



The household. Vol. 17, No. 12 December 1884

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, December 1884

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Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1884.

NO. 12.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT.

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

The Veranda.

CHRISTMAS.

O blessed day, which gives the eternal lie
To self and sense, and all the brute within!
Oh! come to us, amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
In senate, shop, or study; and to those
Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes,
Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine.
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

—Charles Kingsley.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

NO ONE ever sees the full charm of the forest who turns his back upon it in winter. Beautiful are the dim, shadowy wood in the summer time; he who has wandered through their leafy aisles or dreamt beneath the drooping branches, with the green ferns and all the sweet scented emerald things growing wildly around, can scarcely imagine anything more enchanting. But come with me and view the winter landscape of a forest in its beauty.

It is midwinter, but the trees do not think of mirring the weather. The oak stands hardly against the storm, and the elm swings its long branches gracefully in the wind, and the sturdy pines look glad and green. Yes, it is midwinter, but there is a paradise even here in the northern zone. It is like a glimpse of Eden—of Eden before man fell. No summer scene was ever half so chaste and beautiful. The rich luxuriance of a tropical landscape is outvied by this picture from the ice king's realm. An enchanted country lies before us, still and silent. Every thing glistens as in an Arabian Night's tale. All the million little twigs are covered with a soft snow, and last night's mist thickened and turned it to ice upon the trees. Those tossing, drooping branches never bore such precious weight before. Look at that, maple round at the top, with its many branches; the gray, rugged trunk is draped in ermine that an earl might envy, and its humblest twig,

"Is ridged inch deep with pearl."

You have read of the wonderful fruit orchards of the Hesperides, the garden of Phœbus on the farthest confines of the sea, with its trees bearing gold and silver apples, and that of Midas with its hundred leaved roses, but these trees

bear more marvelous fruitage still. As the sunlight glitters on the white, crystal, ice-covered twigs, the very magnificence blinds you. Every tree bears ruby and emerald jewels and shining crystal, as if they had stepped out of Aladdin's garden.

It is a magical garden, this grove of forest trees with their winter load of fruit. But there is no watchful dragon with fierce eyes and fiery breath to annoy or terrify. We can wander when we will, stopped only here and there by frosted jewel work flashing in our faces. Every breath of wind shakes down crystals upon us and heavy balls of frozen snow. Ah, if only they would not melt away in the warmth, what coronets of bright gems we might carry home—how gayly we might dress ourselves with them for a dance!

We follow a narrow ice path along the edge of the wood. On one side is a little brook fettered in icy chains, whose banks show the loveliest work of the frost. The snow clings closely to the low bushes by our side, and every little blade of grass shines crystal clad under its icy load. The jewel work would make a lapidary crazy with envy. It is a king's treasury, and like Alcmeon in the golden house of Croesus, we admire and wonder. The whorls of flowers that the asters held are turned into clusters of diamonds, the graceful ferns show delicate net work of silver embroidery, and the high grasses hold up long scepters of shining crystal, like a fairy army, the soft tinkle of whose elfin armor you can hear, delicate little noises under the bending snow bushes.

Heavily laden as the trees are we can recognize all our summer acquaintances. Look at the exquisite line of that drooping, swaying birch, the intricate, interlacing tracery of the minute branching twigs! Could any thing be more graceful or more chaste! No light robed virgin in the temple of the sun could outvie the loveliness of this queenly beauty in her sparkling winter robes. Every separate tree as well affords a perfect study of infinite design, and no covering of leaves could enhance its beauty. How beautiful the silhouette of yonder beech against the sky. A few withered leaves still linger on its branches, and show their yellow brown beneath the white crystal ice covering. Its mottled trunk is a picture in itself. You had noticed it in the summer time when you passed that way. Observe the variety of exquisite tender grays with which nature has painted the bark. Every marbled variegation has a distinct tint of its own, composed of multitudes of microscopic points of color, and the whiteness of the snowy background gives added value to every subtle hue upon its dappled surface.

Here is a sunny corner in the forest. In front rises a majestic oak. Back a dozen feet stand two pines so heaped with snow that you would scarce recognize their needle shaped leaves, but you will not mistake their regular forms. The sun trickles over their ice clad

branches as though they wanted to show themselves as gorgeous as their cousin that was in our parlor Christmas eve. Between them are some low branching alders and further up a spongy tuft of rich brown lichen tipped with snow. It is a bit of refined and exquisite painting such as you will not find equalled in any art gallery.

We pass from the wood, picking our way through a neglected by-path shut in on either side by wild rose branches with scarlet berries. With almost every step we dislodge the glistening wreaths of snowy flakes from the bluish raspberry cones. We look back with fond regret, almost with the emotion of Boabdil as he bade farewell to the gorgeous home of his fathers—the Alhambra with its cool halls and splashing fountains and golden scrolls and arabesque work that would know him no more, upon our enchanted forest, for to-morrow we know that the sun will have carried off the jewels from our pines and birches. But the forest will be lovely still, though the oaks and beeches toss their bare arms and sigh a dull symphony as the winds rustle through them. It will have a grander aspect than all its emerald leafage will give it in the warm June days. We think of the grim, weird woods in Druidical days when men worshiped the trees. How the flames blazed beneath the wintry branches on the cold Yule-tide nights, while darkness on her steed Rimfaxe bedewed the earth with the foam of his bridle! No wonder the first men worshiped the trees and paid their most devoted offerings to them when their branches tossed bare amidst the driving snow and hail of a northern winter.

And so, with almost a Druid's veneration, we leave our trees, while the lengthening sunlight warms them in their close buds, and stirs the young germs that are to make their first appearance in the spring.

—The French Minister of Finance publishes a circular to people in the country warning them against destroying toads, lady bugs and birds, which he pronounces friends of the farmer, and therefore important to the prosperity of the country. Such a circular is needed in this country, especially to preserve toads, which are almost universally under the ban of every boy big enough to raise a stone. Toads in the garden are worth at least a shilling each. They benefit the farmer by destroying potato bugs, and other injurious insects.

—The best way in draining land is to make ditches through the wettest portions, with as great a fall as possible. The experiments sometimes made in trying to cut off water from lowlands by ditching higher up, generally result in failures, and expensive ones at that. The lowest land will still need ditching after the surface water from above is shut off, and one wet place in a field will often for days together prevent proper cultivation of other parts that are dry.

The Drawing Room.

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

FIRST by pleasant faces and low-toned, gentle voices. I know all about how hard it is to work and get tired and nervous and still try to be pleasant. Nevertheless it is best to try though we often make failures of it. Next to pleasant faces and voices, come plants, books and pictures. Of books and pictures we may not be able to have many; but of plants we can surely have enough at little cost to brighten a cheerless room. A hanging basket with half a dozen different kinds of climbing and drooping plants, a shelf across the window with a few bright, healthy plants, will transform many a dreary room.

Another thing which should not be neglected, if one wishes to make home really beautiful, is one's personal appearance. Too many women are neglectful of their dress and appearance when at home. Any thing will do for home folks, all nice things must be saved for company. The parlor, dining room, and sitting room must be kept shut up (the sunlight excluded) and all work must be done in the kitchen. Supper, breakfast, and dinner must be served there, possibly it saves a few steps, (a very few) but a nice, cool dining room in which to eat your dinner, and a cosy little sitting room in which to spend your afternoons and evenings, out of sight of your kitchen work will rest and refresh you more than you are aware of. It will make up for the extra steps you are obliged to take.

One room answers nicely for both dining and sitting room. But suppose you have but one room besides the kitchen. What then? I am all prepared for that question. If the furniture in it is too good (too expensive I mean) for everyday use, sell it and get some comfortable, substantial articles of furniture, something which looks restful, lounging chairs, wide, easy lounges, camp chairs and foot rests. Put your canary in one window, a few plants in another. Have a place for your work basket, a little stand or shelf for "John's" papers and favorite books, and don't stay in the kitchen after the work there is done. Have a basket for baby's playthings, and it will be but very little trouble to teach him to put them away after he is done with them. If there are older children, teach them that the sitting room is for use, not abuse, and after they make themselves tidy, make them welcome there. Let John and the boys find you neatly dressed and with pleasant face and they will not care to go out every night. It may look hard, but it is not so hard as to see the children running away from home because it is so dull there and mother is cross. Remember, too, that John is the same John who used to come "courting." Do you think you would have expected him to come many times if you had en-

ertained him in the kitchen, with uncombed hair, and soiled dress?

But to return to the children. I recently heard the mother of three children, the youngest now sixteen, say that she never spoke a cross word to one of them and never struck one of them in the world. She said when they were small she did every thing she could to entertain and interest them at home, read to them, played with them, and did every thing she could to please them. "To be sure sometimes my work was neglected a little, and their noise nearly drove me frantic, once in a while, but they were never rude to me or each other, and I knew they were not contracting bad habits. Now my boys are good, honorable young men, the oldest occupying a place of trust and responsibility, the youngest attending school. They have no bad habits, and prefer spending their evenings with me, listening to some good, instructive book, to lounging in any store or similar place. My daughter is a loved and honored wife, I thought I might make a teacher of her, but she upset that plan by getting married. But if I had had my choice from all my young acquaintances, I know of no one I should have preferred for her husband, above the one she has."

Ah mothers, what is a little extra work, a few rooms kept in order by excluding the children, to place beside a record like the above. How many mothers to-night would gladly give up their whole house, their whole time, to have the children back again, sweet and innocent as they were when they first began to seek in the streets that entertainment which mother was too busy to attend to. How many little ones have been turned out doors to find amusement because they must not make a noise or clatter in the house.

You may think I have wandered from my text. But have I? Can you have more beautiful adorning for your home than well-mannered, temperate, industrious boys and girls, who are better contented at home with each other and mother of an evening than they are on the streets or many other places, just as well not mentioned?

Now I'll tell the little girls how to make a little Christmas present for papa or the "big brother." Take one of the cheap pasteboard palettes, (very pretty ones can be bought for ten cents,) cut papers—tissue paper is prettiest but old soft newspapers will do—a little smaller than the palette, except the hole for the thumb which must be cut a little larger, tie a ribbon through the thumb hole and you have a cunning shaving companion, which most any little girl can make. Ten sheets of tissue paper will cut eighty pieces the size of a palette, enough to last ever so many shaving days.

RUTH ROBERTSON.

A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

Time goes very slowly for us at the south during the long, hot summer, consequently I am sure we welcome the "melancholy" days of autumn with great cheerfulness. It gives a sincere sentiment of pleasure to see the wretched flies and mosquitoes which have had such a long sway, vanish before crisp Jack Frost. But the shortening days are always very busy, especially as King Christmas draws near with all the feasting requisite to do him honor. Between

fears that her plum puddings, mince pies, etc., may not be up to the mark, and the dread when she looks at her preternaturally good children, (at this season,) a perplexed mother is apt to feel well nigh distraught lest, too, Santa Claus may not do his duty, so altogether she feels a sympathy with Martha of old who was "cumbered with much serving." But after all the law of compensation holds

good in this as in every thing else, and when December has slipped into January, and we must face the young year before us, the pleasant December holidays are delightful in retrospect, and more than repay us in pleasure for the additional wear and tear and added labors that in reality come to the mothers and housekeepers. This world would be not near so pleasant a place as it is, if the delightful family reunions and interchange of gifts which belong to Christmas were not a yearly feature of our lives, and I am sure we would all be much more selfish if there was no Christian festival like this to open our hearts and remind us how little we can do for each other in comparison to the great sacrifice for all time, which was so cheerfully made for us more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Christmas, Easter, and birthday cards have become such a usual way of showing our friends that we hold them in remembrance that they are apt to accumulate very rapidly, so much so that we are often at a loss as to what to do with them. Few people have or care to have a number of albums, nor do they like to throw, or give away, a token of remembrance. A very frequent, and I think an excellent way to keep them in use is to have the frame of a screen made either folding or single, tack black cambric over it using brass headed tacks, and cover it with your cards pasting on pell mell, cutting out some or not as you think best, make the general effect either "crazy" or "artistic." When all the pictures are on varnish with white varnish, and both effect and durability of your handiwork will be much enhanced. Very little of the back ground is visible. I heard an invalid whose sister had made her one say with much content, "now I will not be dodging draughts all winter, and I am sure my cards never looked as pretty before."

A very useful and acceptable Christmas or New Year's present for young children is a gay nursery rug as it will afford a constant source of amusement and will help to keep a creeping baby clean a long time. The cloth or drugget for the center should measure forty-seven inches in length and thirty-one inches in width. A bright color should of course be chosen for the center. Then a border of about two inches in width is made of a contrasting color, it is joined and then the seam flattened and a row of brier or herring-bone stitches fastens the seam down and a narrow hem or fringe finishes the outer edge, also herringboned in a contrasting color. Upon the border all sorts of designs cut out of cretonne or flannel or any thing, so the shapes are funny, dogs, dolls, fish, flowers, butterflies—every thing looks pretty. They are of course chain, or herringboned or button-hole stitched on. I have seen a restless little child kept quiet for an hour when it was desirable that her fresh dress should not be dragged over the carpet, seated on her rug trying with her fat fingers to make "bow wow" catch the pussy, which was just a little ahead of him on her rug.

A table cloth for the nursery is also very good in this design, any thing which amuses and at the same time teaches a child to divert itself is a great help to its friends.

AUNT MARION.

South Carolina.

—Perhaps the most miserable people in the world are the very careful ones. You that are so anxious about what shall happen on the morrow, that you cannot enjoy the pleasures of to-day; you who have such a peculiar cast of mind that you suspect every star to be a comet, and imagine that there must be a volcano in every grassy mead; you that are more attracted by the spots in the sun than by

the sun himself, and more amazed by one scar leaf upon the tree than by all the verdure of the woods; you that make more of your troubles than you do of your joys—I say, I think you belong to the most miserable of men.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Conservatory.

A THANK-OFFERING.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED UPON RECEIVING A COPY OF MISS HAVELGAL'S "LOYAL RESPONSES."

You gave me a dainty parcel,
And these were the words you said:
"When you get home, please open."
This meaning I quickly read:
'Tis a token of thanks for the flowers
I gave her the other day;
But e'er this they must have faded,
Their fragrance has died away—
When flowers of gratitude blossom,
They live in the heart alway.

My thoughts turned again to the parcel—
What was it so daintily tied?
"I judge it a book by the feeling,
Perhaps it's a Floral Guide.
If so, in the days that are coming,
More beautiful flowers I'll grow;
For now, I'm an amateur only,
And little of plant culture know.
If I have a Guide to instruct me,
Improvement my garden shall show."

So when I removed the tissue
That screened the gift from my sight,
The feelings that welled within me
Were of mingled pride and delight.
I've guessed it! It is about flowers!
For here, on the cover, I see
A picture of beautiful lilles;
I hope in the Guide, there may be
Some hint why these flowers of the valley
Never bloom in profusion for me.

So I peered within the covers,
And the table of contents scanned,
And read the words of preface,
And began to understand.
How often we judge by externals!
How often we make mistakes!
And our pride is turned to confusion
When the truth upon us breaks;
Sometimes our joy to sadness
When a drowsy conscience wakes.

The lessons in this little volume
Are not about the flowers,
Nor yet of earthly gardens
Where I spend so many hours;
But the lessons which it teaches
Are such as I used far more;
They are lessons in soil culture,
And I ponder o'er and o'er,
And wonder I've so been tardy
In learning heavenly lore.

I dare not plead that ignorance
To a lack of time is due;
Nor yet to a dearth of reading,
Or need of a teacher true.
For years I've had a garden,
And a guide book, me to show
How flowers and fruit in abundance,
For the Master I might grow;
And now I recall the passage:
"By their fruits, ye them shall know."

I remember many lessons—
But what good do guide books do
If we fail to practice their teachings,
Though we read them through and through?
I have loved to live with the flowers,
And to give them time and care;
Sometimes, when they have abounded,
I have loved with friends to share—
My soul-garden's been neglected
Till the weeds are rampant there.

So accept my thanks for the token,
And with me in prayer unite,
That He who prompted its choosing,
May help me to read it aright.
May our soul gardens be well tended,
And the fruitage abundant be;
May the world share the fruit of our labors,
And the Saviour thus honored be;
For, "Inasmuch as to these ye did it,
These, my brethren, ye did it to me."

Westfield, Mass.

L. E. S.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirty-one.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

WE WHOSE lines are drawn where the laggard footsteps of spring, and the premature ones of autumn, leave us but a short session of summer, may well consider the following question. Does it pay to plant so many tender annuals, plants that go down unresistingly, beneath the first rude touch of autumn? This question has exercised me more forcibly than usual the present season, for I

did not sow my tender varieties until late; and some of them had but just opened their first round of blooms, when a cold blast swept over us, and left them dead and dying.

There are some annuals that will stand a severe frost without injury. We should be wiser to confine ourselves to these, and leave the tender ones for those who live in a more congenial climate. I know not how others may stand affected, but it does not tend to elevate my feelings to find some new and tender nursing, that has been painted to me in glowing colors, stricken to the earth, with its life blood oozing out, just at that point when one day's sun would bring its blossoms to maturity. No, I am not a disciple of the philosopher Zeno, for sometimes even the loss of my floral treasures has power to move me, and I am never indifferent to pleasure or pain.

Another error in planting annuals, is mixing the tender varieties with the hardier kinds; if we are determined to cultivate the former, let them be planted in beds by themselves and then, when they are smitten by frost, it will not mar the beauty of our whole garden. It is not a pleasant sight to see plants with limp and blackened foliage, interspersing beds filled with beauty and fragrance. But in spite of the remorseless fingers of Jack Frost, I have had the pleasure of seeing some of the later introductions upon the list of annuals this present season.

The new chrysanthemums, Lord Beaconsfield, the Sultan, and W. E. Gladstone, are fine additions to our gardens, and so are the papavers Umbrosum, and Danegrob; both are gems in the poppy line, and the one forms a pretty contrast to the other.

The new marigold Prince of Orange is a seedling of the Meteor, and in my garden it closely resembles its parent, which is one of the finest varieties in the market. Gold Striped is a French variety, dwarf and compact; flowers bright yellow, striped with velvety crimson.

Godetias, Bijou, and Lady Albermarle, are beautiful; but all the godetias are charming plants, and these new comers maintain the merits of their species.

After all that has been said in favor of *gaillardia picta Lorenziana*, it was a pleasant surprise to me, and so long as I plant a garden it shall have a prominent place.

And then we have the new *eschscholtzia*, Rose Cardinal; and the new nasturtiums, Lady-bird, and Empress of India. These two varieties are dwarf, and have small foliage, while the flowers are rich and beautiful. If you want something pretty for a hanging pot this winter try them.

The new mignonette, Golden Queen, is called one of the grandest novelties of the day. It may be so, but sometimes opinions differ; this much I can say in its favor, however, it looks pretty growing. But the odor of mignonette is so disagreeable to me that distance lends enchantment to the tribe. I do not grow it, except when some new variety is sent me for trial.

The new clarkia, Mrs. Langtry, pleases me much better. The flower is of the purest white, with a center of brilliant carmine crimson.

Of dianthus, I have two new varieties, Eastern Queen, and Crimson Belle. Both are lovely; my plants have bloomed continuously since July, up to the present time.

But the most beautiful gems of all the plants I have grown from seeds this present year are my new primulas, *globosa rubra*, and *globosa alba* and *fimbriata alba magnifica*. The flowers are large, petals crimped and fringed very prettily. I do not hesitate to pronounce them the finest strain I have ever grown. "Just splendid," don't half express it.

It has been so long since I have answered any questions, I will devote the rest of my letter to that purpose. But first let me say what I should have said before. Requests for information by letter unless accompanied with a stamp or postal card, will be answered through these columns, when I think they will be of interest to the reader.

A Subscriber, Nebraska, we read that the Russian mulberry, *morus moretti*, attains to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and that it is very hardy and beautiful. It is valued for its fruit, and its timber, which is much used in cabinet work, being close grained, and susceptible of a fine polish. It is also grown for hedges in some of the western states by the Mennonite settlers, and is said to be well adapted for the purpose, growing close and symmetrical. This tree can be propagated by seeds and cuttings. One of my neighbors has some small mulberry trees growing in his yard, but they are not old enough to bear fruit, but I can testify to their hardiness, as they have stood our cold, rough winters without injury. The *caragana arborescens* or Siberian peatrel bears so many yellow flowers in spring. It is not quite hardy here in the north, consequently the shrub is seldom seen, or cultivated.

Mrs. Welcome has given Anna E. her method of cultivating the cineraria. It is a good one but mine is much less trouble, and perhaps the amateur will be more likely to succeed on that account. As my plants are grown for winter blooming, the seeds are sown in April or May, and as soon as the plants are strong enough, I prick them off into thumb pots. As the weather gets warm they are hardened to the out door air gradually, and the first of June I slip them from the pots directly into the earth where they take care of themselves until September, when I repot them in sandy, friable loam, only moderately rich, and give them a sunny place at the windows. I use deep pots, but narrow across the top, so that the foliage cannot lie upon the soil, for it is easier to rid them of their insect enemies. In the winter season they should be kept dry rather than wet. Be sure that the pot has good drainage, for too much moisture is an injury at all times. The bed where they are grown in summer should be made light and porous and the sun should strike it some portion of the day. I have some nice plants hardy and vigorous, that were grown as described above. I sometimes grow primulas, in the same way, only they are planted where some tree or shrub will shade them. By September the plants are much stronger than those grown in the house.

E. A. Bliss, the creeping fig, *figus repens*, can be bought for the small sum of fifteen cents, of almost any florist.

Mrs. C. J. F. Mosher, your chrysanthemums should have been cut back in June, and all surplus branches thinned out. I like my plants best trained in tree form for pot growing. To do this I select a single stalk and cut it back within six or eight inches of the soil, then cut away all the remaining ones, roots and all, except what belongs to the stalk selected. Pot it in good, rich soil, and do not let it become too dry. New branches will soon put out, and when they get about six inches long cut off the ends, and do not allow any shoots to grow from the root. In this way we get some bushy, dwarf, compact plants, that in a few years will stand as firm as a tree.

Mattie, not having any experience with vines in the south, I can only tell you what varieties stand the hot, dry summers of the north best. Of annuals I should choose cobeas scandens, maurandya, tropaeolum, thunbergia, *cardiospermum halicacabum*. Of perennials, I

should select golden honeysuckle, clematis, cinnamon vine, *akebia quinata*, *ampelopsis variegata*, passion vine, *polygonum suavis* and *manettia cordifolia*. Give your calla a rich soil and a warm, sunny place. Without the sun upon it, it will bloom but rarely. It should be re-potted in fresh soil at least once a year, and let it be done in spring time. When it is

growing rapidly, it should have an abundance of water, but, bear in mind, in its native habitat the calla is not constantly submerged. But don't let the fact push you to the other extreme, for what information I have been able to gather from the history of Egypt, concerning this noble plant, I find no instance where the river Nile cramps it into a small pot and then turns it on its side until the roots are dried to the consistency of whip cords. I believe it is an error to let the roots become absolutely dry. When a calla needs rest, let it be set out in some shady place in its normal position, and watered only enough to keep the roots from shriveling.

M., those granules on your achan are natural to the plant. My crassulas never fail to bloom in December with the following treatment. I re-pot them in the spring in sandy soil made only moderately rich, then I set them out in full sunshine, and unless the season is a dry one, I leave them to the care of mother nature.

They do not require much water, and I never give them stimulants. They are usually brought into the house in September when the buds begin to show. Your failure is not because they are hard to cultivate, but you have not given them the right treatment to develop buds and flowers.

Clytie, the tigridias are of the easiest culture. Plant them in the open ground in May if the weather will permit, and in October lift them, and when dried, store them in the cellar. I enclose mine in a paper sack and suspend from the floor above. Try your *amaryllis* Treatise in the same way, except when they are removed from the ground, bury them in moist sand in the cellar.

Roses need a rich soil, they delight in warmth, light, air and sun. If your room is a cool one, be careful and not over water them. If it is excessively warm, without ventilation, the buds may blight unless they are showered often. Keep the foliage clean and water only when the soil looks dry, then do it thoroughly. You will have better success with everlasting to sow the seeds in boxes. Keep the soil moist until they are up, and strong enough to transplant to beds, and then they must not be neglected until they are well set in the soil, when they will take care of themselves as a general rule.

Mrs. S. E. Peters, yes, the *aspedistra lurida variegata* blossoms, but the fact that it does so, adds nothing to its merits, for the flowers are very plain, yes, they are decidedly homely, and evidently they are conscious of the fact, so keep their faces beneath the soil. If you remove a little of the surface soil in the spring, you will find green buds around your plant, that look as if time might open out into some pretty form or color, but watch sharp, and see what you will see, for they seldom rise above the earth.

The horned poppy, *glaucium corniculatum*, will bloom the first year, if the seed is sown early; mine began in September and at this writing, October 6th, are full of buds. The flowers are bell shaped, and orange yellow; but the charm of this plant lies in its foliage. The long silvery leaves are gracefully recurved and deeply cut and curled. It is not quite hardy here in the open ground, but keeps well in the cellar. It is one of the prettiest things I know of to edge a coleus bed.

The wild columbine is found in all its modest loveliness upon rocks and steep

places in the timber lands, and in one little prairie field, in Cedar county there are a dozen bunches of a beautiful variety of this plant; they are in clumps, grow two or three feet high, are most profuse bloomers, and have maintained their rights there for many years in spite of hard usage. I admire them more than any cultivated columbine I have ever seen.

Along the rivers and creeks in secluded and rocky places, and quite rare, is the mountain pink. It is a single stem, often two feet high, with thin foliage and ending in a spike of most brilliant red or scarlet flowers. Another and very different plant also called a pink, is quite abundant both in timber and on the prairie. It is a peculiar plant, I am at a loss to describe it. Its height is ten or twelve inches, the petals spring directly from the stalk for a few inches at its top like thin brightly painted leaves, they are of every shade of color from the most brilliant scarlet and bright yellow to almost white, they grow in sets or clusters, and are often very conspicuous.

Blue violets are very abundant, everywhere, and from early spring until autumn frosts have found every nook and corner of garden and forest, the modest beauty of the violet may be seen if sought for. I have seen prairie knolls in the distance tinged with blue from the abundance of violets.

The compass plant, or rosin weed, is curious from the fact that its large, coarse, and deeply cut leaves, where not too much disturbed, stand with their edges to the north and south. If they spring from the ground or stalk in any other position, they will gradually twist round until their tips are pointing to the poles. It has a rough stalk four to six feet in height which bears a number of yellow sunflower-like blossoms two or three inches in diameter, these mostly face the east. The old dead stalk furnishes a white gum or rosin, which has qualities not unlike the spruce gum of commerce, and is frequently collected by children and chewed, being decidedly preferable to the article sold as "chewing gum."

The wild touch-me-not is rare, but may be seen occasionally by the side of rivers and creeks, growing in great luxuriance, its soft succulent stalks, if well protected, attaining a height of several feet and wholly unable to bear their own weight if once removed from their natural support.

All along the border of the timber lands and groves, the thickets of wild plum, crab apple and hawthorn, make a most lovely wilderness of bloom in the spring time and the air is fragrant for miles around.

T. E. BUNDY.

Van Cleve, Iowa.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters tell me the name of my cactus? It is round and has purple blossoms. It came from Colorado where it grows in the crevices of the rocks in soil that has accumulated there from time to time, sometimes there is hardly soil enough to hold it. It grows the best in clay and it does not want much water. I have had mine for over one year and it is growing freely.

I wish to tell the sisters that I have a very pretty wreath made of grasses such as grow in our gardens, and it stays green all winter. I took a stick and tied the grasses on with cord and put in some everlasting flowers, and then I brought the ends together and tied them underneath. It was very pretty when done.

Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your Florida subscribers tell us how to treat the cactus and other plants they send us through our system of exchanges. I have a quantity of beautiful cacti which people tell me I must treat to a rest in winter. Now I want them in my windows. They grow well and look well, and if it is not necessary to put them behind the door or in a dark close, I shall not do it. Indeed, I don't intend to any way until some southern sister tells me I must.

ELIZABETH.

The Nursery.

A MOTHER-SONG.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Sleep, baby, sleep! The Christmas stars are shining,
Clear and bright the Christmas stars climb up the
vaulted sky;
Low hangs the pale moon, in the west declining;
Sleep, baby, sleep, the Christmas morn is nigh!
Hush, baby, hush! For Earth her watch is keeping;
Watches and waits she the angels' song to hear;
Listening for the swift rush of their wings down sweep-
ing,
Joy and peace proclaiming through the midnight clear.
Dream, baby, dream! The far-off chimes are ringing;
Tenderly and solemnly the music soars and swells;
With soft reverberation the happy bells are swinging,
While each to each responsive the same sweet story
tells!
Hark, baby, hark! Hear how the choral voices,
All jubilantly singing, take up the glad refrain,
"Unto you is born a Saviour"—while heaven with
earth rejoices,
And all its lofty battlements re-echo with the strain!
Wake, baby, wake! For, lo! in floods of glory
The Christmas day advances over the hills of morn!
Wake, baby, wake! and smile to hear the story
How Christ, the Son of Mary, in Bethlehem was born.
—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

AUNTIE MAY'S STORY.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

IT WAS Christmas night and the grandchildren of the house of Conrad had gathered in the spacious parlor for Auntie May's promised story. Auntie May was acknowledged by all as a first-class story-teller. She could tell true stories and those that were not true, only she always stated in the beginning to which class they belonged, for Auntie May was no deceiver. Indeed, she not only told the nicest stories imaginable, but she also wrote delightful, little articles for children's papers and for the "children's corner" in grown-up papers. There were thirteen grandchildren in all belonging to this ancestral tree. A portion of the Conrad family were city dwellers, two daughters clung to the ancestral home, and one son lived by the sea. It was their custom, and one to which they resolutely clung, to visit their childhood home, bringing thither their children, each year at Christmas-tide. The prosperous city merchant, and the rich banker, were boys again at this happy time with their own boys, beneath their father's roof. Time was silverying the hair and aging the form of grandfather and grandmother Conrad, but their smile was the same, and their greeting as of yore, when these sober, sedate men and women were laughing children wending their way in the morning hour to the schoolhouse over the hills, returning at night-fall laden oftentimes with treasures rare. Time had not changed the spirit of their home. The same tender love and fostering care were there, and though they could fill their own homes with costliest works of art, they could not buy with gold these home associations, these shining memories dear. Two of the Conrad grandchildren were away at this time. Ned and Harry Conrad grown to larger boys now, and "gone to sea." So there were but eleven tonight who gathered around the open fire to listen to auntie's story, while the Christmas greens glistened and glowed in the warm, bright light.

Auntie began by saying she could not tell if the story were true or otherwise since it was one she heard a city lady read to a group of children the summer before.

"When you were at the cape, auntie?" exclaimed several.

"Yes, dears, when I was at the delightful town upon old Cape Cod in south eastern Massachusetts. The lady gave the story so beautifully I have remembered it. I wish I could give it in the exact language but that you know is impossi-

ble. It was at a children's picnic and the broad, heaving ocean was in full view. Just think of the stories of the sea Ned and Harry will give us when they return?" and the children gathered closer together and nearer auntie as they thought of the wide distance that separated their little group to-night, even the trackless ocean, and the possible return, that might be. But the sadness was but for a moment for the spirit of Christmas-tide was upon all to-night. Auntie began again:

"Far away in a great city a choir of singers were practicing their Christmas music. They were said to be the best trained choir in the city, at any rate they were among the best, and the chorister was truly pardonable in feeling a certain degree of pride in their proficiency. The leading tenor and soprano had each the benefit of foreign study and travel as well as home culture, and they hoped upon the coming Christmas eve, especially the soprano, to win greater laurels than ever before. After the rehearsal as the sexton was turning down the lights, and the music of the great organ was still throbbing through the gloomy recesses and along the aisle-ways the singers were chatting gaily together as singers do, gathering up their music, and so on, the soprano detected a sob, and looking down she beheld a little boy, gazing steadfastly at her. His clothes were old and poor; his hat minus a brim, and his boots so worn his toes peeped through. Without thought she uttered, "Poor little fellow, what do you want?"

"To hear you sing again," he replied. "To hear me sing again," she repeated. "Well, Tot, you shall. Here is a ticket for the Christmas concert. You know the hall, street and number. Be there in the seat your ticket indicates. I shall look for you. Do not fall me. I want you." And little Tot was there. And presently the chorus began filing in. Tot had never seen so many singers together before, and he had often been to rehearsals, for he was passionately fond of music. His father was a professional singer, and his mother a woman of refined tastes, but the early death of his father, and poverty for himself and mother had made life a desolate waste, yet the love of music was in the child. And now the white fingers of the organist run over the keys, and in a moment such a burst of music as greets the audience, it is a "Hallelujah Chorus." Then all is still, and the soprano in white satin and flashing diamonds steps out upon the platform. Her eyes run over the great mass of people and rest finally upon a little recumbent figure in the first gallery upon the second seat back. This is Tot. In a moment more the tones of her beautiful voice reach every corner of the hall. Just through her solo she sings, then retires. A perfect hush pervades for the space of half a moment; then a stir is heard, and in a moment more the round of applause is deafening. The soprano's success has been perfect. After the concert is ended the singers gather about her, eager in their congratulations, and the morning papers herald her as one of the finest singers the city has known. But she knows that Tot, his recognition of her talent, was a wonderful help to her, and now comes the best part. Unlike many selfish people she did not forget little Tot but sought out the child. His mother lived but a few months and then little Tot became her special charge. She found his musical talent developed rapidly. She placed him under the best instruction the city afforded, and before he reached the age of twenty years he was spoken of as the most promising singer of his day, and to the soprano, the kind-hearted singer, bread cast upon the waters was returning after many days,

for her own voice failing, Tot was now her support and stay. From her own disinterested act she was reaping many fold. The kind word to the little ragged boy had been the means of his salvation as well as untold good to herself. This is the story the lady by the sea read to the children gathered around her, and now let us hear from you, my Edith," said auntie, addressing the eldest child present, a miss of fifteen summers.

"Shall I say what I think of the story?"

"Yes."

"I do not believe it is true."

"And if it is?"

"It is beautiful."

"And if it is not?"

"It is beautiful."

"Make it your story then," said auntie, "and let your young lives take on hues like unto it, endeavor to possess the spirit of good will and sweet-heartedness that was manifest in the beautiful singer; so shall your life be like unto hers in its flowers of fairest bloom. Though you may not be able to accomplish any one great or perfect deed, it is little acts of love that lend beauty all the way." Just at this point grandpa raked the fire, and grandma brought in the apples and nuts, which was a signal that auntie's story for that time was finished.

But when little Maud was lifted from her chair an hour later fast asleep it was noticed she had reserved more than half her share of nuts "for old Auntie Blake," she had whispered to Edith, whom she was sure had noae, and if one had had access to Edith's pocket diary they would have seen written there the question, "What shall I do with auntie's story?" and the answer, "Make it true in my own life."

STORIES OF MYTHOLOGY

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE PRINCE WHO RODE IN THE AIR.

There was once in a country great trouble about a fierce monster that attacked the peasants in the fields, and had killed and torn in pieces many people. The king of the country promised a large reward to any one who would free the land from this plague. But the monster was so large and strong and dreadful that no man would even venture near the forest where it lived.

This terrible animal is said to have been a three-headed, fire-breathing monster. The fore part of its body was that of a lion; the hind part that of a dragon, and the middle part that of a goat, and each of its three heads resembled that of one of the three animals. Probably the terrors of the people led them to exaggerate its horrors, but we may believe that it was a very terrible monster indeed. Every day it devoured three persons, and that part of the country where its ravages were committed, became almost a wilderness.

At last the king made proclamation that he would give his only daughter in marriage to any man who would bring the monster to him dead.

Not long after this there arrived at court a young and handsome prince from a distant country. He brought a letter of introduction to the king, who, when he read it, smiled curiously. It was a very singular letter, and this was what made the king smile. He was commanded to welcome the young prince kindly, and at a proper opportunity to have him killed. It seems that the prince had some enemies in his own land, and they had contrived this way to get rid of him.

A happy thought entered the king's mind. He did not wish to outrage the rights of hospitality and kill the young man outright, nor did he consider it prudent to ignore altogether the request of

the king who wished the prince killed. He would send him against the monster that was ravaging his kingdom. He might possibly slay the monster, but he would be sure to be killed himself. Whatever the result, good was sure to come of it.

The young prince did not have to be urged to undertake the dangerous mission. He was strong and brave-hearted, and, besides, he had caught a glimpse of the fair face of the young princess who had been promised as a prize to the victor. He made ready for the fray, put on his armor and saddled his steed.

Now this horse was a wonderful creature. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that it was a real flying horse. It was a stately, white beast, with silvery mane and tail, and a pair of gauze-like wings large enough to carry it through the air like a bird. Bellerophon, did I tell you that this was the prince's name? guided him with a golden bridle, and the winged horse carried him wherever he wished to go.

Mounted on this marvelous flying horse the young prince went out to fight the horrible three-headed monster. He had not gone far when an old man stepped up to him. The man held in his hand a black spear and said, "I will give you this spear because your heart is innocent and good. With this you can go out and discover the monster, and it will not be able to harm you."

Bellerophon thanked the good peasant, took the spear, placed it on his shoulders, and without delay sought the haunt of his formidable enemy. It was not long before he caught sight of the animal coming towards him, and fiercely making ready to spring. The youth put his spear in rest, and, obedient to his touch, the winged horse rose in the air lightly as a bird. In wild rage the fierce beast sprang violently toward him, and was met by the spear, on the point of which he ran, and as it pierced him to the heart the terrible monster fell dead.

After this the youth went to the king and demanded his daughter in marriage, according to the royal decree. You can imagine how the king felt when he saw Bellerophon alive and unharmed, and was told that the three-headed monster was slain. Of course, he felt relieved to know that his land was free from the terrible scourge, but what to do with the young man he hardly knew. He could not consent to accept him as his son-in-law, and he did not just like to anger him by a refusal. Finally he told him that before he could marry his daughter he must bring to the palace the scalps of a hundred Mysians.

The Mysians were a very brave nation of stout warriors, and the king thought that Bellerophon would certainly lose his life before he secured the hundred scalps.

But it was an easy matter enough for the prince, for mounted on the winged horse he rode straight into the Mysian country, and no one harmed him. At the end of six days he returned with not only one hundred but two hundred scalps. The king was amazed, yet when the prince asked him for his bride he again put him off.

"Catch me the stag with golden hoofs that feeds by the river Cayster," said the king, "and you can have my daughter."

Bellerophon did not murmur nor complain, he only said, "I will bring you the golden-hoofed stag in three days." Then he mounted his steed and rode away.

Sure enough, the third day he appeared leading the stag with golden hoofs which trotted behind him as docile as you please. But the king and his court were absent with the army that had marched to defend the land against the Mysians.

The youth gave the stag to the care of the royal grooms and mounting his horse

again rode away to the battle field. When he reached the place he found that a large number of the king's troops had already fallen, and those who remained, were giving way before the enemy. Then the young prince fell upon the rear of the Myrian army and began slaying the warriors as though they had been stubble. As soon as they saw the armed figure mounted on the strange horse the enemy lost their courage and finally took to flight. Bellerophon thus saved the king from defeat, but not from death, for he had fallen in the fight, and his crown was trampled into the dust.

When the soldiers saw that they were without a king, they clashed their swords upon their shields, and raised upon their bucklers the brave young hero who had fought so nobly for them, and proclaimed him their sovereign. High in air, upon this breathing pedestal of warriors, the graceful prince stood with uplifted arms, and the setting sun burned upon his golden hair till it shone like fire.

So Bellerophon became king and wedded his princess at last. There was a happy bridal, at which there was much feasting and merry music upon stringed instruments, and the festivities lasted a twelve month and a day. As for the winged steed he did not remain long with Bellerophon after his marriage. He grew tired of his marble stall and silver manger, and at last flew off toward heaven, and that was the last that we read of Pegasus. But if you will look up into the sky some evening in November, you will behold almost directly overhead the flying steed, or what there is left of him, for there are only a few stars in his head and tail.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I presume that most of you have seen a Christmas tree, and many know that the pretty and pleasant custom of hanging gifts on its boughs comes from Germany; but perhaps all of you have not heard or read the story that is told to little German children, respecting the origin of this custom. The story is called "The Little Stranger," and runs as follows:

In a small cottage on the borders of a forest lived a poor laborer, who gained a scanty living by cutting wood. He had a wife and two children who helped him in his work. The boy's name was Valentine, and the girl was called Mary. They were obedient, good children, and a great comfort to their parents. One winter evening, this happy little family were sitting quietly round the hearth, the snow and wind raging outside, while they ate their supper of dry bread, when a gentle tap was heard on the window, and a childish voice cried from without: "Oh, let me in, pray! I am a poor little child, with nothing to eat and no home to go to, and I shall die of cold and hunger unless you let me in."

Valentine and Mary jumped up from the table and ran to open the door saying, "Come in, poor little child! We have not much to give you, but whatever we have, we will share with you."

The stranger child came in and warmed his frozen hands and feet at the fire, and the children gave him the best they had to eat, saying: "You must be tired, too, poor child! Lie down on our bed; we can sleep on the bench for one night."

Then said the little stranger child: "Thank God for all your kindness to me!"

So they took their little guest into their sleeping room, laid him on the bed, covered him over, and said to each other: "How thankful we ought to be! We have warm rooms and a cozy bed, while this poor child has only heaven for his

roof and the cold earth for his sleeping place."

When their father and mother went to bed Mary and Valentine lay quite contentedly on the bench near the fire, saying, before they fell asleep: "The stranger child will be so happy to-night in his warm bed."

These kind children had not slept many hours before Mary awoke and softly whispered to her brother: "Valentine, dear, wake, and listen to the sweet music under the window."

Then Valentine rubbed his eyes and listened. It was sweet music indeed, and sounded like beautiful voices singing to the tones of a harp.

"O holy Child, we greet thee! bringing
Sweet strains of harp to aid our singing,
Thou, holy Child, in peace art sleeping,
While we our watch without are keeping.
Blest be the house wherein thou liest,
Happiest on earth, to heaven the nighest."

The children listened while a solemn joy filled their hearts; then they stepped softly to the window to see who might be without.

In the east was a streak of rosy dawn, and in its light they saw a group of children standing before the house, clothed in silver garments, holding golden harps in their hands. Amazed at this sight, the children were still gazing out of the window, when a light tap caused them to turn round. There stood the stranger child before them clad in a golden dress, with a gleaming radiance round his curling hair. "I am the little Christ-child," he said, "who wanders through the world bringing peace and happiness to good children. You took me in and cared for me when you thought me a poor child, and now you shall have my blessing for what you have done."

A fir tree grew near the house; and from this he broke a twig, which he planted in the ground, saying: "This twig shall become a tree, and shall bring forth fruit year by year for you."

No sooner had he done this than he vanished, and with him the little choir of angels.

But the fir branch grew and became a Christmas tree, and on its branches hung golden apples and silver nuts every Christmas-tide.

Such, little friends, is the story told to German children concerning their beautiful Christmas trees, though we know that the real Christ-child can never be wandering, cold and homeless, again, in this world, for he is safe in heaven, yet we may gather from this story the same beautiful truth that is so plainly taught in the Bible. That any one who helps a child in distress, be it a brother, or sister, or playmate; who shares with the cold and homeless ones the things that make them warm, and happy, it will be counted unto them, as if they had done it unto Christ himself. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these" my children, "ye have done it unto me."

AUNTIE FLANDERS.

SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS.

"Mis'ress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells
All in a row."

Most of us children, little and big, have recited this verse, but comparatively few know there is a meaning attached to the last two lines. At the time this rhyme was made there were really "silver bells and cockle shells," and in rows, too, though not growing in gardens.

In those days—some two hundred years ago—there were no coaches. Ladies traveled and visited on horseback, sometimes riding on a saddle or pillion behind a gentleman or man servant, and sometimes managing their own horses, with the gentleman riding alongside, or the groom following behind. The equip-

ments or trappings of these horses were very rich and costly. Generally the cloth which half covered them and on which they rode would be of the finest woolen or silken material, handsomely embroidered. On grand occasions, or when the lady was very wealthy or noble, crimson velvet or cloth-of-gold would be used, edged with gold fringes and sprinkled with small pearls. The saddles and bridles were even more richly decorated, being often set with jewels or silver ornaments, called "goldsmith's work."

One fashion very popular in the times of Henry VII., and Henry VIII., of England, was to have the bridle studded with a row of tiny silver cockle shells, and its edge hung with little silver bells, which, with the motion of the horse, kept up a merry jingle. Bells were also fastened to the point of the stirrup, which was formed like the toe of a shoe.

And this partly explains another old nursery rhyme, made, no doubt about the same time:

"Ride a gray horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady go on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
So she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is a very old book preserved at Skipton Castle in England, the account book of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. In this book, among a great many other entries, little and great, is one of the purchase by the Earl of "a saddle and bridle for my lady, embossed of silver cockle shells, and hung with silver bells," and on the same page is another entry of "a hawk for my lady, with silken jesses, and a silver bell for the same." It was the custom for noble ladies to ride with a hawk perched upon their wrists; and this Countess of Cumberland, who is said to have been beautiful and stately, must have looked very grand when thus equipped.—*St. Nicholas.*

A QUEER COASTING-PLACE.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

Cuzco, the ancient capital of the old Inca Empire of Peru, is situated high up among the Andes, at a point so elevated that, although under the tropics, it has the climate and products of the temperate zone. It still has many remains of Inca architecture, distinguished for its massiveness, which are likely to endure for centuries to come. On a hill, or eminence, nearly a thousand feet high, overlooking the city, are the remains of the great Inca fortress of the Sac-sa-huaman, in the storming of which Juan Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, was slain. This fortress was built of gigantic stones, or rather rocks, and their great size and the accuracy with which they are fitted together astonish all who see them.

In front of this fortress is a curious, dome-shaped mass of rock, called the Ro-da-dero, and sometimes also *La Piedra Lisa*, or "smooth rock," because its convex surface is grooved, as if the rock had been squeezed up, while in a plastic state, between irregular and unyielding walls, and then hardened into shape. A mass of dough, forced up under the outspread hands, would give something of the same appearance in miniature. But the hollows of the grooves on the Peruvian hill are smooth and glassy. It is said in the old chronicles and traditions, that the Inca youth, long years ago, amused themselves by coursing, or sliding, through these polished grooves on festival days and holy days; and this custom is still practiced by the modern youth of Cuzco.

There is one advantage, and it is a great one, too, which these boys possess over the northern boys, who live in the land of ice and snow, and that is, it is not necessary for them to toil up a long and slippery hill, dragging after

them their heavy sleds which grow heavier with every step they take, so that the longer they ride the harder work it is to get back to the starting-place. The Cuzco boy sits down at the top of the rock in one of the grooves, and, with a slight start, away he goes with all the speed imaginable, until he reaches the bottom, landing in a soft bed of earth; then he picks himself up, runs around to an easy place of ascent, and is up again in a minute to repeat his ride.—*St. Nicholas.*

GEORGE'S PETS.

I suppose most of the little boys of THE HOUSEHOLD have pets, but not many in the eastern part of Massachusetts have such a strange one as George has. Perhaps the little boys in Florida have, now you can guess what it is. Yes, an alligator! George's papa brought him two, last spring, when he came home from there, and all the boys and girls in the village came to see them.

One of the alligators had a pretty good appetite, and would open a very wide mouth when an oyster was offered him, but the other one seemed to pine for his native home, and died. George and his sisters had visited the natural history rooms, and seen there the skeletons of many different animals—a very interesting study for little folks—and among the rest was an alligator. They thought the chance was offered them of obtaining one, so he was carefully laid in a little box with flowers about him and buried; but other little boys have dogs for pets, and I think they must have found it, for George and his sisters have searched in vain for the skeleton.

The other alligator has had several narrow escapes from death. Once this summer he got out of his box and jumped off of the roof of the piazza; we never expected to see him again, but George heard his curious little bark, that revealed his hiding place and he was soon in his box again. George has other pets now and the alligator has to share the attention of the boys. Perhaps I will tell you about them sometime.

H. E. B.

AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"O, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have strength enough to be out late nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate them; they have strength enough to waste on wine or beer or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run and leap and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do. Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so, when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning of life's course.

They are to be won, not accepted; and the man who is bound to have an easy place now, may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within reach of lazy people.

The Library.

PROPOSITIONS.

BY ANGIE FULLER.

Time makes us debtors, and we cannot pay
Some of our dues, they are so very great,
So wily reaching, we in vain essay
Their actual worth rightly to estimate.

But if we will to do it, we can make
Ourselves large benefactors—make our name
Synonymous of all good things men take
To levy upon gratitude a claim.

The words we utter with a passing breath,
May fall upon some hearts as drops of balm,
Healing the wounds that hurt them nigh to death,
And leaving in their place a restful calm.

And trivial acts of kindness, which but cost
A scarce f'st motion of the footer hand,
Though they may seem waste on time's ocean tossed,
Only to peish on an unknown strand,

May prove full-freighted ships, destined to ball
Us some time, when we are sore tempest-tossed,
To give us compass anchor, mast and sail,
And teach us that no kindly act is lost.

Teach us, God notices each word and deed,
And faithfully our toil and trust repays,
Gives to us all, of credit, our full meed,
And well rewards, even though He long delays.

A HALF-HOUR WITH EMERSON.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

I TRUST no one will fancy that I am about to attempt any criticism of Emerson and his works, now when the magazines are full of brilliant and exhaustive articles upon him, the fine expression of those fine minds of our age which natural sympathy, supplemented by the thought and careful training of years, has rendered capable of fitly appreciating his peculiar genius. To these I refer all who wish for extended analysis and criticism.

I wish only to say a few words to those readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who have been asking, or wishing, for direction in their reading, and to show them as briefly and clearly as possible what a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of thought, and interest, and profit they may find in the books that bear this beloved and illustrious name, if they will but take courage to sink the first tentative shaft, and search for the ore which lies ready for all who have the eyes to see and the capacity to grasp it and make it their own.

It must be borne in mind that Emerson is not an author to be read hastily, or to be read once and put on the shelf. Let us commune with him leisurely, thoughtfully and frequently, picking up his written thoughts every now and then, like our favorite poet, that we may soar away with him for a happy half-hour into the pure, clear, exhilarating realm of the spirit—the spirit whose breath is high and noble thought that leads to noble endeavor.

For the time, we are lifted to his own level, and even though we must soon sink back to our own, a little giddy after our flight, perhaps, we are the better for the temporary exaltation, since it has given us a vision of a higher and better life than ours, into which we may at least strive to attain, and be the better for the striving, whether the actual goal be reached or not.

A friend, a rarely cultured and gifted woman, recently told me that she had long made a practice of keeping a volume of Emerson within easy reach, on table, desk, or lounge, so that when she came in tired or worried, and dropped down for a few moments' rest, she might solace and refresh herself with some wise, true thought, or quaint saying, gleaned from its pages. She said that to her he was always a tonic, stirring her up to some high endeavor, and brightening her hopes.

The word "tonic" is aptly chosen. I can think of no other which indicates so

clearly the quality of his genius, and the effect it has upon all minds brought within its influence.

This lady's method of reading Emerson could hardly be improved upon. It is only by making him a familiar and trusted friend that he will yield to us the richest treasures of his thought. It is only by yielding ourselves to be nourished and developed by them that they can work in us their broadest measure of good.

It has seemed the fashion with some to speak of Emerson as visionary, unpractical, obscure, and difficult to understand, with a lack of connection in thought and style. Some have gone so far as to assert that the continuity and connection of thought are so slight that little difference would be found in the sense of his essay if we were to begin at the end and read it backwards.

It is true that his sentences are marked by the absence of many of the connective words and phrases employed by more leisurely writers. He does not repeat or greatly amplify his thought. He leaves the reader to do his own thinking, form his own conclusions. His images and illustrations are original and unusual, though often wonderfully apt and practical. But in all this I fail to find any thing really obscure.

Though to some his aspirations and ideals may seem visionary, they are, nevertheless, animated with the highest, profoundest truth. Their roots are as deeply, firmly fixed as those of the sacred tree yggdrasil, which, according to Scandinavian mythology, binds together heaven, earth and hell; and it is well for us to understand this. It is well for us once in a while to push aside the superficialities and puffed up unrealities which so impose upon us as they loom upon our path through life, it is well to sweep them away, or let some one do it for us, that we may look out with unbiased, unwavering eyes on what is in itself, and for all time and all stages of existence, true, and truly great, good, and enduring.

It may be as truly said of Emerson as of Milton, that his soul is "like a star and dwells apart." His home is on the heights, and only those who have aspirations thereto can truly understand his message and follow whither he calls. There are many such, however, among the readers of this paper, or I have woefully gone astray in my reading of their minds as revealed through both published and private communications. It is to these that this little paper is addressed. It was to such as these that Emerson wrote.

But if in turning over the eloquent pages of his books, we discover that they are not eloquent for us, if the mind perceives nothing there which it instinctively seizes upon and enjoys, if the meaning sentences have no special meaning for our hearts, but seem prosy, extravagant or unpractical, then let us close the volume and put it aside. The time may come when they will seem surcharged with significance, a source of unfailing delight. But for the present we have nothing to do with them. Emerson himself has given us a few wise, true words in this connection. Let me repeat them:

"No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall never be the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we may not see the things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened, then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream."

With what clear, strong tones he teaches us the dignity of individual effort, of self-reliance, as opposed to assumption and self-conceit.

"My life is for myself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding."

* * * What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

"Human character evermore publishes itself."

"We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment."

"So much virtue as there is, so much appears, as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands."

"If you would not be known to do a thing, never do it. Be, and not seem. Let us lie low in the Lord's power, and learn that truth alone makes rich and great. * * * Insist on yourself, never imitate."

"Every man has his vocation. The talent is the call. This talent and this call depend on his organization, or the mode in which the general soul incarnates itself in him."

"The way to speak and write what will not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely. * * * Never was a sincere word utterly lost."

His ideal of friendship is a high one. It would do us good to consider it well. He says:

"There are two elements which go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. * * * The other element of friendship is tenderness."

"We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self elected. * * * My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. * * Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine, a possession for all time. * * The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer to a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye."

"But only that soul can be my friend which I encounter on the line of my own march, that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experience."

"The goods which belong to you gravitate to you, and need not be pursued with pains and cost."

"The magnanimous know well that they who give time or money or shelter to the stranger—so it be done for love and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves."

SHAKESPEARE AND OTHER READING.

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

—Ben Jonson.

The fall and winter evenings are again at hand and there are many who begin to question what they shall do to pass them at once profitably and pleasantly.

There are so many different ways of employing the evenings that it is difficult to decide just what is best. Among literary pleasures, in which are combined both pleasure and profit, none can be said to be of greater merit than the reading of Shakespeare.

There are many ways of accomplishing this, but, perhaps the easiest is found in the following method:

A party of thirteen friends, in one of our large cities, were discussing the merits of the great bard one evening and questioning who among them had read all his works. Finding that few of them had read all, they agreed that one of the pleasantest ways would be to meet together once a week and read aloud. Not meeting formally but simply, if possible, at each other's residences. The plan was an excellent one. They soon agreed upon a play, with which to commence, and then the oldest among them assigned to each a character or more, according to the number in the play.

They met a week later having previously spent part of their time in reading over the parts assigned to them.

Upon meeting, without any formality of electing officers, it was agreed that they would meet once in two weeks, or oftener, as it seemed best.

The play, which chanced to be "The Comedy of Errors," was then announced by the person having the first character to speak. Reading the part so far as it went, the play was then continued by each one reading as the different characters came in, whom they were supposed to impersonate. The play lasted nearly two hours and was pronounced by all to be intensely interesting. Another play was assigned, or rather agreed upon, and the characters given to each one.

The majority saw how good it was that they could gather one evening in a week, enjoy the pleasure of meeting friends, and, without formality, read the plays, that to many, reading alone, would have seemed dull and insipid.

In addition to that fact they found as each one had only one or two parts that they could fancy the individual in the play was really talking. They had in fact all but action that is seen on the stage.

In the course of the winter they read all the best of Shakespeare's works and felt well repaid. Their hope is now, to continue, and improve with practice, until they have read all the poet's works and his best ones twice. One lays up such a store of information by reading, it is to be wondered at that we do not find more of these informal gatherings.

One evening in a week thus devoted to amusement and instruction combined, in a fall, winter and spring, has given a better general knowledge of the works of Shakespeare to all, and the time thus spent they will never regret.

There are many in other cities and towns who cannot, like the above-mentioned persons, read when they will, in poetry and prose, who could give up one evening a week to it and profit thereby. Many who could read alone would rather meet socially and combine the two.

Dicken's works have also been read in this way, but not so successfully as they are necessarily longer, and to many less interesting.

There are more formal methods of reading Shakespeare but none so interesting to the majority. In this case, as in many others, there were many of them

who objected to the formality of having officers, and the like paraphernalia of an organized club, who were willing to meet informally.

The opening meeting in the fall was given up to music and recitations, before they commenced their first play; the closing one to a short play with music.

In this, as in all reading, we should aim to make ourselves better masters of the art, in other words, to "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest."

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

WILLIAM MORRIS' HOME.

Not far from Hammersmith Bridge, facing one of the few unincumbered bits of foreshore, dwells Mr. William Morris, in a house which looks as though it might have been enticing in some early day before its face was ruined and disfigured. Despite its air of tumble down, Kelmscott House is a home of culture. From its doors issue poems, pictures, and new designs in wall-coverings, varied by occasional expressions of emotional socialism. Not many yards from the abode of all this sweetness and light is a miserable purlieue where ragged urchins play upon an unsavory pavement. This alley really forms part of the mall, and it abuts upon a slimy creek, where at high water a barge will occasionally put in. A wooden bridge covers this little creek, and it is shut in by dark green walls built down into the mud and ooze. The scene upon a bright day, when the water is up and the sun intensifies the gaudy greens and yellows of the barges lying under the bridge, is extremely picturesque. But if you stand upon that bridge at midnight in a gusty rain when the moon is waning or is hidden behind a bank of clouds, your sensations will be somewhat eerie. The river swirls sullenly past the entrance to the creek, the rain patters dismally upon the water, and one recalls with a shiver gruesome stories of mediaeval tragedies upon Venetian lagoons. Collapsible bridges and dungeons which lead to the water's edge are bad things to muse over at bedtime; but one thinks of them involuntarily when seeking for river-side romances at midnight.—*The Magazine of Art.*

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

Any one having the verses of "Sitting round the Heathstone" will confer a favor if they will send me a card stating what they wish in return for them.

MRS. A. H. COOK.

Ames, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one favor me with the poem commencing,

"Music was heard on the Cydnus wave,
And a stately galley rowed
To the measured chime of the dipping oars
Where the silver waters flowed.
And under an awning rich and rare,
Or the web of Egypt's loom?"

I will return postage. ESTELLA J. HARTLEY.

Ansonia, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please send me the poem entitled "The Three Sisters: or Mercy, Charity and Virtue?" In the last verse are these words:

"I am lost and lost forever."

I would also like the poem in which this verse occurs:

"Farewell, I have loved thee as few have been loved,
With a faith unsuspecting, a trust unreproved,
Till too late the hard lesson my bosom received,
In scorn I retire, in silence I grieve."

Granite, Utah.

MAY B. EUNO.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one of THE HOUSEHOLD readers tell me where I can get the old song, words and music, which has these verses:

"Faint is the starlight,
Swift is the tide;
Fleet as a fairy,
My light bark doth glide.

Round me and over
The dark sky alone,
Yet one light shineth—
I come to my own."

Salisbury, Mass. MRS. D. M. LOWELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me, either printed or copied, the words of the poem entitled "Ida, the Maid of the Mill," also, the words of the poem entitled "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower?" I wish very much to get them, and I will return the favor if I can. I will also return postage.

MISS ETTA BURNS.

59 South St., Lynn, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send me the song in which these lines occur:

"Then march to the roll of the drum,
It summons the brave to the plain,
Where the hero contends for his home,
Which, perchance, he may never see again."

Also, the song,

"I am going to leave you, mother,
So remember what I say
Do, but won't you please, mother,
Put my little shoes away."

I will return the favor in any way I can.

EMMA WATKINS.

Harper, Gillespie Co., Texas.

THE REVIEWER.

Those who gathered both instruction and pleasure from "The House that Jack Built," some two years ago, will be ready to welcome a new work by the same author, the well known architect Mr. E. C. Gardner. In HOMES AND ALL ABOUT THEM, we have the same easy, story-like, yet practical manner of teaching people how and where their houses should be built, and how finished, outside and in. When people learn that they can have a pretty and convenient cottage for the same price for which their neighbor, perhaps, has built a bare, ugly little house, and that they can indulge in corner fire-places and irregular staircases and verandas if they only know just how, we may hope for a reform in many of our country towns where beautiful situations abound which are never built upon, and where the less costly houses are generally built after the same bare, unattractive plan. Mr. Gardner has undertaken a real reform and we heartily wish him success. The book is finely illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood.

The delight of the children at the announcement of a new volume of the Bodley series will be mingled with real regret that it is also to be the last. THE VIKING BODLEYS possesses all the charm which has pervaded the preceding volumes, the story of the pleasant family journey through Denmark and Norway giving more real information about these countries and their inhabitants than many of the more pretentious books of travel, and in such a pleasing and interesting manner that the book cannot be read without instructing, while entertaining the young reader. Mr. Scudder has done much for the youthful book lovers, but never more than in this delightful series of books. The volume is profusely illustrated and very handsomely gotten up. Price \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

We have received a copy of ART RECREATIONS, A GUIDE TO DECORATIVE ART, edited by Marion Kemble, in which directions are given for drawing, painting, hammered brass or "repoussé" work, transferring patterns, charcoal and crayon drawing, etching, photograph painting, pottery decoration and china painting, tapestry painting, wax work, shell work, paper flowers, every thing almost in the line of decorative art which one could desire, and given in such a clear, concise manner and so definite regarding the many details, that one could meet with little difficulty in following any of them with no other instruction. To those who must help themselves in such matters this book will prove a valuable assistant. \$2.00. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.

THE REJECTED KING is the title of a little volume of devotional poems by Rev. Wm. T. Sleeper, containing much that is

excellent and helpful. Many of the twenty-two poems which make up the little book are filled with a devoutness of feeling which will appeal to all readers, and the sweet old promises are put before them in a form which takes nothing from their beauty. Print and binding are alike excellent, but we cannot praise the illustrations in which the book abounds. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Emily Faithfull's new work, entitled "THREE VISITS TO AMERICA," is now nearly ready. It is unlike all other books of travel, and rather a record of her observation of our people, institutions, etc., than an account of the country. It is a work which should be of interest to all reformers. By special arrangement with the publishers, the Fowler & Wells Co., of New York, it is published simultaneously here and in London. Price, \$1.50.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., will begin at an early date the publication of THE ARTIST'S LIBRARY, the object of which is to furnish art students, art designers, art manufacturers, and all interested in art, a series of valuable hand-books on the history and practical application of art. The works are by well-known foreign writers, and published under the patronage of the Administration of Fine Arts, at Paris. They are translated by competent authorities, and edited by Mr. John Sparkes, principal of the South Kensington art school. Numerous engravings will be given in each volume.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS, is the title of a charming collection of little songs for the children, compiled by Elizabeth N. Emerson and Gertrude Swayne, assisted by L. O. Emerson. The songs are of easy compass, well suited to childish voices, the melodies are pleasing and the words are many of them old favorites with the little ones. "The Day is Past," "Caill's Evening Prayer," "Beneath the Lilies," "The Bluebird," and "Run Little Rivulet," are particularly pretty, although it is difficult to make a selection from the sixty-two charming songs which the little book contains. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

We have received from the author, Mrs. H. M. Crider, of York, Pa., a little work entitled HOW TO GROW FINE CELERY. An examination of its pages proves it to be a practical treatise by one who has made a success of the celery plant. The whole subject of celery culture, and its requirements from the seed bed to the table, are plainly and pleasantly described.

The readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November will find cause for regret in that it brings them the conclusion of Mr. Black's charming historical romance, "Judith Shakespeare." "A Day with Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew," by Joseph Hutton, is delightful in its description of the beautiful gardens, and the beauty of its illustrations. The article on Columbia College is of great interest, as is also the concluding paper of the series, "The Great Hall of William Rufus," which has given many important historical points, overlooked in many histories of the time, and the illustrations are very fine. Mary Gay Humphrey's "Norman Fisher Folks," is well written and illustrated. "Nature's Serial Story" nears its conclusion, and Mr. Parkman's paper on "The Acadian Tragedy," robes the old story of much of its romance and poetry. Andrew Lang's sketch of "Sydney Smith," will find many interested and appreciative readers. Mr. Miller's excellent article on the "Harper Art Competition," contains much that should be considered thoughtfully by all art students. Excellent short stories are contributed by Harriet Prescott Spofford and W. T. Davis, and the beautiful sketch of chrysanthemums with its pretty illustrations will be admired by all flower lovers. The editorial departments contain much interesting matter. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November opens with a beautifully illustrated article, the first of two, by Edmund Kirke, giving a delightful description of a journey up the French Broad, and its wild and picturesque surroundings. "A Holiday in Scotland" is a fresh and interesting story of hunting and fishing in the Highlands by Norman Pearson. Catherine C. Hopley has an article on "Domestic Pets," and Eugene Didier

tells us of "American Authors and Artists in Rome," in one of his most interesting papers. "The Women's Paradise," by Theodore Child, gives a pleasant sketch of the great bazaars of Paris. Miss Tincker's serial is continued and there is a generous instalment of "A Week in Killarney." There are two readable short stories, and poems by Charles Hildreth and Marion Couthouy, and the usual amount of interesting matter in the editorial departments. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

When the tide is at the full, it turns. Our educational methods have been growing in system and severity, if not in perfection, for many years, and the demands upon the pupil have constantly increased, until the necessities for grading have become imperative, and the peculiarities of the individual are almost entirely ignored. It would seem impossible to carry this further, and any change now must be in some other direction. At this crisis, one of the brightest and most fearless of American writers comes forward with a strong argument against the whole system, a protest against the grading and cramming that take so much of the vitality out of the education we are giving to the rising generation. Edward Everett Hale in the November number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, makes a plea for "Half-time in Schools," which every parent and every school board ought to consider seriously. The old question, "Where are we, and where drifting?" was never more forcibly suggested than by an article in which Prof. Gilliland discusses "The African Problem." Other articles are: "Woman as a Political Factor," by Judge Robert C. Pitman, "Progress in Naval Armament," by Hobart Pasha, "Friendship in Ancient Poetry," by Principal J. C. Sharp, "Herbert Spencer's Latest Critic," by Prof. E. L. Youmans, "Over Illustration," by Charles T. Congdon, and "Restriction of the Suffrage," by William L. Scruggs. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

The edition of the November CENTURY will be the largest ever printed of that magazine. Besides the first chapters of Mr. Lowell's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," the story of an American business man. Its fiction will include "A Tale of Negative Gravity," by Frank R. Stockton, "Free Joe and the Rest of the World," an illustrated story by Joel Chandler Harris, and "The Lost Mine," by Thomas A. Janvier, with a full-page picture by Mary Hallock Foote. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis contributes a paper on "How Shall We Elect Our Presidents?"

The November number of the MAGAZINE OF ART will contain articles on "The American Salon," by W. C. Brownell, illustrated with engravings after F. A. Bridgeman, Wyatt, Eaton, Stewart, Boggs, Grayson and W. T. Dunn, a second chapter of "Head Gear in the Fifteenth Century," by Richard Heath, "Out of Town," by J. Penderell Brodhurst, with illustrations by Alan Barraud, "Betwixt Tavern and Tavern," by Percy Fitzgerald, with illustrations drawn by E. J. Lambert, "Old English Painter," by Edmund Oliver, with engravings after Riley, Walker, Nathaniel Bacon, and Peter and Isaac Oliver, and "French Furniture," by Eustace Balfour.

HOME SCIENCES for October gives, beside many other excellent papers, two articles of special value, "Home Education," the opening article, by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, and "Prohibition," by ex-Gov. St. John which will be, or should be read with profit by every one interested in the temperance cause. "Our Experiment in Home Building," by Julia McNair Wright, offers many sensible and practical suggestions. So, also, does the paper on "Luxurious Homes." Rev. Hugh Carpenter tells us "How to Sleep," and the editorial departments contain much that is both useful and interesting. \$2.50 a year. 25 cents a number. New York: Selden R. Hopkins, 29 Warren St.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, "H. H.," has a serial story running in the autumn numbers of WIDE AWAKE.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for November. Published weekly. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE KANSAS CITY REVIEW OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY for October. \$2.50 a year. Kansas City, Mo.: The Kansas City Review.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for November. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE ELECTRA for November. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Miss L. M. Leyburn.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for November. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for November. \$2.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for November. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE AMERICAN SEEDSMAN. A magazine and directory published monthly for the seed trade. \$3.00 a year. La Plume, Pa.: Isaac F. Tillinghast.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for November. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

Number Six.

IN THESE cold December days, none of us care to venture out without one of those warm, comfortable wraps known to the fashionable world as sacques, dolmans and circulars. The ulster is not so much worn, and under all circumstances must fit close to the figure.

Plush sacques or cloaks, the authorities tell us will be a specialty this season. They come only in one color, seal brown, in imitation of the real seal skin, and are generally lined with quilted silk or satin, and often trimmed with some kind of fur. We all know that a real seal skin cloak is a possession in itself, but these garments are about half the price of the real, and when made of silk plush are extremely handsome.

The dolman has the wide sleeve fitted into the back side form, and comes in a variety of material— seal brown plush, velvet, silk, heavy black or brown cloth, also ottoman silk and ottoman cloth. This wrap is very long, reaching almost to the bottom of the skirt. With a good pattern one might be made at home. They are single or double breasted, mostly lined, and may or may not be trimmed with fur.

A favorite trimming is made by tails of the fur, chenille trimming is also worn. With one of these delightful garments, we may defy the north wind, as some of the sisters in Michigan and the more northern circuit of THE HOUSEOLD will, I hope, be able to testify.

Bonnets and hats are, as usual, of every variety. Small bonnets of velvet or plush are much worn with the velvet or plush cloaks. The frame may be covered with the velvet, folded or wrinkled over the crown, and the brim, generally a small one, is covered with the plush and velvet combined. If feathers are used in the trimming, place them just in front, falling towards the back. A large bow of velvet decorates the side. The strings are wide and tie in a large bow under the chin. In the same way as last year, they are cut of soft silk and hemmed at the bottom and on either side.

The hats are beyond the limits of a circumscribed article like this, the variety is so great. I see very often the high, rather pointed crown, and broad brim, turned up on either side, the feathers placed on the side, falling towards the front. A band of trimming surrounds the crown, and may be finished on the side not trimmed with feathers in a bow, or pass through a buckle. Some of the hats are very like a man's in shape, a style much affected by the extremely stilyish. The different trimming, the curve of the brim, and the plumes, being at first sight the only perceptible difference.

A walking suit with sacque of the same material is very stilyish, but for those who can only afford one cloak for a winter's wear, nothing will be found more useful and satisfactory than the Jersey cloth cloak.

Fur is much used as a trimming, and braiding is often seen on basques, which, by the way, are worn more than any other style for waists. The polonaise is somewhat out of favor. The pretty shoulder cape holds its own. A costume of velvet and cashmere with its little cape of velvet is very effective. This fashion has come down to us from long ago, and we find old ladies who are apt to disapprove of to-day's fashions look quite tenderly on these little capes, and say how they "once" wore them. But ours are a little different in cut.

Velvet dog collars an inch and a half wide fastened under the chin with a small pin are worn with morning or evening dresses, and are very becoming. In full dress a velvet bag large enough to hold the handkerchief is added. A narrow black velvet ribbon run through the meshes of lace which edges the tops of the long evening gloves, makes a pretty finish, besides helping to keep the glove in place. It must be tied in a bow under the arm.

P. V. B.

USEFUL FANCY WORK.

BY MAXFIELD.

The term fancy work embraces a large list of articles—some so very fancy as to be devoid of all use and even doubtful as ornaments. I have visited in homes where every nook, every inch of the wall, was so crowded with this useless stuff that I have gone home utterly disgusted with even match boxes and lamp mats, and have firmly resolved never to do a stitch of fancy work that was not really ornamental and for which there was not an unmistakable use or need.

Some ornamentation is needed to take the bare, stiff look from the walls and give an air of cosiness and comfort, such as is seen and felt in a true home. But where a room wears the appearance of a bazaar, and one cannot stir without displacing some flimsy piece of straw, cardboard, or worsted work, whose beauty is seen only by its maker, and whose only use is to get under foot, one often feels that it is possible to have too much even of a good thing.

There are, however, some little things whose making pleasantly occupies the leisure moments, or serves as recreation, which are both useful and ornamental. Under this head I class the afghans I have completed during the past year. The first one I knit while at the seashore, and as I sat on the piazza I found that the work did not interfere with my enjoyment of the ocean which ebbed and flowed a few rods distant, nor hinder my appreciation of a gorgeous sunset, and I could chat with my next neighbor quite as fluently as though my hands had been idle.

For this afghan you will require twenty-two skeins of Germantown worsted; six skeins of black, four of light gray, two of dark gray, two of light red, one of dark red, two of light green, one of dark green, two of light blue, one of white, and one of yellow.

Cast on seventeen stitches for the light shades and fifteen for the black. Knit garter fashion as many different stripes as you have skeins, leaving out the yellow. Any desired arrangement of the colors can be made. The following is the way mine is put together: Black, light gray, dark gray, light gray, black, light red, dark red, light red, black, light blue, white, light blue, black, light green, dark green, light green, black, light gray, dark gray, light gray, black. Measure the stripes and have them all the same length as the skeins vary a trifle in size. Crochet the colored stripes together with black, and put the black stripes in with yellow. On the ends I crocheted a row of shells in black, and on the sides a simple chain stitch caught in every fourth stitch, to give it strength. This afghan is odd and has been much admired.

The other one is crocheted and requires ten skeins of black Germantown worsted, eleven skeins of cardinal, and one skein of white. Make four black stripes in tricot, for which set up twenty-eight stitches, or enough to make it seven inches wide when done. The three cardinal stripes are to be done in ribbed crochet, and should be nine inches in width, which will probably require thirty-six

stitches. Each stripe should be fifty-five inches long. The black stripes are embroidered with cardinal, the design on each being different. Two of mine are vines, the others set figures. The width of the patterns should be about the same, not over seventeen stitches. By looking over your old cross stitch patterns you will find some that can easily be adapted for the purpose. Each stripe is to be crocheted all round with white, and the whole put together with black. Tie in a full fringe top and bottom, black out of black, cardinal out of cardinal, with a few strands of white where the stripes come together, and put a black one between. This afghan is durable, not soiling easily, and looks well with almost any furniture.

Another afghan, a lounge quilt, I pieced of bits of flannel and woolen dress goods. The design was that commonly known as log cabin, and I began each square with a center piece of scarlet, arranging the colors so that stripes of light and dark ran diagonally across the quilt. The bits of cloth were run on to delaire—an old dress ripped and washed for the purpose. When these squares were joined I lined the whole with red flannel and trimmed the edge with a three-inch lace knit of scarlet Saxony. This one I use on the foot of my bed in winter, and find it not only comfortable but it gives the room a bright, warm, cozy look.

At the seaside this summer I saw a sort of bed spread that was both pretty and inexpensive. The materials were bits of white cloth, such as are usually put in the rag bag, and Turkey red. Eight half-squares of the white were joined to form a block eight inches square. These were sashed with a piece of the red two inches wide, with a two-inch square of white at the corners, instead of having the color in a continuous strip. The piecing was done on a sewing machine, the seams closely overcast, and the edge bound with a narrow strip of red. It looked very clean and pretty on the bed, could be washed as easily as a white spread, and the expense was very slight. If one could make the large squares whole, it would be prettier unless one wished to line and quilt it, which I should not advise as it would then be much harder to wash.

Much time is wasted in cutting to pieces whole cloth and then joining it in intricate designs, but where one has more leisure than money, the many scraps of garments may be utilized and make very good bedding.

CROCHET CLOVER-LEAF EDGE.

First, work four shells as follows: Seven chain; turn, in fourth stitch work three double crochet, one chain, three double crochet, (shell,) three chain, one double crochet in end stitch; turn, seven chain, three double crochet, one chain, three double crochet in center of shell below; turn, take up second stitch, draw thread through stitch and loop, same third and fourth stitches. Now with three chain commence shell, three double crochet, one chain, three double crochet, three chain, one double crochet in fourth stitch of loop; turn, seven chain, shell.

For the clover leaf, now make twelve chain; turn, leaving six stitches for stem, one single crochet in seventh stitch of chain, making a loop; turn, make three loops in this one, as follows: four chain, one single crochet, four chain, one single crochet, five chain, uniting the last at base where loop was made with one single crochet; turn, put thread under and in first loop, work one single crochet, six double crochet, now put the needle through the upper stitch of the second shell, draw thread through and finish

crochet, one single crochet. Second loop, one single crochet, twelve double crochet, one single crochet. Third loop, the same. Eight single crochet on the six chain of stem, and three single crochet on shell. Then with three chain commence shell to repeat pattern. Between the six double crochet of second lobe of leaf fasten to third lobe of preceding leaf, same as first lobe is united to shell.

LEGGINS.

For a child ten years old take two skeins of Germantown wool. On a common sized knitting needle cast on seven-six stitches. Slip the first stitch, throw the thread in and slip the next stitch as for seaming, knit the next stitch, and continue throwing the thread in and slipping one, then knit one, the entire length, always seaming the last stitch. The next row is just the same, except you will have a stitch and a loop to knit together. Knit back and forth until you have the required length to the shoe top, then join together, knit one and seam one all the way round, continue until you have the required length, now bind off a few more than half at the back part, knitting the front three inches longer, then bind off. Finish with a strap for the heel. Sew the upper part together. I hope some of the sisters will try this and report.

E. J. T.

CROCHETED LACE: GRECIAN PATTERN.

This is made in square crochet, the figure in close squares, with two rows of open squares above and one row below the figure, next the scallop. Make a chain of twenty-three stitches.

1. One double crochet into the eighth stitch from the needle, two chain, miss two and make one double into each of the next ten stitches, two chain, one double into last stitch, turn.

2. Five chain, one double over first double, two chain, miss two, and make four double into next four stitches, two chain and one double into third stitch twice, two chain, one double over next two double, turn.

3. Five chain, one double on second double, two chain, miss two and make one double into each of next ten stitches, two chain, one double over next double, two chain and two double five times into the five chain, one chain, join on end of fourth row of last scallop, turn.

4. Make one single, three double, one single into each chain until there are six small scallops, then five chain, one double into first of ten double, two chain and one double into third stitch twice, three double into next three stitches, two chain, one double over the next two double, turn.

5. Make five chain, one double over second double, two chain, miss two, one double into each of next ten stitches, two chain, one double into third stitch, same as first row.

A slight variation of stitches will change the Grecian figure to a hollow square. In the second row, after making one close square make one open, then one close and two open squares. In the fourth row have all open squares.

CARRIE.

CRAZY PATCHWORK.

Mrs. W. G. inquires for a description of crazy patchwork. I will give one.

First, collect as many pieces of silk, velvet, satin and plush as you can from your friends. Then arrange your lining of paper cambric the size of your quilt, or blocks, if you piece by blocks. I like it better to piece the whole at once. Now commence at the center or one corner and baste on your pieces, leaving them the same shape as when received,

running the edges under or over each other. Let the velvet and plush overlap the others, not turning the edge under. Of all silks and satins turn the exposed edges under. When you have the pieces all basted on, or as far as you wish to work at once, begin and work all around the edge of each piece with embroidery silk of contrasting color, using feather stitch and all the different fancy stitches you know. On velvet and plush the button-hole stitch is best. Black and other dark velvets work in very nicely. Your quilt is improved by painting and embroidering some of your pieces. Some make fans, parasols, sunflowers, hats, shoes, slippers, etc., of velvet, and place them on their quilts anywhere, working them around the edge to fasten them on.

MAY FOOTE.

CLYDESDALE LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit eight.

2. Knit nine, knit one loop, seam one loop, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit twelve.

4. Knit twelve, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven.

6. Knit eight, knit one loop, seam one loop, knit one, knit one loop, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen.

8. Knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven.

10. Knit eight, knit one loop, seam one loop, knit one, knit one loop, seam one loop, knit one, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

11. Knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit seventeen.

12. Bind off to fourteen stitches on the left hand needle, knit ten, over twice, seam two together, knit two.

Commence again at first row. Do not forget to put the thread over twice before seaming two every time. This is very pretty for flannel skirts, knit of Saxony or Andalusian wool or knitting silk. One ounce of knitting silk, No. 300, makes two yards and thirty-five inches.

CLYTIE.

HEART LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl five, knit two, purl five, knit one.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, purl two, knit nine.

4. Knit eleven, purl seven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl nine, knit two, purl five, knit one.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow,

over, narrow, purl two, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl two, knit twelve.

8. Knit fourteen, purl eleven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit eleven, purl two, knit twelve.

10. Cast off five, knit eight, purl eleven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

12. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl nine, knit two, purl five, knit one.

13. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind, knit five, narrow, purl two, knit nine.

14. Knit eleven, purl seven, knit two, purl five, knit one.

15. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

16. Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit four, purl five, knit two, purl five, knit one.

17. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, slip and bind, knit one, narrow, purl two, knit twelve.

18. Knit fourteen, purl three, knit two, purl five, knit one.

19. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit three together, purl two, knit twelve.

20. Cast off four, knit twelve, purl five, knit one.

Repeat from first row. LYDIA.

AN ODD TIDY.

I want to tell you of a tidy I made this summer during the leisure minutes. In overhauling my scrap bag, I came across a piece of bed ticking that was left after making pillows. I immediately put on my thinking cap. I must utilize it in some way. I then drew out all the blue threads, and with a needle and thread I caught up the cross threads same as in hemstitching. The first row I let the cross threads lie in straight bars, the next row I divided the bars by inserting the needle through the center which made vandyke openings. I then had a pattern cut of paper the shape of the chair back, the top of which is oval. I then cut the tidy out with a deep scallop in the center, and one smaller one on each side, then cut a piece four inches deep the shape of the upper part, bound all round with scarlet woolen braid, except the top which is sewed in a seam, worked a large eyelet in each of the lower corners of the top flap, and one in each side of the front directly opposite, run a piece of ribbon through one of the eyelets, then through the chair back, and through the eyelet opposite, tie in a bow, and you have a tidy that is useful and ornamental. I have another made of the same kind of material without drawing the blue threads. It is herringbone-stitched down the white stripes, four rows down the center and two rows on each side, cut and bound as above.

Jackson, Tenn. MAMIE MORRIS.

DIAMOND AND SHELL LACE.

Cast on sixteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, purl two, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

2. Place your needle under the thread and wind the thread around once and purl two together, knit the rest plain. The second and all the even rows are alike.

3. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together.

5. Slip one, knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together.

7. Slip one, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, purl two together.

9. Slip one, knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together.

11. Slip one, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, purl two together.

13. Plain except the last two stitches, purl them as in the other rows.

14. Knit seven stitches, slip six over the seventh, knit fifteen plain.

MRS. M. C. W.

Belfast, Allegany Co., N. Y.

WIDE LACE.

Cast on twenty-nine stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit eight plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (put thread over every time you narrow,) thread over, knit one, knit one plain.

2. Plain.

3. Slip one, knit nine plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (same as first row,) thread over, knit one, knit one plain.

4. Plain.

5. Slip one, knit ten plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (same as first row,) over, knit one, knit one plain.

6. Plain.

7. Slip one, knit eleven plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (same as first row,) thread over, knit one, knit one plain.

8. Plain.

9. Slip one, knit twelve plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (same as first row,) thread over, knit one, knit one plain.

10. Plain.

11. Slip one, knit thirteen plain, thread over, narrow nine times, (same as first row,) thread over, knit one, knit one plain.

12. Plain.

13. Plain.

Bind off six stitches and knit across plain.

Repeat from first row. MARION.

PRETTY MITTENS.

Cast twenty stitches on a needle.

1. Knit two plain, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three, seam; repeat all round.

2. Slip and bind, knit ten, narrow, seam; repeat all round.

3. Narrow, eight plain, slip and bind, seam; repeat all round.

4. Slip and bind, eight plain, seam; repeat all round.

Bell R. asked how to knit mittens in fancy stitch, and I think she will like these.

STAR.

TWO PRETTY MATS.

I want to give X. Y. Z. some hints for making handsome floor mats. The ones she speaks of, are evidently made by knitting the wool like a garter some three inches wide, then dampen and press with a hot iron, cut through the middle, and ravel to one or two stitches of the edge, sew the strips on bagging, and line the whole to make it lie flat.

Another good way and not so expensive is to get heavy woolen pieces, either black or gray, and cut tongue shape, three

inches long and two inches wide at the broad end. Work in coarse button-hole stitch all around with shaded Germantown wool, and put a star of some contrasting color in the center; now take a piece of carpet for a center, and sew two rows of the pieces around, then sew one row around the other way for a flannel. If you use pretty wools you cannot fail to have a pretty mat.

EVANNA.

PRETTY NARROW CROCHETED EDGE.

Four chain, three double crochets, two chain, three double crochets (which makes a shell), in first chain, turn; shell in shell, one double crochet in top of last double crochet of shell, two chain, turn; shell in last shell, double crochet, two chain in three chain until you have six double crochets with five spaces between, in which put one single crochet, two double crochets and one single crochet, which makes five tiny scallops, one chain, shell in shell, and proceed as before, remembering to fasten the last of the six double crochets into the one chain before making the little scallops. This can be made wider by increasing the number of stitches in the foundation chain three stitches for every shell desired.

Connecticut. EMMA.

HOW TO TRACE PATTERNS.

For outline stitch, first perforate the design. I put it on the sewing machine, unthread the needle, and stitch all the straight lines, and then perforate the others with a large sewing needle. Slightly dampen the cloth that is to be stamped, not wet, but roll in a wet cloth before stamping so the powder will stay on. For back, use starch and lamp black, powdered and mixed. Tie up in a ball loosely and rub on over the perforations on the wrong side of the paper. For red powder use carmine, and for blue indigo.

HATTIE D. TAFT.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

Can any of the members of the Band give the directions for making Irish lace? MAY.

Can any of the sisters tell me where the little punches used in making fish scale jewelry can be bought? MRS. E. C. LA BRUCE.

Waverly Mills, via Georgetown, S. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some member of the Band please give directions for knitting Smyrna rugs, or any other knitted rugs, and what material is used? E. A. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please mention some articles suitable to give a gentleman for a Christmas present? Something that can be made at home and that will be useful as well as pretty.

LALA OAKLEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Pansy will send her work with her address to me, I will try and help her out of her difficulty.

M. E. C.

Box 150, Shirley Village, Mass.

DEAR SISTERS:—Will some one of the Band be kind enough to inform me what constitutes a baby's wardrobe, and oblige a subscriber?

Massachusetts. PHILO.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give me directions for knitting the afghan stitch, also the way strips are knitted for an afghan or robe where four strips are crossed diagonally by four and this leaves a square hole between? I have seen it done but have forgotten it.

MRS. C. H. WARNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Sweet Alyssum please give directions for doing the hair pin work for the breakfast caps?

MINNIOLA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some kind sister for directions for making a gentleman's watch guard from hair.

A. B. G.

The Dispensary.

NOTES ON THE CARE OF THE SICK.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

EVERY dwelling house should have a sick room. It ought to be large and so situated that the sun's rays will enter it as much as possible. In large places it should also be so located that the bustle of the noisy street will not reach it. Interiorly the room ought to present an attractive appearance. The wall paper, pictures, furniture etc., had better be of a neutral rather than a brilliant tint as bright colors are apt to tire the eye. Much has been said against the use of carpets in the sick room. In infectious and some surgical diseases there can be no question on this subject, but in ordinary cases benefits exceed the objections which can be made against them.

The bed for a sick person is worthy of attention. It should be so placed that the nurse can easily go round on all sides of it. A patient can be assisted with greater facility while in a narrow bed, but the advantages of wide beds are so great that they should be used except in cases where the patient is helpless and very feeble. For a bed nothing is better than a hair mattrass. It makes a yielding bed, keeps the patient cool, and will not become foul and dirty. In putting on the under sheet care should be taken to do it evenly. A sick person is apt to find many wrinkles which pass unnoticed in health. The use of too many bed clothes should be avoided. Their weight renders the patient uncomfortable, and they keep in the perspiration. In summer a clean, white sheet, or a thin, plain spread makes the best outside covering. If the disease is protracted, or if bed sores have formed then a water bed is desirable. The temperature of the water should be at about seventy degrees, and the water should be changed every two or three weeks. On the water bed should be placed a water proof sheeting, and on this lay first a blanket and then a sheet. Thus made the bed is very comfortable.

In those cases where the patient from weakness is continually sliding down in bed the roller pillow as it is called will be found useful. It consists of a round pillow on which the patient sits rather than lies and which is made stationary by means of tapes, or strips of webbing extending from it to the bedstead, and to which it is securely fastened.

The hands and face of the patient require to be washed with warm water and soap at least once a day. When the patient's condition admits of it a warm bath in a bath tub should be given once a week, but when this cannot be done the sponge bath is the best substitute for it. The entire body should be washed, care being taken to uncover only a small portion of it at a time. If not too ill the patient should clean his teeth every other day with the tooth brush; if too sick the nurse should do it by fastening some lint on a stick or on a pen holder. A little camphorated chalk, or some other good tooth powder should be used.

The nurse, in washing a patient, should be on the lookout for bed sores, especially if he has been confined to the bed a long time. When it is quite probable they will form in a given case, it is best to resort to preventative treatment provided a water bed cannot readily be obtained. The back and hips should be well dusted with a powder composed of equal parts of starch and oxide of zinc, or the skin may be hardened by rubbing it with some brandy, wine or *eau de cologne*. Should

the sores form these remedies as a rule should be discontinued and zinc ointment and vaseline be applied twice a day, or if there is much of a discharge you will find that powdered charcoal makes an admirable dressing. An important adjunct in the treatment of bed sores is to prevent the pressure on the sore. This can be done by taking a piece of thick card board three or four inches square and by cutting a hole in the center a trifle larger than the sore it is proposed to protect. Moisten the board in warm water and then place the aperture directly over the sore. It is kept in place by means of strips of adhesive plasters eight or ten inches long. These are firmly applied to the card board and the adjacent skin on opposite sides.

Gilsum, N. H.

CHLORAL FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

Again we have to record with deep regret a sad proof that those who take or give chloral or bromide of potassium for sleeplessness are guilty of a deplorable error and do a grievous wrong. The narcotics which poison sleep also deprave the nervous centres, enfeeble the controlling power of the will, and leave the mind a prey to the depressing influence of a conscious loss of self-respect and self-confidence. The cultured mind feels the ignominy of this intellectual and moral depreciation with great acuteness, and in the end succumbs to the sense of powerlessness to recover self-control and do right. The depravation wrought is purely physical. The baneful influence of the lethal drug is, so to say, organic. The essential elements of the nerve tissue are blighted by the stupefying poison, as by alcohol in habitual drunkenness. In short, the recourse to chloral and bromide is precisely the same thing as a recourse to alcohol. The man or woman who is sent to "sleep"—the mocking semblance of physiological rest—by a dose of either of these narcotics is simply intoxicated.

No wonder habitual drunkenness of this class first impairs and then destroys the vitality of the mind-organ, and places the subject of a miserable artifice at the mercy of his emotional nature, and makes him the creature of his passions. When will the public awake to the recognition of facts with regard to the use of these most pernicious stupeficiants? Persistence in recourse to them has no better excuse than unwillingness to take the trouble to search out the cause of the "wakefulness" which prevents natural sleep.—*London Lancet.*

THE OIL BATH.

Inunction, or the oil bath, should not be given until after the person has taken a bath for the purpose of cleansing the skin. It may be a tepid sponge, a hot sponge, or almost any kind of a water bath, and while the skin is still moist and supple the oil should be applied and well rubbed in.

It is well to begin with the extremities, so as to secure a thorough circulation of blood in them. The oil should be rubbed in by friction of the surface and gentle kneading with a movement similar to that employed by fullers in working their goods. After the whole surface has been treated in this manner the flesh should be wiped with a clean dry towel in order to remove any surplus of oil. The best oil for this purpose is refined cocoanut oil, but it should never be used when in the least tainted by any odor of decomposition.

If the oil be kept in a cool place and covered with lime water it will remain sweet for a long time. It may also be preserved by melting and corking tightly in small bottles, each of which should contain only a sufficient quantity for a single bath.

Pure olive oil is also excellent for this purpose, but it is less limpid and agreeable to most patients than the cocoanut oil.

Vasaline, cosmoline and other mineral products are not to be recommended, because they are not absorbed by the under tissues, while lard in any form is objectionable.—*Phrenological Journal.*

BOXES ON THE EAR.

The blindness of the late King of Hanover, says the *Lancet*, was occasioned, it is understood, by an accidental and by no means violent blow upon the eye. Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster, or schoolfellow, in natural imitation of his master, giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as a part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education, but there is apparently no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which rupture (as they continually do) the drum of the ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed by disease of the bone, giving rise to access of the brain and having a fatal termination. Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by a box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment two school boys who have been victims of such an assault. Surely the schoolmasters ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others which were not attended with an equal amount of peril.

CURE FOR FELON.

ED HOUSEHOLD:—To those who may suffer from that terrible scourge "Felon," I would like to send a painless remedy, that will effect a perfect cure in twenty-four hours, as I have had occasion to prove within the last three days. A lady came here who had been suffering over two weeks with a felon on the end of middle finger. I saturated a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine, and applied to the affected part. It relieved the pain at once, and in twelve hours there was a hole to the bone and the felon destroyed, dressed it then with sticking salve, and the finger is well. Having myself nearly lost a finger with a felon I appreciate the remedy, and would like to benefit others. MRS. MYRA L. PARSONS.

Linwood, Bay County, Mich.

REMEDY FOR SCIATICA.

Take one-fourth of a pound of imported pulverized Jamaica ginger root, one-fourth pound of epsom salts, put them together and pour on a quart of boiling water, set away to cool, drain it, and add spirits enough to keep it, dose one tablespoonful, three times a day before meals. I am anxious all the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who are troubled with this distressing ailment should try this. The lady who gave it to me has used it for years and never knew it to fail.

MRS. MARY F. HORNE.
Box 64, Union, N. H.

—No woman would expect house plants to grow and bloom without plenty of air and sunshine. No more should she expect her children to grow fresh and rosy, or develop genial dispositions unless they live in light, sunny, airy rooms.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

MRS. J. D. H. *Heart Disease.* I fear that some one anxious for practice has been attempting to frighten you, not a difficult matter, when the heart is the supposed location of the disease. Organic diseases of the heart are very rare, a man in an ordinary practice seldom encountering five cases in a life-time. (Many persons locate the heart too near the "pit of the stomach.") Most of these supposed heart affections are in sympathy with the stomach, symptoms of dyspepsia! From the symptoms given by you, I am satisfied that stomach derangements are the causes of all of the heart difficulties which trouble you. Those "palpitations," the "sinking sensations," the "all gone feelings," with unnatural desires for certain foods, have no possible connection with real heart disease. These indicate dyspepsia, most decidedly. If you will adopt a very abstemious diet, taking a very light supper, as a little oatmeal, your heart will have commendably. In the first place, locate the upper part of the heart within about two inches of the chin, as you bring it near the chest, near the central line of the "breast bone." If you can hear any distinct "swishing" in that vicinity, you may guess that there may be a little water in that vicinity, particularly if there is a feeling of fullness. Of the existence of a "fatty appendage," it is not easy to determine. I should sooner suspect fat in the general system. (In this case, less carbonaceous food is needed, in regard to which, with other necessary instructions, my "Anti-fat" will give you the needed information.) It might be well to consult an experienced physician, whose personal examination will be of more service than my judgment, with so few of the facts.

A SUBSCRIBER. The "causes of impure blood" of which you inquire are various, among which are vitiated air, foul gases, such as are too often found in our close sleeping apartments, our sitting rooms, lecture halls, shops, piggeries, and outbuildings, and stagnant pools, the use of pork, bad meats, so putrid as to be very "tender," old eggs and cheese, decayed fruits and vegetables, rancid butter and lard, and the like, which cannot make good and pure blood, but which must render the old still more impure. The true means, therefore, of purifying the blood is, not by the use of drugs, for I know of none which will do it as the people usually suppose, and to the extent, but by the observance of the laws of our being, by breathing an abundance of the purest air, exercising enough to throw off the waste matter by perspiration, eating the best food, the plainest kinds, avoiding pastry, pork and its products, all concentrated, indigestible and complicated foods, living mainly on the grains, fruits, vegetables, using milk, eggs, and the like, moderately, thoroughly fill the lungs with pure air, day and night, exercising freely in the open air and sunlight, strictly observing cleanliness in all respects. Since perspiration is but the escape of the dead and worn-out matters of the ever-decaying portions of the body, whatever promotes this, to that extent promotes the purification of the blood, by ridding it of its impurities. Active exercise increases this flow of perspiration, which should be carefully removed from the surface, that it may not be absorbed, re-entering the system, while free water drinking promotes it, so dissolving the waste matters that they will flow off the more readily. Artificial sweating, also, is very useful—as by the "Turkish baths," or the home vapor bath—removing more poisonous waste in an hour than can be removed by "sarsaparilla" (if, indeed, it purifies at all) in a year. Free water drinking, when the stomach is empty, combined with vigorous exercise, is a very available means of carrying off this waste matter, which is but another name for the purification of the blood. Keep the skin clean by washing, scrupulously so, always.

MRS. A. E. C., Kansas. I was surprised at your statement that you had "followed the advice as nearly as possible for me to do, and my flesh remains the same." I cannot see how it is possible to follow the directions sent out with my "Anti-fat," to the letter, and not lose the surplus fat, as this is the first case of failure yet reported to me. The phosphates sustain the brain and nerves, the nitrates, the muscles, and they will not remain in a good condition without their food, nor can fat be produced without its proper nourishment. In my directions I recommended a prominent article of food containing so little to supply the fat that I cannot see how it is produced, if that article is used, with due care in reference to other directions. I strongly suspect, or fear that it was not used, which will account for the failure. The fact that you admitted that you had followed the rules as far as it was "possible for you to do," leads me to infer that this was the article not easily to be had. When that is not easily obtained, I suggest living mainly on the following articles: Lean meats, plain fish—none of the oily—the leanest fowl, fruits, vegetables—save the potato, which is mostly starch and water—the whole grain products, oatmeal, skimmed milk and buttermilk, avoiding the sweets, starches, grease and oils, both vegetable and animal, as much as possible. I persist in believing that success will follow the obedience to my rules.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Forty-two.

EVERYTHING for the Christmas feasts for old and young has been given so fully that this chapter bids fair to be one of the unseasonable ones which have to be accepted sometimes, rather than have the repetition so aggravating to our older subscribers who reasonably expect something new whenever they open their *HOUSEHOLD*. And the old saying, that "there is nothing new under the sun," has been disproved so many times in housekeeping, when even the older and more experienced house and home-keepers learn something new almost daily, that I hope nobody will say it here. It may be a slight thing, but it may all the same make considerable difference in the minutes which, when saved really are "golden" as some one has called them.

I have often thought that a sort of club among *THE HOUSEHOLD* subscribers might be established in one's neighborhood, in which the "Johns" might be included even if they did nothing but escort their wives and sisters home after the social evening together. But they could do more than that, sisters. They could give their ideas as regards fire building and—poking! Who ever saw the man who would allow that a woman knew any thing about either? So, given their share in the evening's discussion they would be content, and might learn much which would help them in their new role of *HOUSEHOLD* contributors. But the wives and sisters, how much help it might be to them, this weekly or fortnightly gathering, when different methods of bread making, the cooking of meats, making soups, hashes, etc., could be talked over and each give her way, which might be so entirely different from her neighbor's.

It seems to me that it would be of benefit in many ways, not the least, perhaps, the social evening which is always productive of good results. As a rule, our people are not sufficiently social. It is only the young people who have parties or any sort of social gatherings, while it doesn't do them half the good it would their tired mothers and fathers who would like a "good time," as well as the children only—they are too old!

To these *THE HOUSEHOLD* Club would offer a very pleasant and sensible opportunity for enjoying themselves, with solid instruction for its basis and the young people should also have their share. It would save many of the blunders which the young housekeepers have told us about in their pleasant letters, and would teach them how to cultivate and apply that "judgment" to which much is left in many of our recipes.

This brings me back to the questions to which I intended to reply in this article. To E. S. L., who asks how to cook macaroni, I would say that generally the plainer methods of preparing it are the most liked. One favorite method of ours is as follows: Take a sufficient quantity of macaroni to make a quart basin one-third full—it will nearly fill the dish when done. We usually break it in pieces one or two inches long although many prefer it in long pieces. Pour cold water over it twice, draining it well the last time. Then pour over it a pint of cold water; it should heat gradually until it boils, then let it boil gently for ten minutes and remove from the fire. Cut a tablespoonful of butter in halves and stir one very gently with the macaroni. Stir one-half teaspoonful of salt in a teacup

of rich milk and pour over the macaroni. Butter an earthen dish and dust with bread or cracker crumbs; then pour in the macaroni, cover with a very thin layer of crumbs, cut the remainder of the butter in bits and put over it, dust with fine crumbs or flour and put it into a very quick oven to brown. Ten or fifteen minutes should be sufficient.

Another way which we like very much is to fill the baking dish with alternate layers of macaroni (prepared as above, ready for the oven) and tomatoes sliced very thin. Season each layer of tomatoes with a little salt, and let the first and last layer be of macaroni, the top covered with butter and crumbs as before. Bake half an hour. We use stewed tomatoes sometimes, omitting the milk, canned may be used in winter. Cheese is used by many people with macaroni. It is grated—which requires a dried piece of cheese—and about three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese is used for the amount of macaroni given. When cheese is used the crumbs are not put over the top. The cheese being—half of it—sprinkled over the macaroni in layers as it is put into the dish and the rest put over the top with the butter. It browns very handsomely. Macaroni is also used in soups, for which it should be broken in inch pieces soaked half an hour in warm water and added to the soup about twenty minutes before it is to be served.

Macaroni pudding is a favorite with many people, it is very delicate, and makes a pleasant variety. One quart of milk, three eggs, one pint of macaroni broken in inch pieces, (give the measure as so many have not conveniences for weighing ounces,) two thirds of a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt. Soak the macaroni one-half hour in cold water, then drain, put it in a double boiler or in a dish set in hot water and pour over it a pint of the milk. Beat the eggs—reserving the whites of two which must be put where they will keep cool—and add them to the remaining pint of milk with the sugar and salt. If the macaroni is soft and well swollen, which it should be after cooking ten or fifteen minutes, pour it into a pudding dish and when cooled a little, strain the custard over it. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. When done pour a frosting over the top made from the whites of the two eggs and four even tablespoonfuls of sugar and return to the oven to brown slightly. Sometimes we let the pudding cool a little and spread a layer of jam or marmalade over it before putting on the frosting.

If One Sister, in making her inexpensive ice cream will use flour instead of the corn starch which has been advised in most cases, she will find the cream much more "creamy." To each quart of milk allow two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Put half the milk in a double boiler—a pail which will fit into the teakettle answers every purpose—and mix the flour to a paste with just enough milk to make it smooth. Stir this into the hot milk before it gets scalding hot, if not it will spoil the creamy flavor and leave a raw, floury taste. Stir constantly until it is smooth and thick and tastes thoroughly cooked. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a cream with one-half cup of sugar and stir into the mixture; remove from the fire immediately and beat rapidly for two or three minutes, then add the remainder of the milk, a little at a time, and a cup of sugar, beating until well mixed. Let it cool and strain through a coarse sieve or linen strainer and when cold add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, a tablespoonful of vanilla or any extract desired and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat rapidly for five minutes. Then if you have it whip a cup of cream stiff and stir in pouring immediately into

the freezer. If the cream is not to be obtained in any other way, set the milk at night, having the new milk if possible, if not let it stand from one morning till the next, and skim off the thickest of the cream to whip. It sounds, as John Chinaman would say, "alleep samee," but it isn't at all. The cream separated and whipped makes the mixture seem twice as rich as when stirred in with the milk. This is excellent for any thing so inexpensive and far nicer than the cream generally bought at the confectioners. Of course it isn't like all cream, but it is very nice.

If Elia Verd will send her address to me I will tell her how to make the "oat flour" blanc mange. I have given the

recipe together with those for the crude

gluten gingerbread, etc., in our paper,

and must not repeat too often in justice

to our old subscribers. The gluten is

just used in place of flour, and is a most

excellent substitute, the blanc mange is

made differently from any other.

Some one whose "John" is very fond of cream toast, and exercises his masculine right to tell her that she "can't make it as mother does" to the utmost, writes to ask how I make it. Now my way may not be at all like "mother's," but here it is: Pat a quart of milk in a frying pan to heat and mix three tablespoonfuls (not heaped) of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. When the milk is hot add the flour mixture and stir till it thickens. Then stir in a generous tablespoonful of butter and salt to taste, and if you have a cup of cream to stir in, it is a delicious addition. Remove to the back of the stove and proceed to toast the bread, putting it as fast as toasted into the pan. It will hiss when it touches the cream, and will be a very different article from that in which the bread is toasted and left to grow cold, or to toughen and harden in the oven while the cream is being prepared, as many people make cream toast.

I want to give a favorite method of baking sweet apples. Peel, quarter and core and fill an earthen pudding dish—not one of the deep ones—with the apples, pouring over them a little cold water, one-half teacup to a quart dish full of apple is a good rule. Put them in a rather quick oven and when they have baked about half an hour sprinkle a little sugar over the top. An hour is generally sufficient to cook them but some varieties require longer cooking. They should be thoroughly done, and are delicious to eat with bread and milk, or to serve warm with cream at tea. Whipped cream is very nice with them, and served with fresh rolls or good bread and butter make a dessert which will be appreciated by most people. Any apples which are not too tart, are delicious cooked in this manner, using of course sufficient sugar to make them nice, and apples which are too tender to allow of removing the cores whole, can be used in this simple manner with equal satisfaction. But I must leave something to talk about next time so will close by wishing a very merry Christmas to all *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band.

EMILY HAYES.

TABLE ETIQUET.

A boy once remarked that he wished his mother would not have company at meals, because "a fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him." This led a writer in *Harper's Young People* to give a few rules as to behavior at table.

Perhaps the reason boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary house-folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves al-

ways to look very neat and nice at our own table. Boys ought to be very careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and face clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. You know you are not to eat with your knife. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup and never drain the last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eat in that way. Eating should go on quietly. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps. Do not think of yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors.

THE DESSERT.

—A burglar got into the house of a lawyer the other day. After a terrible struggle the lawyer succeeded in robbing him.

—A little Albany girl, spending her summer in the country, wrote to her father. "Please bring me a new toothbrush; mine is moulting."

—Mike—"An' what are ye diggin' out that hole for, Pat?" Pat—"Arrah, an' it's not the hole I'm after diggin' out! I'm diggin' the dirt out and lavin' the hole."

—A poet sends us a contribution entitled "Why do I live?" After a careful reading of the twelve stanzas of the conundrum we are reluctantly compelled to give it up.

—Why, I'd like to know, said a lady to a judge, cannot a woman become a successful lawyer? Because she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay, answered the judge.

—Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, declared that she would not marry any one who was not "just perfect," and she did not get a husband until she was five hundred and eighty years old.

—A colored woman when reproved for undue expression of grief said: "Now, look here, honey, when de good Lord sends us tribulations down, don't you s'pose he 'spect us to tribulate?"

—A man never gets thoroughly disgusted with love's young dream until he has given a girl a ring, and three days afterward discovers that she has been to a jeweler to ascertain its real value.

—A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply: "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

—A little girl living on the hill was saying her prayer the other evening, and had just finished "give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "Say tookies, Mamie!"

—A French writer, in describing the trading powers o' the genuine Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go around selling maps to the inhabitants."

The Kitchen.

THE OLD GREEK HOUSEWIFE AND HOUSEKEEPING.

BY F. M. COLBY.

IT IS morning, and as the sun rises above the brows of Pentelicus and floods the city of Athens, the long roads and the Piraeus with radiance, our Greek housewife is moving briskly about at her early tasks. She has sung her matin hymns to Hestia, and offered her thanksgiving to Zeus, the preserver. Her offerings of early flowers lie upon the shrines of Ceres and Flora. So soon she has milked the goats, sent the servant for water to the fountain, and set out the breakfast of millet cake, barley bread and fruit and wine on the oblong table which has no tablecloth. Her earthen and metallic ware—cups, plates, goblets, and strange looking amphoræ, are clean and shining.

The home of Cleomone is like that of most other Greek houses of the middle class, a one story structure built of unbaked bricks. In shape it is oblong, and is divided into two halves or squares. The square facing the street is the *andronites*, and is set apart for the men, visitors and strangers; that facing the garden is the *gynæcium*, and contains the women's apartments. Each square consists of a quadrangle or open court, surrounded by apartments including sitting rooms, bed rooms, eating rooms, working rooms, store rooms and other chambers.

In front is a large gate, outside of which is a heap of rubbish where a number of dogs and pigs are accustomed to assemble. Cleomone's chickens are also busy there in the sunshine. Her goats are nibbling the short green grass in the garden, and the bees from the hives in the little orchard keep up a merry humming.

After the men have gone out, Cleomone sends a slave to market to purchase a few provisions, salt fish from the Black sea, spices from Cyrene, and onions from the farms of the Athenian burghers. She wipes off the table with a sponge, and seats herself in the large, roomy kitchen to spin the woolen yarn which is to be woven into cloth for a chiton for herself or a himation for Pyrilampes, her husband.

This kitchen was Cleomone's throne room, so to speak. She was sole mistress there, and even Pyrilampes had no authority in that precinct. There was no need for an atrium in a house where the inhabitants spent the greater part of their time out of doors, and so this space was taken up by a large store room and kitchen all in one. Only the center of this was held sacred to the lares and penates the same as with an ordinary atrium, and the images of these household gods occupied the middle of the floor, and under them was spread a tiny square of costly carpet, woven in the looms of Sardis, and of which Cleomone was a little proud.

The rest of the floor or pavement was of clay baked hard, and there was an exquisite statue of Ceres as well as of Pan, and a sacred tripod for their worship; while round the room were shelves on which stood jars of honey, plates of cheese and of honeycomb and a dish of stewed fowl. The pots, pans and buckets, which were arranged on a lower shelf were of bronze and earthen, and all of the most elegant and graceful shape, although for such homely uses.

Amid these evidences of comfort and easy competence the matron herself accords well with her surroundings. Cleomone is no longer young, but she is fair and ruddy, and there are no gray hairs under the stately amphyx or metallic

and that ornaments her forehead. She wears the graceful Ionic chiton, a long tunic which falls to the ground in ample folds, and is girded to her waist by a zone. But she has discarded the old-fashioned Ionic sleeves and by fastening the chiton to her shoulders with a simple clasp, is enabled to exhibit her round, white arms like the old dames of Homer's time. Her feet are bare, but by the door sits a pair of sandals which she slips on when she goes out, and she has yet another pair, or rather they are shoes, for visiting, which hangs in her closet, beside the diplodion and the chlamys, woolen garments to be worn over the flowing robe.

As she sits there perhaps she sings of Andromache's and Hector's parting, of Odysseus and Calypso, or she sits and thinks of Penelope weaving her never ending web at Ithaca, or Helen's fair fingers stitching the gay embroidery into the Phrygian mantles. At eleven o' the clock the slave girl lights a fire on the hearth of light wood and charcoal, and brings out the kneading trough, the spit and the wine bottles.

The matron lays aside her spinning, for at noon Pyrilampes will be at home, and the regular breakfast must be served. This was a substantial meal among the thrifty classes, and Cleomone will serve hot meat, roasted or broiled, wine, and bread made of barley baked on the hearth. The style of Greek living was generally frugal and temperate. Bread, olives, figs, cheese and garlicks were the ordinary fare of the poor, with cheap wine, soups and meat as occasional luxuries. But Pyrilampes is a thrifty citizen, and his wife's table groans with all the delicacies of the season.

In the afternoon our housewife is busy overseeing the slaves out of doors. If it is vintage or harvest time, she directs the pressing of the grapes into wine, the sorting for raisins, and takes care that the corn which is brought in is laid in such a manner that it will not must nor spoil. Later on when she has the whole household employed she puts on her best chiton, her sandals, her chlamys, and with her parasol spread, goes to the temple to pray, or to a neighbor's house to converse about the latest gossip, or perhaps she receives a lady caller in her sitting room at home.

The sun goes down, and Pyrilampes comes home with a friend or two, for now occurs the principal meal of the day, and the only meal at which a Greek entertained his friend. Cleomone and her maids have been busy. The table is set in the open court, and the viands are brought in as the guests sit down, the men on couches, the women in chairs. Amid fresh figs, sweet herbs stewed with snow, eggs and anchovies, were cups of wine mixed with honey. Pyrilampes, rising, pours a libation, that is, he empties a portion of his wine upon the floor, with, "This to the divine Pallas," or "Be favorable, O Zeus!" Then follows the heavy part of the meal, roasted kid, broiled venison, fish of all kinds with vegetables like turnips, beets, peas, beans, onions and parsley. Truffles and mushrooms were also on the table. These vegetables were either boiled into vegetable soup or served up in hot dishes with sauce, or dressed as salads. Pickled olives were esteemed as a relish, and fresh crisp lettuce was served. When the meal is over a slave carries around a basin of water and a napkin, and they all wash their hands.

Then they sit either in the open court or the sitting room, and converse of the gods, of the last ship from Delos, of the latest philosophy, or recall the deeds and pleasures of a long passed youth, while the shadows gather around them. And Cleomone, with her youngest child at her

knee, listens without a word, for the women of Athens do not talk in the presence of their husbands' guests.

A slave brings in a lighted lamp, the guest takes his departure, being shown to the outer door with true hospitality, and perhaps if he lives at a distance, a servant is sent with a lighted torch to accompany him. The family then adjourn to their sleeping chambers.

Next to her kitchen Cleomone is proud of her bed rooms. The slaves mostly sleep on the roof, but the chamber of the housewife is draped with tapestry from eastern looms, and the splash of a fountain cools the heated air. Greek bedsteads were of all forms and materials. Odysseus had one of olive wood inlaid with gold and ivory. Plato speaks of beds of solid silver. Cleomone's was of the kind in common use, olive wood embossed with ivory. The bed rested on boards laid across the frame or on a netting of cord. A carpet of Milesian wool was placed upon this, and over all a coverlet or counterpane scented with fragrant essences.

Such was the life of the Greek housewife of the days of Pericles and Plato. It was busy and industrious, full of cares in-doors and out of doors. But with the hardness of her lot was mingled much of grace and ease. Could we have seen those matchless forms in their Attic homes, shaded by the marble roof of the Parthenon, or walking the streets of the

"city of the violet crown," before them violet hued Hymettus, and the depths of the over-arching azure, their faces fanned by the gentle breezes of the blue sea, and the Greek sun bathing them with golden light, we could then realize what their life really was. They lacked indeed many of the conveniences and luxuries of to-day, but they also had what we do not have, pictures of grace and beauty constantly before them, out-door air and that of the most stimulating kind, light hearts, and buoyant, athletic health.

OVERWORKED FARMERS' WIVES.

My sympathies being deeply enlisted for the unfortunate woman who styles herself an overworked farmer's wife, and also being highly indignant at her seemingly meek submission to the inevitable, (which I do not deem inevitable,) I will try to suggest some possible way out of the difficulty, for I believe in practical aid. Fine sentiments, clothed in choice language, sound well on paper, and have their use when properly applied, but genuine sympathy, according to my thinking, is that which is thoroughly determined to find a practical remedy for the evil. Of course, I can't understand the case as well as though I was a farmer's wife, but I have lived on a farm all my life, was born and reared there, but always wished I had been reared anywhere but there, not being particular about the place of my nativity. I am free to confess that it is not a life attuned to my nature, and never has been, and I do not believe in one's being compelled to do the work that is uncongenial, or remaining among such surroundings, when the world is wide and there ought to be a chance for all in their own sphere.

The life of a farmer's wife must necessarily involve much hard work and care, but it may be made comparatively easy when plenty of help is employed, and I can't understand nor never shall, why it is not just as necessary for the woman to have assistance as the man. He never undertakes to run a large farm alone, but employs plenty of help, while his wife is not supposed to be capable of so much physical endurance or muscular strength as himself. The work of a large dairy devolves upon her, which is one of the incidents of farming, and so many farm

hands with ravenous appetites to feed, makes her work far harder than that of the average mechanic, day laborer, or professional or business man's wife, and when a large family of children are added to her burdens, which is of itself enough to keep one woman busy, she ought to be a second Hercules, otherwise I can't think why she doesn't fill an early grave or become an inmate of the insane asylum.

In fact I think it a credit to her mental endowments if she does, for such a woman as could live through it unharmed, must be either a stoic, a very unwomanly woman, or stupid and incapable of any spirit, a sort of machine. Why, just to think, women of THE HOUSEHOLD, and ye husbands of said women, lay aside your political and agricultural papers, and give heed to my plea in behalf of an oppressed woman. Our unfortunate friend rises at half past four, and works till half past eleven often-times, just nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, if my arithmetic is correct. That is lacking but one hour of two day's work for an operative in a mill or clerk in a store, or any employment in which women are engaged. According to that to receive just remuneration for her services, she should be paid two dollars each day of her mortal life. Whew! do you suppose her beloved lord and master gives her this. Oh no! not he, if she gets her board and tolerably good clothes she is lucky, methinks.

No wonder she doesn't want to live always at that rate, and I do not much blame her. No time to take in the glorious beauty of nature in the glad spring time, to gather the first sweet violets, and crocuses, and trailing arbutus, to watch the bursting of leaf and bud; to take a pleasant journey to the sea shore or mountain, to lounge under the trees, or on the shady piazza, for a time during the heat of summer, or gather the gold and crimson tinted leaves of our royal autumn. No time to read papers and magazines, some of our best literature, and thus cultivate the mind and expand the heart, no time to retire alone to the privacy of her own room and indulge in quiet meditation, and let her spiritual life, the higher claims of the soul, assert itself, no time to mould and train the hearts and minds of that growing family, who are to take their places in the world by and by, as men and women, besides robbing nature of that sweet restorer sleep. Only five hours of sleep could never resuscitate any living woman who works nineteen hours, or half of that time, thus she is constantly draining her nervous system and gradually wearing out her vitality.

Is it a necessity? I think not! I judge that she lives at the west by her speaking of harvesting, wheat stacks, and threshing. Here in the old Bay state, in Essex county, where my lot is cast, there are nice farms, but they are on a small scale. No one man is ambitious to own hundreds of acres, and he couldn't do it any how, consequently he doesn't have to hire so much help, and his wife gets a chance to sleep eight or nine hours if she chooses, can sit down long enough to take a long breath, and is in no danger of being worked to death, as he hires her one or two girls, according to the amount of her work and size of her family, and although she may not want to live always, she is in a fair way to live her allotted time. If a man employs so much help his acres must be many, and his harvest bounteous, consequently he has probably abundant means to provide help for his wife.

Do not think, dear unknown friend, that I am unkind or unsympathizing, or unjust to that husband of yours. I am sincerely interested in and sorry for you, otherwise this hadn't been penned, but I want to lay the axe at the root of the

tree, to find out where the fault lies and try to get at the remedy. I think you are mistaken when you talk as though it was your duty to perform every day the work of three or four women, to deprive yourself of necessary sleep, to crush out all tastes and aspirations which are God given, and which He intended to be cultivated, to spend your days in endless drudgery, and then lay aside your armor ere you have lived out half your days, and gladly close your weary eyes in the last, long sleep, to look forward as you seem to, to the end of life as the only reward for all your toil, not finding it here in joyous satisfaction of time wisely spent and talent improved. It can never be any one's duty to be unjust to herself. We all of us owe a duty to ourselves. You ought not to occupy the place of a slave in your husband's household, nor he that of a tyrant, so it is plainly your duty not to sacrifice the health God has given you, and the happiness he has made you capable of, for the sake of accumulating a little money, and there seems to be no other reason for your working as you do.

It may be that your husband is only thoughtless, though how he can be blind to the work of so large a family I can't imagine, but if he has good common sense, a heart, and appreciates the wife of his youth at all, he must hear to reason so instead of keeping on in the treadmill round from day to day, and never complaining to him, but doing the work as a matter of course, just show him the situation in the right light, and tell him you must have the requisite help, it's absolutely necessary. Pull the beam out of his eye, give him a general shaking up, and if he does not accede to your terms, he is, I don't dare say what. I don't know whether he reads *THE HOUSEHOLD* or not, guess he doesn't on the whole, or he would be a wiser man. S. A. F.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

Emerson thought that the person who in our time should solve the problem of domestic life would make upon us the impression of Epaminondas or some other splendid conqueror. For the acquisition of roof, bed, and board is but a means to the end of virtue and grace. The home exists that human character may develop; and how is that culture to thrive when servants, the rude Atlases on whose shoulders the household world is upheld, make havoc in the kitchen, spread dismay above stairs, send the mistress cowed and tearful to her bed, and the master sulky and disgusted to his toil?

Every day this question of the relation of employer to employed, of causes to results, of expenditure to value received, becomes more difficult and more imperative. It is cheering, therefore, to find that one courageous New England woman thinks that out of the nettle danger may be plucked the flower safety by means of co-operative housekeeping. She believes that servants steadily deteriorate, and that housekeeping must soon become impracticable without some radical change of methods. We should hesitate to accept this sweeping accusation, remembering how, a couple of centuries ago, Madam De Daillebont, a devotee of the early days in Canada, thinking herself quite too comfortable to suit the requirements of her faith, set about, as a penance, the improvement of "that vicious and refractory class" known as household servants. Maids-of-all-work have never been recruited from the ranks of conspicuous genius and virtue, and hardly will be. It is a matter of record that our grandmothers complained as vigorously, if not as generally, of their Phyllises and Resolves as we of our Bridgets and Katys. But our grandmothers did render many su-

pervisory and additional services which their granddaughters do not. It is likely enough that, this element of constant superintendence and helpfulness being again supplied, our household machinery would run at least as easily as theirs.

But the difficulty is, as it seems to us, that the whole scheme of living has changed, and that we try to bring about, with means not much better than theirs, results which they did not even aim at. The general scale of expenditure, show, and elaboration in every-day life is far greater than that which sufficed even our fathers and mothers. The increase of wealth since the civil war makes the old ways seem shabby and miserable. Multiplied and well-managed hotels, restaurants, and club-houses teach men to expect more complex and varied cookery. Gorgeous shop windows and the constant dress parade of fashionable idleness teach spectators to desire richer clothes, better furniture, more ostentatious and abundant silver, china, glass, bric-a-brac, and all the perishable and beautiful impedimenta with which the ranks of fashion burden their march.

Of course the kind of service that sufficed for delf and ingrain cannot suffice for porcelain and Axminster. And the housewife who once would have felt that the pickling and preserving season, the spring cleaning and autumn renewing, gave her powers full play, now naturally wishes to read the magazines, attend the popular scientific lecture course, keep up her visiting list, see that the children attend to studying, to music and dancing, out of school hours, and, with a small income, cast the shadow of a large one. If she had the genius of a Soyer in cookery, or of a Napoleon in turning raw material into trained usefulness, where would be her time for such transformations? Our New England reformer has these distressful cases in mind, whether in households of one servant or four. Each hireling, she says, is practicing a separate trade, as cooking, washing, waiting, tidying, under one roof, and with infinite friction of temper and nerves and useless waste of money. Now, as every householder sees the folly of spinning, weaving, dyeing at home, why should she not also set kitchen and laundry outside the walls, as she does cotton mill and dye-works? If women would organize as men do, they might have cooking, washing, and ironing done in co-operative establishments, regulated and superintended by themselves, and made self-supporting. Married women would be too busy, probably, our theorist admits, to give personal service, but there is a great army of young ladies at home who need an object, if not a mission, and they might qualify themselves to be agents of a domestic millennium by taking able charge of these exotic establishments.

There is more than one plain obstacle in the way of such supervision, of course, but organization can certainly be made to do for the woman's domain what it has done for the man's, namely, remove the constant pressure of wearing, minute detail, systematize and delegate special tasks, and give each occupation elbow-room. In our large cities caterers are doing much to simplify the intricate question of comfortable dinners for a small outlay. Their methods and results will not only improve with practice and demand, but their system will doubtless be extended to smaller communities. But women do need aid, counsel, and assistance, in their constant struggle to evolve the home from the house, and the more that is thought, said, and written about their task by earnest-minded seekers after truth, the sooner will the way of their deliverance appear.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

OILED FLOORS.

A few years ago I told the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* something about the advantages, both in a sanitary and aesthetic aspect, of floors of polished wood. The article was written so long ago that I cannot now remember what I said, but one thing I know I did not say, for I did not know it myself at the time, and that was, how to have an oiled floor with very little trouble or expense, which will be, to say the least, much prettier and more durable than a painted floor, or an oil-cloth, and more healthful and cleanly than a carpet, not to say more fashionable. And as I now write for the benefit of busy, hard-working housekeepers of limited means and resources, who have no time to waste in preludes I will endeavor to be as brief as possible.

Putty up carefully all the cracks in the floor. Take a sufficient quantity of boiled linseed oil, mix in with it a small quantity of burnt umber in oil, to color the wood as dark as you like it. A pound can of it mixed with oil costs only eighteen cents in New York and that would be more than enough to do all the floors in the house.

If you have not the linseed oil, (which costs about sixty or seventy cents a gallon) common kerosene oil will answer very well instead, and the disagreeable smell entirely disappears in a day or two after it is applied.

This mixture of oil and umber must be applied with a cloth, not with a paint brush.

The floor is to be stained, not painted, and the beauty of it is, that it shows all the natural graining of the wood, so much more perfect and durable than any artificial graining, but far less expensive.

It is also a very easy thing to accomplish. An intelligent young girl in my employ of about fourteen years of age put on a pair of old kid gloves and kneeling on a large newspaper began at the farther end of her sleeping room and finished it nicely in less than half an hour.

If the base-board is painted white, care must be taken not to hit it with the cloth. If it is grained it does not matter.

After two or three days apply turpentine and yellow bees-wax melted together in the proportion of one gallon of turpentine to one pound of wax. Apply with a woolen cloth as before, warm. This last preparation may be applied more than once to good advantage. The first time I began experimenting upon floors I put in too much wax, having an idea that the floor was so rough that it would need more wax to fill up the cracks, and leave it smooth. The result was that the floor did not dry well.

Floors look very well without using the wax and turpentine at all, but they lack polish, unless they get it by constant use.

In visiting an orphan asylum in Brooklyn I was attracted by the neat dining room floor which looked like oak. The sister in charge who was courteously showing me through the building, informed me that it was only a plain floor of pine boards, simply stained with kerosene. I was very much surprised, especially as not the least odor was perceptible; but on going home had it tried on a small floor in the barn with similar results. The linseed oil is preferable I think on some accounts. For one reason it does not evaporate so quickly and so retains its color longer.

Of course, if one can afford it, there is nothing richer or nicer (the word nice is often used when it ought not to be, but it is certainly appropriate here) nothing nicer than floors made of pieces of well seasoned wood of different kinds, such as cherry, pine, oak, walnut and the like, fitted together nicely so as to form some artistic design or laid in alternate oblong

strips so as to look like mosaic work; and then properly polished by an expert with some preparation of shellac and wax. Such floors are "a joy forever." It is a pity that the floors in most houses are made of material so poor that it has to be hidden, being incapable of a fine polish. Much better floors are found in the southern states.

The fashion that has so long prevailed of covering every inch of space upon every floor with woolen carpeting is distinctively American. This fashion not only involves heavy expense but constant labor, for unless these carpets are thoroughly brushed, and especially around the corners, every week, with a whisk broom, there is great danger of carpet moths, which have already in some localities become a household pest. In any case carpets gather dust and noxious gases, which may engender disease.

Polished floors, with handsome rugs or skins of animals thrown down upon them here and there, are found in the most elegant houses in Europe, and are now introduced also into the best houses in this country. When carpets are used it is much better to have them square with a border like a rug and only covering the middle of the room, leaving under the furniture a handsome oiled floor. In this case the carpet can easily be kept clean, as it can so readily be taken out and shaken. Such an arrangement is not only more healthful and more economical, but it is really more artistic and elegant.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

USEFUL HINTS.

Aunt Ibbie speaks of washing zinc in dilute muriatic acid. This is used at tin shops, but the housekeeper will find strong vinegar quite as good, and generally more convenient.

X. Y. Z. asks how to make nice floor mats. Take all kinds of odds and ends of worsted, color different shades, if you wish; knit in garter stitch strips about four inches wide, dampen and press. Then cut across, unravel, and sew closely on any foundation.

A. W. C. gives an excellent recipe for dysentery. We consider the disease an effort of nature to relieve the system, and treat the case differently. Let the patient remain in bed, be kept warm, and fed with the most easily digested and nourishing food, such as strained oat meal, strained pearl barley, chicken broth, etc. All business cares and responsibilities taken off his mind and in the majority of cases the patient will recover normal health and strength sooner, and be less liable to a repetition of the attack, than if brandy, spices, or any medicine is used.

Mrs. John asks what will clean Russian stove pipe streaked by water running from chimney. I cannot answer that; but would like to say, we always oil our Russian pipe before putting away, and would suggest she give it a good rubbing with sweet, castor, or lard oil.

M. C. F. asks how to have a soft crust on bread. We have a "turkey roaster," simply a large covered dripping pan, which we use for baking bread, and when the bread is baked, wrap it up in a towel and the crust is never hard. This roaster is a most convenient, labor-saving arrangement. In baking any meat no water is added, and no basting, turning or even watching is required. Cake and bread baked in it are more moist than in any other way, and with meat all the juice is saved. I said a covered dripping pan. There are two pans, the inner one a size smaller, with a small iron frame or rest between the two. Each piece is separate so is readily washed, and neither the "roaster" or contents need turning. Allow for meat or fish fifteen minutes to the pound, and when the time is up take

out with the full assurance that it is all right. For bread, I fill the dripping pan with four loaves, shut the oven for an hour, go about my other work, see that the fire is right and never look into the oven until the hour is up.

A. M. C. wishes directions for making soup. I would recommend her and others, if they can have access to an encyclopedia to look up the article on soup, and any housekeeper who has access to these reference books can find many hints as to cooking by looking for what is wanted under its appropriate heading.

Many speak of being troubled with ants. We were five years since, with both large and small black ones. I tried insect powder, tansy, and all the remedies recommended with no success. Then John suggested we find the crevice where they entered the pantry. We located it back in a cupboard where the plastering did not quite fit to the m

board. Filled the cranny with putty and have no ants since.

The best thing I can find for moths is insect powder, occasionally renewed, as it loses its strength. In boxes or drawers which you can close tightly, camphor is excellent. Furriers recommend tarred paper.

C. A. F. asks if the words in the Oratorio of the Creation are taken from Paradise Lost. They are not, nor are they at all similar.

She also asks how to make cream cakes. Pour one-half pint of boiling water over one cup of butter, and while boiling stir in two cups of flour. When the whole is very smooth, and thoroughly scalded, set away to cool. When cold break in five eggs, stir until perfectly mixed, then add one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, butter a pan, drop in the mixture, a scant tablespoonful in a place, (gem pans are nice, but a dripping pan is mostly used) and bake in a quick oven. When the cakes are done they will be hollow. Slice off top and fill the inside with cream, replace the top. At bakeries the cream is injected with a syringe, which is manufactured for that purpose.

Cream for Inside—One pint of milk, one-half cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs. Heat the milk, add the sugar and eggs beaten together, then the flour. Stir until thick and smooth. Flavor with lemon.

MRS. JOHN SPRUCE.

S. Gates, N. Y.

HASH.

When we make hash we generally take the bits of meat or fish with the small lots of vegetables left from the dinner, not enough of either kind for a meal, but taken altogether if properly managed, makes a very good dish. As I want to say a word or two on so many different subjects, I think "Hash" a very appropriate title for this article. I hope I shall get my hash made and seasoned just right for those who may partake of it.

To M. C. F. When you take your bread from the oven, rub the top of the loaves with butter and cover with several thicknesses of cloth letting it remain in the tin until the crust softens, then take it out and wrap in a cloth, where let it remain until cold, afterwards keeping in a tin box or stone jar, and your bread crust will remain soft as long as the bread lasts.

If C. A. F. will put a little more flour in her cake, I think the currants will stay in place better.

A. M. C., your part of my "hash" shall be "soup." I cannot claim that I am a very skillful cook, but perhaps I can help you make a soup. If you want to be economical you can buy the toughest portions of meat and make good soups from it. Put the meat and bones into cold water and set on the back of the stove where it will not boil, when the

meat is cooked remove it and the bones from the soup, put in vegetables, such as onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips and rice, (some use the coarse oat meal) or bits of macaroni. The cook book says, "one pound of meat, one of bones, and to each pound add two and one-half pints of clear cold water, skim frequently, and when done strain through a sieve." Thicken with flour, cornstarch, tapioca or sago.

If you do not want to serve the meat with the soup; it will (if you did not cook it too long) make good "hash."

I wish to endorse what H. S. B. says in the October HOUSEHOLD, concerning washing. I haven't used a wash boiler for two years, and have whiter, sweeter clothes with half the work, formerly.

I, for one, extend a hearty invitation to the Johns to "air their opinions" in our paper."

I think when we have tried and proved good the recipes which the sisters send to THE HOUSEHOLD, it is well to tell them of it, and right here let me say to Edith, your wide lace in the October number is beautiful.

Young Wife and Mother, I think your husband, his mother and sister are all to blame, and possibly a little of the fault lies in you.

Sometimes I have boots, hats and stockings to pick up, but I don't say much about it, because I think if every thing was always in order about the house no one would think of leaving things out of place. But one thing sure, if I do occasionally pick up stray articles of clothing I do not have coal or wood to bring in or water to get or aches to empty. I used to think I would get the wood, kindlings and water some nights, but as all the thanks I ever got was a good natured scolding, I have learned to let such work severely alone.

A good way to save the little pieces of soap is to make a little bag of flannel, cotton will do, in which to put the small bits of soap; you will find it handy to use in dish washing, etc. If, after filling kerosene lamps, you turn the wick down a little, the oil will not "draw up" and soil the outside of the lamps, and perhaps the shelf also. I think you will all agree that "Hash" is the very best title I could choose, and I think you will also realize that what is lacking in quality is made up in quantity.

RUTH ROBERTSON.

VEGETABLES ON THE FARMER'S TABLE.

Although farmers are those who should, above all other classes, enjoy the choicest productions of the soil, they are, on the contrary, very self-denying in that respect. The old adage that "the shoemaker's wife goes barefooted," may be modified to the expression that "farmers do not enjoy a sufficiency of the products of the garden." Every thing must go to market, even the milk, that should also be freely used at home. The city people generally get the gilt-edged butter, the cream from the milk, the earliest and best flavored fruits, the finest and handsomest bees, sheep and hogs, and the poultry and eggs follow in quick succession. But it is not what is sold that we allude to, but what the farmer does not grow. Many of them pay very little attention to the garden, and while they no doubt produce the usual crops of cabbage and potatoes, a great many of them know nothing of forcing cucumbers, or of the methods of getting other vegetables early. We know of hundreds who never grew celery, who cannot put out a bed of asparagus, and who take no thought of having peas, beans and sweet corn in succession during the season. Some of them actually buy from the city many articles that could easily be produced at home.

Let us see what the city people get from the gardeners, and the farmer can then notice how much better it is to grow his surplus at home. The fruits are picked partly green, and are ripened during transit. Vegetables quickly decay, but our friends in the city must buy tomatoes nearly rotten, lettuce and kale that are wilted, peas that are too hard to cook, string beans that are tough and woody, melons that are flat and insipid, and beets, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, tomatoes and turnips that have been grown and harvested under conditions that render them unfit for food.

But the farmer should not only have a full supply of vegetables, but he should have them fresh and good. When growing them for his own use he can select the finest varieties, can cultivate them to suit his desire, can have them early or have them late, and can store up for winter use such kinds as can be utilized for that purpose. If the growing of garden vegetables entails more labor, it is compensated for by the lessening of the table expenses, by more enjoyment through variety, by health, and by the satisfaction of knowing that he has the freshest and best.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.

There is a constant controversy going on as to the economy, digestibility, and necessity of soup at the commencement of a dinner; some maintaining that a dinner without it cannot literally be called a dinner; others, prejudiced against "slops," discarding it from their tables altogether; while a few who would gladly, perhaps, take advantage of an opportunity to reduce the meat bills, have only the will, being ignorant of the way. The average middle class wife and mother may have sighed over the items of ribs and sirloins of beef, and legs and shoulders of mutton, and said to herself, "Ah, we must take to having a little soup." With praiseworthy promptitude and zeal, she has perchance opened her cookery-book, of the old extravagant style, and closed it sorrowfully, a sadder, if not a wiser woman, the brain all dizzy from the strings of ingredients, and the long line of knuckles of veal, shins of beef, "old fowls," and slices of ham, which she is commanded to "throw into the stock pot" if she would insure success.

No doubt, in many families, the prejudice against soup has risen from the fact

that it is usually prepared and served in large quantities, instead of, as at the tables of the rich, in small portions, though many of the kinds would furnish in themselves a substantial meal for a growing child. At any rate, the advantages of commencing dinner with soup are manifest in the saving of the meat bills, and the comfortable sensation experienced after a little has been taken; for let any person who feels, as the saying goes, "too hungry to eat," swallow a few spoonfuls of soup, and the feeling of exhaustion will quickly pass away. Indeed, a well-known authority has said that nothing tends more to restore the tone of the stomach, and make easier of digestion than which is to follow, than a little soup.—*L. Heritage in Cassell's Family Magazine.*

WHAT IS TIN WARE?

It does not appear to be generally known that the article so commonly used for household utensils, for cans, for roofing, etc., called "tin," really contains very little tin, seldom more than one part in forty or fifty. Tin—pure tin—is a silvery white metal, and is the lightest and easiest melted of all the metals in common use; it being only about five-eighths as heavy as lead, and requires only about

two-thirds the heat to melt it. Pure tin is called "block-tin," but it is rarely used pure, the utensils said to be made of block-tin being alloys with other metals. Our common tin ware is really tin-plate—a thin sheet of iron coated with a film of tin. Plates of iron of the proper size and thickness are scoured with sand and acid until perfectly clean, and then dipped several times in melted tin; a coating of tin of variable thickness adheres to the iron. The object of coating iron with tin in this manner is to protect the iron from rusting. Tin when exposed to air does not rust or even tarnish, while iron readily does so, but the thin coating of tin completely protects it.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Rub the surface of the metal with rotten-stone and sweet oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel, and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whitening and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water, imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it for a few seconds.

TO CLEAN IVORY.—When ivory becomes yellow or soiled looking, wash it well in soap and water with a small brush, and place it while wet in the sun. Wet for two or three days several times a day with soapy water, still keeping it in the sun; then wash again, and it will be beautifully white. It may be bleached by immersing it for a short time in water containing a little sulphurous acid, chloride of lime, or chlorine.—*Ex.*

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Ida Snow in a late HOUSEHOLD asks just how to make frosting from yolks of eggs. I will give her my recipe for ice cream cake in which yolks of eggs are used.

Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, whites of three eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of vanilla; make three layers, and bake in a hot oven.

Frosting.—Yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, beat fifteen minutes, when it will be like cream. Put this on each layer and on top of the cake, then set the cake in a hot oven for a few minutes till the frosting is a little set, take out and when the cake is cold the frosting will be firm. This makes a delicious cake; try it and report.

I certainly think with Estelle, that those who so oppose having the Johns put a word in our paper are those who enjoy (?) a small degree of happiness. I for one enjoy an occasional letter from them and am sure I would be glad to have my John so interested in our letters he would wish to take a hand also. It seems to me the letters are as full of "our Johns" as they say women's conversation is about "our babies" when two mothers get together, so not to be out of fashion I will say like Gertrude, "mine is not a bear."

I have just tried pine-apple lace in the September number and think it very pretty, also the crocheted antique lace. Am making some like the latter to trim the bottom of an apron. Though ours is a large place I could not get number nine in linen, am using fifty. Is mine finer?

Helen Herbert, how I wish I might see you. I was just reading your plea for the woods. I too know what it is to

ramble after wild flowers in the early spring time, and like you also I expect to do but little more of that. When you speak of the prairies of the far west, how I wish you might have been with me in Dakota this summer. While some are discontented, finding nothing to interest where all is so new, to me there was so much I felt I could not enjoy it sufficiently. A mile and a half from us was the range of hills known as Dakotas, running north and south one hundred miles. The afternoon we spent riding over them from one to another was filled with delight as one curiosity after another caught our eyes. Numberless little springs are among these hills, many Indian relics are found here, birds' nests abound. Most of the hills one can drive on, but once in a while one is so covered with large stones called boulders, there is no chance to reach the top but to walk.

In every other direction from us was the vast prairie as far as the eye could reach, houses that in the distance are outlined against the sky made me think of great poles so straight and narrow did they look. Anywhere on these prairies may be seen buffalo trails with now and then a depression in the land which they told me were called buffalo wallows. A curious bean grows there which buffalos like to eat. Helen, if I can find you, I will send you some, they were quite a curiosity to me. Then the air is so pure and fresh, the sky so beautiful, the sunrise and sunsets glorious. Indeed, in our eastern homes one cannot see such sunsets as may be seen in the far west. There too I could read my paper with ease at nine o'clock at night before any lamp was lighted, days are so long.

One man there gave as his reason for such greatly improved health, that "he could breathe air that had never been breathed before," and truly it seemed so.

All you sisters who live under that lovely sky, I hope the day will soon come when I will be one of your number. And now one word more, I want to ask Mr. Crowell to send this best of papers to two young brides, who I am confident will welcome it to their homes as truly as do I.

MIGNONETTE

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Glancing over the pages of my new HOUSEHOLD, that, as usual, contained so much knowledge, I saw many questions that I believed I could answer satisfactorily, and concluded to write to the sisters, as perhaps by so doing I could help some of them. I have received so much valuable information I should like to aid others if I could.

I will first say to Majolaine that if I am not mistaken her canary will soon be all right. Mine is a beautiful singer too, but he has been silent for two months (if not more) and neither has he bathed. Put a rusty nail in his drinking water and care for him well and he will soon begin to sing like a young bird.

C. A. F., mix your currants with a little flour before adding them to your cake, and I do not believe you will be troubled with their falling.

If Old Subscriber would get logwood chips instead of the extract she would have no more trouble in coloring black. Buy the chips, soak them over night, and boil the next morning, put your cloth in and as soon as it is black enough rinse thoroughly; do not be afraid to rinse it, if needed, a dozen times; if rinsed well it will not crock.

To A. M. C., I would say I make soups of most all meats, but beef soup is our favorite. I let my beef bone boil until nearly done, then season well and add sliced potatoes, chopped cabbage, and onions; after letting this boil, I take one egg and rub it in flour until the pieces are as small as shot, then add to the soup.

For vegetable soup, I chop potatoes, cabbage, carrots and onions, stir all into a kettle of hot water with salt, pepper and a lump of butter, size of a hen's egg, and a little parsley.

I think a nice way to cook codfish, and one no one ever tires of, is to freshen (if needed) then add milk, let this boil and stir in a spoonful of flour, wet with a little of the milk, season with butter, pepper and salt, then take to the table.

Another way is to take twice as much cold boiled potatoes as boiled codfish, chop fine, add a tablespoonful of flour, make in little balls and fry in hot butter or lard.

I will not try and answer any more questions; I want to visit with you all a little; I do not know who to sit by, for I want to talk to you all. This is my first year with THE HOUSEHOLD friends but it's not the last, I shall cling to THE HOUSEHOLD long after I have to don my "specs" to read it, (if I am permitted to live that long.) I must tell you how I gothold of it. Looking over the clubbing list of the Western Rural I saw the word HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt. I did not know the price or the editor's name, so I directed thus, asking for a copy, which they sent. You see just the name had a charm for me. And isn't it nice? I read all of it, sometimes several times over before the next one arrives, and how anxiously I await its coming. I am a mother and a farmer's wife, and as I haven't long been either, THE HOUSEHOLD is a great help. It is my "hired girl" and all the one I need. With THE HOUSEHOLD in the family and a kind husband to aid (what he can) about taking care of baby, the housework runs smoothly and I have considerable time for fancy work, playing on the organ, and reading.

BUSY BUDGET.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Want of time has prevented my thanking you for my wedding present of THE HOUSEHOLD, which has been coming to me ever since last March; and of all the reading matter that comes into my house, none is so welcome as this paper. But I find every new edition contains so much more of interest than any one previous, that although I read and read it, I do not get it half digested before a fresh arrival, and if I only had a faculty to remember all I read, oh, what a lot I should know! I find in my October number several questions I am able to answer, and will commence by saying, if X. Y. Z. and M. C. E. desire to get rid of ants, that a remedy I have tried successfully is to put kerosene where they are. Cayenne pepper has also been recommended to me, as has also moistening a sponge in very sweet water and allowing them to crawl into it and then scalding the sponge when it is full of ants.

Mrs. John can prevent the moths from destroying her carpets by turning naphtha or sprinkling insect powder around the edges. The latter article and in fact both can be obtained of the apothecary.

I want to say to C. A. F. that the reason why the whites of the eggs would not become stiff when she was using them for floating islands, was because the eggs were not fresh, nothing but fresh eggs make stiff frosting of any kind.

M. C. F. can have the crust of her wheat bread soft if she takes pains to bake it in a slow oven, and when baked roll immediately in a cloth and allow it to remain there until cool. When varnishing autumn leaves I have had the best looking leaves, by using paraffine in preference to any kind of varnish. Melt the paraffine where it will not be hot enough to burn it. Use a tin dish to melt it in, and when melted dip the leaf, (which has been pressed and dried,) into the para-

fine and then quickly into cold water, that causes the paraffine to adhere to the leaf, and leaves prepared this way, keep bright all the season. If they are slightly warmed they can be bent in any form, for bouquets. Paraffine can be obtained at the druggist's, and a few cents' worth will wax lots of leaves.

Reading in my last HOUSEHOLD about flies, makes me think perhaps some one may be glad to know how I keep them from my house. I could not afford screen doors to all my doors so I bought screen muslin which was one and one-half yards wide and made it a few inches longer than the door, and put a hem on both ends of it, made of cambric, into the top hem I put a lath as long as the door is wide, and into the other hem I put pieces of lead for weight. Then I nailed the whole thing on the outside of the house and it's astonishing how many flies can be kept out. But for fear any may stray in, I have a little corn broom handy to hit them with and that's the end of them.

Why may I not be permitted to say something about the Johns. I say let them come in, and if they can suggest any thing to make our work the lighter, surely they will be most welcome to a corner in our paper. I have a model John, only his name is not John, he helps wash dishes, or sweep, any thing that will help me most he is always ready and willing to do. I had rather have his help round the house than that of the best servant ever known.

Will Mrs. Wellcome please tell me how to get rid of the white aphids on my verbena? and will Mr. Crowell please tell me when we are to have our badge?

Bath, Me.

MRS. W. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps the lady who desires to learn how to prepare codfish will find the following recipes of use.

Fish Balls.—On the morning you intend having your balls, prepare your potatoes and boil; drain off the water and cover with a napkin to dry. First, though, boil your codfish until tender, which will require a few moments only. Then pull in shreds carefully feeling for every bone or lump, mash the potatoes very fine, pour in a little warm milk and a small piece of butter, beat up the potatoes (with a fork) until as light as down, then mix with your fish thoroughly. If not objectionable, a small onion chopped very fine gives a nice flavor. When ready roll in small cakes and fry in hot fat a delicate brown. The particular part is to have your potatoes quite soft with the milk and fish, with not the smallest lump.

Fried Fish.—Cut your fish in small pieces, three or four inches square, and place in a large dish of water over night or until it is thoroughly freshened, drain well, roll in corn meal and fry in hot lard until a rich brown on either side.

Boiled Fish.—Pick your fish in small pieces and freshen in water for a little time. Boil a few moments and place on a platter, thicken a small quantity of milk and pour over this. Cut two hard boiled eggs, and lay over the top with a few pieces of butter, pepper, and serve hot.

Many like it prepared in the following way: Pick a small quantity (half a pound) in shreds, boil five or ten minutes in a quart or more of water, then drain well and add one pint of milk, one beaten egg, a good sized piece of butter and a little black pepper, thicken and serve. This is nice occasionally for a change. L. A. S.

Connecticut.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think I am entitled to a membership in the Band. This is the fifth year that I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD. My Ben, as well as I, thinks

it a splendid paper. Our little folks always ask if there are any pieces for little folks. Yesterday I read Mrs. E. K. Turner's letter about her mocking birds; it pleased them very much.

To Emily Hayes and some of the other good sisters, I will say of all the recipes I have tried (and I have tried a great many) none have failed.

Uhlma, your sponge cakes are splendid, I tried both recipes. I have also tried a great many of the lace patterns, and some are very pretty indeed. Mrs. E. A. A., the household lace is very pretty. The pine-apple lace by E. R. A., is beautiful. I tried Mabel Day's directions for antique lace, and found it to be like a sample sent to me by a HOUSEHOLD friend a year ago; it is very pretty.

One Sister, in the September number, asked for an ice cream recipe, so I will send one that we think is good. Two quarts of new milk, one pound of pulverized sugar, twelve whole eggs. Stir the sugar into the milk, then the eggs, well beaten first, now place on the fire and stir continually until it reaches the boiling point, then remove and strain; when cold put in two tablespoonsfuls of extract of lemon, place in the freezer, and freeze.

FLOY.

Box 112, Sceneca, Ventura Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber only a short time but long enough to know the value of such a paper where we women can express our thoughts and exchange ideas and give and receive information in so many different ways, that surely each can find a way to suit her circumstances.

Cayuga should set her hens in nice, clean hay nests, and set two or three at one time and when the chicks commence to hatch put one hen in a coop and put all the chickens with her as fast as they hatch. Feed them meal wet just enough to stick together, in the morning; at noon feed any thing that they will eat; at night feed wheat screenings or soaked light bread. As often as once a week chop onions fine and mix with their food, give plenty of fresh water; make a movable coop and when it gets foul in one place move it to where it is clean and dry; by so doing you will have less diseases to contend with. Winter your hens in a clean, high building, not too warm or close, for chickens will not bear crowding. If I was building a hen house, I would make it two stories high and let the hens have the upper story. Save all the bones through the winter, in the spring burn a few once a week and pound them up fine as corn grains, feed it to the hens. Don't burn them until they are white but just enough to turn them black. Your hens will lay better, and feather better, and not eat their eggs. Cleanliness is essential in raising chickens.

Mrs. W. G., Nova Scotia, can sew her scraps together just as they come, round, three-cornered, square, or strips, cut a paper a foot square, lay it on the pieced scraps and cut a square one-fourth of an inch larger all around than the paper for seam. Make forty-two of these squares and sew them together. This will make the quilt six blocks wide and seven long. The beauty of crazy work is in arranging the colors. I have one called the star of Bethlehem, it has 5002 pieces in it.

Rockton, Wis. NARCISSA MARSHALL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Our good friend, THE HOUSEHOLD, is coming to us now the second year. Of course I have a John, are you all blessed with Johns, or is it a HOUSEHOLD name? Whenever he finds me trying a new experiment he comments thus: "There, that came out of THE HOUSEHOLD."

I am very grateful to the sisters for many valuable hints, and have felt for

some time that I ought to contribute my "mite." We are ranchers, so have plenty of cream, and here is a recipe for cream cookies. One cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, and one cup of egg when beaten, (use same sized cup for all,) and soda enough to raise; roll thin, sprinkle with sugar, cut, and bake in a hot oven.

If this does not reach you too late, sisters, make some sweet pickles out of watermelon rinds. I find the easiest way to fill glass jars is to take a fork, put the fruit in first and by the time the jar is full of fruit it is hot so you can put in your syrup and seal. NEVADA SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent member of your Band for more than a year now. I was one of the fortunate brides that received THE HOUSEHOLD for a wedding present, and you who know the value of our paper can readily see what a help it was to me when I first waded into the mysteries of housekeeping. I want to thank all of the sisters for the many useful ideas I have obtained from them.

I agree with Dakota Sister that if the gentlemen want to contribute to our paper we ought to give them a chance.

Nelly Browne, I tried your lace edging in the August number, and think it very pretty.

Won't some of the Band please tell me how to make a clothes brush holder? I am greatly interested in the fancy work department and have tried a great many of the patterns. I feel wonderfully well acquainted with you all and am always so glad to hear from you. JESSIE K.

Illinoian.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been reading our paper for nearly two years, and like it so much, but never yet wrote for it. Fortune's wheel has been on the move, and I find myself obliged to think that butter is eighteen cents per pound and eggs the same per dozen, and I must do without cakes or fancy puddings, as money is not as plentiful as it was six months ago. I often wish that some one would give us a bill of fare for a week, and take into consideration that there are six in the family, and everything to buy but water, and then set the table at a cost of \$4 per week. I'm in Canada, and there are no oranges at less than sixty cents per dozen so don't talk about them. If there's one among us equal to doing this, please do so, and make one heart happy.

I want to tell you how I make a nice pudding. One cup of water and a little salt, then flour enough for a stiff batter with two good spoonfuls of baking powder mixed in it. After this is all well stirred up add butter the size of a walnut. Grease a pudding dish and put a layer of batter, then jam, and so on till all is used, having jam on top. Steam one hour and eat with milk and sugar. The same is nice baked on a pie tin, with jam between the layers but none over the top. It needs only to bake about fifteen or twenty minutes. It is nice cut in squares for tea, and eaten without the milk.

ECONOMY.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS:—After reading about the disorderly habits of sons and husbands, and who should be blamed most for the forming of such habits, I would say that I think circumstances often force young men to become good housekeepers as much for their own comfort as to be come helpful to a mother whose influence is greater in some respects over a man than his wife's. It is a good mother or a careless one who rules the happiness of her son's domestic life to a great extent. My husband did much of the cooking and house cleaning for an invalid mother, and often now when without hired help I am compelled to work with five children under nine years old to care for, I have received such help from him when he is at home that I often

dread the coming of the next inefficient help. He is handy in the management of children, and can cook a good meal quickly, and when I am sick I never need a better nurse. He is never idle at home. I am a good housekeeper and teach my children orderly habits, and my husband aids me in doing so by waiting on himself or the little ones, and in keeping the wood shed and garden in good condition, even when we do have help in the kitchen, and with all the pressure of an extensive law practice, and in giving a proper amount of attention to the political matters of his native place in which he ranks with the useful men of the city. I try to influence him for good, yet I know that a will to do right and keep peace and order aid him much in his domestic and business life together with the necessity during his youth of forming useful habits under a mother's efficient teaching.

I check any desire in my children to disarrange or appropriate the possessions of the others and make them careful in their attention to their toilets, and although such vigilance is tiring, I expect to live to reap the benefit of having a helpful and orderly family. I hope I have not tried your patience and will only mention further my appreciation of the articles in the Mothers' Chair, and others equally interesting in THE HOUSEHOLD.

C. M. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have no "John" to quote or valuable household recipes to give, being only a district school ma'am, but I have long thought I would like to write and ask some of the sisters who have had experience in teaching, how they keep the small children employed and interested in school. I live in Nova Scotia and my school is in session for five and a half hours every day, a long time for small children. I do try very hard to make their work interesting and I think to a certain degree, I succeed, but still I am quite willing to acknowledge I might do a great deal better, so would like some hints as to the way I should set about it.

I am much interested in the letters which appear every month, and sometimes amused too. I have often wondered if I will have—when I go to housekeeping and have a John to please—such fearful trials with "sad" cake and poor bread, as some of the sisters have had, but I have conceit enough to think that with THE HOUSEHOLD and the experience I have already, I shall be able to get along without making John's life a burden to him with indigestion.

Apropos of the aforesaid John I hope his mother and sisters have brought him up in the habit of waiting upon himself, for I do not think that I shall feel inclined to do so—at least not much.

Leonice, I will join you in your invitation to the Johns to write for our paper, if they wish to do so. If a man and his wife are one, I have noticed they have very different opinions about things, and of course we want both sides of the picture.

Will some one please send description of a nice slipper case and also of a nice sofa pillow, not too expensive?

CLAIRE.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I wish often to see you, and have a social chat, but we are a very numerous family, and far separated. We ought to be thankful to our kind editor for this means of communicating with each other. A sister, what an endearing name! It seems to signify that we have a particular regard for each other's welfare, that we "rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep," in a special manner.

Let all those who are blest with plenty of this world's goods assist the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, and feel that it is more "blessed to give than to receive," and make all the happier. Winter is coming, the holidays are coming. Gladden the hearts of the unfortunate with some little token of your regard for them at these times, so shall your feasting be the better enjoyed.

Dear sisters, words cannot express the happiness I have received in reading your letters. I thank you much for them, and hope to hear from you often. With best wishes to you all, your Ichabods and Johns, and all the little folks, I bid you adieu.

SARAH.

Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I take it all back. It is only fair I should after saying so much, and with all becoming meekness and humility I do hereby acknowledge that I am convinced of Rosamond E.'s reality. If any of you happen to remember my awful challenge to that worthy lady some time ago you will also remember that she did ask me to visit her. Well, I've been, that is, by proxy, and although my proxy didn't really see her—the family having moved to a distant town since the invitation—yet her local fame is too great to admit a doubt as to her existence or capabilities. She really is a living, breathing woman and is said to have been, before her marriage, the belle of all that region. Her old neighbors say she is a woman who never worries, that she certainly is very remarkable, and they also testify to the existence of her thirteenth baby. So you see it must all be true. In sackcloth and ashes I admit it and ask her pardon and promise

to believe implicitly hereafter whatever she tells us.

Perhaps the principal cause of my skepticism lay in the fact that my own dear little mother is such a wonderful woman herself. She is regarded by everybody as a marvel yet even she's compelled to doubt Rosamond's existence. Her own family is pretty large—for "we are seven"—all boys but me, and all living too. Then beside herself and father, grandfather and grandmother have always constituted part of our family and we have had a great deal of company and often hired help besides. Mother has always enjoyed the most perfect health and seldom owns that she is even tired. She never worries either, and after all, isn't that the great secret of successful housekeeping? She quietly goes about what she has to do, in the easiest way, with no fuss or fretting, and in an incredibly short space of time, accomplishes perfectly what it would take others a long time to perform. Why may we not all cultivate this way of doing? Temperament has something to do with the matter, but not all. I know because I am naturally rather inclined to worry myself, yet when by sheer force of will I have compelled myself to do things quietly without nervous haste or worry, I find I can accomplish much more without half the weariness I should have been sure to experience otherwise.

PEARL VAN HORN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BOILED MACARONI AND CHEESE.—Break the macaroni into small pieces and boil three-quarters of an hour in plenty of water. Fifteen minutes before it is done, put a quantity of grated cheese, a teaspoonful of butter, and pepper and salt to taste, into a cup of milk, and allow to boil until the cheese is dissolved. Then pour over the macaroni, from which the water has been poured, and cover for a few moments. The small macaroni is the nicest.

EXCELLENT TOMATO SOY.—Slice green tomatoes, after washing them, and weigh them. Slice two onions, and to every eight pounds of fruit, allow a little mustard, half a tablespoonful of ginger, four pounds of clean brown sugar, two spoonfuls of powdered clove, two spoonfuls of allspice, two spoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper, and sufficient good cider vinegar. Boil the fruit until quite tender, so as to cut easily with a spoon, then add the spices and boil all together a few minutes; when cool, put into glass jars and keep covered close. Be sure to have vinegar enough to more than cover the fruit in the jar, and keep it covered.

EXCELLENT PICKLED EGGS.—Boil one dozen eggs twelve minutes, put them directly into cold water, which makes the shell come off easily. Boil several red beets very soft so as to mash them fine with a pestle and put with the egg. Heat vinegar enough to cover the eggs, add a little salt, pepper and all kinds of spice, a little clove and a grated nutmeg. Put the spices into the boiling vinegar, put the eggs into a glass jar, and pour the mixture over them, and be sure to have vinegar enough to cover the eggs. Keep the jar tightly covered, and keep the eggs covered with the vinegar. They are better to stand a week or two before using. This should be put on the table in a glass preserve dish, and a little of the beet and vinegar, just enough to look pretty.

HANS DORCOMB.

* Westminster, Vt.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard or butter, melted, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of water, knead quite hard and roll thin, bake in a quick oven. When done and cold cut in squares ready for use, and keep in a dry place. I keep mine in a cracker box.

Will one of the sisters please send me a recipe for apple jelly?

YOUNG WIFE.

Maine.

CREAM CAKE.—Three-fourths cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, beat together to a cream. Whisk of five eggs, two and three-fourths cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, flavor to taste.

Filling.—One cup of sweet milk, let it come to a boil, thicken with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of corn starch, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, let it boil until thick enough to suit you, and then cool flavor with vanilla.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take one-half of the above cake, grate three tablespoonfuls of chocolate, warm it on the stove, then stir into the cake.

Icing.—Whisk of three eggs, one cup of sugar, boil until thick, and flavor, wash raisins, chop fine, then add one cup to icing.

CHOW CHOW.—Two gallons of green tomatoes, sliced without peeling, sprinkle salt plentifully over them, and let them drain and stand over night, twelve good sized onions, also sliced, two quarts of good vinegar, one quart of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of salt, ground

mustard and allspice, and one tablespoonful of cloves. Mix all together, cook until tender, can and seal. This is a most useful and pleasant sauce for almost any kind of meat. Sisters, please try it and report.

ESTELLE.

Indiana.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to give the recipe for a favorite dish with us, and one that makes a pleasant variety. It is particularly nice for breakfast and tea.

STUFFED HAM.—Select a nice ham and boil, when done let it get cold before you skin and trim it. Prepare a stuffing of bread crumbs, butter, pepper, parsley, thyme and celery. Begin at the hock and make incisions with a large knife about an inch apart, and put in the stuffing as you draw out the knife. Rub a smooth paste of flour and water together and spread thickly over the top, put the ham in the oven and let it brown well, but slowly. To be eaten cold.

South Carolina.

AUNT MARION.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk, a little more than one-half cup of butter, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and nutmeg; mix soft as can be rolled.

FRUIT SNAPS.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins, two cups of currants, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of allspice; mix soft as can be rolled. These will keep several months.

MILLY.

RICE BREAKFAST CAKES.—One pint of cold boiled rice, one pint of sweet milk, three eggs well beaten, a little piece of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make quite thin, like griddle cakes. Bake in hot gem irons, about one half hour in a hot oven.

A. L.

TO DESTROY CARPET BUGS:—Editor Household:—Please say to M. C. F. that the following preparation has been used very successfully in destroying carpet bugs: Equal parts of borax, camphor and saltpeter, mixed, and put in drawers, closets and under carpets. Sprinkle freely, and they will disappear.

N. I. A.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken in a little water until it will slip easily from the bones. Chop it fine, adding salt, pepper, and herbs to taste. Pour on the water in which it has been boiled and press several hours. It is very convenient for picnics or for traveling.

A. M. V.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to prepare autumn leaves with yellow wax, to give the appearance of wax work?

Washington, D. C.

MRS. G. J. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Emily Hayes and other sisters of the Band send directions for nice breakfast dishes, excluding steak, salt fish and potatoes? Think they would be gladly received by others as well as

MARY E. C.

Marathon Subscriber, cookies are better without eggs, if kneaded soft and baked quick. This is our recipe: One cup of cream, rather thick, one cup nearly full of sour milk, two cups of granulated sugar, two teaspoonfuls of soda. If you haven't cream use a large half cup of butter. These are good, have made them for several years. Cookies should always be baked quick. A great deal depends upon this.

New Preston, Conn.

L. A. CAGSWELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me what alls my jelly or rather thick syrup? Did I boil it too much or not enough?

MRS. L. W. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—An old Subscriber wanted a recipe for coloring black. I have one we have used for several years. For eight pounds of cloth or yarn, take one pound of logwood, four ounces of blue vitriol, half a pound of madder. Put blue vitriol and madder in enough soft water to cover the cloth. When it boils put in the cloth, and let it boil twenty minutes. Then take it out and air it, put the logwood in the same water, when it boils again, put the cloth in and boil twenty minutes. Then let the cloth get about half dry, wash it in good, strong soap suds, and rinse well.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Suisun, Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please inquire of the sisters if any can give us the way to make "angel's food?" I have seen it prepared in several different ways, grated coconut being the base of it, but I would like to know the original recipe, and why it is called "angels' food."

Louisiana.

MRS. L. VIALLOU.

The Parlor.

TO-DAY.

To-day the eye can fling its fondest glances.
And with the silent song the soul can thrill,
Can hold one captive at its own sweet willing,
Clear mirror of a heart that knows no ill.
To-morrow all the light of its clear shining,
May set, to rise above in heaven's fair blue.
Oh, eye, remember how the message readeth,
"Do quickly all the work thou hast to do."
To day the hand so deft, all own its cunning,
Its clasp, so warm, melts icy doubt away.
It opens wide to give in fullest measure.
Nor soft, nor white, mayhap, saintly alway.
To-morrow for its softness and its whiteness,
Friends mean, "Tw'l only hold the rosebud now,
Dear hand that never would lay by its working,
But always found His 'whatsoe'er' to do."
To-day the lips can kiss away earth's sorrow,
Can rain their dew on all her parched plains,
Like sweetest bēnédiction of the Master,
Till grief's sad plaint shall end in glad refrain.
But on the morrow, lips close pressed together,
Shall never part for kisses or good by.
O, lie-red lips now give us all your ble-sings,
All your pure pearls that come with glad surprise.
All day may we keep heaven's chimes a ringing,
And drown the ceaseless underflow of pain,
Then on the morrow when we cease the singing,
Others will end the song not sung in vain.
Milford, Mass. N. C. SCAMMELL.

NELLIE CRAWFORD'S STRATEGY:
A TRUE STORY OF THE REV-
OLUION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

BLACK-WINGED rooks went sailing across the blue sky, cawing lazily as they flew, and the hot sun of a September afternoon glowed upon the dusty highway and upon the wide expanse of level fields that hedged in the old house at Crawford Plantation, in the Waxhaw region of the Carolinas, as Eleanor Maud Crawford, or Nellie as they usually called her, sat at the window stitching a sampler, but looking up ever and anon to watch for travelers who might be coming up the road.

The Crawford house stood well back from the highway, with a garden between, bisected by a carriage drive from the big white gates upon the road, but the young girl could readily descry any one passing up or down the thoroughfare, a distance of a quarter of a mile from the house. The watch she kept was a keen one, for upon her faithful sentinels depended the safety of a loved father.

Major Crawford, who was an officer in the patriot army under General Gates, had, just an hour before, weary, travel-stained and alone, arrived at his plantation after an absence of many weeks. He was at this moment in the kitchen eating the lunch that had been hastily prepared by Mrs. Crawford and the colored cook Chloe, preparatory to continuing his journey to Sumpter's army which was encamped on the Wateree. During the meantime Nellie had been stationed at the window to keep a sharp lookout against the approach of any Tory or British party which might be on his track. It was just after the defeat of Gates at Camden, and the king's men were jubilant and active through the Carolinas.

Nellie Crawford was a bright-eyed, saucy-looking girl of about fourteen at this time. She was the major's only child, and had inherited a large share of his courage and resolution. She was an ardent little "rebel," and had often been heard to declare that if she was a boy she would join the ranks and fight the British till Cornwallis and Tarleton were both driven beyond the seas. The sampler that she was at work upon was, however, calculated to incite thoughts of peace rather than those of a warlike nature. It represented Elijah fed by the ravens. There was a marvelous background of shrubs and trees, all wrought in the finest tent stitch; and beside a stone done in orange color, lay the recumbent figure of the shaggy-haired

prophet. A flock of birds, each one laden with a huge "two-penny pan-loaf," were gracefully approaching from the left hand corner of the canvas. The girl's deft fingers were busily ornamenting Elijah with two prominent eyes of the deepest cobalt blue when her ears caught the sound of hoofs coming at a sharp gallop up the road.

She glanced hastily from the window and descried mounted on a "grass pony," (a horse of the South Carolina swamps, rough, Shetlandish, wild,) a tall, slender, "gangling fellow," legs long enough to almost meet under the pony; damaged, wide-brimmed hat flapping down over his face which was freckled and worn; the figure covered with dust; tired looking as though the youth had ridden till he could scarcely sit on his pony. Before she could run to the door, the forlorn apparition hailed her with the tidings:

"The British are coming! A party of their dragoons under Captain Dacy, conducted by that tory Wilson, are riding up from Charlotte like the wind. Tell the major to run if he would save his life."

The messenger, whom Nellie recognized as a boy of the neighboring village, dashed on again, without waiting to answer any questions.

Nellie gave no further thought to the cobalt-blue eyes of the old Gileadite staring at her from the sampler. To warn her father so that he might escape in time was her only thought. But before she left the window she glanced down the highway.

There was a cloud of dust rising above the trees far down as she could see, and through that cloud she saw the glistening of bright steel. Were his enemies so near as that? Then indeed there was no time to lose. The tramp of a score of steeds reached her ears as she turned to enter the kitchen.

Major Crawford's bronzed face turned nearly as pale as that of his daughter's when he was told of the near approach of his foes, but he was a man of dauntless energy and accustomed to danger. His first act was to run to the window and look out. A single glance told him it was too late for flight. The dragoons were already at the white gates, and the foremost were dismounting.

"Oh, father, you will be taken," cried Mrs. Crawford pale and trembling. "Can you not hide in the fire-place?"

"No, that will not do," said the major quietly. "They will search every nook and corner for me, and I should be dragged out in a trice."

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Crawford, wringing her hands.

"Be calm, mother," said the officer. "If the worst happens, I can defend myself with my sword which did such good work at the Cowpens."

The patriot looked as if he was about to resort to that rash alternative, but Nellie seized him by the arm.

"There are twenty of your enemies and you would be killed in a moment. Quick, I can save you," and she pulled her father by main force from the kitchen to the outer shed. She was in an agony of terror lest her father should be seen before he was hidden away at all, but outwardly she was very calm.

In the shed stood a large meat barrel or tierce which Cato had brought out of the cellar a few days before, and was now standing empty beside a pile of wood. In her desperation the girl's quick eye espied it and she drew the hunted officer toward it.

"It's a capital hiding place," said the major, grasping her intention. "Pack me in as hastily as you can, and, mother, you go and entertain our visitors."

Major Crawford's bulky form was

speedily compressed within the interior of the cask, which was really the most available hiding place he could have sought. Nellie threw in an old garment above him and laid a few sticks of wood carelessly upon that, leaving the top of the barrel uncovered. Then she returned to the sitting room where she found her mother engaged in an exciting dialogue with the leader of the British party.

"Where have you hidden that rebel bound, your husband?" asked the officer.

"Major Crawford is capable of taking care of himself without any of my help," answered the patriotic woman, who had recovered her courage wonderfully.

"You do not deny then that the traitor is within?"

"Search for yourself. If my husband is here you can find him," and Mrs. Crawford sat quietly down.

"Show me the way to your cellar, girl," said the Englishman to Nellie.

"Would it not be best to begin with the garrets and go down?" asked the young girl, her black eyes dancing saucily.

"Because," she continued, "we have wine in the cellars, and if you commenced there you would not prosecute the search until you had either finished the wine or drank yourself to death."

Captain Dacy gave her a look that he intended to be very severe. "Lead the way to the cellar," he said sternly.

Nellie obeyed with a pretty pout. "Do you think my father is like pork and potatoes, to seek concealment in our cellar?" she asked.

"He is in the house somewhere and we intend to find him," answered the officer, a young man who affected the brusque style of Tarleton, well known on both sides for his cruelty and soldier-like qualities.

But they found no hint of his presence in the cellar, and after a careful examination the officer led his soldiers up the stairs.

"A rat couldn't store himself away in that place," observed the British captain, "now we'll to the garrets."

The upper rooms of the mansion were subjected to the same careful search as the cellar had been, and with the same ill success. The walls and the sides of the rooms were sounded with swords, and bayonets, but no signs of a living being in hiding was discovered.

"This is strange," declared the captain. "Major Crawford's horse is in the stable, and he could not have had time to flee far had he left the house. He must be here. Where's Wilson?"

The Tory was outside, but he came within as he heard his name spoken by the officer. A nail on the barrel caught and tore a rent in his frock as he went past it in the shed.

"There! you won't stand in the way any longer," cried the man angrily, as he gave the cask a violent kick that knocked it over upon its side. Fortunately the fierce fell with its uncovered head toward the wall, and no one suspected that the object of their search was within it.

"What do you make of it, Wilson?" inquired Captain Dacy.

"I don't think the major's here," returned the Tory. "He's got wind of our close pursuit and left before we came. We have looked the barn all over; his horse is there, but the major isn't."

"I would sooner have lost my spurs than to have had this search for nothing. Tarleton will be angry if we do not find him."

"It can't be helped. We've done our best," said his Tory congener. "There's good wine in the rebel's cellar though, we needn't lose that."

"True," observed Captain Dacy. Then turning to Mrs. Crawford he continued: "Come, madam, you can entertain the rascally rebels it seems; have

you no refreshments for the humble servants of the king?"

"Certainly, will you partake of some cakes and wine? Call Chloe, Nellie, and have the table spread at once."

"Order my men to ride on slowly, Wilson, it is possible they may yet get a glance of the rebel we are after. You and I will enjoy this good lady's hospitality a short time."

While Wilson was delivering the captain's orders to the dragoons, Mrs. Crawford opened the side-board and set out her decanters and bottles and dishes, and the negress brought some fresh wine from the cellar. The Englishman smacked his lips as he emptied a goblet.

"It's the best I've drank in this heathen country," he said, and he grew quite enthusiastic, a feeling in which his tory partner participated.

"Come, Mrs. Crawford," said the officer handing the mistress of the house a glass of wine, "I have a toast to propose. I hope you have no objection to drinking the health of King George."

"None at all," replied Mrs. Crawford. "I am sure that I wish him no harm, poor man."

"Very well, and now we'll toss off a bumper to the success of his majesty's arms, and to the discomfiture of all rebels."

"Papa might perhaps object to that," said Nellie Crawford, who at this moment entered the room after a short absence. "However, he is here to speak for himself."

"Yes, I am here, and I have decided objections to such sentiments being drank in my house."

The Briton and the Tory looked up and saw framed in the doorway the very man for whom they had been searching so vainly. He held in each hand a loaded pistol, and the muzzle of each one was pointed at the hearts of the banqueters.

"Don't stir or you are dead men," he cried, as the British officer attempted to place his hand upon his sword.

"What do you intend to do?" asked the embarrassed captain.

"I mean to take you prisoner," answered Major Crawford. "I will not harm you if you offer no resistance. Nellie, you may fasten his arms so that he will not be able to harm us. There is a cord on the peg behind you."

The Briton glared ferociously at his enemy. "Put your hands behind you, or I shall be obliged to maim you," said the major calmly.

Captain Dacy obeyed, though with a bad grace, and the young girl fastened his wrists together with a stout rope.

"Now it's your turn, Wilson," said the major, addressing the Tory. "You thought to take me, but the tables are reversed."

After Nellie had performed the same operation upon the Tory and the two men stood securely bound, Major Crawford very coolly sat down and finished his interrupted repast. He was just done when a wooly head thrust itself into the doorway.

"Massa, de hosse am saddled and bridled."

"All right, Cato. Are the dragoons out of sight?"

"Dey is. Ise jes com in an de last soger's coat tail am out ob sight. Ise dead suah."

"It's time for me to be going then. I shall be with Sumpter by midnight. Help me to mount these prisoners, Cato."

"Golly, Massa, an' you's took um buff prisummers. Guess dey won't feel like laffin at old Cato again. Cam long, ole red cote," and the negro pulled Captain Dacy rather rudely toward his horse.

In a few moments the major was ready to start. He bade his wife and daughter good by, and as the sun cast lengthening

shadows on the green, he and the faithful Cato rode away with their two captives in front of them.

There were anxious hearts at the mansion until Cato returned with the news of their safe arrival at Sumpter's camp. In little more than a year the war closed and Major Crawford himself came back to his plantation which he carried on for many years. He always told Nellie that it was to her strategy he owed his escape from capture and turning the tables upon his enemies. As for Nellie she carried a memento of that day in the shape of a dagger, a small slender poniard which dropped from Captain Dacy's belt in the affray, and which she ever after wore as an ornament in her hair. This dagger is preserved as an heirloom by her descendants and any one seeing it will be told the story of the brave young girl who did not fail to act well her part in the "times which tried men's souls."

STRAY LEAVES FROM A DIARY.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENGLAND, Friday, August 8, 1884.—I am sitting this morning in Washington Irving's room at Red Horse Inn. In one corner of the room is his arm chair, his portraits taken in different styles hang on the walls, the old clock mentioned in his sketch book stands near his chair, and in a frame against the wall are these words of the great writer:

"To the homeless man who has no spot in this wide world which he can truly call his own there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when after a weary day's travel he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers and stretches himself before an inn fire.

Let the world go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys.

The arm chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor some twelve feet square his undisputed empire.

It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day."

I called the bar maid to bring me the poker, the veritable scepter of Geoffrey Crayon, with his name cut upon it, carefully preserved in its scabbard of cloth, grown shabby now, in the more than sixty long years, since the Sketch Book was penned.

We visited Shakespeare's home to-day, sat in his chair, looked up the deep, wide chimney place, yes, and seated ourselves in the "chimney lug," and walked over the same rude flag pavement, and saw the heavy oaken beams that support the ceiling and the fire-place. We went into the room where the great genius was born—the greatest genius the world has ever seen, first opened his eyes—oh! I cannot realize that I have actually been where that mighty intellect was unfolded and made known to man. On High street in the care of Mrs. James are a few interesting relics of Shakespeare, his chairs, pictures that hung on the wall of his home, the bolt of his bed room door, and his sword. In the visitors' book we saw the autographs of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, James Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd), among a number of eminent individuals, for "all the world," said an old lady of Stratford to us, "flocks to the home of Shakespeare."

In the afternoon Belinda and I strolled through the green lanes that led to Shottery where Anne Hathaway's cottage still

stands. It is two stories high, and built of brick and timber. As we entered the low door way and walked through a narrow passage we found ourselves in a room not shown to visitors, although we did not know it at that time. The most curious picture met our eyes; a small kitchen lighted by a narrow window containing tiny panes of glass; the room was paved with rude flag stones; a deep, wide chimney corner; somewhere within the recesses of the chimney was hung an iron hook from which suspended a kett'e which was simmering and steaming over a fire of coals, low hanging beams supported the ceiling and formed a mantelpiece from which hung bunches of dried herbs, and which contained old-fashioned bits of crockery. The room was unoccupied except by three cats, who evidently did not regard our visit an intrusion. Two sat on the uneven stone floor, blinking and winking out their satisfaction at the appearance of human faces in the doorway, but the third seated complacently on the tea table regarded us with more curiosity and asked plainly in cat language, what business called us hither.

Belinda and I looked and laughed, it was the oddest and quaintest scene that we ever beheld.

Presently a woman appeared and took us into the other part of the cottage which was the living room when Shakespeare came a wooing; there was the same old fire-place, the wooden bench or settle, which formerly was out of doors against the house, upon which no doubt the lovers were often found—the oaken wainscoting and the heavy beams and the rough flag pavement. Up stairs we saw a handsomely carved bedstead of the Elizabethan period, in the room in which Anne Hathaway was born, and looked out of the narrow diamond shaped panes of glass which formed the tiny window through which Anne no doubt used to watch for the coming of her lover through the green lanes in the darkening twilight of the long summer evenings.

The sun was low in the west as Belinda and I turned our faces towards Stratford, and walked through the fields with sprigs of lavender in our hands brought from the home of Shakespeare's sweetheart. At Leamington which is a fashionable "Spa," we saw the house at which General Grant staid while there, it was pointed out to us as we drove past. The waters of Leamington taste like salts, and one spring is exclusively for the poor, it stands by the road side and as many as forty people gather around it at once on Sunday mornings to carry away the medicinal waters.

COVENTRY, August 12.—We arrived here last evening about dusk, a young man told me at the station that the inn of the Craven Arms, at which I had a great desire to stop, was about five minutes walk from the train. We found it an old-fashioned hostelry full of surprise places and holes and rare old cabinets and chairs, and furniture; so old it looks as if it had been used five hundred years; my bed with its carved bed posts and carved head board is hung with curtains which I drew down and "slept the sleep of the just" until after eight o'clock this morning.

Speaking about inns, reminds me of the curious old inn of the Mitre at Oxford. The carriage entered the door and drove up the paved court-yard. Our rooms were on the first floor above, and the windows were of stained glass and looked down upon an inner court which was paved with bricks but adorned with shrubbery and plants. In my room door were two holes in the upper panel which reminded me of the two eyes of a giant, and I don't know that I would have been much surprised, if a giant watchman patrolling the corridor had stopped to look

through and given the cry of "Twelve o'clock and all's well!"

While at Oxford, we visited Christ Church College, and as we paced the cloisters and thought of the boundless ambition of the man who had built the college, I could not help but pity him, poor Cardinal Wolsey in his downfall, and think with sadness on his words, "Had I served my God as I served my king he would not have forsaken me in my hour of need."

In Magdalen College we took Addison's walk by river Charbon, saw the students resting on their oars between the foliage of the trees, on one side the river, the other the beautiful and well kept deer park. The walk in the college grounds that was Addison's favorite resort and so bears his name, is a wide gravel path bordered on both sides by stately trees, meeting in an arch overhead, and extends around in a circular direction for about a half a mile or more, I should judge.

In Coventry we drove through the tower by which the city was entered in ancient times, we saw, too, part of the old wall and the priory, we took the drive to Kenilworth and while passing Gibbet Hill, Belinda and I alighted and walked over that spot of blood-curdling memories where criminals were formerly executed and their bodies left on the gibbet for the birds of the air to feed upon. The drive to Kenilworth castle is one of the finest in England; it is a broad avenue shaded by large elms, oaks and ash trees.

Kenilworth is now in crumbling ruins but covered with beautiful ivy; how those gloomy arches must have once rung with gay laughter and merry jests, and what pageantry and pomp and grand display must those ancient halls have seen when the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth with her two hundred retainers and four hundred servants for seventeen days. Poor Amy Robsart the young, beautiful wife of the weak earl, how sad one feels at her fate, but there was a crown in the balance, and it was Elizabeth who wore it and Amy's brow was bare, though a wife, and Amy met her fate, and the earl missed his aim, and the hand fell empty that tried to grasp a crown.

Warwick castle is the most beautiful ancient castle in England we think. It is built on a rock, overhanging the Avon. From the windows we looked upon the great cedars of Lebanon brought six hundred years ago from the Holy Land by Crusaders. We saw many pictures in the castle by Vandyke, Rubens, Michael Angelo, and a large picture of St. Ignatius, the founder of the school of Jesuits, a man whose visions came to him through a sickly imagination fed on the Lives of the Saints, during a long and painful illness caused by his wounds contracted in the wars.

LONDON, August 12.—What a delightful time we had to-day, with nothing to do but to visit some few places of interest. Along Fleet street, the same walk that Dr. Samuel Johnson took from his chambers to the tavern of the Cheshire Cheese, where meeting with some friends to talk, Boswell hung on and took snubs and notes; for the sake of the latter, he took the former as he says somewhere in the work, which has made immortal the wonderful sayings of that wonderful man. After all, we owe much to Boswell, if he was the butt of his companions he did more than any one else for Johnson, in preserving his words and handing them down to posterity. As I walked through the Temple I remembered Eugene Wrayburn pelting the schoolmaster that annoyed Lizzie Hexam, and the wit and easy, good-humored grace of Wrayburn that won him so many friends.

We crossed London Bridge, descended the steps to Lower Thames street to Billingsgate side of the pier, up again to London Bridge, over to Surrey where we saw the tavern of the White Hart, made famous by Pickwick, to Marshalsea prison where the father of Little Dorrit was confined for debt. The door and wall is still standing. We went through the lower and squalid portions of London, some frightfully so, where ragged and dirty children swarmed in front of their homes as thick as bees, turning somersaults, screeching "for the toss of a penny." Fruit and vegetable markets are quite interesting, and some portions of the old Leadenhall market still stands. Some of these old taverns of which Dickens wrote, have balconies extending all around the second floor with bed rooms opening out upon them; these look down into the court-yard. They are of ancient date, for none are now built after that plan.

WEDNESDAY, August 13.—Left London for Rochester, hired a "trap" and drove some three miles out to visit Gad's Hill made celebrated by Sir John Falstaff's famous victory and great display of valor in running away, and doubly so now as the home of Dickens stands upon it. My heart beat loud in expectation as the iron bell at the barred gate was pulled, and we waited for the answer to our summons, hoping intensely, yet dreading denial to enter what to me, was almost holy ground, as Dickens had lived and died in that house.

I could not trust myself to speak when I stepped into the library where he had lived and breathed, where he conceived and wrote those mighty creations of his brain that have held the world captive. Book shelves extended around the walls of the room, and on the door also were books simulated, so when the door was closed the line of shelves would not be broken and the nest was lined with books. Of course it would be too heavy to have real books so they were only imitation, bound in calf, and the wit of Dickens was never more displayed than in the titles of his imaginary books; for instance, there were twenty-four volumes of "Guide to Sleep; " "Cat's Lives," in nine volumes; it took three large volumes for "Five Minutes in China;" the "The Wisdom of our Forefathers" needed seven volumes to express, 1st, Ignorance; 2d, The Block; 3d, Superstition; 4th, The Stake; 5th, The Rack; 6th, Dirt; 7th, Disease. The "History of a Short Chancery Suit" was told in twenty-one volumes.

"Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing," only took three. About the funniest was four large volumes of "King Henry VIII.'s Evidence of Christianity." In standing before a picture that Holbein painted of the worthy king that gives a brutal, cunning, subtle look to his face, and no one can doubt that all the evidence he has left us of his Christianity was contained in those empty wooden books. Another incomparable title was "Catalogue of Statues to the Duke of Wellington," in six large volumes and an index, for every place one goes through, England, Scotland, or Ireland, a monument is sure to confront one, and to the question put,

"Whose monument is that?" or "Whose statue is that?" "Tis the Duke of Wellington, mem."

We saw the grave of little Dick, the canary whom Dickens buried, a wooden slab marks the spot of the feathered pet that he loved, telling in few words the story of Dick. Blue lobelias and other tiny plants flourish over the little grave, and somehow it brought out the human part of that great man and gave us an unconscious glimpse into the loving, tender heart that stooped to take in a little innocent bird.

A beautiful green house opens upon the

dining room and in the recess by the window, Charles Dickens breathed his last. As I stood by the window and looked upon the landscape which no doubt was the same his eyes rested upon from his sick bed, tears trembled on my lashes and my heart was full to overflowing. It seemed so sad that his life went out so soon, and the hand is still that could wield the pen that bettered the condition of thousands, that purified the work-house, roused the terror of unscrupulous school-masters who had the care of many poor, defenceless children, that showed how innocence could exist even in the haunts of vice and cry aloud for help, that poverty and crime do not always go hand in hand, but love and sympathy and true nobleness may exist under the coat of a Dick Swiveller, and a tender, womanly devotion that causes our eyes to grow dim with tears may dwell in the heart of a ragged marchioness.

A rose garden which is one bower of roses and low beds of mignonette is divided from the other ground by a hedge-row, and a flight of stone steps leads from the grounds to a tunnel under the road, to the park opposite, where Dickens wrote undisturbed in his summer house and by passing through the tunnel escaped the curious eyes of passers-by.

A GLIMPSE OF NIAGARA.

On landing at Grand Haven on our way homeward from a western trip we found to our disappointment that the first express train for Grand Rapids had just gone; the hour for its departure having been changed to an earlier one than heretofore. But it all turned out for the best, as our trials usually do when taken patiently and cheerfully. We had now time to take a good and comfortable breakfast, and to write and send a few letters; one being to THE HOUSEHOLD, and on our return from the post office found the next train just ready for us, and we ready for the train.

It was still early in the forenoon and the cars not at all crowded, but very cool and comfortable; and refreshed by our excellent breakfast and good night's rest we are prepared to enjoy the journey.

Burnt and blackened stumps of trees, some tall and some short, with swamps, cat-tail flags, and low bushes between, on each side of us, for miles, now we have a little opening of small fields under cultivation. Two log houses, a small pond, now burnt land again, and pine trees in the distance. At some times this scenery might seem tame and uninteresting; yesterday afternoon, for example, when weary and dispirited with fatigue of travel.

Beauty is after all in the eye of the observer. Seen invested with the glory of the morning sun, under a perfect sky, when rested and refreshed by sleep, with our faces set homewards, every little bush and blade of grass is invested with beauty, reminding us of Wordsworth's beautiful lines:

"For me the meanest flower that grows, may bring Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Here are more beautiful wild flowers growing in the swamps. And now there is no more water nor even moist earth to be seen, only great beds of sand, not a hill to be seen. What a wilderness! It looks as if this had once been the bed of the lake, one vast sea stretching across from lake Michigan to lakes Huron and Ontario! It may have been so. Greater changes than this have taken place since the creation of the world.

Holland, six miles from the lake, a small village. We cross a pretty little river and go on through burnt stumps again to cultivated fields and pastures where cattle are grazing; woods and blackened stumps still bound the horizon. Little farm houses with two rooms and an

attic, and now and then a small brick house, indicating a little more worldly prosperity. Now we come to swamps again, woods, rushes and bright wild flowers.

As we approach Grand Rapids fields, fences and groves of trees, are all under water, one great lake, from the late heavy rains which have caused a freshet. The railroad bridges are all but one carried away, and some of the lines of railway impassable. We are detained and obliged to go around to Grand Rapids another way. However at about noon on Saturday we reach Grand Rapids, a handsome and flourishing city of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants where we remain over Sunday, with an old friend of our younger days, who lives here.

From Grand Rapids to Detroit, going through Ionia, Pontiac and many other smaller towns and villages, the scenery is not very remarkable; although there is always enough to interest one. We pass cultivated fields, farm houses, villages and have some pretty water views of little ponds or streams. The country is level and there is not much diversity. At Detroit the cars are ferried across the river to Canada. We are again in our luxurious line of palace cars, with the dining cars, and every comfort. At Windsor, opposite to Detroit, custom house officers again come in to inspect all baggage checked to any point in British dominions. That which is checked through Canada to points in the United States escapes examination.

After an excellent dinner in the dining cars, we return to the other car, to enjoy the scenery.

We are passing through the woods of Canada. How delightfully cool it seems this hot summer's day! So different from the heat in the cars in the forenoon, unprotected from the sun by trees. What a fragrance comes from the pines! The very air seems full of music and poetry. Here are open spaces where the sunshine gleams in, making pretty shadows upon the soft grass beneath the trees. Oh! what beautiful, graceful ferns! Some one told us there was nothing worth seeing by this route, and we might as well take a sleeping car through to Niagara. A great mistake this would have been surely.

What can be more beautiful or delightful than the wild woods, fresh from the hand of the Great Creator? Longfellow's lines come to mind naturally:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures and is patient, Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest."

The only place of any note that we pass during several hours' travel is St. Thomas, Ontario. Here are some fine residences. A large hotel and a railroad bridge just before we enter the town.

Just at evening we reach Niagara Falls. This station is upon the Canada side. Taking one of the small carriages in waiting we cross the new suspension bridge two miles above the old suspension bridge and consequently very near the falls, and in crossing have a splendid view of this marvel of nature and art, Niagara Falls lighted up by electric light. It is truly magnificent! We drive to the Cataract House; from the spacious piazzas of this fine hotel we have a splendid view of the cataract above the falls. It is a singular fact that one never tires of seeing these views. Indeed the longer one gazes and listens spell-bound to the roar of the waters, the more grand and

majestic it seems. One cannot at first view take in the sublimity of the scene.

"Here years ago we passed a few bright, happy days enjoying our first sight of the falls with dear father, mother, sister and aunts. Alas! that happy party, that loving home circle, will never meet again upon earth. Father, mother, sister and aunt all gone up higher to join the church triumphant. Yet no doubt they are still near us in thought and sympathy, for 'are they not all ministering spirits?'

Lo! what a cloud of witnesses are ever round our way!

Sweet spirits of departed ones, bright in eternal day. We see them not, we hear them not, but they hear our every tone.

No darkness hides us from their eyes; we cannot be alone.

Oh! blessed church triumphant! Your trials now are o'er,

Yet with longing eyes ye watch us from that bright and heavenly shore."

Ye watch around us night and day, and note our every choice,

And when we fall, ye grieve for us, and when we win, rejoice,

Sweet ministering spirits! Be ever round our way!

Draw us with cords invisible! Pray for us, when we pray.

Once ye have trod the weary way and borne the burden sore,

But now all tears are wiped away; ye'll never suffer more.

Then faint not, Christian, in the race! It will not be for long,

The hosts of heaven are watching thee; then in the Lord be strong!

Throw off the weight that hinders; burst the fetters of thy sin;

And looking unto Jesus, then the victory shall win.

We are lulled to sleep by the roar of the falls, and next morning as soon as breakfast is over hasten to make the tour of Goat Island in order to see once more all the old familiar views so enjoyed with dear home friends years ago.

Goat Island is, as most of our readers know, situated close by the brink of the falls. It separates the American fall from the Canadian or Horse-shoe fall, so called from its resemblance to a horse-shoe.

The island, which was formerly an Indian burying ground, received its name from the fact that in 1779 John Steadman cleared a part of the upper end and placed several goats there. The following winter proved very cold and they all died. This island is also sometimes called Iris Island from the beautiful rainbows seen when the sun shines in the mist over the falls.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

MORE NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

While it is an oft quoted and favorite maxim that "Fine feathers do not make fine birds," the fact remains that other things being equal they do make fine-looking birds, and that such as have beauty of plumage are most agreeable to gaze upon and receive most attention. With clothing as is the usual application of our maxim, the same holds good. "Fine" as used in contrast with coarse, or with even plain, means, probably, here to most of us, finished or complete as to the reigning mode or fashion, and some use the word amiss in reference to a gaudy appearance which is always "coarse." In our "Quaker city," we see plenty of the Quaker sect, or Friends, and they probably scout the notion that their mode of dress could be styled fine, yet that is really just what they aim at—fine quality, delicate color, and a carefully chosen match of shade in every detail, soft lace and neat gloves and shoes. Are not these fine feathers?

To those who have been trained to any degree of taste or educated to choose first what is the most conspicuous new fashion, of course the meaning of our text varies, contrasting colors and those of the gaudiest send some to join the ranks of the parrots (and do we not often find plumage and chatter, too, corre-

ponding?) or with just taste to select colors and materials and mode of making so as to be just as elegant and refined yet neatly tasteful as our favorite robin or other bright summer birds, cheery and busy, shedding their true refinement over all their surroundings. Every one has noticed that neat or fine clothing, the best any one can afford contributes very largely to their comfort and to the respect they command—what has one to judge from at first sight save general appearance—the very feathers, are they ruffled, untidy, in a state of chronic moulting, we infer that there is something unhealthy about the wearer either of body or mind, something repulsive often and one shrinks from farther contact.

For one I am an earnest advocate of properly fine feathers and if one can afford it that the first requisite be fineness of quality. If we wear cottons, let our chintz, percale or lawn be chosen for the texture, fine and good of its kind, then made as neatly and as near to the prevailing style as is becoming to face and figure. Here our friends are often to blame, for we consult them and they lack courage to correct our taste or fail to consider our circumstances, or age, or figure, and simply tell what is the style, perhaps it is so conspicuous there may not be another dress in our neighborhood so made, (too fine!) perhaps suitable for our daughter's age but not for our years, (too fine!) or if we are spare, too little trimming, stout, too much. To have our dress justly fine, deserves an hour's consideration and then when we wear it knowing it is correct as to quality, color, and make, we may feel comfortable and sing as cheerily as the gayest birds we meet.

There is no doubt but that a lack of suitable plumage detracts very often from our appreciation of some rare birds among those around us while others with an irrepressible magnetism rise and shine over most unprepossessing attire, but leave a regret with our involuntary admiration which we do not always know how to account for. We often associate our best friends with some especially pleasant array in which we have admired them.

I always think of one soft brown suit with gloves and bonnet to match that I once admired a young friend in (and have never seen prettier plumage on any young girl) when the subject of dress is brought up, also of a dark green velvet princess suit, as a walking suit on a city street; though the wearer was a stranger to me she made such an impression upon me in passing on the street, the elegance yet quietness of her whole appearance was one never to be forgotten. Then, too, in my mind is the recollection of the discomfort, yes, positive annoyance experienced from the effect produced by a brunette school-mate who, because she admired light blue and white on other girls, persisted in wearing it herself, so always striking a stranger as a mulatto; how I labored with that girl to reform her taste and when finally she selected a becoming suit and wore it and was led to see what a difference it made, I experienced a pleasure, a satisfaction, never forgotten. There is a horrible sense of discomfort to one who knows what is proper, in having to continually appear at a disadvantage because of being ill-clothed, unsuitably plain, or over arrayed for the occasion. To such persons who are generally those in limited circumstances, no dress is so safe a selection as some fine black materials with pretty laces and pins, but these are expensive often and out of reach so they are forced to doctor up the old clothes as best they can, confident of the shabby appearance they make, spite of best endeavors too often.

There are a class of persons who rely upon their fine feathers to carry them through life and give all their mind to the keeping up of these. This is to be deplored, but for most such people there is no reform, nor do we care to waste time upon them. Others who forget their age or where they are to appear select what is pretty, but unsuitable, so appear at a continual disadvantage, often excite a smile which if they knew it, would hurt their feelings sadly. One often sees extremes too, those who in early life had many tasteful and fine feathers, shed them at middle age and grow either too careless or weary of the vanities and assume an extreme of plainness most unpleasantly noticeable to their friends, or those who in early life were very plain, for whatsoever reason, when opportunity offers, blossom out in such glowing colors and variety as to attract special attention and remark often of the change, and its apparent causes, equally objectionable, if known.

We have heard from many sisters of our HOUSEHOLD upon this subject yet we believe that if we were to have the oft talked of meeting? convention? badge? each one would desire to appear in her most becoming plumage—as she deems it—and what a brushing up of bolts and best suits, what barboring, would our Ichabods submit to, to be there too though they most probably would object to furnishing even one new feather to add to our appearance. The lack we may realize, they would cheerfully say, "Fine feathers do not make fine birds," and leave it to our self-love to tell us we are in their eyes at least, so fine—in our dispositions, our natural grace and beauty, and intellect—as to need no added charm even in the eyes of our judges, our critical Band. Many Ichabods think that their families are dressed, are feathered out all right, when the truth remains that their nakedness is simply covered. How many of us can testify to this fact? Covered by the struggle of a mother to have one "go out suit," really a pretty dress for her darlings, hence all but this must be sacrificed to her taste, or pride, or whatever the sentiment may be called. (Mothers call it "taste," other folks "pride.")

As the mind of the majority seems to be for hearing all the wise suggestions of our husbands and brothers and cousins we may prepare ourselves to hear this subject well discussed, and we are all prepared to hear of the beauties developed in face and figure in the wearing of all the plainest of goods, (that means cheapest) and hope they will not forget to add how much dark shirts, blue overalls and coarse, cheap boots also lessen a woman's labors and add (?) to manly grace and dignity. There is an eternal fitness of things and dress is no exception to the occasion, should the dress be, even as housework to washable materials, traveling to repellents, and festivals to what is handsome and bright and becoming, be it for Ichabods or Rosamonds.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

Macaulay says that mankind has not derived so much benefit from the Empire of Rome as from the city of Athens. Vast expansion, the result of wars waged merely for the sake of conquest, left upon human affairs a less beneficial and a less abiding impression than the wealth of culture and refinement that were concentrated in a single city.

No other city of ancient times has made such an endless variety of contributions to the progress of humanity. A long line of illustrious names graces her annals. Statesmen were reared amid her groves and temples. Eloquence and the

fine arts flourished under her appreciative care, and the very name of Athens is now a synonym for excellence in all that is elevating and refining. In exquisite taste no city of the old world, has ever rivaled this famous one of Attica. She towered above them all, as grandly as the rocky heights of her own Acropolis, towered above the blue Mediterranean.

Athens excelled the other cities of her day. It is worth while to know both how and in what she excelled them. Public spirit shone conspicuous in all that the great Athenian men did. It was a matter of pride with them to adorn their city with public works, both of utility and beauty. The embellishment of the city was the passionate ambition of her best citizens. They were quick to appreciate the merits of artists. They rewarded their success munificently, and they were to the last degree sensitive to public opinion.

All cities influence the country around them, and they in turn are influenced by it. The country pours into the city the choicest productions of agriculture. The first strawberries that reddens the garden, the earliest peaches and apples, the fattest cattle and sheep, the finest horses, in short the best of every thing the hand of man can raise, finds its way to the cities. In return, the city sends far back into the country the products of other climes. Whatever can please the eye, be it silk and satin, gay trinket or useful implement is there for sale.

The city and the country, though mutually dependent, yet represent different ideas, and men who spend their lives in one of them, grow up with very different intellectual, religious and social tendencies from those who spend their lives in the other.

The country, where there are no great rushing, surging crowds, where the chief sounds are, "the low of cattle and song of birds"—the country represents the idea of stability, and people who are brought up amid rustic surroundings usually develop a character tintured more or less strongly with that excellent quality.

The city on the other hand is always alive with the competition of trade, the din of business, and the glitter of fashion. There, too, from pulpit and press, from lyceum platform and theatre, there are constantly at work influences which take direct hold upon the minds of great numbers of men. The cities therefore are the representatives of change, of innovation, of progress. Stability and progress are conflicting ideas, and therefore, between the city and the country there is a conflict, though, in the largest and broadest sense their interests are identical, and their influence upon each other should be beneficial to both.

The city combining so many resources, must be the power of the two that will most largely influence the other and in the cities there is peculiar need of a large public spirit. Where all the elements of wealth and power are abundant, it is worth while for those who are identified with them to take council of public spirit and at the right time and in the right manner do all that can be done to make the place not only a center of business, but of elegance and of taste. We are not too wise even in these later times to gain valuable hints from glorious old Athens.

That peerless city was a center of art and of literature. Public libraries were the boast of Athens, and there is no higher evidence of public spirit than the existence and patronage of such institutions. Splendid public buildings were another of her many glories, and among her public buildings, not the least renowned were the temples of the immortal gods.

The temples of the living God, in too many modern cities are a disgrace to those who worship in them. Next to the church in importance is the school house. The old-fashioned, red building that used to stand on the street corner, without a tree near it, hacked, mutilated and abused as to its benches, has disappeared, and has become a tradition. Public spirit here surely has a most inviting field. The school buildings ought to be as convenient and as beautiful as possible.

The sublime virtue of public spirit is appealed to in various ways and for various purposes. Good men have invoked it when danger has threatened the country, and it has flamed out in offerings of treasure and of blood. Public spirit amid the clangor of war, or in the quiet of perfect peace, should be an all pervading principle. Athens was blessed with a race of public spirited men, who made her glory, their glory, and well would it be for every city if each citizen could be induced to feel a personal interest in the improvement and embellishment of the city he lives in.

MARRIAGE IN HASTE.

New York society was lately stirred to its center because a rich young lady ran away with, and married her father's coachman. Great commiseration was felt for the infatuated girl and a reconciliation with her angry father was most ardently longed for by romantic young ladies, who seized the morning papers at the earliest moment to scan the latest news of the interesting event. Truly a paper says, "We are fast becoming a silly people," when such society bubble can stir us more than the terrible defalcations and subsequent suicides which have become so fearfully common. When a mature young woman of twenty-five allies herself with a beer-drinking, illiterate man of low tastes and associations, it is presumptive evidence that her own tastes lie in the same plane; that she has only found her level, and it is not a case for pity at all. Wealth alone is no basis on which to fix family standing. The world is full of vulgar rich people, and rich people with few brains. That the girl is "highly educated," as convent schools go, proves nothing with regard to the culture of her moral nature. There lives an old lady in the upper part of Manhattan Island who years ago ran away with her father's coachman and crossed the seas with him. Her parents would never be reconciled to her, and these forty years she has dragged out a miserable life with a good natured, shiftless husband, growing old and haggard and bitter, yet she can quote Horace by the page in the original, and swear at poor James in the same breath.

"It was a sorry day for him when he married her," said one who knew them both. Perhaps some pitying neighbor may say the same in future years with regard to the present couple. Certainly the prospect of happiness of either party is not very well assured after such a beginning. Undutiful conduct in a daughter is not likely to call down a blessing from Him who says "Honor thy father and thy mother." A daughter who can petulantly say, "Tell my father I defy him, and don't care whether he is dead or alive," is not one on whom we need waste much sympathy.

Far more commiseration is called for by some poor girl "by love's simplicity" deluded into the belief that if she marries dear John she can lead him out of the paths of temptation and keep him out; that he will all at once break up his intemperate habits and become a steady working man. When a young man vows he will give up trying, and let himself go down-hill as fast as he can, if she refuses

to marry him, let him go. Better that he should go alone than drag her along also, as he most surely will, if that is the strength of his resolution and moral principle. How many instances of such reformation for love's sake after marriage can you point out?

While no parent has a right to dictate whom a daughter shall marry, and no young woman has a moral right to perjure herself by vowed "to love and honor" one she does not love, still it is perilous marrying one whom a parent positively forbids, even though the command is founded on prejudice rather than reason. But as a general rule one will travel long and far over the life road before she finds any who have her true interests so much at heart as those by the old hearthstone, and it is well to search deep into a character against which such a friend as a father or mother has warned her.

OLIVE.

THE VALUE OF MANNER.

We have heard it said that you can do every thing, however unpleasant it may be to those around you, if you only do it in the right way; and the instance given to prove the truth of this assertion is taken from humble life. A cat walks daintily into a room on a cold winter's day, and with a benign glance at the company and a melodious purring sound she walks leisurely round, selects for herself the warmest place in the room—perhaps the only warm place, right in front of the fire—curls herself up and goes serenely to sleep, secure that no one will be so unreasonable as to question her right to sleep wherever inclination prompts her to sleep. No one calls it selfish, no one is annoyed, because she has done it so prettily and gracefully. Indeed, all experience an access of warmth and comfort in themselves from beholding pussy's blissful repose. Now, imagine the same thing done in a different way, and by a less self-possessed individual—if it were done hurriedly, or noisily, or clumsily, or diffidently even, or in any way obtrusively, what a storm of indignation it would excite in the bosom of all beholders! How thoughtless, how inconsiderate, how selfish. No, it must be done as the cat does it, without a sound or a gesture to provoke criticism, or it must not be done at all.—*London Spectator*.

AMMONIATED BREAD.

Ammoniated baking powders—that is, baking powders in which carbonate of ammonia is used as an ingredient, and which exhale an odor of ammonia when heated—are classed by many eminent physicians and sanitarians as superior to all others. Professor Hassell, of London, who is recognized as highest authority on the subject of food hygiene, commands in the strongest terms the use of carbonate of ammonia as a leavening agent, stating its great advantage to be in its perfect volatility, which permits it to be, by the heat of baking, entirely thrown into leavening gas whereby the bread is raised.

The little heat that is imparted to it when held over a gas jet, lamp, or stove, suffices to resolve the carbonate of ammonia into leavening gas and throw it off. The first heat of baking, therefore, will effectually develop all the gas, thoroughly leaven the loaf, and dissipate the gas-producing ingredients of a powder of this kind; and this is the highest test of a perfect baking powder. Where other alkalis alone are used they are not infrequently retained, unresolved, through the whole process of baking, and remain an unwholesome ingredient in the finished bread. The carbamate of ammonia cannot be used as a substitute for cream of tartar.—*N. Y. Weekly Tribune*.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

Let every subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD send full name and address to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and get one of their cook books free of charge.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH
—OF—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Foggy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail the fifteen pictures to us, with your full name and address, and we will mail you, *free of all expense*, your own selection, from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of *One Dollar*.

We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and is sold by all first-class music houses, at the following prices:

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben), waltzes, Price	
op. 316, Strauss, 75	
Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais),	
Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant,	
op. 23, Kolling, 75	
Turkish Patrol Revelle, - Krug, 35	
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert, 50	
Siren's Waltzes, - Waldteufel, 75	
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, - Moelling, 100	
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, - Roconini, 100	
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, - Dorn, 75	
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson, 60	
Rustling Leaves, - op. 68, Lange, 60	

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn), Price	
Sullivan, 35	
Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40	
When I am Near Thee, English and German words, - Abt, 40	
Who's at my Window, - Osborne, 35	
Lost Chord, - Sullivan, 40	
My Dearest Heart, - Sullivan, 35	
Life's Best Hopes, - Meininger, 40	
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35	
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) - Bishop, 35	
In the Gloaming, - Harrison, 30	
Only be True, - Vickers, 35	
Under the Eaves, - Winner, 35	
Free Lunch Cadets, - Sousa, 35	

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce *every one* to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HUDSON, Mass., May 5th, '83.

GENTS:—I beg to hand you copy of a postal just sent to office of The Frank Siddall's Soap, 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

I have faithfully tried your soap and I can truly say that I still prefer the Dobbins' Electric. Yours truly,

Mrs. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are *prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards!* We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from *actual subscribers* giving their *full name and address*, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

If Dolores and Rosamond E. will send their address to me I will send them something from the Pacific coast. MRS. JAMES SCHUYLER. Half Moon Bay, San Mateo Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the Dakota sister who signed herself Louise, in one of the letters in the September number, send her address to

EDITH R. SMITH.

326 Haverhill St., Lawrence, Mass.

Will Deborah Dare please send me her address, in care of THE HOUSEHOLD?

EMILY HAYES.

I would be grateful to the sisters of the Band if they would send me a postal with their name, etc., as I would like an autograph album composed entirely of HOUSEHOLD names.

FLOSSIE L. E. CURTIS.

Box 118, Nelson, N. H.

SURPRISING RESULTS.

About the first of last May a lady of Port Byron, Ill., applied for a Treatment of Compound Oxygen. Her case was not a very promising one, as will be seen from the following extract from her letter:

"Unable to perform my daily duties as housekeeper. If I do nothing at all am quite comfortable, but exertion, either mental or physical, causes pain and rush of blood to the head, chest, and spine, and if continued always ends in great prostration. At times, have oppressed or asthmatic respiration. Almost constant pain, irritation, or uneasiness in spine, between shoulders. Using arms or hands or eyes much greatly aggravates and sometimes causes nausea. Generally sleep well; appetite good. This has been my condition for ten years. First aggravated symptoms were brought on by a severe nervous shock twenty years ago, followed by a nervous fever, which hung about me for several years. Cannot bear the least stimulant."

A Treatment was sent, and after its use for the short period of two months, she made the following report of the great change wrought in her condition:

"I received the box of Compound Oxygen the first week in May, and commenced taking it immediately, according to directions, and found I could not follow them wholly with benefit. Was obliged to take less, or limit to one inhalation a day for two weeks. The effect of the full dose was prostrating, producing profuse perspiration and great languor, with nervous tremulousness. The third week, I omitted it altogether, and then commenced again, according to directions, and so continued to the present, with occasional interruptions.

My health has decidedly improved in this time. The pain, which used to be constant in all my frame on the least exertion, is gone, and I can move about and work lightly without any. I think I did not mention chills in my letter of symptoms, but they were a part of my troubles; they seem to have left me entirely; and my skin which used to be dry and burning, often causing me much suffering, obliging me to stay in out of the sun or from a heated room, is now soft and moist, inclined to profuse perspiration. I cannot express the relief this affords.

Then the pain and heat in the spine is greatly relieved, and a complete relief to my lungs and heart, so that drawing a long breath is a delight and a luxury.

The asthmatic conditions of chest all gone, and the gasping for breath on lying down or on waking in the night gone, and I can lie with only one pillow under my head at night, which also is a comfort.

My limbs have lost their palsied feeling

that made me unwieldy in going up and down stairs, so that I feel a spring again as I used to in time of health. My arms are also stronger in this respect. And now it would seem as if this was enough, as if it is all I ought to ask or expect of any remedy, to put me in a condition of ease after pain; but I want more. I want strength to do more.

I am a little stronger, but strength does not seem to increase. I am sure that if any thing can cure me it is the Compound Oxygen, but do you think, do you know, that broken or shattered nerves can be cured? I begin to think I must be content with a small measure of strength.

But it has been an unspeakable help and blessing to me. I thank God daily for His grace to man in placing the knowledge of such a remedy for many fleshy ills within their reach. I hope you will not let the secret die with you, but pass it on to future generations.

I have written this letter without suffering, which would have been impossible before taking your remedy. I am just beginning to get tired, and the heat and pain have begun in my spine, but if I stop now no prostration will result, and with rest the pain will subside."

A Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MELLIN'S FOOD, for infants and invalids, requires no boiling or straining, readily soluble in warm milk or water, and when so dissolved forms the best substitute for mothers' milk that has ever been produced. Sold by all druggists.

A very old woman, on her death bed, in penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed, "Laws, I knowed it all the time."

Prevent Decay of the Teeth

With their surest preservative, aromatic SOZODONT. Whiteness of the dental row, a healthful rosiness and hardness of the gums, a sweet breath, an agreeable taste in the mouth—all these are conferred by SOZODONT. Does not such an invaluable toilet article, one so pure as well as effective, deserve the popularity it enjoys? Most assuredly. It has no rival worthy of the name. The ordinary powders and pastes are nothing to it, and since its appearance, have rapidly lost ground. Sold by druggists.

—Once upon a time Job's turkey and a church mouse formed a partnership for carrying on business. They were both poor. The business becoming embarrassing to Job's turkey swallowed the church mouse and then he wasn't so poor as he was before. But the church mouse? He dissolved.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Feb. 18, 1882.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: About five years ago I had a very bad cough, and tried several remedies without any relief, until I was advised by Mr. Whitney, druggist, of Gouverneur, N. Y., to try your Cherry Pectoral, which I did, and before I had taken half a bottle, I was entirely cured.

Yours, &c.,

CHARLES MEACHAM.

—An American lady studied French three years and then went to Paris and made use of the words: "When does the omnibus start?" "We have no such street in Paris," was the reply.

THE HITCHCOCK LAMP, which is advertised in this issue of our paper, is said to give the best kerosene light in the world.

A healthy body is indispensable to a vigorous mind. A bilious and dyspeptic man, whose blood drags sluggish in his veins, can neither think clearly nor act wisely. Ayer's Pill's will stir up the liver, excite the stomach and bowels to activity, open the pores of the system, renovate the blood, and restore a healthy tenement for the mind.

A Good Many Failures.

During the year 1883 there were 10,568 failures in business in the United States and Canada. Some of these were big concerns, and some were very small. Failure is sorrowful business to any man, especially if it is his health that fails. A great many times 10,568 people fail in health in the course of a year. Many of them might be saved if they would take Brown's Iron Bitters, the great family medicine and restorer of wasted health.

—Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw?" "Don't say 'so—what is it?" "A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows." "Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?" "From California." "What is the name of it?" "Axle-tree. It once belonged to a California omnibus." Scene closes by Bob throwing an inkstand at a half closed door.

WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

The merits of ATHLOPHOROS as a specific for Rheumatism and Neuralgia are best proved by the fact that it cures when other treatment fails. Says Mr. G. G. Thompson, of New Haven: "For twelve years I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Neuralgia, which attacked me suddenly without warning, destroying all hope of sleep or rest. I have tried hundreds of remedies. With the exception of ATHLOPHOROS not one of them afforded me the slightest benefit. It has done me more good than all the other remedies combined."

—"I know it's pretty hot here," said a Milton store keeper, "but I am going down to the beach where my wife is, to stay over Sunday, and it's scold enough there."

All Housekeepers

should use JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE in their washing and save time and labor. It may be used without injury to the finest fabric. As a cleanser it is unsurpassed. Beware of imitations.

CATARRH CREAM BALM
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN ROSE-COLD HEAD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS., OWEKO, N.Y. HAY-FEVER Give it a Trial. 50 cents at Druggists. 60 cents b^o mail regis tered. Send for circ'lar. Sample by mail 10 cts. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.



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Now has a record of 18 YEARS in household use, and is conceded to be the best article for

CLEANING AND POLISHING

GOLD, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, ALL METALS AND GLASS.

It SAVES TIME AND LABOR. It produces GREATER AND MORE LASTING brilliancy than any other article.

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Send your address, mention this magazine, and we will send you trial sample FREE.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO.,

72 John Street, New York.

DIPHTHERIA

CRUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (for Internal and External Use) will instantly relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Pre-serve.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES Influenza, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1884.

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WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post-office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be

readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from \$5 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1884. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions *fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or *other witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.



THE BAKING PREPARATIONS —OF— Prof. Horsford,

[Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packages, Rumford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphatic Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon.]

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS, because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting. These Baking Preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

UNIVERSALLY USED and **RECOMMENDED** by Prominent Physicians and Chemists, and are for sale by all dealers.

THEY INCREASE THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF FLOUR.

BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphatic Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery.

Now is the time to subscribe to the most beautiful magazine in the world for the youngest readers. If you have never seen it, send us your address and we will mail you a specimen copy free.

Canvassers wanted.

Newdealers sell it.

One year, \$1.50. Single Copies, 15 cts.

Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—LADIES THAT CAN KNIT, CROCHET or do fancy work to make goods for our trade at their homes in city or country; \$5 to \$10 weekly easily made at our business; goods sent by mail any distance. Send 10 cents, silver or stamps, for sample, postage and particulars.

HUDSON MFG CO., 265 Sixth Avenue, New York.

This Ring FREE!

50 elegant, Satin Finish Golden Floral Cards, name on, 10c, 75c, 60c, and ring free. Sample

Album, 25c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.

With every order for \$10 worth of tea we

give a 46 piece English White China Tea

Set, or a Decorated English China Tea Set of 32 pieces

or a 11 piece English Chamber Toilet Set. With a \$12

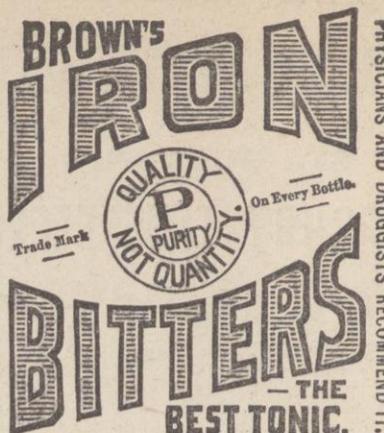
order we give a Maroon, Pink or Blue Band, Gold Lined

Chamber Toilet Set of 10 pieces or an English Decorated

Tea Set of 44 pieces. We have Hundreds of other Premiums. Illust Catalogue Free.

Agt. Wanted, GREAT EASTERN TEA CO., 333 & 335 Br'dway, Providence, R. I.

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UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON



This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

E. M. Foster, 173 Park Ave., Utica, N. Y., will exchange Richardson's method for piano, and sheet music, for books, rick rack trimming, or any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. Adam McElroy, Phillipsburg, Kan., will exchange 100 Russian mulberry trees from four to ten inches high, for trio dark bramah or black leghorn chicks. Write first.

Mrs. Graves, Box 16, Hatfield, Mass., would like to exchange A. A. Proctor's poems, a concordance, or other books, for a scripture scroll, ad. cards for fancy work, or curiosities.

Lottie Pennebecker, Mechanicsville, Cedar Co., Iowa, will exchange patterns for elephant, horse, pig, kitchen aprons, and cardboard articles for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. S. B. Woodworth, Poultney, Vt., will exchange new style patterns for ladies' coat, Jersey basque and overskirts, for rick rack edging, or something useful. Write first.

Carrie Holton, Collins Center, N. Y., will exchange Leisure Hour Library stories, and a temperance book for other books.

Mrs. A. M. Burpee, Box 175, Manchester, N. H., will exchange Harper's magazines for atlas with pronouncing vocabulary. Number of magazines according to value of atlas. Write first.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Throat Affections.

Dr. F. B. PHILPOTT, Salisbury, Mo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in glandular diseases, and Throat affections, with uniformly good results. It is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil I use."

Maiden Aunt: "Come now, Johnnie, be a good boy, and take your medicine. Johnnie: "Boo-hoo! I don't want to take it." Maiden Aunt: "Oh, yes, do, Johnnie, and you'll grow up to be good and handsome." Johnnie: "Well, then, why didn't you take some medicine when you was little?"

Nothing is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, in short for any and all derangements of the respiratory organs, which tends towards consumption. In all ordinary cases it is a certain cure, and it affords sure relief for asthma and consumption, even in advanced stages.

A little girl in a Hartford Sunday school, unused to diplomatic ways sidled up to her teacher, and, naively as could be, said: "Mother wanted me to find out in a roundabout way whether you are Mrs. or Miss—"

The Poultry Keeper, published at Chicago, Ill., has achieved a wonderful success. In a little over six months its circulation has increased to thirty thousand actual subscribers. It is the paper for those interested in the profitable pursuit of poultry raising. Read their advertisement in this issue.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt and impolite rejoinder.

Inflammation, coughs, catarrhs and pneumonia, resulting from colds, may be cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It allays the inflammation, removes the irritation and soreness, soothes the organs, and restores the sufferer to health.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

The man who fell into a well was anxious to get out of the country.

Gentlemen whose beards are not of the tint which they desire, can remedy the defect by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Newspaper

Agents

You can make more money the coming year by working for the "COTTAGE HEARTH" than for any other paper or magazine in the United States. Send full particulars of your past work to

COTTAGE HEARTH CO., Boston, Mass.

Unitarian Publications SENT FREE.

Address, M. C. Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.

THE

Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881. EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir.—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881. MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881. GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir.—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction. Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufacturer at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1804.

Garments of all kinds and dresses dyed and cleansed without taking apart, and pressed equal to new. Fine Dyeing and French Cleansing of every description. Price list sent on application.

52 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

FAY Currant HEAD-QUARTERS.
SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. FREE CATALOGUES. GEO. S. JOSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

Game of the STATES.
PUBLISHED BY HENRY G. FIELD, CHEAP.
PRICE 50 CENTS. EDITION 25 CENTS.
BRATTLEBORO, Vt.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—All can take part. It is a "horror" method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States; it has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Cheap Edition 25 Cents.
Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 "

One and two-cent stamps will be rec'd in payment. If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.

**The Great Industries
OF THE
United States,**
An Historical Summary of the origin, growth and perfection of

**The Chief Industrial Arts
of this Country,
With Over 500 Illustrations.**

One of the most interesting and readable volumes upon Arts and Manufactures ever given to the American public.

OVER 1300 OCTAVO PAGES.

We have a few copies of this work which we will send by express, to any address, on receipt of \$2.50—less than one-half its retail price. If to be sent by mail add 30 cts. for postage. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price, \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPLECTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will resubscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child." This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

"LINENE" Reversible Collars & Cuffs. RUBENS, ANGELO, RAPHAEL. New standing style, Murillo.

Several webs of Fine Muslin, starched together, form the FABRIC. Polished on both sides, LINENE collars and cuffs have no wrong side. Ten for 25 cts. at stores, or by mail to try.

Two Gold Medals awarded at M. C. M. A. Fair, Boston, 1881. Collar and pair cuffs any size, postpaid for SIX cts. Circulars free. Mention this paper. Reversible Collar Co., Factory, Cambridge, Mass.

50 Beautiful Mottos and

Embossed Chromo Cards 10c.; They are

Beauties; 5 packs and Ring No. 1, 50c.

No. 1. 12 packs for \$1.00 and Both

Rings Free to sender of club.

This is the best offer ever made by any reliable company.

ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

100 Beautiful Mottos and

Embossed Chromo Cards 10c.; They are

Beauties; 5 packs and Ring No. 1, 50c.

Four Blade Pearl Handle Knife \$1. Agen's Outfit 10c. Address Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.

50 Best Chromo Cards, name on in New Style

Type, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums,

10 New Games, 100 Latest Songs, 6 Samples

& price list for 10c. 5 pkgs and Plated Ring free, for 50c.

Agents wanted. Nelson Card Co., Waltham, Mass.

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Dec.

6 DRESS REFORM | 6

E. 14th Union Undergarments.

Vest and Drawers in One.

EQUIPOISE.

Made in all weights of Merino, Cashmere, and All Wool. Chemellets, Princess Skirts, Equipoise, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Waists. Corded Waists a Specialty. Shoulder Brace and Corset combined. Shoulder Braces, Abdominal Supporters, Obstetric Bandages, Shoulder Stockings Supporters, Sanitary Napkins, etc. Custom work promptly attended to.

New Enlarged Illustrated Catalogue Sent Free.

MRS. A. FLETCHER.

6 East 14th Street, New York.

CRAZY

PATCHWORK. We send ten sample pieces of elegant silk, all different, and cut so as to make one 12-inch block of crazy patchwork, with diagram showing how to put them together, and a variety of new stitches for 25 cents. We send a set of 25 Perforated Patterns, working size, of butterflies, bugs, beetles, spiders and web, reptiles, Kate Greenaway figures, flowers, etc., with material for transferring to the silk for 60 cents.

Our book "How to Make Home Beautiful" teaches all the embroidery stitches, and a variety of Patchwork stitches. Price 15 cents. All the above \$1.00, postpaid. J. L. Patten, 20 W. 14th St., N. Y.

GIVEN AWAY

Ladies canvassing for Tea will do well to send for our Premium List. We have premiums for orders from \$5 to \$10, including Gold Band Tea Sets, Waltham Watches, etc. We send thousands of these orders every year, and have yet to hear of any dissatisfaction from those receiving them. If any lady reader of this paper wishes for a beautiful Gold Band Tea Set, they will find it to their advantage to send us a postal for further information.

ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY, PITTSBURG, MASS.

"A well-known bank president" has written for a Chicago weekly an article entitled "Where Has the Money Gone?" If he is a married man, with large family of active children, we advise him to look over the bills for shoes—Evening Call, Philadelphia.

A parent in Philadelphia answers the above thus: "I found that a GOOD Shoe was cheapest and that the SOLAR TIP was Best, and have SAVED FIFTY PER CENT. on Children's shoe bills by buying them only."

CAUTION—Be not deceived as there are hundreds of imitations of the SOLAR TIP, such as "Sole Leather Tip," etc. Every genuine pair has trademark on sole on which is maker's name "JOHN MUNDELL & CO."

THE HITCHCOCK LAMP
The Best Kerosene Light. All metal. No chimney or globe. No smoke or odor. Non-explosive. Cleanly. Burns open like gas. Adapted for all places. Superior for reading and sewing.

If not found at the stores, we will send one, delivered free in U. S. for \$5.50.

Manufactured by HITCHCOCK LAMP CO., (Incorporated 1873) Watertown, N. Y. Hon. R. P. FLOWER, Pres.

Remember this is the "HITCHCOCK LAMP."

T CLUBS
THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

Giveaway as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 & \$12 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$15 and \$18 orders. STEM WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces or White Dinner Sets of 106 pieces with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper, we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

HARNESS THE WIND NEW MANVEL OLD RELIABLE STOVE. We make both, 12 years in the business, with our trained mechanics, enable us to take water from well or spring and deliver it to any desired point. Write, stating nature of work, to B. S. WILLIAMS & CO., 28 S. Market St., BOSTON, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Free To All! This elegant solid rolled gold 18 K ring, warranted to weight, fine to all sending \$24. for Honest and Farm, 8 mos. 16 large pages. Brimful of Stories, Poetry, Fashions, etc. 10th vol. Send at once for the best bargain of the year. \$5 for \$1. MASON & CO., 11 Central St., Boston, Mass.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Words of Warning and Comfort. If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your svs. tem against the scourge of all countries—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitter will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

None genuine without a bunch of green Hopson on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Mrs. POTT'S
COLD HANDLE SAD IRON

ADVANTAGES
DO NOT BURN THE HAND,
DETACHABLE
WALNUT HANDLE,
DOUBLE POINTED IRON BOTH WAYS.

BEST IN USE AND CHEAP.
THREE IRONS,
ONE HANDLE AND A STAND TO A SET.

FOR SALE BY THE
HARDWARE TRADE.

Price, \$2.00 a year.

8-page THE GOLDEN RULE Boston, Mass.

On Trial (new subscribers only), \$1.00.

EVANGELICAL—UNSECTARIAN—TRY IT.

Waste Embroidery Silk. BEAUTIFUL ASSORTED COLORS. Elegant for Crazy Quilts and all kinds of Fancy Work. One ounce package for 40 cents in postal notes. With each package will be sent designs for one hundred different stitches for crazy work. THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia.

\$16 BREECH-LOADER

Guaranteed Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action, Bar (Front Action) Locks. Warranted good shooter or no sale. Only \$16. Our Famous Number 21.

\$15 MUZZLE-LOADER NOW \$12

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of Guns, Knives, Watches, P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents SAY a fortune awaits all workers for the PEOPLE'S FIRESIDE JOURNAL. Elegant book prem. ums. large commission. Send for samples. 409 Washington St., Boston

SAM PLE of Powers' Specific for ASTHMA, FREE on receipt of address. Invaluable Relief! E. C. POWELL, Danvers, Mass.

18 K

Free To All!

This elegant solid rolled gold 18 K

ring, warranted to weight, fine to

all sending \$24. for Honest and

Farm, 8 mos. 16 large pages. Brimful of Stories, Poetry,

Fashions, etc. 10th vol. Send at once for the best bargain of

the year. \$5 for \$1. MASON & CO., 11 Central St., Boston, Mass.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, Apple Blossoms, or May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	6
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	4.75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5.00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chrono, Morn'g or Even'g,	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5.50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5.50	14
50	Caster,	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6.50	14
52	Crochet Set,	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7.00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6.00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7.00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8.00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7.50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8.00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
67	Caster,	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10.00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8.00	24
73	Cash,	8.25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10.00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14.00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15.00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50.00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35.00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50.00	100
84	Cash,	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75.00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	15	

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
\$2.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00
Two	12.00	22.00	32.00	42.00	60.00
Three	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00
Four	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00
Six	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00
Nine	47.00	90.00	125.00	170.00	260.00
One column, 60 m.	118.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	660.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

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The Chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health versus the Royal Baking Powder.

From a chemical examination I have made of cans of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in open market, I arrive at the following results:

Cleveland's Baking Powder is made of very pure materials, and is entirely free from Alum, Ammonia, Terra Alba, or any adulteration whatever, and I recommend it as a healthful, effective and perfectly reliable baking powder.

The Royal Baking Powder contains Ammonia, and as this drug is not wholly expelled from the dough in the baking process, and as most medical authorities agree as to the injurious effects resulting from the continued use of Ammonia, its use in food should be strongly condemned. Cleveland's Baking Powder evolves more carbonic acid gas than the Royal Baking Powder, and it is, in consequence, more economical to housekeepers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1884.
ELIAS H. BARTLEY, B. S., M. D.,
Chemist to the Department of Health, City of Brooklyn; Lecturer on Physiological and Practical Chemistry in the Long Island Medical College.

Merited Praise.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and its cures are reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumbed to it after they had been given up by the doctors, and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

Fashion is Queen. Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10c. for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send, to any one wishing them, ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE), Brattleboro, Vt.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

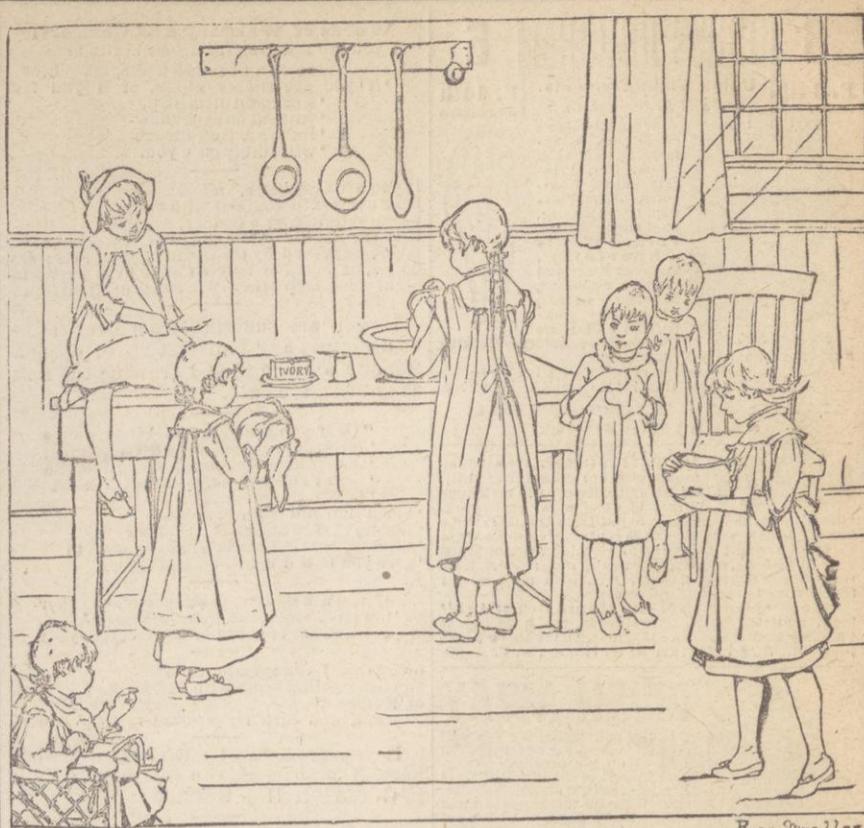
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.

No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.



Rose Mueller

Are you certain that the plate you eat off of, and the cup you drink from, have not been washed with soap made of the fat of diseased cattle?

After a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the Ivory Soap, Dr. Doremus, of Bellevue Hospital, writes: "I cordially recommend the Ivory Soap for its unsurpassed detergent properties and purity."

Wash your dishes with Ivory Soap.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay postage, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you, free, a large cake of Ivory Soap. (Please mention this paper.)

CHICAGO SCALE CO.

151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

The "Little Detective" 1/4 oz to 25 lbs, \$3.

Should be in every House and Office.

240-lb Family or Farm Scale, \$5.

Special prices to Agents and Dealers; 300 different sizes and varieties, including

Counter, Platform, Hay, Coal

Grain, Stock and Mill Scales.

2-Ton Wagon Scale, 6x12, \$40;

3-Ton, 7x13, \$50;

4-Ton, 8x14, \$60.

Beam Box and Brass Beam included.

Farmers' Portable Forge, \$10.

Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.

All Tools needed for Repairs.

Anvils, Vises, Hammers, Tongs, Drills, Bellows and

All Kinds of Blacksmiths' Tools,

And hundreds of useful Articles

Retailed less than Wholesale

Prices. Forges for all kinds of

shops. Foot-Power Lathes and

Tools for doing repairs in small Shops.

Improved Iron Corn-Sheller.

Weight, 130 lbs.

PRICE, \$6.50.

Shells a bushel a minute; Fanning

Mills, Feed Mills, Farmers' Feed Cooker,

&c. Save money and send for circular.

A \$65 Sewing Machine For \$18.

Drop-Leaf Table, Five

Drawers, Cover Box and

all attachments. Buy the

Latest, Newest and Best.

All Machines Warranted to give

Satisfaction. Thousands sold, to

go to all parts of the Country.

SEND FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago

BALL'S

Drop-Leaf Table, Five

Drawers, Cover Box and

all attachments. Buy the

Latest, Newest and Best.

All Machines Warranted to give

Satisfaction. Thousands sold, to

go to all parts of the Country.

SEND FOR FULL PRICE LIST.

Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago

HEALTH PRESERVING

CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found

PERFECTLY SATISFACTOR

in every respect, and its price refunded by seller.

Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-

class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imita-

tions. None genuine without Ball's name on box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

VALUABLE COOK-BOOK, FREE, WITH EVERY CHOPPER.

FOR CHOPPING

Sausage-Meat, Mince-Meat, Hash, Hamburg Steak, Suet,

Scrap-Meat, Tripe, Clams, Chicken-Salad, Croquettes,

Coddle, Coddle, Scraps-Meat for Poultry, Etc.

No. 10, chops 1 lb. per minute, \$3.00.

" 12 " 1 lb. " 2.50.

" 32 " 2 lbs. " 4.00.

" 3 " 3 " 6.00.

No. 10, FAMILY SIZE. Price, \$3.00.

Send for Catalogue.

Tested and Endorsed by 100 Agricultural Journals.

Farm and Fireside, Oct. 1, says: "The test was made on a piece of the toughest beef to be

found, and the result was that each editor immediately ordered an ENTERPRISE MACHINE for

his family use, all agreeing that they would rather pay the price asked for that Machine than

to carry any other home as a gift."

THE BIGGEST THING OUT
(new) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., New York.

PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

WANTED, SALESMEN
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Un-
equaled facilities. Salary and expenses paid.
One of the largest Nurseries in the States. ©
W. & T. SMITH,
Geneva Nurseries,
Geneva, New York.