sand,) their toenails will never grow too long. Paring them with knife or scissors is unnatural and should never be done, especially when it can be avoided by supplying them with sand and earth.

Water should be given them as often as three times during the day. Many, and indeed most people, think water given them in the morning, in one of the small cups or bottles belonging to the cage, is sufficient for the day. Often the heat evaporates it, or it becomes warm, and bad air renders it very unhealthy for them to drink.

Their perches should vary in regard to size, and a piece of fresh lean beef given them occasionally in cold weather. They are very fond of cabbage leaves, and in cold weather when chickweed cannot be obtained it is well to give it to them often. They are also extremely fond of mustard seeds, and they are very healthy for them to eat occasionally.

A daily bath contributes greatly to their health, and they should have an opportunity of indulging in one, with the chill taken from the water. They will feel more inclined to bathe, if, when the bathing dish is given them, they are placed in the sun, especially in cold weather. In warm weather they should be removed directly after bathing, unless it be early in the morning.

SARA FRANCES.

#### RUSTIC WORK.

This work can very readily be done during the winter months, and is a thing that should not be neglected

where there is time to devote to it. In the form of hanging baskets, flower stands and the like, when well filled, in the summer, it gives the house and yard a very pleasing effect.

To our taste, if made of wood, with the bark left on, they have the prettiest effect, at least for out of door use; perhaps for the parlor the wood peeled and varnished is better. Ordinarily a good, handy or ingenious person, is better at rustic work than a carpenter, for the simple reason that the fitting of joints cannot be done by the square and rule, but must be done by the eye, and pieces with very irregular shapes often come in and look more "rustic" than if straight and trim. Unpainted work, that is with the bark left on, should be housed when not in use, as the wood decays faster with the bark on than off.

Old hollow stumps sawed off, make good baskets when filled with earth and well planted, without any other preparation.

In our "burnt district" may yet be seen a very novel kind of rustic vase that last summer before the fire, had an odd if not a rich effect.

As is well known, trees of very great age and size, are often planted in the city for shade trees; not all of them live after planting. The stump of one of these above alluded to was the article in question. Instead, however, of its being right side up, it was exactly reversed, the bole being set in the ground, with the roots forming the vase. Like almost all trees from the woods, especially the elm, the roots were nearly horizontal and thick together. On these was piled the soil, and in it the plants grew. Being some six feet or more in diameter, it was an affair of some magnitude, and when the summer's growth of vines and other suitable plants had nearly covered the mass, it had quite an original look as a "rustic adornment." It stood about three feet from the ground.—*Prairie Farmer*.

#### FRESH BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Choose some of the most powerful buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible a piece of the stem three inches long; cover the stem immediately with sealing wax, and, when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In winter, or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water, wherein a little nitre or salt has been diffused; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lovely colors and breathe their agreeable odors.—*Manufacturer and Builder*.

#### FUCHSIAS.

A more charming pot plant could not be found. The whole plant is beautiful—stock, leaf and flower. Some recommend them as bedding plants, but it certainly must be in a cooler climate than ours, for the hot summer sun here scorches them so that they soon become

wretched looking objects. The best situation is a shaded one—on the north side of a house, a shady porch, or under trees, any place where the sun in its heat will not strike them, or stormy winds break down the branches or leaves.

They bear pruning well, and can thus be trained into any fanciful shape. Grown tall they look fine; the top pinched off, the side branches shortened, they soon form dense, bushy plants, bearing an abundance of their long drooping flowers. These are of many colors, some double others single. There are varieties with golden yellow leaves, which are very gay beside their green-leaved neighbors.

Give the plants shade, protection from strong winds, good, rich soil, plenty of pot room as they get larger, and they will produce hundreds of flowers. The plant shows best when on an elevated position, where the flowers are best seen, owing to their drooping habit.

#### LILIES FOR POT CULTURE.

If any one wishes a showy plant for winter blooming, let a bulb of Japan lily be set in a deep flower pot, with a compost of surface soil from the woods, well rotted leaves, and enough rich, black loam to give it weight, all thoroughly mixed up together. Water slightly at first, but abundantly supply with moisture as growth progresses. Place in a sunny window, and the gorgeous flowers that are produced will sufficiently reward any one for the slight trouble required in taking care of them.

After putting the bulb in the earth, the pot should be set in some cool, dark place until the roots get a good start. All bulbs for pot culture should be so treated. The Calla lily is also very fine for window culture; and even if it produced no flowers at all, its large, bright, green leaves should make it a general favorite. It is a plant not affected much by insects, except the green fly, which can easily be removed by sponging.

#### KEEPING GERANIUMS.

A writer in the American Agriculturist says: I never have any trouble in keeping such geraniums as are worth keeping. They are taken up and cut back pretty severely, removing all the succulent and unripe wood. They are then stacked in a box with some dryish earth about the roots, and put in the cellar for the winter. The trouble is in putting them away too moist. The earth should be almost dust-dry. I have a fine old Gloire de Nancy, which goes into the cellar for the fifth time.

I have never tried the method of hanging them up by the heels. The plants are cut back, tied together by the roots and hung up in the cellar, heads downwards. Those who have tried this, report that it is successful.

—An English paper describes a case of yellow primrose which, when planted in a rich soil, had the flowers changed to a brilliant purple. It also says that charcoal adds great brilliancy to the colors of dahlias, roses and petunias; carbonate of soda reddens pink hyacinths, and phosphate of soda changes the colors of many plants.

—Fuchsias, except a few winter-flowering ones, are better stored in the cellar for the winter, as they are generally poor parlor plants.





### FRIGHTS AND FASHIONS.

Men laughed when wearing Pig-tails was the rule,  
At one who wore no Pig-tail as a fool,  
She that hair-powder, patches, paint, eschewed,  
Was funny to the female multitude,  
When womankind their waists made long or short,  
Whose waist was Nature's waist, she moved their sport.

In days of Crinoline's extent immense,  
Attired in skirts of just circumference,  
Among the modish throng if one appeared,  
The others at her for a "dowdy" sneered.  
Now Chignons are in vogue, they deem her odd  
Who fails to pile the fashionable wad  
Aloft, like the towers of Cybele, and groan  
Beneath a load of hair that's not her own.  
The crowd, their ears with pendants who adorn,  
A lady without earrings hold in scorn;  
Who fish-bones through their nostrils thrust, so those

The fair who wear no fish-bone in her nose.

—Punch.

### HINTS ON FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR the benefit of some members of THE HOUSEHOLD, who may not be in the immediate vicinity of dressmaker's shops, or have access to the papers and magazines devoted almost especially to fashions, we gather a few hints, concerning such fall and winter styles, as the ladies will be most interested in.

We had hoped to see that there was to be a little less intricacy in the make up of garments, with moderation in trimming, but on looking over page after page of new fashion cuts, with the descriptions given and remarks made, we find, if possible, more elaborately made suits than formerly, with something of the general styles that have prevailed, and at the same time, enough new oddities to suit any eager of a change.

It was said a few weeks since that the polonaise had seen its most flourishing days, and was to be laid on the shelf among other things that were. This, however, is a mistake, according to the recent voice of Queen Fashion and the variety of patterns given for fall and winter dress goods. This will be received with general favor, we think, for as much abused as the polonaise, with its excessive looping, festooning, puffing and puckering, may be; yet when tastefully made and sensibly trimmed, they are not only elegant, but one of the most serviceable of garments. They are especially convenient to wear with partly worn dresses, and with a variety of skirts, thus often saving the expense of a full new suit. Or a dress out of fashion, if having good full breadths, can be made into one of these garments, and thus help in economizing, where one needs to practice economy.

Some changes are noticeable in the style of the polonaise, though not so much, but that those made during the summer will be sufficiently good fashion for such as do not attempt to keep up with every thing new. It is said that plainer ones at the back will be admissible, and less festooning and looping required to make some of the most favorite patterns, where the back breadths are let to fall over the bishop, with no draping whatever. This is a saving in the large quantities of cloth required for the

more puffed and looped garment. Another, and something newer in style, is the polonaise with an apron front, and scarce more than a point basque or pannier at the back. This however requires the back breadths of the dress skirt to be trimmed high up, some with narrow ruffles, reaching to the basque, and of so much work that we just look at it and pass on.

On other patterns the trimming of the skirt proper is put on in elaborate style, lengthwise of the back breadths, while the front is trimmed crosswise as usual and only as far up as needful to meet the apron of the polonaise.

The dress skirts given all seem to be much trimmed and in a variety of ways, trimming lengthwise of the cloth being much in vogue. Basques and overskirts hold in fashion for such as prefer them to the polonaise, though a mere point or postilion is more stylish than the larger basque.

Sleeves are about medium size, from the coat sleeve to the moderate sized one, either open part way up or closed, but admitting an undersleeve to such as prefer them to the closer coat sleeve.

Blouse waists continue in favor for common home wear, and especially for young misses and girls.

A pretty one is given, trimmed in the middle of each plait—three plaits in front and three in the back—with several good sized flat velvet buttons, thus making an elegant trimming, and saving of work in putting folds or other trimming through the middle, or at the edge of the plaits. Almost any kind of winter material can be used for these waists, and of colors best becoming the age or complexions of the wearer. With these and polonaise, any one can wear whatever skirts they please and thus have a variety of suits, with perhaps a very small outlay for new material, while children's garments can be made as economically as needs be, if one has old fashioned dresses to be worked over into new suits for the younger ones of the household. And with a bit of pretty trimming the children will be willing to take cast off clothing of older ones, for they can be made so pretty now.

As for cloaks, we see the polonaise, and the long saque cloak are to be worn, while the more modern and stylish will be the shorter close fitting sacque, with cape falling below the waist, and left open or closed at the back as one chooses.

Trimnings are various as ever—for dresses velvet, velvet ribbons and satin, while fringes and jet are to be worn.

Black alpaca for dresses still holds its sway, though softer, and warmer winter material, such as merino, empress and other heavy cloths will be worn.

The variety of fashions is such that a person can choose most any and be in fashion, provided it has some new novelty in cut or trimming, or both. And though it may discourage one to look at so many new styles, yet any lady can consider that she has only to select such, or from such as seems to her most desirable for the garment to be made, and trimming only as much or little as she prefers.

### HUMAN HAIR AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.

Formerly, as ladies grew in years and their hair became thin, a false "switch" was procured, and combined with the growing hair to repair the ravages of time. Great care was taken to conceal

the fact that false hair was worn, and it was only to her most intimate lady friends that the fact was whispered even.

But now all this is changed. Nineteen-twentieths of all the women in the country, who make any pretense to dress, wear false hair or some artificial equivalent, and the lady who, no matter how luxuriant her tresses, should presume to appear in society without supplementing their natural growth with "rats," "mice," "switches," "bands," or some other specimen of the wigmaker's handiwork, would find herself so hopelessly in the minority and so laughed at by all, from her dressing maid to her most intimate friend, that resistance would be impossible, and surrender at discretion imperative.

The hair which adorns the heads of our belles and matrons comes mainly from the heads of the peasant women of France, Germany, and Italy. The hair buyer, supplied with sundry stores best calculated to captivate the rural eye, travels from village to village, seeking out those whose wealth of hair gives promise of a handsome price in the Paris market, the great center of the hair trade and drives the best bargain he can in obtaining it. Sometimes the price is paid in money, but more generally in finery of various kinds, such as ribbons, cheap laces, trinkets, etc., a trade in which the buyer realizes a handsome profit both ways, and the seller parts with the adornment which Nature has provided for almost worthless ornaments which she will soon tire of and throw aside.

Having completed his purchases the buyer takes or sends the hair he has collected to the broker, who buys it at a price which pays the buyer well for his trouble. It next goes into the hands of the merchant, under whose supervision it is cleaned with meal, sorted as to length and color, and put up in packages weighing from one to four ounces, each consisting of hairs of uniform length and color, but not all the product of any one head.

Strange as it may seem, the hair which grows upon the heads of our fashionable ladies has no commercial value. Through much crimping, curling, and dosing with various hair "invigorators," restorers," pomades, etc., it not only becomes variegated in color, but hard and brittle, rendering it wholly unfit for use in the manufacture of hair work. Indeed, it is found that the more people "take care" of their hair, the more they injure it, while those European peasants who let Nature take its course, and seldom even comb their hair, produce the finest and most delicate article.

In the shape in which the buyer brings it from the country, this hair is worth about \$20 per pound, in gold. After it has been sorted, the different lots vary in value according to length and shade, from \$15.00 to \$100 per ounce. Indeed it is almost impossible to set a limit to the outside price of choice lots of long hair of desirable shades, for so difficult are they to obtain, and so urgent is the demand from parties with whom money is a secondary consideration altogether, that the fortunate holders can set their own price and be sure of a customer. "A switch of very light gray hair," said a dealer, "thirty-six inches long and weighing five ounces, is worth \$1,000, and can rarely be found at that price."

In a country like ours, where fashion is a law to the poor as well as to the rich, it has been necessary to provide

some cheap substitute for human hair, in order that girls of slender means may vie with their wealthier sisters in the adornment (?) of their heads.

For this purpose, several substances are in use. The first material applied to this purpose was jute, which, after passing through several processes, is reduced to a long and glossy fiber which, in general effect, closely resembles hair, and which, owing to its comparative cheapness, rapidly came into general use. By means of dyeing, it was produced in all possible shades, and was eagerly bought in the shape of "switches," "waterfalls," etc.

Probably the best substitute for human hair yet introduced is silk fiber. Its fineness and strength render it peculiarly suitable, while its brilliant luster adds to its resemblance to the real article. It is used both alone and in connection with real hair, especially in those cases where a switch just sprinkled with grey is required. To produce this effect, dark hair and gray silk fiber is taken in unequal proportions, varying according to the shade desired, and woven together, the result being with difficulty distinguished from a combination of real hair, yet costing, owing to the immense price of long grey hair a moderate sum comparatively. Bands and braids are also made of silk, the exposed portion only being of this material, and the filling of jute or "combing."

In the process of adapting jute to this use, *nicotin*, the essential principle of tobacco, and corrosive sublimate, a most deadly mercurial poison, is used. It is also rendered exceedingly brittle, and breaks as easily as spun glass. The small particles find their way through the hair to the scalp, and, their edges being ragged from the combing process, act like so many poisoned barbs, which, entering the pores and being held in place, introduce the poison beneath the skin and cause irritation and ulceration. It is owing to this that the idea became current that the jute contained animal parasites that bored into the skin and laid their eggs beneath it. The most careful examination has failed to discover any vestiges of animal life in jute, but the little barbs we have spoken of have been distinctly seen protruding from the pores of the scalp, and the sores they produce give every evidence of being the result of mercurial poison.

A more recent and harmless substitute for human hair is found in fine cotton and linen thread, dyed to the proper shade and sized to give it the requisite gloss, and then made up into the various forms in which it can be used. Switches of this material are sold at retail for about one dollar each, a price at which a very handsome profit is probably realized by the dealer.

Formerly hair work was sold only in a few of the leading hair dressing establishments. Now large and expensive stores are devoted to its sale in the large cities, nearly every dealer in fancy articles keeps some of the grades of so called "hair goods," and in every country store neat card board boxes, containing switches, chignons, and other head gear, are offered for sale. So long as fashion holds its present course, every woman in the land nearly is a customer, and thus an enormous bulk of business is done, paying handsome profits to all engaged in it. At first the percentage of profit was extremely large, but competition has reduced this materially. But the volume of business has increased



in a like ratio and the sale of hair and hair work continues to be exceedingly profitable.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

#### MR. TOOTS'S VEST-BUTTONS.

Whether to button or to unbutton the lowermost button of his vest was a vital question with young Toots at his first party. When a man came in with the lower button buttoned, what should the diffident and deprecatory Toots do but button up his vest at the bottom! But seeing the next man with the lower button open, Toots in bewildered perplexity relaxed his own. "To be or not to be," said Hamlet in his despair. "To button or not to button," said the excited Toots in his despair.

Now the trouble with Toots was a lack of what the French call *aplomb*—straight-up-and-down-ness. He had no confidence in his own judgment in a matter that was, to his own location, "of no consequence at all." Nineteenths of the men and women in society are quite as cowardly in trifles as was Mr. Toots. The despotism of fashion lives upon this cowardice. Men and women wait to see what shade of gloves their next neighbor wears—before they venture to decide for themselves. Taste is nothing, picturesqueness is out of the question; the hair must be long or short, the hat large or small, the pannier big or little, the vest buttoned at the bottom or not, not according to individual taste or preference, but according to the prevailing custom. And who then set the fashions? The people who dare to do as they please.

For instance, it is still an open question whether or not gloves are to be worn at a gentleman's party. At the last one we attended, feeling like Mr. Toots, a little doubtful on the point, we counted and found that just one half the guests had brought their kids. But a gentleman of our acquaintance recently tried a more curious experiment. He found himself at a gentleman's party without his gloves, and noticing the evident division of opinion in regard to the wearing of gloves, he mischievously undertook to abolish them for the evening. He managed to get into conversation with each of the gentlemen who wore gloves, and then spoke a little decidedly of the impropriety of wearing gloves. The result was that he found each man in Toots's state of mind, and before the evening was over there was not a glove in the room. It only wants a little positiveness to make fashions.

One of the worst effects of this cowardice is that it gives, or seems to give, narrow-brained people a right to dictate. The more one is a slave to custom, the more does one resent any assertion of personal liberty on the part of others. "I have no respect for him," said a man to us the other day in speaking of an eminent author; "he parts his hair in the middle." And he spoke as though parting the hair in the middle were a capital offense. Now, the author in question may regard a part in the middle as more becoming than a part on the side. What right have the whole family of Grundies to prescribe where a man's hair shall be parted?

To tolerate the differences is the first lesson that a generous culture teaches a man, and our sensitiveness about matters which are, like the vest-buttons of the gentle Toots, "of no consequence at all," only goes to show the semi-barbarous state of what we call civilized society.—*Hearth and Home*.

#### HOW WE DRESS OUR CHILDREN.

When the baby is five or six months old, we shorten its clothes in the skirt, leaving its legs partially bare, as well as its bosom and arms. True, we put on shoes and stockings, but the legs and lower part of the body are exposed. This is not so very bad in warm weather, but, even in "dog days" there often come rainy, chilly days, when we really feel uncomfortable without a fire, especially if we have not made a change in our dress to suit the change in the weather. But who thinks of the baby being cold? To be sure its arms are blue or spotted, but then it is not cold.

"Babies are so warm-blooded, and their circulation so much more rapid than ours," I heard a mother say, "that they do not feel the cold as we do."

You think they don't feel the cold! Just wait a day or two, after such exposure, and the baby will have a diarrhea, which you will doubtless attribute to teething, but I tell you it is caused by exposure to cold, and I have robbed more than one of these little ones for their coffin sleep, whose death was caused by insufficient clothing during a cold rain in midsummer; and I have cured more than one by merely putting on a flannel skirt, a flannel band around the abdomen, and woolen stockings.

The baby was born in February; so, in a year from that time, if it be strong, it will be walking, and it will wear merino dresses, made very short in the skirt, and low necks and short sleeves; an apron may be added, but there are no sleeves in it. And thus is the little one dressed until the following summer, when we put on a pair of cambric drawers.

We'll say the baby is a girl, and so she is dressed in about the same style for a goodly number of years. We will presume she has lived in spite of everything with which she has had to contend, until she is ten years old. It is now winter, and she goes to school, and we will examine her dress a little, beginning with her feet. Fancy balmoral boots; cotton hose, held by a tight, elastic band; cotton drawers, reaching a little below the knee, when standing, but slipping above it upon sitting down; cambric chemise; sometimes, but not always, an underskirt of cotton, or even flannel; a set of hoops; some kind of a petticoat outside of these, and a worsted dress of some sort. Let us see the fashion of these garments. How are they made? Dress, high in the neck; good. Long sleeves; good. Not lined; bad. Waist upon underskirt; good. No sleeves; bad. No other waist except the dress waist; bad. Hoops and petticoat hung upon the hips; bad. Outside garments—a woolen sacque or shawl, mittens or gloves and a scarf or furs; pretty good. Hat, with no ties or ear-lappets, to protect the ears or throat from the bitter winds; bad, very bad.

How in the name of common sense, can we expect a girl to grow up a strong, healthy, vigorous creature, under such treatment as this? The wonder is that she lives at all.—*Western Rural*.

#### THE MOTH PEST.

In no way is the adage, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," more truly illustrated than in the constant efforts necessary, at certain seasons of the year, to keep upholstered goods,

carpets, etc., free from the inroads of moths. In the spring, and all through the time that the moth miller is flying about, the little fellow should be hunted down, and killed at sight, if seen; otherwise the egg will be left to make trouble afterward. These eggs are laid in cotton cloth, or in the cotton or wool stuffing of chairs, sofas, etc., and there they are hatched, to work in the wool and hair, and multiply indefinitely so long as they are not disturbed. To prevent the moths from secreting themselves and depositing their eggs, as well as for dislodging both, constant examination of chairs, etc., is recommended, with brushing out of the seams and fissures where the cloth overlays; not once in a week, or semi-occasionally, but as often as time can be found to do it. Neglect will cost more than constant examination.

The washing of floors, and the saturating of the cracks therein, with a solution of chloride of lime, is of great service also, a precautionary measure, as is the use of camphor in a small room or closet where upholstering stock is kept; while cedar boxes are good to keep furs and woolen fabrics in. If the latter are packed away in boxes of cedar, or other woods, it is well to do them up in newspapers first.

If moths are present in chairs, etc., there is nothing that will kill them like benzine, and this may be used to the fullest extent in terry and hair cloth goods, without injuring them, and the same is said also in regard to plush goods. The cloth and inside stuffing should be completely saturated, even if gallons are needed for the purpose. The moth must be drowned out thoroughly. And the benzine has the admirable properties of evaporating without leaving a trace of its former presence behind. The steaming of furniture has been practiced to some extent, but the results have been often unsatisfactory, for the steam cannot be directly applied to the place infested by the moths without ripping open and tearing away the cloth coverings.

While upon this subject, it may be said, that another pest which troubles housekeepers, the bed-bug, can be exterminated by making a freezing mixture of ice and salt, and dipping therein the ends of bed slats, and swabbing the cavities in the bedstead with a sponge tied to a stick and wet with it. Linseed oil, and benzine as well as coal oil, have also been used for the same purpose, as is well known.—*Cabinet Maker*.

#### KNITTING A CARPET.

Medora Hart writes about the way her parlor is furnished. But we have only space now, for what she says about her carpet:

"I have a carpet on the floor that I knit myself. It is made of old woolen clothes, cut in narrow strips and sewed together, then colored, and wound in balls for knitting; I have several colors in my carpet. The ground is black, with wide stripes of dark red and green, and narrow stripes of pale red and green. I bought three bottles of dye colors, and colored about one-third of my balls black and half of those remaining red and green; then I dipped all the rest of them through the dye until the strength was out, which gave the pale shades.

My knitting needles are wooden ones made for this purpose. They are about a yard long, and near the size of my little finger. I have a round knob

fastened on the end of each needle to prevent the stitches from slipping off, and the other ends are pointed. I commence by casting on sixty stitches just as I would for a stocking; then I take the idle needle and knit across, and as soon as I get the stitches all knit on to this one, I take the other and knit back again, and continue in this way until I get enough to go from one end of the room to the other, then I commence another breadth; When I have finished, I sew them all together. They make a very pretty and durable carpet, with but little expense. I use only two needles in knitting."—*Rural New Yorker*.

#### INFANT'S CROCHETED SACK.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—M. K. wishes for the directions for making an infant's sack in crochet, which I send for her benefit.

Materials for sack are one and one-quarter ounces of white split zephyr, and one and one-half ounces of pink. With the white wool make a chain long enough to work in it twenty-four shells, three dc stitches to each shell. Work twenty times plain, widening in the back and on each shoulder, by working two shells in each stitch at each place; then take eight shells each side of the widened part on the shoulder for the sleeves, and work eight rows plain for the length of the sleeve, around the sack. Then work eleven rows plain, only widening at the back.

For the border, one row pink, one of white, two pink one white and one pink, around the entire sack, widening at the corners to make the work keep flat, and at the back as before; same border for the sleeves without any widening. For the collar two rows pink. CELIA.

#### A KNIT MAT.

MR. EDITOR, Dear Sir:—I observed in your valuable paper THE HOUSEHOLD for February, an article giving instruction how to make a "Knit Mat of strips of any thin cloth," etc. I have made two, one according to the directions given there, and one according to my own taste. The latter I like much the best. It is Crocheted. The operation in this way looks much better when completed and is I think quicker and easier performed. H. M. B.

#### HOW TO PURCHASE FURS.

In purchasing furs, a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin; this can be readily determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibre opens readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of skin, the article may be accepted.

#### TO COLOR FURS BLACK OR BROWN.

Take ten grains of gallic acid, ten of tincture of iron, and one ounce of acetic acid. Dissolve the gallic acid in the tincture of iron, and add the acetic acid, and apply with a fine comb. If black is desired the furs must be moist, not wet; but if brown, the furs must be dry.

—There are 80,000 different shades of ribbon from which you can select a trimming to match your duck of a bonnet.





## OLD MELODIES.

O, the olden melodies  
Ringing through the lapse of years,  
Waking mournful memories,  
Saddening oft the heart to tears!

O, the songs we loved of yore  
When our hearts were free from care  
Come unto us o'er and o'er  
Come like fragrance on the air.

When the twilight's peaceful gloom,  
Shadows earth and sky and sea,  
Then the loving voices come  
Singing sweetly unto me.

Singing long-forgotten strains  
That I loved in years ago,  
Binding me in silvery chains  
As the night creeps slowly on.

Tender voices, murmur low  
While I close my tear-dimmed eyes,  
And the blissful "Long ago"  
Comes with sadly sweet surprise.

O, the olden melodies  
Chiming through the faded years,  
Waking mournful memories,  
Dimming oft the eyes with tears!

—S. E. L.

## AFTER THE FAIR.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

WELL, it was a fair, a song fair where one could hear such music as suited him best. Or was the jubilee more like a miracle-play, with Mr. Dan Godfrey acting the part of peace in a scarlet and gold uniform, holding one hand of Herr Saro, the Prussian band leader, and one of M. Paulus, the Napoleonic French *chef d'orchestre*? In this pleasant role the composer of the Mabel Waltz appeared the day of his visit to the press-room of the Coliseum, when the artists after their tour of inspection sang Auld Lang Syne. Indeed, it fell to the courteous, hearty British leader to make things pleasant in ways not a few, as when he turned the tide of rushing panic the last day of the jubilee by ordering his band to change the tune they were playing immediately, a device which once checked the fright when an alarm of fire was given at the Royal Theatre in London where the same band was playing.

And I tell you those minutes of frantic terror in the Coliseum, when the thunderstorm broke over that shell of a building, the gust sweeping the gravel against the board siding like hail, a great window breaking in pieces on the crowd, red lightning flashing in at the open doors, when people fled down the stairways trampling and fighting, had a contagious horror that in a hand's turn would have demoralized all, and fear fulfilled itself. The jubilee came near closing with a catastrophe greater than anything that had gone before it. It is said Madame Leutner was so excited after singing the Star Spangled Banner which showed the effect of agitation, that she fainted at a flash of lightning just after reaching her room. Mr. Godfrey may wear his gold jubilee medal as a badge of honor for his coolness that memorable fourth of July. But he was always pleasant, even when the chorus girls kept him steadily writing autographs forty minutes on one day. His kindness was specially graceful to a young Boston singer, Miss Benckley, the contralto whom you will remember at

Brooklyn concerts last winter. Mr. Godfrey took time from his engagements to try this lady's voice, giving her, beside the assurance of his interest, special and frank directions for study in future, and paid her the compliment of writing a waltz for her to sing.

You know that both Mr. Godfrey and Lieut.-Col. Fludyer, who accompanied the Guard's Band on its visit, were elected honorary members of the Somerset Club, the most select in Boston, but it has not very widely been told that the Somerset lectured its guests on proprieties during their short stay. Lieut.-Col. Fludyer spent a morning driving to the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and stopped to dine at the Somerset in his park coat, just as he would at his club in London. But a scion of Boston blue-blood in full dress gasped out in astonishment, "Why, Fludyer, you're not going to sit down in that coat, are you?"

Dear HOUSEHOLD, have you not by innumerable lessons taught us young men and women that the essence of good breeding assumes that one's guest knows at least as much as oneself? Mr. Godfrey and Col. Fludyer were gentlemen enough to say all the kind things allowable of the great chorus, which in truth deserved no overflow of praise from anybody, and Boston in turn lectures them about their manners, which could not have been much worse than the singing we obliged them to hear. Miss Collins, the lecturer, used the words of or about Dickens very neatly to Mr. Godfrey at the press-room farewells: "We shall remember you not merely as the artist, but as a dear friend," in return for which the gallant musician kissed her hand.

Herr Saro, the leader of the Prussian band, was the admiration of the ladies, though he was the least of a drawing-room knight, but instead the ideal of a military hero. His high stature and splendid, massive proportions were worthy an imperial soldier, and wherever he brought his commanding port and towering crest, his face bronzed by campaign suns there was a thrill, and a whisper of Gravelotte, the day he refused to lead his men off the field during the engagement, because their place in or out of danger was with the rest. There was a grand loyalty in the simple, expressive face which held much kindness under its resolute mask. No wonder that women's imaginations of heroism and worth clung to him like wreaths round a statue of Victory.

The fancy of a petite lady in the reporter's ranks was quite carried away with him. She was a youthful appearing and rather pretty person, Frenchly dressed in gray and pink bonnet, with suit of maroon and blue silk. She made no secret of her admiration of the German hero. As soon as he came in sight she was at his side holding both his hands in hers outstretched, and talking German to him, the big officer taking this very pleasantly, promenading with her, bending his head to her prattle at his elbow, and gallantly carrying the flowers she gave him a whole day, even holding them on the stand while he led his band. It was a pretty little romance of artistic devotion which led the girl to exclaim when some one desired to know who she was, "I am Saro's child," and when her name was asked, she answered still, "It is Saro." Of course these episodes were not without criticism, but it is pleasanter to see in them the frankness of an unspoiled nature than the tricks of a coquette.

The Prussian musicians were tall, strong fellows, most of them quite young, with bronzed blonde faces, marked by the firm modeling of mouth and chin, opposed to the heavy lower face of most European races. Their music had a martial, imperious ring in its fine precision, and the strict discipline of the Prussian service bound every crossbelt and seam to the same line on the body of each soldier.

The French uniforms which showed some wear hung easily on the lithe figures of the *Garde Republicains*, cords of red and blue draped across the left breast distinguishing them as musicians. But how much interest hung about those men in the stiff caps and vari-colored cordons. Most, if not all of them, were in the war, and some had been in German prisons, they knew of battlefields, of sieges and flames, of exultation, struggle and defeat, which threw into relief the chivalry which so little deserved it. I never heard that there was more than one coward in the French army, though he, unfortunately, was its head. Their bearing was fit for men who had been through such scenes, serious, intense, as if all the volatility of the national character had been driven off in the war. It was a lesson in the air of gentlemen, for Beacon street could show nothing better bred than the manner of these soldiers *digne et gentil*. Would our good American youths be less worthy if they knew how to carry themselves better?

M. Paulus, the leader, was too like a medal of the third Napoleon, but the enthusiasm excited by the masters of the English and Prussian bands, was shared by every member of the French. The recognition of their superiority as artists by jubilee officials might be chary, but the people had no degrees in their appreciation. It is regretted that it went no farther than tumultuous and selfish echoes, and waving of handkerchief. The band deserved everything in the way of applause, and a more impressive people would have loaded them with flowers and gifts, and struck medals in their honor, till the band would date their days from the fete of the jubilee. As it was they shared in the distribution of block tin badges with the other bands, even the same as the Irish amateur band which bragged that they had quite set the jubilee up again. I wish it were easier to tell how the French Guard deserved and received such excited applause. To say their music was as perfect in expression as it was in execution, gives slight idea of it. Their playing was not art, it was inspiration.

## THE REVIEWER.

WINDOW GARDENING. Devoted specially to the culture of Flowers and Ornamental Plants, for Indoor Use and Parlor Decoration. Henry T. Williams, Editor and Publisher, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York. One volume, 300 pages, 1.50. Elegantly Bound. Handsomely illustrated with 200 Engravings.

We would call the especial attention of our lady readers to this new and valuable work, designed as an aid in the cultivation of flowers in parlor, library and sitting-room windows, piazzas, &c. It is a work that every lady should have who desires to add to the charms of her home, or delights in plant and flower decoration. It not only gives lists of plants adapted to the various modes of indoor culture, but gives full and practical information as to their habits of growth, and the manner of caring for them at all seasons of the year; also designs and instructions for the construction and care of Window Gardens, Ferneries, Warden Cases, Propagating Boxes, Aquariums, &c., with a chapter on "Propagation from Seeds, Cuttings, &c." and one on "Insects, and How to Kill Them." The work includes the whole range of topics necessary to success in the pleasant pursuit of which it is a treatise.

THE STANDARD: A collection of sacred and secular music for choirs, conventions, singing-schools, &c. By L. O. Emerson and H. R. Palmer. Price \$1.50.

It is but a few years since Mr. L. O. Emerson appeared before the public with his *Harp of Judah*, a Church Music Book that speedily found its way to almost every church choir and singing school. Clergymen thought they discerned a "devotional" style in the sacred music, and music teachers, not perhaps, so readily impressed with that, were pleased with the correct, smooth harmony, and nice adaptation of tunes to the wants of schools and choirs. The "Harp" was a great success, and was followed in due time by the *Jubilate* and the *Choral Tribute*, both popular books. In the mean time another genius of somewhat similar experience had arisen in the West, and the two were naturally attracted, by mutual taste and interest, toward the compilation of a book that should represent their united capacity. Such a book is the "Standard" by L. O. Emerson of Boston, and H. R. Palmer of Chicago, which book we now have before us, and which will be in a similar position before a multitude of singers, between now and Christmas. It has, in addition to sacred music, quite a large collection of easy glees and songs suitable for practice in schools and rehearsals. The anthem department is unusually well filled, and the metrical tunes, of which there is a sufficient number, are so well prepared that they (probably) will all be favorites. The Standard has 400 pages, and being so large and well-filled is marvellously cheap at \$1.13, (the price by the dozen,) or at \$1.25, the price for which specimen copies are mailed, postpaid.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for October commands our approval for the variety and quality of its interesting contents. We think the following articles especially worthy a reading:—"Lowell Mason," the late eminent musician and teacher; "The One-Eyed Conductor," "Japanese in America," with portraits "Expression, its Anatomy and Philosophy," "Preparing for the Cholera," "Water, Pure and Impure," "Children's Rights," "The last Case of Salem Witchcraft," "Life Insurance," "Enrico Dandolo," "The English Language." In this we certainly have instructive, moral literature in a very attractive dress. Price for the number, 30 cents. \$3.00 a year. S. R. Wells New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—The October number, with numerous beautiful engravings, contains:—"The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "From Lake Superior to Puget Sound," "My Portrait Gallery," "C'est L'Amour," "Mr. Twitchell's Inventions," "Parisine," "A Summer Between the Four Seas," "Mark Black's Venture," "Something About Eton," "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia," "All About It," "Drawing-Room Tactics," "The Laureate Singer," "Conversations at Gassa Tonti," "Our Monthly Gossip," "Literature of the Day." For sale by all booksellers and news dealers. Yearly subscription \$4.00: single number 35 cents. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S BAZAR, for the current week, is finely embellished, and full of attractions for the ladies. The continued story, "London's Heart," is highly interesting. The editorial and miscellaneous matter is fully up to the standard of the issues of this valuable weekly. In short, the BAZAR fills a place in literature that no other journal of the land occupies. It is emphatically a medium of information for the ladies in all of those matters which give to home and society refinement, beauty, culture and utility.

REVUE DE LA MODE.—The first number of this beautiful journal is before us, and we can truly say, is a perfect gem of sixteen pages fully and beautifully illustrated, of the latest *Parisian Fashions*. It takes the place of *Die Modenwelt*, and will be found to excel it in every particular. In addition to the many uncolored cuts, the most artistic that we have ever seen, it gives a large, fine and very highly colored steel engraving; besides, a number of very superior patterns. This Fashion Journal is translated and printed in Paris, for S. T. Taylor, 816 Broadway, New York, importer of *Le Bon Ton* and *La France Elegante*, and at the very low price of \$3.50 for one year, monthly; single copies 35 cents.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for October contains an illustrated article on Popular Physiology, showing the effects of improper dressing, and improper positions in sitting, standing and sleeping, and the evil effects which come from transgressions in this direction; the different Medical systems are discussed; diseases of the eye, illustrated; an article on hygienic dwellings gives directions for ventilation, light, location, &c. This magazine is published at \$2 a year; single numbers, 20 cents. Address the Publisher, S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

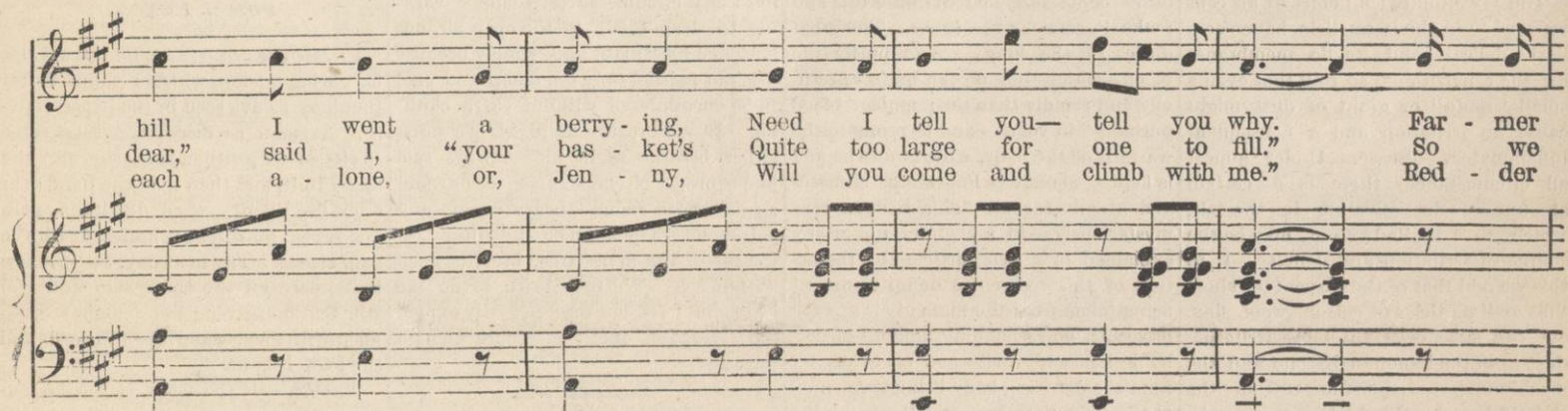
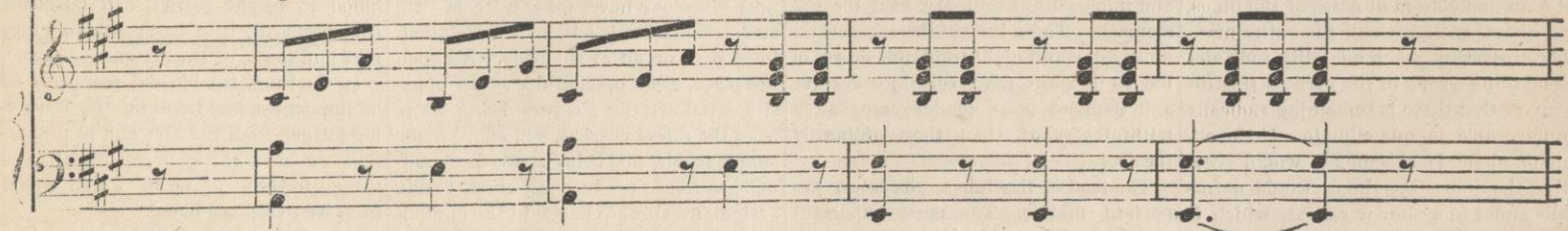


## UP THE HILL A BERRYING.

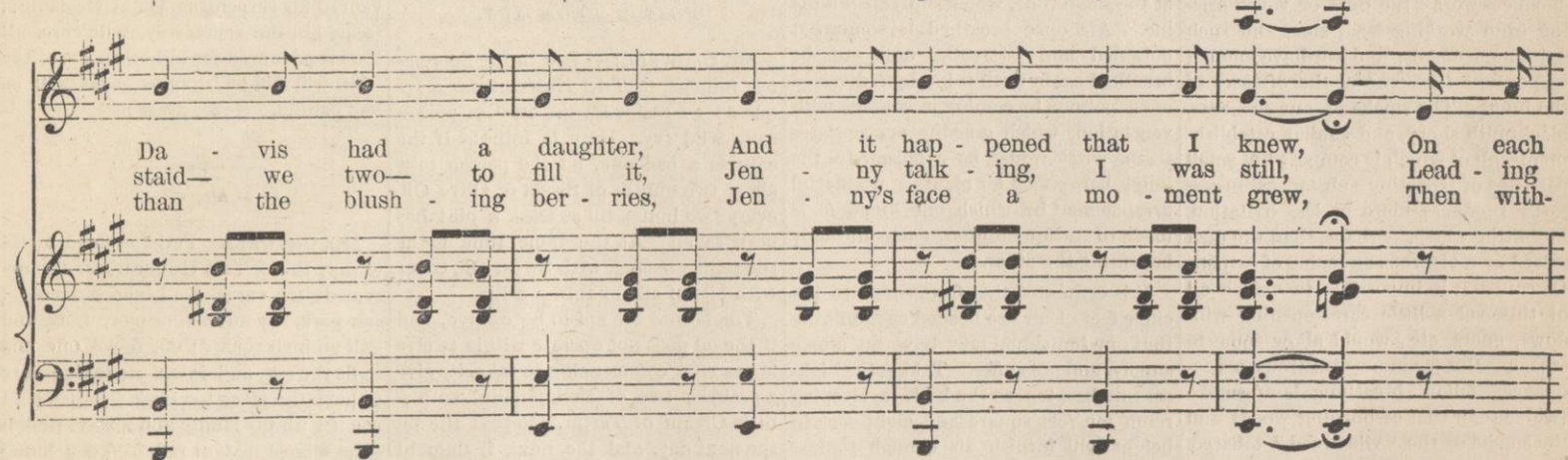
Music by E. O.



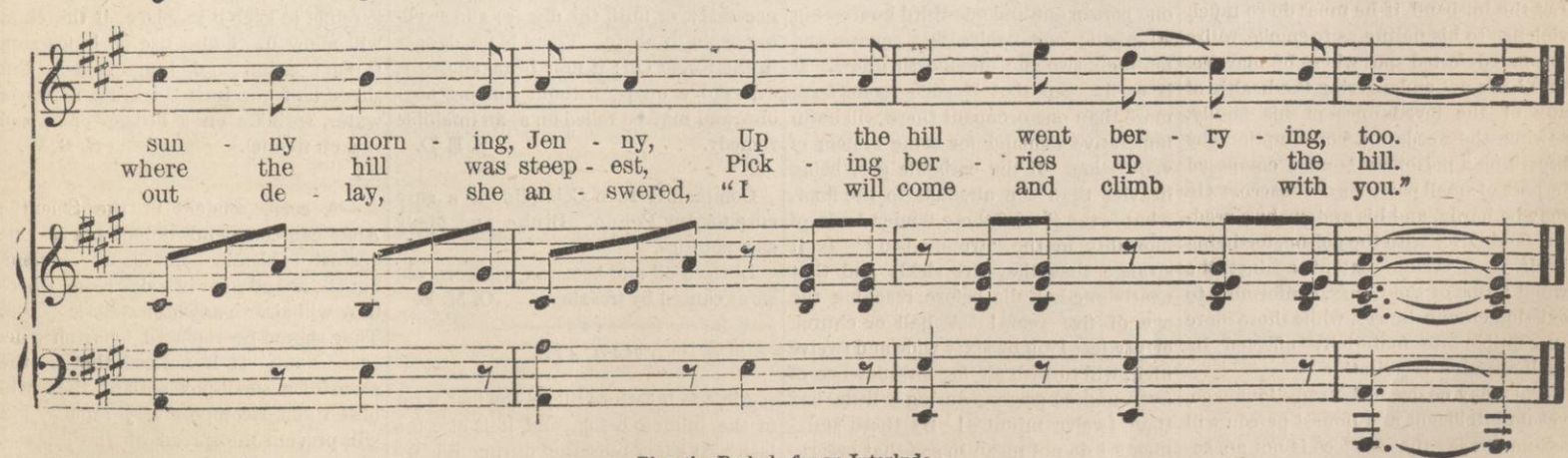
1. On a bright and sun - ny morning, Ear - ly as the dew was dry, Up the  
 2. Lone - ly work is pick - ing ber - ries, So I joined her on the hill; "Jen - ny  
 3. "This is up - hill work," said Jen - ny, "So is life," said I, "shall we Climb it



hill I went a berry - ing, Need I tell you - tell you why. Far - mer  
 dear," said I, "your bas - ket's Quite too large for one to fill." So we  
 each a - lone, or, Jen - ny, Will you come and climb with me." Red - der



Da - vis had a daughter, And it hap - pened that I knew, On each  
 staid - we two - to fill it, Jen - ny talk - ing, I was still, Lead - ing  
 than the blush - ing ber - ries, Jen - ny's face a mo - ment grew, Then with -



Play the Prelude for an Interlude.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for September is received, containing more than its usual number of good things for musical people. "Haunts of Days Gone By," a beautiful poem, is followed by "A Sunday a Century Ago," a charmingly told

musical story, and this in turn by "The Heaven's are Telling," "The Rods of Corti," "Beethoven as a Pianist," "Independent Criticism," "Musical Sounds," &c. Of Editorial matter we find the usual number of spicy, pointed articles, not dis-

cussing dead issues, but what the country needs, here and now. \$1 a year. Specimen copies, 10 cents. Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is announced by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton

that they will soon publish "A Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary, with their later Poems"—in one volume, crown 8vo. by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames. A steel portrait of each of the poets will be given. The book, of course, will have a wide sale.





"FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."

Number Two.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

THE proper care of an organ so "fearfully and wonderfully made" as the lungs, is a matter of vital importance. The importance of this care may be seen in the fact it is estimated that in this country alone about fifty thousand die annually from diseases of the lungs, or about one-fourth of the entire number of deaths. Such a fatality indicates something wrong in the care of this organ, or that there is something radically unfavorable in our climate. If the climate alone is at fault, it would seem that the domestic animals would naturally suffer to a similar extent, which is not true.

The six hundred millions of air cells referred to in the last article, have peculiarly delicate and fragile membranes for their partitions, so frail that even a small "mote" or grain of dust might cause an irritation and a consequent inflammatory disease. Under almost all circumstances there is a certain amount of dust floating in the air, which, to a limited extent, may be the source of irritation and debility. If to this we add that of the carpenter's shop, the small particles of cotton, wool, flax, etc., of the factories, the more irritating dust from the hammered stone and the machine shops, the fumes from the chemical works, the dust or vapor arising from working lead, zinc, and such poisonous metals, and we have enough to account for some of the diseases of the lungs. The smoke of our furnaces, blacksmith shops, and similar establishments, all of which is composed of small particles of irritating substances, necessarily produces more or less irritation, but little worse, perhaps, than the dust raised by a vigorous sweeping of carpets. Of course it is impossible to escape all of this, yet a little care, opening windows, doors, etc., would allow some to escape. But far more disastrous consequences follow breathing lamp-smoke (worse than that of burning wood) and the smoke of the "vile weed," tobacco. Let the husband, if he must do so much violence to his nature as to smoke, retire to some deserted spot where he may feel that he is not endangering the health of any of the loved ones of his family, sowing the seeds of consumption by breathing a poisonous smoke, composed in part of small particles of tobacco. He may be hardy, and his system, by a gradual familiarity with the poison, fortifying itself to a certain extent against the worst forms of the injury, conforming to existing circumstances, while those more susceptible are materially affected by such a source of irritation.

This may be deemed strong language, yet no intelligent and honest person will assume to say that tobacco is not an active poison, the direct cause of some of the ills of mortal life, particularly the diseases of the lungs and the glands, the liver, kidneys, etc. The female or the child may suffer at the lungs by breathing the smoke even more than the hardy

man who uses tobacco in this form. It is particularly necessary that the victims of weak and sensitive lungs should scrupulously avoid all kinds of smoke, particularly that of tobacco. It should be remembered in this connection that the injury of admitting foreign substances to the lungs is two-fold, first, irritation and consequent disease, and also that there is danger that some of these numerous cells may become so filled with substances not sufficiently irritating to cause their ejection by the act of coughing—which is really a friendly effort, at least most of the time—but may remain, preventing a perfect inflation of the lungs, and of course a remote cause of disease. Avoid all foreign substances, remembering that atmospheric air is the proper food for the lungs, as necessary and important as ordinary food for the stomach. These lungs, laboring continuously day and night from the dawn of life till its close, most certainly deserve and demand more tender care, as a faithful servant, than they ordinarily receive.

The food of the lungs, air, is an important matter. The most important element of the air is its oxygen, the other being intended to dilute this and make it safe for the lungs. The great duties of the lungs are to purify the blood—which they do far more effectually and rapidly than the popular "blood purifiers" in vogue—and to promote the warmth of the body, which must be and is kept at about 98° Fahr. in all climates and at all seasons. This is done very mysteriously—in a manner not easily explained in a brief article—by the action of this oxygen, a definite amount being taken from the mass of air at each breath, a corresponding amount of carbonic gas and waste and effete matter from the decaying body being thrown off at the same time, wonderfully sustaining life. Air once breathed is somewhat poisoned and is really unfit to be breathed again until it has been divested of its poisons by coming in contact with vegetation, which greedily appropriates them, what would be a poison to the lungs being food for plants, a wonderful arrangement by which one kingdom is made to sustain another, each mutually benefiting the other.

It is estimated that from seven to ten cubic feet of air are needed each minute that one individual may have an ample supply, and not suffer. Taking the highest number, ten, as the basis, a sleeping room ten feet square and eight feet in height will furnish air enough to last one person one and one-third hours—not all night; one twelve feet square and ten high, two and one-fourth hours. It is easily seen that if such rooms have more than one occupant there will be an imperative demand for some system of ventilation. If the carbonic gas, being heavier than the air, falls to the floor, what is the fate of those tender buds of mortality in the "trundle-bed"? Is it strange that they are sickly and that nearly one-half die before reaching the age of five years! A hall or church eighty feet long by sixty wide and twelve high, will furnish air for an audience of five hundred persons during a little less than twelve minutes! By these statements I do not mean to say that breathing such air after the expiration of the time will produce very marked effects, yet I do say that there is an utter absence of pure air, and that it is safe to "get the best," since the supply is so ample, almost prodigal.

How can that be done? While no sleeping room is large enough to contain sufficient air for its occupants, not even for one, during the whole night, it is by no means a difficult matter to secure such air in a safe manner. Escape of the foul and poisonous air, the carbonic gas—which would not sustain life for five minutes, if pure—and the supply of the outside air, are the objects sought. This may be done even without a "ventilator," by opening a door, or doors, leading into a larger apartment in which the windows are partly open, more or less, according to the circumstances. After being accustomed to this for a time, the windows of the same apartment may be slightly raised or lowered, or both, simply avoiding a current of air on the sleepers and a sensation of coldness, since one never takes a "cold" till such a sensation is felt, to some extent, in a part or all of the body. An open fire-place, or an open orifice at an opposite window, the sleepers being away from the direct current, will afford a safe supply of air, this being secured so gradually as not to produce any shock to the system, no abrupt change in the circumstances, since it is able to conform to almost any circumstances, soldiers learning to sleep safely in the open air, not poisoned by "night air," simply because it is not poison, only too damp and cool to be encountered without extra clothing. If we breathe at night, we must either breathe night air—always safe under proper circumstances—or our foul air of a close room—always unsafe and poisonous. The animals, the turkey on the top of the apple tree, breathe such air and live. We may learn to do the same, but need not unnecessarily expose ourselves, but ought to secure enough pure air.

#### POISON FROM IVY.

MR. CROWELL:—I saw in the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for a recipe for the cure of poison from wild Ivy. Here is mine:—If the case is a bad one, let the person take about two ounces of Sweet or Olive Oil, every two hours, till at least a pint has been taken. At the same time bathe the parts affected, with Sweet Oil, cover with bits of silk or thin muslin.

The bowels are apt to be costive, and if the oil does not operate within twelve hours after commencing to take it, give a grain or two of Podophyllin, with a little Cream of Tartar. Repeat the oil the next day, and the next, if thought necessary, or until the disease and swelling begin to abate. There is no danger in the Sweet Oil; it may be taken freely, even to a quart, without hurting anyone, and may be relied on as an infallible remedy.

S. E. D.

Common Garden Celandine is a sure cure for Ivy Poison. Bruise and apply as a poultice.

Linseed oil and beeswax will cure old sores caused by freezing. O. M. B.

#### BAD AIR.

Air, the breath of life, is the first want of the human being, and it is also the last. At every pulsation during life we need this life sustaining element. Yet one would suppose, by the bad ventilation of houses, churches and theatres, that it was a matter of indifference whether we had much or little, or whether it was good or bad. We read in the

papers of the deaths of persons from suffocation in wells, mines, or by escaping gas, and are startled, wondering why people will be so careless; yet thousands of people die by inches, or only half live, in consequence of the impurity of the air which we breathe.

If one is shut up in a small room without any admission of fresh air, the air contained within the room soon becomes impure by having been breathed over and over, and very great lassitude or depression of life and spirits is the consequence. The blood requires to be revitalized constantly within the lungs by coming in contact with atmospheric air. Indeed that is the whole office of the lungs, to aerate or revitalize the blood—which is there met by the atmospheric air—and change it from dark, venous blood to bright scarlet, arterial blood, thus preparing it to carry life to every part and tissue of the system.

In the lungs the blood loses many of its impurities, and takes on the life-giving oxygen from the air; and in proportion we have the glow of health and the enthusiasm of living which comes from well-vitalized blood.

#### FOR A FELON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send you a recipe for curing a felon, which I think better than any I have seen in the papers lately: As soon as discovered take some spirits of turpentine in a cup, dip the finger in it, and then hold the hand near a hot fire till dry, then dip it in again and repeat for fifteen minutes, or till the pain ceases. The next day, with a sharp knife, pare off the thick skin and you will find something like a honey comb filled with clear water, open the cells and the felon is gone.

Another.—If the felon is too far advanced for turpentine, Oil of Origanum, treated in the same way, will cure. If too far advanced for either to cure, the felon will still be benefited, as it will be less painful. Never draw it.

E. E. F.

#### EARACHE.

MR. CROWELL. Perhaps some mother may thank THE HOUSEHOLD for my remedy for earache. I take a piece of salt pork, say an inch or more long and half an inch square; cut down one end to fit the ear, and insert it, taking care to have the piece too large to slip in. I use it with my family and always find it gives almost instant relief. Tie a handkerchief to keep it in place, if the child will allow it. I also use pork for sore throat; croup and lung colds. Cut slices half an inch thick dip in warm water, sprinkle on a little pepper, and sew on flannel.

N. B. W.

—A correspondent of the Scientific American commends onions as a specific against epidemics—not as an esculent, but sliced and kept in a sick room, where they will absorb any atmospheric poison. They should be replaced by fresh ones every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small-pox patient they will blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. Their application has also proved effective in the case of snake bites.

—A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.





## THE TURKEY.

I saw the turkey in his matchless pride:  
The barn-yard ground, with crest erect, he  
walked,  
His subjects marched behind and by his side;  
And he, grand Turk of all, imperious stalked.  
No crowned king could with this fowl compare,  
In his majestic step and stately air.

Himself at his full height he proudly raised,—  
Each other turkey meekly bent his head;  
And then around him in contempt he gazed,  
And could he speak, I'm sure he'd thus have  
said;

"Show me the turkey on this farm, I say,  
That from myself can bear the palm away."

Thus thought the turkey, and in grandeur stood;  
But soon the ruthless farmer-boy drew nigh,—  
His right hand sternly grasped a club of wood,  
His sleeves up-rolled, and murder in his eye;  
With direful force he struck one deadly blow,  
And on the ground he laid the turkey low.

The turkey fell; but struggled still with death;  
His eye a look of stern defiance wore;  
And, half upraised, he madly strove for breath,  
Then gave one desperate gasp, and, all was o'er!  
And here this moral is impressed on all,  
That, sooner or later, "pride must have a fall."

Ah, hapless turkey! Hard was thy sad fate!  
For o'er thy mangled corpse, in joyous glee,  
Matrons, maids, urchins, each before a plate,  
Shall mingle laugh and mirth and jollity.  
Until at last, satiety shall be,  
And they are full of happiness—and thee.

And ye, the offspring of that luckless bird,  
Will ye not sigh, and weep, and rave, because  
He whose sweet gobbles have so oft been heard,  
Is gobbled up himself by human jaws!  
And cackle vengeance 'gainst that custom grand,  
Which spreads such havoc through all turkey land?

The happy parents, for their children's joy,  
Have made ye parentless; he who was living  
Yesterday, your sire, now dead, they do employ.  
Grief infinite to you,—for their Thanksgiving.  
So goes the world; what's happiness to me,  
Another's direst curse perchance may be.

Reader,—these lines a moral good contain,  
Which you with care may easily discover;  
I shall not deem my verses are in vain,  
If you will deign to con that moral over.  
Yes! in these stanzas of an unfledged pen,  
A lesson is to turkeys,—and to men.

—*Portsmouth Journal.*

## TWO ERRORS IN DIET.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

AMONG the errors of the ignorant, sufficiently numerous in any community, none are more glaring and absurd, perhaps, than those relating to excess and to the richness of food. There are those who imagine that the nourishment appropriated by the system will be in the direct ratio to the amount of food consumed, or that the more food is taken the greater will be the strength received. And hence some of the sick and the puny, from principle, if never governed by it under any other circumstances, take an excess of food in the vain hope of obtaining a corresponding amount of strength. Like the body as a whole, the stomach is able to perform a given amount of labor, and when taxed or forced, compelled to attempt more than that, the result is inevitably disastrous, and worse than failure. Indeed such folly necessarily defeats its own purposes. Such an excess, since it is utterly impossible for the organs of digestion to appropriate it, must remain undigested, and in that state must act as an irritant whether in the stomach or thrown into the bowels in the effort to eject offending

matter, materially deranging and weakening the digestive organs in the effort to perform unreasonable labor. If not promptly ejected the process of fermentation soon commences, more especially producing acids if the food is vegetable, and putrefaction if animal; sufficiently unfavorable under the most fortunate circumstances. It follows, therefore, that any excess, more than the stomach is able to dispose of, not only does not and cannot afford nourishment and add to the strength, but is a direct cause of disease and consequent debility. The stomach is subject to the same general law with the body as a whole—strengthened and invigorated by proper labor, and injured and destroyed by excess and abuse.

The second error relates to the use of rich and concentrated food; by some supposed to afford superior nourishment. The concentrated fats and sweets, or an excess of carbonaceous food, really contain no nourishment directly connected with the production of strength, but simply promote the warmth of the body—an important matter—and increase the fatty tissues, and of course cannot be in demand in hot weather. They not only do not afford the elements needed for the increase of strength, no real muscle element, but necessarily so derange the digestive apparatus as to impede the proper digestion of simple and wholesome food. The addition, therefore, of the spices, the concentrated sweets and fats, by which the special richness is secured, cannot in any respect add to the true nourishment. If used—and to what extent they may be used it may be difficult to decide—it must be simply as a matter of indulgence and not for nourishment and strength. To the elements of nourishment in bread, for example, when so modified as to produce cake, no real strength producing ingredient is added, nothing promotive of health.

And it cannot be doubted that many of the fevers, and stomach and bowel derangements, are traceable directly or indirectly to the commotion incident to the fermentive processes and to the excess of the carbonaceous element in the form of fats and sugars, of which so little is needed in the hot weather when most of these ailments occur.

If the feeble, therefore, would increase in flesh and strength, let them use only a sufficient amount of plain, nourishing food, that which is easy of digestion, and of such food select the most palatable, and then only reasonably satisfy the appetite. Let them be hopeful and cheerful, exercise moderately in the air and sunlight, and as far as possible watch the indications of nature not only in the matter of food—remembering that in sickness the appetite is the most reliable—but in reference to labor, rest, sleep, cleanliness, etc. Fast, if the appetite is wanting, and take food regularly when the appetite indicates the true wants of the system.

## PUT FLOWERS ON YOUR TABLE.

Set flowers on your table—a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, a daisy. Bring a few daisies or buttercups from your last field work, and keep them alive in a little water; ay, preserve but a bunch of clover or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds

you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common, for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers, in season set upon his table, we believe morning, noon, and night—that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon—and why should he not have flowers at all meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please—never change with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor dependent on caprice or some fine gentleman or lady who have nothing but caprice and changes to give them importance and a sensation.

Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to them. They look like the happy waking of the creation, they bring the perfume of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the very representative and embodiment of the very smile of your home, the graces of good morrow; proofs that some intellectual beauties are in ourselves, or those about us, some Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweetness, or in ourselves some masculine wilderness not unworthy to possess such a companion or unlikely to gain her.  
—*Leigh Hunt.*

## THE POETRY OF THE TABLE.

In the first place, a starched and smoothly-ironed table-cloth, which if neatly folded after every meal, will look well for several days. Then flowers and ferns in flat dishes, baskets or small vases, or else a tiny nosegay laid upon every napkin.

The salt must be pure and smooth. The butter should be moulded into criss-crossed diamonds, shells, or globes, with the paddles made for this purpose.

A few pretty dishes will make the plainest table glow. A small, brightly-colored platter for pickles, horse-radish, or jelly; and butter plates representing green leaves are also attractive.

A few pennies' worth of parsley or cress, mingled with small scraps of white paper daintily clipped, will cause a plain dish to assume the air of a French *entree*. A platter of hash may be ornamented with an edging of toasted or fried bread cut into points; and a dish of mutton chops is much more impressive with the bones stacked as soldiers stack guns, forming a pyramid in the center—each bone adorned with a frill of cut paper.

A few slices of lemon, mingled with sprigs of parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs, form a pretty garnish to many dishes; and nothing could be more appetizing than beef, veal, mutton or lamb made into mince-meat, and pressed into form in a wine glass, then fried in pork fat, with a sprig of green placed in the top of each little cone. The basket of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes, or apples, oranges and grapes—should be tastefully arranged and trimmed with leaves and flowers. The bowl of salad should be ornamented with the scarlet and orange flowers of the tropæolum,—their piquant flavor adding zest to the lettuce, with which they may be eaten.—*Scribner.*

—Light breakfasts are becoming fashionable. Gutta-percha steaks and leather waffles are no longer considered the best early morning remedy for dyspepsia.

## THE DESSERT.

—A letter intended for Oshkosh, Winnebago county, Wisconsin was directed to Allsquash, Rutubaga county, and reached its destination.

—The Empress of Austria by physician's direction, lives almost on milk and eggs. This is the next thing to putting her into custody.

—Knott and Shott fought a duel. The result was that they changed conditions. Knott was shot, and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

—To insure safety against the vermin in jute switches so extensively used for chignons, bury the things in the ground six feet deep; and—let them stay there.

—A California applicant before a school board defined phlebotomy as "pertaining to the bottom of a flea." He has retired with a dignity becoming his profession.

—A little boy, on being asked by his Sunday School teacher what good thing, what great pleasure he was willing to sacrifice during Lenten season, said he thought he would give up going to Sunday School.

—Schoolmistress, to dull little boy. "Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age, I could read twice as well as you can." Johnny. "Yes'm but you had a different teacher from what I've got."

—Said a Detroit lady to a gentleman of that city: "You are not a musician, I believe." "No," said he, "if I were the proprietor of a hand organ, set expressly to play Old Hundred, I couldn't get seventy-five out of it."

—A kind old father-in-law wanted to know why the Feejeans were called cannibals, to which Barnum replied: "Because they live off of other people." "Then," replied he, unhappily, "My four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off of me!"

—In an advertisement by a railroad company of some unclaimed goods, the letter "l" dropped from the word "lawful," and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

—A story is going the rounds, of an old colored man who was left in charge of a telegraph office, in New Orleans, while the operator went out "to see a man." A call came over the wires and uncle Pete shouted at the instrument loud as he could, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased instantly.

—A preacher out west was lately referring to instances of the special providence of God, and mentioned the case of two widows noticed in the Scriptures; "In the one case," said he, "the widow's husband was dead!" At this point he saw a smile upon some countenances, and *lapisus lingue* struck him, and he corrected himself by saying, "in fact, both of the husbands were dead!"

—A sportsman who, during the shooting season, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."





## CRADLE SONG.

BY C. DAY NOBLE.

Fold thy snowy eyelids down  
Over pansy-petaled eyes,  
Let thy lashes mossy-brown  
Fall like shade on sunset skies,  
Sweet and golden  
Baby, folden  
In a nest of sanctities.

Winds and waters come and go,  
Day in white and night in pall;  
Blossoms in the green spring blow,  
Fruits in yellow autumn fall.  
Wake to kiss me!  
Sleep! I miss thee,  
Now the dreamland angels call.

Sorrow, baby, bringeth joy,  
Work and waking, dreams and rest;  
All the dear Lord's sweet employ  
Is to rock us on his breast.  
Life is rocking,  
Death is flocking  
To his arms as to a nest.

## CLARA'S FAULT.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

CLARA, my dear, your half hour is out and this seam is waiting for you to finish it. Have you been having a nice time?"

Mrs. Conner looked tenderly into the flushed face of her little girl, tenderly but sadly when she noticed the lines of disappointment and vexation that were traced there as an accusation against her.

"How short the half hour has been, mamma," she answered with a sigh, wishing to avoid a direct reply to the question.

The sewing had been gladly laid aside when her mother gave her permission to play for a little while; but as she was dressing her favorite doll for a walk, she missed a particular ribbon which she wished to add to her outfit, and more than two-thirds of her play-time was gone before she could find it. At last she drew it out from a pile of waste-pieces—a place where no careful little girl would have left anything which she ever hoped to see again—and smoothing it out hastily, had just succeeded in arranging it into a satisfactory knot when her mother called her back to her work. Miss Dollie gazed up with wide-open eyes when her little mistress laid her back in her crib, as if wondering for what reason she had been awakened from the nap with which she was refreshing herself when Clara entered the nursery, nor did she fully understand her impatient "Oh dear," when she turned away.

"I wonder what I did with my thimble!" Clara was a good deal annoyed at this fresh inconvenience, and the tones of her voice showed the irritation which she felt. Hunting through her mother's work-box and her own, it dropped from her apron pocket at last when she stooped to search for it under the table. "In this little pocket!" she exclaimed, "I wonder I hadn't lost it; the thimble that cousin Fanny gave me, too!"

"And if you had lost it who could you have blamed? This bad habit is increasing upon you, I fear, my daughter, and will cause you serious trouble sometime. One would think you suffer enough from

it every day to prompt an earnest effort to be free from its thralldom."

"I will try, mamma, indeed I will," and Clara really meant what she said, for she felt very penitent just then. But the next morning she found her comb in the nursery instead of in its place on her toilet stand, and so long was she obliged to search for her hat and gloves that she came near being late to school. Sometimes she could not find them at all, and once her mother allowed her to go to school bareheaded, the more forcibly to impress upon her mind the tendency of her sad fault.

Only the week before, when Bessie Brown, her dearest friend, was spending the afternoon with her, the little girls were forced to give up a walk upon which their hearts were set because Clara's boots were nowhere to be found until it was too late. Clara resolved then that she would reform at once, and bravely did she strive for the next two or three days to overcome her besetting sin; but in an evil hour she forgot her resolution and the charm was broken. A great many times every day she was obliged to substitute something for the thing she wanted until she could find it, and not unfrequently to do without it entirely, so constantly were her things misplaced, or, which was nearer the truth, so seldom did she have for them any place at all.

Poor Clara! Her mother saw the trouble that she was preparing for herself, a foretaste of which she was already reaping, and faithfully did she point it out to her, earnestly seeking to dissuade her from her evil course. But Clara was like a great many other little girls and, notwithstanding her good resolutions, found it much easier to drift along in her careless way than to amend her doings. Not many days after this she came home from school one afternoon sobbing bitterly, while her tear-stained face told of some trial that had been very grievous to her child heart.

"It was very unkind of Miss Howe, I am sure it was," she faltered out when her mother sought to comfort her. "She has taken my geography class and gone off to a boat-ride—all but me and Jennie Grow and Lou Humphreys, and we wanted to go as much as any of them," sobbing again.

"Why did she take the others and leave you three behind?" inquired Mrs. Conner, suspecting Clara had not revealed the whole truth.

"She told us yesterday that all of our class who learned our lesson perfectly might go out on the lake with her to-night, and then she gave out so long a lesson that I could not get it, though I studied every minute this afternoon," and Clara took on a very injured air.

"Why did you not bring your book home with you? you could have been sure you learned your lesson then."

Clara dropped her head and was silent at first; then in a lower tone she answered:

"I did, mamma, but when I had time to study, I could not find it, for I had forgotten where I laid it."

Mrs. Conner was grieved at this confession, though the truth was very much as she had feared. Laying her hand softly on Clara's bowed head she replied in a very grave tone:

"And so it was my little girl's carelessness, this fault which I have so often warned her against, which has caused this sad disappointment. Oh, Clara!"

She laid her head on her mother's knee and wept silently, while of her bitter,

reproachful tears, nobler purposes were born.

She came down to breakfast next morning carefully dressed and in good season, for there were no delays occasioned by mislaid articles; and her mother noticed with pleasure the clear light in her determined eye. But the day brought her so many trials that she felt unusually tired and ill-natured that night and less inclined than ever to guard against the besetting fault. The next day she cared less for the disappointment which at the time had seemed so bitter, while her good resolutions were less firm; these impressions were still fainter on the next, and in a little while she seemed to have forgotten them altogether. And so it came to pass that such injunctions as, "Hang your hat in place, Clara," "Take care of your slate and pencil," "Don't leave your slippers there," were often heard, calling the little girl to her neglected duty; while the hearts of her kind friends ached as they saw what a slave the child was becoming, and she herself wondered and grew impatient at the "ill luck" which brought her so much annoyance.

Clara was sitting with her mother and sisters on the veranda one evening, weaving into a wreath the bright flowers that were scattered at her feet. The summer was in its glory, making a lovely picture of their rural home, and this day had been a radiant one, refreshing with its soft breezes and balmy air.

"Won't it be beautiful, mamma?" and Clara held up her fragrant wreath, carefully arranging the buds and leaves as she looked at it admiringly.

Just then a sharp, distressed scream rang out, making them spring from their seats in alarm and rush toward the piercing cry. Prostrate in the garden walk just where he had fallen, with a few flowers crushed in his fat hand, little Jamie lay screaming frantically, while the fresh blood was gushing from an unsightly wound in his plump cheek. Gathering him hurriedly in her arms, Mrs. Conner turned to look at the treacherous pitfall into which he had stumbled, as Mary picked up from under her feet the pretty new scissor that had been given to Clara only a few weeks before. She had carelessly dropped them by the way and, as was her habit, thought no more about them; but she was filled with shame and remorse when she saw the mischief they had caused through her negligence, and turning away, she burst into a cry that was scarcely less pitiful than was Jamie's wail of pain.

Her half finished wreath lay and withered on the steps while Clara sat near and sobbed in a very disconsolate way, for it seemed to her that all her joy and peace had suddenly been swept away, and the thought that it was her own careless hand which had wrought the ruin almost broke her heart. Never before had her great fault looked to her so very, very wicked, never had she resolved so earnestly to overcome it as now when she saw the enormity of its heinousness and sin. Then a feeling of despair made her tears flow faster as she remembered her failures in the past.

"But perhaps if I had tried a little harder," she thought. "Anyhow, mamma says God will help us to be good." And slipping down on to her knees she folded her little hands and prayed with quivering lips: "Oh, God, Clara is so sorry! will you please to forgive her, and for Jesus' sake make her a better girl? She will try very hard, if you will only help."

Then wiping away her tears, she went in search of her mother to tell her how penitent she felt and that she was certainly going to overcome her sad fault. Mrs. Conner kissed her tenderly and spoke to her encouraging words, although her heart failed her at thought of her oft repeated yet broken promises. But Clara was at last thoroughly awakened, and her persevering self-watchfulness gave assurance of a perfect triumph.

She found it hard work contending against her indolent habits, and many were the discouragements she met, so many that she sometimes sat down in despair and felt almost ready to give up the unequal struggle. But in a little while she began to realize the blessing of each victory that she gained; began to see how much trouble and annoyance she saved herself and others by a little timely care; and strengthened by every triumph, encouraged by the smiles of her friends and the approval of her conscience, she learned at last how to avoid the evils which her ignorant love of ease and her foolish selfishness had brought upon her.

Years have passed and Clara is ripening into a beautiful woman, loved by all who know her for her amiable and unselfish life; while bright among her virtues there beams the light of her orderly, careful habits. And she rejoices every day because of the decision and perseverance which brought her so sweet a reward.

## HOW TO GET THE BEST PLACES.

There are in society a great many good places, but the best places are few, and not easily reached. Who shall have the best places? Let any boy look about his school-room and ask which of these boys are to have the best places, and he will find it hard to decide. In all the schools there are many thousands of boys, and some of them will get the best places. Who are they? that is the question.

I wish to speak to the boys of one trait which often decides which of two boys, who want the same place, gets it. I refer to accuracy in scholarship and practice. I do not refer to absolute accuracy, which belongs to the all-knowing mind, but to that habit which strives to think the thought and do the act as nearly accurate as possible. Some boys use the word "about" too often. "The area of a certain field is *about* so much;" or a certain city is "*about* on such a line of latitude;" or "the sum of certain quantities is *about* so much;" or a certain sentence in a translation or composition is "*about* thus and so." If they spell a word, or solve a problem, or keep an engagement, that pestilent little word pushes itself into notice. The second class of boys cultivate the habit of accuracy. They try to "hit the nail on the head," and do it every time. If they add up a column or multiply, or spell, or make a promise, they aim to do the thing precisely right.

Let two boys of these two kinds apply for a position as book-keeper, or superintendent's clerk, or any other office of trust. The one is *about* right, the other is right; the one does his work *about* right, the other does his right; the one may be *about* accurate in his business, the other is accurate. The accurate boy, other things being equal, will surely get the place, whilst the other one will *about* not get it.

I saw a young man in the office of a



western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable and "it paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned to telegraph. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did because he was sure it was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favored one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his bookkeeper's columns he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as possible.

I knew such a young man. He had a good chance to do well; but he was so inaccurate and unreliable that people were afraid to trust him. If he wrote a deed or a mortgage, or a contract, he was sure either to leave out something or put in something to make it imperfect paper. He was a lawyer without business, because he lacked the noble quality of accuracy. Just across the street from him was another young lawyer, who was proverbial for accuracy. He was famous for searching titles; and when he wrote out the history of a title to a piece of property, it was taken for granted as just so. His aim was absolute accuracy in everything. If he copied a conveyance, or cited a legal authority, or made a statement, he aimed to do it exactly. The consequence is, he is having a valuable practice at the bar, and is universally esteemed.

"But," says some boy, "when I become a man, that is the way I shall do. I mean to be very accurate." Perhaps so. I could tell better if I knew just how you do your work now. There are several ways of getting a lesson. One is to get it "tolerably well," which does not cost much labor. The other way is to get it faultlessly well, which costs a great deal of labor. A boy can get a general idea of his lesson, "in a jiffy," but to get it with accuracy is very hard, and requires both time and industry. If you, my boy, to-day are getting your lesson in the slipshod way, you will grow up a slipshod man; but if to-day your habit is to get every lesson with perfect accuracy, I will warrant you will do that way when you become a man. How is it?—*Little Chief.*

#### THE GRATEFUL ROBIN.

About twelve years ago, during a very severe winter, I went one morning to spend the day with two ladies, who were staying for a time at the pretty watering-place of C. The snow was lying on the ground outside, but they were sitting by a bright fire in a snug parlor, and had just finished breakfast. The younger lady was crumbling some bread in a saucer, and told me she was preparing a meal for a visitor who came every morning.

I wondered who it could be that was

to eat such a breakfast, and when Miss J. said, "Hush! I hear him," I looked towards the door, expecting to see their friend enter. I found, however, that they were looking towards the window; and on its being opened by Miss J., in hopped a beautiful little robin, and began to pick the crumbs, not only from the saucer, but from her hands.

He did not seem to have the least fear, but every now and then lifted his little jet black eye to her face, chirping merrily. When he had finished his meal he gave one loud chirp, as if to say, "Thank you," and flew away into a wood near the house.

There are some pretty walks in that wood, and later in the day my friends invited me to go with them there. Miss J. took some crumbs with her for her "little friend," as she told me, and scattering them on the ground, began to call, "Dickey! Dickey!" I had hidden myself that he might not be frightened at the sight of a stranger. As soon as his friend called, there was a rustling noise in the bushes, and down came Dickey and began to eat the crumbs at her feet. I was astonished at this, and said, "After all, he only comes for what he can get. It is the crumbs he loves, and not you."

"Well, we shall see presently which he loves best," said Miss J. She walked on some distance from the crumbs, and again called, "Dickey! Dickey!" at the same time holding out her hand. Instantly the faithful little bird, leaving its crumbs, first perched on a little branch just over her, looking curiously as if to see if she were alone, and then hopped down and settled on her hand, seeming quite at home and happy. "Certainly," said I, "he loves you better than the crumbs."

We left the wood and walked a mile or more into the country; when I perceived, as I thought, another robin watching us from a tree. "I think all the robins in the neighborhood know you," said I to Miss J. She looked where I pointed, and, after a moment's hesitation, exclaimed, "Why, that's my own little darling Dickey! Dickey!" The little bird directly began chirping and fluttering his wings, as if quite delighted to be noticed by his friend. We now observed him more particularly, and found that wherever she went he followed, flying from bush to bush, and always keeping near her, until she reached her home, when he gave a chirp, as if to bid her "good-bye," and flew away to his home in the woods.

During my stay with my friends, this occurred not once or twice, but whenever they left the house for their walks; and when they left the place at the end of the winter, they were very sorry, as you may suppose, to part with their faithful and loving Dickey; and I dare say he missed them, too, though he could now find food in the woods, and did not much need the crumbs.—*Loving Words.*

#### A CURIOUS GIVING OF NAMES.

The naming of children affords little scope for ingenious novelty, as a rule. Ordinarily, a parental couple will select the old names that designated their ancestors, and from John to Jerusha duplicate a dead generation as though to order. We know of one marked exceptional instance, however, and as such we think it will interest our readers whom we ask to match it, if they can.

There lived a man named Asa—which

name, you will observe, reads forward and backwards the same. By an odd coincidence he married a woman whose name also spelled either way the same, for she was called Hannah. Now here were two good old nominatives, relics of forefathers and foremothers (why isn't "foremothers," an accredited word?) without number, and they seemed likely to be perpetuated, with possibly some others, equally good and old, through generations *ad infinitum*. For when the first child came it was a boy, and they proclaimed him Asa, at once and when the next appeared it was a girl, and it was another Hannah, as a matter of course.

Then noting this backward reading of names alluded to, a determination seized them to continue it, and the next boy was dubbed Aziza, and the next girl called Axa. Another boy they spelled Iri—the difference between him and any Ira of our acquaintance being "all in the i," you know—and to a third girl they gave the pleasant name of Anna. When a fourth boy came it was harder picking for such names, but they gave the old Bible Zerah a new rendering, and it became Zerez; and the other two boys were christened respectively Numun and Harrah—the latter being Harry revamped. The rest of the girls they called Emme, Atta and Alila, and the family was complete.

There is a second generation since this singular naming, but the set of names has not been repeated, though there is an Asa and a Harrah in this generation, and the Harrah of it sat by our desk here in The Rural Home sanctum not many days ago, and told us what we have told you.—*Rural Home.*

#### STOP AND THINK.

Girls, stop and think! What about? About whatever you are doing. If you are at work in the kitchen, and need some article from the pantry or cupboard, stop and think of all the articles you may need from there in the next few minutes, and make one journey do for half a dozen. And perhaps you may think of several things that can be returned to their places at the same time, thus making a double saving of time and muscle.

If you are cooking, stop and think of everything you will need before you begin that batch of bread or pies, instead of being obliged to take your hands out of the dough two or three times to run down cellar after butter or lard, or into the pantry for sugar or nutmeg. If you have a quantity of sewing, or other work to do, stop and think what will be needed first, and what you could do without, in case of hindrance, instead of doing perhaps the least necessary thing first, and finding yourself at the last moment in a perfect hurly-burly to finish what you must have. And so with everything you do, stop and think whether you are doing it in the most convenient and profitable manner or not.

We often hear people speak of women who "turn off work very fast." I once asked a woman who bore such a reputation how she did it. "By thinking what I am about; by killing two birds with one stone, and making one step do the work of half a dozen," was her reply. Of course it would not be profitable to think longer about anything than it would take for you to do it, unless it was for the sake of forming the habit

of thoughtfulness. But do not try to think of one thing while you are doing another, unless the work in hand be very monotonous indeed.

When I was a school-girl, I thought it a great saving of time to do two things at once, and my grammar shows the marked effects of being held in my lap while I churned, or propped up behind the table while I washed dishes. But I learned that I could neither study nor work as fast, and that it paid to do one thing at a time. So keep your thoughts on the work you are doing.—*Exchange.*

#### THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. Flora E. Nichols, Cazenovia, N. Y. 2. Birds of a feather flock together. 3. Hem-lock. 4. Faith, hope, charity.

5. JOHN 6. TIME  
OHIO IDEA  
HIPS MESS  
NOSE EASE

7. What gives a feast both rich and rare, What tells us how to food prepare, And thus relieves our minds from care? The Household.

8. Thousand. 9. The letter R. 10. Hyde Park. 11. Brattleboro. 12. Chelsea. 13. Rochester. 14. Carthage. 15. Spottsylvania.

#### ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of nineteen letters. My 6, 13, 14, 19 God is. My 7, 8, 13, is a number. My 11, 4, 7, 10 is a boy's plaything. My 7, 6, 13, 1, 17, 12 is a boy's name. My 9, 1, 1, 17 is a girl's name. My 16, 17, 18, 2 should be in every family.

My 9, 15, 5, 3 an axe has. My whole I hold while writing this.

2. I am composed of twenty-six letters.

My 20, 5, 13, 6, 8, 17 is a kind of vehicle. My 17, 11, 13 is an implement used by a farmer.

My 6, 9, 4, 18 is an island. My 4, 6, 21, 13 is a boundary.

My 16, 6, 8, 18, 2 is a wild animal. My 6, 19, 24, 21 is a metal.

My 17, 6, 4, 5 is an elevation. My 22, 19, 13, 8, 24, 21 is one of the United States.

My whole is a proverb.

#### ANAGRAM.

3. Msoec rehet a emit hnew leawht lahlslaf,

Dna flei smsee tref to revye yoj;

Some heret a meit nnew roswo's dloa

Hyt gribthset, phapsiet srouh tsedyor;

Esmoc tereh a teim ewhn driefns veorp safel,

Cusangic ehte fo chum ta'sth norgw,

Litsl krow wyaa, tisl rok wawa,

Reaf otn utb tle rouy thail eb rsongt.

#### CHARADE.

4. My first is in cat but not in dog;

My second is in hate but not in love;

My third is in race but not in run;

My fourth is in daughter but never in son;

My fifth is in mice but never in mouse;

My sixth is in closet but not in house;

My seventh is in near and also in far;

My eighth is in baggage but never in car;

My ninth is in labor but not in task;

My tenth is in barrel but never in cask.

My whole is what every one should be.

E. M. B.





## THE COOK OF THE PERIOD.

The looks of ye ma'am, rather suits me—  
The wages ye offer'll do;  
But thin I can't inter yer survis  
Without a condishun or two.  
And now, to begin, is the kitchen  
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,  
And fit, ye know, for entertainin'  
Such friends as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at male times?  
Bekase 'tain't convainent, ye see,  
To wait, and if I behaves punkshul,  
It's no more than yous ought to be.  
And then is your gurrels good natured?  
The raison I lift my last place—  
The French nuss was such a high lady,  
I sint a dish cloth at her face.

And have yer the laste of objection  
To min droppin' in when they choose?  
I've got some elivin fust cousins  
That frequently brings me the noos.  
I must have thim trayted powtely;  
I give you fair warnin', ma'am, now,  
If the alley gate be closed agin them,  
You'll find me commencin' a row.

These matthers agrayed on between us,  
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud.  
(She looks like the kind I can manage,  
A thin thing without any blud!)  
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,  
I comes for that time, and no liss;  
And so, thin, pruvvidin' ye'd want me,  
Jusht give me yer name and address.

## CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

## CARE OF THE HANDS.

BY U. U.

I HAVE just been reading a little newspaper article concerning the hands of toil, which said, in effect, what we have all heard or read at least a thousand times before, that there is no disgrace in the horny, callous, browned hand of labor; ending with setting forth its value above the soft, useless hand, and the smooth taper fingers that never hurt themselves by anything that it is real work, etc., etc., to the end of the chapter.

Now, admitting the fact, and agreeing with the sentiment intended to be inculcated, allow us to ask if there by any virtues, *per se*, in this same hardened hand, supposing it could perform the same labor quite as well or better without becoming very much calloused and horny, or the fingers rough and disfigured, as are so many hands of toil? Supposing that, by a little care and forethought, the hand of a lady could perform almost any, and all kinds of household labor, and still be soft and pliable, would that fact, in any measure, retract from the usefulness of the self-same hand, or disagree with the sentiment of our text—if so you please to call it? In plain words, is there any virtue in hard, rough hands as such? And is it not barely possible that a hand not so very callous and rough, may be a useful hand after all?

To get what I am coming at, the truth is, I think, that too many of our housewives and their daughters, who may assist them in the kitchen, have altogether more hardened hands than is in the least needful, while hands, finger-nails, and arms are often soiled and disfigured, far more than the necessity of the case demands.

"Only look," says Mrs. X. to her neighbor Mrs. Y., "here my hands are

about as rough as sand-paper, and as hard as horn, while yours hardly look as though they were used to kitchen work at all."

Yet the hands of Mrs. Y. did about the same work as those of Mrs. X. Whence then, this marked difference? Partly, perhaps, because the cuticle of some are more liable to become rough and hard, but more, we think, on account of the care given to prevent this in the one case, and the carelessness indulged in in the other. For, how many women there are, who are perfectly reckless about saving the hands, seeming to consider that, as a matter of course, a laboring hand must be anything but a pliable or "lady" hand. And while the marks of toil will perforce be visible, the effect of heedlessness need not be, as a usual thing, so prominent as to attract attention, and we are not sure but it is unlady-like to have them so.

For instance, in cooking and doing work over the stove, there is many a reckless handling of hot kettles, frying-pans, lifting of griddles or even taking up a moderately heated flat-iron with the bare hand; while heated plates or other dishes are taken from the stove or oven, with perhaps no protection to the hand, or only very slight at least, by the hurried go-ahead housewife, who cannot stop for trifles in her work. The effect of this is, besides the liability of such things as iron kettle-bails, handles, etc., to harden the hand by contact with it, the heat is still more injurious, and in a time the hand becomes so much injured to it that it can bear what, to others, would be intolerable. This is the hardening process, I suppose, that some housekeepers tell of, and so much glory in achieving.

Besides this there is a reckless use of hot water entirely needless in most cases. For if dairy utensils, for example, must be thoroughly scalded, is there any need of scalding the hands at the same time, except it may be accidentally? Yet how many are there who will put the hands into the same hot water, and wring therefrom a cloth, without turning upon it cold water to save the hand, and thus it is parboiled and looks more like a boiled lobster than like human flesh. And though clothes on washing days are generally boiled, is there any need of boiling the hands at the same time? If very hot water is better for use in washing machines (which we are not sure is the case,) we all know it is not where the clothes are to be rubbed by hand, and, indeed quite warm water is better for removing dirt than is boiling water, and if it was not the hands could plead to be spared the latter, out of duty to themselves. And so it is in a thousand things in our every day labors—we can scald, heat and harden them there-by or not—as we choose.

A plentiful supply of holders at hand and forethought to use them in handling almost any rough utensil, even if not very hot, will save to a great degree the hard callouses in the palm of the hand, and cold water in readiness will save not a little parboiling of the skin, and thus after roughness and hardness. We know housekeepers who always have two good, firm ironing-holders beside them when ironing, changing as one becomes heated, and thus preventing the hand becoming so much heated as otherwise it would. It takes no time, when changing an iron, to do so and adds wonderfully to the comfort of the toiling right hand. Others we see iron

with a newspaper folded, perhaps half burned through, when any one knows that the hand becomes much more heated with paper than cloth holders, and neglect to supply the one leads to reckless exposure of the skin, by taking so shiftless a substitute.

Burns, cuts, scratches and other disfigurements, are often the result of this heedless handling of things, more than of accident, though of course mishaps will occur to the most thoughtful, and when they do come, it is often all sorts in succession, as any one experienced in kitchen work knows.

But besides this carelessness on the one side, there is often want of care on the other. If the hands are inclined to chap after being in soap suds, a little vinegar applied will often neutralize the effects of the alkali, at least considerably, and for rough fingers a good rubbing with corn-meal mixed with vinegar, or with pumice stone will smooth them wonderfully. The meal and vinegar are always in any-ones' pantry, and a piece of pumice, which may be bought for a few cents, and be placed beside your soap will be convenient to remove stains, as well as roughness, and make the hands feel soft and pliable, more than one unused to it can imagine.

Glycerine is another indispensable article for the housewife, and the hands moistened with it after the washing days, house-cleaning, or any extra work, by which the hands become shrunken and thus made liable to crack or grow hard, will be softened, and the bad effects prevented. For some skin, which is easily affected by contact with water, a drop of glycerine used every night, or after the hands are dried from work will prove very beneficial, and the cost is but a trifle anyway.

And gloves too come in play about work, if at any time. A pair of old ones, even if worn at the fingers, save the hands very much in doing such work as not a few housekeepers do—gathering berries, fruits, and vegetables from the garden or field; work which will scratch, stain, and roughen the unprotected hand, while the glove does not hinder us in our work, in the least.

And either gloves or mittens for sweeping, especially where a thorough clearing up of the house is undertaken, and the broom for any length of time used, saves them being so much hardened, while in cold weather we secure comfort as well. Indeed, the handling of very cold or frosty articles injures the skin not a little, and the unpleasantness of it is known to all. A pair or two of loose mittens made of thin or half worn flannel to put on handling wood, pumping water, if in a cold room, hanging out, or taking in clothes, and a thousand other things we are often required to do, seems to us almost indispensable, even as much as many may think them needless and not worth the trouble of having convenient for use at any time.

"But dear me!" exclaims some driving, business woman, "as if taking care of the hands was worth all this fuss! Really, I wonder what time one would have to do their work, to spend so much in protecting and caring for their hands. 'A gloved cat catches no mice,' is an old proverb that will come in here."

Not so fast my good woman. We do not pretend you can do all work equally well with gloves on, but if you can do some kinds why is there any harm in adopting them? I can pick berries or

gather vegetables, not only as well, but more quickly, with the hand and wrist protected, having a finger and thumb at liberty, for then I do not have to watch and use so much care, as to where the hand goes, and thus save my time—and scratches, prickles, and stains, which may come to the bare hand. And it takes less time to catch up a holder when about the stove than to nurse a burned hand, while a soft, smooth hand can certainly work to better advantage than one so stiff and rough that it is clumsy, in spite of its being accustomed to work.

And then to think of the bungling work that some make trying to use a pen or needle after their house work is done! Mrs. X. with her sand-paper fingers, says she can scarce thread a needle, in fact her fingers are all thumbs, while her hand is so "horny" as she calls it that she would rather do a washing than undertake to pen even a letter. Then how uncomfortable they must feel, how unpleasant they do look!

Now Mrs. Y. will handle a needle or take her embroidery without danger of its being impossible to manage it, and can use her pen as rapidly as though she did nothing else with her hands. Yet those same hands wash clothes and dishes, cook, sweep, do not a little rough work in the garden if needs be, but care is taken of them till it becomes no care, and thus she has the hand of use and sightliness combined. I do not have the least idea that old or new matter of fact housekeepers who have practiced using their hands "just as it happens" will accept these hints, but it may be that the girls and younger matrons who have scarce thought of it may see pleasure as well as practicability in at least attempting to use their hands, as not abusing them, and at the same time not fearing to let them be useful.

There are always some "rough jobs" which will misuse the most carefully thought of hand, but it is only for the time being, and even this may be mitigated. Making soap, or using new soap tries the hands, yet vinegar, then at bedtime glycerine will mend the matter very much. Preparing berries, making jellies, pickles, and many such needful things, with coloring, which is often undertaken in the house, stains and soils the best cared for hands and finger-nails, but care can be taken not to set the stains with soap, while a trifle of oxalic acid, in water, or a few drops of ammonia will do much to remove stains of most any kind, and pumice stone will also help in this.

## CUMBERED WITH CARE.

BY AUNT RUTH.

Betty sat by the window looking out. The shadows of evening were falling, and it might have been that partly, or perhaps my eyes cannot so readily detect imperfections as formerly, but as I watched her I thought she was very fair.

Don't think I am talking of some young girl whom every one delights to praise. Betty is a woman who has seen hard work and care. I was thinking of her as a girl—how good a girl and sweet. And I thought she is now to my eyes even more fair and lovely than when the rose blossomed on her cheeks and the stars shone in her eyes. To youth was given the color and freshness and buoyancy of that age, but now who could take from her the look of patience and



love that had been tried and proved faithful and true. Not even Time who takes from us one by one so many good and pleasant things.

I have lived with Betty a good many years—that is I'm off and on, here sometimes with one niece, sometimes with another, wherever a willing heart and busy hand is needed, but I call this home, and to-night after one of my wanderings, I returned home in season to help some of the little folks off to bed early, as they are to have a long ride to the shore to-morrow, one of the annual picnic parties that they look forward to with so much eagerness every summer.

Betty seemed so quiet and looked so pale that I finally broke the silence by saying:

"Dear Betty, are you very tired to-night?"

"I'm resting," said she, sending to me one of her brightening smiles. "I've been so tired, so vexed and out of patience to-day that I didn't know as I could ever feel right again, but how good it is to rest in the 'cool of the day.' I was just thinking I believe God comes to talk with us now just as he used to in old times in the 'cool of the day.' I don't know but I shall always have something to be ashamed of when He calls, but I hope I shall not try to hide from Him, for I think this little quiet time to rest after the day's work is done helps to take up the stitches in 'the raveled sleeve of care.'"

"You are a happy woman, darling, if your day's work is done," said I.

"I might find more to do, and I might have done less, but in the future I mean to do less rather than more."

"How is it that with your family you expect to do less rather than more?"

"Well, to begin with, let me tell you that to-day I've done more than one woman with my strength ought to do in three days, and more than it would be possible to find a woman to do in one day who worked for money. I don't mean to do it again. I don't know what I may be tempted into in the future, but after reviewing my day's work and its consequences so far, I've made up my mind not to repeat it."

"What have you been doing to-day Betty?"

"Roger said last night that we had better take the children to the shore to-morrow, as he couldn't have time to go after this week, so last night I planned my work for the day; but, oh dear! how hard it is to carry out plans where one must take care of baby and do all the work! For me, as much as I love my own children, there is nothing so hard, so distracting and wearing, as the constant care and worry and work for them. I love them; I don't want anybody else to do for them; I can't afford the wear and tear of having help, but sometimes it seems as though if I knew they would be just as well off without me and just as happy—"

"Oh, don't talk so, Betty," said I, "you know that is impossible; how could they be as well off or as happy. They are growing older every day and—"

"And more care," said Betty laughing. "No, I'll take that back. I think a little baby that one must tend constantly is the most care of all, or perhaps the most hindrance, but they are all darlings. I ought not to get out of patience with them, but oh dear, I have so to-day that it set me to thinking if there were not some way to avoid it. I went to work this morning in old style, washed out

and ironed the children's linen suits, after sweeping, dusting, and putting things to rights. Maggie washed the dishes, trimmed the lamps, and put her room in order, then it was school time and she was off for the day. After the baby was washed and dressed and put to sleep, and Bobby and Allie sent out to play, I made and baked cookies and pies, boiled meat for sandwiches, baked bread, darned several pairs of stockings, made over a necktie and changed the button-holes in the neck-binding of Roger's shirt. These little extras always come in when there is most to do, and what with tending baby and running out to wait upon the children, it was four o'clock before my baking was done.

And then in the midst of it callers came. I had just run out and with some impatience told Bobby to make less noise or little baby sister would wake up and cry, when who should come in but Mrs. Blake and her sister Kate, dressed so airy and daintily with their frills and ruffles, that I didn't wonder much to catch the word dingy as I entered the door to welcome them, and saw Miss Kate's parasol very expressively pointed at the side of the staircase where little Allie tried to peep behind the loose edge of the paper in coming down stairs this morning, all of which did not tend to make me more comfortable or my greeting more cordial. They assured me that I looked as though I was almost melted; that it seemed to agree with me to do housework, but they detested it; that they did admire a large family of children, but the noise of children would send them crazy. Miss Kate very innocently asked me if I hadn't got some flour on my dress; wanted me to take the baby up so that she could see if it looked like me or its father; and finally said they had had a delightful call, and must go as they had several others to make.

I sat down after they were gone and had a good cry. I thought some folks can always be fluttering here and there, dressed up like butterflies, and pleasant only to look at. Then I looked across at the glass. I wasn't mending matters any by crying. My work was not done, and oh dear, would it ever be, and I was so tired. But I finally got through with it, the baking is done, the house in order, the children asleep, and I am so tired that I shall not get over it for a week. I did it for their comfort and enjoyment, but it cost too much.

I'm growing old and wrinkled and care-worn, but if it was only outside I wouldn't mind so much, but it is inside. I'm hurried and peevish and nervous. When I ought to enter into the little joys and sorrows of the children, I send them away, I'm so busy. I mean to have them have less clothes, and have them plainer, until I can afford to hire them made. I shall not try to have so much variety in cooking."

"That will do to plan, but I'm afraid it will be hard to get away from old habits."

"Well, it is hard to keep up old habits. I should be happier, and the children would be, if I could go out with them more. Nothing pleases them more than for mamma to take a walk with them; to go out and swing them, or even just to stay out in the yard with them. I can see where I might have saved half the labor I've done to-day and everything passed off as happily and as well. I might have let them wear their calico dresses and light aprons, and saved the

washing and ironing of the linen suits for the wash women; I might have made a couple of loaves of cake instead of the cookies, and I'm sure good bread and butter and fruit would have been better for them than the pies I made, and then I should have saved myself the mortification of receiving callers in the plight I was in this afternoon, and the weariness and nervousness and depression that is sure to follow extra work."

"Dear Betty," said I, "I hope you will carry out these new plans, for I believe the happiness of the whole household is often marred because the poor mother is over-worked, and that much of their work might be avoided. Let us look into it more closely in future, and perhaps we may find that even the most worn and care-burdened mother may find a way in which she may have her cares and burdens lightened, her joys multiplied, and in return the happiness of the whole family increased."

#### GINGER SNAPS.

MR. EDITOR:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD A Reader asks for a recipe for making good ginger snaps. She is welcome to mine: Take two teacupfuls of molasses, one teacupful of butter, and one teacupful of sugar. Boil the butter and sugar together, add a tablespoonful of black pepper, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to roll out. Roll them thin; cut in shapes and bakes quick. The longer they are kept (uncovered) the better they will be. MRS. F. W. W.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed an inquiry in a late HOUSEHOLD how to make ginger snaps. I think my way is a good one: One cup of molasses, just to a boil, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, and flour enough to roll. Roll very thin. E. E. N.

MR. EDITOR:—A Reader wishes a recipe for ginger snaps I wish she would try mine. They are thought to be very nice: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and flour to mold. Roll thin and bake a light brown in a quick oven. MRS. A. M. H.

MR. CROWELL, Dear Sir:—Having noticed an inquiry in your very valuable paper, THE HOUSEHOLD, for making good ginger snaps, I send mine which I have used three years with good success: One cup of butter or lard, one cup of sugar, two cups of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, three teaspoonfuls of ginger. Cut thin and bake in a quick oven. I think A Reader will be fully satisfied if she will try this recipe. AMA.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—A Reader of your valuable paper desires a recipe for ginger snaps. As I have one which I consider the best of all those I have tried, I am glad of the opportunity it affords me to make some small return for the many useful recipes and suggestions which I have found in this department of your journal. Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard or butter, warmed together, add one tablespoonful each of ginger, soda and salt, with a half cup of water. Mix in just sufficient flour to roll out, and cut out with a cake cutter. Roll to about one-eighth of an inch in

thickness, and bake in a quick oven. This makes nearly a peck of thin, crisp, brown snaps. They are best kept in a basket in a cool, dry closet.

MRS. S. H. P.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—A Reader asks for a recipe for making good ginger snaps. I will send mine which I like very much: Take a teacupful of molasses and add two spoonfuls of butter, one spoonful of ginger, and one teaspoonful of saleratus. Roll it thin and cut round. Bake in a quick oven. EMMA C.

MR. CROWELL, Dear Sir:—Allow me through THE HOUSEHOLD, to give A Reader my recipe for ginger snaps which is liked by those who have tried it: One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of shortening, one egg, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of soda, and seven cups of flour. Roll thin and bake quick. EMILY G. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A Reader in your August number asks for a recipe for good ginger snaps. Here is one which I think will be liked: One large cup of butter and lard, mixed, one coffee-cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one-half cup water, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and flour for pretty stiff dough. Roll out rather thinner than sugar cakes, and bake quick.

I think A. M. N. may like this recipe for soft molasses cookies: Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one tablespoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, one cup of milk, and flour enough to roll out. A SUBSCRIBER.

#### TO SERVE UP COLD MEATS.

MR. EDITOR:—Mrs. J. wishes that some one of your many subscribers would tell her how to use up cold meats. I have in mind several ways, all of which are excellent. Take cold meat or meats, picked from the bones and finely chopped. With one cupful, more or less, add one-fourth of an onion, finely chopped; if the meat is fresh give it sufficient salt, a small quantity of black pepper and pulverized sage; roll four common crackers fine and add to the other ingredients, break in an egg or two to hold it, and if more moisture is required add water or cold gravy. With floured hands make the mass up into small cakes, and brown them on both sides on a hot griddle. These cakes are most appetizing for breakfast, help out an otherwise scanty dinner, and are not in the least objectionable for supper where something hearty is required; beside it serves up the cold meats by giving them a new form and taste, and the work is easily done.

Another method is to put your several kinds, bones and all, (if not large bones,) into a sauce-pan, cut over it several onions, cold potatoes, if you have them, if not some slices of raw potatoes, sprinkle on pepper and salt, and place on the top some slices of stale bread, put in cold gravies if you have them, otherwise a cupful or two of water, cover up and cook slowly an hour or two. This is spicy and nice. FIDEE G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You asked some questions the last time you came that I think I can answer. Mrs. J. wishes to



know how to use up cold meats. Take cold mutton or beef, chop it rather fine, and fry brown and crispy. Have ready some potatoes nicely mashed with milk, butter and salt, over which pour the meat.

Another way is to boil the bones till the meat comes off easily, and remove the bones. Have enough water to a little more than cover the meat, which should be cut rather fine. Season with pepper, salt, and a slice of onion if you like. Thicken as for soup. If you have cold potatoes, slice up a few, or break up a few sticks of macaroni. Pour into a deep baking-dish, and make a nice crust as for biscuit. Bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven. I put a cup in the middle of the dish, or the crust will sink down. Be sure and leave a place for the steam to escape. BRIDGET.

Mrs. J. wishes to know how to use up cold meats. I like cold meats made up into meat pies, similar to the old fashioned Yankee Chicken Pie. When I make them up in this way I find no difficulty in getting rid of them. Almost any kind of meat will answer. Season to taste, but do not get them too dry.

Mrs. J. O. L.

#### DRIED RUSK.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My husband brought home half a dozen rusks last night, which look to me like toasted slices of baker's bread, and as neither he nor I know the proper way to eat them, I write hoping you, who know everything, will tell us, as I cannot think they are to be eaten just as they came from the store. YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

The cakes are probably dried rusks. To prepare for the table pour milk over them and soak until soft, then drain and eat with butter. You will find them very palatable. To make them according to Marion Harland's recipe in *Common Sense* in the Household, take one pint of warm milk, two eggs, one-half teacupful of butter, half a cup of yeast, and one teaspoonful of salt. Set a sponge with these ingredients, leaving out the eggs, and stirring in flour until you have a thick batter. Early next morning add the well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to enable you to roll out the dough. Let this rise in the bread-bowl two hours. Roll into a sheet nearly an inch thick, cut into round cakes, and arrange in your baking-pan two deep, laying one upon the other carefully. Let these stand for another half-hour, and bake.

She then adds: These are now very nice for eating, and you may, if you like, reserve a plateful for tea; but the rule for the many, handed down through, I am afraid to say how many generations, in the family where I first ate this novel and delightful biscuit, is to divide the twins, thus leaving one side of each cake soft, and, piling them loosely in the pan, set them in the oven when the fire is declining for the night, and leave them in until morning. Then, still obeying the traditions of revered elders, put them in a clean muslin bag, and hang them up in the kitchen. They will be fit to eat upon the third day. Put as many as you need in a deep dish and pour over them iced milk, or water, if you cannot easily procure the former. Let them soak until soft, take them out, drain them for a minute in a shallow plate, and eat with butter. Invalids and children crave them eagerly. Indeed, I have seen few refuse them who had ever tasted

them before. There is a pastoral flavor about the pleasant dish, eaten with the accompaniment of fresh berries, on a summer evening, that appeals to the better impulses of one's appetite.

Try my soaked rusk—not forgetting to ice the milk—and you will find out for yourself what I mean, but cannot quite express.

Dried rusk will keep for weeks, and grow better every day. The only risk is in their being eaten up before they attain maturity.

#### TRAINING GIRLS FOR DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Training girls for household duties ought to be considered as necessary as instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and quite as universal. We are in our houses more than half of our existence, and it is the household surroundings which affect more largely the happiness or misery of domestic life. If the wife knows how to "keep house," if she understands how to "set a table," if she has learned how things ought to be cooked, how beds should be made, how carpets should be swept, how furniture should be dusted, how the clothes should be repaired, and turned, and altered, and renovated; if she knows how purchases can be made to the best advantage, and understands the laying in of provisions, how to make them go farthest and last longest; if she appreciates the importance of system, order, tidiness, and the quiet management of children and servants, then she knows how to make a little heaven of home—how to win her children from the street; how to keep her husband from the club-house, the gaming-table, and the wine-cup. Such a family will be trained to social respectability, to business success, and to efficiency and usefulness in whatever position may be allotted to them.

It may be safe to say that not one girl in ten in our large towns and cities enters married life who has learned to bake a loaf of bread, to purchase a roast, to dust a painting, to sweep a carpet, or to cut, and fit, and make her own dress. How much the perfect knowledge of these things bears upon the thrift, the comfort and health of families may be conjectured, but not calculated by figures. It would be an immeasurable advantage to make a beginning by attaching a kitchen to every girl's school in the nation, and have lessons given daily in the preparation of all the ordinary articles of food and drink for the table, and how to purchase them in the market to the best advantage, with the result of a large saving of money, an increase of comfort, and higher health in every family in the land.

#### REPORT OF THE R. L. D. A.

We present the following report for the term commencing Feb. 16, 1872, and ending July 25, 1872:

On the 16th of February ten ladies met at the residence of Mrs. S. A. Meriam and organized a society, having for its object improvement in every department of woman's home labor, and denominating it the Randolph Ladies' Domestic Association.

The following officers were elected to serve a term consisting of six months: President, Mrs. S. C. Smalley; Vice President, Mrs. S. A. Meriam; Secretary, Mrs. C. M. Price; Treasurer, Mrs. P. Merri-

man. The association has convened eleven times, each meeting being held at the house of a member. The questions, which were selected at each meeting as the regular topic for discussion at the succeeding one, were as follows:

- 1st. The making and baking of the different varieties of bread.
- 2d. Cake in all its varieties.
- 3d. House cleaning, i. e., how to clean house with the least confusion, the least destruction to property, and the greatest expedition.
- 4th. Can practical housekeeping be reduced to a perfect system.
- 5th. How should cows be fed and watered, and how should milk be taken care of to make the best quality of butter.
- 6th. What is the best method of canning fruit.
- 7th. The making of pastry and baking of pies.
- 8th. How to make and keep pickles, both sour and sweet.

Besides the regular topic, miscellaneous subjects have been introduced when there was sufficient time.

A variety of recipes have been handed the standing committee, accepted by the society, and placed upon record.

The society now numbers thirty members, and is in a highly prosperous condition. C. M. PRICE, Sec.

Randolph, Ohio.

#### OMELETS.

Few articles of food are so readily attainable, so attractive in appearance, and so quickly cooked as omelets. A good and economical omelet is made with four eggs well beaten, and added to one cup of milk, into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of pounded cracker, and one small teaspoonful of flour. Stir the mixture well together just before pouring it on the well-buttered griddle, which should not be too hot, lest the omelet should have a strong flavor of scorched butter. Turn it, as soon as it begins to "set" around the edge, with a wide-bladed knife; fold it over once, and then again, and at once lift the griddle and turn the omelet upon a warm plate. It will, of course, be of four thicknesses.

The best and really nicest omelet is made with one spoonful of milk. For an unexpected guest, the one-egg omelet is just the thing for luncheon or tea, as it is so easily made and turned off the griddle so handsomely.

A very good omelet is made by preparing a mince-meat of boiled ham, or cold veal, or chicken, well seasoned, and after the egg is poured upon the griddle, immediately scattering on a thick layer of the mince and then folding the omelet as usual. Never put salt into an omelet.

Poached or scrambled eggs should always be served on square pieces of toasted bread, which have been dipped for an instant in hot water and buttered. Mince-meat, to be nicely served, should always be accompanied by toast in the same way.

#### HOW TO BURN COAL.

Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the coldest weather. When the fire is low, never shake the grate or disturb the ashes; but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal, and set the draft open. When these are heated through, and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a

new fire, but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draft be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited and will keep the stove at a high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather. In very cold weather, after the fire is made, add coal every hour. —*Albany Argus*.

—The *Prairie Farmer* says that a good method of keeping potatoes for family use is to pack them in barrels with sundried sand, covering the tops with turf and keeping them in a dry and cool atmosphere. Then they will neither shrivel nor shrink, to any real extent.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

VINEGAR.—Some one asks if vinegar can be made from old cider. It can. I am now using vinegar on my table, and for pickles, made from old cider last fall, and is splendid for all uses. I take it from the old cask and put it into a rum keg, for that is the best to make vinegar in, then add one pint of West India molasses to the gallon, keep it in a warm place, and you will have nice vinegar in the course of the year. Mrs. J. E.

CANNING CORN.—*Dear Household*:—A number of your contributors have asked for a recipe for canning corn. I would like to give them mine, which I know is good, for I have proved it. Shave the corn from the cob, fill tin cans as full as you can with corn, then pour in cold water until even full, make a small hole in the cover and solder on the cover, place the cans in a boiler with cold water about half the height of the can, place the boiler on the stove, let them boil four hours, then remove them from the boiler and drop a little solder on the hole in the cover. I canned mine this way last year, and they were as white and tender as when first picked. Mrs. J. W. H. Hartford, Mich.

MR. EDITOR:—How much I enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD! Every one comes like the cheery face of a friend, and when I sit down to a perusal of its "Letters," I feel just as I used to when "we girls" used to cuddle together on the floor before the big, open fire, and have a good talk, only now we are grown to the dignity of housekeepers, and talk of "what I know about" housekeeping. I think with "A Novice" that those who give recipes should be more explicit. It is not necessary to be prolix, but the exact quantities should be given, as many of the readers are quite likely wholly unused to cooking. I think, however, in this connection, that in recipes for cake you cannot always depend upon the quantity given in the recipe, as some flour will swell in cooking a good deal more than other. I enclose some recipes which I know to be good:

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Scald one quart of milk, pour it in five large spoonfuls of meal, add one cup of molasses, and pour it into your pudding dish, in which you have melted a piece of butter the size of an egg. This makes a nice pudding, free from whey. If the whey is preferred, add, as soon as it begins to bake, a cupful of cold milk.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of brown sugar, a piece of butter as large as an egg, two-thirds cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to thicken. I warn but do not boil the molasses.

Soft soap rubbed on an ink spot, and laid in the sun, will remove the stain.

Lemon juice and salt used the same way will remove iron rust. Of course this applies only to white goods.

A touch of beeswax on your flat iron, then rubbed on coarse paper, will make ironing a pleasure.

Heat your knife when cutting lard or butter in winter, especially if your knife be a slender one.

CORNS.—M. J. R. wants to know how to kill or cure corns. I have had from five to a baker's dozen ever since I can remember, and I have tried "cures" till I will try no more. I think with many they are incurable, and I would like to ask Mr. Wiseman who poohs, and



says "tight boots," what makes them come half a dozen in a line on the bottom of one's feet? What makes them come under the nails? What makes them grow sorer when one wears a pair of old boots, as I have for six months, that to keep them on they must be tight around the ankle? There is a pain killer called "Philbrick's White Mountain Oil," that has relieved the pain and soreness of mine more than anything else I ever used, but if M. J. R. wants her corns cured, she must apply elsewhere. EGIA.

**CURRENT PIE.**—I send you a recipe for current pie which we think is very nice: One cup of ripe currants, one cup of sugar, one egg; beat the egg and sugar together, and turn over the currants. Bake in two crusts.

**RAISED DOUGHNUTS.**—One of your subscribers wants a recipe for raised doughnuts, and I contribute the following: One cup of sugar, one cup of lard, one cup of yeast, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, one nutmeg, and flour as you think proper. FANNIE.

**SWEET PICKLES.**—*Dear Household:*—I noticed an inquiry in your columns for a recipe for sweet pickles that I think has not been answered, except one for tomato pickles in the last number. I have one that I am sure will not fail to please, as we have used it in our family for many years. For one peck of cleaned fruit take five pounds of sugar and two quarts of good cider vinegar, boil and skim the syrup, set it off to cool, then add the fruit and cook until sufficiently tender. Pour off the liquid every other day and bring to the boil, skimming off any impurity that may arise, and pour over the fruit. This should be repeated three or four times, or oftener if there is any appearance of souring. At the last boiling add a small handful of cloves and cinnamon, unground, and two or three nutmegs, mashed or broken. MRS. L. W. S.

**DEAR SISTERS:**—I am knocking at the door of THE HOUSEHOLD; will you permit me to enter and have a little talk with you? I have so many things to say I hardly know what to say first. In the July number S. B. L. wants to know how to make cookies without cream—not crispy—soft and moist. That is my kind, and here is my recipe.

**COOKIES.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, (half lard is better,) three tablespoonfuls of milk, two eggs, nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Put the soda into the milk, and all the rest into a pan, and then with your hand (not a stick or spoon) work it till it whitens, then put in the milk with soda and a cup of flour, and stir till it is white and light, then add flour enough to roll out and cut. Bake in a quick oven till they will bear the pressure of the finger without indenting; they ought to bake in ten minutes. If your oven is right they will be white and light, and will keep as long as you will wish them to.

**MOLASSES COOKIES.**—A. M. N. wants to know how to make soft molasses cookies. Here is something as near to it as you will get, though I don't call them cookies. One cup of sugar, one cup of water, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of shortening, one egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, or any other spice that you like, and five cups of sifted flour. Drop this with a spoon in your dripping pan and bake quick. The children cry for them. EMILINE.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Five eggs, one coffee-cup of sugar, beat together one-half hour, add one coffee-cup of flour, stirring as little as possible after putting in the flour. Bake moderately. Will Fannie of Downey try this? I think she will like it. EMMA R. S.

**TOMATO SOUP.**—*Editor Household:*—I have tried many of the recipes in your valuable paper with success, and as the season for tomatoes has come, I would like to give the lady readers the following method of making tomato soup. It is called Tomato Soup a la Oyster. To one quart of canned tomatoes, or others which have been boiled fifteen minutes, add two quarts of water and boil fifteen minutes more, then drop in carefully a little at a time enough pulverized saleratus, or soda, to neutralize the acidity, which you may know by its ceasing to foam, usually about an even teaspoonful to a quart, then add one quart of rich milk, six or eight crackers pounded finely, butter, pepper and salt, as for oysters; let it boil up and serve immediately. It strongly reminds

one of oysters, and is very nice for invalids, as well as highly palatable for well ones. Brunswick, Me. MRS. S. C. M.

**BAKED OMELET.**—*Dear Household:*—E. D. asks for a recipe for making omelet. I have one for baked omelet that we consider delicious. Boil one-half pint of milk, beat six eggs thoroughly, the yolks and whites separately, put half a teaspoonful of salt and a piece of butter half as large as an egg, into the boiling milk, stir it into the beaten eggs, and pour all into a deep dish to bake. Bake ten minutes in a quick oven. It should be a delicious brown. Eat hot. S. K.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I noticed in the August number that A. M. N. wishes a recipe for making soft molasses cookies. I will send mine which I think is very good, and will not spoil as soon as other cakes and cookies in warm weather.

**MOLASSES COOKIES.**—Two cups of molasses, two cups of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, (put in dry,) two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and a little salt. Knead just stiff enough to roll out. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, three eggs, one cup of butter or lard, one heaping tablespoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of soda. Mix rather stiff.

**MOCK OYSTERS.**—Take ten or twelve ears of corn, cut down the center of each row and press out the pulp with a knife, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, and a pinch of white sugar, beat well, fry in a buttered spider, one spoonful for a cake. Omit the sugar, add some pepper, and the flavor will be like oysters. MRS. E. D. H.

**CREAM FOR COFFEE.**—*Mr. Editor:*—Either you or I have made a great mistake in the recipe for "Cream for Coffee," in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, which says "one pint of water." If anybody tries it I guess they will get cheated out of their cream. It should be: One egg, well beaten, and one spoonful of sugar; pour over this one pint of scalding hot milk, stirring briskly. Make over night for use in the morning.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—A neighbor, with myself, hearing of the salsify or oyster plant, and thinking it might be very palatable, bought some seeds. They are growing nicely, but we have never before seen any, either growing, or raw, or cooked. Is it a summer vegetable, or is it to be housed in winter like beets and turnips? If you can answer these questions, or give any information about it, I shall be very glad.

I think Minnie R. P. keeps her smilax too warm. While I kept mine in the sun the leaves turned yellow and nearly half of the plant died. Since I put it in the shade it grows rapidly, and I have been told that smilax does best away from the sun. I should like to know how it is propagated, as I do not succeed in getting one from mine.

Let me send you my mother's recipe for making sweet apple pickles. They are very nice, and I never saw the recipe in print. Take large, fair, mellow, sweet apples, bake them till the skin begins to crack, and when cooled place them in a stone jar. Meanwhile prepare a pickle of one and one-half pounds of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls each of whole cloves and ground cinnamon, one quart of vinegar, scald (not boil) the vinegar, sugar and spice together, pour the pickle scalding hot over the apples and cover them close with a large plate. The apples must be mellow to make good pickles, and they must be covered with the pickle.

One day last fall a neighbor brought in a leaf and laying it on a box of earth, said: "This is an air plant, in a few days it will begin to grow." In three or four days little white rootlets began to grow from the edge of the leaf. Soon a shoot grew upward from the same edge. It is getting quite large and the leaves look like the "Aaron's rod" of which we school girls used to make "pudding bags." It will not bloom for three years, and as my room for plants is limited, unless the blossom is worth waiting for, I can't afford it room. Can any one tell me what kind of flowers it bears? and oblige, JANET.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some one please give directions about making hard soap from common soap? I do not like hard soap made from concentrated lye as well as from common lye. Also how to make toilet soap, what to perfume with, and what to color with in different colors. I derive great benefit from THE HOUSEHOLD, and hope sometime to be able to return some of these favors. L.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—One of your subscribers asks how to remove corns from the feet. I have removed several and all I ever had from my feet except one and that is going. Wash the feet, if possible, daily, but do nothing to the corn at time of washing. Half a day after washing, or any time when the feet are perfectly dry, dig out the corns slowly and carefully, with finger nails if possible. A knife cuts too quick and sharp, and will be liable to cut the corn off leaving a part of the root in the foot. Dull scissors are better to dig with than a sharp knife. Loosen the corn all around the edge, then gradually work round to the center, which is a bony fiber or root that may be wholly extracted if you are not too much in a hurry.

Another asks a remedy for weak eyes. A noted oculist advised a friend of mine who had almost lost her sight to bathe her eyes three times a day in cold tea taken from the teapot. Earrings of good gold, or with good gold wires, are great helps to the eyes, as I have found by my own experience.

We have had much experience with horse-radish, and were never yet able to keep it beyond midsummer. COM.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some of the wise ones who have so many good rules for everything, please tell me how to remove wine stains from a brown satin dress? MRS. J. A. P.

**MR. CROWELL, Sir:**—THE HOUSEHOLD was mother's paper, and since she left us and I have become housekeeper, I find it so very useful I do not feel as though I could do without it. I learn so much that I would like to help somebody who wishes to know how to color straws for frames. I make the frame, then with a brush color it with liquid bronze and afterward put one uncolored straw on the inside. The effect is very pretty. E. M. S.

Will some one tell me how I can cleanse the ticking of a hair mattress and not take it apart? S. E.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—A subscriber wishes to know what can be done to reclaim salted cucumbers because they are shrunk. If they are salted right they always shrink, and always have to be freshened before putting them into the vinegar to pickle. I will give you my method. First take them from the brine and wash them, then cover them with hot water and let them stand a few hours, drain off, and repeat until they are fresh enough to pickle, by so doing I never fail of having them come out green and plump, if they are sound. The water need not boil.

Another asks for a recipe to make blackberry wine. Here is one. Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon add one quart of boiling water, let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then strain off the liquor, adding two pounds of white sugar to every gallon, then bottle it up, corking tight. MRS. S. J. M.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Please allow me to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD, or its numerous readers, the best manner of successfully rooting japonicas? and greatly oblige, MRS. F. E. W.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—A Reader asks for a recipe for ginger snaps. Here is one which she will find very nice: Half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar beat together, half a pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one cup of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll it about a quarter of an inch thick and bake hard.

A. M. N. wishes a recipe for soft molasses cookies, and here is one. One cup of molasses, one of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of boiling water, in which dissolve the butter and one dessert spoonful of soda. Mix soft and drop on tins.

Here is a lemon pie with raisins in it. Rind and juice of one lemon, one egg, one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in two-thirds of a cup of milk, one cup of raisins, and butter one-half the size of an egg.

I think the following recipe for moist cookies will suit S. B. L. Take half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, and beat them to a cream, add one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, a little mace, and flour enough to roll thin. Roll them with a little fine sugar instead of flour, and bake well.

Perhaps some of your readers would like my recipe for whortleberry pudding. It is very nice indeed. One pint of sifted flour, one and one-half pints of whortleberries, stirred into the flour without breaking the berries, one teacupful of molasses in which dissolve one teacupful of soda, a little salt, then mix all carefully together without breaking the berries. Steam two hours. The above recipes I have used for several years and know them all to be good.

If F. H. T. will send me her address through the Editor, I will send her a good pattern for a rabbit made of cotton flannel. L. H. Y.

**MR. CROWELL, Dear Sir:**—The manifold obligations which I feel myself under to the many kind contributors of THE HOUSEHOLD, induces me to comply with the request of one of them, who, in the August number asks for a recipe for making ginger snaps I give it in my Bridget's own language, premising that they are most excellent. One cupful of molasses, let it boil up one boil. One tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to roll them out. "The thinner you can roll them, the ginteler they'll taste!"

While writing, let me add, dear HOUSEHOLD, (it will be such a blessing to my sisters who do not already know it,) that mixing stove polish, with a very strong soap-suds, is not only a great saving of labor, as the lustre appears at once, but it prevents the dust of the stove polish from flying, as it otherwise would. AN EDITOR'S DAUGHTER.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I will add my mite, and send direction for making an old fashioned dish called potato chowder. I prefer it to fish chowder. Fry some slices of salt pork; when done take out the pork and fry some onions in the fat; pour in some hot water, and slice some peeled potatoes into this; put in salt and pepper to taste; boil all together till the potatoes are done; thicken with flour made smooth and moderately thin with water. Don't burn the pork or it will spoil the chowder. It can be made in from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Will some one please send recipes for plain, quick, breakfast dishes? also for pudding cheaply and quickly made?

For the benefit of those who have not time to knead bread long, I will say I made some bread to-day which was kneaded about seven minutes when mixed, and three minutes this morning. It is good enough for me, and is much better than that I have often eaten at other people's tables. GUSSIE.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—Your correspondent, J. H. W., of Jacksonville, Ill., in a late HOUSEHOLD wishes some one to tell him "how to paste newspaper slips in a scrap book so that the pages may look smooth when the work is done." My plan is to make good paste out of flour (never use mucilage), put the paste on the back side of the slip with a brush, then paste it in the book, letting it dry a short time, then place two or three dry sheets of paper between them, close the book, put a weight on it, and open once or twice a day until thoroughly dry. This will leave the pages of the scrap book almost as smooth as a printed book. F. A. R. Holton, Kansas.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will some one tell me how to make lemon jelly? and oblige, S. G. C.

What will remove peach stains? Also what will remove stains and mildew from a woolen carpet? Any reliable information personally, or through the columns of some paper relative thereto will be gratefully received. A. H. W.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—In reply to Mrs. C. R. M. I would say to "churn on" and not be discouraged. I have churned half a day. Watertown, Wis. X. Y. Z.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some of your many contributors please give me a good recipe for making confectioners' rock-candy? and oblige a subscriber. A. E. D.





## ARE THEY HAPPY?

"Are they happy, are they happy?  
See the smiling faces round;  
Is it mirth or is it seeming,  
Are no griefs beneath them found?

Are the hearts so buoyant smiling,  
As the life on which I gaze?  
Inward melody as joyous  
Do their deep recesses raise?

Are they happy, are they happy?  
Gayest songs are floating round;  
Many jests and brilliant laughter,  
All in magic spell seem bound.

What has mirth to do with sadness?  
Hearts may ache while life may smile;  
Long and loud may ring gay laughter,  
Will it one heart-ache beguile?

I have listened to the laughter  
Loudest in the festal hall;  
But the sigh would soonest follow,  
And the smile would quickest fall—

From the life not gently fading,  
As of inward joy a sign,  
But with evanescent splendor,  
As electric lights on ruins shine.

Think not, then that joyous seeming,  
To careless hearts alone belongs;  
Know, 'tis said a bird when dying,  
Warbles forth its sweetest songs.

Couldst thou, with the seer's magic,  
Every heart before thee bare,  
Thou'dst see in each a well of sadness,  
In each one a hoarded care.

Then for those the world calls gayest,  
Sympathetic tears might fall;  
For the proud and broken hearted,  
Whom bright smiles now hide from all."

## THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

YOU seem happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a family where the husband and wife seemed more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntington, laughing, "you have used the word seem only twice in that short sentence. And now you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life, before taking the fatal step. It is well Harry is not here to see the look of sadness in the eyes of his bride elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings, instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette, talk with me as you used to do. I love Harry, you know, and I have many misgivings about married life. I see so few who are really happy in this relation—I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come nearer to it than any one else. Do you ever —?"

"Quarrel? no, not often now. I believe it must come to all sooner or later."

"Do tell me all about it, will you, Annette?"

"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it."

"I was a romantic girl as you well know, Kate. Some few friends I had, whom I loved dearly; but their friendship did not quite satisfy my heart. Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. When we first married, I used sometimes to say to myself: Now, do I find in this life all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart always responded yes, and more so. With us the romance of married life if I may call it so, held on a

long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement of feeling when we were together. I enjoyed walking and riding alone with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat alone together, to talk or read. For a long time I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be becomingly dressed and to feel in tune. When dull, I made an effort to be social and cheerful if he were present. I had a great fear of getting into the way of sitting down stupidly with my husband, or of having nothing to talk about but the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, or heard, or thought, to tell him, and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never silent for the want of something to say. Thus we lived for a year or two. I was very happy. I think people were often surprised to see us continue to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

But there was this about it. As yet I had nothing to try me. We were boarding. I had his care; and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ails and roughness which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last, however, forever. He became more and more occupied in his business, and I at length had a house and a baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto we had been devoted to each other; now the real cares of life pressed upon us so as often really to absorb our energies. I was the first to feel the change. It seemed to me as if something very unpleasant was overshadowing us. Sometimes I got sentimental, and thought he did not love me as he once did. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my first wrong step. Indulgence in these moods weakened my resolution. It was an injustice to him, of which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me, too, with a wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged—which began to affect my spirits.

Once, I had for some time carried about this sore spot on my heart. I kept the matter all to myself, for I was in part ashamed, and in part too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no security of happiness in married life but in the most perfect confidence.

There came a season of damp, chilly weather. One morning I got up feeling rather irritable. I had taken cold, my head ached, and my baby had been worrisome during the night. In my kitchen I had a cross ignorant servant girl, and on this particular morning she had done her very worst for breakfast. The beef steak was burned to a cinder; the eggs were like bullets; the bread was half baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay, was execrable. My husband was very patient with all this, until he came to the coffee, and this upset him. He put his cup down, and said in a half vexed tone, "I do wish we could ever have any good coffee. Annette, why cannot you have it made as my mother does?"

This was the drop too much for me, and I boiled over. "You never think anything on our table is fit to be eaten," said I—and I almost started at the sound of my own voice—"you had better live at home if you are not satisfied,

or else provide me with decent servants. I cannot do everything—take care of my baby all night and get breakfast too."

"I did not know before that I was so very unreasonable," said he in a tone of injured feeling.

He sat a few minutes, then rose, left his untasted breakfast, put on his hat and went off. When I heard the door shut behind him, all my temper left me. I went into my room, locked myself in, and sat down and cried like a child. This was the first cross word I had ever spoken to my husband. It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us.

I worked myself up to such a state of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands.

"Oh, it is all over with us," thought I; "we shall never be happy together again in the world."

This made me miserable. I felt as though a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only blank darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. "He need not have spoken to me so, at any rate," said I out loud, "he might have seen how I felt; it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not one bit kind in him. It is plain enough that he does not care for my comfort as he once did. Then to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him. It is really too bad."

Don't look so dreadfully sober, Kate. My baby cried just here, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances, yet I had gone far enough to get on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection, that if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was dreadfully sorry that I had spoken to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would not exhibit signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

So I bathed my face that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with extra care, and went down to old Bridget to give some very particular directions about the dinner. I did this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for his injustice. I resolved to reproach him with a first-rate dinner, good as his mother could cook. To what the edge of my delicate reproof, I made with my own hands a most excellent cup of coffee.

One o'clock came at last, though I thought it never would; the door opened and I heard his quick step in the hall. Of all things in the world he was whistling!

He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the morning's cloud had disappeared, and he sat down and looked round with a pleased expression.

"Why, Annette," said he, "what a nice dinner."

"I am glad you are pleased," said I, in a subdued tone.

"Capital," said he, "the best roast we have had this season."

He was so much taken up with my delicate reproaches as not to notice that I was out of spirits. I was half pleased and half provoked, but I kept rather still, making little conversation except in reply to him.

After dessert, I handed him his cup of coffee. He was quite astonished. "Why,

Annette," said he, "I do believe you went to work to-day to see what you could do."

He had hit the truth, without the least suspicion of the cause.

My first impulse was to be honest and out with it, by replying, "Is it as good as your mother makes?" This would have given the key to the whole story—he would have ferreted it all out, and we should have settled it there; but I felt ashamed to. I sipped my coffee in silence.

The golden moment passed, and my good angel took his flight. Pride had the day. I even began to be vexed at his enjoying a good dinner so much, and so easily forgetting what had caused me so much suffering. He was very busy on that day and did not stay with me as usual to chat, but went off whistling even more cheerily than when he came.

I went up into the nursery and sat down to think it over. Baby was asleep; the rain was pattering against the windows; the wind was rising; and to me the world looked dreary enough. I had tired myself all out getting such a dinner, and now the excitement was over I felt the reaction. I began to ask myself what I had got for it. Just nothing at all. My husband did not or would not see that there was anything to be reconciled about. I blamed him for his insensibility.

"Once," thought I, "he would have noticed any change in my voice or any shadow which came over my spirits; now, I can really be cross to him and he does not mind it at all."

I had a doleful afternoon of it. I was restless enough; trying first one employment and then another, but finding nothing which would suit. I went down to tea, farther, if anything, from the right point than I had been at noon. I sat dejected and silent. My husband tried once or twice to engage in conversation, without success.

"Annette," said he at length, in a kind tone, "do you feel well to-day?"

"Not very," said I, with a sigh.

"What is the matter?"

"My head aches; the baby kept me awake almost all night." This was the truth, but only in part, and I felt guilty as I said it. Then he begged me to go and lie down on the sofa in the parlor, and said he would read to me anything which I would like to hear.

I felt this was kind in him. It was like old times; the new times, you see had been but a day, but to me it seemed very long; yet it was not what I wanted. I wished to have the trouble cleared away, not bridged over; and I determined to hold out until it should come to this, and he should see and feel that I could not be made happy after a cross word, without a scene of mutual contrition and forgiveness; so I would not stay to be read to, but told him I must go to bed. I left him in his easy chair, with study lamp and book and bright fire, in regular old bachelor style, and went off into my nursery, and then to bed, and cried myself to sleep. You laugh Kate, as if you thought I was a fool. I think so myself now."

"How did it all end, Annette?"

"I held out a week, becoming every day more and more sad, and sulky, I may as well call it. When I was left alone, I would take my baby up and cry over him as if my husband was dead, and the child was all I had left in the world. Dear me! how unhappy I was,



and every day added to it. I would find something in his conduct to pain me every time we met. Either he was too attentive to me—or else he was not attentive enough; talked too much or too little.

He bore my moody ill-humor most patiently, thinking I was ill. One day he came home and told me he had obtained a week's leave of absence and had engaged a carriage, and I must pack up myself and baby and be ready to start off in an hour. He was going to take me home to my mother's.

"We may as well have a journey as pay doctor's bills, Annette," said he, "and as to having you drooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up our house, run away from all care and have some fun."

He looked up so kindly that I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out to think how ugly I had been; but there was no time then to think it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I had resolved that I would tell him the whole story from beginning to end.

The moment I came to this determination the load was gone; my heart seemed light as a feather; the expression of my countenance, the tone of my voice changed; I was conscious of it, and he noticed it as soon as I joined him at the appointed hour.

"Why," Annette, getting ready has cured you. We may as well stay at home now."

"That will do, Kate. The rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party."

"No, no, Annette, that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell me how you settled it."

Well, we rode on enjoying the change until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour. Everything about us was beautiful and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it they were dropping down upon the baby. My husband turned and saw them.

"Why, Annette," said he with the utmost surprise, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said I.

"Sorry for what, love," said he, "are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?"

"I'm so sorry," said I, "that I have been so ugly this week."

"What do you mean?" said he, looking more and more puzzled.

"How can you help knowing?"

Then I began at the beginning, and told the whole story. How I rose feeling irritable, and was provoked to speak the first cross word; how he told me my things were not as nice as his mother's, and went off vexed; then how he got over it, and forgot all about it, and would not help me to feel good natured by saying he was sorry. How I brooded over it all the week—how it had festered away in my heart and poisoned all the enjoyment. What torrents of tears I had shed when alone, as I thought it was all over with us, and we should never love again as we had once loved.

He heard me through without making a single remark, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"I want to know, Annette," said he, "if this is what has ailed you all this week?"

"Yes," said I.

Upon this he checked our Dobbin, and began to turn round.

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Going back," said he, "if that is all that is the matter with you."

I laughed heartily as he did, for now my sin was confessed, I felt very happy; but I pulled the other rein and drew the whip lash over Dobbin's ears, and away we went like a bird towards my mother's home.

But we made a resolution then, Kate, that if either had aught against the other, it should be settled before the sun went down; that we might go to sleep, if not at "peace with all the world," at least at peace with each other, forgiving and forgiven. This resolution we have faithfully kept, and I have never seen another week of such misery as I have been telling you about, and I trust I never shall. I hope you will find in your new relation, Kate, all the enjoyment we now do. This is the best advice I can offer you—and that your first cross word may also be your last.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

##### Number Thirty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Last month, dear friends of our HOUSEHOLD, we had a little quiet talk—we women together—about children and their training. It was too vast a theme for one evening's consideration; and we only touched upon some of its most obvious phases.

Yet as the firelight fell upon your faces, and its flickering, dancing rays lighted up now this forehead and now that, tingling the golden locks with a strong red radiance, deepening the purple shadows of the ebon hair, and giving to the silver crowns a still more ethereal purity, one thought struck me with peculiar force. It was this: I saw that some of you were hungry; hungry for the very cares and responsibilities that we were talking about; hungry for soft caresses and the pressure of warm, sweet lips; hungry for the touch of wandering baby hands upon your breasts,—for the precious burden of baby heads to nestle in your bosoms. As we talked you looked at us with wondering, craving eyes,—eyes that have haunted me ever since.

It is the fashion, nowadays, to say that the women of America do not desire to have children; that they have lost the instinct of motherhood; that they shrink alike from its labors and its responsibilities, and that she who is childless rejoices in her exemption from the pains and perils of maternity. There are gross libelers who go farther than this, and hint at much that shall be "nameless here forever more."

But we women who can read each other's hearts pretty well, know that this is not true. Doubtless there are exceptional cases—as there are exceptions to all general rules. There may be now and then a brainless, soulless woman whose ill-considered words would seem to give some foundation to the charge that is brought against us. There may be ultra-fashionable women who would rather tend lap-dogs than babies. There may be a few dozen women who feel that they have a "mission" that is entirely above pinafors and cradles; work to do for the world and for humanity that is vastly more important than the rearing and training of the men and women of the next generation.

But when we speak of *women*, we do not mean a little clique here and another

there. We mean the great body of large brained, large hearted, thoughtful American women; and you know, and I know, that to them motherhood is a sacred thing. While it is the appointed lot of the vast majority of them, so is it what they crave as the crowning good and glory of their lives. The childless wives of our acquaintance do not rejoice in their "freedom" and exult in their fancied "liberty." On the contrary, with scarcely an exception, they raise their empty arms to heaven, even as did Rachel and Hannah of old; or kneel upon the steps of the altar with the same yearning cry that awakened Eli's sympathies thousands of years ago.

Is not this true, friends? Look around upon the circle of your acquaintance, broad or narrow as the case may be, and see whether it is or no.

And some of you are of these modern Rachels and Hannahs. You have not spoken a word; but the hungry, craving, unsatisfied mother-love, mother-instinct,—call it what you will—looks out of your eyes and betrays you. Shall we let the happy mothers pass on with their little ones, and see what there is for us to say to each other?

For there are two sides to all questions; and the very proudest, happiest mother of us all, can but admit that there is something on the other side of the shield that may be worth looking at. Compensation is the rule of the universe—the fundamental law of life. Wherever you find a lack, there also do you find a corresponding redundancy. What is wanting here is made up there. The balances hang pretty evenly, on the whole, in spite of change and circumstance. Are you happier this year than you were last? You have gained something, perhaps, upon which you had set your heart. But in gaining it, ten to one you have lost something else that you prized. You may have grasped some real or imagined good. But while you succeeded in grasping it, your hand—which cannot hold too much at once—dropped some other good. Is not this so? Is it not true of almost all human experiences?

And is this the reason, I wonder—this law of compensation that works both ways—that in every deep love there is a pang hidden? Is this why you always find the drop of bitter in the very heart of the sweetness? the sharp sting underlying the softness? the "fire in the midst of the kiss?"

That he who loves most, suffers most, is undeniably true. The heart that loves is vulnerable upon all sides. It is not necessary that the arrows should be pointed at itself. It bleeds when they do but touch its dear ones; it trembles and quivers for them, when it could endure martyrdom itself without so much as moving a muscle; it faints under the burden of their sorrows, when it could bear its own unshrinkingly. Vicarious suffering—the suffering that reaches us through the pain of another, and is borne for another (although it may not be in his stead) is perhaps the sharpest that can reach us. It is wrapped in that vague, undefined cloud of mystery that so intensifies all fear. We know just what we can bear ourselves—just what we are bearing. We know just how hard the blow that strikes us down is,—how blinding the pain, how bitter the anguish. We know the extent of the whole thing—and of our strength, also. But let the blow fall upon the heads of those we love, and we are lost in the

mazes of a labyrinth of fears. We can measure neither their suffering nor their capacity to bear it. We suffer for them as they perhaps do not suffer for themselves.

All this, which is true in a greater or less degree of every human affection, is especially true of mother-love. And O ye childless women, ye whose arms ache with the burden of their emptiness, whose hearts are weary with unutterable longing—can you not see that you escape much, even if you lose much? Can you not find in this thought some compensation for your pain?

It is perhaps a strange thing to say, but it is doubtless true that much of the sharpest sorrow of a woman's life comes to her through her children. I do not mean through their follies or sins. We will not say a word to-night, to or of those mothers who are compelled to see the sons and daughters they have borne, in deadly conflict with the hosts of Evil, or drifting idly onward to irremediable ruin. That is a grief too fearful for contemplation. I speak only of the sorrow that must come to her, if she is a true mother, through their inevitable sorrows—of the pain that must reach her through their pain.

Did you ever think of it? When after Simeon's burst of joyous, triumphant thanksgiving, he turned to Mary and uttered those words of tremendous prophecy,—“Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also”—he spoke not to her alone, but to the whole race of mothers. No sword can reach a child's heart without piercing the mother's also. In a feebler sense this is as true of us common mothers as it was of her who in her virgin innocence had borne Him in whom was “all the fullness of the God-head bodily.”

We cannot save our children from suffering, even though we hedge them about and wall them in by all the countless devices that spring to the thought of love. It is a part of the discipline of life—just as joy is another part. It may well be doubted whether the human soul even scales the heights and rises to the loftiest planes of thought and feeling, until it has in some way been “tried as by fire.” Yet, knowing all this, we still dread the pain of the burning for our dear ones, and shrink back appalled as the fierce flames dart toward them. Tell me, ye mothers, is it not so? Do I not speak for every one of you? Is it not true that our own capacity for suffering is increased in proportion to the number of our children?

Then there are the cares that are with us sleeping and waking. It is all well enough when the children are little—when you can hear their prayers at night, put them safely in their snowy cribs, tuck them up, kiss their laughing, rosy faces, and leave them to darkness and repose in the blessed certainty that no evil thing can draw near them, no breath can harm them, without your knowledge. That is not care; it is only joy. But wait until the years have brought them to the verge of manhood and womanhood; wait until your sons have gone forth to battle with fortune, and to pluck the good or the ill from the tree of life; wait until you know they are far away from you—tried and tempted and lonely,—wait until your precious daughters have done with their merry girlhood and are themselves bearing the heat and burden of the day, while you look on powerless to help, and uncertain as yet whether they will sink by



the wayside or prove themselves strong with the strength of a noble physical and spiritual womanhood—wait till then and you will begin to know something about a mother's cares and anxieties. Wait until every hope and dream, aspiration and ambition of your children finds an echo in your own soul, an answering chord in your own heart, and then you will learn how life can be intensified, and how its current grows swifter and more resistless even while it broadens.

But ah, dear friends! I am afraid as I look into your faces that my argument is a poor one. Who is it says that it is better to wear out than to rust out? And perhaps some of you will be inclined to say to me what a sweet and lovely woman did say not so very long ago. Let me tell you what it was.

We were talking of her childlessness over which she had mourned for many a day.

"They tell me," she said, "that I ought not to be so unreconciled; they say that even if I had a child it might die, and then I would be worse off than I am now. But," she continued, her blue eyes growing larger and deeper, "I would be willing to endure any pain, any suffering, for the blessing of a child, even if I knew it would not live two weeks. I want to know what motherhood is, and what a mother's heart-throbs are before I die."

What can one say in such a case? No argument touches the point. There is only this to be said: God knoweth—and He doeth all things well.

Yet it is well to remember that an answered prayer—a granted wish—has ere now proved a curse rather than a blessing. We do not know what is best for us. We should not dare to order our steps by the light of our own wisdom. In this, as in all else, let us try to say "Thy will, not mine, be done."

#### PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

##### Number Eleven.

##### WOMAN'S SELF-IMPOSED WRONGS.

Yes, self-imposed! You may not, at first, believe it, but reflect a moment, and see if this is not often the case, or, wait a bit, and we will talk the matter over in a confidential way by ourselves. (Gentlemen are requested not to offer any remarks or advice on the subject, or even to listen to these HOUSEHOLD confabulations of ours.)

In my last "Paper," concerning woman's rights in the household, I barely touched upon the fact that it is not always through the fault or carelessness of mankind that womankind do not have what are their especial rights in their own domain, nor are they always to blame that woman has so many wrongs to endure, and her daily life often little better than daily drudgery.

And now, without taking back one word which I wrote concerning the rights which every housewife ought to have, and to demand, as especially her prerogative; without one whit excusing man for the numerous wrongs which she bears, through his, often, careless indifference or miserly heartlessness, I appeal to some of these same wronged women, and to others bearing heavy burdens, to know if the fault thereof is not, in many instances, either directly or indirectly their own? If man would not often be kinder to her than she is to herself? And then by and by, when she

has lost her vantage-ground; when of her own choice she has made herself a mere drudge, what wonder if he consider her only as such, and his once proffered kindness lapse into wholesale indifference? Or, if at first he is careless and little understands woman's needs, cannot his heart be persuasively reached, and the wife's, or mother's, or sister's rights and best interest be as dear to him as his own?

For my own part, I am tired of this wrangling concerning men's and women's rights, especially in home and property affairs, as though they were an entirely separate affair; and am thoroughly skeptical in the belief that the ballot, in the hands of women, would make the world a "paradise regained" to her more than it can be now. And I am also heart-sick at seeing the opprobrium which is heaped on man for every wrong, real or fancied, under which she staggers, when I believe they are perhaps equally her own.

"The woman's cause is man's," and the man who wrongs woman wrongs himself also, while the woman who wrongs herself also wrongs man and her family. For is not the happiness of one conducive to that of the other? Is not the convenience of the wife made subservient to the cheer and comfort of her household? Yet if this is neglected, can she, in all cases, be justified in thinking him wilfully wrong, when he may only be thoughtless, and need but to be reminded of his duty to cheerfully do it? Or, on the other hand, can he afford to have her trusting regard turned to bitterness through his thoughtlessness or indifference for her comfort, and her path made the harder because she feels wronged, than because she really is?

But are there not multitudes of cases where a man of the kindest intentions cannot always do what he would for a wife's convenience or to lighten her burdens? Where lack of time, from pressing business, lack of ready means for the thing needed, or inability to secure help at once may necessitate delay, even if the means 's within reach, and in which cases, patience on the part of woman is needed, that the domestic machinery become not warped and entangled beyond repair. For is man not often inconvenienced in his particular labor or calling, and put to straits, or obliged to forego what is positively a need, as much as many household ones.

But to go back to woman's self-imposed burdens and wrongs, or rather to begin on that part of my subject, after this long prologue.

For instance, there is Mrs. David Dart, who lives next door to my cousin Anna in a neighboring village, and whom I often see when visiting Anna. Now Mrs. Dart is just one of those persons who would not know what to do with themselves unless they had just about twice as much on their hands as one woman ought to do, and yet she is always complaining that she "works like a nigger," to use one of her own phrases, "and no thanks for it either." If she is not dressed in the afternoon, it is because she has so much to do; if her husband wishes her to go out with him for a ride or brief visit, in nine cases out of ten she has so much to do she cannot, or cannot "fuss to dress," as she says; and if you talk to her about books, or any recreation, she tells you she has no time to read, scarce from one Sunday to another, which is not far from the truth.

And then, if in a little ill-humor, she

will vent it on her husband because he thinks she might be dressed, might go out more, might keep the children more tidy, and take more pains to have a genteel table, in fact, she says, "a man thinks a woman can do everything and more too, and be a slave and lady at the same time, but she cannot do it, and Mr. Dart will find it out sometime."

Now her husband has no wish whatever to have his wife the drudge that she is. She has told me herself that he wishes her to have a girl constantly, and I know that he would willingly pay good wages to have his home better conducted, his wife relieved of the hardest of the kitchen work, and have more leisure to devote to the comfort and best good of her family. He likes to see her presentable when he comes in to tea, and it wearies him to see her looking so tired, and discontented, and worn out with work and care.

In addition to her housework she does most of her family sewing, and to keep three children dressed for the village school, and attend the little one at her feet, gives her, as any one can see, little time for real rest, and none for cheerful recreation or pleasant pastime, to say nothing of culture, for which she cares so little that she will not try to save a moment for that.

But on the other hand, while her husband wishes her tasks easier, and has urged upon her the folly of attempting so much herself, urged even the wrong she was doing her family, their means are not ample for their growing family, and economy would have to be practiced elsewhere, if help was hired in the house. This they both know, and David sensibly says, let us have more home comforts and leisure, and you have a chance to get a little good of life as we go along, if we cannot make as much show as some of our more well-to-do neighbors.

But Mrs. Dart has no idea of doing this, and that is where the shoe pinches. She, like a skillful general that she is, takes in the situation at a glance, and in her ambitious desires for herself and children, says she does not need a girl, that she can outwork two common girls, and by so doing can save so much of the housekeeping funds for extras—for things beyond their actual means and for show more than real comfort, or the true culture of her family.

"There," said she, one day to cousin Anna, displaying a gold chain and locket, "see what I have bought for Nellie, by saving it from the house, and doing my own work this summer. For you know it costs as much to board help as to pay them, so I've saved all around."

"Saved!" Anna exclaimed with well-indulged vexation, "saved from her own flesh, her own life and family comfort, to deck that girl of fifteen in needless finery! And she a wife and mother has little more care for the child's real good and best culture than as though she was adorning an image, instead of a being with a mind and soul, while her husband, who once would have delighted in a true home, has grown to look upon his wife as a mere drudge, as she has made herself to be one."

Last year," continued Anna, "it was an elegant Brussels carpet for her parlor, that was saved in the same way, and next it is to be a rich velvet cloak for herself, I believe, as she always saves for an object, and works her cards well."

And then as for labor-saving utensils in her house, she has almost none. Mr.

Dart would never think of getting her as much as a clothes wringer, or even rubbing board, she tells Anna, "while your husband," she adds to Anna, "is always doing what he can to make work convenient for you, and is as lover like now as ever."

Now the truth is, that Mrs. Dart could have more conveniences for her work, with labor-saving articles, if she made it her right to do so, as well as she can have new carpets or showy outfits for herself or her family. These things, with more care for real home comfort, and less for things that could be dispensed with, would much lighten her toil, even if she chooses still to do her own work, and something of leisure be enjoyed. And so might her children be trained to be efficient helpers, without at all interfering with their school duties, but she has no faculty to engage their sympathy in her work, and calls it more bother than it is worth to get anything out of them. This, I think, is because she makes work a sort of slavery herself, and more because she does not allow them to do things in which they might become interested. Nellie is old enough to assume some care, and boys can be efficient helpers where the proper way is taken to have them.

Thus, as you will see, she bears many a burden of her own making, and heaps upon herself wrongs, at the same time defrauding herself of rights properly her own, and which would be granted her if she, in a right spirit, assumed or demanded them.

And is she defrauding only herself, while thus wronging herself? Or has she any just right to sacrifice health, comfort, and the best interest of her family to carry her point, whatever that may be?

"Oh, but," I hear some of you exclaim, "such cases are exceptional, men are not so ready to favor their wives, or wives as usual tardy of being relieved, where it is willingly proffered, or even given if asked."

Begging your pardon, though just such a case may be exceptional, yet those of the class are not so, I think, in the majority of cases. I think men are quite as willing generally to do their part to have women relieved of heavy burdens and numerous cares as they are to have their toil lightened. At the same time mankind are generally more willing to sacrifice superfluities than womankind, and to many, home comforts are more desirable than mere display.

How many an ambitious housewife undertakes more than she ought, and when it is too late may repent her folly. For, as an usual thing, it is not the poorer class of housewives that toil most severely, but it is the moderately well-to-do, or thrifty class, especially in the country, who are the hardest of workers, and are most burdened with care.

And any woman at the head of a household, let her have help and be favored as she may, and do as best she can by herself, still has no easy task to perform, especially where the care of children consumes her time, strength, and patience, day after day, as the time passes by. And Gail Hamilton is not far from right in maintaining that to "bear, to nurse, to tend," is about enough for one woman to do.

But here, as if to show us how weak our argument, (that a large class of housewives are imposing needless burdens on themselves,) comes the stern



fact that with the utmost willingness on the part of man, woman, or both to secure needed help in the family, and not unfrequently with means to do so, it is a truth that help is difficult to be found, and really competent assistance in the kitchen almost impossible. This we know is so.

But if some families can manage to secure two, three, or more servants; and others one, year after year, with scarce an intermission, cannot some of these other hard-working women, in the same vicinity, and as well able to do so, manage to have help at least a share of the time? A resolute purpose to be relieved will find some way for partial relief, while it would do no harm if a share of those who seldom soil their hands with work were obliged to assume some share of the cares and perplexities of kitchen labor in their own homes.

But here I am, at what ought to be the end of this "Paper," and have not touched upon half that was in my mind to say when I commenced these cogitations. For doing without sufficient help is only one part of the story, while taking upon herself needless toil and care in other respects is another way in which many a woman has to impose wrongs upon herself, and thus upon others around her.

Some do this from love of work or because they think that practical labor is their whole duty, others from force of habit, or to keep up with their slaving neighbors; and still others, from a scheming, money-loving spirit which would turn life's blood into broad acres or bank notes.

And something of these things, and the various ways it is done may occupy a "Paper" at some future time, and in this work I think I may have the sympathy of not a few of those who understand how these things are.

#### EVENINGS AT HOME.

As the evenings lengthen the question naturally arises, what shall be done with them? The question is felt oftener than it is asked. Perhaps it would be better were it asked oftener, and asked in a more intelligent way.

It is a startling fact that three-quarters of the crimes are committed in the night. All the vices nestle under the wings of the dark. The opportunities for undetected indulgence abound in the evening, and then temptations are most numerous and seductive. Most men are too busy in the day-time to drink or gamble, or indulge in other vices. They would shrink from being seen hanging about a bar, or lounging at the club, or playing euchre or whist for money, or talking with questionable characters. Their business reputation would be compromised were they to do by daylight what they do without hesitation by gaslight. And it is the evening indulgence that unfits for morning work, and finally breaks the credit and destroys health and demoralizes manhood. Three-quarters of the young people who go to ruin take the first steps on the downward path in the evening. We want no better key to a man's character than to know how he spends his nights.

The importance of making a wise and happy provision for the evening is not appreciated as it should be by our people. Even those who have homes usually leave the evening to chance. They go to the theatre, the opera, or the lec-

ture; or they stay at home hoping that somebody will drop in. If no one calls, the conversation tapers through all gradations of dullness into silence; the music drags and palls; the reading wearies; the whole family yawn and get half asleep before going to bed. And after a few experiences of this kind the husband finds livelier company and greater excitement at the saloon or club; the sons yield to more fascinating entertainment in questionable company; the daughters are either miserable at home or flitting in search of the happiness home ought to furnish but does not; and the poor wife and mother is either left to assuage their discontent or to mourn alone. And simply because nothing has been done to fill the evenings at home with delightful entertainment and recreative joy.

There is nothing so absurd as to imagine that a half-dozen people of different ages and tastes, have only to be thrown together to be supremely contented and happy. And yet half our homes are managed on just this absurd principle; and people wonder that they are not happy, that so many men frequent the taverns, and so many youths and maidens are on the street, and every day some man or woman goes down into the abyss.

There is no breastwork against evil, and no school of virtue and moral worth, like the good home. And the good home is not merely that which furnishes edible dinners and well-kept rooms and clean beds, but that which furnishes most satisfaction, refreshing, and joy to its inmates. And evening is the only time when all the members of the family circle can meet together, and can mingle in happy and joyous intercourse. The occasion should be provided for as it usually is not. Our housekeepers should take the hint from those who furnish public entertainments, and lavish thought and ingenuity enough upon the occasion to make it so attractive and delightful and satisfying, that every member of the household will feel the happier for it, and look forward to its return with expectancy, and be beyond the reach of the thousand temptations to spend the evening hours elsewhere.

Exactly how this is to be done must be answered by housekeepers for themselves. They have resources and ingenuity enough, will they but once see the importance of the thing, and set their wits at work to develop the hint into a beautiful and joyous reality. We do not mean that everybody should spend every evening at home. Let there be all profitable and entertaining going. Get all the delight and good that plays and concerts and lectures and parties can afford. Still it will be found that these great public entertainments often excite more than they delight or edify, and often indulged in produce weariness, and a dissipation worse than fatigue. The evenings at home furnish the fitting alternate and contrast to these public entertainments, and each is enjoyed the more for the other. And to make evenings at home truly delightful, every resource of culture and art may be rightly invoked. Why not have a succession of evening entertainments, giving one to reading, another to music, a third to conversation, a fourth to a drama, and a fifth to miscellaneous plays? Why not import into the home circle some of the talent to amuse and entertain and edify which lies all about

waiting for the invitation? And what one family cannot do alone two or three together can easily effect. Were our people to spend a tenth part of the time and interest and means they now throw away on worthless excitements and utter frivolities, in making their homes truly helpful and happy, we should prevent half the crimes, and stop half the vices of society at their source.—*Golden Age.*

#### A JAPANESE ROMANCE--THE STONE-CUTTER.

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"O, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a kirmon of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel intercepted it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting and wrapped himself in a kirmon of soft silk.

It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich?" murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected by a golden parasol! Why am I not the Emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel. And indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an escort of cavaliers before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun, with his ardent beams, dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, fatigued the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be Emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun—"a cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers and water-spouts to fall on the land, so that the torrents burst their bounds and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat it in their fury, the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said

the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"You shall be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he distinguished at his foot a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, but armed with a chisel and a hammer, and the man, with the help of these instruments, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man!"

"Have your will!" said the angel, and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much and gained little, but he was contented with his lot.

#### "THE OLD WOMAN."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ears and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration.

The aged mother of a grown-up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold, and unknown only to her God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now, in her old age, her duty done, patiently awaiting her appointed time she stands more beautiful than ever in youth, more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time and ye shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love you when she has passed away—kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom of all the world you choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love you fondly, but never again, never, while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old trembling mother has been.

#### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes a flower. There is always before and around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times when it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and



perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire the skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean.

It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right.

Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.



#### HOW HAPPY I'LL BE.

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

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

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

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

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

—Lutheran.

#### WAY NOTES.

##### Number Thirteen.

BOLOGNA, Italy, Feb. 28, 1872.  
ASSURANCES have lately been received from the French government that a successor to M. Goulard will soon be chosen, and sent at once to the Italian capital; an assurance which comes not a moment too soon, the Italian government being already greatly irritated by the delay in the appointment of a French

ambassador, and regarding it as an evidence of reluctance on the part of the French to recognize the new political states of regenerated Italy, and fearful as they are lest out of the present struggle of contending factions for political supremacy may eventuate a Bourbon restoration which would be inimical to the present Italian regime, and ready to aid any effort put forth for the restoration of the Temporal Power.

The Italian press has of late been the theatre of a war of words between Protestants and Catholics on the question of St. Peter's visit to Rome, culminating in a lively discussion which was held in the Academia Teberina, in which, according to leading journals, the Protestants bore off the palm of victory; the "Capitale" maintaining that not a single substantial argument was adduced in favor of the assumption, and alleging the whole to be a pure fiction and invention of the Papacy. Gavazzi, long known to the American public, entered with characteristic warmth into the discussion, making a deep impression upon his auditors.

The late successful experiment of M. de Lome, resulting in an aerial voyage, the general direction of which had been previously determined upon, has flooded the press with scientific essays, embracing a resume of the history of aeronautics, predictions of the possibilities opened up in a commercial and utilitarian point of view, and suggestions as to improvements by which an average rate of speed, triple or quadruple that of the late crucial trip may be secured, or from twenty to twenty-five miles per hour. To this end it is suggested that an engine of the power of thirty men be substituted as a "motor," the same to weigh but 150 or 200 pounds, thus combining a diminution of specific gravity with an increase of motive power. That an immense impetus will be given to this specialty of inventive genius is evident, and America, ever foremost in progressive invention, will doubtless enter the lists for a share in the laurels.

The following item, interesting from its connection with the history of the "Reign of Terror," comes to us from Germany: "It is not generally known that Charlotte Corday could find no defender at Paris, and that Lux, then advocate at Mayence, voluntarily undertook the defence, and in consequence was arrested in Paris and soon after beheaded. He left two daughters. The eldest drowned herself in the Rhine in consequence of an unrequited affection for the celebrated writer Jean Paul; the other married Mr. Meyer, a merchant of Nuremberg; her husband died young and left her in difficult circumstances. No one cared for the daughter of the courageous defender of Charlotte Corday. Her husband's partner, however, a merchant named Gmeiner, came to her relief, and supported her for many years, till she died blind at Darmstadt."

Leaving Rome on the afternoon of Tuesday, we were soon steaming over the level Campagna, and I lowered the window of my compartment to take a last look at the domes and spires of the "Eternal City" which had afforded me so many weeks of interesting study and instruction. Before us, stretching away to the snow-capped summits of the Albanian Hills, lay the beautiful Campagna already bright with violets and blossoming trees while here and there rose a moss-covered ivy-crowned arch of some crumbling ruin.

A more striking illustration of the force of contrast is rarely afforded than is presented in the rushing course of the "iron horse" amid these crumbling relics of long past ages. Another contrast, although less strongly marked, is suggested in the comparison of railway travel in America and on the Continent. In place of the locomotive, glorious in war paint and polished metal, scattering sparks from its broad stack over moor and prairie, with its cushioned cab from which the keen eye of the engineer surveys the narrow onward way, we have a cumbersome "machine," dark and dismal, and lacking even the poetry of a name, the latter being replaced by a prosaic number in plain white figures on the front; no upholstered cab protects the "driver," who, exposed to sun, wind and rain, runs little risk of dozing at his post or forgetting the mighty responsibility of life and property entrusted to his care.

Art, so lavishly exhibited in the frescoed decoration of railway stations, cafes and dwellings, seems carefully excluded from the railway train. Each carriage is painted some plain and usually sombre color, within and without, and each is divided into three or four compartments, in which the seats accommodating five passengers each are face to face as in a carriage or stage coach. In the first class carriages the floor is usually covered with warm, heavy brussels or velvet tapestry, and the seats and backs comfortably upholstered above the line of the head, silken curtains soften the light from the windows, and long carpet-covered tins, or foot-warmers, of hot water replace the more elaborate heating appliances of our American roads. These are changed at intervals on the route, and in this latitude amply suffice for comfort.

The average speed of the "Treni diretti," or express trains, is inferior to that on American or English roads, but on the other hand there is greater security to life and property, the officials and employes being held to stricter account for unfaithfulness or want of care in the discharge of their respective duties.

G. W. T.

#### THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adz round a cask.

"Ah!" said he, "blue is a hard lot—forever trotting like a dog—driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red iron glowed on the anvil; "this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over a hot fire."

"Oh! that I was a carpenter," ejaculated the shoemaker as he bent over his lapstone. "Here I am day after day, wearing my soul away, making soles for others—cooped up in this little seven-by-nine room. Hi-ho-hum!"

"I'm sick of this out door work!" exclaimed the bricklayer—"boiling under the sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I wish I were a tailor."

"This is too bad!" petulantly cried the tailor—"to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life."

"Last day of grace!—banks wont discount—customers won't pay—what shall

I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck-horse, a dog or anything else."

"Happy fellows!" groans the lawyer as he scratches his head over some dry, musty records—"happy fellows! I had rather hammer stones all day than puzzle my head on these tedious, vexatious questions."

And through all the ramifications of society all are complaining of their condition, finding fault with their calling. "If it were only this that or the other I should be content," is the universal cry—"anything but what I am." So wags the world; so has it wagged, and so it will wag.

—An unsocial person in company is like the earth, a dull planet among suns; enlightened, but not enlightening.

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

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Success is the test of merit. In severe cases always procure the large bottle. If your druggist has none on hand, ask him to procure it for you. Take no other. Send to the proprietors for circular.

Large Bottles, (12 oz.), \$1.50;  
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SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,  
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

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Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogs the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston, and JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents. For sale by Druggists generally. 10-

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## GOLDEN GRAINS.

There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

—Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

—Manners are but the happy ways of doing things.

—We may think foolish thoughts, but should never express them.

—Nothing is more worthy of a great and brave man than clemency.

—The power of honesty is so great that we love it even in an enemy.

—Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune.

—Man judges of the inward disposition by the outward acts; God judges of the outward acts by the inward disposition.

—Believe nothing against another, but upon authority; nor repeat what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

—Rather do nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the fowler.

—If it is always dear to buy a thing cheap, which one does not want; so it is sometimes dearer to receive a thing as a present, than to pay the price of it.

—Horace Greeley says the darkest day in any man's career is that where he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it.

—The most powerful of machines is a locomotive in good order, on the track; the most impotent and useless is the same machine off it. It is thus with some people.

—Some men's minds are like a nest of clean and unclean birds, all crowded together; so that one can with difficulty get out a clean bird, without pulling out an unclean bird with it.

—A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people.

Dr. Topli's LUNG REMEDY advertised in to-day's paper seems to have established a reputation for some wonderful cures in a brief space of time. Physicians advise those afflicted with Lung and Throat complaints to give it a trial.

The influence on the system of SMOLANDER'S BUCHU is such, that no case of kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, mental and physical debility, exhaustion of the vital force, lassitude, lack of nervous energy, debility, and maladies incidental to the female sex, can withstand its curative properties. It renews the nervous system to a sanitary state.

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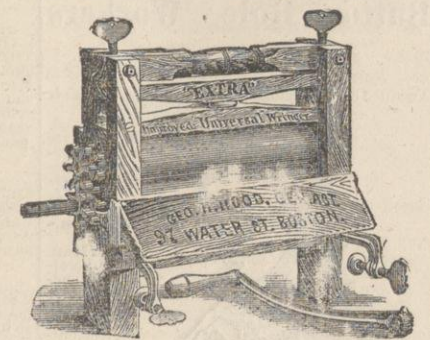
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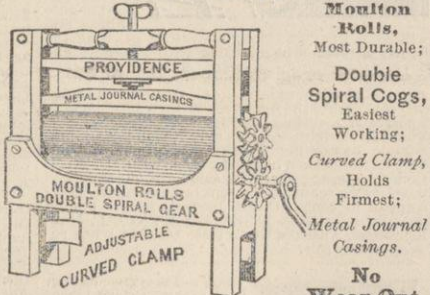
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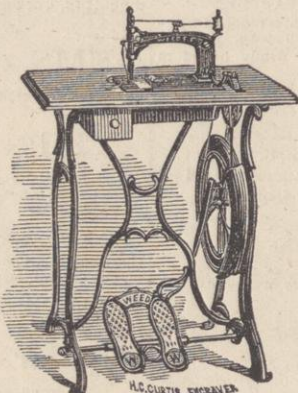


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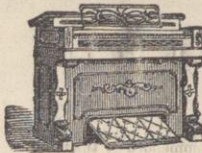
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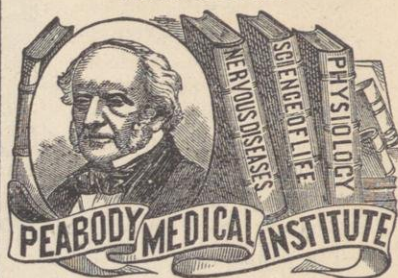
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The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

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

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

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

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

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

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

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m., and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.

Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m., Grouse's Corner at 9:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:55 p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitchburg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m. Connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

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