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THE
HOUSEHOLD
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME
ESTABLISHED 1868.
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Veranda.

IN FEBRUARY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

There's not a glimmer of sun in the sullen sky,
Where the mountainous clouds drive on as the day declines,
And the wind, like a beast at bay that roars and whines,
To the riotous waves of the ocean makes reply.
The snowflakes flutter and whirl through the icy air,
The rustling leaves to the spectral oak boughs cling;
The fields that will burgeon and break, 'neath the breath of spring
Into billows of bloom, are shrivelled and wan and bare.
The hills are white, and the river makes no sound;
Not a song upwells from the wood, and the caves are dumb;
While the hardy sparrow, in search of a scanty crumb,
Hops about o'er the treacherous frozen ground.
We long for the green and white on the orchard spray,
For the rustle of grass and the cricket shrilling low,
And yet we can wait, for under the rime we know
Is the living heart that will quicken again in May.

BURNING OF FARM BUILDINGS FROM ASHES.

INTELLIGENT farmers know how valuable ashes are for fertilizing the soil, and usually save all they can get for this purpose. But there is great danger often connected with this wise saving, which it is well to impress upon the farmers of the country, at this season when ashes are most abundantly created.

The records of fire insurance companies show that one of the most common causes of fires is the deposit of ashes in wooden boxes, or in unsafe places near wooden buildings; and strange as it may seem, it is safe to assert that not one-third of the farm houses in this country are provided with safe places for the deposit of the ashes taken daily from the fire-places. In the majority of cases wooden boxes, or barrels, are the receptacles, into which fresh ashes are put; and these are often placed in some outbuildings or under the houses, so as to be sheltered, where they are ready to ignite at any time, and furnish flames that will burn down the buildings. Almost every family that is unprovided with an ash house of brick, or metal receptacle, and is in the habit of using wooden boxes, or barrels, must have met with cases, in which, in spite of all care, serious danger of damage from fire has arisen, from the boxes having taken fire. Houses are often burned, and the calamity charged to incendiaryism, when it really is attributable to the ash box. There are some facts

connected with this subject, that should be known more generally, as that may have the effect of placing housekeepers and farmers more on their guard.

It is generally considered quite prudent if the fresh ashes, still full of red coals, are placed in the partially filled barrel or box, in a hole dug in the middle of the cold ashes, and covered with them slightly, so as not to come into actual contact with the wood. Now this is the trap into which many housekeepers fall, and the habit accounts for many fires that break out in dwellings, in which no fires have been knowingly kindled for the preceding twenty-four or thirty-six hours.

It is an indisputable fact that when live coals, or embers are placed among cold, dry ashes, no matter how old they may be, a second ignition is apt to take place, which sometimes does not cease, until the whole mass has been burned over, although it is often arrested before it has reached this extent. The combustion of a mass of dry ashes is necessarily more or less rapid, contingent upon the amount of air admitted; and often it will be thirty-six hours before the heat will penetrate a large mass of ashes to the sides of the box or barrel; and as soon as it does, the flames ensue.

Thus the danger of the wooden ash box, or barrel may be readily perceived, and the true cause indicated of the many fires in the country, that are erroneously attributed to other causes. Nothing but absolute necessity should excuse the use of a wooden box to remove ashes direct from the fire-places. Metal boxes, or buckets should be used for this purpose, in the first instances, and then the ashes deposited away from any wooden building.

Ashes are of great value to the farmer, and it is the worst kind of prodigality to waste them as many do. Leached or unleached, they are most valuable as fertilizers, and should always be saved with the utmost care; but never at such frightful risks as the destruction of the farm buildings. Of this there is not the least necessity, and the cause of the danger being once fully understood, it can be guarded against readily.

A. P. F.
Aiken, S. C.

FEEDING TOO MUCH GRAIN TO POULTRY.

Corn has long held the lead as a special food for poultry, and on almost every farm, if the hens are fed at all, it is with corn. It has served an excellent purpose, however, as the hens usually have free range, and supply themselves with those elements which are lacking in the fat-producing corn, which really does more to keep them in a good flesh and condition than assisting in egg production. If grain is fed—and once a day is often enough if the fowls have the use of the range—it should consist principally of wheat and oats, with only a small proportion of corn. Laying hens should be fed differently from those intended for market, as in the one case, eggs are desired,

and in the other, fat or weight. A cow giving large quantities of milk does not readily fatten. A similar rule applies to the hen; a good layer does not fatten quickly during the laying period, and a hen that takes on fat, and eats large quantities of grain in preference to bulky food, is not usually a good layer.

What farmers should learn is, that hens ought not to be fed exclusively on grain, else they will cease to lay. They will keep in better health, thrive better, and become more productive when fed some bulky food, as boiled roots, steamed cut clover, short grass, or even well-cured corn fodder, though a small proportion of grain, with a little meat and milk will, of course, complete the ration. By regulating the food so as to combine the elements necessary for her purpose, the hen may be confined without detriment, while the profits will be much larger than when she is fed wholly on grain, and especially on corn.—*American Agriculturist for September.*

BITING HORSES.

Horses have been successfully cured of this vice by putting a piece of hard wood an inch and a half square in the animal's mouth about the same length as an ordinary snaffle bit. It may be fastened by a thong of leather passed through two holes in the ends of the wood, and secured to the bridle. It must be used in addition to the bit, but in no way to impede the working of the bit. Rarey adopted this plan with the zebra at the Zoo, which was a terrible brute at biting. Mr. Rarey succeeded, however, in taming and training him to harness, and drove him through the streets of London. Animals with this vice should be treated kindly in the stable, and not abused with pitchfork-handles, whips, etc. An apple, crust of bread, a piece of beet, etc., and a kind pat, but firm, watchful hand and eye, with the use of the above wooden bit, will cure the most inveterate biter. The fact that he cannot shut his mouth or grip anything soon dawns upon him, and then he is conquered.—*Toronto Globe.*

—The farmer that gets the most eggs: The one that gets up earliest and secures to his flock a good warm breakfast by daylight.

—Strawberry plants should be set out in early spring or in August, in both cases the object being to derive the advantages of the early and late rains. The plants should be set one foot apart, in rows three feet apart, and should not be allowed to fruit or run the first year.

—Time intelligently given to bees will pay equally well with that given to any other kind of farm work, and where too many are not kept it may be done at such times as not to interfere with other important work. Outside of any pecuniary benefit it pays well in furnishing a needed article for the family which can only be secured by working for.

The Drawing Room.

HOME ADORNMENT.

ALTHOUGH the matter of having the house well kept and tidy is reckoned the home-keeper's first duty, yet the relieving of its every apartment intended for occupancy, from a stiff, bare and uninviting appearance can, it seems to me, scarcely be of lesser real importance; and those persons who do not enjoy and appreciate the little touches of life, elegance, and grace which deft fingers so kindly bestow, certainly have some element in their make up which mars the perfection of even the human side of their nature.

A taste for the beautiful in art and nature has ever a refining and uplifting influence. Far be it from me to exclude home-made adornings, many varieties of which are really beautiful and artistic, but they should not be used so profusely in any apartment as to give one the idea that they are viewing a collection of samples of the many varieties of fancy work which the members of the household can execute. Such articles, being usually moderate in expense, are best suited to the majority of homes and their endless variety enables one with tact and time to contrive something which will fit almost any niche where such things would be desirable.

If there be one skilled in the use of the scroll saw this work may be used to advantage; then the many varieties of artificial flowers, of which to my notion there are none more artistic than nicely made paper ones, disposed in any graceful manner, as in a vase bouquet, hand bouquet mounted on plush or velvet with a knot of ribbon concealing the stems, in this manner I have seen thistle balls disposed, and they were really beautiful, although of course frail, yet each returning summer would bring material for fresh ones. We may select from a long and varied list of embroideries that which best suits our purpose and place, we may work in leather or cone work, or may summon the well used crochet hook to our aid; such and many other varieties of work may be made to produce artistic effects by careful and painstaking effort. If we are skilled in the use of brush or pencil then are we indeed fortunate and can afford to ignore some of the more domestic lines of decorating, but if our skill is but fancied and we are but "daubers," then we are vastly more to be pitied than those skilled in the arts which we perhaps despise.

As money will buy every thing but love, good health and a pure heart, those who have abundant means at their command of course have no difficulty in this matter—yes, perhaps they do, but this article is not written for such. With those who possess but limited means yet who desire to purchase ready for use all such articles, much care and tact with real sense of fitness will be needful; and be our selec-

tions what they may, we should well consider whether that which now delights will soon weary and annoy us, before bringing them into our home and everyday life. It is also well to remember that such ornaments as serve or seem to serve some useful purpose are likely to be most desirable and that less care is required to avoid over-crowding with such.

If, however, time to fashion and means to purchase be both wanting, the storehouse of nature opens to us her unlimited wealth of beauty, furnishing us with bouquets for every season of the year, stores of curiously wrought twigs and branches, woods in delicate, often grotesque veinings, with the outer covering richly embossed, stones of exquisite carving, delicately fringed mosses, fungi of rich and varied hues, each beautiful in the grandeur of perfection, the works of the most distinguished of the old masters and surely artistic unless marred by some mistake of ours.

Thus far we have spoken only of the lesser but probably more conspicuous adornings of the home but there is surely very much of the true home adornment, which lies beyond this, as much care should be manifested in the selection and arrangement of those furnishings which our prosy living has made us to consider but necessities as in that of the lighter matters, indeed more, for in these we wish to combine grace, comfort, service, etc. Care must be taken that one article or portion of the furniture shall not be so rich and elegant as that it may make another appear shabby. Those portions of the home in general use (and indeed throughout the house let its occupants be considered more than the "sometime guest") while they may and should be furnished tastefully or even richly if practicable, should be suited to comfort without fear of mishaps in the way of disfiguring or breaking with reasonable use, articles of frail texture being used only as ornaments.

But, although deft fingers fashion, discriminating and artistic taste select and money complete in gathering the beautiful and desirable, yet will the home seem but a pretentious show, perhaps worse than this to the home circle, save as it is overshadowed by the spirit of the real home, this the crowning grace must be the work of the heads of the household, we will not say the wife and mother, for she has been abundantly advised in this matter, and surely if they have there kindled the true home altar fires the flame will illumine the entire house, even the material furnishings will in some measure reflect the light. M. A. BROWN.

Cecil County, Md.

REMEMBER THE BIRTHDAYS.

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHNER.

Those readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who have read Aurora Leigh will remember that Mrs. Browning makes her say:

"Ten layers of birthdays on a woman's head
Are apt to fossilize her girlish mirth
Though ne'er so merry."

Partly for this reason we older people fall into the way of thinking that birthday pleasures belong only to merry children who gleefully begin to reckon themselves "almost seven" when the sixth birthday is fairly past. But the German and Holland custom of making the birthday of each member of the family a happy festival might well be made universal in our American life. With them the day begins as Merry Christmas and Happy New Year with us, by the hearty greeting of "Many returns of the day," and through all its hours the pleasure of the honored member is the study of all. The favorite articles of food are provided and simple gifts bestowed while the good

wishes and presence of the relatives within reach are expected.

In such ways the family ties are strengthened and many pleasant memories are stored to be of untold value in the coming years. One family of my acquaintance always reckons on a birthday letter from each member of the scattered family while the grown sons and daughters unite to make the mother's birthday with each year more beautiful.

The flower trimmed cake is the distinguishing feature of birthdays in another family. That frosted cake with the child's own initial in the center is talked of for weeks beforehand. On one anniversary day, that initial cake is trimmed with white flowers only. It is the birthday of the child whose seat at the table death has made vacant.

"I cannot bear that the other children should have gloomy thoughts of the little brother they dimly remember," says the wise mother, and I am sure they never will.

I read recently of a New England pastor who at each baptism notes down the birthday of the infant and with every year remembers the day with some pretty scripture card or other simple gift. It is a beautiful custom which cannot fail of its influence.

I believe it is the Persian father who plants a tree on the day of his child's birth and one for each succeeding year. "Why, I never had a birthday present in my life!" said a lonely old lady of seventy when some preparations in the house betokened a coming birthday. An acquaintance who overheard the remark was so struck with the desolation no birthday presents in a life time suggested to her, that she succeeded in finding out the old lady's birthday and on its next occurrence surprised her with an appropriate gift. Who can doubt that the old lady's heart was warmed to the core by the graceful act?

There are so many ways in which the day may be made beautiful for mother, sister or child that none of us can afford to let them all slip. We are so often tempted to reserve our best of food and raiment, sometimes, alas, of smiles and kindness, for the outsider. Let us at least once in a year treat each member in the family as royally as the most honored guest.

CHEAP PLEASURES.

A poor widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over the sober face! You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street you meet a familiar face; say "Good morning" as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate.

—Do not keep alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Bring them out now, in their weary hours, and open them, that they may be refreshed and cheered by the perfumes of sympathy and affection. Fill their lives with sweetness. The things that you would say when they are gone, say before they are gone.—Margaret E. Sangster.

—Reason is a fine thing, but let us not think too much of it. God does not. We know of a surety—we know on the au-

thority of his Word—that all the proud and high things of man's intellect are of infinitely less value in his sight than the humblest aspiration after mercy and truth, than the heart-uttered groan of a contrite spirit.—Kittie.

The Conservatory.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Gay bloom the flowers in springtime set,
And streaky apples linger yet;
'Twas autumn but a week ago,
Why, then, these winter flakes of snow?
Summer's last rose they disarrayed,
The while she dreamed in peace to fade.
One swallow was inclined to stay;
The white flakes frightened him away.

Winter's cold shock who first endure
Think him unkind and premature;
Complain the summer was too brief,
And moralize o'er each dead leaf.
But as he grips with firmer hold
We grow more careless of the cold,
Joy in the sparkle of the snow,
And nestle by his fireside glow.

Dismayed, we note the first gray hair,
Soon others come—we cease to care;
Then gray, outnumbering the brown,
And soon white winter settles down.
And when from youth we've passed to age
We've learned our lesson page by page,
To take what comes for weal or woe,
And never fret about the snow.

—St. James Gazette.

PANSIES.

IN MY experience with the culture of flowers, I have carefully watched the growing interest of the pansy, the innumerable varieties and shades of which no other one kind of flower contains and its easy culture places it among the most admired and popular flowers of the day. It was once used for a garden flower only, but to-day we find it almost everywhere possible for a flower to grow. The florist makes it profitable for forcing in greenhouses in winter, the flowers finding a market in large cities in quantities at a fair price, for decorating some of the best public grounds in large parks, the window garden, private flower beds, and the door yards of the poorer classes, the pansy will almost everywhere be found staring you in the face as spring approaches. Not in a single case do I remember of one person that did not admire this flower, but expressing some pleasant thought about it.

My first attempt to cultivate this flower was about eighteen years ago. I purchased of a leading, well-known seedsman a packet which contained perhaps thirty seeds. Planting them in the open ground in May, I watched carefully their first appearance. In about two weeks I discovered two tiny leaves cracking the ground for a breath of life, a day or two later another appeared, and so on, till perhaps twenty in all grew to be fine plants. After transplanting in a favorable place, I still watched the result. The sowing being made late they did not come in bloom till July; however, they made a beautiful show in autumn. The season then being cool, they blossomed to perfection, continuing till the ground was closed for winter in November. I then carefully covered them with leaves one inch deep, placing over them a few pine boughs to prevent the wind from scattering them. In the spring as soon as the ground became settled, I removed the leaves and they again soon made a beautiful display for nearly three months. The flowers at the beginning of July, gradually decreased in size, some of the tops and plants dying, caused partly from too hot exposure to the sun during mid-day, as too much heat and dry earth is an injury to both plant and flower. The pansy does best in a partial shade of a building or fence, they do not thrive directly under trees.

Owing to a new bed being prepared

previously, near by, the old plants were left to care for themselves. At the end of two or three years I found they had degenerated so much as to cause the flowers to have the appearance of small wild violets, the flowers not over one-half inch in diameter. I find this generally the case where left to care for themselves for a few years. They prefer very rich, moist soil. If on light land, frequent watering in dry, hot weather is beneficial and with a little extra care will give nearly as good results.

The English, French, German, and American societies of horticulture offer great inducements in premiums for the improvement of this flower. At present the varieties are so numerous it is an easy task to obtain one or two hundred varieties from a few thousand plants, they bear the colors of the richest black satin, velvet and silk, the palest to the purest of yellow, pure white, carmine, maroon, purple, blue, spotted, blotched, striped in the most delicate and loveliest marking the artist can produce in any shade, bold and showy, representing a great variety of faces from two to four inches in diameter, a size until within a few years which was quite uncommon in the pansy.

To grow good plants for summer blooming the seed can be sown any time from January to April in boxes in a sunny window. As soon as the second leaves appear, they can be transplanted one to two inches apart. As soon as the frost leaves the ground they can be gradually hardened to the weather and transplanted in the open ground, here in April, as a frost at that season will not injure them, where they will soon commence and continue blooming with a little care till December and if protected with leaves in winter will bloom the second year. Better plants and larger flowers are obtained by sowing new seed each year.

The seed may also be sown in July and August wintered over in cold frames or open ground covering for winter protection, such plants will bloom profusely from April to June or July. Several new improved varieties are annually appearing, among some of the latest are the Trimaiden, Roemers, Giant, New Prize, French and English mixtures, Improved Fancy Large Flowering, German and others.

C. E. ALLEN.

Brattleboro, Vt.

CANARIES; HOW TO FEED AND CARE FOR THEM.

BY MAXFIELD.

One of our poets has referred to these little creatures as "dew drops of celestial melody," while another with no less happy conceit compares a pet canary to a sunbeam. Like children they thrive best where most loved and best tended, indeed, they are seldom kept except by those who love and appreciate them, though now and then we see them in the hands of those who neglect and ill treat them. Our pet is no aristocrat and sings as sweetly in the shop of the German cobbler as in the boudoir of the New York belle.

The canary bird (*fringilla Canaria*) belongs to the finch family and is a native of the Canary islands. The native bird differs somewhat from those seen in cages. The bill of the adult male is much darker; the color of the plumage varies and the voice is somewhat less than in the domesticated species.

There are said to be fifty varieties of the canary, those most prized being the jonquil and the mealy, these combining the greatest beauty of color and excellence of song. The German birds are very handsome, having often a great deal of green in their plumage. Purity and excellence of song does not depend altogether upon color, a mottled bird often

possessing as good voice and power of mimicry as one in which the color is unmixed. Their sweet voices, bright, cunning ways, and loving dispositions endear them to their owners, for if gorgeousness of plumage and elegance of form are desired there are other birds possessing these qualities to a greater degree.

The average length of life of a healthy bird properly cared for is ten or twelve years, though we now and then hear of one attaining the age of seventeen and occasionally twenty-five years, but this seems to be the extreme limit and is rarely reached. Two birds died last year at this advanced age, one in Connecticut, and one in Iowa.

The price of canaries varies according to place and accomplishments, a good male singer may be bought for five dollars, while one trained to sing a tune will command from twenty-five to fifty.

The cost of feeding these feathered pets is no small item when one considers the number kept in confinement and then realizes that it costs on an average one dollar and a quarter a year to keep each one exclusive of cages, drinking vessels, bath tubs, etc.

In the way of cages nothing but brass should be tolerated. These can be kept bright a long time if the bird does not bathe in the cage—as he should not—and are carefully washed, wire by wire, with cold water once a week, and wiped dry with a linen cloth. By all means scald the perches whenever you clean them, but never put hot water on the cage.

The cage should be hung where the sun can lie in it a part of the day, morning sun is best, but never expose a bird to the direct rays of the sun with no chance of shelter. They much enjoy a sun bath and will lie in the bottom of the cage with ruffled feathers that the sun's rays may the better reach their bodies, but to so confine them that they cannot retire from the fierce glare when they wish, is arrant cruelty and often results in sunstroke.

Birds are usually hung too near the top of the room for comfort, the heat and bad air rise and cause them much suffering. They delight in fresh air but a draft is fatal to voice and health, in fact most bird ailments have their origin in a cold. They will endure a considerable degree of cold, but extremes are detrimental and a temperature of from 50° to 70° is probably the most grateful to them. Particular care should be taken that they do not suffer on winter nights, the best protection is a doubled newspaper pinned closely about the cage but with some small opening left for air. The paper should also be used whenever the bird is moved from one place to another, otherwise it will be subject to cold and fright. When one does her own house work and is in the kitchen a good part of the day, that is the best place for the bird, provided he can have the morning sun. They delight in noise and bustle, and the clatter of the stove covers, the rattling of pots and pans, and the running of water, are all pleasures to them, while a cheery word, a whistle or a nod will be fully reciprocated. The cage should be suspended by a spring as this lessens the shock as they jump from perch to perch. A swing is also a necessary furnishing of the cage, and it gives them much pleasure to dreamily swing and swing till at last the bright eyes close, the little head is tucked out of sight so quickly that we can hardly tell on which side it is put, and lo, birdy is fast asleep, standing solemnly on one leg which seems so exactly in the center that its arrangement is ever a mystery.

The proper time for a bird to moult is from June to September; but if hung too near the stove or too high up in the room they sometimes moult in winter. Should

this occur, move or lower the cage, put a little saffron in the drinking water and give a piece of the yolk of a hard boiled egg every other day. Moulting at any season is a trying process and the pets need special care to bring them through successfully. The voice is lost, they seem dull and stupid and are at times really ill. They should now have hard boiled egg, chickweed or lettuce, which is better, with a few hemp seeds in addition to the regular diet. If the bowels are loose put a small rusty nail in the drinking cup. At this time they will bathe but seldom, though it is well to offer the bath regularly. A red pepper should be kept in the cage as it is not only strengthening but improves the color of the feathers. Should there be trouble about getting back the voice, borrow a good singer and hang near your bird a few hours each day.

The ordinary diet should consist of Sicily canary seed, German rape and millet though all birds do not relish the latter. Cuttle bone should be kept in the cage at all times, it is a good plan to fasten this with a wire as they so quickly untie a string, and give plenty of fine, fresh gravel every time the cage is cleaned, which should be every other day in summer and twice a week in winter. Of course if you can spend time to clean the cage every day, all the better. But this will keep the birds in good condition. Any fine gravel or clean sand will answer for the bottom of the cage, but it must not be sea sand. Cover the moveable tin floor with a round piece of brown paper and sprinkle the sand on this. Give them chickweed, lettuce, or a bit of sweet apple every other day in summer and once a week in winter, also a bit of dry cracker or raised bread now and then, but no cake, sugar or candy, as you value the song, health, and life of your pet.

Birds are creatures of habit and their wants should be attended to every morning at as nearly the same time as possible. It saves much trouble if the bird is taught to bathe out of the cage. To do this set the cage with the door open close by the sink, in which you have placed the bath tub, always in the same position, and unless the bird is very shy, it will soon be dipping and splashing as only a bird can.

Lice seldom make their appearance where the birds are kept in a cleanly condition, but should they prove troublesome, have the perches replaced by those made from a bit of elder wood from which the pith is removed, and also have two or three little holes made in the side. The mites will crawl in these hollow perches and can be killed by scalding. Covering the cage at night with a piece of white cotton flannel which is scalded in the morning, will often answer the same purpose, and there is a kind of insect powder to be blown in the feathers which can be bought of bird dealers.

Old birds are frequently troubled with scales on the feet, to remove which bathe in warm water and castile soap, or warm milk. These remedies are also excellent for sore feet and swollen limbs, though for the latter you may add a few drops of arnica to the water. Birds seldom have sore feet if the cages are kept clean, the perches well scalded and plenty of sand given, but an often unsuspected cause of this trouble lies in the use of too small perches. The proper size of perch for a canary is one-half inch diameter, tapering slightly at the ends. Sometimes the claws grow so long as to be not only troublesome, but dangerous. In this case take the bird gently in the hand and with stout, sharp scissors clip off what is necessary using care not to cut into the quick.

If a bird has a cold, give it red pepper and tiny bits of salt pork every four or five days. They may also have hemp

seed and hard boiled egg and cracker as when moulting. Keep them warm and out of drafts. Hang in the morning sun, scrupulously attending to all their wants and they may recover, but a cold is a serious thing whether in bird or person.

A bird will sometimes sit bristled up like a porcupine with his head under his wing the quarter part of the time. This is a sure sign of illness and may result from diarrhea, costiveness, improper food or neglect. When you have ascertained the cause give remedies before mentioned. You may remove the seed for a few days and feed hard boiled egg and cracker with a bit of sweet apple. Canaries are subject to a skin-disease which causes them to lose feathers, especially about the head. A diet of rape seed with a little raw grated carrot every few days, and a gentle application of pure olive oil to the bare spots will usually effect a cure.

The seed of the common plantain is a pleasant addition to the ordinary diet and where it is abundant it is well to save a quantity to mix with the other seed for winter use.

To Anna B., who inquired in the December number for a remedy for bird lice, I would recommend that she send to some reliable dealer in birds and procure the powder put up expressly for this purpose. It is to be blown in the feathers and two or three applications will free a bird from all parasites. It is put up in packages with full directions for use.

HOW, WHY, AND WHY NOT?

I wish to state briefly why the following directions are essential to success in seed sowing, hoping some who never have any luck, and have found it cheaper to buy plants than raise them, may be encouraged to try again:

First, bake the soil thoroughly, if you do not, earth worms may destroy nearly if not quite the whole sowing, besides, baking kills weed seeds, and if you are not familiar with the appearance of the young plants, it may puzzle you at first to distinguish between weeds and flowers, while, even if you know them apart, the attempt to uproot the weeds will disturb and injure the flowers.

When the soil is cold, it should be packed firm and solid into whatever you find convenient to contain it, until it is within an inch and a-half of the top. Be sure there are no vacant spaces underneath, or it may cave in after the seeds are sown and cause you much trouble. Saturate the earth thoroughly, it will probably take some time for the water to sink into it, and it may crack around the edges, if so press it back again. Now sift on about a quarter of an inch more dirt. It must be sifted so that the tiny rootlets may find no obstruction in their first struggles for life, and if the moisture from beneath does not strike through sufficiently, water again carefully. The surface should now be perfectly smooth and level, and you are ready for your seeds. Scatter them on rather sparsely, sift over them about twice their thickness of soil. If seeds of different sizes are sown in the same box, the largest should be put in first and covered, then the next in size, and so on. Fine seed like the portulaca and petunia should receive a very light covering, if any. It is best to cover closely with glass, to retain the moisture as long as possible.

Keep about as warm as you do yeast bread to rise, or from seventy to ninety degrees. This is very important for some varieties will rot instead of sprouting, if not kept warm enough. The surface should be neither wet nor dry. I kept wet, that is, watery or muddy, some seeds will decay, and if too dry they can-

not germinate. Of the two extremes, too much moisture is less dangerous than too little. Water very gently, so as not to disturb the seeds, with lukewarm water. The best way is to dip the hand in water and let it drip gently over the surface. Seeds will germinate just as quickly in the darkness as in the light, but must receive the sunlight soon after they make their appearance, or they will become spindling, pale and sickly. The glass, if you have used one, must be removed so that the young plants may have plenty of air, or they will damp off, as it is called. They will appear to die at the roots while the top is fresh and green. Remember plants need air as well as animals.

Seeds that sprout quickly ought not to be sown in the same box with those that germinate slowly, for it is difficult to give light and air to the young plants, and the heat that the seeds need at one and the same time.

If your seeds are of mixed colors of the same variety, do not plant many more than you need, for when you thin them out, you may throw away your prettiest ones, and what are left may be nearly all alike. I expect to raise ten plants for every dozen seeds planted, though an occasional failure will sometimes occur in spite of care.

In a climate like that of Massachusetts it is not safe to sow seeds in the open ground until the last of May, even then it is rather risky for a long, cold storm may chill them, a furious shower wash them away, or a strong, drying wind blow them away, or the weeds spring up so fast as to choke them.

Transplanting two or three times will make strong, healthy plants. DAISY.
Box 40, West Sutton, Mass.

THE OLDEST TREE.

There is a tree in Windsor forest, England, "the King Oak," which is known to be a thousand years old. But the very oldest tree in the world, so far as can be ascertained, is the Bo Tree, of the sacred city of Amarapooora, Burmah. It was planted 228 B. C., and is, therefore, now 2,170 years old. It is referred to in historic domestic documents 182 A. D., and 283 A. D. According to tradition it is the tree under which Buddha reclined when he underwent his apotheosis. Its leaves are deemed sacred, and the tree is never cut with a knife, while the leaves which fall from it are religiously preserved as charms.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell the reason that the buds of my white carnation open sideways? It budded freely, and most of them opened that way. SOPHIA.

Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can get the medicinal herb called "mullein sage"? It was highly valued a few years ago, though at the present time but few people seem to know any thing of it.
Greenfield, Mass. MRS. E. S. WILSON.

I would like to ask Mrs. Flanders what to do in summer with such plants as cyclamen, cineraria, begonia, bouvardia, and ferns, that have been in the green house all winter? How old a *Leonatus Leonorus* (Lyons Toll) is before it blossoms? Can she tell me of some book giving information, what plants need the most sun and the warmest place in the greenhouse? And why the leaves near the roots of the carnations die while the rest of the plant looks healthy and blooms? Is there any book that will tell all about these things? SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Fannie Birket asks in the November HOUSEHOLD how to treat a wax plant. They require rich earth, and not much sun. Mine blossoms freely all summer and rests during the winter. Water freely while blooming. The flowers always come out on the same stem. If any are cut off, you will have that number less, next time it blooms.
Dixon, Ill. MRS. MARY BALLOU.

The Nursery.

THE LAND OF NOWHERE.

A SONG FOR DISCONTENTED BOYS AND GIRLS.

Do you know where the summer blooms all the year round,
Where there never is rain on a picnic day,
Where the thornless rose in its beauty grows,
And little boys never are called from play?
Oh! hey! it is far away,
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

Would you like to live where nobody scolds,
Where you never are told, "It is time for bed,"
Where you learn without trying, and laugh without crying,
Where snails never pull when they comb your head?
Then ho! hey! you must hie away
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

If you long to dwell where you never need wait,
Where no one is punished or made to cry,
Where a supper of cakes is not followed by aches,
And little folks thrive on a diet of pie,
Then ho! hey! you must go, I say,
To the wonderful land of Nowhere.

You must drift down the river of Idle Dreams,
Close to the border of No-man's Land;
In a year and a day you must sail away,
And then you will come to an unknown strand,
And ho! hey! if you get there—stay
In the wonderful land of Nowhere.

—Exchange.

THE STORY OF TWO RED SQUIRRELS.

OUT in the country there is a pretty, winding lane which leads with many a turn from the broad village street down into the heart of the still green woods. Perhaps you know the place where the rare ferns and the shy wild blossoms grow side by side in the mossy hollows; where, in the bright autumn weather, the full chestnut trees shower down their generous store, and where, all the year round, the little wood people are working and frolicking, enjoying and suffering, as all the world must. Doubtless, they would have more fun and less work, if kind summer could but stay in the green woods always, but that cannot be. Full half the year king winter rules with an iron hand, and when he comes with his cold, forbidding looks, gentle summer sadly picks up her pretty green robe and slowly departs, with many a lingering smile, and backward glance, for the dear growing things she has loved and tended so long, but as she goes she whispers softly, "Take courage, children, I will come back to you as soon as ever that monster, winter, turns his back."

And after all he is not such a monster as he sometimes seems, since he only does his duty, and were it not for him the bees, and the ants, and the squirrels, and the field mice, would lead sadly idle and frivolous lives, for is it not the memory of his stormy face and withholding hands, that prompts them to work in the bright weather, and lay aside a provision for the days,

"When worms are locked up by the stingy frost,
And berries are few, and grubs are dear."

Most of the inhabitants of the wood quite understand this necessity, and in spite of considerable grumbling on the part of the young ones, they mostly work cheerfully enough, gathering up stores and making their hay while the sun shines.

But once, not so very long ago, there lived up in the top of a giant oak, two of the merriest, friskiest little red squirrels that ever whisked along a stone wall in the sunshine. They were quite alone in the world, for at an early age their parents had been taken from them by a most unhappy fate. Their father, though a most worthy squirrel in his way, had a most unfortunate curiosity which led him one day into examining a steel trap, and thus his young family were forever deprived of his example and support, while Mrs. Squirrel, sad to relate, was not long after captured alive by a little school boy, and at the time this story begins, was

amusing herself by turning a wheel in a large wire cage which stood on the back porch of a little brown cottage. It was a poor substitute for the green, waving boughs, and the free life of the woods, but after a time she grew accustomed to it, for she was most kindly treated, and as she was only a squirrel, I suppose she did not worry for too long a time about the babies in the old oak tree.

Oh, but they were merry-hearted fellows! In spite of their bereavement, I think they had the very best times in the world, and not a care in life, unless it was keeping out of the way of the large tiger cat who sometimes wandered down the lane in search of amusement. They were very happy, these saucy little squirrels. Every morning they opened their eyes upon a world of green trees and singing birds. Day after day they frolicked up and down the woodland paths, and played endless games of tag over the stone walls and along the leafy branches of high forest trees. Such favorites as they were, too! especially with their younger neighbors. Indeed, their ways were so funny and whimsical, and they were always so gay and good-natured that even their more sensible elders, while regarding their idle habits with disapproval, could hardly help laughing at them and liking them, but old Mr. Gray-back shook his head and sighed over their foolishness as he rested before his door of an evening. "Those young fellows will find out to their sorrow by and by that it isn't going to be summer all the year," he would say, but instead of heeding this solemn and oft repeated warning, these naughty red squirrels would just snicker and laugh, and pelt poor Mr. Gray-back with bits of bark and twigs, knowing full well that he was too old, and too tired after his day's work to chase and catch them.

"Oh, he thinks, because he has a great, bushy tail that he knows every thing," they would cry saucily, dancing back and forth upon the branch above his head.

Poor old Mr. Gray-back would shake with indignation, for his tail was his great pride and delight, and he did not like to have it spoken of in that slighting fashion. You see, like every one who lives just to have a good time, they were careless of the feelings of others, and grew daily more wild and thoughtless.

So the bright days and weeks flew by, and summer's happy reign was ever shortening. "Don't work to-day," cried the red squirrels to their cousins, the little chipmunks, one crisp, sunny morning. "Come with us and have some fun."

The young chipmunks sighed. They would so have liked a holiday frisk in the quiet, woodsey places, but, alas! their prudent mother had seen only yesterday, a few fluttering, yellow leaves among the forest greenery, which signal she knew had been hung there by good Dame Nature as a warning to all thrifty souls that it was time to prepare for "The melancholy days."

"Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

So the little chipmunks were hurried away and kept hard at work all through the warm, bright day, carrying nuts and storing them in their snug, capacious burrow, under the big rock, while the foolish red squirrels laughed merrily at this good example set them by their relatives.

"Look at the sun," they cried, "is he not as warm and bright as ever? Are not the trees and the grass as green? Is there not plenty to eat? Why should we work and worry? Winter is dead. He will never come again." And they frisked off, chattering gaily as they went.

But winter was not dead, and every day he advanced a step farther into summer's domain. He enlisted the short-sighted alders under his banners, and they sud-

denly blazed forth in scarlet uniform. One by one the late blossoms crept with a shiver beneath their coverlets of moss. Slowly the green leaves turned yellow and red, and at last fell, gently rustling to the ground, leaving the brave old trees with uncovered heads to meet their foe. And now flocks of wild geese came hurrying by, sounding the alarm as they passed. "To the south! To the south!" they cried. "Winter is at hand!"

"Ah, he is, indeed," shivered the birds, drawing their little feather coats more closely around them, and soon they, too, were on the wing, flying away with eager, happy hearts, to find the summer, all except a few brave souls who disliked traveling, and meant to weather the cold.

All this time our little red squirrels were going on in their foolish, light-hearted career. Often of a frosty morning their noses and their toes felt a trifle cold and stiff, but they only danced the harder. They could still pick up plenty of nuts to eat, and like many wrong-headed people, they refused to believe that any harder times were coming. But alas! there came a night of biting cold, when they had to hug each other very close up in the old oak tree to keep from freezing, and in the morning they found to their sorrow that winter had actually arrived on the scene, with all his forces. Over the familiar stone walls, and along the woodland paths drifted the cold, white snow. The giant trees groaned beneath their icy burden, and the kind sun refused to shine out of the gray and dismal sky. The poor fellows stretched their stiff little legs and shivered. They did not feel much like frisking that morning.

"Let us go to Aunt Chipmunk's, or old Mrs. Rabbit's, perhaps they will take us in," said one.

But Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit were fast asleep in their warm hole, and Aunt Chipmunk had, alas! very little sympathy for them.

"I am sorry," she said, "but it's going to be a hard winter, and we have put by no more than enough for ourselves. You should have worked, like the rest of us, instead of playing all summer long."

With sad hearts the little squirrels turned away from her inhospitable door. There was nothing for it now but to pick up a living as best they could, and they quite forgot how to be frisky and saucy, because they were so often cold and hungry. Sometimes, after a scanty meal of seeds, extracted with much difficulty from some frozen apples, they would think enviously of all their former friends. The mice and the squirrels, the muskrats and the rabbits, who were at that time safe and snug in their comfortable homes, waiting for the day when spring, the sweet forerunner sent by summer, should bid them come forth into the fresh awakening world. Oh, it was a bitter lesson, but still a good one, for I know that the poor fellows worked hard, and grew patient and sensible under the discipline.

Often, as I have walked down the snow covered lane, which is so green and fragrant in summer, I have seen their little, dainty footprints, tracking hither and thither, from barn to corn house, and from orchard to field, and I have felt so sorry that they were not wise in time, but I feel sure that when summer enters the woods again, my little red squirrels will each set up housekeeping, like thrifty members of society, and begin in earnest to lead sober, sensible lives. They will, perhaps, often speak with regret of their youthful follies, and the good lesson which they were taught by them, and, of course, they will bring up their families to provide in the bright summer weather against the time when

"Hard winter strikes on the pools and the dykes."

J. F. B.

THE MOTHER'S IMPRESS.

BY MARIE.

Mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD, solemn indeed is the responsibility resting upon us. "Let us not rush with careless feet where angels fear to tread." I look upon those who wear the "badge of motherhood" as filling a high and sacred office, and feel that their very best efforts should be given to training the young immortals committed to their care. Eagerly I read what the sisters write of their experience and fancy I can judge of the moral atmosphere of their homes by their letters. I believe that our children will bear through all coming time the impress of the mother hand that guided them.

Shall I take you with me to our home, where three children make music and laughter the whole day long. Their ages vary from nine to five. Their dispositions vary and even present strong contrasts in some things. Harry, the eldest, has a disposition which requires careful handling. Naturally delicate, mature for his years, sensitive to a fault, yet needing a firm hand and cheerful face to keep him from the dangers threatening a nervous temperament. Bertie, the second, is a strong, well-developed child, careless and happy, yet manly and affectionate, though a little overbearing at times. Aria is a sweet tempered, thoughtful child, gentle and submissive to her parents, yet often differing with other children.

Ours is a rural home. Orchards and fruit trees grow near us, flowers bloom around us, while birds sing for us their sweetest songs. Here "light as the down of the thistle, soft as the breezes that blow," they have ample scope to run and play, shout or climb at their own sweet will. Being the only children in our quiet neighborhood I have them more completely under my control. Sometimes they play together in perfect unison, but often (as is the case with children of strong individuality) they differ and call on mother to settle the dispute, each giving his own version of the affair. Now as I wish to do justice by each, especially as only one belongs to me by right of birth (the others by the sacred right of adoption,) I have to think earnestly how to settle their differences, with love to each and justice to all.

I do not keep help and am not over strong, so I like to have them help me when out of school, believing it will be a benefit to them through life and a lesson of helpfulness, teaching them to bear their share of the cares of a home. In their leisure I encourage them in their efforts to make their own playthings, etc. Harry has considerable ingenuity and can make ships and such things nicely. They perform most of the out-door work which usually falls to the share of a woman. Bertie, who is very fond of domestic animals, is very faithful in feeding and caring for them. He is not so fond of books as I could wish, and always has a rush of business on hand when I wish him to study. Harry is apt to be lost in a book or have some project on hand when I want help, so I have to exercise a good deal of patience with them, for unless they obey cheerfully, their task is poorly performed and they hurry back to their favorite pursuit. I have tried making them perform their tasks over again with success, but think giving them right views on the subject and cultivating conscientiousness my best method.

I've arranged their rooms with table, book shelves, etc., that they may find it pleasant to spend some of their leisure, when out of school, in reading and writing. I encourage them to write letters and copy verses as well as to write out their own thoughts on different subjects.

Harry succeeds finely for a child. But my chief anxiety is to cultivate the heart, believing that the head will be governed by it. With right views of their own responsibility they cannot fail to make the most of the talents God has given them.

A NEW PLAY.

BY C. G. T.

"Oh do tell us a new play," shouted Jack and Susie, as they ran to the hammock where Uncle Will was spending a cozy afternoon with a new book. "We've used up everything we know," pleaded Jack. "and Nell has broken her doll, and we mended its arm with cement, and I've put it in the hospital for a whole week, 'cause I was the doctor." "And then we've blowed bubbles," chimed in little Nell, "till they're all gone up in the air, and lots of soap suds down our fronts, and we're dweffully sick. I can tell you."

"A melancholy case!" sighed Uncle Will, "I suppose I must invent some new play for such afflicted mortals; but I must have on my thinking cap for a whole half hour; I must sleep, perchance dream," as Worth the dressmaker says when he is about to invent a new costume, and with this remark Uncle Will pulled his hat over his eyes and charged the children if they wished the play to be a success not to come near him for half an hour.

No sooner were their backs turned than Uncle Will began to invent the marvelous new play by cutting out two beautiful little boats, with pretty masts whittled out of sticks, and tiny sails of thin letter paper; so that when the children came running back, at the end of the half hour, announced by an Indian war-whoop on the part of the accomplished Jack, Uncle Will was quite prepared for them and said gravely, "Has this good farmer Jones we stay with got any potato field?" "Indeed he has," answered Jack, "there are rows and rows and rows of potatoes."

"Think you," said Uncle Will with a sly smile, "that there are any potato bugs on those vines?"

"Oh yes," said Nell, "they have to pick them off most every day, and they got a painful this very morning."

"All right," said Uncle Will, "that will suit our case finely. Now go down to the field and pick up ten or twelve of those wicked little thieves and bring them to my room, and I will show you what splendid sailors they can make."

With this, Uncle Will furnished them a little box, and off they went wondering what the mysterious play could be. It did not take them long to find a dozen bugs, and they soon appeared at the door of Uncle Will's room, where they found him all ready with the two little boats floating upon a large wash bowl of water.

"Come on with your sailors," said Uncle Will:

"I am captain of the Pinafore,
And a right good captain I.
I say to my sailors brave,
Mount up to the topmost mast,
Mount up on high."

And with that he opened the box and shook the bugs into the boats.

No sooner were they on their feet than they made for the masts, and up they climbed as fast as they could go; so eager were they that they walked over each other's backs, some of them tumbling pellmell into the water; up they got without delay and started again, while the others, not stopping to regret the misfortunes of their fellows, still worked away until reaching the topmasts all together, they made them so heavy that the boats capsized and the sailors all tumbled into the sea.

Jack and Nelly picked them up, and, putting them on to the boats, they commenced their journey again as undismayed as if nothing had happened.

"Oh! what jolly fun," shouted Jack. "I should think so," answered Uncle Will, as looking at his watch he found it was already six o'clock. At that moment the cheerful tinkle of good Mrs. Jones' tea bell sounded on the air, announcing that the afternoon was gone, when to the children it seemed as though it had just begun.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

There is a little boy at our house who is five years old.

When a new number of THE HOUSEHOLD comes from the post-office, he crowds himself close beside his mother while she cuts its crisp, fresh pages and tells her to hurry and see if there is a story for the little people. Some months their corner is crowded out and then he winks back the tears, picks his boots against my chair rockers and says, "I think it's awful mean to have it all grown-up stories and nothing me can stand."

One day, to comfort him I told him there must be ever so many little HOUSEHOLD boys and girls five years old, and they nor he must not fret because no story was for them this month.

He looked up quickly and said "I wish you would ask them about that hen, mamma?"

"That hen" is a big speckled biddy that is as tame as she is self-willed. She has followed Frankie about the barns all winter, watching for the warm feed or crushed egg shells he frequently carries to the hens from the kitchen.

If you try to drive or startle her she will perk her head up sideways and look at you as cool as you please. You can't drive her. You can't scare her. If you throw a club at her she will step back as queenly as though she wore high heeled boots, and minutely examine the club, canting her wise head this way and that in scrutinizing it, making sure it's nothing that is good to eat, and then come mincing along after you cawing happy little notes.

She is a hen that has no respect for any one. Her independence is astounding.

Once, she caught sight through the window of a custard pie on the dining room table, and in after it she came, marching up the piazza steps, across the porch, through an entry, her high, yellow heels tap, tapping on the bare floors.

I heard her coming and reached the dining room door just in season to shut it in her face. If I had not I think she would have had that custard pie in spite of me. She pecked a while at the closed door, and when she got ready she indignantly marched from the house.

She is an excellent layer, else we would have roasted her long ago. Nearly every day she gives us a generous great egg.

She never deigns to notice the nests of other hens but has one by herself, alone. This winter it has been on a pile of bedding in the sheep barn floor. The bays and scaffolds were stuffed so full at harvest time there was no room for the bedding but in the floor. Yesterday, the last fork full of it was carried out and with it the trough of straw that was biddy's nest. Frankie clamors to tell the rest of the story.

"I was sitting right down there by the sheep barn door, mamma, watching papa carrying out hay and putting it in piles in the yard for the sheep to eat, when that hen came bowing and stepping along up into the barn floor looking for her nest."

I said, "Old hen, papa carried your nest off in the straw and now you must lay in that box under the hay tedder," and,

mamma, I was so s'prised, but that hen marched straight across the floor and hopped up into the box, just where I told her to, and laid an egg under the tedder. How could she know what I said to her, mamma? Can hens stand what folks say?"

This is what bothers Frankie, and what he wants me to ask the little people of the great HOUSEHOLD family to answer.

CLARISSA POTTER.

INJURIOUS HELP.

An exchange, in protesting against the habit of unduly aiding children, says, "A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her until she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her."

"The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than no mistakes, because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them, it is on the way towards knowing something."

A child that is waked up every morning and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and has nothing to do with its food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The following beautiful lines sent us by a friend, after we had carried our dear baby away, are too good to lie in a treasure box, without speaking to other hearts, so if our kind friend sees best to give them a place in his and our paper, I hope they may carry comfort to many who mourn. It was selected, and we don't know who is the author. Whoever it is, may God's best blessings rest upon her, for it must have been a mother who wrote it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. A. F.

A writer in Babyland has an article on "Baby's Pillow," that we want to pass around to all the mothers. "My little girl, when only six or seven weeks old, showed a decided dislike to a pillow. I noticed that after I had settled her in her crib, with her head on the little pillow, in an apparently quite comfortable position,

she would be restless until she succeeded in working herself down in the crib far enough to get her head entirely off the pillow, when she would be quiet and take a long nap. After this had happened several times, I began to suspect that, although so young, Miss Baby did not like the pillow; so I removed it from the crib, and put her down with her head on the same level as her body. The result was that she stayed just where I put her. I never used a pillow again for her till she was over a year old, and then only a very small one."

Another plea was for a drink of water for baby. No one except Nan-nan, (baby's name for auntie,) seemed to think Baby might be thirsty; her bottle of milk was sufficient. And how Baby would watch mornings to see the door open through which Nan-nan would come soon, and Baby knew the first thing then would be a glass of water for Baby. Nan-nan was an invalid and could not walk fast, but would say, "Sit still, and wait until Nan-nan comes." And the child would become meek and watch the door through which Nan-nan had vanished with never a whimper. Yet she was a busy baby, but Nan-nan had always kept her word, and she seemed to know that speed was impossible.

The auntie lived some hundreds of miles away, and ten days after her return home, Baby awoke in the night and became restless, moaning and jabbering her Choctaw; but neither milk, nor cracker, nor a cool pillow would soothe her. She was a charming babe by night as well as by day, and it was thought she must be sick, although there were no other symptoms than her patient moans. Finally, after a long time of this mutual suffering—for she had roused her sick mother, who was sleeping on the same floor, but in another room—the mamma at last heard one great sob, and then a shriek of agony, "Nan-nan, Nan-nan!" and the usually quiet baby cried aloud. "It is water, and she is calling Nan-nan to get it for her, poor baby," says the mother, as a sudden light bursts upon her wonder. The father, scarcely believing, gets a glass of fresh water and takes it to grandma's room. Baby goes into ecstasies as she sees the tumbler, and springs almost off the bed in her haste to get it, and it is glued to her lips until the last drop is gone. The usual smile came back and she was soundly sleeping before the tears were dry upon her cheeks. Had not her mother guessed by the cry, she would have moaned all night. Nan-nan had been gone several days, yet the child remembered who it was that would give her the refreshing drink.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

What makes the man is his character, and not his appearance, nor anything external. The poet Burns, who was walking in Edinburgh with a fashionable young man, met and spoke to a worthy, but plainly dressed farmer. When his companion blamed him, the poet replied:

"Why it was not the rough coat that I spoke to, but the man that was in it; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

It is the character that makes the man, and the character is always being shaped by the daily thoughts and actions. Every boy is building up, day by day, the character that will make or mar his manhood.—*Exchange.*

—The foundation of education is thoroughness.

—Count as lost the day in which you have done no good.

—It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

The Library.

A SUNBEAM'S MISSION.

I have read in old tales of the buried past,
Of two armies which met on the battle-plain,
Roman and Cymric, in numbers vast,
How they fought till the field was heaped with slain,
And how through all day the crimson tide
Of battle favored the Cymric side,
Though their dead bestrewed the plain,
Till at length, from out of the clouded skies,
A sunbeam darted across the world,
Blinding the Cymric warriors' eyes;
And backward their conquering hosts were hurled.
And thus in the record of years is told
How a sunbeam, back in the days of old,
Decided the fate of the world.

—N. G. Shepherd.

AN OLD LATIN POEM AND HOW WE STUDIED IT.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

ONCE there were two friends who, when winter approached, were wont to engage in some bit of study or reading over which they held discussions, compared notes and exchanged opinion. Some miles of distance separated them and meetings were not frequent, but at the close of winter, when busier days returned, they always felt that though they might have gained but little, something had been done; some past study had been freshly brought to mind, new facts learned, or a wider outlook had been gained in the world of knowledge.

Once we took up the long neglected Virgil, and at our occasional meetings read forty or fifty lines of the tale of Æneas and his wanderings by land and sea. It was a pleasure to find the review growing easier the more we read, and the familiar story came back to us, as with the hero, Creusa his wife, the little Iulus and the father Anchises, with all their faithful followers, we fled from Troy, encountered the wrath of Juno, heard the winds howl in the cave of Eolus and passed between Scylla and Charybdis.

At another time the essays of Elia claimed our attention and one read for the first time that inimitable "Dissertation on Roast Pig," while to the other a third and fourth reading of the exquisite reverie, "Dream Children," only unfolded new beauties.

So a proposal that some spare minutes of last winter be given to a study of this old Latin poem, the *Dies Iræ*, met with mutual approval. Said one whose hands were filled with work and for whose skillful service with chart and needle constant demands were made, "I need just this study to keep me from thinking quite all the time about the details of my work. It sometimes seems as if I thought of nothing but side plaits, box plaits, double box, dust ruffles, front drapery, panels, etc." And the other friend had still greater need of the study.

We had but few conferences about it, but each studied by herself and gained some knowledge of this grand old hymn, its structure, history and purpose. Because of a few syllables in a verse, the shortness of the stanzas, in each of which a completed thought appears, it was peculiarly adapted to the very fragmentary way in which the friends had to study.

Shall I tell you how it was done by one? There was a hasty glance in the book while dusting of a morning, a line committed to memory—the work of a moment—

"Judex ergo quum sedebit,"

for example, repeated over and over until it would stay, then the words considered to see how many were known without resort to the lexicon. This while hands and feet are busy. A dip into the lexicon to select just the right translation of *ergo*, and to find the principal parts of *sedeo*, and over the ironing board the

word is conjugated, *judex* inflected, rule for gender given and that one line made clear to mind. Then another verse was treated similarly and when the stanza was all done the translation was written out, but not in verse. That we did not attempt; perhaps we may sometime when Pegasus' wings are fully developed. They haven't even budded yet.

Do not think that we always meditated upon Latin poems and lofty themes while we did prosaic housework. There were intervals of days and weeks when no advance was made, but this is a sample of the way in which the study was done, and before the warmth of spring came the verses had all been translated, parsed and written out in English. Perhaps some other busy people to whom Latin was a pleasant study in the school days now past, may find in this brief record of how we did it, a seed thought for future use. Sometimes when May or John are in the doleful dumps over a Latin lesson, the discovery that father or mother understands the study and can intelligently help them will be worth more to them than merely the relief which aid in that particular difficulty will give.

Now something of the poem itself. It is a judgment hymn based upon the prophetic description of the great Day of the Lord, in Zeph. 1:15, 16. "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers."

Those who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—who has not? will remember a reference to this hymn. St. Clare, sitting at the organ in the twilight just before going out to the gathering where he receives his death blow, sings verses of this majestic hymn. Uncle Tom, listening outside, is strangely moved by the music and something in the words, although he does not know their meaning.

Says Dr. Schaff, in an article upon the poem. "The author of *Dies Iræ* was unconcerned about his fame and probably unconscious of the merits of his poem. He wrote it from a sort of inward necessity and under the power of an inspiration which prompts every work of genius. His object was to excite himself and others to repentance by a description of the terrors of the Judgment Day."

Thomas of Celano, in the kingdom of Naples, is supposed to have been the author, but the matter will doubtless always remain in uncertainty. Very little is known of this man except that he was a friend of St. Francis of Assisi, his biographer also, and that he died about the year 1255. A hundred and fifty years pass away before any notice is found of the poem, and if the author wrote simply for fame he was probably disappointed. Yet the lines reveal a spirit within, which looked for other fame than this fleeting world gives, and labored for a higher approval than that of man. In the last half of the fourteenth century it was in public use in Italy from which it gradually passed into the church service.

To quote again from Dr. Schaff. "The secret of its beauty and power lies first in the intensity of Christian feeling with which this great theme is handled. The poet realizes the impending judgment of the world as an awful and overpowering fact that is as certain as the approach of night. He hears the trumpet of the archangel sounding through the open sepulchres. He sees the dead rising from the dust of ages, he sees the Son of man seated in terrific majesty on the judgment throne with the open book of ages. * * * And with the spirit of an humble penitent he pleads for mercy, mercy at the hands of Him who left His throne of glory and

died on the cross for the salvation of sinners. * * * Every word sounds like the peal of an organ, or like the trumpet of an archangel. The stately metres, the triple rhyme, the selection of vowels in striking adaptation to the sense and feeling, heighten and complete the effect upon the ear and heart of the hearer."

This poem has frequently been introduced into literary compositions and has inspired some of the greatest musical productions of the masters. It is the theme of Mozart's Requiem, parts of which he dictated with his dying breath, and which, though unfinished, was his own funeral hymn.

In closing let me quote from Mrs. Charles, author of the "Schonbergh Cotta Family."

"That hymn rose alone in a comparative pause, as if Christendom had been hushed to listen to its deep music, ranging as it does through so many tones of feeling, from the trembling awe and low murmurs of confession, to tender, pathetic pleading with One who, though the just avenging Judge, yet sat weary on the well of Samaria, seeking the lost, trod the mournful way and died the bitterest death for sinful men. * * *

There is a hush in the great choral service of the universal Church, when suddenly, we scarcely know whence, a single voice, low and trembling breaks the silence; so low and grave that it seems to deepen the stillness, yet so clear and deep that its softest tones and words are heard through Christendom, and vibrate through every heart—grand and echoing as an organ, yet homely and human as if the words were spoken rather than sung. And through the listening multitudes solemnly that melody flows on sung not to the multitude, but 'to the Lord,' and therefore carrying with it the hearts of men, till the singer is no more solitary, but the self-same tearful, solemn strain pours from the lips of the whole Church as if from one voice, and yet each one sings it as if alone to God."

Here is the poem with an authorized translation:

1. *Dies Iræ, Dies Illa!*
Solvat sæculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.
Day of wrath, that woful day
Shall the world in ashes lay;
David and the Sibyl say.
2. *Quantus tremor est futurus,*
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stridite Discussurus.
What a trembling, what a fear,
When the dread Judge shall appear,
Strictly searching far and near!
3. *Tuba mirum spargens sonum*
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Hark! the trumpet's wondrous tone,
Though sepulchral regions blown,
Summons all before the throne.
4. *Mors stupebit, et natura,*
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.
Death shall shiver, nature quake,
When the creatures shall awake
Answer to their Judge to make.
5. *Liber scriptus proferetur,*
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Lo, the Book of ages spread,
From which all the deeds are read
Of the living and the dead.
6. *Judex ergo quum sedebit,*
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.
Now before the Judge severe,
All things hidden must appear,
Nought shall pass unpunished here.
7. *Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,*
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?
Wretched man, what shall I plead,
Who for me will intercede,
When the righteous mercy need?
8. *Rex tremenda majestatis,*
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!
King of dreadful majesty,
Author of salvation free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.
9. *Recordare, Jesu pie,*
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!
Remember, good Lord, I pray,
I have caused Thy bitter way,
Don't forget me on that day.
10. *Quarens me, sedisti lassus,*
Redemisti, cruce passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Weary satt'st Thou seeking me,
Diedst redeeming on the tree;
Let such toil not be fruitless be.

11. *Iuste Judex ultionis,*
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
Judge of righteousness severe,
Grant me full remission here,
Ere the reckoning day appear.
12. *Ingemisco tanquam reus,*
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce, Deus!
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
Shame and grief are on my cheek:
Mercy, mercy, Lord, I seek.
13. *Qui Mariam absolvisti,*
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Thou did'st Mary's guilt forgive,
And absolve the dying thief,
Even I may hope relief.
14. *Precor meæ non sum dignus,*
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne!
Worthless am my prayers I know,
Yet, O Lord, Thy mercy show,
Save me from eternal woe.
15. *Inter oves locum præsta,*
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
Make me with Thy sheep to stand
Far from the convicted band,
Placing me at Thy right hand.
16. *Confutatis maledictis,*
Flammis acerbis addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!
When the cursed are put to shame,
Cast into devouring flame
With the blest then call my name.
17. *Oro supplex et acclinis,*
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.
Suppliant at Thy feet I lie,
Contrite in the dust I cry,
Care Thou for me when I die.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

It has been commonly said that the cold water poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was inspired by a glass of brandy. A writer in the Boston Herald affirms the truth of the story, and tells it as a personal recollection. Samuel Woodworth, the author, was a printer, and was employed in an office in Chambers street, New York. One day he dropped into Mallory's bar rooms, in Franklin street, to get some brandy and water. The liquor was excellent, and Woodworth remarked that it was superior to anything he ever tasted. "No," said a comrade, "there was one thing that you and I used to think far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "Fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the hay field on a sultry day in summer." The rhythm of the phrase, "The old oaken bucket that hung in the well," struck Woodward at once, and a picture of the well at his boyhood home came to his mind. Within a few hours he had completed the poem.

SYNONYMS.

One gets a vivid sense of the different atmosphere about words substantially synonymous in trying to make substitutions in a proof-sheet. For example, the lynx-eyed proof-reader has some day conveyed to you, by means of the delicately unobtrusive intimation of a blue-pencil line, the fact that you have repeated a word three times in the space of a short paragraph. You have to find a substitute. It is easy to think of half a dozen terms that stand for very nearly the same idea, but it is in the incongruous implications of them all that the difficulty lies. You consult your Book of Synonyms, and find there nearly all you have already thought of, but never any others. There is, however, one further resource. You have had from boyhood the Thesaurus of English Words. Hundreds of times, during all these years, you have referred to its wonderful wealth of kindred terms. You seem dimly to remember that on one occasion in the remote past you did find in it a missing word you wanted. It shall have one more chance to distinguish itself.

Perhaps the sentence to be amended reads thus: "As he fore open the telegram a smile of bitter mockery flickered across his haggard features, and he staggered behind the slender column."

Suppose, now, it is the word "mock-

ery" for which you seek a substitute. The Thesaurus suggests, a smile of bitter bathos, bitter buffoonery, bitter slip-of-the-tongue, bitter scurrility. Or suppose it is "staggered" that is to be eliminated. You find as alluring alternatives, he fluctuated, he curvated, he librated, he dangled. If each one of these would seem to impart a certain flavor that is hardly required for your present purpose, you may write, he pranced, he flapped, he churned he effervesced, behind the slender column. Or should the word to be removed be "haggard," you have your choice between his squalid features, his maculated features, his besmeared features, his rickety features. Or, finally, if you are in search of something to fill the place of "column," your incomparable hand-book allows you to choose freely between the slender tallness, the slender may-pole, the slender hummock, promontory, top-gallant-mast, procerity, monticle or garret. The object of this work, says the title-page, is "to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition."—*Atlantic*.

—If you would create something, you must be something.—*Goethe*.

—It is said of Alexander Dumas that he has written so many books that he cannot remember all of their titles. He has written some that it is no loss to forget.

—We know of nothing more fatal to the accomplishment of any thing in an intellectual way, than the idea that many persons get, that they must defer study till some period in life when they shall have no interruptions. They allow ten minutes here and half an hour there to run to waste, because it seems hardly worth while to attempt to study for so short a time. We have known persons, by availing themselves of a few minutes' time each day, gain, during a year, an extensive acquaintance with some particular branch of study; while others, who would not economize the minutes, had made scarcely a useful acquisition.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will THE HOUSEHOLD please publish the old songs, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Twas within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," and greatly oblige me? I think these old favorites will be well received upon the musical page of THE HOUSEHOLD. COM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with the music and words of the song entitled "Ellsworth's Avengers?" If they can they will confer a highly appreciated favor upon one of your many readers. Batavia, N. Y. N. L. SAULSBURY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the kind sisters please send me the words of "Little German Home," "Minnehaha," and "The Dying Californian?" CLARA HASTINGS. Horton, Bremer Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the poem, "The Light from o'er The Range?" I will repay stamps and return favor in any way I can. H. STREETER. Box 206, Hubbardston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Have any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD a poem, "How Jamie Came Home?" It was printed in the Western Rural several years ago. If any one has it to dispose of will he please write to Newark, N. Y. MRS. C. H. GARDNER.

THE REVIEWER.

THE MINUTE MAN. By Margaret Sidney. This stirring poem, which originally appeared in Wide Awake, and attracted wide attention, has been put into a beautiful small quarto volume, uniquely bound, illustrated by twelve original drawings by Sandham, and two exquisite heliotype in tint, one showing a quiet river nook near the bridge, the other a view of the river winding through the pleasant Concord meadows—an ideal pastoral land-

scape. The poem was written for the anniversary celebrated at Concord in September, 1885, and was a tribute to the brave men who "fired the shot heard around the world" on that memorable April day, more than a century ago. The frontispiece is a heliotype view of French's well-known statue "The Minute Man." Both text and illustrations are printed on heavy gilt-edged paper, and leaves and cover are held together by a silken cord. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

GRAFENBURG PEOPLE. The Round World Series. By Rev. Reuben Thomas. Mr. Thomas's book is not merely an entertaining story, it is a keen, thorough, analytic study of people and motives, and is the result of close observation and personal experience. Grafenburg is an ordinary country town, and the people are for the most part, ordinary country people, and the members of one particular church. It seems to be the fate of every religious society to have at least once during its existence a quarrel, more or less bitter, and the society of Emmanuel church was no exception. The whole book is a powerful argument against the narrow sectarianism which abounds among the churches, and which operates as a barrier to universal Christian feeling. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Catharine Owen, in her book, "TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH; Keeping House on Ten Dollars a Week; How it Has Been Done; How it May be Done Again," makes a strong attempt to solve the problem of cheap living, and in a measure succeeds. Instead of giving us an ordinary cook-book, she tells a rather interesting story, into which she weaves her kitchen recipes and bills of fare. Not all young women have "Molly's" head for housekeeping, and all families do not consist of three. The book, however, if it cannot fairly be lived up to by all housekeepers, contains hints and suggestions in the direction of preparation of food and of economy that renders it valuable. Price \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A GIRL'S ROOM. By some friends of the girls. Of all the books that have been specially prepared for girls this is at once the most interesting and most practical. It is not, as one might perhaps imagine, a story, but, as the title page sets forth, it contains "plans and designs for work upstairs and down, and entertainments for herself and friend." Each of the twenty-four chapters deals with a special subject. Most books which profess to teach girls how to employ their leisure time are filled with directions for embroidery stitches, lace work, and other utterly useless and foolish things for active girls who wish and ought to know how to do something useful; but the compiler of this volume has with eminent good sense excluded everything of the kind. They have aimed at making it a companion and teacher, and the work it suggests, while calculated to beautify and adorn the home, involves very slight expense. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES AND QUERIES. A Family Reference Book. By the Wise Blackbird. Here is a volume which will have special interest for boys and girls from the fact that it answers a large number of questions which are continually asked in every household and which are not always satisfactorily answered. They are upon almost every conceivable subject,—the care of pets; out and indoor sports and amusements; the best ways of doing innumerable things; directions for making useful and ornamental articles; the selection of holiday gifts; recipes for making perfumes, taking out stains, for the care of mosquito bites, etc.; hints on etiquette, suggestions as

to dress, and other things which the reader will find out for herself or himself. This information is given briefly and directly, and so clearly that even the youngest reader will understand it. It is a book which will be consulted daily in every household where it finds a place, and it should find a place in every household. Price 60 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

LITTLE MISS WEEZY, is the suggestive title of a children's volume written by Penn Shirley. Each chapter of the book contains its own especial story of the interesting subject of the book, and the little folks will be apt to wish that there were more chapters to captivate their attention. Indeed, even older people will find their risibilities stirred by a perusal of the volume, which is neatly bound in cloth, and has a very clever representation of little Miss Weezy on its title cover. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company have in press the "RECITATIONS" of Mrs. James Brown Potter, so well known both in this country and in England. The name of this talented lady assures the high character of her selections from both a literary and elocutionary point of view, and it is likely the work will receive a hearty welcome from lovers of the best literature.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE, an interesting little book of one hundred and seventy-six pages, just issued by Walter Baker & Co., giving a short history of the production and use of cocoa and chocolate, and the various methods of preparing them for food, is a work of great value. It gives a very full and comprehensive statement in regard to the cocoa tree, giving the annual product of the crude material at about one hundred million pounds. It also gives an account of the great increase in its use, especially in the United States. In addition to this, the book contains valuable recipes for the use of cocoa and chocolate as a beverage, and for desserts, confections, etc. A fine engraving of Loitard's "Chocolate Girl" taken from the original painting in Dresden gallery, forms the frontispiece of the book. Dorchester, Mass.: Walter Baker & Co.

Mr. Oscar Fay Adams' excellent series "Through the Year with the Poets" closes with the volume devoted to NOVEMBER. The twelve volumes constitute one of the most pleasing libraries of poetry ever published. 75 cents each. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

N. W. Ayer & Sons, the enterprising advertising agents, issue a handsome CALENDAR FOR 1887. It is sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by the publishers. Ayer & Sons, Times Building, Philadelphia.

We take pleasure in calling attention to THE COSMOPOLITAN published by Schlicht & Field Company, Rochester, N. Y. It is a handsome, illustrated family magazine, making a specialty of short stories of interest. \$2.25 a year.

THE ATLANTIC for January comes to us filled with the good things its readers have grown to expect. The opening chapters of "The Second Son," will be read with interest by all who know that two such excellent and yet widely different writers as Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich are the joint authors, and the story itself, promises to be well worth reading. "What Children Read," by Agnes Repplier, holds much excellent advice for parents and teachers, and Mr. Hamerton's fourth paper on "French and English," is as entertaining as its predecessors. F. Marion Crawford gives the first chapter of a new serial entitled "Paul Patoff." There is an amusing paper on "Physiognomy of the Days," by E. R. Sill. Edgar Mayhew Bacon contributes a fanciful sketch, entitled "Zenas Smith's Ride to Roxbury," and Miss Thomas has one of her graceful papers on "Men and Trees." Margaret Vandegrift gives a short story, or rather, satire, entitled, "The King Who Went out Governing," and there are several fine poems and readable papers. The Contributors' Club and other edi-

torial departments are excellent. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for 1887. For more than forty years this standard weekly magazine has kept its readers abreast with the literary progress of the age. Its frequent issue and ample space render it an unrivalled compilation of a great and constantly growing literature which embraces the productions of the most eminent writers in all branches of literary and scientific work. It is indispensable to the American reader as the only satisfactorily fresh and complete compilation of this literature. Supplying the place of many reviews, magazines and papers, it enables one at small expense, considering the quantity and quality of the reading furnished, to keep pace with the best literature and thought of the time. Its prospectus for 1887 is worthy the attention of all who are selecting their reading matter for the new year. Reduced clubbing rates with other periodicals are given. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for January is really not so much a New Year's number as it is a second part of the Christmas number. The article, "Millet and the Children," by Ripley Hitchcock, with its numerous illustrations by the great peasant painter, and the curious little sketches, never before published, made by him to amuse his grandchildren, will also amuse and interest all the readers of St. Nicholas, whether they are fond of art or only of pictures; and the two Eton papers, "A Glimpse of Eton School," by Edwin D. Mead, and "A Visit to Eton," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, forming the second of the "Four Great English Schools" series, give a keen insight into the manners and customs of boys to-day and long ago in the greatest of all the English schools. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new short serial, "The story of Prince Fairy-foot," is continued, with the clever and characteristic illustrations by Alfred Brennan; Frank R. Stockton, in the second half of his latest shipwreck story, explains wherein it held "A Fortunate Opening" for the hero; "Juan and Juanita," in Miss Baylor's serial break away from their Comanche Captors, after a number of exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes; and Mrs. Alling's live and practical "Christmas Conspiracy" culminates successfully both for the conspirators and their victim. There are also more "Brownies," by Palmer Cox, and contributions by Geo. Foster Barnes, J. G. Francis, Alice Wellington Rollins and others. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

All lovers of music should subscribe for THE FOLIO. It contains from fifteen to twenty pages of new first-class music every month, besides a vast amount of musical matter from all parts of the world. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE AND FLORAL GUIDE is attractive outwardly as well as inwardly, coming to us with its pages filled with lists and illustrations of useful as well as ornamental plants. Amateur florists and gardeners will find a large and varied collection from which to choose. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

SIBLEY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1887 offers the usual variety of tested seeds and plants. Some fine novelties have been added to their always excellent collection. Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago: Hiram Sibley & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following: "On Time March," E. M. Bagley, 40 cts.; "Music Box Echoes," Gustav Lange, 50 cts.; "Parson and the Clerk," comic song, G. Thorne, 30 cts.; "Watching the Embers," song, Ciro Pinuti, 40 cts.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CENTURY for January. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for January. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for January. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The New England Magazine.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for January. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

THE BOOK BUYER for January. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WIDE AWAKE for January. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE PANSY for January. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

THE FORUM for January. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 97 Fifth Ave.

BAByHOOD for January. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

QUERIES for January. \$1.00 a year. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. L. Sherrill & Co.

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

THE MUSICAL WORLD for January. \$1.50 a year. Cleveland, O.: S. Brainard & Sons.

The Dispensary.

CARE OF THE FEET.

IT IS almost inconceivable that in our civilized nation, in this modern age of the world, there are still so many otherwise sensible women who are willing to maim and cripple their feet and suffer tortures for the sake of wearing shoes just a little too small, or which are, as they imagine falsely, prettier or more fashionable. We see the folly of the cramping process in China upon the feet of women, but how much more inexcusable is it for women of this enlightened country.

In former times it has been the fashion for shoes to be made with high heels, pointed, narrow toes, and all sorts of extravagant shapes contrary to ease and comfort. And as too many people have felt it incumbent upon them to bow to the demands of the stern tyrant, fashion, no matter how unreasonable her demands, the result has been for succeeding generations untold suffering in the form of corns, bunions, deformed feet, etc., until now it is comparatively rare to see, except among savage nations, a perfect, well-shaped foot.

Corns are not only painful, but dangerous, sometimes. Not long ago a clergyman of high standing, very much beloved by his parishioners and esteemed by the entire community around him, died in spite of the best medical attendance from a disease caused by his unskillful attempt to rid himself of a painful corn.

Let us all be thankful that the latest fashion is for various styles of sensible shoes that are adapted to the ease and comfort of the wearer, with thick soles, wide, low heels and plenty of room for the free expansion of the toes and muscles.

In buying shoes or gloves we shall do well to be sure that they are lately made and made of new, good skins. Leather grows stiff and hard by age and cracks easily. Old leather is not soft and elastic and does not easily shape itself to the foot or hand. This is not only a matter of comfort but of economy. In this, as in many other things, the old proverb is true, "The best is the cheapest." As few women, or men either for that matter, are good judges of leather, it is always safer to trust to the judgment of an honest, experienced dealer, in whom you can confide, as we cannot afford risks in a matter where so much is involved. An uncomfortable shoe is really a very serious matter inasmuch as it is the cause of a pain and discomfort that is very wearing to the nervous system and as such limits and circumscribes our usefulness and activity in life, impairs our cheerfulness, and so causes pain to others as well as ourselves, and so does untold mischief.

Caution, however, should be given not to fall into the error of buying shoes too large. These are as apt to cause corns, by rubbing parts of the foot, as those that are too small. If any one has the misfortune to have fallen into this mistake she may perhaps obviate the difficulty and inconvenience to some extent by inserting a soft wad of cotton batting in the part of the shoe that rubs against her foot.

If there is any tendency to ingrowing nails a bit of cotton should be inserted between the nail and the fleshy part of the toe next to it.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the importance of frequent bathing of the feet and paring of the nails. As corns are simply composed of a great number of layers of cuticle or scarf skin, one above another, each successive layer being larger than the preceding, so that

the whole assumes the form of a grain of Indian corn (hence its name) pressing its point upon the tender flesh, and as this cuticle or skin is dissolved in warm water and soap we can readily see that bathing is the most ready and harmless remedy, or at least relief. An article in The Scientific American speaks very sensibly, as follows: "Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores of the system are located in the bottom of the feet, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become completely saturated with offensive matter. Ill-health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water, as well as the arm-pits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted unless daily ablution is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time."

It is well also to have two pairs of shoes on hand at once, and after wearing one pair a few days give them sun and air while you wear the others. This relieves the feet too, for two pairs of shoes seldom pinch the foot in the same place.

Daily friction with cold water has a tonic effect and tends to prevent corns and taking cold. A poultice of bread and cider vinegar applied every night is said to be a sure remedy for hard and soft corns. Castor oil applied every night after washing the feet, is recommended. Of course nothing will do much good while uncomfortable shoes are worn. It is very important to keep the feet warm and never go to bed with cold feet.

A. H. C. H.

CARBOLIC ACID AS A CURE FOR CANCER.

A lady in Germantown was suffering from cancer, whose odor was very disagreeable. A soldier of the civil war said that by bathing it with a diluted solution of carbolic acid the odor would be removed. It was tried and not only the odor was removed but the cancer itself. The lady's husband, a Quaker by the name of Johnson or Johnstone, in partnership with a Dr. Dorsey, on Market street, Philadelphia, put into the newspaper a paragraph saying a remedy for cancer was discovered which he would explain to any sufferer without charge. In the course of a week two thousand letters were received by him which he answered, and it was followed by such a result that he retired from the firm and devoted himself to gratuitously answering letters and treating the numerous cases—but without charge—and if he is still alive he may do so still. The writer of this note wrote to him for a friend so afflicted. He replied that not only the dilution was applied outwardly, but reduced one-half the strength administered inwardly—a few drops—given three or four times a day, and internal cancers had been treated with marked success. A saturated solution of carbolic acid, with five times its bulk of water, or still better, of glycerine added, is a safe dose, and effectual.

The same medicine is used by many regular physicians of my acquaintance, all of whom were army physicians, and for summer complaints even of little children (the latter in very small doses), and inhaling the vapor of carbolic acid, also given for the purpose of destroying the odor of a consumptive's expectoration who seemed very near death, resulted in a cure, though the patient pre-

viously seemed to be dying. The physician, who administered it with no idea of doing more than destroying the bad odor was himself astonished at the result. I forget his name, but he was the principal physician in Elyria, O. The patient had been well for two years when I heard of the case, and saw the physician himself, who confirmed the story I had heard. The celebrated Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, hearing of the cures of cancer, wrote and asked me for a physician's report of it. I wrote to Mr. Johnson, and he replied that he had nothing to do with physicians, on account of the way they insulted him upon the cases that he always made gratuitously. Dr. Simpson sent me his pamphlet—on the use of it for ulcers and wounds—with the request that I would send him regular physicians' reports of the internal administration of it for cancer. The miraculous effects of carbolic acid in cases of cancer is as an alternative. For internal application, one-eighth of an ounce of the crystals mixed with a quart of water, a teaspoonful three times a day, has proved safe and curative in terrible cases of cancer. For external application, a quarter of an ounce of crystals to a quart of water.—Elizabeth P. Peabody, in Boston Transcript.

CAUSES OF TYPHOID FEVER.

The most important lesson to be learned by the public in reference to typhoid fever is that it is a "filth disease"—not sometimes, not generally, but always. And perhaps the next in importance is that while the production of the disease probably requires that the morbid agent shall be brought into contact with the alimentary mucous membrane, as in food or drink, it is possible for the salivary fluids in the mouth and throat to absorb the poison from the atmosphere and thus become the medium of its transmission to the stomach. There is also a third lesson of no less value to us, viz: That various articles of food, and especially milk, water and other fluid foods, possess the same property of absorbing the fever poison from the atmosphere and thus becoming the vehicles of its introduction into the system.

My own observations are fully in keeping with the view that the absorption of the poisonous emanations by the salivary secretions, and by food stored in pantries and kitchens, but especially the latter, furnishes the explanation of nearly all the so-called "sporadic" cases of true typhoid fever occurring in this city. In a large proportion of cases it will be discovered on examination that odorous emanations from kitchen drains, but more frequently from privy vaults, are easily perceptible to the senses in the rooms where food is stored and where it is being prepared for the table. In most of the observations I have made on this subject, it has appeared to be the privy vault rather than the drain that has been responsible for the evil. The privy vault, even at its very best, in any city or town, and even when near a rural dwelling, is a dangerous, insufferable abomination.—Annals of Hygiene.

FAINING.—HOW TO BE TREATED.

If from any cause, whether a sudden shock of grief or fright, or from loss of blood, a person faints, lay her flat on her back, and do not raise her head. Fainting comes from the blood not passing through the brain, and is, of course, more likely to continue while she is in the upright position, and while the head is high. Do not mingle in your mind severe cases of fainting with apoplexy. In these the face is red or purple, and they arise from too large a quantity of blood in the brain. Therefore, when a person becomes insen-

sible with the face pale, keep the head low; when with face red, keep the head high.

There is another point with regard to fainting which you should observe. You know that when a woman falls into this state, it is the common practice to sprinkle her with cold water, and it is a very good plan if it be not carried too far. If, however, the face, bosom and hands become cold, that very condition will prevent her recovering; therefore, when this occurs, the cold should be changed for warm applications, such as heated flannels, etc.; for sudden changes of temperature will have the proper effect much better than the continued application of either one or the other.—Barwell's Care of the Sick.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

Mrs. T. B. Dyspepsia, etc. Most, if not all, of your ailments originate in the stomach, or are connected with the process of digestion. That "ringing in the ears," shows that the stomach is out of order, the head sympathizing with it, while the "coating of the tongue with a thick dark red or brownish substance," is an additional evidence. I am satisfied that your "cold in the head" is not a cold at all, but is the result of the state of the stomach, commencing there and working up to the membranes connected with the throat. A coating of the stomach is continued up the food-pipe to the throat, then to the nose, ears, eyes, etc., which will explain why we look at the tongue to judge of the state of the stomach. You have cold feet, because the blood leaves them and goes to the head, more or less, while it is probable that your boots are so tight that the blood cannot freely circulate to the extremities. The more you "toast them in the oven," the more they will trouble you. It would be better to soak them in hot water, dashing on a little cold water, as they are taken out, rubbing them with a crash till a glow of warmth follows. That you "feel old and mean" in the morning, I attribute to the fact that you take either too much supper, or something difficult of digestion. A little rich pastry is worse than a full meal of simple and easily digested food. I recommend a little oatmeal mush, or one made from "wheat germ meal," "cerealine," the "germ" containing the most real nourishment, being very easy of digestion. Still better the clear juices of these, as such a drink will require no digestion if perfectly clear—a drink similar to this being all that I take at night. I suspect a too free use of salt, as one of the natural causes of that canker. Strong acids, as vinegar, pickles, etc., will do the same. Your "appetite is good"—too good, I fear. "No distress just after eating." Of course not, as the time is not then, any more than we should feel fatigue before we do our work. That "all-gone feeling just before dinner" is natural, coming after the stomach has had a hard task, the breakfast not even then digested. I must disagree with you in regard to the "distress" from your food, as I think that it really troubles you very much. I am satisfied that your ailments will gradually disappear if you adopt just the right kind of food, the most simple and easily digested, eating regularly, slowly, drinking nothing at the time of eating, taking no lunches, not even an apple, obeying just my "Health Rules," though a little medical treatment might hasten the cure.

A SUBSCRIBER. Canker. In general terms, I regard any derangement of digestion, resulting in irritation of the stomach, as among the more prominent causes, this ordinarily commencing at the stomach, indicated by such sensations as an "all-gone" feeling, so often supposed to be hunger, with a "sinking feeling," and other uncomfortable sensations. Whatever deranges digestion may induce this very uncomfortable irritation, though I regard the use of salt as prominent, much aggravated by the use of the spices, and strong acids, as vinegar, lemon juice, that of the pie plant, and the like. A very moderate use of these—the less the better, as none are really necessary, save the acids, which should be taken in milder forms, enough of the elements of salt, chlorine and sodium, being in our ordinary food, to render an additional quantity unnecessary. The best course is to remove the cause, when it disappears once for all. It is true that the alum, burnt or otherwise, will temporarily so constringe the parts as to convince one that it is cured, while I should recommend the very moderate use of the *hydrastis* (golden seal) for some time, till all tenderness of the mouth disappears. When that "all-gone feeling" attacks you, wet a cloth, sprinkle on some mustard or capsicum, apply till this sensation is gone, bringing quite an eruption to the surface, and you may avoid the appearance in the mouth. Remember that it commences in the stomach, sometimes passing down into the bowels, producing serious derangement, or up into the throat and mouth, to meet which there is not the real cure.

The Dressing Room.

HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE
TOILET.

BY MAXFIELD.

A FINE complexion is next to a beautiful form the greatest physical charm a woman can possess. And while we should always place mind and manner first, it is our duty to preserve and beautify the casket which nature has provided for the keeping of the soul, that immortal jewel with the care of which each one is entrusted.

A homely and ill-formed woman may be so gracious, so charitable, so unselfish that the lack of personal beauty may be unnoticed. Or as the poet has expressed it:

"Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm, that won its way
At once into the heart."

This may make her charming and lovely without the aid of beauty, but when to these attributes elegance of form and brilliancy and clearness of complexion, luxuriant hair, and round, even teeth are added, she is a very queen; she may do as best pleases her; she holds men's hearts in her hands, and when she breathes upon them, they tremble as the aspen quivers when touched by the gentle zephyrs of summer.

However much opinions may differ as to the standard of beauty, it is an indisputable fact that it has a powerful influence and a recognized value. But we must always remember that beauty of form or skin which is preserved at the expense of duties shirked or selfish indulgence allowed is neither potent nor entrancing. Who of us does not see more beauty in the brown, toil-hardened hands of our mothers than in the white, dainty, supple, perfumed hand of a woman to whom self has been idol, and who would not soil that same pink palm to do a kindness or bestow a charity. The former is redolent with deeds of love and self-denial, hard tasks accomplished, sacrifices great and small made for the loved ones for whom she labors, while the perfume of the other is supplied by the druggist and apparent only to the olfactories.

While it is wrong to shirk duties in order to preserve a shapely hand or a fine skin, we should, while at work, use means for their preservation. A hand that is smooth, limber and cool will be more capable of fine work and skillful execution than one that is the opposite.

The first step towards securing a fine complexion is to tone and improve the general health, if that be poor, if not, and the skin is dark, greasy and blotchy, one must diet properly. Eat less fat meats, butter and other greasy foods, eschew pickles, wines, coffee and tea, and drink milk or lemonade. Rich cakes, pies and custards must be dropped, and oat meal, graham, barley, rice, crushed wheat, fresh fruits and vegetables substituted. The old maxim, "Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and bowels open," is as applicable to the complexion as to the general health. Improper food and constipation are frequent causes of liver difficulties, and these often show themselves in a dark and unsightly skin. A teaspoonful of sulphur mixed with three times its bulk of molasses and taken every other morning for a week, then omitted three days and taken another week, is beneficial in improving the skin. The molasses must on no account be omitted, as it clears the sulphur from the system.

A remedy that my grandmother used often to recommend was a teaspoonful of fine salt dissolved in a goblet of new

milk and drunk every two or three mornings for several weeks, on the other mornings drinking the milk clear. She thought it not only clearing to the complexion but strengthening to the system. Milk is certainly good, and young ladies who have used this as a beverage instead of tea and coffee have usually a clear, fresh skin. Boiling water is also a good complexion aid. Drink a tumbler full half an hour before each meal. Have the water freshly boiled, using it only hot enough to be agreeable, and if found insipid add a slice of lemon, using no sugar.

For washing the face use tepid water, and do not apply just before going out or just after coming in, and dry with a soft towel. Soap should be used on the face once every day. Use only the best and purest white soap and rinse in a second water. If cosmetics of any kind are used, always thoroughly wash the face at night, using soap, and when dry rub in a little cold cream or pure olive oil. By this method many actresses who are obliged in their make-up for the stage to use rouge and powder in quantity are enabled to preserve the freshness and brilliancy of their complexions for a long time. Lard must on no account enter into any unguent used for this purpose, but mutton tallow is highly approved by some.

Rain water in which a little salt has been dissolved will be found as beneficial for the entire bath as for the face and should be used at least once a month. Oat meal is beneficial externally as well as internally. For the bath have it ground to a fine powder, and use instead of soap, or fill small bags and use in place of the sponge or wash cloth. After a warm bath you may use it dry as a powder for the face and hands.

Many ladies who are annoyed by flushed faces, red noses and rough skin, will find that the trouble lies in the undue tightness of their corsets. Wear these loose or discard them altogether, have all the clothes loose about the body, waist and arm-holes especially, take some simple remedy as before recommended, and relief will soon be experienced. Tight lacing is also a cause of cold feet, headache, constipation, etc., indeed, its effects are all evil.

The Roman ladies used poultices of asses' milk and bread, keeping them on the face all night. Certainly nothing but excessive vanity could cause a woman to endure such an uncomfortable application, however gratifying the results. But if anxious to try the effects of a complexion mask, you may use a quilted cotton cloth wet in distilled water, or a chamomile skin spread with pure almond paste.

A combination of glycerine and borax is beneficial to some skins, while others cannot use it at all. Glycerine is apt to darken and harden the skin, and is not nearly so good as olive oil or mutton tallow.

Every bath room should be supplied with a bottle of ammonia. A few drops in the bath cleanses and stimulates the skin, and removes the odors caused by perspiration.

The sun is beneficial to the complexion, but if its rays are allowed to shine too directly and continuously on the skin it is darkened, hardened and blistered. Lemon juice, mutton tallow and cold cream are of use in removing tan and sunburn, while a decoction of green cucumber sliced in skim milk or buttermilk and tansy will often answer the same purpose. Those who are troubled with freckles, can use lemon juice or sour milk and horseradish.

If you use cosmetics, be sure they contain no preparation of white lead. This is a poison and as the skin will absorb it, its use often causes neuralgia, headache, weak eyes, or paralysis of the facial

nerves. Pure rice flour is the best and safest face powder, but is very expensive, though I cannot imagine why it should be.

Women who are engaged in house work cannot have smooth, supple hands without care and pains. The constant wetting and heating, the preparing of vegetables and fruits will, without great care, prove extremely disfiguring. A nickel-plated knife is very nice to use in preparing apples and other fruits, but if you do not possess one of these you can rub the hands thoroughly with lard, and wrap thumb and first finger in a bit of stout cotton cloth, and thus avoid much of the stain consequent on such work. Some ladies I know, keep a pair of white cotton gloves which are used instead of the cloth, and rinsed out each time after using. A weak solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but being a poison it must be handled with care. A ripe tomato squeezed and rubbed on the hands will answer the same purpose, also the fumes of burning sulphur, or a few matches set on fire and held under the hands after washing and while still damp.

If the hands perspire unpleasantly, bathe them in a weak solution of alum, rub with bay rum, and use violet powder freely. Before putting on gloves use starch, or the glove powder made from talc which is better. Athletes and oarsmen harden their hands by holding them in solutions of salt, vinegar, alum or coppers.

An excellent paste for whitening the hands is made after the following formula: One ounce of tincture of benzoin, yolks of two eggs, two scruples of oil of sweet almonds, and one ounce of rose water. Beat together the eggs and oil, add the benzoin, and lastly the rose water. At night smear the hands with this mixture, and draw on gloves which must be worn till morning.

Rubber gloves are useful to wear when picking berries, sweeping, or doing rough work in the kitchen.

In the winter if you will use oat meal bran or Indian meal instead of soap in washing the hands, be careful not to go in the air till they are thoroughly dry, and rub often with the following pomade, you will seldom be troubled with chaps or cracks if the general health be good.

Pomade for the Hands.—Four parts of pure olive oil, three parts of pure beeswax, and two parts of camphor gum. Melt and stir till well mixed. Add less beeswax if you wish it softer.

If after this treatment the cracks persist in appearing, wash the hands in hot, almost boiling, water, soaking and rubbing thoroughly but using no soap. Rub well with a soft towel, and hold before the fire till all moisture is evaporated. A little borax in the water is a help in some cases, also a little honey rubbed in before wiping. Cover the hands warmly whenever they are exposed to the air.

Fashionable ladies now go regularly to the manicure to have the hands and nails beautified, and small leather boxes containing the implements necessary for the work are on sale for home use. The articles usually found in such a box are a nail polisher, brush, file, and one or more bottles of powder.

The unsightly white spots on our nails which as children we used to number as foretelling juries, gifts, friends, etc., are caused by disease or by bruises.

Those bits of cuticle which adhere to the base of the nail, commonly called hang nails, may be prevented if the flesh is carefully pushed back with the towel each time the hands are dried, first loosening such bits as are particularly obstinate with some smooth, hard substance, as a bit of ivory of proper shape. Some manicures insist that nothing but a file should be used in trimming the nails, but cer-

tainly knives and scissors should be sharp and carefully used.

Hypertrophy often afflicts the nails, causing an excessive growth and a dull yellowish color sometimes accompanied by extreme pain, resulting from ingrowing nails and other irritations. This trouble is seldom cured, but may be alleviated by the manipulations of a skillful manicure.

"Crow's-feet" are something we all dread, as they remind us of our fleeting youth. A very beautiful woman, one of society's queens, famous at an advanced age for her fine complexion and smooth skin, once told me that those little wrinkles about the eyes might be avoided if one would always laugh with the mouth instead of the sides of the face. She also averred that burying the face in pillows during sleep was a fruitful source of the trouble. Wrinkles are sometimes transiently removed by means of shellac. This is colored white or pink as desired, and then a thin coat applied to such parts as need it. The skin must be held taut during the application, and till the varnish has dried. This soon cracks, and must be renewed daily, and cannot but be injurious in the end.

Although cosmetics are as much used as ever, there is a new thing sometimes taking their place, an "artificial natural" bloom, if I may be allowed the expression. The "doctor" begins operations by vigorously rubbing the cheeks of the patient with a soft, dry towel. Then the cheeks are patted and rubbed with the bare hand till a flaming color results. The process is repeated after a rest of fifteen minutes, when the burning cheeks are gently rubbed with a soothing ointment applied with a piece of sheepskin. From three to five operations on successive days are necessary to make the "rose" permanent, at the end of which time, the pale-cheeked, colorless lady sports a blush that is the envy of her uninitiated companions.

Clean, white teeth and a thick, well-kept suit of hair are as necessary adjuncts of beauty as a fine complexion or a rounded form. Three times daily is none too often to clean the teeth, and this should be thoroughly done, always using tepid water, a medium brush, and a little castile soap. Remove all particles from between the teeth with a quill, and after the last cleansing pass a bit of linen shoe thread between the teeth. Avoid extremely cold or hot drinks and all articles of food highly charged with saleratus. Eat coarse food occasionally, which must be thoroughly masticated; consult a reliable dentist on the first appearance of decay, and if this treatment is begun in season, your teeth will last as long as you have need of them.

The head should be washed once a week with tepid water and borax or castile soap. Rinse well, using a little cold water at the last to contract the pores and prevent cold. Dry with soft towels and brush in the sun or by a fire. If a dressing is needed cocoaine is excellent, but avoid all animal oils or highly scented dressings. Fine salt rubbed in the hair is a good stimulant as is also sage tea. Do not tie the hair nor twist nor braid it tightly, neither torture the poor scalp with a multitude of steel hairpins. This often causes neuralgia in its worst and incurable form. Brushing is beneficial and very soothing to a tired head.

Some forms of eczema of the scalp as well as of other parts of the body may be cured by washing often with borax, which in case of the head, should be well rinsed out and applying spirits of turpentine to the affected spots.

Plenty of sleep, especially in the early part of the night is a great aid to good looks and will tend to preserve the eyes if they are not overtaxed.

two double crochet in two chain, two chain, pass over two stitches, two double crochet in next two double crochet, nine chain, one double crochet in tenth stitch of twelve chain; turn.

of the work and knit the next three, slip
the three back on the left hand needle

8. Twelve chain, two double crochets in first two double crochets, two chain

two rows of the darkest grey, two rows
of the next darkest, and two rows of the

light, two rows of the next darker, two rows of the darkest grey, and two rows of the black, then use the four shades of red the same as before, and finish with a row of black. Crochet an edge on one end, and put fringe on the other, or crochet an edge all around. My afghan is a yard and a quarter long and three-quarters of a yard wide, and I used in making it six ounces of black, four ounces of each shade of red, four ounces of each darker shade of grey, and two ounces of palest grey.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

In the June number, 1886, some one asks how to make a handkerchief case of Shetland wool. I have one made of pale blue wool, lined with satin, which is pretty and easy to do. With the wool crochet a strip about six inches wide and twenty-four inches long, using crazy or star stitch or any other stitch you may fancy. Spread it out flat, and lay over it a piece of wadding the same size well sprinkled with sachet powder. Over that lay a piece of satin (any other lining would answer the purpose) the same size, and overcast the edges neatly. Then fold the piece so that the two ends almost meet in the middle, with the crochet side out, and the satin in for the lining. Sew the side edges together, and there will be two pockets to hold the handkerchiefs. Crochet an edging all around, or finish with a frill of lace, whichever is best liked. Fold the pockets together and put a pretty bow on one side. The size will, of course, vary with the size of the handkerchiefs to be put in it. If any of the sisters try this, will they please report their success?

M. J. C.

DIAMOND LACE WITH BLONDE EDGE.

Cast on nineteen stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Thread around needle, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit three.

2. Knit plain to the last two stitches, then thread over twice and seam two together.

3. Thread around needle, seam two together, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit four. (Slip the first stitch of every even row).

4, 6, 8 and 10. Knit the same as the second row.

5. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit four, over, knit three together, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit five.

7. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit two, over twice, knit two, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit three.

9. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit six, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit two.

11. Thread around the needle, seam two together, knit six, over, knit seven, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one.

12. Knit eighteen stitches plain, bind five over one and knit that stitch plain. In row eight make two of the "over twice."

NELLIE MAY.

CROCHET CLOVER LEAF EDGE.

Ten chain.

1. Three treble, one chain, and three treble in fifth stitch from hook, (thread over once for treble,) treble in last stitch, three chain; turn.

2. Shell on shell, six chain, fasten to end of first shell with single crochet; turn.

3. Twelve double along six chain, shell on shell, treble in three chain at end, three chain; turn.

4. Shell on shell, six chain, fasten with single crochet between last double of the row previous and the shell of that row, six double on chain, six chain, and fasten with single crochet between sixth and seventh double of first six chain; turn.

5. Twelve double on six chain and six double on last half of six chain preceding shell on shell, treble in three chain, three chain; turn.

Commence again with second row.

NARROW CROCHET EDGING.

Eight chain.

1. Three treble, one chain, three treble in fifth stitch, four chain; turn.

2. Shell on shell, treble in four chain at the end of row, three chain; turn.

3. Shell on shell, six treble separated by two chain in four chain, (fasten last treble in all succeeding scallops to the two chain following scallop preceding,) one chain; turn.

4. One double, three treble and one double in each of spaces by two chain, two chain at end of scallop, shell on shell, treble in three chain, three chain; turn.

Can any of the sisters explain why some of the Band persist in using the wrong terms of crochet, when our editor has kindly allowed printed directions of the different stitches and manner of making so often? I am very fond of crochet work. I have made a great deal of it, but I get sadly puzzled sometimes by the misuse of the term double crochet instead of treble.

HIAWATHA.

EDGE OR INSERTION.

Chain thirty-seven stitches; double crochet in eighth stitch from needle, chain two, double crochet in third stitch, chain two, double crochet in third stitch, chain five, double crochet in same stitch, two double crochet in next stitch, two in next stitch, two in next stitch, chain two, double crochet in eighth chain, chain two, double crochet in third stitch, chain five, double crochet in same stitch, two double crochet in next stitch, two double crochet in next stitch, two in next stitch, one double crochet in next stitch, chain five and turn, double crochet on top of fourth stitch, chain two, double crochet on third stitch, chain two, double crochet on third stitch, chain five, nine doubles in five chain loop, chain two, double crochet on third double in cluster of last row, chain two, double crochet on third double, chain two, double crochet on third double, chain five, ten double in five chain loop, chain five; turn and repeat the second row, until the length desired is made, then for the straight edge on one or both sides chain five and catch with single crochet into each of the points and add another row of one double crochet, one chain, one double crochet, with one stitch between on the foundation chain.

CINDERELLA.

GRANDMA'S LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches.

1. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit seven, over, narrow, knit two.

2. Purl all but four stitches, over, purl two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

4. Same as second row.

5. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two.

6. Same as fourth row.

7. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit one, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow.

8. Same as the sixth row.

9. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit three.

10. Same as the eighth row.

11. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, knit one, over, knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow.

12. Same as the tenth row.

13. Knit two, over twice, purl two together, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit three.

4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. All like second row.

S. C. M.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SUNFLOWER LAMP SHADE.

Last year I made a sunflower lamp shade which was admired by every one who saw it, as they are so pretty to hang over a porcelain shade, or as a single shade for a plain lamp. The materials required are the fine, imported tissue paper, a pasteboard foundation, and a wire bent at the top to suspend the shade from the chimney. First, cover the foundation on the back with tissue paper, bringing the paper a little way over the front and lightly gumming down the edges. Crumple the edge of each leaf between the fingers, then placing it over a knife blade, crimp it up tightly through the middle. Unfold it and pull it out a little to a pretty shape. Then gum these leaves by the stem end lightly around the pasteboard center, following with one inside row and then another. For the center of the flower, cut four long strips of brown tissue paper, and fringe them all along one side. Then roll them up and gum them into the flower fringe side up. Fasten the wire in the back by which to suspend the flower from the lamp chimney. A neat way of doing this is to paste strong paper or cloth over the lower portion of the wire, before covering the foundation with paper.

ANNIE MAY.

Box 545, Milford, N. H.

HAIRPIN CUSHION.

Get an empty ribbon bolt No. 7, and an ounce of single zephyr, also something to fill it with, then you will be ready to go to work. First, tear one end out of the bolt, and fill with the hair, or whatever you have for the purpose. Now begin and crochet a round piece in single crochet until it will cover the top of the bolt, and then crochet without widening until you have it large enough to draw over the bolt, of course not the unopened end. Then with a needle and strong thread, without breaking the zephyr, take long stretches from one side of the bolt to the other, and draw the last part crocheted even around the unopened end of the bolt, and then crochet again widening so that when the bolt is set on the table the last work will lay flat, and the whole will take the form of a small hat. The brim can be any desired size. Then tie a ribbon around the crown, and hang on a small tack on the right hand side of your mirror. Please report. MRS. P. A. ELLIS.

Sunol, Calif.

BABY'S BASKET.

Not long ago I read a description of a baby basket made of white lace and pink cambric. It was very nice, but I thought too nice for common use, where one has anything else to attend to besides baby. My basket is made of a medium sized market basket. Remove the handle and cover the rim with old cloth to make it smooth, then cover the basket perfectly plain with turkey red calico, and make shirred pockets, one for each end. It only needs one and three-quarters yards of calico. A cover can be made of pasteboard and covered in the same way. Then I made a red pincushion about four

inches square, and covered it with white lace, (a piece of an old necktie,) and fastened it in one side, and my basket was finished. I find it very convenient.

ELEANOR RAY.

A SPREAD AND PILLOW SHAMS.

Take fine Lonsdale cambric and cut into strips two and one-half yards long and six inches wide. Hem the sides, laying the hem as narrow as can be done. Stamp or draw a design of flowers or leaves the entire length of the strip, and embroider with cotton in outline stitch. There should be five strips of cambric separated from each other by lace insertion six inches wide, made of unbleached linen thread, the whole bordered with an edge to match. The shams are made in the same manner, only differing in length and number of strips. The whole when complete is lined with silesia the same color of the embroidery cotton employed.

California.

WILDFLOWER.

KNIT LAMP MAT.

Use two colors making eight gores of each.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches, * knit six, casting the thread over the needle and finger of the left hand six times, then knit six plain; turn, knit back twelve plain, (the first six stitches make the border) knit six over the finger, nine plain; turn, fifteen plain, six over finger, twelve plain; turn, knit eighteen plain, six over finger, fifteen plain; turn, knit twenty-one plain, six over finger, eighteen plain; turn, knit twenty-four plain, six over finger, twenty-one plain, which is the first gore. Now tie on the other color and repeat from * till sixteen gores, eight of each color, are done, now bind edges together. Very pretty if several colors are used.

SANTA CRUZ.

KNITTED RUG.

Knit a long plain strip about five inches wide, using any kind of yarn or worsted. Wet it and iron it. Double it and sew the two outside edges firmly to a foundation, commencing at the center and sewing round and round. Cut it through the center and ravel it out so as to make it shaggy. The wetting and ironing is to make the worsted crimp. The mat will be prettier if made of different colors.

Connecticut.

EMMA.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters send directions for making a pretty hood for children? crocheted preferred, one suitable for a girl nearly four years old. Would like it soon.

ALICE S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister send me samples and number of stitches, etc., of crochet edging? I will return postage for her trouble. I have used the patterns in THE HOUSEHOLD but there are not as many in as I would like.

MRS. W. T. SWEARINGEN.

No. 1218 Day St., W. Des Moines, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask THE HOUSEHOLD sisters to let me know through our valuable paper, where I can buy seed beads, clear white, and milk white for use in working a lambrequin on canvas, and greatly oblige.

New Hampton, Ia.

MRS. J. H. FAISY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If the lady who wishes to stiffen articles made from knitting twine, will starch them in very stiff flour starch, and then dry them over something of the required shape she will find they retain the form she wishes. Give them one or two coats of shellac or varnish, and they are very pretty and useful.

LOUISE C. WILSON.

The Dining Room.

SIMPLE DINNERS.

TO ACHIEVE a perfect little dinner with small means at command is said to be a great intellectual feat. Dinner means so much—a French cook, several accomplished servants, a very well stocked china closet, plate chest, and linen chest, and flowers, wines, bonbons, and so on. But we have known many simple little dinners given by young couples with small means which were far more enjoyable than the gold and silver "diamond" dinners.

Given, first, a knowledge of how to do it; a good cook (not a *cordons bleu*); a neat maid-servant in cap and apron—if the lady can carve (which all ladies should know how to do); if the gentleman has a good bottle of claret, and another of champagne—or neither, if he disapproves of them; if the house is neatly and quietly furnished, with the late magazines on the table; if the welcome is cordial, and there is no noise, no fussy pretense—these little dinners are very enjoyable and every one is anxious to be invited to them.

But people are frightened off from simple entertainments by the splendor of the great luxurious dinners given by the very rich. It is a foolish fear. The lady who wishes to give a simple, but good dinner has first to consult what is seasonable. She must offer the dinner of the season, not seek for those strawberries in February which are always sour, nor peaches in June, nor peas at Christmas. Forced fruit is never good.

Of course no wine at all is expected at the tables of those whose principles forbid alcoholic beverages, and who nevertheless give excellent dinners without them.

A perfectly fresh white damask table cloth, napkins of equally delicate fabric, spotless glass and silver, pretty china, perhaps one high glass dish crowned with fruit and flowers—sometimes only the fruit—chairs that are comfortable, a room not too warm, the dessert served in good taste, but not overloaded—this is all one needs. The essentials of a good dinner are but few.

The informal dinner invitations should be written by the lady herself in the first person. She may send for her friends only a few days before she wants them to come. She should be ready five minutes before her guests arrive, and in the parlor, serene and cool, "mistress of herself, though china fall." She should see herself that the dinner table is properly laid, the places marked out, and, above all, the guests properly seated.

"Ay, there's the rub." To invite the proper people to meet each other, to seat them so that they can have an agreeable conversation, that is the trying and crucial test. Little dinners are social; little dinners are informal; little dinners make people friends. And we do not mean little in regard to numbers or to the amount of good food; we mean simple dinners.

All the good management of a young hostess or an old one cannot prevent accident, however. The cook may get drunk; the waiter may fall and break a dozen of the best plates; the husband may be kept down-town late, and be dressing in the very room where the ladies are to take off their cloaks (American houses are frightfully inconvenient in this respect). All that the hostess can do is to preserve an invincible calm, and try not to care—at least, not to show that she cares. But after a few attempts the giving of a simple dinner becomes very easy, and it is the best compliment to a stranger. A gentleman travelling to see

the customs of a country is much more pleased to be asked to a modest repast where he meets his hostess and her family than to a state dinner where he is ticketed off and made merely one at a banquet.

Then the limitations of a dinner can be considered. It is not kind to keep guests more than an hour, or two hours at most, at table. French dinners rarely exceed an hour. English dinners are too long and too heavy, although the conversation is apt to be brilliant. At a simple dinner one can make it short.

It is better to serve coffee in the drawing room, although if the host and hostess are agreed on this point, and the ladies can stand smoke it is served at table, and the gentlemen light their cigarettes. In some houses smoking is forbidden in the dining room.

The practice of the ladies retiring first is an English one, and the French consider it barbarous. Whether we are growing more French or not, we seem to be beginning to do away with the separation after dinner.

It is the custom at informal dinners for the lady to help the soup and for the gentleman to carve; therefore the important dishes are put on the table. But the servants who wait should be taught to have side-tables and sideboards so well placed that any thing can be removed immediately after it is finished. A screen is a very useful adjunct in a dining room.

Inefficient servants have a disagreeable habit of running in and out of the dining room in search of something that should have been in readiness; therefore the lady of the house had better see before hand that French rolls are placed under every napkin and a silver basket full of them ready in reserve. Also large slices of fresh, soft bread should be on the side-table, as every one does not like hard bread, and should be offered a choice.

The powdered sugar, the butter, the castor, the olives, the relishes, should all be thought of and placed where each can be readily found. Servants should be taught to be noiseless, and to avoid a hurried manner. In placing any thing on or taking any thing off the table a servant should never reach across a person seated at table for that purpose. However hurried the servant may be, or however near at hand the article, she should be taught to walk quietly to the left hand of each guest to remove things, while she should pass every thing in the same manner, giving the guest the option of using his right hand with which to help himself. Servants should have a silver or plated knife-tray to remove the gravy-spoon and carving knife and fork before removing the platter. All the silver should be thus removed; it makes a table much neater. Servants should be taught to put a plate and spoon and fork at every place before each course.

After the meats and before the pie, pudding, or ices, the table should be carefully cleared of every thing but fruit and flowers—all plates, glasses, carafes, salt-cellars, knives and forks, and whatever pertains to the dinner should be removed, and the table-cloth well cleared with brush or crumb-scraper on a silver waiter, and then the plates, glasses, spoons, and forks laid at each place for the dessert. If this is done every day, it adds to a common dinner, and trains the waitress to her work.

The dinner, the dishes, and the plates should all be hot. The ordinary plate-warmer is now superseded by something far better, in which a hot brick is introduced. The most *recherche* dinner is spoiled if hot mutton is put on a cold plate. The silver dishes should be heated by hot water in the kitchen, the hot dinner plates must be forth-coming from the plate-warmer, nor must the roasts or

entrees be allowed to cool on their way from the kitchen to the dining room. A servant should have a thumb napkin with which to hand the hot dishes, and a clean towel behind the screen with which to wipe the platters which have been sent up on the dumb-waiter. On these trifles depend the excellence of the simple dinner.

—Harper's Bazar.

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

"Give me a nice napkin, too," said a little daughter when her mother was distributing fresh napkins on the dining-table. The child's napkin was clean, but not altogether whole, nor of as fine quality as the damask meted out to the elders. The request was complied with, but it set me to thinking, and perhaps may set some other mothers to thinking also. It is very common in many families to give the little one at the table a plain or even cracked mug, cup or glass, while the elder members are using a finer article; the stained saucer or worn, plated spoon for oatmeal or berries, when father, mother and elder brothers and sisters have delicate china and silver. I cannot think it the best plan. "But the child will break a glass." True, it may; but the very handling of glass or fragile china is apt to teach the care and gracefulness necessary to good table manners, which the tin or queensware mug will not.

No lessons so affect our after-life as do those learned at the home table. The study of multitudes of books of etiquette can never give us the ease and grace insensibly acquired in childhood at a well-ordered table. And at that well-ordered table children, while not unduly brought forward, feel that they, as well as the elder members of the household, have a share in that refinement which desires and brings about dainty table linen, shining cutlery and perfectly clean china, glass or silver.

If at all practicable let each child have its glass tumbler or goblet, its salt cellar and napkin every day, and be taught from its earliest admittance to the family table to use each article carefully and gracefully. "Then," as Marion Harland says, "when there is company you will not be mortified by their making looking-glasses of the bowls of their spoons or handling their forks awkwardly. * * * Where there is a wide difference between family and company table furniture there usually exists a corresponding disparity between every day and company manners."

LUCY R. FLEMING.

PROPER TEMPERATURE OF FOOD.

The following are the practical conclusions arrived at by Dr. Franz Spaeth: A temperature of 104-122 degrees Fahrenheit generally is the best for all foods and drinks, and where solid food is to be masticated it should not exceed 95 degrees. Fluids may be borne at 140-149 degrees in small swallows. If cold solids are eaten with them. The warming of the body, for which purpose hot drinks are sometimes taken, can be attained at temperatures which exceed the blood heat (99.5 degrees Fahrenheit) by 18-24 degrees Fahrenheit and the danger and pain of higher temperatures are needless. People who suffer from stomach troubles, especially ulceration, should carefully avoid high temperatures. Children especially should be guarded against this dangerous habit. For nursing infants nature has clearly indicated the proper temperature. Mother's milk is at 100.4 degrees Fahrenheit, therefore all artificial food should be at that point. These experiments and the practical points deducted from them are of the greatest value hygienically, and should be heeded.

—American Analyst.

THE DESSERT.

—England's puzzle and Pat's charade: "You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my country."

—Ireland.

—"Robbie," said a visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

—"The feller at the store told me it was a music stool, but I've been twisting the thing every which way fur an hour, and not a bit o' music kin I git out of it, nohow!"

—Professor (at Columbia)—"We cannot taste in the dark. Nature intends us to see our food." Student—"How about a blind man's dinner?" Professor—"Nature has provided him with eye-teeth, sir."

—A minister, in a country church in Scotland, stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was deaf, "Are you hearing, John?" "Oh, ay," was the response, "I am hearing, but to very little purpose."

—"Johnny, it would be a good thing for you to remember in life that we never get any thing in this world if we don't ask for it." "Yes, we do, pa," answered Johnny, promptly, "I got a licking today in school, and I didn't ask for it."

—"Why is it, if you please," asked the traveler of his Lowland guide, "that the Highland miles are so much longer than your Lowland ones?" "Ah," was the answer, "shust because te quality be no sae good, so's they hafe to gif petter measure!"

—An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk writing one evening, when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now." "I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now, to-morrow morning will do as well."

—"I'm a poor strolling player," groaned a "seedy-looking" fellow to a gentleman on a country road, "and do not ask for money, but only for some left-off clothes." "My good man," rejoined the latter, "I'm sorry I can't assist you. Times are now so bad that I wear my left-off clothes myself."

—"Tell me, papa, what is the meaning of an author's posthumous works?" "Posthumous, my dear boy, is derived from two Latin words, post (after) and humus (the ground)." "Oh, yes, papa, I understand now; they are works which an author wrote after he was buried." "Precisely so."

—The story is told of a young lawyer who went into the law library and after an hour or two of inspection of various folios, approached the librarian, and taking him aside, whispered in dead earnest: "I want to find a little law. I want to know what the law in this state is regarding Good Friday when it comes on Sunday."

—A minister in the country had some clothing repaired by a local tailor, and, in conversation with him, said incautiously: "When I want a good coat, I go to Boston. That's the place. By the way," he added, "do you ever go to church?" "Yes, sir." "And where do you attend?" "Well, sir, when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to Boston. That's the place."

—A farmer who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle, sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take note of the man's progress, and asked him how he liked the work. "Oh," he replied, "it goes a bit smoother since the pegs have come out."

The Kitchen.

RACHEL'S LIFE.

BY MARY MARTIN.

IT WAS last night she was telling me the story, as I sat by her crackling fire while the early spring winds without were whistling and blowing. Last night that I listened to the story of her early endeavors, and energetic labors, and as Rosamond E. sometime since sounded a note on wedding outfits I will give the ball this roll.

Rachel was early bereft of parents and lived as "girl" in a good farmer's kitchen for many long years. Indeed, his wife was foster-mother to her, the best mother she remembered. But they could not bestow much of this world's goods; could not clothe her in purple and fine linen, and the time was approaching when she felt she should need both.

Her accepted lover and promised husband would no longer be "put off." Upon his return from across the seas he should claim her and she had said she would be ready.

This was long ago, ere many of THE HOUSEHOLD contributors were born, I venture, and when King William had but lately vacated the English throne. To London had the lover gone in his ship, and though he had said he would bring a London silk as a wedding gown, that spirit of independence born of her New England ancestors could not permit it. She would earn her wedding apparel and she did.

This was before the days of woman's rights and wrongs and I dare say the young lover respected her spirit, without guessing the spirit of reform it presaged. Early in the spring time she went to an adjoining town to assist in general housework. Rachel was industrious, capable, and had "faculty," a quality she quickly perceived was wanting in the leader of domestic affairs here. She in reality became the "head" and the house cleaning, soap-making and general spring work went on apace. Rachel did not "let the grass grow under her feet," and those around soon found it out. Plenty of good soap and water she used and cleanliness and sweetness followed her track.

Through the spring and summer time she worked till after the crops were gathered, and Thanksgiving passed, then with her earnings in hand she bought her trousseau.

A silk dress? Yes, and a handsome one too, made long bodice, and sleeves "mutton leg." The village dressmaker and tailor was summoned to the making and her work was done well. Stitches set to last, and although the years have been many and mile stones enough passed till the golden wedding is close at hand, still the work is firm and strong, and the faded gown looked upon as a trophy of honest work and worth. Her children and grandchildren have heard the story and in it is centered far more interest than in the London purple silk, that passed from sight long ago.

Along with the dress was soft lace for her neck, and a handsome shawl, red middle with cashmere border, besides her bonnet and gloves. Rachel was proud of her outfit. And why not? Back of it was that energetic spirit that has been characteristic of her life. The cause is sometimes greater than the effect. A certain prudence and thriftiness has marked her way. Never arriving to great gains she has been able to give to the needy, and fill her place well in society and church. Company, a bugbear to many housekeepers, early lost its terrors for Rachel. She was always ready, therefore

not annoyed. Good cookies were ever on hand, kept in an earthen jar with a close cover. Here are two good rules:

Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour cream or milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda; mix, roll thin, and cut in various shapes.

Lemon Snaps.—A large cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two teaspoonfuls of warm water, flavor with lemon, flour enough to roll thin.

She almost always has some sort of cake on hand, but failing this a plate of good cookies, she assures me, will answer very well, if one is taken by surprise.

As to pies, she is a proselyte to the faith. On Thanksgiving day such rows of flaky, spicy pies as emerge from her brick oven, would make the eyes of the city dweller who lives from hand-to-mouth fashion, open wide. Rachel has served her trade and learned the art.

In the making of chicken pies she takes the meat from the bone, minces it considerably before filling the crust. Many put in the smaller portions with meat on, but neither Rachel nor myself commend it.

She has another pie, economical pie, I call it, though it is never so announced in the cook books. It is nothing new. Sometimes in cool weather one has left over meats that do not warm over well for breakfast or are not needed, other things taking their place. It is not just the thing to scrape them out, so nicely chopped with a few bread crumbs and a little summer savory, sage, or sweet marjoram, make a good filling for a good meat pie. This is by no means a "boarding house hash." It is good.

Beans and brown bread with Indian pudding are to be found in Rachel's home over Sunday. The beans are raised on her own land, hand shelled, soaked several hours, sometimes over night, and baked slowly and well. To the bean lover they are delicious.

Her brown bread always comes out well, also. Somehow in the baking that thick, very thick crust is avoided. Sometimes I think she steams it several hours then browns or bakes a short time.

The Indian pudding is of Puritan descent and has been added to and taken from so many times and dished up in so many forms that the original recipe I think must have nearly vanished.

This brings to my mind a quotation from a poem delivered upon an anniversary of Forefathers' Day. It is quite foreign to the subject of puddings but calls to mind the diluting of the Pilgrim stock.

"That many wise men young and old,
Their sleeves are wildly shaking,
To find some nuggets of pure gold,
To keep faith's bank from breaking."

And the battle between old and new goes on. It reaches almost every department of life. I see no reason why some dishes should not become obsolete and others so changed and modified they would not be recognized. Here, as elsewhere, the "survival of the fittest" holds good, and Rachel's Indian pudding still lives. Here is a rule:

Plain Baked Indian Pudding.—Scald two quarts of sweet milk, into which stir ten rounded tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, seven tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger and a little salt. Put in a moderate oven to bake, and in half an hour stir in half a cup of cold milk; bake in a very slow oven four hours and a longer time will not injure it.

I know of no department of work, no walk in life where self-reliance, industry, and energetic perseverance are more needed than in the kitchen. It is necessary to have faith in one's self in cooking.

Many prate of luck. Poor luck to-day, and often it is poor luck every day. But the wise woman knows her luck is but fog or smoke. Knows investigation and truth will bear the light of day. One's

own hand at the helm is needed. "If you would have a thing well done, do it yourself, otherwise send," is as true at present time, as in the days of Miles Standish, when John Alden went a wooing at his bidding.

Our fore-mothers were hardy, industrious, frugal people. Upon such may the mantles of the Rachels fall.

A PLEA FOR WORKING GIRLS.

BY CLYTIE.

It is a long time since I have undertaken to pen any thing for our worthy paper, leaving the space for older and more experienced ones. There are many questions I could answer, but before going farther, I wish to say a few words regarding hired help. I give the right hand of fellowship to Hired Girl and Rosamond E., and think they have found the right side. But I think some others have "struck wide of the mark," or else they live in a very remote part of the country, where labor can be had for nothing, not much like New England and our good old "Bay State." Now don't say I have taken the defensive or offensive side. I am not a "hired girl," only a farmer's daughter. I know what it is to dwell in town as well as upon a farm.

If we expect our hired girls to work the same number of hours as our hired men, pay them the same wages. If less hours, according to the time they work. House-work girls get from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per week, according to family. In many instances at that, the washing and ironing are done from home. Girls in shops make from \$1.00 a day and upwards, while straw shop girls make from \$6.00 to \$12.00 per week, and some have made more. I know of dressmakers that in four months clear \$200. Girls in dressmakers' shops have ten cents per hour. Good milliners get \$8.00 to \$12.00 a week, type setters make \$35 to \$40 a month, while there are tailoresses, clerks, accountants, and that "poor girl" of the hotels, who make good pay, especially the former.

Hotel girls get \$3.00 a week and some more, while a good cook has \$1.00 a day, some as high as \$10.00 and \$12.00 a week. Table and chamber girls often get extra quarters for light services. Each one has her particular work, and does not do a dozen kinds. Besides I have known those that were highly respected by their employers, and every one that made their acquaintance, especially the traveling public, and perhaps in the end one saw the good qualities in a brighter light, made for herself a home far better than if she had remained in the rural districts. Are there not other people that inhabit hotels besides commercial salesmen and "horse jockies." If a young lady attends a social dance, what of it? Is there any more healthful, life-giving enjoyment for young people than dancing with a good company, except tobogganing?

There are just as respectable lady table girls, as ever were employed by ministers' families. It makes no difference whether one is in a hotel or on a farm, if inclined to go from bad to worse. It's not altogether where one is employed, it's the natural temperament and disposition. I know of hotel girls that can discuss our much beloved HOUSEHOLD, the latest authors, or latest craze in fancy work, from Kensington to the finest embroidery, even the doings of seashore or mountains and tidings from Congress, whereas perhaps their mistress could not tell whether Longfellow was an American or English poet, but perhaps might tell of the latest cosmetics, and the care of the finger nails, etc., which but few of our people follow, even our wealthiest ones who have time to throw away almost.

My mother never employed a girl but what was willing and glad to return at any time. All the fault they ever found was that she did not find them enough to do. One who is now mistress of a home and a votary of our paper, can testify to this. My observation has shown me there is just as much difference in mistresses as maids. Those who find so much fault and never have good help, the fault generally lies with themselves, and the "necessary instructions" are generally unnecessary meddling.

A family in town have retained one of their servants for thirty years. When the mistress, who is quite aged, is away she has the keys to every department, and is trusted like a sister. Three others in the same house have been employed from ten to twenty years, while there was another lady at the upper part of the town I have known to employ fifteen to twenty girls in one year, and some of our best girls who go out to domestic service. It was not because she did not understand work herself. What then, you ask? Simply this: She fought them all away with scolding and fretting.

I think I hear some of these exacting ones say, who employ "raw help," "just come over," "My maid wastes the food so, she gives, throws away, and what she can't burn up, she hides to mould and rot." Remember that to her, lately off her diet of oat meal porridge and buttermilk, your larder seems like abundance. Do mop and broom do their work slightly? If you reflect, her floors at home are earthen ones. Does your treasured china slip through her fingers? Are the edges of your cut glass nicked? If you had never done any thing more than hoeing, weeding, binding sheaves, all that is so fancifully picturesque in Ireland and Scotland, spinning coarse wearing apparel or at work at the rude loom, then perhaps the china would slip through your fingers, too. Ask yourself if neatness and precision can be found where pigs and children tumble together. Were our young sisters or daughters placed in the same situation among strangers, as life might be in Turkey, then we could realize what the difference is between the old life in Ireland and the new one here, one careless and gay, and not two hundred working days in a year, the other full of anxieties, hard work, homesickness, longing for those left behind. Were our girls placed thus, would they exhibit any gentler obedience?

These girls are healthy and robust. They will toss off a day's work, and are ready for a jig or reel in the evening. It is hard work, nevertheless, and we should recollect youth is the time for play among all classes, and is indisposed to work at all.

Is it not wonderful that girls eighteen and twenty, day after day, go down into the kitchen, which may be the loneliest part of the house, scrub, cook, to say nothing of laundry work, hear pleasant voices and gay laughter from the parlors above, feel themselves shut off from it, not perhaps having any wish to join, but it suggests just as pleasant scenes to them.

They see the young ladies of their own age well dressed, receiving friends, going out and coming in, while they are seclusion at liberty to run out while the sun is bright, although they can have their evenings. Possibly they go to bed in the remotest room and poorest bed, get up in the morning, and go through with the same. Can girls who do all this always keep well mannered? It's a wonder they do not rise in a body at night and possess themselves of our places.

The youngest peasant here knows the sentence, all "are born free and equal," is one of the "jewels five words long," like the precious stones beneath the foun-

dation of the City of God in the apostle's vision, and also at the foundation of our government. We may thank "that spirit of equality" which breeds half the trouble between us and our servants, and gives to every scullion the possibility of one day being in circumstances as well as theory the equal of any lady in the land. She may yet marry a man whose vote will count one as well as his master's.

Were we ourselves in the kitchen constantly, I doubt if we should laugh, sing or be contentedly happy. There is not a mistress, if she takes all these things into consideration, while it may be necessary to demand just as much work as before, will feel more kindness and pity towards our housework girls.

Housework is a good employment for those who like it. All cannot be employed in town or upon farms, and what little I have driven about the world which is mostly in Massachusetts, (and does she not stand second in the Union?) my observation shows me that our girls who are employed in shops and offices, etc., enjoy themselves, go in society more and can make a better appearance in public than those who remain in the rural districts. It is difficult to find a young woman who will go out to domestic service on a farm. It is generally "old maids" and "widows" who do so. Every one well knows who dwells upon a farm it is not always the loveliest thing in the world for young folks who like to go, as most young people do, even if they have all home comforts. I know just how delightful (?) it is, with the weather 20° below zero, to wish to go four miles to town, and have my own team to care for upon my return, (for we do not have any "Johns" or "Ichabods" about our home.)

The help question subject is almost inexhaustible. Let each choose her occupation in life, but do not blame the dear girls because they do not all wish to do housework, when there are other situations that command greater pay, less heavy work and more desirable pleasures. And until there is a new class of mistresses formed in some homes, from what there is now, there will not be a different class of help.

THE APPLES OF NEW ENGLAND.

"They go to the southern islands,
They go to the western wilds,
They tell of their glorious birthplace
To every frolicking child;
Of a home where men are noble,
And the women as good as fair—
Oh, the apples of New England,
They are welcome everywhere!"

No wonder they are "welcome everywhere." Do they not find an old acquaintance wherever they stray? Their coming is like the coming of a friend. What visions of old homes and childhood's scenes they bring to mind. The old orchard, the gray stone wall, the moss-roofed cottage, the merry apple-bee, these are never the same anywhere in the whole round world that they are in New England. Ah! our childhood was spent there and we love any thing that will tell us its story over again.

Our mothers and grandmothers used them in many ways that seemed good to them, some of which have been retained by their daughters, while others have been discarded with many other worthless customs of the past. The long string of dried apple that served as a receptacle for all the floating dust, and a lodging for flies, has given place to rows of nice, clean glass cans. Our modern civilization has devised many new and delicate ways of preparing them and there seems to be no end to the forms in which they may appear on our tables. But I never expect to have them taste so good to me as they did in mother's apple puddings that she frequently had when we

came home from school "so hungry." I can see now just how it looked on the table, and I remember just how disappointed I felt because I never could eat a large piece of it. I shall make it as long as I have apples for it is easily done and is very substantial.

Fill a two-quart dish two-thirds full of pleasant, sour apples, (pared and sliced.) Cover and allow to stew on top of the stove while you make a crust exactly as you do biscuit. Roll out and cover the apple. Bake the same as biscuit. When done turn crust side down and serve with plain sauce. This is excellent with whipped cream over it, though I am quite partial to the old way.

I wonder if any one except New Englanders make boiled cider apple sauce. It is good, and used to be made by the barrel by our forefathers. What an apple paring there used to be the week before Thanksgiving, and if they didn't have a "bee" to help along, I dare say there was a good deal of grumbling for they had no paring machines in those days. We make it on a somewhat smaller scale now as follows:

Pare and core a peck of sweet apples. Place in a porcelain kettle a quart of water and a pint of boiled cider, or if you have it, sweet cider may be substituted for water. Put in a small quantity of apple at a time and when the quarters can be easily pierced with a broom corn, skim out and repeat the process till all are cooked. Boil slowly, taking care that it does not burn. This sauce is a special favorite with the Johns of our family.

Here is a sweet pickle that is nice: Pare and core large sweet apples. Weigh and steam till soft. Make a syrup of three pounds of sugar to seven pounds of apple, one pint of vinegar (if very strong vinegar is used it is better to be diluted a little with water.) If your time is limited, tie loosely in a bag a teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and put in the syrup; but it is better to put in a few pieces of stick cinnamon and stick a whole clove into each quarter. Bring the syrup to a boil and pour over the apple three days in succession.

But the best of all apple sauces is apple butter. I give you fair warning, however, that it takes a great deal of patience to make it, but like every thing else that requires patience, one feels paid for her labor when it is done. Pare and core a peck of sour apples, place in a kettle and add a pint of water, two pounds of sugar and a teaspoonful of all kinds of spice. Boil without stirring till the apple is very soft or until you are afraid it will burn. Then cook slowly three hours stirring all the time with a narrow wooden paddle to prevent burning. Pour into an earthen dish and serve in slices. It is as good as butter and much better than oleomargarine.

We often have for tea a delicious sauce that is quickly made. Remove the skins and cores from six good sized baked sour apples, and sift through a colander. Beat the whites of two eggs and one-half cup of sugar to a stiff froth, and into it beat the apple gradually.

There is hardly any way of preparing apple that looks nicer on the table or is more delicate to the taste than the following: Remove the cores from very fair sour apples, taking care not to cut entirely through the apple, for the little cup thus made is to be filled with sugar and a bit of flavoring or spice. Bake very slowly so they will not burst. Sour apples burst while baking, much easier than sweet ones. If they are well baked, the skins can be removed, although they are nice if this is not done. Pour whipped cream over them and serve.

A bird's nest pudding is made by paring six sour apples and taking out the

cores as above. Fill the cavity with boiled rice and one raisin. Place in a pudding dish and pour over them a custard made of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk. This should cover the apples, but if it does not, pour in a little more sweetened milk. Bake.

Baking days I oftentimes have a piece of pie crust left that I hate to have standing around till the next baking day. This I frequently use by making a pan dowdy. Pare and slice sour apples enough to fill a pie plate the same as if there was an under crust, and cover. When baked turn on to another plate, and while hot stir into the apple carefully, so as not to break the crust, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Stir till the apple is fine and smooth, put back even over the crust. Grate nutmeg over the top and sprinkle with sugar. It is just cool enough to be good at dinner time, and I think always had an additional charm to me on account of its curious name.

But let us not forget the sick ones of our homes while preparing these good things for the well and strong. Almost the first thing that tastes good after a fever, is a baked sour apple. And a mild and very pleasant drink is made by slicing into thin pieces a couple of good sized sour apples; pour over them a quart of boiling water and let stand two or three hours. Strain, and if desired, sweeten a little. HESTER HAMILTON.

SOMETHING ABOUT TEXAS.

Several persons have written to me, asking about Texas, and as there may be others desiring the same information, I will give some general items, that may prove of interest to those looking toward the pleasant south land for a future home. The first questions are always about soil, climate, health, price of land, colored population, crops, etc.

Not every person knows the size of Texas. It is as large as all the New England states, Middle states, Ohio and Indiana together. There is every variety of soil, rich and poor, wet and dry, high and rolling, low and flat, black and sandy, woodland and prairie, fertile and desert. One only has to know the kind of land desired, and it can be obtained in some portion of the state.

Our summers are hot and dry. The thermometer often rising to 105° in the shade for several days—from 94° to 98° is about the average, however, for July and August. Notwithstanding this fact, we have never suffered with heat as in New York, when it was up to 90°. A southeast breeze generally prevails, and in the shade it is not uncomfortable. Our unpleasant days are when the wind is from the north, then it is close and sultry, and the north wind has prevailed this summer more than ever known before. Our nights are uniformly cool and pleasant, and usually we need a light cover. There was one week this summer, when the nights were uncomfortably close and sultry, but the wind was from the north, as stated above. These nights are an exception to the general rule.

Sunstrokes were unknown for years, but during the last two years, there have been a few, directly traced to imprudence or liquor. One soon becomes accustomed to the heat, and can bear it easier than the cold norther. Have you ever heard of a Texas "norther?" Our winters consist of northers. Very often we will be sitting with doors and windows open, no fire in the house, suddenly there will be a puff of wind from the north, and we hurry to close doors and windows, make fires, and put on extra clothing. It is often bitter cold before we have done this and in a few hours it is freez-

ing. These northers last about three days, on rare occasions five days, then the wind shifts to the south, and all is warm and pleasant. On the prairies, often before any signs of the norther can be discerned, the cattle seem aware of its approach, and may be seen hurrying to the river bottoms and the woods. A wet norther—that is, when accompanied with rain—is extremely disagreeable, and very hard on stock, but a dry norther is not so bad.

Occasionally snow falls enough to whiten the ground for a few hours, but it soon disappears. I have known several winters to pass in succession, without a flake of snow being seen.

Our first frost generally comes in November, though I have known Christmas to pass, before there was a sharp frost. From September to December is generally simply perfect weather, and it is a joy to live and breathe the pure air, and revel in the sunshine. Of course there are more or less rainy days. Last winter all our cold was compressed into January, the whole month was almost steady cold. For the first time, turnips were killed and other vegetables that usually stand the winters.

Texas is subject to drouths. This is taken into consideration by the farmers, and by planting early and cultivating well, the corn is generally made before the drouth begins, and dry weather does not affect the cotton as badly as wet weather.

This year seems to be an "off" year for Texas, an exceptional year. The drouth set in a month earlier than common, and lasted four months. For the first time our garden was injured and we had but few late vegetables. Circumstances over which we had no control, compelled us to plant late, the drouth caught the crop at a critical time, and we made no corn, but our neighbor in the field adjoining, planted early and made fine corn. The drouth seldom affects sweet potatoes, if they are set out early—they will look almost ruined, and yet when the rains begin in September, will make fine potatoes before frost.

Texas is a wonderful state in one respect, the drouth will apparently kill the grass to its very roots, it will look as if fire had run over it, one rain comes, and lo! the grass is as green as if there had been no drouth. Now, after the four months' drouth this summer, there have been two or three good rains, and the grass never was finer, or grew more luxuriantly, and the weeds threaten to take possession, so rank is their growth.

The drouth that has prevailed in the western counties, has lasted from twelve to fifteen months, and is quite unusual for even these always dry counties. It should be known that these counties are in what is commonly known as the Staked Plains, and have always been dry. It is a prairie country, with very few streams. Yet, after this prolonged drouth, the few rains that have fallen here, have revived every thing, and farmers are busy plowing, for wheat, etc., and grass is excellent. These counties bear the same relation to the rest of Texas, as Ohio does to the eastern states.

The northern part of the state is the wheat belt—wheat, rye, barley, etc., are grown there. The coast counties are the sugar cane belt, and corn and cotton in the interior.

Peaches, plums, figs and grapes, are raised in abundance, apples, pears, strawberries and raspberries, more plentiful in the northern part. Lemons and oranges are not grown to any extent—our finest and sweetest oranges come from Louisiana. Our spring gardens are planted in March, by July the main portion of it is gone, though such vegetables as tomatoes, okra, melons, butter beans, etc., are then just in their prime. The first of

September we sow turnips, lettuce, beets, early snap beans, shallots, etc.

The colored population is not objectionable, there is no comparison between them and the foreign element north. Their worst traits are shiftlessness, laziness and thieving on a small scale. A good dog is a protection against this last, as they greatly fear a dog.

The price of land varies according to locality, and can be bought from two dollars and a half per acre in the country, to one hundred near the cities. Towns are springing up like magic all along the railroad lines, and land goes up accordingly, but of course is cheaper near the small towns than the large cities.

Life and property are as safe here, as in any state in the Union. For years we never locked our doors. In the last few years tramps from the north are coming south to spend the winter, and we are learning to prepare for them, but all summer, every door and window are thrown wide open at night to admit the south breeze.

We think Texas will compare favorably with any of the states in regard to health. My first knowledge of Texas was in 1858, when I came here a school girl with my parents. Consumption was hereditary in the family, and few thought I would live to be twenty, always being very delicate and greatly troubled with my lungs. In a few years every trace of lung trouble had disappeared. If taken in time, this climate is one of the best for persons with weak lungs.

My husband's health while in New York, was very poor, and he often says if he had remained there he would long ago have been numbered with the dead. In the past nine years, he has had two attacks of dysentery, six years apart, and last year he had dague fever when it was epidemic all over Texas. With these exceptions he has never been sick a day. He never complains of the heat, though he often does of the cold, which seems strange for a man born and brought up north, and he always gains flesh in the summer.

My little girl three years old, cut all her teeth without the slightest fever or bowel disorder, except one double tooth, then she had fever three days and the gum was lanced. She has never—except that time—been sick a day, and never has taken a drop of medicine, except syrup of rhubarb three or four times after eating something that disagreed with her. She is a fine specimen of perfect health, but lest this fact should mislead, I must say she has had the very best care and attention, and never been neglected in any respect.

I give these facts from my own experience. We live in one of the healthiest portions of the state, but there are portions where malaria and chills reign supreme the greater part of the year.

The cost of living is one of the inquiries. Let me quote a few prices: Flour \$1.75 per fifty pounds, granulated sugar, eleven pounds to the \$1.00, coffee, six and eight pounds to the \$1.00, beef ten cents, pork ten cents, butter fifteen to forty cents, eggs eight to thirty cents per dozen, chickens from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per dozen, milk five to ten cents, sweet potatoes fifty cents per bushel.

The laws are exceedingly favorable to women, and other states would do well to copy them. The homestead consists of two hundred acres in the country—or town or city lots, not to exceed \$5,000 in value, exclusive of improvements—and cannot be sold at forced sale, except for taxes or purchase money. The husband cannot sell it without the consent of the wife. The exempted property is as follows: "All household and kitchen furniture, all improvements of husbandry, all tools and apparatus pertaining to any

trade or profession, all books, five milch cows and calves, two yoke of work oxen, two horses and one wagon, one carriage or buggy, one gun, twenty hogs, twenty head of sheep, all necessary provisions and forage on hand for the use of the family.

For every citizen not the head of a family, one horse, saddle and bridle; all wearing apparel, all tools, apparatus, and books belonging to his private library.

All property, both real and personal, owned by husband or wife before marriage, remains the separate property of such owner, and such property as is acquired after marriage, by gift, devise, or descent, becomes and remains the separate property to whom given, devised or descended. The homestead, or separate property, cannot be sold unless the wife joins in the conveyance. All property acquired by either wife or husband after marriage, except as above, is the common property of both. At the death of one party the survivor takes all if there are no children, if there are children, the survivor takes one-half, the children the other half."

Texas has inexhaustible deposits of iron ore, anthracite, cannel and bituminous or coking coals, copper, silver, lead, the finest kaolin, petroleum, and building stones, only waiting for capital to develop them.

JAEI VEE.

Texas.

BUTTER MAKING.

In a talk with a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette, Mr. James Hudoon, the butter king of London, thus discourses on some points connected with butter making. The essence of good butter-making is, he says, that the period of time between the milking of the cow and the making of the butter should be minimized, that is to say, the butter should be made within twenty-four hours of the milking of the cow; in other words, you should churn every day. In Denmark, Mr. Hudoon continues, where the dairies are on a gigantic scale, including sometimes fifty or a hundred cows, daily churning is an absolute necessity. In America, where they have many small dairies the milk is collected from the various farmsteads and taken to a factory where it is weighed, analyzed and churned. In Ireland, and the rule, we are told, holds good in England, the cream is often allowed to stand for a week. Then, when it is sour, it is churned and the product of the churning is put into a cask, which stands for another week, when the butter from the second churning is added to it. Salt is added in haphazard fashion. The churnings are then mixed together and sent to the market. When there, it is examined by the market inspector who decides whether it is first, second, third or fourth quality. The different classes from different farms are then mixed together and sold as such. The result is that in the Cork market, if you get half a dozen casks you may get half a dozen different colors, and half a dozen different degrees of saltiness, and half a dozen different flavors. There is no uniformity, and you have to sample each cask, in order to form an opinion of its contents.

Contrast this with the method that prevails in Normandy. Every French dairyman churns once a day, and salts the butter with a uniform proportion of salt, generally according to the custom of the neighborhood. Twice or thrice a week, the butter is taken to the market, where it is bought by the factor who has his butter mill at the seaport or some convenient center. He buys the farmer's produce according to quality and conveys it to his factory there to subject it to a careful examination. All the first qual-

ity is placed by itself, cooled down to a uniform temperature, and put into a butter mill where all the varying colors and flavors of the different dairies from which the butters come are ground up into one uniform first-class article. The result is that every pound of the first quality is of the same stamp and you only need to sample a single case to know what all the rest contains. And the same holds true of the inferior qualities. The French, also, Mr. Hudoon tells us, are very careful as to the time of shipment. As soon as the butter is worked up it is conveyed on board steamer for Southampton. Men are sent on board to see that it is packed out of the reach of the sun. It arrives at the dead of night at Southampton, and is sent early in the morning to London. Butter which is delivered to the customers of the firm of Hudoon Brothers, on Thursday, was milk in the cow in France on Monday.

In Denmark, we are told, the butter industry has been improved by the active interest taken by the government in sending competent persons to study the various processes in use in different countries, and to bring home the results of their observation. Danish butter is, therefore, very good; but its importation practically ceases in June and does not begin again until October, because the Danes have not yet mastered the French secret of sending their butter to the ship in the cool of the evening or in the early morning. The American butter is good, of exceeding high quality, uniform and excellent; but as yet, Mr. Hudoon adds, it has not appreciably affected our market.

In conclusion, he gives the simple maxims that must never be forgotten in butter-making. (1) Make your butter every day, and send it to market as soon after it is made as possible; (2) fix the percentage of salt to be used and stick to it; (3) establish butter factories in every dairying center where the products of the various small dairies may be worked up into one uniform quality; and lastly, send your butter to market as clean as you can carry it, as much as possible by night, and distribute it daily at the homes of customers. Daily churning and the blending of the butter so as to produce a uniformity in consistency are the most important of these maxims.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING GRAVIES.

It takes many housekeepers, even those used to most kinds of cookery, to learn how to make good gravy. It is most important to have it free from fat. It is necessary to prepare stock for a small family. Water, in which fresh meat, a tongue, or a piece of beef has been boiled may be served for the purpose and used for various dishes. The way to use meat liquor, or the stock for which a recipe is given, is this:

In case you are roasting beef, mutton, lamb or pork, pour off entirely into a dish, half an hour before the dinner hour, all the contents of a dripping pan and set them away in a cool place; then put into the pan two or three gills of the meat liquor or stock; if you have cold gravy or drippings of a previous day, remove all the fat from the top and put the liquid that remains at the bottom into the pan. Wet some browned flour smooth, and when you take up the meat set the pan on the top of the stove. The gravy will boil immediately and the wet flour must then be stirred in. It will boil away fast, therefore see that it does not stand too long. Here let me say that it is well to keep browned flour for gravies and soups as it gives the article a better flavor and color than white flour.

For veal and venison, gravy is made

differently, because there is but little fat on these meats, and what there is, is not gross. Put some meat liquor or stock into the dripping pan when you first put your meat to roast and add a little more if it boils away. When it is done, set the dripping pan on the stove, and having stirred in the wet flour, add a piece of outter half the size of an egg and stir until it is all melted, or else it will make the gravy oily.

For poultry, the gravy is made by boiling the giblets, namely, the neck, gizzard, heart and liver by themselves in a little water; skim them carefully as a good deal of scum will rise. After an hour or an hour and a half, take them out and pour water into the dripping pan, mash or chop the liver fine, and when you make the gravy add this and a bit of butter, some pepper, the wet flour, and, if you choose, a little sweet marjoram.

The fat that roasts out of a turkey should be dipped off with a spoon before these ingredients are added. It is too gross to be palatable or healthy.

For goose gravy pour off all the drippings as in roasting beef or pork and put in some of the stock or meat liquor.

To Brown Flour.—Put about a quart of it into a spider and set it in the oven or on top of the stove; stir it often lest it should burn. When it is a light brown put it into a jar or wide-mouthed bottle.

To Make Drawn Butter.—Rub half a tablespoonful of flour in a small cup of butter, then pour upon it about a gill of boiling water, stirring fast. Let it boil up once. It will become oily if allowed to remain boiling. Boiling may be used instead of water. Parsley is an improvement. Tie a few sprigs together with a thread and throw them into boiling water then cut them fine and add to the butter.

—American Analyst.

COOKING VEGETABLES.

It is surprising what a difference there is in the time required for cooking many vegetables that have stood a day or two after the picking, as compared with those which have come fresh from the garden. For example, peas that are picked in the early morning for use the same day can be cooked in about half the time that would be needed if the same peas were kept a day or two longer. Besides, the flavor of vegetables that are cooked while fresh, is much superior to that of those which have stood for some time. Ears of green corn that are just filled, will, if plunged into boiling water as soon as gathered, cook in ten minutes, or perhaps in less time, while the same corn, if kept for one or two days, will require twice as much time for cooking and will not be so tender and fine-flavored as if cooked at once. This is where one having a garden of her own has a great advantage over the housekeeper who is obliged to get her supplies from the market. Eating green peas and corn in the country spoils one for any thing that can be bought in a city market. A piece of cooking soda about the size of a pea will, if added to a quart of peas or beans, make them tenderer and preserve the green color. It should not be added until the vegetables are half cooked.—Good Housekeeping.

ANOTHER CONVENIENCE.

One time we were in need of a coal vase, and as it was not convenient for us to send to a distant city for this useful article, I cast about in my mind for a suitable substitute. I had seen soap boxes fitted with a lid and painted or papered, and so converted into a coal vase, but I didn't care for a box, so an exploring expedition in the wood house and smoke house resulted in finding an unused tin wash boiler, which had not been much used, but had received a gash in one side,

apparently from an ax or hatchet. This treasure trove was taken to the house, and scoured inside and out, and washed in a hot suds, then with a tack hammer I pounded and straightened out the ragged edges of the gash, both inside and out, until there was only a mere rent left. Over this I pasted a piece of pasteboard, and when dry a larger piece was pasted over this again. This was large enough to extend an inch or more beyond the edges of the first piece. When dry, the boiler and lid were given, inside and out, a coat of black varnish. As soon as the varnish was on, a large and handsome transfer picture was put on each side of the boiler, and four of a smaller size were placed on the lid. These pictures were pressed in the damp varnish which held them as securely in place as glue would have done.

Thus with the expenditure of a few cents and a little time and labor, I had transformed an unsightly and disused kitchen utensil into a handsome and useful article for my sitting room. I was well pleased with my work, for it appeared as useful and as handsome as some coal vases which I had seen that had cost four or five dollars.

This is for the sisters who live in out-of-the-way places.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

—Miss Alice Fletcher, the student of Indian household customs, says that among the Sioux, when one family borrows a kettle from another, it is expected that when the kettle is returned a small portion of the food that has been cooked in it will be left in the bottom. The language has a particular word to designate this remnant. "Should this custom be disregarded by any one, that person would never be able to borrow again, as the owner must always know what has been cooked in her kettle." A white woman, on one occasion, returned a scoured kettle, intending to teach a lesson of cleanliness; but her act became the talk of the camp, as a fresh example of the meanness of the whites.

—If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible, let it lie for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For five or six years have I been a silent sister, though a deeply interested one, but now I am coming from my secluded corner to have a little "say" too. It is an old, old story, though very true, but I must tell the sisters how much good their letters have done me, and I often wonder how many of the 75,000 I have met unawares.

Two or three years ago I went to California and Washington Territory, and one rainy day while crossing the Rockies I became very restless, having nothing to do, the rain making it impossible to enjoy the scenery, so began conversation with my opposite neighbor. She asked if I would like something to read, and handed me a number of THE HOUSEHOLD; whereupon we began a lively chat concerning its merits, etc. I learned she had taken the paper since its first year, and frequently wrote for it. She lived in Carbon, Wyoming Territory, a mining village, and some years ago wrote a very interesting sketch of her log house and surroundings. I have often thought of her, for we spent two or three pleasant days together on the cars.

As this is my first call I must not stay too long or I may not be asked again, so will close with two or three very good recipes, which I hope some of the sisters will try and report. The first is easily made, excellent, and a pretty supper dish.

Beauregard Eggs.—Five eggs, one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, salt, pepper and toast. Boil the eggs fifteen minutes, (or until hard.) While the eggs are boiling put the milk on to boil in a farina kettle, and toast four slices of bread. Cut the whites of the eggs in small pieces and press the yolks carefully through a sieve. Stir butter and cornstarch, (dissolved in a little milk,) one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little milk, into the boiling milk, boil a minute or two, then stir in the whites of the eggs. Butter and moisten the toast, lay on a flat dish, cover the toast with a layer of sauce, sprinkling the yolks dust and a little pepper on top.

English Monkey.—One bowl of cheese cut in small pieces, two bowls of bread crumbs, (no crust,) one egg, and enough sweet milk to moisten the bread. Melt the cheese in a frying pan, beat the egg and mix with the bread, stir in the pan with the cheese until thoroughly mixed, cook a few moments. This is very like Welsh rarebit, but much better.

Baked Omelette.—Boil a pint of milk, melt in it one teaspoonful each of butter and salt. Stir in a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth in cold milk; pour this upon seven eggs which have been beaten two or three minutes, and stir fast until well mixed. Pour into a buttered dish that will hold a quart. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, until it has risen up very light, and is of a rich brown color, and send it directly from the oven to the table.

Molasses Cake.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, two cups of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, a little salt, three-fourths cup of strong coffee and two eggs. Beat all together, add four cups of flour, and after mixing well add one-half cup of boiling water in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. This is voted by all the queen of ginger-bread, and if a few raisins, currants, and a little citron are added, makes it nearly as good as fruit cake. I hope some of the sisters will try some of these recipes, for they are good.

ADELAIDE D. NEWELL.

New Brunswick, N. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A long time has passed since I greeted you last and to-day after reading the last number of our loved paper, the "spirit moves me" to call again.

How I sympathize with Alice Councilman on the subject of washing, for didn't I, as a young housekeeper only two years since, have very much of her experience? And at last nature rebelled and showed me plainly that it was the "lack of muscle" and not of will that caused my failure. Soon after my letter to THE HOUSEHOLD my tired system gave away completely, and it was long months ere I could put my hand to the helm in housework again. Even now washing and ironing are not undertaken, and never shall be until more strength is given in other work.

Don't worry over what the others accomplish, but "know thyself" and save strength as much as possible, even if the washing is not done till the afternoon shades are lengthening fast.

Let me tell you of a calendar I am commencing for this year. It is made of leaves, about five by six inches, cut from strips off the sides of my oil window shades, and pinked around the edges. January leaf, the only one completed at present, has "January, '87," painted across the top right-hand corner, a spray of daisies on the left side, and the calendar for the month painted in the lower right-hand corner. Hang by a tiny rib-

bon. I shall tie the leaves in as I complete them for each coming month. My talent for painting is very insignificant, but by practicing on such articles, simple and inexpensive, and with the use of a stamping outfit, possibly sometime I may do better.

I wonder how many of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters are members of the grand C. L. S. C. Chautauqua and THE HOUSEHOLD are home inspirations to me and make me wish all my friends to know and love them as I do.

Now, for the kitchen is a recipe for a **Sponge Cake.**—One and one-half cups of sugar, two even cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix and add one-third cup of hot water. Bake in a quick oven. This, when baked in a thin layer, makes a nice roll jelly cake.

Did you ever think of putting a little kerosene in the water when you wash your hair? Try it. It cleans nicely, and doesn't leave the hair harsh as does ammonia.

When troubled with soreness, or sense of tightness in the chest, dampen a flannel cloth with kerosene, and apply over the spot. Do not leave it on too long or it will blister. One night will usually relieve the soreness.

I have found kerosene useful in so many ways that I am beginning to think it a general cure-all.

Iowa.

KATHLEEN WINN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Many of the Band sisters ask that whoso is benefited by the numerous patterns, etc., should report as to the success attending their efforts. I have profited in so many ways that a letter of thanks is due. My largest piece of work was an afghan for my husband's Christmas present. It is a beauty, made in star stitch and made larger than the directions so as to fit a buggy, instead of a sofa. I also knit a mat on large wooden needles entirely of silk pieces instead of woolen; besides this I have a calla mat, a tin-can footstool, and the edgings I have made for myself and neighbors are too numerous to mention. I try all the edgings when my paper comes, but the crocheted ones are my favorites. I find knitting much slower work and harder on my eyes. I use a great deal of linen thread in my edgings and they make very pretty trimmings for under-clothing.

I must not forget the cookery department. Emily Hayes' recipe for baking-powder biscuit, my husband says, is worth the price of a year's subscription. You see I had labored with biscuit all my married life and only produced bullets of dough, and yet I have splendid success with bread. I couldn't understand it, and so that recipe supplied a long felt want in our family.

By the way, I wish some one would give exact directions for popovers, mine won't pop, and yet they taste all right. Another recipe I want is good tomato soup. I am afraid if I should tell all my wants I would occupy more than my share of space.

I can sympathize with Economy, and yet I have only three mouths to feed.

Kansas.

QUEENIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just stepped in to tell the sisters about that pretty apron I've just made; it is cheese-cloth and requires only three-fourths of a yard. A three-inch hem across the bottom and up the sides, and the top hemmed any width you like, and ribbon run through for strings. Before hemming draw the threads for three-fourths of an inch, then leave that space and draw as many more, and so on until you have four of the spaces; work these spaces with hem-stitching or any other openwork pattern.

The bottom hem comes up to meet this work and completes a very pretty border. If you don't know how to do any open-work, you could run narrow ribbon through the spaces.

I made a beaded hood from directions in a late number and it is lovely.

Here is something for the children's room; a wall banner of red calico and picture cards. Cut it any size you like, with two points on the bottom, hem the top and run a strip of wood in to make it stay in place. Arrange the cards on it and fasten with needle and thread; put tassels on the points and hang it with red strings. It is quite bright and pretty and will please the children.

If your new shoes are tight, dip a cloth in hot water and lay it on the tight place, and it will soon stretch.

I send one recipe which is very good. Try some.

Kisses.—Beat the whites of eight eggs to a stiff, solid froth, then stir in by degrees one pound of powdered sugar. Flavor with a teaspoonful of any extract you like. Lay the mass out in shape of small half-eggs with a spoon, on sheets of white paper, which must be laid on boards at least an inch thick, this is done in order that they may receive no bottom heat. After they are so laid out, sift fine sugar over them, and bake in a moderate oven; a few minutes after they are taken from the oven remove them from the paper with a thin knife, and join two of them together, forming the shape of an egg. They are delicious, just like their namesake.

SISTER LENA.

Putnam County, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The year for which you were sent me as a wedding present has expired, and now as I renew my subscription I want to thank you all, Mr. Crowell for his kind gift, and the sisters for the help they have been to me so many times. Now if I can help any one in return I will be glad to do so and will try to answer a few of the sisters' questions.

Pea Blossom can make good mince meat by boiling five or six pounds of beef thoroughly tender, at first putting in water enough to cover it but after it is nearly done let the water boil away till there is not very much left. This should be salted while cooking and then taken out and left to cool over night. In the morning chop this meat, three pounds of suet, four pounds of raisins, four pounds of currants, one pound of citron, and four quarts of sour apples. Put this in a large pan and add two ounces of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of ginger, four nutmegs, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and two pounds of sugar. Have in a porcelain kettle a quart of boiled cider, a quart of molasses and a good lump of butter. Let these come to a boil, pour over the ingredients in the pan and mix thoroughly. Pack away in jars, and when cold pour molasses over the top and cover tightly. When you bake, if the meat is not moist enough add a little hot water. Do not add the meat liquor to the meat.

Barley Bread.—What is called Norwegian bread, is made in this way and recommended for dyspeptics. One pint of barley meal, one-half pint of graham flour, one-half pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pint of milk. Sift the ingredients together, mix into batter with the milk, pour into a bread pan and bake about forty minutes in not too hot an oven.

Citron Preserves.—Kate Wheeler can make citron preserves by making a syrup of white sugar, allowing one pound to each pound of citron, which has been cut in any desired shape before putting to

cook. Cook the syrup a few minutes before putting the citron in, then cook till tender. Just before taking from the fire add two seeded lemons sliced thin, and two ounces of ginger root. This amount is for ten pounds of fruit. Stir as little as possible while cooking.

Graham Crackers.—One quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter, milk to make a stiff dough. Knead five minutes. Roll thin and bake ten minutes.

Brownie Hart, I wish I knew you. I was not a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD to read the beginning of that two dollars a week problem, but I do not see how we and our Johns can live on two dollars each week, as the problem seems to call for, and live as we want to, and must, to be healthy. Your soups just fill the bill with me. Most of the recipes are for such a quantity that it is difficult to reduce them small enough for two. Now I will tell you of a soup I make. When I buy mutton chops I cut off the part where there is but little meat, thus having most of the meat for chops. Place these meat bones on the back of the stove when you need the fire for other purposes, and cook slowly with enough water for the soup. Then about half an hour before dinner I add two potatoes, sliced, and a handful of rice. This we like very well. I wish you would write often to let us all know how you succeed in housekeeping.

Some of the sisters have asked about rugs, so I will tell them two ways I have of making them. One is braided and this is the stripe of it. In fact, there are just three stripes to make the rug. One is red and black, one green and black, and the other gray and black. They are just alike except the different colors, so only one need be told. First three braids, two strands black and one red, then two braids, one strand black and two red, and then one braid all red, and last three braids all black. One can have a bit of carpet for the center or not as they choose. The "black" can be any dark color, not necessarily all the same.

The other rug is made of the old stockings and mittens that will accumulate in any house. Color these all the bright colors you choose, dry thoroughly, then cut in strips lengthwise, any width you like. I cut mine about two inches, but should cut them narrower again. Then begin and pull this so as to ravel it into a fringe, leaving three or four stitches for a heading to sew it on. Commence at the outside of the lining, which must be two thicknesses of cloth and nicely bound, and go round with your different colors according to taste, sewing them closely enough so that only the fringe shows. Proceed in this way until the lining is covered, and you will have a nice, thick, warm rug. The older the knitting the better, for the crinkle will stay in the better.

I wonder if I have any HOUSEHOLD sisters here in this city. I see many letters from California, but none from here. My home was once in New England, but now my only reminder of the place is the ever welcome HOUSEHOLD.

San Jose, Calif.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to thank our kind editor for the package of HOUSEHOLDS I received last week as a wedding present. It comes to me like a friend in need, for I am conscious of the fact that I am not a good housekeeper, and look to THE HOUSEHOLD for help.

I have just finished reading "A Talk With the Brides," by Olive Raymond, in the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and it was very interesting to me, and I should like a little talk with Olive. You spoke of a bride having but little to do

the first year. Now that is quite true in many cases, and is quite true in mine; but what are you going to do with a bride who is so slow that it takes the greater part of her time to do her small amount of housework? You may think that this is all nonsense, and that there is no use in being so slow. But please do not tell me so, for I am sensitive on that subject.

Before I commenced keeping house for myself I did not like the work and took no interest in it, consequently I did not learn very much about it. Now I have been keeping house for four months with but three people to work for; my husband, my brother and myself, and it seems that my housework is never done. I work all the forenoon and when I get the dinner dishes washed I think of so many things that are left undone that in many cases I work all the afternoon, and then think of many things that I had intended to do. I do not want you to think that I cannot move rapidly, for many people will not move as rapidly as I do and they will do three times as much work as I, in the same time. Olive, won't you help me? My trouble is poor management.

I wish Olive, or some other good housekeeper, would tell me how they manage their work, to keep their house in order and not be ashamed for their company to see any of their rooms.

The nickel trimming on my parlor stove is colored by the heat; is there any thing that will whiten it?

Halsey, Ore. MUGGINS FLETCHER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read Tryphosa's letter, and think I can tell her how to make pies that will not leak.

After putting the under crust on the plate and trimming it, cut a strip of pastry of the thickness of the under crust, half an inch wide and long enough to reach around the plate, dip this in cool water and lay it on the under crust close to the edge, pressing it into place with the fingers. In filling the pie be careful not to spill sugar or any thing else on this rim. If it becomes dry before you are ready to put the upper crust on moisten it again. Put on the upper crust, press it close to the rim until it adheres and trim smoothly with a knife. Dip the fingers in water and rub the edge of the pie until it seems like one piece. Then with a dull knife lift the edge of the pie from the plate all around. Make an opening in the middle of the upper crust for the steam to escape while cooking, and the pie is ready for the oven and warranted not to leak.

Another and perhaps an easier way is to trim the under crust about three-quarters of an inch larger than the plate, fill the pie to the edge and turn the under crust over the filling. Moisten the part that is turned over and put on the upper crust, press it close to the under crust and trim the upper crust only. Lift the edge of the pie from the plate as before and make an opening in the upper crust large enough to let the steam escape while cooking.

This is a good way to make berry pies.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For almost nine months I have been receiving THE HOUSEHOLD as a bridal present, and all that time have felt ashamed for not writing and thanking the editor, for, indeed, it has been very much enjoyed, besides being such a help to me. Now that I have gotten a start, I will give the sisters a few items that may prove a benefit to them.

First, I will tell how I make light bread, which I consider to be the easiest way I ever saw tried, besides I don't believe it is possible to fail, unless the dough gets too warm. At night I scald

eight tablespoonfuls of flour with one and one-half pints of boiling water, (or buttermilk, if I have it,) and when it gets cool, add one-third teacup of good yeast soaked soft in warm water. Next morning it will be a nice sponge, with which make up your bread, putting in some salt, and if you want to, add a little lard, and a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, though it is good without, but I think it makes the crust nicer. Set in a warm place to rise, and when real light make into loaves, put in greased pans, greasing the top of the bread also, set in a warm place, and in half an hour, it will be ready to put to bake. Bake with a steady fire for one hour, and you will have nice bread. The more the dough is kneaded the whiter the bread, though if you are in a hurry a good mixing will do.

I will also tell a quick, easy way to make a good layer cake. Four eggs well beaten, one and one-half cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, four tablespoonfuls of water, and flavoring to suit taste. This will make five layers in patty pans. I always give my cakes a good beating, and bake as quickly as possible without burning. In recipe just given any thing desired may be put between the layers, though I'm partial to cream filling. I will give recipe:

One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, and three heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch. Dissolve the corn starch in a little of the milk, and cook all together until it comes to a boil. Put the vessel with the mixture in it into another with hot water, and then the cream will not burn, but it should be stirred often while cooking, and it spreads easier if used while warm.

As I am my John's deputy in the post-office, I haven't much time for housekeeping, consequently I learn all the "near ways" I can, but there is one thing I've never learned the easy way for yet, viz.: to polish a stove. Now, if any of you know the easy way, please do me a favor and tell it, for it has always been by hard labor when I polished one.

I tried L. E. N.'s directions for "Handsome Crochet Edging," and found it to curve just enough for a collar, so by making the scallops deeper, I made a real pretty collar, I also made the scallops in the back of the collar deeper than those in front. I am now crocheting some real pretty edging, but don't think I could describe it so as to be understood, but if any of the sisters wish to try it and will write me, I will send them a sample. I am very fond of crocheting, especially with zephyr, and try all the patterns I see in our paper, though I don't like them all. I wish more patterns would be sent in.

Should any of the sisters try my recipes I wish they would please report with what success.

MRS. F. M. CURTIS.

Montrose, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Why do not more contribute to the Mothers' Chair? I know there must be many besides myself who would be grateful for suggestions in regard to the wee Johns and their small sisters. My baby is nearly five months old, and I have just discovered a tooth peeping through. Will some of the experienced sisters tell me when to put him in to short clothes? (It is now December.) Shall I wait until spring or pay no regard to weather?

S. E. M., in a late number, asks for toilet set for bureau. I bought antique lace mats for mine at twelve and one-half cents each, and lined them with blue lasting, and put one over a cushion covered with blue.

A pretty cushion is made in the form of a meal bag. Cover with satin and tie a ribbon around the neck of the bag.

Lay this on a mat lined with the color of the satin on the cushion.

A hairpin box is made by crocheting a round mat of split zephyr, and putting it over the top of a collar box filled with curled hair, tie a ribbon around the box and sew a bow where the ribbon meets. Crochet another mat to set it on.

Here is a delicate pudding for tea: One cup of fruit juice and one cup of water set to boil, when hot add three tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little water, when smooth remove from the fire and add the beaten whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. The amount of sugar depends on the sweetness of the fruit juice. Make a boiled custard of the yolks of the eggs, sugar and one pint of milk. Let the pudding harden in a mould, and pass the custard in a pitcher when you dish it out. I have used the juice of both canned peaches and pine apple: the latter was delicious.

My salad dressing is as follows: Boil four eggs hard. Rub the yolks smooth, and add one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one large spoonful of sugar, about one-half cup of vinegar, and three large spoonfuls of melted butter. (We do not like oil.) Chop lobster or chicken, not too fine, and mix with chopped celery. If you cannot get celery, use celery salt or even seed. Pour over the dressing and mix together. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings, and place around the dish with sprigs of celery. I read of "imitation chicken salad" being made of chopped veal, but have not tried it yet. Use the remnants of a veal roast.

I read in an old HOUSEHOLD the excellent idea of keeping a journal for baby, and my John bought me a nice little Russia leather blank book for this purpose. In it I have chronicled the great events of our little one's life, "as far as he has got," his weight from month to month, the first laugh, first fall, first tooth, etc. There will be more to write by and by, and I think he will sometime enjoy reading of the great achievements of his infancy.

LILA S.

Massachusetts.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A pretty way to make pillow shams is to take eight linen handkerchiefs, (those that are hemstitched are prettiest,) four for each sham, if they measure fourteen inches on a side. Outline a flower or leaf in each corner or in the center of each handkerchief with white or colored tambo. Sew lace insertion between the handkerchiefs, and a lace edge two or three inches wide around the outer edge. Line with silk, sateen or cambric, in color to harmonize with the furnishings of the room. Of course, you can work it with as nice materials as you wish, but outline work with tambo is very pretty and inexpensive. Will some sister please send directions for making shams in darned lace with edging to match?

A pretty and durable picture book for little ones is made of pieces of colored cambric, pink, blue, brown, etc. Fold in the form of a book, so as to have each leaf of a different color, and stitch through the center. Paste in pictures taken from illustrated papers, magazines, or any old papers you do not value very highly, taking care to fasten the edges down so that the little fingers will not find an end to pull up, or the picture will soon disappear, and the book be destroyed. I made one for a friend, and it served to keep baby quiet many times when mamma was busy.

I do not think I have seen this recipe among the numerous good things of THE HOUSEHOLD, so will send it:

Rich Pudding.—One and one-half pints of flour, one-half cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half

pint of sweet milk, one egg, one tea spoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Stir well together. Place these ingredients in a round tin and steam for an hour over fast boiling water. Serve with a sauce made of one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of vinegar, one heaping cup of sugar, and one-half pint of hot water. Let it come to a boil, remove from the fire and stir two well beaten eggs into it.

I intended to air some of my ideas (mixed with experience) on the "four dollars a week" question, but will have to wait until some other time.

Mrs. G. E. W.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read so many valuable suggestions in your columns, that I want to contribute my quota to swell the amount. You may not consider mine valuable, but it is what I honestly believe to be best, and no one can write more than that.

Now, in the beginning, I will say that I am a poor minister's daughter, and have always lived in the country, and as there were seven of us children, you may imagine how little money there was left, after providing the necessities of life, to beautify the home with. I have studied long on the problem, how to make a little do the work of a good deal. I have received much help from THE HOUSEHOLD in this task, but I think some of the sisters are making a mistake. It seems to be the besetting sin of America to desire display rather than thorough, conscientious work. Now, I see so many articles beginning, "buy cheese-cloth for curtains," "cover packing-boxes for dressing tables," get "cheap lace," or cretonne, or some of the hundred other cheap things, and in this way make articles that are not valuable at the outset, and will grow less so every day, as the cheap coverings fade. I did just so once. Time would fail me to enumerate the cheese-cloth curtains, the packing-cases that I have used for tables, the shammy ottomans, yes, and one degree lower still, the barrel tables, and hideous rugs that I have manufactured, because they were cheap.

Now my experience has taught me this: It is better to wait and go without an article for a while and get a better quality, than to buy a poor thing because it is cheap. I do not mean get expensive things, for some of us could never do that if we waited our life-time. But good, substantial, well-made things. If you want lambrequins, I say don't get cheap cretonne that fades so easily, get something better and prettier, even if you must wait a year or two. Don't spend money on things that will soon lose their beauty, and then, because your purse is empty and you cannot "get around" to that particular thing for a long time, be compelled to use the old one, even when it is a mere eye sore to you. A really good article holds its beauty a long time, and is eminently respectable even in its old age. By adopting this method, you may have some bare places in your house for a while, but these will gradually fill up, and then things will harmonize better than if you had a lot of home-made trash that made the rest look incongruous. I know it is tempting to invest in things that cost little, but sometimes it is the poorest economy to do so. I get good articles now when I buy, and turn, and "fix up," and make over, and like them better till the last shred is gone, than the most elaborate sham affairs. Try it.

Springfield, Mass.

SAMANTHA BAKER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I feel so well acquainted with the sisters of your Band that I take the liberty to introduce myself to you all, and invite you to my pleasant, rural home, where we will have a nice chat on household affairs. Will you come? Yes? ah, a hearty welcome to you all.

First, let me introduce you to the best of husbands; but we will not allow him to stay and interrupt our sociability. Now, come out on our cool veranda, where we have a fine landscape view and good, wholesome air and we will begin to get better acquainted with each other. Already I hear two sisters discussing how to make home pleasant. Allow me to offer a few ideas.

First, let a woman study to know her duty as a wife; it is not merely to be a good housekeeper, but to be a home keeper. Her work is to secure order, comfort, and loveliness in her home. Order is the first of God's laws, and helps in a great measure to secure happiness. When your husband returns home, tired, after a hard day's work, it is a rest for him to find every thing in perfect order. Strive to make every thing pleasant, and you will not have to worry, because you are left to spend your evenings alone. Try, always to meet your husband with a pleasant smile, and while you sit at the well prepared tea table, talk over the occurrences of the day. Interest yourself in all the details of his work, and he will repay you by taking a lively interest in your work, and no doubt will bestow upon you a word of praise. Try and finish your work be-

fore evening; but if any must be done let it be sewing, knitting, or any light work which will not engage your attention too much. For these hours belong to your husband; do not forget you are his companion, not simply his housekeeper. Read some good book together and discuss its merits, and try to have a musical hour if possible.

And there is another point I wish to mention. Avoid all these little unpleasant remarks and sharp retorts which cause so much trouble. If a cross word has been said, let it pass, it was probably nothing more than a word spoken in haste and will soon be forgotten. Husband and wife must overlook each other's faults to a great extent, and make sacrifices for each other; there are plenty of opportunities.

Home is woman's true sphere. First let her fully realize and understand her duty, then go to work with heart and soul and she will be sure of success, and her husband and children will bless her.

"Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her; the stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the night cold grass, may be the only fire at her feet; but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her."

RUTH.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—I am a Vermont girl, came to Montana last spring, a bride of a few months. Every thing being new to me, helped me to have such a delightful, happy summer.

How many of you have ever visited our National Park? I wish you all could have been with us, on the trip we took there this summer. After riding seventy miles in the cars, through the canon of the Yellowstone valley, we came to the terminus of the railroad. There we were packed into stage coaches. Seventeen six-horse coaches were there waiting for the tourists, and if every coach held as many passengers as ours did, they were all an uncomfortable set. There were twenty-three in our coach. We passed by beautiful scenery, the road winds around yawning gulches and perpendicular ledges, up hill for seven miles.

We arrived at Mammoth Hot springs just before dark. Here begins the wonders of the country. The boiling flood of waters have built up vast hills of this sediment. The hotel, which is six hundred feet long, well defined, is built upon this high coral-like formation. All around it for many acres are these incrustations, and extinct geyser holes, which we could descend and peer off into dark passages which lead farther off into subterranean passages. When the boiling water left these channels, there is no record left to tell. In looking up the canon from the hotel, we can see where these same untiring forces are still at work, boiling, overflowing, and still building up these stupendous monuments, in width thousands of feet, and mounting to the horizon, imagine Niagara and its snowy white foam congealed and transformed to solid petrification. We mounted to the very top of this formation. There are huge bowls of boiling water. A gentleman of the party remarked:

"This is the first thing I ever saw that was continually in hot water without being married."

We hired a carriage to take us to see the scenery around the springs and Gardner river. We went past the beautiful waterfalls and through the "Golden Gate."

The government engineer who laid out this road for one hundred and fifty miles, understood his business with an eye to safety rather than cost. He takes you around towering cliffs and close to the edge of yawning precipices, and when you begin to wonder where the track will lead you next, you suddenly turn down a steep defile and out across a lovely park.

MAY FLANDERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After a month of the most beautiful winter weather, we woke this morning to a delightful snow storm, which judging from the size of the snow flakes, will be of short duration. We had almost persuaded ourselves that spring had really come. The farmers were plowing, getting ready to sow their grains and we had been beguiled into sowing flower and garden seeds, had not experience taught us that there would certainly come nights in the month of March that would nip the earliest in the bud. But it is delightful to have such weather. Doors open, no fires, the birds singing outside, when we know that our neighbors of the mountains and some of the eastern states too, are still snow bound. I would say to all the sisters and the Johns too, who are tired of the long, cold, eastern winters, a quiet little valley on the western slope of the Rockies makes a charming home.

What has become of our Idaho sister, who so bravely left the luxuries of her former home for a cabin in the mountains, all for John's sake. She and I may be neighbors, for my home is not far from the Idaho line. Wish she would write again.

I am sorry to see so many of the old, familiar names dropping out of our paper, not that I do not like the new ones, but I have become attached to the old ones, and it seems like losing old friends.

I heartily endorse what J. W. (one of the

Johns) says in a late number, but may not the husbands be in part to blame for carelessness in their wives' appearance? A woman is just as susceptible to appreciation after marriage as before, and isn't there some reason for their saying, "John doesn't care if I don't look quite so slick." It is my opinion that if a man will let his wife know he likes to see her neatly dressed and notices when she is, she will not often be too tired to take the extra pains necessary to make herself attractive. My advice to the young Johns is, don't be afraid to give your wife a word of appreciation, a delicate compliment now and then will bring its own reward. I might put in a whole lecture right here, but forbear, "a hint to the wise is sufficient." Just try it for a while and see if I am not right.

LEE LISLE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BLACK CAKE.—One pound of browned flour, one pound of brown sugar, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron, three pounds of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls each of mace and cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and soda and twelve eggs.

CREAM PIE.—One pint of scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and yolks of two eggs. Wet the starch with a little cold milk, beat the eggs and sugar until light and stir the whole into the scalding milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, and set aside to cool. Line a plate with pie crust and bake. Fill it with the cream, and cover with frosting made of the whites of the eggs beaten dry, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake to a delicate brown.

MOTHER'S DRIED APPLE DUMPLINGS:—One pint of dried apples, cut, one-half pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of butter or lard. Use flour sufficient to make into small biscuit, and drop into boiling water and boil quickly till the apples are done. Cut the apples into small bits with scissors, and soak in warm water before making. Eat with cream sauce flavored with nutmeg.

A. M. C.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup each of sugar, molasses and lard, and one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda. Bring all the ingredients to a boil except the soda, add that after the mixture is a little cool, with a teaspoonful of salt. Add flour enough to roll out, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two and one-half cups of flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one egg.

KEENE.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of lard, two-thirds teaspoonful each of salt and ginger, and one cup of sour milk. Mix soft. I mix them in the order in which they are given.

Boston.

Mrs. F. W. HIBBARD.

SALT-RISE BREAD.—In a late number, Rose Geranium and Ruthie ask for directions for making salt-rising bread. I have never seen any rule published. I will give my way as I think it very easy and very nice. My husband thinks it far superior to any yeast bread ever made. The day before you wish to bake, take one tablespoonful of corn meal in a cup, scald one-half cup of sweet milk to boiling heat and stir into the meal, cover and set in a warm place to rise. If it can be kept warm through the night, make it the night before. In twelve hours or less it will be light. In the morning take one-half pint of sharp warm water in a pint bowl or deep dish with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Thicken about like cake batter with sifted flour, and stir in your corn meal yeast. Set in a warm place to rise. In an hour, or sometimes less time, it will be to the top of your dish. Now take your pan of flour, and make a hole in one side. For two medium-sized loaves, take one pint of sharp warm water, (the hotter the water is without scalding the flour the moister the bread will be,) stir into the flour, and turn in your emptyings, salt, and beat well, but do not make too thick, sprinkle with flour, cover and set in a warm place. I always lay a thick cloth on my reservoir, and set the pan on it. It will be light in a little while, then mix as little and as soft as possible to form in nice smooth loaves. Have the tins half full, set in a warm place to rise, until full. If your oven is just right when it is light, it will not need baking but one-half hour. If baked longer the bread will be dry. I always have good luck and often have my bread baked by ten o'clock. Sisters, try and report; I only hope you will have as good luck as I do.

New York.

Mrs. C. G. O.

WHITE CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, one-half cup each of milk and butter, one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of

soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. One cup of citron cut thin is very nice added to this cake.

YELLOW CAKE.—Yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one and one-half cups of flour. A cup of well floured currants added to this cake makes it nice.

HELEN KING.

CABBAGE SOUP.—Chop cabbage and boil in water until done, then add milk enough for the quantity desired, and season with butter and salt.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup each of butter, brown sugar, molasses and sweet milk, four cups of flour, one pound of raisins, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and soda.

LEMON PIE.—Take one lemon, grate the rind and squeeze the juice, one egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water and two spoonfuls of flour. Stir all together and bake with two crusts.

HERMITS.—One cup of maple sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sour cream, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg, and one cup of chopped raisins. Knead as little as possible. Bake like cookies.

COLD WATER CAKE.—One egg, one cup each of sugar and water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and nutmeg to taste.

ILA.

BLUING.—One ounce of Prussian blue, five cents worth of oxalic acid, to one quart of soft water.

BLONDE.

SPLIT PEAS PUDDING.—This will be found very nice: Pick over and thoroughly wash two large cups of split peas, place in the baking dish and cover with cold water, adding more as it is absorbed. Soak six hours. When ready to bake, add one-half pound of fat salt pork, and a teaspoonful of salt, if your pork is lean, less. Cover with water and bake three hours, adding more water as needed while baking. When done they should be of the consistency of baked beans, but will be found more delicate. When cold they are nice and will slice like pudding. Put to soak early in the morning if wanted for tea, or over night for dinner.

Rhode Island.

M. A. L.

BOILED FROSTING.—Will Anna L. B. try the following: Two cups of fine white sugar, boil until it candies, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the boiling syrup over the eggs, stirring constantly. Stir until cool. If you wish a sour frosting, add one-half teaspoonful of citric acid just as it is cool, and flavor with lemon. I have used this one-half inch thick and it staid perfectly firm.

A READER FROM KANSAS.

LEMON SHORTCAKE.—Make a nice rich shortcake, bake, split and butter, then take the rind, the juice and the pulp of two lemons, and one cup each of sugar and cream, mix thoroughly and spread.

LEMON TURNOVERS.—Four dessert spoonfuls of flour, one dessert spoonful of powdered sugar, the rind and juice of one lemon, two ounces of melted butter, two eggs and a little milk. Mix flour, sugar and lemon with the milk to the consistency of batter, add the butter and eggs well beaten. Fry and turn over.

HAGERSTOWN PUDDING.—In a teacup of molasses put a tablespoonful of butter and let it boil. Cut stale bread in slices, cutting the crust off close or not as one pleases, and let it soak in this until well saturated. Serve it hot. A very nice pudding at small expense.

BERTHA MAY.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD tell how to prevent a new wooden bowl from cracking?

EMILY E.

The pillow which Lilith describes is evidently a fir pillow filled with the spills and odorous tips of the balsam fir.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

Will some one please tell me how to wind a short stem switch? I can weave and wind long stems. Also how to make French mustard, like what you buy? And how to make an afghan from odds and ends different from any yet given?

KEENE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Annie B. will rub her bird cage thoroughly with kerosene, it will drive away the lice. She must not put any on the bird, or it will kill him. Red pepper, if fed to the birds occasionally will prevent them from getting lousy.

Mrs. ANDREW.

The Parlor.

WHO HIDES HIS TIME.

Who hides his time, and day by day
Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
However poor his fortune be—
He will not fall in any qualm
Of poverty—the paltry dime,
It will grow golden in his palm,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time—he tastes the sweet
Of honey in the saltiest tear;
And though he fires with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadside blooms in his applause,
Who hides his time.

Who hides his time and fevers not
In the hot race that none achieves,
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought
With crimson berries in the leaves,
And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er every clime
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who hides his time.

—J. W. Riley.

MANAGING A MAN.

BY M. A. NEALI.

“YOU'RE very foolish, Janet.”
“Well what can I do?”

“Do! why, be a housekeeper for some one who will pay you wages.”

“Do you think it would be right to leave Rufus? He has never left me.”

“But he would quick enough, if he could make or save a cent by it. He wouldn't work day after day as you do, without wages. And he would have double the respect for you.”

“If I could get money as I do air, by simply breathing, he would be very kind and pleasant to live with. But some men never seem to realize that women need any clothes.”

“And who is he saving his money for, anyway? He couldn't get another woman to come and do the third part of the work you do without paying her well for it. You know that, Janet, as well as I do.”

Janet sighed, and looked away from Mrs. Armstrong's plump and comfortable figure sitting by the window. Then she spoke slowly:

“It is hard to leave him—my only brother.”

“You will do as you please, of course; but I do feel ashamed of the way you look at church. You haven't had a new bonnet these three years, and you've hardly a decent dress even to wear every day. Then think how independent you'd be about having a little money to contribute now and then at the Ladies' Circle and missionary meetings. La, now, I shouldn't know what to do without a little money to spend. I don't have much, but a little I must and will have.”

The widow's small black eyes opened with a determined look as they turned upon her companion, who looked at her despairingly.

“Who would have me for a housekeeper, Lydia Armstrong?” she asked. “I am a sacrifice ready to be offered up.”

The widow laughed.

“You look like one, truly, Janet, with that old faded gingham on, I've seen for the last six years. You're a good-looking woman, only you do need a little more fixing up than most folks—so tall and thin. Now, if you had some dresses made becoming, with soft, pretty laces and fresh ribbons, you'd be—oh, don't feel so distressed! I'm not going to praise you any more. I guess I know as well as the next person that praise to one's face is open disgrace. You're not to blame. It's that brother of yours. I'd like to make him scatter about five hundred dollars in good United States bank notes right round this room. It would only begin to square up accounts.”

But Janet Woodward was looking resolutely out of the window, a slight frown on her pale face. She did not altogether relish her friend's tirade. Mrs. Armstrong was not without discernment, and when she spoke again it was with more consideration.

“Judge Bent is inquiring for a housekeeper. The one he had has been called away by the death of a sister. Four dollars a week, and he keeps one hired girl. The work is hard, for they have a good deal of company, and the pay not much; but it is sure, and they are such refined people, it is pleasant to associate with them. If you like me to do so, I think I can arrange it for you.”

The dark eyes flashed in the direction of Janet, and then were cast demurely down. The younger lady turned, a bright spot beginning to glow on either cheek.

“It was all settled in your mind, I see, before you came here. Will you take the responsibility if I am not doing right?” she asked with some excitement.

“Janet, dear, I don't wish you to go against your conscience, of course. Perhaps you'd better think it over. Or why don't you go on trial, as it were, for a week or so, and see how you like the situation? You can come back then, and meantime Rufus will have learned to appreciate your services.”

Mrs. Armstrong spoke reassuringly, though secretly amused at her friend's resistance of so good an opportunity.

The next morning Rufus Woodward was a trifle later than usual in making his appearance at the breakfast table. His sister had prepared a little speech, and said it over a dozen times to herself; and after putting the baked potatoes and broiled steak before him, and pouring the coffee, she commenced. At the first word she forgot every thing, and stopped confused. Then she cut some bread, and tried to eat it, but was too nervous. Finally, realizing that her brother had almost finished his breakfast, she began by saying the very words she had not intended to say:

“Rufus, I must have a little more money.”

“What's that for now?” he asked, as if affronted, and setting his cup down with a ring.

“My shoes need mending, and I must have some rubbers and other things.”

“But I gave you five dollars only the other day,” severely.

“It was just six weeks ago, and went but a little way. One must have regular wages to get along; and if you cannot hire me, perhaps I had better get another place.”

The shame of having to confess her need gave her courage to speak out at last.

“Hire you! why, don't I give you a roof over your head?” he said.

“Yes, but that does not clothe me, and I can get that and money besides in other families.”

“I never thought you'd be so ungrateful, Janet, but you just try it. You'll be glad to come back. If women only worked more they wouldn't have so much time to be thinking about dress.”

“But what will you do, Rufus, if I go away?” ignoring his last remark in her sisterly concern for his welfare.

“Oh, don't worry about me! There's plenty wishing themselves in your place.” And crushing his hat over his head, he took himself off.

When he returned to dinner he had entirely forgotten the conversation. The house was still, no Janet in sight or neatly laid table in waiting. He opened a door at the foot of the stairway, shouted and called; heard a scratching at the shed door, and let in the cat; and then saw a note pinned to the table cloth addressed

to him from his sister, simply stating where she had gone.

“Andrew Jackson!” he said. And it must have been the large black cat he spoke to, as no other creature was in sight. “Andrew Jackson! we'll show them what a man can do alone. Guess I've managed more serious business than this;” and he went peering round in the cupboards and pantry. “Here's cold meat and bread, and pie, and coffee. Guess we'll make out a dinner, Andrew, if we are deserted.”

Supper was a repetition of dinner. He ate the remains and was jubilant, poking the cat in the sides. Andrew resented the freedom, and mourned for his mistress. Stretched on the floor his green eyes glowing, he refused to be comforted.

The breakfast was not quite such a comfortable meal. Rufus was not used to building fires, and although he said to make tea or coffee was easy enough, and a fool could do it, the preparations as he tried his hand at one after the other, were not entirely satisfactory and didn't taste exactly right. The water he put with the potatoes boiled away, and the pot cracked. The steak he attempted to broil tasted of smoke so he could not eat it. Instead of fooling with Andrew, he unceremoniously hustled him out of doors, preparatory to leaving himself. A few more such experiences, and he was prepared to summon woman's aid again.

There was an intelligence office near his place of business, and a girl was sent up the very day he applied. Then there was a little change for the better. The rooms were not quite so disordered, the dishes a little cleaner; but it was far enough from the quiet comfort of Janet's administration.

Then he noticed that the demand for groceries came with exasperating frequency. He bolted into the kitchen one day an hour or so before he was expected. Two children, a woman and man were regaling themselves at the table. There was more food than he had seen put there for himself. A large basket rested on the floor. It was full of packages. These he opened, in spite of the protestations of Norah. She said they belonged to her cousins, who had just dropped in for a moment to see her, on their way home from the store. As he finished his inspection, he fairly shouted, pointing to the door: “Follow your cousins! walk!” and that was the end of Norah's improvident reign.

The next incumbent of the kitchen was a mature American woman, who represented herself as “troubled slightly with the rheumatiz,” but guessed she could git round to dew for two, sorter some way, you know.”

Rufus did not like her looks, but he could hire her cheap. She kept the rooms redolent of wormwood and boiled vinegar, until he was thoroughly disgusted. He seemed to taste the mixture in his bread, and to swallow it with his tea. Still he endured it, till she was quite laid up, and another woman had to come to wait on her. He didn't let his house for a hospital, he said, and so once more was left with Andrew alone in the world.

A few more adverse experiences, and he concluded it was long past the time predicted for the return of the penitent Janet, and he must humble his pride and call round to see how she was getting along. He began to feel reconciled to the idea of allowing her a dollar or two regularly, just to have her back and have every thing going on in the old methodical way again.

The very evening of the day he made this magnanimous resolution, found him ringing the bell at Judge Bent's handsome residence. A neat little maid ushered him directly into the dining room, large and pleasant, where the family were gathered

about the table. He was pressed to join them, but refused, although very hungry. He felt like rubbing his eyes to see if that really was Janet at the head of the table, in the garnet-colored dress, with flowers nestled in the white lace at her throat, and curls, actually curls, on her forehead. The judge addressed a few words to him in a gentlemanly way, but Rufus imagined he looked down on him with secret contempt, and wished he had dressed up a little more. The soft lights, the sparkle of the silver, the savory smell of the dinner, the deference all seemed to pay Janet, angered him. When he had an opportunity to see his sister alone, he asked her if she were not coming back to him.

“I am engaged here for a year,” was her answer.

“And how much do they pay you?”

“Four dollars a week.”

“I guess you have to work to earn that.”

“I have a girl to do the hardest, and other help when I need it. How do you get along?” Janet smiled sweetly.

“Oh, tolerable,” he returned, evasively; “had no idea you was prospering so, and only hope it will last. Well, I must be going.”

“Why don't you stop in and see Mrs. Armstrong? She was here this afternoon and spoke of you. She always knows of help. Wouldn't it be better for you to board?” Said kind-hearted Janet, in parting.

He had never liked the widow, shrewdly suspecting her complicity with Janet's discontent and removal; but as he plodded on, his cold hands in his pockets, the vision of the cheerless rooms at home, no fire, no supper, was discouraging. The curtains were up as he neared the windows of Mrs. Armstrong, and she stood in her doorway. She had seen him and divined his errand, and had been watching for his return. Mrs. Armstrong was a tactician, and was always scheming. She said she had to make the most and best of the material at her command, and at present this seemed to be our friend Mr. Rufus Woodward.

“Good evening; how did you find your sister?” she asked, very blandly.

“How do you know I've been there?” he returned, brusquely.

“Oh, a woman can guess, can't she?” saucily.

“Well, as long as you've guessed right, why do you ask, when you've been up there yourself this afternoon?” sharply.

“We talked some of going out together this evening. Didn't she send me any word?” The widow was not a bit abashed.

“No, she didn't,” he said bluntly.

“Haden't you better come in and get warm? You look cold, and very likely the fire will be out at your place. Girls are so careless,” pretending she did not know his last housekeeper had left him. She knew very well.

“If you've got something good to eat, I don't care if I do,” he said, desperately.

“What, you haven't been to tea? Now that's nice; I haven't myself, and was just going about it.”

Of course she was equal to this emergency, in fact, had prepared for it and now set forth an appetizing repast, and made fresh tea, so strong and delicious that as Rufus drank he declared he felt like a different creature.

“I'll have to come and board with you,” he said, taking another quarter section of pie, and sweetening a third cup of tea.

“It would make talk,” Mrs. Armstrong remarked, with a knowing look.

“Talk! who cares for talk?” Rufus advanced this question recklessly.

“I do.” The widow nodded her head significantly.

“Supposing I get married, that would

make talk, wouldn't it?" he asked, broadly.

"The right kind of talk." She returned the look.

"I wonder, now, if you have ever thought of it!" he said, cautiously.

"Of your getting married?" with an appearance of surprise.

"No, of your getting married."

"Oh, as to that, one thinks of every thing, you know; but I do not need to make a change, do I? I'm very cozy and comfortable here, don't you think so?"

He looked round carelessly. "Rather cramped for room, ain't you, now?"

"Well, I do like large houses," confidentially; "I like room to turn about in. It is time enough to be satisfied with narrow quarters when we come to our graves and can't get no other."

"Precisely." Rufus seemed to relish this facetious remark, and became suddenly thoughtful. Mrs. Armstrong almost closed her eyes, but left two narrow slits, and through these looked sharply out at him. Then she began to pull softly on the line; her fish was still in deep water.

"How does it seem now Janet is away from home?"

"You go up there and see. Nothing in place—every dish broken—it's outrageous."

"I'll go up for a little while to-morrow morning after you go away, and put the kitchen and rooms to rights, and see about getting better help," she said encouragingly.

"I wish you would," and he repeated it—"I wish you would"—as he took his leave.

It was not long after this that the widow and Janet had a private interview in which the latter expressed some feeling.

"I know it's a great undertaking, my dear—a vast responsibility—that's what it is; but he has arrived at that pass now he is bound to have some one, and I feel it might as well be me as any one. He has a deal too much money for one alone." Mrs. Armstrong spoke with great solemnity, but was met with a dubious shake of the head.

"I only hope you'll have the opportunity of doing good with it."

"I can but try, Janet. The affairs of this life call for courage. Your brother will be a hard man to manage; you never succeeded with him you know, and I don't say as I shall, but I'm going to try. It will be all the more exciting, having it so difficult; and it's kind of monotonous living on alone year after year."

"I hope you won't repent of your bargain," incisively put in Janet.

"That is good of you, Janet, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that really now I hope so myself."

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Woodward made a genuine sensation walking into church the first Sunday after they were married. In all her life the bride had never been dressed so well before. To be sure, the heavily corded silk dress and brocaded dolman, with the becoming bonnet and short nodding plumes, were not paid for; but at present those most interested in them felt no concern about that. Rufus had been so changed by a close clip of the hair and whiskers that some of his everyday associates failed to recognize him at first. Then, too, he was not in the habit of attending church, and had peculiar and rather pessimistic views regarding ministers. Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Woodward did not take a wedding journey. As Mrs. Woodward remarked insinuatingly, they could do that any time, and were not obliged to act like a runaway couple just because other folks did. For her part, she had rather have the money expended on the house; it needed so much to make it worthy of its master.

"I am surprised, my dear Rufus," she

often said, "that you let other people go before you so. There is John Stevens, the lawyer; you were boys together at school, and see where he is living now—a mansion house with grounds laid out and kept in order by an English gardener. You have made more money than he; you're a smarter man, Rufus—you know you are—and I wish you would let him see it. Come to think of it, this house is hardly worth fixing up for us to live in. It does not get sun enough to be healthy, and it is my duty to look out for your health; you have no one else to take care of you. I thought I heard you coughing the other evening. But it would do nicely for tenants, and there is that lovely old Staples place out by the Lake road; there is an estate that your presence would honor, and show people what a capable man you are and how much money you've made. You could buy it as easily as most men could buy a hammer, and keep a horse and carriage. I'm sure the drive in and out to your place of business would do you a world of good, and how well you do look in a buggy! It just shows off your form to advantage, and you have a good form, Mr. Woodward, if you have been so modest about letting your light shine, as it were. Dear knows, you've never been appreciated as I hope to see you yet, if I live, adorning the station in life for which you are eminently fitted."

This intellectual treat was kept up with slight variations until Rufus was sufficiently impressed with his own dignity and importance. His wife's suggestions were always for his comfort and happiness, and to advance his interests. She never dictated, and when every thing had worked round pretty much to her satisfaction, he always had the credit of the performance.

"Such ability!" she would say in his hearing. "It is a constant surprise to me." Indeed, she was always careful that he had the benefit of listening to her unequivocal compliments. But one day, after they had been married a year or more, she went to him with a radiant face.

"What do you think it is now, Rufus?" she asked exultingly. "You are going to become connected with the oldest and proudest family in town. Judge Bent is not the first man sensible enough to marry his housekeeper, especially when she is such a treasure as our sister is. Of course she must be married from here, and I am glad that Judge Bent will find you are not afraid to stand up side by side with him, if he has got such an old family record back of him. Our present token of your station as a man of means. A solid silver tea service would be pretty, and inspire him with a proper respect for his future brother-in-law. He'll see you can cut as wide a swath in the world as he. It'll just take you to do it, too."

This was the resistless logic that conquered Rufus. Even Janet admired the results of its efficacy.

"My brother really must have a kind heart," she said, almost crying over her dazzling store of gifts, "and you have been the one to discover it, and bring it into working order."

"I think I have done pretty well," Mrs. Woodward admitted, "and I would give you my recipe for managing a man, now you are going to be married yourself, but it wouldn't be of any use to you. You haven't any faculty that way, my dear. The judge will manage you, and I shall manage Rufus, and the best of it all will be that neither of you will ever know it."—*Woman's Journal*.

—Try not to grumble or find fault with those things not pleasing to self which occur in every-day life.

TWO LIVES.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

In a pretty hamlet, long years ago, two births were heralded which caused considerable commotion of a pleasurable kind to the few inhabitants of the odd little settlement. The place itself was made up of hills and streams principally, and the hills enclosed the hamlet, to which there was no comfortable means of access save by the railway, which had ever been its only excitement. In fact, there was sufficient excitement when the occasional trains left, and also took up passengers at the unpretentious station, and thither would flock as many of the young people of Hillsboro as cared for witnessing life beyond what itself afforded independent of such connection.

When the two births occurred which set the tiny community's tongues wagging good-naturedly, railway incidents were not any more the only themes of interest, but the unconscious mites of humanity furnished innocent discussion, and within their own immediate home circles were held as very precious gifts indeed.

In the Maybank family there were five sons, but never had there been a daughter, whereas, singularly enough, there were five daughters in the Hornley household, but not one son until the sixth child came. Moreover, these families were of the most respected of the little hamlet's number, and yet they represented each its own nationality as well as its own grade socially termed. The Maybanks were of English origin. The Hornleys were Scotch, but had been in America at least a score of years in length. How they came to choose Hillsboro as their home is not known. They loved their native country, but had become worthy dwellers in this, while every one felt the better for the influence of the honest couple who had come to the eastern hamlet, and not more favor had the Maybanks, with their five young sons, than the hearty Scots, with naught their pride but the five winsome lassies, "sae bright and sae fair."

Mrs. Maybank's daughter was younger by a few hours than the son of Mrs. Hornley, and little wonder that the two infants created swift excitement among the people of Hillsboro so soon as the births were heralded.

When both infants had increased in age and in size sufficiently to appear in public, flocks of children would gather around their respective vehicles to look at the important occupants, and also to bestow eager kisses upon the lips of the babes. No partiality was shown by the admiring little folks, but the more discriminating elder people could not but own, when they had beheld both, that the baby Maybank was much the prettier. Indeed, Baby Hornley was decidedly ill-favored as to looks, although what he might grow up to be remained to be seen. Some would say "Beautiful babies always grow homely afterwards," others declared that "handsome is as handsome does," and predicted a good future for the boy babe, because he was the son of the worthy Scotch woman. But "beauty is its own excuse for being," and, without any direct leaning towards poetical sentiment, Hillsboro inhabitants generally liked better to look at the uncommonly beautiful child of the Maybanks.

Both babes grew and thrived under especial care, and both continued interesting aside from their outward appearance. The mutual recognition between themselves was a part of their attraction to others, and when they met in their little vehicles upon the street, their attendants had to come to a quick standstill, to let the occupants coo and laugh and stretch out hands to one another. This sight was irresistible to all passers.

One day the mothers of the babes chanced both to be wheeling out their carriages. The tiny creatures manifested such recognition that the parents smiled and passed, speaking of the balmy weather, and then, as a matter of course, of their infantile treasures also, while the hearts of both throbbed proudly over them, as they were compared in size, growth and prodigious acquirements, Mrs. Hornley calling them "unco fair bairnies." Mrs. Maybank appeared not to observe the difference between the looks of the two, but the good-natured Mrs. Hornley would not ignore the sweet-featured little daughter of the former, and spoke up feelingly, "Yours is a hartsome lassie! It lookit like the stars out o' its deep blue een. Mine is guid as the day is lang, but be it nae sae winsome-like now, may be it grow bonny, mair like, some day." And the good mother was not far from right, for Jamie did become more plump and comely, and some persons called him even pretty. Better than this, however, he grew up fair within, and no mother's son in all the hill-girt hamlet earned so bright, so true a name, nor so signal a regard.

Little Dorna Maybank did not lose her loveliness as her years increased. She, too, was pure and strong-growing, a fitting example of imperishable graces, as well as she was generous with smiles and with helpful words, wherever her sunny presence might be found.

The hamlet of Hillsboro was known to hold the loveliest young girl and also the most honorable youth of any place its size about. When the two estimable young people had attained to years of maturity, do you think it singular under the circumstances, that they should recognize with preference one another's worth, and that Jamie should seek to make the loveliness of Dorna his own by winning her love to himself? To the good people of the hamlet, the union of these young hearts seemed but natural, and it had been, in truth, long contemplated and talked about, although both Dorna and Jamie were singularly unobtrusive concerning their preference for one another.

Dorna had become a fine little housekeeper, for she had learned from her deft mother, the arts and the intricacies of the domestic department of the home, while Jamie improved his faculties in the business of farming, for which the land in the region of his abode was thoroughly available. The one great event of his life, and also of Dorna's, however, was to be the settling of a new home, in a distant part of the country. Not that Hillsboro had seemed too obscure, nor that they had wearied of its confines, but that both had a desire to try life in a new place, and then, as they said, "We shall have the old home still to come to, and with it a place where to entertain our own dear ones when they wish to break away from the monotony of Hillsboro life, and enjoy a change of scene." Very comfortable, although old-fashioned, were the plans of the young couple, and no parade of their doings beforehand marked the approach of their nuptial day. Simply to bless one another, by casting their lot together, and to unite in willing services to others, was their anticipation; and the knowledge of their expected life was not so wonderful as had been the circumstances of their simultaneous birth to their townspeople. The events of their lives were finally crowded into small compass, as so often seems the condition of simple, rural folk, whose daily routine has been all that appeared to manifest their earthly calling. Noble lives are lived, notwithstanding, in homely ways like these, for there is no lack of patience, good-will, self sacrifice, nor of charitable feeling, even in the practical round which so humble an estate implies. Greatness

of heart does not consist in ostentatious show of accomplishment, but in largeness of thought, of intent, and of action. In the smallest sphere may be found souls magnanimous, and minds of broad scope, while full too often, in what are called the highest circuits of action, are narrowness of thought and smallness of feeling discerned.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies," seemed to be a motto of the unassuming lives of the two young people who characterize the present narrative.

No plan so favorable, nor any home so secure, that disappointment may not defeat, that death may not invade. First, in Dorna's home entered the dread messenger! And this, too, without warning. Again it came and took her father, when the brother had been laid in his grave but a few months. Still while she and all who were left to her were still grievously mourning, lo! in dear Jamie's home entered the ruthless messenger, and bore away two of the winsome lassies who had been stricken by a fever, of which not a few of the youthful inhabitants of the hamlet were meanwhile suffering.

Dorna became quite worn with nursing Jamie's sisters. They were the youngest two, while two of the elder had married and left home some time previously. Jamie did what he could for Dorna's widowed parent, moreover, and because Mrs. Maybank's own sons were none of them with her, having grown up to seek their own homes in other places, and one was not, for God had taken him.

At last, grief calmed somewhat, according to natural dispensation, and once more Jamie and Dorna talked of mutual interests thus long deferred. As it would be very hard for Mrs. Maybank to lose her precious daughter, under the sad order of her afflictions, Dorna had concluded with Jamie's full concession to remain at least within the little hamlet, where she might do loving services for her parent, and Jamie could prove himself a protector of the widow in so far as lay in his power. All things seemed well arranged and now the young people could think of themselves unselfishly.

One day Jamie took Dorna out for a long drive. They both enjoyed the roads replete with autumnal scenes at each side, despite their rugged nature. They had a strong vehicle for the occasion, and a pair of expert horses, which latter Jamie needed well to manage over the hills, and in the unkempt byways. He was used to animals, and loved them, particularly horses. Whenever he could drive a pair such as these his delight was intense. He thoroughly appreciated the spirit of the steeds themselves. Dorna was by no means afraid of them, but under Jamie's care she would as little have thought of alarm as in her own home quietly at work. In the return drive the roads were considerably darker, owing to the sunlight having crept down behind the hills. They were engaged in talking, and still Jamie held firmly the lines, himself alive to every turn in their route, and anxious to reach the hamlet before daylight should entirely desert them. When within a mile of Hillsboro, something frightened one of the horses, which fright was quickly communicated to its mate, and Jamie had almost more than he could do to manage the pair now. Dorna maintained perfect outward calm, although her heart beat wildly within her breast, and courage forsook her in the terrible moment. She had in mind the bank of the lake to which they were swiftly coming, and this was steep as well as open, although the width of the roadway thereabout was considered sufficient for its safety to travelers. Alas! on this occasion naught could have prevented accident. Far more than shock and consequent bruises were recorded in the next day's newspapers, throughout

that section of the country, for the telegrams communicated the dreadful details as witnessed by a woodland laborer near by, but who was not within distance to enable his attempt at prevention. Indeed, no human hand could have availed.

Jamie and Dorna! Almost together had they come into the world. Lovely and pleasant had been their lives. Their earth work was now ended. Together they entered that bourne from whence no traveler returns. No more care, no more grief, were they to suffer. In heaven were they to fulfill the sweetness of the joy merely begun upon earth, and their blest spirits were already one in the sight of God.

Down the precipitous bank were found the splendid steeds in a fatally wounded condition. The two human companions lay side by side below the water's edge and still in death. The terrible news spread swiftly over the little hamlet that evening, and too grievous were the two homes particularly bereaved, to bear picturing to the reader.

From near and from far came throngs of people to see the double grave of the lovely young couple, and none but wished to listen to the words that fell from praiseful lips, although sad was it to go away and ponder the mysterious tragedy which had at once deprived two homes and left many kinsfolk, as it were, to mourn the loss of the beautiful Dorna and the faithful Jamie, long, long time.

Jamie and Dorna! Blessed be the memory of such lives as theirs, while they were known only by hearsay, and their sphere was humble, their career so brief. God bless the stricken ones, who are left behind in any such calamity, and God also give them strength to bear up in the hour of distress. His mercy is over all His works. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice." Much more does he regard the welfare of His dearer creatures, while safely may they seek refuge in the everlasting arms beneath, as so had both Jamie and sweet Dorna.

A COUNTRY HOMESTEAD

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

During our last summer sojourn among the green hills of Connecticut, we visited the pretty little village of Lebanon. It is a dreamy, old-fashioned town, remote from railroads, untroubled by noisy factories, offering a peaceful haven of rest to the careworn city resident. Up the hill and down the hill we went in the rumbling stage coach, until we lost sight of the blue waters of the Sound, and saw only greenness and rural beauty around the place of our temporary sojourn.

In the center of this quiet New England village, facing the Common, where the cows crop the emerald grass all summer long, never being turned out to pasture, stands a fine mansion of the old colonial type. Two big elms stand by the white gate, with their graceful over-arching boughs, that suggested to man, the solemn, churchly, Gothic architecture. These lofty, stately elms rather impress one. There they have stood for generations, noting many a change that had come to the old house, noting how the two angels, one of life and one of death, had often winged their way hither on their respective errands. No wonder we walked slowly towards the door, stopping as we crossed the threshold, to look back at the venerable arms that hung protectingly over the house.

What a grand, cheerful old house it is! And what strange, historic memories belong to it! One readily associates with it all manner of interesting and romantic tales. The mansion is in the best of colonial style, with

"Gables and dormer windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air."

The hall is broad and baronial, and all the rooms are large and cheery, with windows reaching to the floor, wide, deep fire-places, and costly wainscoting. As you enter it you are impressed with a sense that it is a contented old house, eminently respectable, and possessing a weight of dignity which is the growth of many years.

The garden partakes of the substantial, old-fashioned character of the house; the flowers which perfume the air are the simple ones loved by our grandmothers. The rose bushes, the lilacs, the "Bouncing Betts," one may fancy were set there by the maiden hands of a young bride as long ago as when King George III. first saw the war cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in the horizon of his prosperous colonies. The ground is laid out in regular plats in the true antique fashion, and the boxed paths are bordered with hollyhocks, poppies, and the fragrant sage with which colonial dames made sparkling beverage when patriotism would not permit them to use the imported Oolong from the Celestial Empire. The trees, whose leaves shimmer with their bright green in the sunlight have hoary trunks, rough and moss covered. The barn and attendant out-buildings, though showing thrifty care, are evidently the children of a previous century.

Nearly two hundred years ago, the nucleus of the present stately and commodious building stood upon the spot. The red Indian owned the land before that, and had their wigwams all about the pleasant hill side, hunting the deer and the partridge in the green forests, and catching perch and salmon in the waters of the little river which fissures the valley. Little papooses were born here, and, suspended in their birch cradles to the branches of the trees, were rocked by the breeze. By and by the pale faced stranger came and bought the Indian's home. No more picturesque wigwams dotting the hillsides and clustering along the river shore; no more half-dressed, tawny women hoeing corn and pumpkins under the summer skies; no more tiny brown babies swinging upon the tree boughs. In the quiet, shady burying ground, a few rods away, lie six generations of white men carried out from the old house door. Beautiful evergreens circle them around. The green grass and the daisies bend over their graves, and the wild birds chant musical requiems above them through the livelong day. The poor red man would not now recognize his ancient heritage. His swarthy face would grow bewildered as he looked upon the cultivated valley and the populous village. The grand old mansion has taken the place of the sagamore's tepee. As I stood in the house door, shutting my eyes and dreaming, all this past arose before my mental vision. How many feet have crossed this threshold! Feet that will never more tread the earth; memorable feet some of them, whose prints were made so deep in the sands of time, that they cannot be effaced.

This ancient mansion, as its general aspect and surroundings indicate, has been the home of former dignitaries, and few houses in this country have a nobler history. Here lived for many years Connecticut's famous Revolutionary governor, none other than Washington's "Brother Jonathan," well known in the annals of our nation as a good man and true. Here too, were born his two famous sons, Jonathan Trumbull the younger, governor and member of congress for thirty years, and John Trumbull the painter, whose genius has illustrated our national life as no other man has. For a hundred years the Trumbull family kept the mansion, until three generations had passed away, and though the ancestral residence has passed into stranger's hands, the ances-

tral name has not lost its glory. It is the Trumbull house still, and the Trumbull fame enwreathes each corner and niche of the antique mansion.

The roof tree has sheltered many men of renown; indeed the hospitable home has welcomed right royal company, and it may well hold its head high. The old stage coach road from New York to Boston ran through the village, which was a favorite stopping place. Washington, when traveling that way, seldom failed to tarry a while with his dear friend the governor. Washington relied on him, says Sparks, "as one of his main pillars of support," and was accustomed to consult him on all occasions of emergencies. The personification humorously applied to the United States is said to have had its origin in a phrase sometimes used by the commander-in-chief: "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan has to say." The visitor at the house to-day is shown various mementoes of the friendship between owner and guest, among others, an autograph letter from the general.

Franklin, too, often enjoyed the governor's hospitality. We could fancy the two great men passing through the hall, adorned with its deer antlers and muskets and swords that did good service through the old French and Indian wars, and taking their places by the west windows of the parlor to watch the distant hills and the setting sun. We can almost see them now in their quaint costume of one hundred years ago. Franklin with his sturdy figure and benevolent face, and the governor, taller, sterner featured, but with a Roman grandeur of expression that matched well with his companion's more intellectual countenance. Over the mantel in the east room hangs the medallion portrait of Roger Sherman, placed there on his departure, by his own hand, the hand that signed the immortal Declaration, the hand now so nerveless in the tomb.

After Franklin and Sherman, there came to the old house as a guest, that man of two worlds—the Frenchman, Lafayette, a man second only to Washington, and in the deepest confidence and trust of the Father of his Country. Later, another Frenchman, with blue blood tracing from Charlemagne, made the mansion his home. One hundred and three years ago this very winter, Rochambeau and his French allies encamped in the village, dotting the hillside with their white tents, and giving the drowsy town more of activity than it ever had before, or has had since. The French count and the Yankee governor seem to have had a strong liking for one another, and we can fancy the winter evenings they passed together by the fireside, not altogether cheerless and dismal, though the news which the courier brought was often discouraging enough.

It is easy to let the imagination wander at will about the rooms and paint its own pictures, till fancies become almost memories and mental visions turn to flesh and blood realities. And the old house dreams too, dreams of its hundred years of greatness, of the heroic men who have passed beneath its doorway, of the scenes it has witnessed of joy and sorrow, and the varied life it has known and shared. At least it seems to dream, and as the sunshine breaks through the foliage of the trees and falls in patches on its front and the shady, vine-laden porch, the white walls look not unlike the weather beaten countenance of an old wayfarer, and tells a whole odyssey of experiences.

"Vanished are the story's actors
But before my dreamy eye,
Wave their mingling shapes and figures
Like a faded tapestry."

—The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN FLORIDA.

Yesterday we spent our third Thanksgiving in the south. The first was rather lonely, and did not seem at all like those of the years before. We were just beginning life on the "ranche." Every thing was new and rough, but we were so busy, and so pleased with the soft, warm air that we did not grow quite homesick, though we sadly missed the dear home faces. We fairly shuddered as we remembered one Thanksgiving in Boston, just after the great fire, it was so raw and cloudy and uncomfortable, we went home chilled through and through, it seemed as if we should never be warm again.

The second we spent in the new house, which, though unfinished, was comfortable. We had no turkey, but we did have a dining room, and mince pie of mother's make, and fruit cake that came straight from the old home. Mother was with us and we were proud of our year's work, so we could well be thankful.

Yesterday, we expected to sing mournfully,

"Far from home and friends we wander."

We thought it was literally true. We had left our pleasant home behind us, and wandered down south another hundred miles from all our friends, but we found good friends here, who, with warm, generous welcome, threw their doors wide open, saying cordially that we "belonged to them." What a nice phrase it is! How pleasantly lives and friendships weave together. Strangers meet and at once become warm friends, because back in the past there was friendship between the families. Wherever we go we meet New England people.

We said two years ago, while living in "the shanty," when the wind blew in through the cracks in midwinter, and the hot sun beat down on the roof in the early spring, that we would never, no never do so again. It was very good fun for once, but twice would prove monotonous and ruinous to the disposition. Scarcely two years have passed and again we are trying life in a shanty. It is a little larger this time, and it has a partition and stylish windows, but it is not our own and its surroundings are not picturesque. There is a saw mill nearly opposite, and Palatka creek just behind. A creek with such a majestic name, however, could not be very insignificant. It is running water, quite clear and deep and cool. The name signifies "cow range," and we certainly find the cattle plumper and larger than those farther north. But this has nothing to do with Thanksgiving day.

It was a warm, lovely morning, too pleasant to stay indoors. We wished the new town lot we have just bought were cleared and plowed so we could set out a tree or shrub to mark the day, but as it is not even fenced, we did the next best thing we could find; we planted some orange seeds and filberts in a box, hoping when "arbor day" arrives, we shall have some good plants to set out. A sudden shower came up and sent us into the house. It pelted down on the roof, and sprinkled the plants we brought from the ranch. Then the sun came out and they sparkled and flashed and the blue ageratum fairly smiled.

My "boy" and the mule—for we brought old Charlie with us—had gone to a distant clearing, so I walked over to the house on the hill, walked leisurely, and enjoyed the soft air, and the view of the lake stretching away at my right as far as I could see.

Then I spent a delightful half-hour among the rare plants and flowers in our friend's garden. The walks are all bordered with pine-apple plants set a foot apart. There is a large summer house of

lattice work, with boxes inside filled with camellias, begonias, fuchsias, and plants that do not love our warmest sunshine. There is a bed of beautiful seedling chrysanthemums in full flower—some a lovely pink, like perfect asters, rich, golden brown, loose-flowering, white and yellow, tiny dark red, like little buttons, and one that is considered very fine, dark red, single; it seems coarse to me. There are cacti of many kinds; night-blooming cereus, growing wonderfully, sending out long, odd branches. There are some beautiful aloes, besides many lovely blossoms I never heard of. I think that few homes outside of Florida were graced with as many roses and bouquets of different kinds of flowers, gathered from plants growing in the open air, as that one. They stood on the organ, the sideboard, on stands and center table, any place where there was room. Yet this garden has not been started two years. Ten years hence it will be a paradise. That lovely, dainty white flower, the eupatorium, so much in demand in our northern cities, grows wild here in great profusion. There are other white flowers now in bloom, just as delicate and pretty, but somehow that one expresses luxury. We forget we are yet in a crude state and imagine stately halls and rich and costly surroundings. It holds the breath of the city greenhouse.

The house on the hill overlooks some lovely lakes. I was going to call the view magnificent, but refrain, for I have been indignant at land agents who called scenery that was simply pretty by that high-sounding name. Sections that the wildest imagination can only call pleasing, we find described as magnificent. It hurts our state. Let us try to imitate the immortal George—only we never will cut down a cherry tree! Would it be wicked to say we should rather the boy had told a lie than cut the tree? Then we won't say it!

The house has a wide piazza festooned with vines and adorned with plants; an aquarium holding gold-fish, and some choice, strange fish from Japan stands at one window; rocking chairs and a hammock give it a home-like air. The hall ends in a small library stocked with books. Large rooms open out each side with all the appointments as complete as in the city home.

The day passed swiftly away with knitting, chatting and music. We numbered eleven, so there was not much chance for meditation. Our hostess wished it to seem as much like an old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving as possible. She could not capture a turkey, but she had roast beef, as good as we find in northern markets, mince and pumpkin pie and apple sauce.

The sunset was glorious as it almost always is in Florida. The whole west and far up into the heavens was one mass of orange vermillion, changing and fading away into the loveliest, softest shades of pink and lilac and gray. We all stood on the piazza and watched the changes as they were reflected in the lake below us, till it began to blow up cold, and we were glad to go in and make up a good fire in the fire-place. We gathered round it and ate apples and popped corn, and some played checkers and dominoes. We could hardly realize we were so far from our native state.

LORAINÉ.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

BY JEANIE DEANS.

Early attempts at a religious reformation in England were, perhaps, in advance of most other European countries. As early as the crusades they began to discover corruptions, and the beginnings of reform centered in Wycliffe, born about

1324. John Wycliffe was professor at Oxford when he began condemning the mendicant monks who went up and down the land preaching against learning and reform, and exhorting money from the people. Every year he gained a clearer view of the established church, and hesitated not to preach boldly against its corruptions. This, of course, the pope did not like, and he was summoned and tried as a heretic, but rescued by his friends.

His greatest aid to the coming Reformation, however, was the translation of the bible into English, although he wrote and preached most industriously, awakening the people to the evils about them. In spite of the good will of those in power to execute him, he died a natural death at his own house, in 1384. The same council that condemned John Huss, took Wycliffe's dust from its grave, in 1428, and cast it upon the river Avon.

But though nearly two centuries passed before the Reformation became national, the seed planted by him did not wholly die. Bold spirits were continually using strong words of protest, and a spirit of revolt was working among the people, but the first organized revolt from Rome came from King Henry VIII. Through this measure many Protestants from the continent sought England, among them many learned men and scholars, the greatest of whom was Erasmus who settled and taught at Cambridge. Although the king's motives for throwing off the yoke of the pope were not the most praiseworthy, yet, without doubt, it was a good thing for the world, and helped on the cause.

Sir Thomas More, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, were men who had great influence upon the minds of the people, but the most powerful single agency was the publication of the English bible and its circulation in the hands of the people. Tyndale was one translator, Miles Coverdale another. Coverdale also published several of the Psalms in verse, set to music. Just when is not definitely known, but probably before 1538.

Such great reforms assume permanent fixedness slowly, and at Henry's death the Reformation was still an uncertainty. Besides Rome was ever watchful. There was a powerful party here eager to restore the old order and bring itself to power and wealth, and during the short reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, commotions and bloodshed were continuous, but with the ascension of Elizabeth to the throne, in 1558, Protestantism was acknowledged the national faith, and Protestants placed in charge of all the churches.

Dickens says in his "Child's History of England," the day following Elizabeth's coronation, a petition was presented to her, praying that as it was the custom to release some prisoner on such occasions, she would have the goodness to release the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, also the apostle, St Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a language the people could not reach. This was during the preceding reign of Mary, who was an avowed Catholic, and had endeavored to suppress the Reformation, but it was now making rapid progress.

Other Protestant countries were attracted towards England, many renowned scholars were making the country famous, Elizabeth was assisted and advised by able ministers, the country was at peace, arts and sciences advancing, and Protestantism gaining solid foothold. The Reformation was also penetrating Scotland under John Knox and other vigorous reformers, and the common people in England and Scotland were opposed to Rome.

During Elizabeth's long and prosperous reign the Reformed religion became of course established, therefore, it is not

strange that by another century, there began strifes and dissensions again. This time not from the church of Rome, but among themselves. The Independents were a growing class of people, who believed neither in the Episcopal church nor the Catholic, and were called in consequence Non-conformists. As years passed on they desired a purer form of religion and were called Puritans. This did not suit those in power, and their ministers were not suffered. But they were a growing people, and, in 1649, the army under Oliver Cromwell, composed mainly of Puritans, tried and condemned the king, Charles I. Such an event England had never before seen—the king tried for treason by his own subjects—but he died upon the scaffold, and then for eleven years England became a Commonwealth ruled by Cromwell who was styled Lord Protector.

But previous to this time, while the Non-conformists were treated so poorly in England, the tide of emigration set in for the wilderness, and, without doubt, the most important event of the English Reformation in its relation to America was the rise of a class of dissenters among the Non-conformists known as the Brownist sect.

I copy from Hurst's "Short History of the Reformation:"

"Robert Brown, born about 1550, was a student at Cambridge. While there he adopted Puritan views, and became a warm advocate of them. His followers went by the name of Brownists, and were alike firm in their hostility to the Church of England and Romanism.

The Brownists were persecuted not so much by royal order as by ecclesiastical courts. Unable to circulate their writings or hold public services in England, they fled and organized a church in Amsterdam and afterwards in Leyden. In the latter place John Robinson was their pastor. They resolved on leaving Holland, and set sail for the New World. They landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, and became the chief factor for civil and religious development of the colonies of the United States."

Holmes, in his "Robinson of Leyden," thus pictures the hour of their departure:

"No home for these! Too well they knew,
The unfired king behind the throne,
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.
And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave."

The various eras that mark the progress of the Reformation are full of interest. A spiritual growth is ever more in its development, stronger in its results, than all others. As a proof of this in material things, Plymouth Rock, whose surface was pressed for a brief moment by a few outcasts, is one of the most remarkable stones in the civilized world, while the palaces and castles of lords and nobles crumble to decay, and are no more remembered.

The results of the Reformation are many and far-reaching. As consequences liberty of doctrine and worship prevails, free press and free pulpit, republican principles fostered, and popular education for the masses advances.

—Home circles of amusement are the best and safest. There everything is under easy control without the seeming of control. The home where play spells are encouraged, where kind words are spoken—the home of singing and dancing, where pure fun and the keen repartee and the hearty laugh are encouraged to sweeten dull care and give rest to the tired hearts, is the best kind of moral force with which to fight the saloons, the dram shops and the thousand other evils of social life.

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.

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use for a Christmas reminder among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgment on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with seven complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—We have used Dobbins' Electric Soap eight or nine years and should have given up doing my own washing if it was not for it. I do pity any one I see lifting heavy clothes out of the boiling suds in the boiler, and always say, "Try my way." It makes me laugh to see the expression on some of my friends' faces when they say, "Why! Don't you boil your clothes? they are so white." I let them into the labor-saving secret, and they make their way to the grocer forthwith, never to return to the old way if they follow the directions. My wrappers have gone the way of all waste paper, but the offer in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD, of a dictionary, induced me to buy a large supply (as the manufacturers, Messrs. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, say age does not injure it) and sent to them for one, just what my little girls will need, the large one, unabridged, is too big for them to handle. I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD a good many years. Should not know how to do without it.

MRS. MINNA B. HOWE.

30 Harwood Place, Fitchburg, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I recently saw the offer of Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, to send a beautiful panel picture entitled, *Le Roman Nouveau*, to any person sending them 25 wrappers of Dobbins' Soap. I enclosed the wrappers to them. Have used the soap for some time and prefer it to any other. I could not do my washings with ordinary soap, but find them comparatively easy with this. I recommend it to my friends. My husband, a country merchant, keeps it for sale.

MRS. L. M. BATES.

Westford, Vt.

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 70,000 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 any of the sisters know anything about Mrs. Timothy Livingston of Syracuse, N. Y., who taught school at the south several years before the war, (nee Parsons,) they will confer a favor which will be gladly returned, by writing to
MRS. M. H. CLARK.
Kittrell, Vance Co., N. C.

Mrs. Sophie A. Horner, Hancock, Ind., would like to correspond with any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band living in or very near Tacoma, Washington Territory.

Is there any sister of the Band who can make a hair bird? If so, please write me, as I will exchange or pay for making one. M. L. CODER.
Glenwood, Idaho Co., Idaho.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters to send me their postal photographs. I will return the favor if it is desired. MRS. G. E. ALCOTT.
Sumner, Bremer Co., Iowa.

If Mayna Russel or Sister Did, in January number of THE HOUSEHOLD, have time or inclination for another correspondent will they please address
MRS. P. P. ACKERMAN.
North Barnstead, N. H.

PHILADELPHIA AND KANSAS.

A few short years since, in the great bazaar of the metropolis of the old Keystone, a young lady of medium height, blonde hair, bright, winsome face, happy, affectionate disposition, and of winsome, cheerful manners, might be seen daily turning over the ledger folios. Though a score and ten years had been numbered with the past, no bangs were needed to hide any care-worn furrows on that smooth brow, yet unmarked by time or trouble.

But U. S. M. was working wires for a new line of life for the lady bookkeeper. A gentleman in easy life, in far off Kansas, was permitted to occasionally see the sparkling, interesting letters received by a very intimate lady friend, and so pleased was he with them that he quietly resolved to take an eastern trip, and announced to his friend that if she had any messages to send to any of her friends he would be happy to deliver them. As he had hoped, he received among them a letter of introduction to the real object of his eastern journey. A few days after, owing to his standing and frank, manly appearance, he was cordially received by the lady and her family. In the few days he remained their acquaintance ripened into intimate friendship.

Another year rolled around and Christmas found a happy pair in her new Kansas home. Scarcely two years had showned its cornucopia of blessings upon them when the husband was filled with fears for his wife's failing health. Oh, that horrible, interminable cough! cough! cough! Every night without intermission, when the midnight hours would be enjoyed by others in sound, refreshing sleep, she would be compelled to sit up tormented with that incessant coughing for two or more hours. Gradually she became thinner. One drug after another was recommended and tried. The best physician in the city was consulted, without relief, without benefit.

At last it was determined to revisit the home of their birth; the city of great medical renown. Arriving in Philadelphia and stopping with a relative, a trial of the world-wide and justly celebrated Compound Oxygen was recommended.

So earnestly was it spoken of that they decided to go to the office, No. 1529 Arch street, and have her case examined, and, if advised there, to take a treatment. The doctor said the case was a very common and simple bronchial affection, and recommended the Compound Oxygen inhalation. An Office Treatment was taken, and they returned to their temporary home. To the great astonishment of both, she had no coughing spell that following night; the first cessation from coughing for a whole night for many months. So delighted were they, that the next day another treatment was taken, which was followed by a continuous night of refreshing sleep. She could hardly believe the change real, so like a dream it seemed. But there were the facts; no other medicines were used. A Home Treatment was at once purchased and the directions strictly observed for the following three weeks. The cough never returned. "I am so thankful," she often exclaimed. She commenced to regain flesh and strength, and at the end of that time they returned to their Kansas home wonderfully delighted with the result of their eastern trip and at the success of the Compound Oxygen Treatment. As she is now an acknowledged patient of Drs. Starkey & Palen, any one desiring a corroboration of the above facts, or wishing to receive a book of 200 pages, replete with interesting information and an account of hundreds of cases of different chronic diseases relieved and cured by this treatment, can have it sent free by sending to their address, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

WHAT MARJORIE MARCH SAYS ABOUT THE PILLOW-INHALER.

A number of THE HOUSEHOLD Band have been writing to me to know if the Pillow-Inhaler which is advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD is indeed a cure for catarrh, consumption, bronchitis, asthma, &c., and if, after two years' practical knowledge of the Inhaler, I am still able to recommend it.

Unlike the generality of these wonderful cures outside of the pale of the medical profession, the Pillow-Inhaler stands upon its own basis of merit and that explains the fact of its increasing success and great cures it effects wherever it is tried.

To every one suffering from catarrh or incipient consumption or any throat or lung disease whatever, I most strongly urge the use of a Pillow-Inhaler for a cure.

MARJORIE MARCH.

"Pa," said a five-year-old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not, my son," answered the father, "but it might if it were taut."

You can't afford to laugh, dear girls,
Unless your teeth are white as pearls—
Unless your mouth is pink and sweet,
And your two lips in rosebuds meet;
And you cannot supply this want,
But through the use of SOZODONT!

Laughter Lends a New Charm

To beauty, when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life, by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

—The great woman question—"What did she have on?"

Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses. This is a valuable indorsement.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

That slight cold, of which you think so little, may lead to serious trouble with the lungs. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best known remedy for colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

Good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Best cure for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Get the genuine; Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston, Prop'rs.

—A young married lady who moved into the country from a city home, considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and "hens" made a favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation. During one of her animated descriptions of success, a friend inquired: "Are your hens good hens?" "Oh, yes," she replied in a delighted tone, "they haven't laid a bad egg yet."

—Calm Conductor: "Can't take that quarter, sir." Indignant Passenger: "I'd like to know why not?" Calm Conductor: "It's too smooth." Indignant Passenger: "Well, that's cool. You gave me that very quarter on this car this morning. I took it from you in change." Calm Conductor: "Well, you see, we are more particular than you are."

Prevent your Colds, Save your Life and Money.

It is known that three-fourths of all the deaths are caused by colds. They are the bane of speakers, singers, and theatrical people. Eminent opera singers refuse to breathe the cold air. It is a great trouble and care. Now that genius that put the Moxie Nerve Food on the market has just hit it. He concentrates the Moxie as much as possible, makes it into a medicated Lozenge. One on the tongue will stop a cold after the most severe exposure. They are so efficient and popular it is said the demand exceeds a ton a day and rapidly increasing. 10 cents a package of 36 everywhere. Everybody is carrying a Moxie Lozenge in his pocket for emergencies. It is said to help the nervous system quite well, but not as well as the bottled. That little thing will make a fortune. Over 5,000,000 bottles were sold last year. Everybody sells them.

—A drink for the sick—Well water.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies restored to health by the use of Vegetable Compound.

When suffering from throat or lung troubles, take only such medicine as has been proved worthy of confidence. Such a remedy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; a specific for sudden colds, and invaluable in all forms of pulmonary complaints. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

—In leap year, Japanese girls who want husbands set out flower pots on the front portico as an emblem. In this country they sit out there themselves with a young man as an emblem.

Children Starving to Death

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

—Mrs. P. was saying one day what a gentlemanly person her baker was. "Yes," said a wag, "a thorough-bred gentleman."

Mark Your Clothes. The Independent says, "Payson's is unquestionably the best indelible ink in the world." All druggists keep it.

Read what Samuel G. Stiness, Supt. of Pawtucket Gas Co., Pawtucket, R. I., under date of Dec. 18, 1884, says: "I have used Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer for several years, and consider it the best as a positive cure for a cold, and possessing all the merits claimed for it." For sale at all druggists. Price, 25c. 50c., and \$1.00.

Mothers, always use Dr. Seth Arnold's Soothing and Quieting Cordial for children. A mild, safe tonic, 25c.

Torpidity of the liver, and disorders of the stomach and bowels, cause headache and the failure of all desire for food. Ayer's Cathartic Pills stimulate the action of the stomach, liver, and bowels, cure headache, and restore the appetite.

All authorities agree that the milk of a healthy mother is the best food for an infant. Next to this, and containing all the elements for perfect nutrition, is Mellin's Food, which, after a long test, is highly indorsed by prominent medical men.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS

Of Claremont Colony is due to the unusual inducements offered by J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

The Revere Granulated Sugar is without doubt the best made in this country, or in the world. It is guaranteed to be strictly pure, and the product of cane sugar only, no beet sugars being used in its manufacture.

Many women find great difficulty in arranging their hair becomingly, because of its harsh and coarse texture. By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair becomes soft, pliant, and glossy. The Vigor is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

We understand that the first edition of MAULE'S SEED catalogue for 1887 was three hundred thousand copies, and of this enormous edition, over two hundred and sixty thousand copies were mailed in less than six weeks. It is mailed free to all enclosing a two-cent stamp to pay return postage.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

GOOD HEALTH BY GOOD FOOD.

The advertisement of The Health Food Company has appeared in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD for many years. The products of the Company have been used from year to year by the Editor, by many of the regular contributors, and by a goodly array of its readers. One and all have testified to the usefulness of these improved Foods in health, and to their great value in sickness. Hundreds of mothers have announced their satisfaction at the welcome discovery that in the many perfect cereal products of this Company, some palatable and attractive nutriment could always be found, so prepared as to be easily digested by the feeblest infant or invalid. The work of The Health Food Co. is founded upon a genuine and scientific food-philosophy, and recognizes the fact that foods must differ in different conditions, and that no single food can supply a universal want. The entertaining and instructive pamphlets of the Company should be carefully read by all, and may be obtained without cost by addressing The Health Food Company, 74 4th Ave., New York, or its agents in the principal cities of the country.

THE HOUSEKEEPER who has not used PYLE'S PEARLINE should not wait a day longer without having it in the house. As an article to make washing easy, without injury to the finest fabric, it is unequalled.

Immigrants and returning voyagers find in Ayer's Sarsaparilla a cure for eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., whether resulting from sea-diet and life on ship-board, or from any other cause. Its value as a tonic and alternative medicine cannot be overestimated.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send until further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poultny, Vt.

BABY'S WARDROBE

Latest styles. The most complete outfits of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c., with directions. One garment free with each set. New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE), Brattleboro, Vermont.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

For Reading Clubs, for Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Jarley's Wax Works, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, Costumes, Charades and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues sent FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE! Containing many novelties, full description and prices. SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 38 E. 14th St., New York.

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never see any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

EMBROIDERY SILK 25 SKEINS, assorted colors, best quality, 20c. Crazy Patchwork, 100 very large, bright colors, silks and satins, \$1.00. SMITH & PRATT, Middletown, Conn.

CARDS ELEGANT SAMPLES, Beautiful Catalogue, Agents' terms, all for 2c. stamp. W. C. Griswold & Co., Centerbrook, Ct.

WELCOME



TRADE MARK.

SOAP

FOR FAMILY USE.

MADE BY

CURTIS DAVIS & CO.,
Boston, Mass.



See that the YATSI STAMP is on inside of Corset.

Yields to Every Movement of the Wearer.

Being to the diagonal ELASTICITY of the cloth (which our patents cover exclusively) the Corset requires no breaking in.

FITS PERFECTLY

THE FIRST TIME WORN. Money returned by seller after ten days wear, if not found the most PERFECT-FITTING, HEALTHFUL, and COMFORTABLE Corset ever worn. Sold by all first-class dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, \$1.35 and upwards.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

GROTTY BROS., CHICAGO, ILL.

Music Given Away

To introduce "Woodward's Musical Monthly" and our new winter catalogue into every family having a piano or organ we will on receipt of 20c. for postage send free samples with ten complete pieces of our very latest popular vocal and instrumental music, full size (11 1/2 x 13 in.) printed on elegant heavy music paper would cost \$1.00 at music stores. We also publish the

NIGHT BIRDS COOING, the popular and beautiful waltz song sent by mail for 60c. WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 842 & 844 Broadway, New York.

Take The COSMOPOLITAN

The Handsomest, Most Entertaining, Low Price, Illustrated Family Magazine in the World.

Each number with its 64 large and beautifully printed pages, is brimful of short stories, sketches, poems, travels, adventures, articles on science, literature, political economy by the best American and foreign writers, such as

Julian Hawthorne, Louise Chandler Moulton, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Catherine Owen, H. H. Boyesen, Mrs. Katharine B. Foot, Joel Benton, William T. Hornaday, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Heyse, Sophie Swett, Geo. Parsons Lathrop, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Prof. David Swing, Helen Campbell, Olive Thorne Miller, John Burroughs, Count Leon Tolstoi, William Westall, And many others.

The Young Folks

is a department full of short stories, sketches, articles on natural history, etc., for the younger members of the family.

THE HOUSEHOLD

is a department devoted to articles by competent writers on fashion, etiquette, cooking, the care of the house and the management of children, etc.

Each number contains one or more handsomely illustrated articles and several full-page engravings. It is the only Magazine that can be read from the first page to the last with unabated interest by everybody. For fireside entertainment during the long winter evenings it is worth ten times its price. It never contains long, tedious or heavy articles. Arrangements have been made for beautifully illustrated articles on Asia Minor, on the palaces of France and Italy, on Japan, Constantinople, etc.

Price \$2.50 per year with a Shannon Letter and Bill File or a Shannon Sheet-Music Binder (price of each \$2.25) free to every subscriber. The former is the most perfect device ever invented for the preservation and classification (alphabetically and according to date) of letters, bills, etc., in such a way that any paper can be referred to, taken out and replaced without disturbing the others. With the Binder any piece of music can be put in or taken out without disturbing any other sheet.

SEND 20c. FOR SAMPLE COPY.

For sale at all news stands, and published by

Schlicht & Field Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Pearce's Improved Cahoon Broadcast SEED SOWER



This machine sows wheat and heavy grains two rods wide, so a man can sow four acres by walking one mile, which can be done in less than an hour. Ten acres of wheat have been sown with this Seeder in one hour. It sows all kinds of grain and cleaned grass seed, and does better work than can be done by any other means whatever. It has been in practical use for years, and is now sold in all parts of the world, giving perfect satisfaction to every intelligent operator. They are warranted to give perfect satisfaction, and save their cost in less time than any other farm implement yet introduced.

PRICE, \$5.00.

Write for circular and mention this paper. GOODELL & CO., Sole Manufacturers, Antrim, N. H.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS



D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world.

D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive & Priced SEED CATALOGUE For 1887

will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it.

Invaluable to all. Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS

SEND for our Illustrated CATALOGUE new Vegetable, Flower, Field SEEDS Plants, Bulbs, Implants.

FREE Don't neglect writing for it.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

322-326 E. Main St. 12-14 W. Cl. St.

CALIFORNIA, THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

Send 50 cents, express or money order, and receive by mail, post paid, 15 large pkts. choice new seeds, growth of 1886. We will send 35 pkts. for \$1. Panicles, Marigolds, Mignonette, Asters, Phlox, Saxifrage, Cockscomb, Dahlias, single and double; Balsams, Stocks, Hollyhocks, Candytuft, etc. All seeds are grown on our own farm. We challenge the world to grow flower seeds to greater perfection. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

GEO. W. SESSIONS, Seed Farmer & Nurseryman, San Mateo, San Mateo Co., Cal.

SEED CATALOGUE

of all kinds of Seeds, Bulbs, Tools, &c. Catalogue, 15 pages, d. c. sent free to all applicants, old customers need not apply. Our finely illustrated SEED CATALOGUE with Colored Plates, Lithograph Cover, portraits of Mr. A. W. Livingston and his New Beauty Tomato 10c. Choice Cabbages and Onion Seed. Originalities of Paragon, Acme, Perfection, Favorite and Beauty Tomatoes. Seeds Reliable, Prices Low. We aim to please. A. W. LIVINGSTON'S SONS, Box 100, Columbus, O.

A USEFUL GIFT.

The CROWN STAMPING OUTFIT, actually worth \$4.50. GIVEN AWAY. THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY

is a large, 8-page paper, now in its second year, devoted to Fancy Work and Household matters. It contains also Stories, Poetry, etc., etc. It is published at the marvellously low price of 25c. a year, and has already achieved a circulation of over 50,000 copies monthly. We have determined to get 100,000 subscribers by Jan. 1. To accomplish this we have decided to give away (not sell) 50,000 Crown Stamping Outfits as follows:—To every lady who will CUT OUT this advertisement and enclose it together with 25c. and agree to show the paper to her friends and induce them to subscribe, we will send The Household Monthly 1 year, and send as a gift, free and post-paid, one CROWN STAMPING OUTFIT, which contains 25 elegant Patterns as follows:—1 set of 25 Initials, 2 in. high, 1 for Tidy, 7x8 in., 1 Kate 7 in. high, 1 Five-inch 5 in. high, 1 Vine Rose 5 in. high, 1 Anchor, 1 1 spray Golden Rod 4 in. high, 1 cluster Straw 4x5 in., 1 spray Oats, 1 1 Buttercup, 1 spray 5 in. high, 1 Cyclamen 5 in. high, 1 Star 5 in. high, 1 bunch Pinks 6 in. high, 1 bunch Fuchsias 6 in. high, 1 cluster Geraniums 5 in. high, 1 Braiding Pattern 2 in. wide, 1 Braiding Pattern 1 1/2 in. wide, 1 Braiding Pattern 1 in. wide 3 handsome Scallop Designs, 1 2 and 3 in. wide for Flannel Embroidery. Also 1 Illustrated Book on Kensington Embroidery with full instructions for Stamping, 1 box best Powder, 1 best Pad. These patterns are correctly and carefully made on best bond paper, and can be used a thousand times without injury, and are actually worth \$4.50 at retail prices. Remember, this Outfit is a free gift. 25c. pays for our splendid paper one year, and the 10c. additional required barely pays the cost of postage and packing on the outfit. Cut this out and send us 25 cents at once, as this liberal offer will not be made again. Address THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY, Lynn, Mass.

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A USEFUL GIFT.

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is a large, 8-page paper, now in its second year, devoted to Fancy Work and Household matters. It contains also Stories, Poetry, etc., etc. It is published at the marvellously low price of 25c. a year, and has already achieved a circulation of over 50,000 copies monthly. We have determined to get 100,000 subscribers by Jan. 1. To accomplish this we have decided to give away (not sell) 50,000 Crown Stamping Outfits as follows:—To every lady who will CUT OUT this advertisement and enclose it together with 25c. and agree to show the paper to her friends and induce them to subscribe, we will send The Household Monthly 1 year, and send as a gift, free and post-paid, one CROWN STAMPING OUTFIT, which contains 25 elegant Patterns as follows:—1 set of 25 Initials, 2 in. high, 1 for Tidy, 7x8 in., 1 Kate 7 in. high, 1 Five-inch 5 in. high, 1 Vine Rose 5 in. high, 1 Anchor, 1 1 spray Golden Rod 4 in. high, 1 cluster Straw 4x5 in., 1 spray Oats, 1 1 Buttercup, 1 spray 5 in. high, 1 Cyclamen 5 in. high, 1 Star 5 in. high, 1 bunch Pinks 6 in. high, 1 bunch Fuchsias 6 in. high, 1 cluster Geraniums 5 in. high, 1 Braiding Pattern 2 in. wide, 1 Braiding Pattern 1 1/2 in. wide, 1 Braiding Pattern 1 in. wide 3 handsome Scallop Designs, 1 2 and 3 in. wide for Flannel Embroidery. Also 1 Illustrated Book on Kensington Embroidery with full instructions for Stamping, 1 box best Powder, 1 best Pad. These patterns are correctly and carefully made on best bond paper, and can be used a thousand times without injury, and are actually worth \$4.50 at retail prices. Remember, this Outfit is a free gift. 25c. pays for our splendid paper one year, and the 10c. additional required barely pays the cost of postage and packing on the outfit. Cut this out and send us 25 cents at once, as this liberal offer will not be made again. Address THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY, Lynn, Mass.

SEED CATALOGUE

of all kinds of Seeds, Bulbs, Tools, &c. Catalogue, 15 pages, d. c. sent free to all applicants, old customers need not apply. Our finely illustrated SEED CATALOGUE with Colored Plates, Lithograph Cover, portraits of Mr. A. W. Livingston and his New Beauty Tomato 10c. Choice Cabbages and Onion Seed. Originalities of Paragon, Acme, Perfection, Favorite and Beauty Tomatoes. Seeds Reliable, Prices Low. We aim to please. A. W. LIVINGSTON'S SONS, Box 100, Columbus, O.

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This variety is distinguished from all others by its short, stiff stalks, as shown in the engraving, standing up like a tree without support of any kind. It bears very abundantly of fine, large bright red tomatoes, of good smooth shape and fine flavor. The leaves are very curly and of a very dark green, almost black, making the plant very ornamental, as well as useful. I will send one packet, also pkt. of Phlox Drummondii, a Beautiful Brilliant Flower, with my Illustrated Catalogue free to any reader of the Household who will send me 10 cents in silver or stamps. Address FRANK FINCH, CLYDE, N. Y.

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The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.

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THEY CAN BE CURED BY USING

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A positive and quick cure for Chilblains, and a great relief for Bunions, Chapped Hands, Burns, Frost Bites, and various Skin Diseases. It should be in every family. Price, 25c. If not kept in your vicinity, send 35c. for sample bottle to A. T. PRESCOTT CO., 21 Hamilton St., BOSTON, MASS. Druggists supplied by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, General Agents

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Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING FOR RESULTS. Being used by inhalation, its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is the result in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 10c. and \$1.00 of any druggist, or by mail, Sample Free for stamp. Dr. H. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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Our \$15 Shot Gun now \$10.

"\$15 Breechloader" \$9.50

All kinds of Guns guaranteed lower than elsewhere. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT, 120 N. 3d St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS

Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure effected. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail, Circulars free. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.

37 Mention this paper.

SILK RIBBONS

We have purchased at recent wholesale auction sales several large lots of Remnants of Silk Ribbons at prices which will enable us to offer splendid bargains. These remnants are all from two to three yards and upwards in length, and many of them are the finest quality of Ribbons in the market, of different widths, in a variety of fashionable shades, in fact, nearly all colors are represented; also different kinds of Ribbons adapted for bonnet strings, neckwear, trimming for hats and dresses, bows, scarfs, etc., etc. No lady can purchase such fine ribbons as these at any store in the land for four times the money.

We will send a carefully assorted package of Silk Ribbons and THE HOME three months for 35 cents. THE HOME is a 16-page, 64-column paper, contains in every issue nearly 1,000 Hints and Helps for the housewife, which includes a department for Cooking receipts, Laundry notes, Fancy Work department, interesting stories for both old and young, a Medical department, and an illustrated page of the latest Fashions. Only 35c. for one package and THE HOME three months. Address PEOPLES PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE FIRST BRIDGE.

When was the first bridge constructed? and what was it made of? I am not able to answer the first question very definitely, but I think I know what the first bridge was made of. It was not made of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, nor of iron, nor of rope. It was made entirely of monkeys—live monkeys. A troop of these animals in a South American forest came one day to a stream which was too wide for them to leap across. They climbed a high tree, where the first monkey selected a suitable branch, wound his long, powerful tail about it, and let himself hang head downward. The second monkey, running down the body of the first, wound its tail about its neck and shoulders, and let himself hang head downward. A third and a fourth added themselves in succession, and others after them, till the chain reached the ground. Then the lowest monkey, by striking his hands on the earth, set the living pendulum in motion, and increased this motion by striking again at each oscillation, till it swung so far across the stream that he was able to seize a branch of a tree on the other side. The line of monkeys now constituted a bridge by which the remainder of the troop quickly crossed over. Then the monkey which (not who, as most people write it) had been the first volunteer in this engineer corps, unwound his tail from the branch and let go. What had been the top of the pendulum was now the bottom; it swung across the stream, and dissolved into its original elements, and the whole troop went chattering on their way. This took place before the appearance of man upon the earth, and the long-tailed monkeys have been building such bridges ever since.

Between that primitive bridge of monkeys and the last and greatest of all bridges ever undertaken—the suspension bridge over East river, connecting New York and Brooklyn—there is apparently a wide discrepancy; yet the two are constructed on the same principle.

The first bridge recorded in history was built over the Euphrates at Babylon, in the reign of Queen Nitocris. The course of the river was turned, and its bed laid dry, till the foundations were built. The arches were of immense hewn stones, clamped together with iron, and the whole bridge was roofed over. It was thirty feet wide, and over six hundred feet long. No remnant of this great bridge has been discovered in modern times.—*Rositer Johnson in Wide Awake.*

—The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of justice.

—A few weeks ago a mother explained to one of our little nephews the meaning of the word beheaded. A few days later he ran in to the mother, rather excitedly, exclaiming: "O mamma! There's a be-headed dog out here on the street!"

—"The thought reader" placed his hands on the man's head, withdrew it, and struck him a fearful blow on the nose. When the man got out from under the chair and asked the reader what he hit him for, he replied—"Just as I placed my hand on your head you thought I was a fool, and I don't allow any man to think that."

—"Yes, indeed, Miss Clara" continued Mr. LaDedah, giving an account of his travels. "I have been in great perils, don't you know? One time on a railway train out west, don't you know, we were stopped by the train robbers, don't you know, and one fellow, a terrible brigand he was, you know, he put his pistol to my head, don't you know, and he said, 'Your money or your brains!' and 'pon me soul, Miss Clara, I had nothing for him."

SHAMEFUL ABUSE

HEAPED UPON A NOTED ENGLISHMAN FOR HIS OPEN HONESTY.

Wm. Ed. Robson, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M. K. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of England, has got into professional trouble for writing the following open letter to the editor of the London Family Doctor:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physician to make known any means or remedy whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is for this purpose I write to give my experience both here and abroad. I ask the publication of the statement that people may be warned before it is too late, to say to them that there is at hand a means by which they may be restored to perfect health. It is well known to the medical world, and, indeed, to the laity, that a certain disease is making a terrible havoc; that next to consumption it is the most fatal, and that when fully developed there is nothing to be done for the sufferer.

"Physicians and scientists have long been trying to throw light upon the cause, and if possible, find in nature a medicine for this fatal malady. They have shown, absolutely, that the blood-purifying organs of vital importance, are the kidneys, and that when they once fail, the poison which they should take out of the blood is carried by the blood into every part of the body, developing disease.

In my hospital practice in England, India and South America, and also while a surgeon in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, I gave a great deal of attention to the study of diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and found that not only was the cure of chronic Bright's Disease hopeless, but that kidney disease was remarkably prevalent; much more so than generally known, and was the cause of the majority of cases of sickness, and further, that the medical profession has no remedy which exerts any absolute control over these organs in disease.

Some time ago when I had a case which resisted all regular treatment—which is very limited—complicated with the passing of stones from the kidneys, much against my will I permitted my patient to use Warner's safe cure, of which I had heard marvelous results. In his case the result was simply marvelous, as the attack was a severe one, and development very grave, for an analysis showed per cent. of albumen and granular tube casts.

The action of the medicine was singular and incomprehensible to me. I had never seen anything like it. The patient recovered promptly, and is to-day a well and healthy man. This stimulated my inquiry into the merits of the remedy, and after analysis I found it to be of purely vegetable character, harmless to take under all circumstances.

Casting aside all professional prejudice I gave it a thorough trial, as I was anxious that my patients should be restored to health, no matter by what medicine. I prescribed it in a great variety of cases, Acute, Chronic, Bright's Disease, Congestion of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, and in every instance did it speedily effect a cure.

For this reason I deem it my duty to give to the world this statement regarding the value of Warner's safe cure. I make this statement on facts I am prepared to produce and substantiate. I appeal to physicians of large practice who know how common and deceptive diseases of the kidneys are, to lay aside professional prejudice, give their patients Warner's safe cure, restore them to perfect health, earn their gratitude, and thus be true physicians.

I am satisfied that more than one-half of the deaths which occur in England are caused, primarily, by impaired action of

the kidneys, and the consequent retention in the blood of the poisonous uric and kidney acid. Warner's safe cure causes the kidneys to expel this poison, checks the escape of albumen, relieves the inflammation and prevents illness from impaired and impoverished blood. Having had more than seventeen years experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all the other medicines ascertainable to the profession, the majority of which, I am sorry to say, are very uncertain in their action."

"Isn't that a straightforward, manly letter?"

"Indeed, it is."

"Well, but do you know the author has been dreadfully persecuted for writing it?"

"How so? What has he done to merit it?"

"Done? He has spoken the truth 'out of school' and his fellow physicians, who want the public to think they have a monopoly in curing diseases, are terribly angry with him for admitting professional inability to reach certain disorders.

That letter created a wonderful sensation among the titled classes and the public. This jarred the doctors terribly. The College of Surgeons and Queen's College, from which institution he was graduated, asked for an explanation of his unprofessional conduct, and notified him that unless he made a retraction they would discipline him.

The doctor replied that he allowed his patients to make use of Warner's safe cure only after all the regular methods had failed, and when he was satisfied that there was no possible hope for them. Upon their recovery, after having used Warner's safe cure, he was so much surprised that he wrote the above letter to the Family Doctor. He regretted that the faculties found fault with his action in the matter, but he could not conscientiously retract the facts as written to the Family Doctor.

The faculties of both colleges replied that unless he retracted they should cut him off, which would naturally debar him from again practicing his profession, and also prevent his securing another appointment in the Royal Navy!"

The illustrious doctor's dilemma is certainly an unpleasant one, emphasizing, as it does, both his own honesty, and the contemptible prejudice and bigotry of English medical men. The masses, however, having no sympathy with their nonsense, keep on using the remedy he so highly recommends and get well, while the rich and able depend upon the prejudiced doctors and die!

CUSHING'S MANUAL

OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE, Revised by HON. EDMUND L. CUSHING.

The standard authority in all the United States. An indispensable Handbook for every member of a deliberative body. Price 75c. For sale by booksellers. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address the Publishers, THOMPSON, BROWN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

SMALL'S CALF FEEDER

This NEW article is appreciated and approved by all progressive Farmers and Stock Raisers. The calf sucks its food slowly, in a perfectly natural way, thriving as well as when fed on its own mother. Circulars free. SMALL & MATTHEWS, 21 South Market Street, BOSTON, MASS.

3 SPECIAL 60 DAYS' OFFERS. Being one of the largest growers of Flower Seeds in America, I want to induce extensive trial, and for thirty-two cts. will send 14 papers Choice New Seeds, post-paid! New Large German Fancy Pansies, blooms 2 to 3 inches across, of an endless variety of rich colors, striped, mottled, edged with red, gold, white, etc.; Large Double Asters: Pinks, 50 varieties, mixed; Double Portulacas, etc. For 14 cts., or 27 letter stamps, will send 26 papers, the above and 29 other choice kinds, including the finest strains of Verbenas and Petunias ever offered; New White Mignonette; New Giant Candytuft, etc., worth \$2 at regular rates. For 10 cts. will send five sample papers, my choice but including Pansies. L. W. GOODELL, Fancy Park, Dwight P. O., Mass.



We send a Tube of Ingalls' Stamping Paint, also a Stamping Brush free with INGALLS' PERFECTION \$1.00 OUTFIT.

PERFECTION \$1.00 OUTFIT

THIS STAMPING OUTFIT CONTAINS—**200 PATTERNS**, including 2 new ALPHABETS. These patterns are all different from the Patterns in our 1888 \$1.00 OUTFIT.

—THIS OUTFIT ALSO CONTAINS—

7 BOOKS:

1. INGALLS' BIG CATALOGUE (256-page book) of Stamping Patterns. 2. INGALLS' INSTRUCTION BOOK for STAMPING. 3. How to use FANCY WORK MATERIALS. 4. How to make PAPER FLOWERS, (and 100 Samples of Imported Tissue Paper.) 5. BRIGGS' CATALOGUE of TRANSFER PATTERNS, (230-page book.) also sample of Briggs' Transfer Patterns. 6. BRIGGS' SUE GUIDE. 7. INGALLS' 1887 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. The retail price of these 7 Books that we give free with this Outfit is 86 CENTS.

—THIS OUTFIT ALSO CONTAINS—**A FRINGED LINEN TIDY** and Materials to work it. **Tube of Ingalls' Stamping Paint**, **Stamping Brush**, **Box Best Stamping Powder** and a **Stamping Pad**. We send this Outfit by mail (postpaid) for \$1.00.

EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS:

Splasher Design, **Stork feeding among the Lilies** 20 x 9 inches, price 25c.—**Tidy Design**, **Golden Rod and Sumac** 8 x 10, price 15c.—**Iris** 8 1/2 x 8 1/2, price 10c.—**Calla Lily** 7 x 10 1/2, price 15c.—**Tulips** 7 1/2 x 10 1/2, price 10c.—**Daisies** 7 x 10, price 10c.—**Pansies** 7 x 8, price 10c.—**Autumn Leaves** 8 x 9, price 10c.—**Snowballs** 6 x 9, price 10c.—**Braiding Design**, **Corner and Border** 4 inches wide, for Pillow Shams, etc., price 15c.—**Corner Design**, **Clover** and **Buttercups** 9 x 9, price 15c.—**Spray of Woodbine** for Table Scarfs, 12 x 8, price 15c.—**Lambrequin Design**, for Tinsel Embroidery, 16 1/2 x 7 1/2, price 15c.—**Growing Design**, **Poppies**, **Daisies**, **Ferns** and **Buttercups** 18 x 7, price 20c.—**Knife, Fork and Spoon**, for Tray Cloth, 12 x 6 1/2, price 15c.

SPECIAL OFFER: ALL of these EXTRA PATTERNS for \$1.18, or we will send you ALL of these EXTRA PATTERNS and the PERFECTION \$1 OUTFIT—all for \$2.00, postage paid. Address J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.



One of the most beautiful Tomatoes ever introduced. Grows in clusters of four or five large fruits of a glossy, crimson color. It ripens early, and is entirely free from ribbed or elongated fruit, being perfect in shape. It has never shown signs of rotting. For shipping and family use it can not be excelled. Sold last season at 25 cents per packet.

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Is all head and always sure to head. Very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality, a good keeper. Alfred Rose, of Penn Yan, N. Y., grew a head which weighed 5 1/2 lbs. It is a strong, vigorous grower and will give universal satisfaction.

FINCH'S PERFECTION LETTUCE

The finest variety in the world. Does not head like some varieties, but forms huge, compact, bush-like plants which are always crisp and tender. One sowing will furnish a constant supply for all summer.

CALIFORNIA PRESERVING MELON

Immensely Productive. One vine produced 25 fine melons, weighing from 10 to 25 lbs. each. The flesh is very firm and solid, with few seeds, which are of a light green color. The preserving qualities are the very finest; they make beautiful, clear, nearly transparent preserves of surpassingly fine flavor.

GOLDEN SELF-BLANCHING CELERY

The most valuable Celery ever brought to public notice. Without banking up or any covering whatsoever, even the outer ribs become of a handsome, fresh, yellowish-white color. The heart is large, solid, and of a beautiful, rich golden color. No variety can surpass, if indeed, equal the Golden Self-Blanching in striking appearance and delicious flavor.

50 VARIETIES FLOWER SEEDS

Consisting of very many choice, easy-growing, beautiful, brilliant flowers, mixed together in one package. Sown together in a bed will bring forth in bloom, something new almost every day. This mixture is very fine and will give good satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER

I will send one package each of the above named seeds, (6 packages, worth 65c.) FREE to any reader of the Household who will send me 25c to pay for the postage and putting up. Address Remit by postal note, silver or stamps.

FRANK FINCH, CLYDE, N.Y.

I have changed my location, and now occupy the rooms over our new post office, where my facilities for doing a rapid mailing business are most complete. I can receive and fill an order and deliver it to the post office in less than ten minutes. Send on your orders.

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what is being done selling our Stove Pipe Shelves. A sample of many letters.

J. E. SHEPARD & Co., Gentlemen: I am doing splendidly; took 49 orders in 3 days and to-day called at 9 houses and sold 10 shelves. Dec. 17, 1886.

Yours truly, WM. SEWIS, Dec. 17, 1886.

(10 shelves in 9 hours is a profit of \$7.50.) Send for catalogue, terms, etc., all free. Send 40 cents and begin work at once.

J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

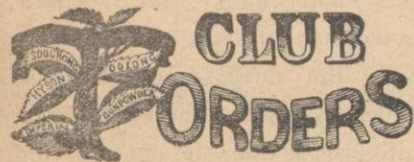
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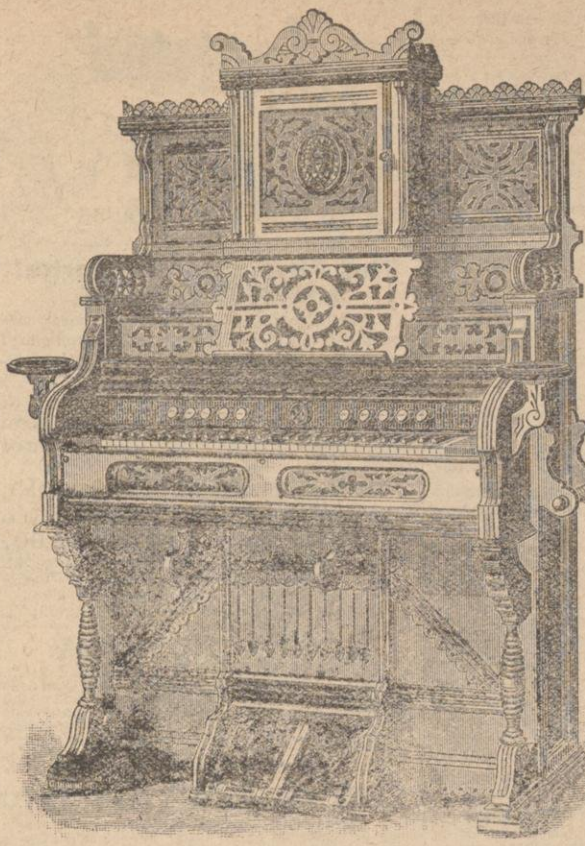
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As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
301 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



New Style No. 140, just out. Write for prices.

N. B.—Refer by permission to Editor and Publisher of this paper. State where you saw this advertisement.

Reliable Carpenter Organs.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Manufactory and Home Office,
BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.

The Carpenter Organs contain the

Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action.

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements. More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from \$20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an honest organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want a RELIABLE LOCAL AGENT in every village, township or county in the U. S., to whom liberal terms will be given and protection guaranteed. Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct for cash or easy payments.

Write for fully illustrated catalogue, and when received read every word in it. You will be convinced that we have not claimed too much for these unrivalled instruments. Remember this, What the works are to a Waltham or Elgin Watch, the Carpenter Patent Action is to the Reed Organ.

E. P. CARPENTER CO.,

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"INDESTRUCTIBLE"
ENGLISH

MARKING INK.
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NO PREPARATION! NO HEAT!!
Absolutely Indelible, Pr. 25c.

A STRETCHER for holding the cloth up while marking, given FREE to each Purchaser.
DAN L. JUDSON & SON, Ld. LONDON.
AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS:
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BEAUTY TOMATO.

nearly 200 flowers at one time, nearly as large as teacups, price 30c. each, 3 for \$1.50, 12 for \$2.60. 30 for \$5. Extra strong plants 50c. each, 3 for \$1.75, 12 for \$3.25, 25 for \$6. Form clubs and send your order for this wonderful Fuchsia.



SEEDS of standard, new, well tried, early vegetables, for market or family.
Beauty Tomato, best early, pkt. 10c.;
Cory Corn, pkt. 10c.; Hancock Lettuce, 10c.;
Eclipse Beet, 5c.; Peerless Cucumber, 5c.;
Excelsior Pea, 10c.; the six varieties 35c.;
New Bay State Squash, 15c.;
Extra Early Watermelon, 10c.;
Perfection Muskmelon, 10c.;
All Seasons Cabbage, 10c.;
Snowball Cauliflower, 20c.;
New Rose Celery, 10c.;
the collection of 6 for 50c. The two collections of 12 packets, 75c.

FLOWER SEEDS. New Pearl distinct variety, certainly the finest known, pkt. 25c.;
New Giant Prize Pansy, an improved five-blotted strain, four inches across, pkt. 25c.;
New Improved Large-flowering Verbena, very choice, pkt. 25c.;
New Climbing Plant, (Miss Lobelia), grows 18 feet one season with profuse scarlet flowers, pkt. 25c.;
New Large-flowered, Yellow-throated Petunia, frilled petals, very fine, pkt. 25c. The above 5 packets, \$1.00.

PLANT NOVELTIES.
Fuchsia Storm King, the largest and most wonderful fuchsia known, double, white, nearly three inches across, plants having nearly 200 flowers at one time, nearly as large as teacups, price 30c. each, 3 for \$1.50, 12 for \$2.60. 30 for \$5. Extra strong plants 50c. each, 3 for \$1.75, 12 for \$3.25, 25 for \$6. Form clubs and send your order for this wonderful Fuchsia.

New Double Geranium Mikado, a soft, delicate rose tint, new and distinct, first-class, 35c. each, 6 for \$1.75.
New Geranium, Old Gold, double, chrome yellow, a rare novelty, 35c. each, 6 for \$1.75.
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New Double White Geranium, Jeannette, the finest and largest pure double white, 35c., 6 for \$1.50.
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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.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. Whitney, Monroe, Tenn., will exchange a large collection of choice, home grown flower seeds, for nice cabinet specimens, or zephyr and Saxony yarn, any color.

Mrs. A. L. Wilson, Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y., will exchange Parson Brownlow's narrative of "Personal Adventures among the Rebels," also magazines, for other books. Write first.

Mrs. Ada Gist, Letart, W. Va., will exchange hardy bulbs, or seeds of hardy plants, vines or shrubs, for pieces of new silk, satin or plush. Write first.

F. F. Dickerman, lock box 251, Westfield, Mass., will exchange Seaside Library books, most popular authors and latest editions, for crochet and knitted laces. Write first.

Mrs. Hattie Brown, Bolra, Cal., will exchange sea shells and other curiosities, for fancy work of equal value.

Mrs. A. E. Wickes, Somerville, Mass., has Hunter's Instruction Book for piano, new, to exchange for hand-painted plaques or banners.

Mrs. R. M. Samson, Ashburnham, Mass., will exchange directions and material for painting photos, on glass, for ten yards of white scrim or bound book of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Leonie I. Bowen, Boonville, Oneida Co., N. Y., will exchange worsted pieces and prints, size of a postal, also pretty advertising cards, for nice pampas plumes. Write first.

Miss Helen Streeter, West Brattleboro, Vt., will exchange a bunch of bitter-sweet berries, for southern grasses or pampas plumes. Write first.

Mrs. Frank V. Gay, East Weymouth, Mass., has specimens of feldspar, beryl and others, to exchange for coral specimens and any other. Send by post.

Mrs. Hugh Logan, Seward, Neb., will exchange nice crochet rick-rack collars for two yards of good gingham.

Susan H. Mann, box 1076, Greenfield, Mass., will exchange worsted chickens, for silk, satin, velvet, painting on satin or velvet, or two skeins of Germantown yarn. Write first.

Miss May L. Hayes, lock box 4, Muir, Mich., will exchange both vocal and instrumental sheet music, for pieces of silk, velvet and satin for crazy work. Write first.

Miss Anna Bullock, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange six crazy patchwork blocks, silk and satin, 11 x 11, and a few pieces, for stamping patterns. Write first.

Mrs. C. N. Adlard, 309 Huntington St., Cleveland, O., will exchange, velvet, plush or satin pieces, for crocheted or knitted lace in cotton, linen or worsted. Write first.

Mrs. R. H. Duncan, Columbus, Adams Co., Ill., will exchange three laps of light blue split zephyr for a Bermuda or calla lily bulb. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

\$1,000 Reward

for your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, whatever your locality, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes. All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes await every worker.

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The most complete outfits of garments ever offered by Ladies' Infant's Outfit, 15 Patterns, 50c. First Short Clothes, 15 patterns, 50c., with Directions for making. One ready made garment free with each set.

LADIES' PATTERN CO., Rutland, Vt. SEND 10 cents for our wholesale price lists and samples of Fancy, Advertising, and Bristol Cards. **CRESCENT CARD CO., Brattleboro, Vt.**

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Delay
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Dangerous
PERRY DAVIS'
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will quickly cure
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Most useful books to learners are: **Siebert's Art of Singing**, 50 cents; **Davis' Voice as an Instrument**, 40 cts.; **Child's Voice**, \$1; **Fetis's Music Explained**, \$1.50. The Standard Encyclopedias are: **Moore's Encyclopedia of Music**, \$5; **Stainer's Dictionary of Musical Terms**, \$4; For a Manual, read **Loebl's Mason's Pestalozzian Music Teacher**, \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHIES.—Beethoven, \$1.50; Chopin, \$1.25; Handel, \$2; Mendelssohn, \$1.50; Rossini, \$1.50; Von Weber, 2 vols., each, \$1.25; Schumann, \$1.25; Letters of Beethoven, \$1.50; of Mendelssohn, 2 vols., each, \$1.50; of Mozart, 2 vols., each, \$1.25.

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Lobelia Paxtonia,	10c
Lupinus, Hartwegii,	10c
Mignonette, dwarf,	10c
Pansy, largest flowering,	15c
Phlox Drummondii, mixed,	10c
Pink, Heddergill,	10c
Salvia, splendens,	10c
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Sweet-williams,	5c
Zinnia, double, mixed,	5c

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Balsams, double, pale tints, 10c	
Candytuft, white, fragrant, 5c	
Chrysanthemum, inod., white, 10c	
Cyprus Vine, white, 5c	
Daisy, double, white, 15c	
Forget-me-not, true, 5c	
Gypsophila, paniculata, 5c	
Mignonette, sweet, 5c.	do. white, 5c
Nasturtium, pearl, 5c	
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Eschscholtzia Californica,	5c
Gilia Tricolor,	5c
Helichrysum monstrosum,	5c
Larkspur, hyacinth flowered,	5c
Lupinus Subcarosus,	5c
Mignonette, new dwarf,	5c
Nasturtium, fine assorted dwarf,	5c
Nemophila insignis,	5c
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Calliopsis, or Coreopsis,	5c
Calendula, Meteor,	5c
Canterbury Bells, assorted,	5c
Chrysanthemum, inod., mixed,	10c
Dahlia, double and single,	10c
Dianthus, (China pink, double), 5c	
Foxglove, gloriole fl'd, rose & wh. 5c	
Gilia Tricolor, splendens,	5c
Hollyhocks, double, assorted,	10c
Larkspur, Double Rocket,	10c
Lobelia Erinus,	10c
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Balsams, mixed, double, spotted, 10c	
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Larkspur, 5c.	Petunia, fine, 10c
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Wax pole, snap or shell,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
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Beet, Eclipse, (first early),	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c
Bastian's Early,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c
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Carrot, Chanda,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 15c
Celery, Boston,	pkt. 10c, 1 oz. 25c
Corn, Cory, first early,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
Marblehead, early,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
Mexican, second early,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
Potter's Excelsior, main crop,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
Stowell's, main crop,	pkt. 10c, 4 oz. 15c
Cucumber, Improved White Spine, pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c	
Dandelion, Improved Broad,	pkt. 10c, 1 oz. 40c

Lettuce, Early Curled,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 20c
Early Hanson, head,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 20c
Melon, Musk, Golden Netted Gem,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c
Water, Vick's early,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c
Onions, Extra Early Pearl,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 25c
Seis, Potato,	8 oz. 15c, 1 lb. 25c
Parship, Improved,	pkt. 5c, 1 oz. 10c
Peas, First early,	pkt. 10c, 8 oz. 20c
American Wonder,	pkt. 10c, 8 oz. 20c
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We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to 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.	No. of 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, 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	5
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	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	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,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chrom., Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's 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,	6 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),	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

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NERVOUS and Mental Diseases and the Alcoholic and Opium habits treated by DR. I. A. LOVELAND, GILSUM, N. H. Correspondence invited.

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CLEVELAND'S
SUPERIOR
BAKING POWDER.**

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Absolutely Pure.

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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.

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