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THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

W. A. RICHARDS, ENGR. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

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No. 6.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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The Hermit.

SUMMER HYMN.

The year draws near its golden-hearted prime,
Fulfilled of grandeur rounded into grace;
We seem to hear sweet notes of joyance chime
From eld bells through many a greenwood place.

The sovereign summer, robed and garlanded,
Looks, steeped in verdure, up the enchanted skies;
A crown, sun-woven, round her royal head,
And love's warm languor in her dreamy eyes.

We quaff our fill of beauty, peace, delight;
But mid the entrancing scene a still voice saith,
"If earth, heaven's shadow, shows a face so bright,
What of God's summer past the straits of death?"
—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

JUNE ON THE FARM.

THE frequent stirring of the soil is necessary to secure a good growth of plants that are annuals, not only because it kills the weeds, but also because it lets the air into the soil and hastens the decomposition of fertilizers applied to the land. If the soil is permitted to remain undisturbed from planting until harvesting the crop will be very small indeed, even though the land be free from weeds and has been well manured, providing the crop be one that permits the sun to shine on a considerable portion of the land during the months of June and July.

With our present improved implements for stirring the soil, and at the same time killing the weeds, there is no excuse for raising weeds or for permitting crops to suffer because the land becomes baked hard. No month in the year is so important for this work as June. As soon as the crop is above ground the work should begin in earnest, and be repeated as often as is necessary to keep the soil light and loose. A few days neglect not only injures the crop, but it also gives the weeds a chance to get so firmly rooted that it makes cultivation difficult, and the killing of them almost impossible, unless picked up and carried off the field, which can only be done at great expense. Never stir the soil when it rains, but as soon after as the soil becomes dry enough to pulverize.

Fodder crops must not be neglected. Those who have silos to fill will get their corn in before the fifteenth; those who have no silos and desire to increase their winter feed, will not forget to put in a crop of Hungarian, if they have warm, light land. This crop should be sown about the middle of the month. Some farmers do not like Hungarian, and say it is too much like rye straw, but such farmers have made a mistake by sowing too

small a quantity of seed, and then let it stand until it gets too ripe. Five pecks of seed is not too much to sow on an acre. This amount of seed will make the straw fine, which if cut when in blossom makes a very nutritious material for feeding milch cows, and will be eaten as readily as the best timothy hay. If only three pecks of seed be sown to the acre the straw will be coarse, and even if cut when in the blossom it makes poor hay, not only because it is coarse, but because it is almost impossible to cure it so it will not come out smoky the next winter. This is because the outside of the stalk dries hard, and confines the water in the centre, which, when packed away in the barn, softens the hard outside and thus moistens the whole mass and renders it smoky.

The battle which was commenced in May with the destructive insects must be kept up with increased vigor for every week brings an increased number. Every vine, shrub, and tree that a man attempts to cultivate is injured, or perhaps entirely destroyed by some one or more of the insect tribe, unless he interferes to check their numbers. There is a grand struggle between man and insects for the mastery. The race is yet undecided; but had it not been for Paris green and other poisonous compounds, we have reason to fear that in some departments of the vegetable world, the insects would have left man far in the rear.

Before the close of the month most of the Massachusetts farmers will have commenced cutting their grass. There is yet some difference of opinion as to the best time to cut grass. While some contend that it should be cut early, before it is in full bloom, others assert that it should not be cut until the seed begins to form. When it is expected to get two crops, if left until the seed is formed, it very much lessens the second crop even in a wet season, while in a dry season it nearly destroys it. But if cut as soon as the blossom appears, the second crop starts before the sun has had time to burn the roots, and thus a fair second crop is obtained even in a dry season. Another advantage is claimed for early cutting, namely, the quality of hay; it is declared that cows will eat it better; while on the other hand, it is claimed by some that if left until the seed is partially ripe, there is more nutriment in it. As a rule for milch cows farmers prefer hay that has been cut early, claiming that it makes better milk. With the present numerous improved implements for harvesting the hay crop, the labor has very much lightened, besides enabling the farmer to get his hay in half the time it formerly required.

The garden should not be forgotten or neglected for a single day, for the success of the garden depends very much on the care given it in June. The surplus plants should be removed before they get very large, or their removal will greatly injure those that are to remain. If it is expected to have vegetables in succession, planting should be continued through the

month; in fact, in a good garden planting is continued through the season.

If there is any one thing more than another that farmers need urging to do it is to give more attention to the garden. For too many farmers plant but a small garden and then neglect to properly care for the little they do plant; so that the village mechanic with but a small lot will have more vegetables for his family than the farmer. This ought not to be, for the farmer, having plenty of land can select a garden where the soil is of the right character, and plenty of manure with all kinds of farm implements to prepare the soil and cultivate the crops; in fact, he has every advantage, while the mechanic has few implements and no choice of land; he must take what is in the rear of his house, however poor and stony it may be; his strong desire for a good garden stimulates him to action; he picks off the stones, manures heavily, and cultivates continually until at last he brings his land into a condition to produce wonderful crops.

Some farmers in the care of their gardens would do well to imitate the mechanic.—Mass. Ploughman.

TRAPS FOR CODDLING MOTHS.

About three years ago we had hung in our orchard eighty bottles, and in one night caught 2150 of these moth millers, by actual count. Previous to that season our fruit was wormy and very unsatisfactory, but since then we have had as fine apples as one could wish. Last Saturday two bottles were hung in a couple of trees in our yard, and eight moth millers were taken; and on Monday morning fourteen more of the pests were secured. On Tuesday, June 13, seventy bottles were hung in the orchard, and 365 moth millers and ten apple curculios were taken from those seventy bottles on Wednesday morning. There are about 600 trees in the orchard. We give for the benefit of our readers the recipe for making bait for these traps, which is two parts of cider vinegar, one part molasses and four parts water. Fill each bottle about half full, and hang one or more in each tree. Old fruit cans are equally as good, and can be set in the crotches or limbs of the tree. Try the bottle traps, and secure good fruit. Attend to the matter now, and help to exterminate this pest.—Manchester Mirror.

—In planting fruit trees, aim to have them so that the hot, dry sun will not have full effect on the ground about the roots. The great heat in this way injures the trees. Many who have trees in gardens, plant raspberries under them. The partial shade seems to be good for the raspberries and helps the trees. Blackberries would no doubt do well in the same situation; and strawberries, it is well known, do not do badly grown in this way.—Gardener's Monthly.

—A potato that has eyes that show no fullness, and are small, is unfit to plant, whatever may be its size or form.

The Drawing Room.

A HOSPITABLE GOOD-BY.

A visitor is expected, what pleasure in the thought! Perhaps it is some relative dear by the ties of consanguinity and association, perchance an old and tried friend or may be a new acquaintance whose genial manner, kind heart, and cultivated mind have led us to welcome him to our hearth-stone.

A thrill of pleasant excitement runs through all the family from the kitchen to my lady's chamber. Our hospitable instincts are on the *qui-vive*; the house, spotless before, is newly swept and garnished, the easy chair is decked with a fresh tidy and drawn into the most cosy corner, the freshest magazines and books are placed invitingly about, the family skeleton, at times unpleasantly obtrusive, is reconsigned to its hidden closet, the pantry shelves creak under the loads of dainties heaped upon them, the tea kettle determines not to be out-done and steams and puffs, and at last unable to contain itself, fairly boils over with goodwill, the whole house glows with good cheer and hospitality.

The visitor has arrived! The bud of expectation has expanded into the flower of reality. The welcome, the hospitality are so genuine and apparent that he at once feels at home. Our houses, our horses and carriages, our time, are his at command. There are walks, rides, and drives, garden parties, balls, evenings at theatres and lectures, long pleasant hours in the home circle. Every thing revolves around the guest's preferences; nothing counted a sacrifice that ministers to his comfort or pleasure; his wishes are ours.

These pleasant days are over at last, the week gone to join the unnumbered others that have gone before. The visitor's stay is over and he must away. Just here our good breeding deserts us and forgetting that "good-by is the flower of welcome," we frustrate the end for which we labor. In order to show our appreciation of our friend's visit, we unadvisedly ask him to prolong it, and when he intimates a desire to go, instead of speeding him in the true spirit of hospitality we disregard his wishes in a manner which on any other occasion would be deemed unseemly and unfriendly. Hitherto it has been our delight to do whatever ministered to his pleasure, we now turn about and attempt to frustrate his plans.

We all suffer now and then from being unduly urged to prolong a visit which we have already extended to its utmost limit, and there are very few of us who have not at times sinned in this respect. Effusive welcomes are easily bestowed, but the hospitality which leaves a guest as free to go as to stay is genuine indeed.

From the time he crossed our threshold until he rose to leave, we continually endeavored to make the moments slip by as

agreeably as possible, but when he asks for his hat our courtesy fails us. We urge him to stay when we know that he desires to go. We often do this when we do not care for his society any longer, when in reality we desire his absence. This is an absurd custom and a strange perversion of that feeling which causes us to offer to the stranger within our gates the best of heart and home.

True hospitality consists as much in speeding the parting guest as in welcoming him within our gates. And though it is desirable and proper that we express our regret at the departure of a friend, we should never embarrass him by selfishly, or from a perverted sense of duty, urging him to do that to which we know he cannot assent.

When the limit of a visit is reached, it expires like any other contract, and as such should be accepted. You may press your friend to visit you at another time, but now I beg of you to give him his hat and cane, help him on with his overcoat and bid him a cheerful, a hospitable goodbye.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

RETIREMENT.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

The word "retirement" does not necessarily imply the idea of loneliness or withdrawal from the presence or habitation of humanity. We may be surrounded by the gayest throng, and yet be solitary; in reality numbering among the giddy devotees of pleasure not more than were we bodily absent from them. That part of us which signifies our personality, the I, *ego*, will—whichever you would have it—may be remote from, and we well nigh unconscious of, the visible scene. Retiring therefrom, to silent communion within ourselves, we may be said to be in the throng, but not of it, having no participation or enjoyment therein. Thus it is that those who are seldom allowed the privilege of betaking themselves to utterly secluded haunts for meditation or delightful reverie, can indulge them more or less, as circumstances and temperament admit, in the retirement of their own inner sanctuary.

To most persons, without doubt, an undisturbed, sequestered spot would prove more favorable to meditation. But, if such is not to be sought, one can accommodate one's self to quiet thought in busy places, it being as a matter of course, determinate to the person as to whether the time, place and circumstances are rightly to be improved in such manner.

There are times when politeness demands our attention to those about us. Also it is a duty which we owe to fellow-beings that we willingly share in their interests and enjoyment. Hence, we shall not selfishly indulge in retirement when we might be the means of happiness to others. But, in the whirl of life and gaiety, when it will not materially or sensibly affect those with whom we have to do, it is well for us sometimes, oftentimes, to draw apart from the world and dwell awhile in peaceful and solitary communion. If some rural retreat is accessible, favored indeed are we, as thus nature facilitates our calm delights, and, furthermore, invites us to sweet and healthful contemplation.

There are some persons who dread one hour of unshared thought. These know not the joy vouchsafed to those who hold every moment precious which is granted for that purpose. Individuals have been heard to exclaim: "I have no time in which to think." "I do not like to think." Had they added, "I am afraid to think," they would have uttered not much less than the truth; for it is unconquered fear which deprives multitudes from listening to and obeying the calls and dictates of the

mind and conscience. Do these not, then, think? Do they not spend hours in fruitless passivity? Thoughts enter their minds, passing from thence unheeded, while were they, some of them at least, pursued with the same zest and diligence as are the follies and worldly projects of the same persons, of lasting service and pleasure would they become.

Those who find their chiefest delights in the life which a large city affords, you will generally observe, despise, or affect to, the purer advantages of the country. When you hear one remark: "I hate the country," you may feel pretty sure that that person never enjoyed even a taste of peaceful contemplation; on the contrary, is a victim to dissatisfaction and unrest. Many are destined to live in cities who, nevertheless, are thankful for so short a time as a week's recreation in the country, and some of whom would gladly exchange their feverish town life for that of the country. On the other hand, there are those whose country life is bewailed by them as unendurable; and these sigh as heartily for the town, as the former long for a sight of the fresh, green fields and scenes of nature. The former are happier, doubtless, for the reason that they cherish sincere love for peace and quiet, and make the most of what they have of them. The latter are inwardly miserable; blessed to the full with nature's wealth, surrounded by loveliness, yet turn they away from all with sickly pining. The charms of rural beauty are lost to such a people, who will not derive enjoyment from them. Those who in the course of a year spend but a few days in the open country, frequently get a far greater knowledge and benefit than do those who pass a lifetime there in supreme indifference to it.

The Perfect One, the man, Christ Jesus, loved the country, and drew all his sweetest illustrations from thence. He loved to go apart from the crowd, up on the mountain top, to meditate and pray. And whatever he has set before us in his life as an example, should we follow. Whether we have opportunity to resort to rural haunts, or are confined within city walls and suffered not to escape from the din and confusion, wherever we are, as reasonable creatures we have this privilege afforded us, of retiring from all, be the occasions few or many, for inner communion and contemplation. In truth, aside from the advantages to be derived from occasional respite from the bustle and cares of life, we cannot live aright without it. We must have the foretaste of peaceful joy here, if we would expect it hereafter. If we avoid or spurn it now, then, when we shall look for it, will it be refused us. And how could we anticipate everlasting happiness from any source which had been by us so thoroughly despised and neglected for the brief term of earthly life. Ah, let us not delude ourselves, in supposing that all will be well with us with little interest or trouble of our own. We are fully responsible for every thought, intent and action, and cannot free ourselves from the responsibility. But let us cultivate retirement from the world and all it offers, as we have opportunity, and the fruits of well-timed meditation will continually increase and bless us. An atmosphere of peace and content, which we have helped to create, will we then dwell within, and cares and trials from without shall have less power to harass and vex us. We shall be happier, making those about us more so, by habits of this sort, than were we taken up wholly with fleeting pleasures, therein enticing our friends and our acquaintances.

—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look with my eyes for them,

and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to find them; but let me take a magnet and sweep it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only, the iron in God's sand is gold.—O. W. Holmes.

The Conservatory.

DAISIES.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Daisies on the low land
Daisies everywhere,
Brightening every hill side
With their beauty fair.

Spring suns meet the daisies
With a welcome glad,
Shining from the pasture
In fresh verdure clad.

And, when summer fruit trees
Stand knee deep in grain,
Then among the late grass
Daisies bloom again.

So, when frosts of autumn
Come with chilly spleen,
Purple clustered daisies
Still adorn the scene.

Golden-hearted daisies
With their beauty rare,
Brightening road and meadow,
Blooming everywhere!

THE FERNERY.

DO YOU wish to own a fernery? Most assuredly you do, if you appreciate the beautiful in nature, and wish to combine your handiwork with her handicraft. Perhaps you cannot afford to purchase this coveted pleasure, and are not aware that you can manufacture it at a nominal cost. But you may "take time by the forelock," and straightway proceed to the business of fern-gathering, meanwhile anticipating long, cheerless months in mid-winter when the sight of your fernery will afford you pleasure. This pleasure will be enhanced by the daily increase of this plant beauty. Yes, its every tiny shoot, every swelling frond, every scintillating drop will prove a marvel of loveliness to be admired as regularly as the day dawns, and all the more enthusiastically in that it is the product of your own patient care and loving perseverance; for it is undeniably true that we enjoy more the delights for which we have toiled, and, it may be, suffered, than those which fall, ready ripened for enjoyment, into our open hands.

A large glass float-bowl is prettier for this purpose, but if you have not a surplus one and do not wish to purchase one, a large earthen bowl or an earthen jar with a capacious mouth will answer your requirements. If, however, you decide to use glass, select a circular, high-stemmed bowl, fill it with loamy soil, elevating it mound-like toward the center and depressing gradually toward the margin. In the soil bordering upon the edge of the bowl, plant Kenilworth ivy, wandering Jew, cane plant, or something of equally luxuriant growth.

This portion of your prospective fernery completed, select a flat, circular bowl two sizes smaller than the float-bowl described in the preceding paragraph. Fill the smaller bowl with some of the rich, sandy soil in which ferns grow to perfection, mix the soil well with your hands or with a small floricultural fork or a fork made at home of solid, durable wood. Add some bits of charcoal as a beautifier of foliage; also add some fragments of earthenware to facilitate the free circulation of air which is so essen-

tial to the roots of your plants; and as a finishing touch to your manipulations elevate the soil as nearly in the shape of a mound as you can.

Your ferns having already been selected you can now transplant them into the soil which you have just prepared in the smaller bowl. The more delicate varieties of dwarf ferns intermingled with several varieties of the larger ferns, and, if your dish is large enough, the added beauty of some other graceful plant which does not shun the cloister will produce a harmonious dissimilarity which will impart an additional charm to your miniature fernery.

Your transplanting completed, sink the smaller bowl securely to the depth of an inch in the center of the soil in the larger bowl. To complete this fernery, obtain a glass shade of sufficient width to slip easily over the bowl of ferns, and, after covering them, to rest upon the soil in the larger bowl without encroaching upon the ivy, cane plant or other vine ornamenting its margin. This shade must necessarily be of sufficient height to afford the ferns underneath it ample opportunity to grow perpendicularly while they spread diagonally.

This home-made fernery must be placed upon a small table, sufficiently strong, of course, to bear the weight of what rests upon it. A circular bouquet table or an oblong flower stand will answer admirably. This table or stand need not be an expensive one, and if you cannot afford to buy one even at a comparatively trifling cost, persuade your kind husband, or your accommodating brother to construct a small pine table for you. You can paint it white, drab or red, and cover it with an inexpensive home-made cover of cheese cloth, the four edges scalloped and bound with turkey red woolen braid. When your fernery rests upon this simple, but pretty stand you will no doubt admire it as much as you admire the fernery.

The ferns, etc., constituting your fernery must be carefully shaded for a few days, after which admit a copious supply of light, and at the expiration of the ensuing fortnight allow them two hours of sunshine daily, always remembering to protect them against the vertical rays of a hot noon-day sun. It will invariably prove detrimental to them.

Unless the soil around these ferns retains an overplus of moisture, do not remove the glass shade while the sunshine beams upon them. Be careful not to irrigate them too copiously. Too little water in preference to too much water must be the rule of your adoption in this instance if you wish to avoid the disappointing consequences of unhealthy and finally defunct plants. Your own discretion will teach you to regulate irrigation so that the soil in your fernery will be constantly moist enough without verging upon humidity which, as already stated, will eventually destroy first the color and afterward the life of your plants.

Proper ventilation is by no means to be neglected. Give your ferns, etc., an abundance of warm air devoid of noxious gases, but do not allow them to come in contact with a current of extremely cold air. To secure ventilation which is of proper temperature, do not always remove the glass shade entirely, but elevate it above the ferns, and rest its edges upon four small blocks of wood, so placed as not to injure the ivy or other vines in the larger bowl.

When these vines and ferns require fertilization, which in all probability they will require quarterly or semi-annually, make daily use for four consecutive days of a liquid fertilizer made by dissolving one teaspoonful of guano in one quart of soft water, using one-fourth of this liquid fertilizer at each time, also this fertilizer must extend to the soil containing the ivy

or other vines, otherwise it will not continue to be a thing of beauty from which your eyes will be loth to wander. Water slowly, and the soil will absorb the moisture so completely that not a drop will be wasted by inundating the margin of the bowl, and moistening the table cover instead of the ferns and vines.

This fernery will, if properly planted and taken care of, prove as satisfactory as if its construction had been a more expensive one. The Kenilworth ivy which is presumed to form one of the chief attractions in this mass of plant beauty, grows luxuriantly and runs rampant under auspicious surroundings, and will delight you while sending its wealth of green tendrils downward until they touch the floor. If trained to do so, they will twine in a luxuriant mass of leaves (and possibly blossoms) about the upright pieces which form the foundation of the table. While gazing upon this mass of living green you will find yourself wondering which is more lovely, this home-made fernery, or its ivy-covered support.

If this fernery is permanently located in a warm place the glass shade may be omitted entirely. If not kept in a warm spot, the shade is indispensable. It is decidedly ornamental under all circumstances, and upon this account may be retained even though the retention be unnecessary.

If you wish to have something white or something bright in your fernery, plant exactly in the center of your ferns one or two bulbs of double white or blue or pink hyacinths, or any other bulbiferous plant which bears pretty flowerets. The narcissus and daffodil, the bell form blossom which our grandmothers taught us to call buttercup, or the old-fashioned flower which we know as flag or wild lily, will in this instance, answer admirably as a substitute for expensive plants. By way of an experiment, try one of these old-fashioned bulbous flowers just mentioned, and see if the pleasing effect produced by it does not convince you that modern floral beauties do not always surpass ancient ones. Speaking of this flag or wild lily reminds me to tell you that it is an evergreen bearing such lovely white and dark blue flowers that an explicit account of it deserved a conspicuous paragraph in my descriptive sketch of evergreens published in the January and February numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD. With its long, slender foliage of delicate green, with its lovely flowers of pure white and dark blue, the beauty and fragrance of this commonplace flower entitles it to a prominent place in a flower vase, or when pressed, a prominent position in a herbarium.

If you wish to ornament the wall in the rear of your fernery, plant English ivy in pots and train it to run perpendicularly upon the wall toward the ceiling. A robust climber, it will endure rough treatment, but under careful treatment, *i. e.*, minus an excess of heat and moisture, it will thrive so much better that it will soon form a canopy which will impart a cheery aspect to the plainest apartment.

If, through accident or carelessness, your tender plants are found frozen they should not be removed immediately to a warm place, but, on the contrary, they should be dipped in cold water, and then placed in some cool, dark spot where they will not again freeze. "This mode of treatment," says a florist to whom I award the palm of superiority, "will afford them an opportunity to revive, if they are not entirely defunct."

Florists allege that many persons find it more difficult to preserve their pot-plants in summer than in winter. The principal cause of this, is allowing the soil in the pots to become too dry before the plants are watered. The sun striking against the sides of the pot scorches the

roots, and when they are injured by drought their roots usually decay after the application of water.

When a plant begins to look unhealthy, it should be removed from the pot, the roots examined, and all decayed ones cut off. The plant should then be re-potted in fresh soil, and kept a little moist, but not too humid, and, if not seriously injured, it will soon regain a healthy appearance. When plants are kept too humid, or in a very damp place, worms are apt to attack the roots and injure them. If the plants are small they can be removed from the pots, the worms picked off, and the plants replaced. But if the plants are too large to render this mode of treatment feasible, the worms may be ejected with lime water applied two or three times weekly.

Fayette, Miss.

LINDA WALTON.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS OF FLORIDA.

When we left our western home for Florida the idea that fruit and flowers might be ours, at any season of the year, was by no means a small inducement for the change. These rewards and smiles of nature to her children are, be they never so cunningly preserved or stored, yet not to be compared to the fresh pristine sweetness of the same product. For instance, the fig in its dried state is toothsome enough, but not to be compared to the globe of transparent sweetness, thrust in that odd way fig trees bear their fruit, from the axils of the leaves. This fruit is, when fully ripe, of the most delicious sweetness, and unlike many of our semi-tropical varieties, one does not need to "learn to like it." For preserving there is no finer fruit, the thin skin proving just tenacious enough to hold well the pulp.

The guava which in the form of jelly is found in our northern markets is, when fresh, a most delightful table fruit, and admits of so many varieties in the manner of preparation, as to render it particularly desirable, ripening as it does in the heat of summer when fruit is so acceptable.

An uninterrupted succession of fruits can very easily be had where as here strawberries commence ripening in January and the great variety of wild fruits come in to swell the list. The dew, or briarberry blossom whitens the fence corners and waste places, as early as the latter part of that month, (January,) the luscious berry ripening quickly under the ever increasing fervency of the sun's rays. These are succeeded by the mulberry, the blue or whortleberry ripening slightly in advance of the black huckleberry, these followed in close succession by plums, peaches, pomegranates, figs, guavas, bananas, grapes, pineapples, oranges, and all interspersed by the more recently introduced fruits of which we will mention only a few of the better known, the Japanese plum and persimmon both doing finely here, as also the peen-to or Chinese peach, and the sand pear.

On the way to our village, we pass a clump of sour orange trees, now just budding for bloom, while on the opposite side of the road, the level, sandy old field, though thrown out as almost worthless is a perfect garden of bloom and beauty. The huge bouquets of bud and blossom, over-run here and there by the vines of the jessamine, whose golden bells swing far out on the slender stem, or intertwine with the brownish green of the young grape shoots, which later on will festoon this natural arbor with many a rich feast for bird, and biped too. This is but the beginning of attractions on our walk, for now as we enter the hummock, the tall pines still intruding on the bor-

ders of the rich tropical-looking woods, the graceful palmetto fans rise as a fitting crown to the symmetrical column which upholds them. The magnolia, bay cypress, sweet gum, oak, hickory, etc., tower above the hawthorn, dogwood, and other more shrubby growths, the whole interlaced and over-run with the bamboo, ivy, jessamine, trumpet creeper and other beautiful vines. It is surprising that in writing of Florida, but few speak of the great variety to be found here in the hummock, not only is there great profusion in quantity, but very great variety, here seem to meet and blend the productions of the temperate with those of the tropical belts of the earth.

The long grey moss sways gently from the branches that shade the delicate tufts of *lycopodiaceæ* and *filices* common in our northern woods, while by their side are those rare specimens found only in this clime. On the scrub lands even, is found a variety of growth, truly surprising, when we consider that from time immemorial it has been burned over almost yearly, by accident oftentimes, and often by design of hunters who thus make easier prey of their game. We find here the holly, one species of which the "yaupon" or Carolina tea is said to be an excellent substitute for the genuine article, species of oak and pine well adapted to the sandy soil from which they spring, are in strange nearness to the prickly pear, or large handsome shrubs with beautiful flowers "wasting their sweetness on the desert air."

A peculiar delicate moss of a pearly whiteness, resembling nothing so much, in my mind, as a fragment of petrified hoar frost, is found in spots under a clump of oaks mayhap, where the coarse white sand on which it lies, seems to have no connection with the fragile growth. Delicate as it is, by giving it plenty of moisture, which it sucks up greedily as a sponge, this moss will bear almost any treatment, and is very effective in home decorations. A most beautiful bit of artistic fancy work was arranged from the graceful grouping of small palmetto fans placed as a background for the different species of mosses and ferns—some of the latter three feet in height. Draped above and depending from the fans, was the long Spanish moss, while in the foreground lay heaped the scrub moss, with rare shells, sea beans and curiosities of various kinds, while a few specimens of the most brilliant hued *lepidoptera* gave the needed gleams of color.

AMETHYST.

THE BUTTERCUP.

Every school girl has plucked the golden flower, and has held it under her playmate's chin and cried, "Buttercup, buttercup!" as it gave a flush of yellow to the rosy face. Every farmer's boy, too, has heard that if the cows feed upon the buttercups the butter will assume the most golden yellow color. So the name of the flower has come to be associated with its butter-yellow color.

The history of its name reveals a different origin, however. In old English this flower was known as the "button-cop," which means simply "button-head," in allusion to the round, button-shaped flowers. The word cop meant head in old English, but it has now been superseded by cup, and the old meaning has been wholly lost. Button gradually degenerated into butter, until every one now says "buttercup." This is a peculiar instance in which the common name of a plant suggests its own origin, but suggests it falsely. The buttercup was once known as "gold-cop," or "gold-head," and "king-cop," names which are still preserved in England in "gold-cup" and "king-cup."

The buttercup is a native of Europe, where for centuries it has been held in much esteem. It was once worn by lovers at their betrothal, and in more classical history its golden color was dedicated to Hymen. Francis Quarles, nearly three centuries ago, wrote that

"Love-sick swains

Compose rush rings and myrtleberry chains,
And stuck with glorious king-cups in their bonnets,
Adorn'd with laurel slips, chaunt their love sonnets."

The buttercup was introduced into America some years ago, and has now become a weed in all the eastern states. The double garden variety has long been cultivated. The buttercup is called by botanists a *ranunculus* or crow-foot. When eaten it leaves a harsh, bitter and acrid sensation, often so intense as to produce serious poisoning. In fact, it is a common notion in many European countries that the pretty buttercup is poisonous to cattle. Certain it is that cattle seldom eat it unless it is dried in hay, when its poisonous properties are lost. From its acrid character Linnæus named the plant *ranunculus acris*.

In this country there are other crow-foots which are called buttercups, and especially the creeping plant which gladdens every wet place in early spring. This creeping crowfoot is the "cuckoo-bud" of Shakespeare's time, and of which he wrote:

"When daisies pied and violets blue,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

—With very little care smilax can be grown successfully as a house plant. The seed should be sown in a box, or in pots in the house; should be kept moist till the young plant appears. The seed being rather slow to germinate, you must not think it bad if it does not make appearance in two weeks. The young plants should be potted off into three-inch pots as soon as they are three or four inches high. Once a year the bulbs should be allowed to dry off and rest; they will start into growth again in about six weeks.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some of the sisters please tell me what to do to make my lilacs blossom? They are six years old and show no signs of blossoms yet. *
GRETTA.

I wonder if the readers of The Conservatory know the beauty of weeds. As I love to see any thing growing in the house in winter, I have not always pulled the weeds that have come up in my flower pots, and have now in a calla lily jar a burdock growing, the leaves as large as my hand. Of course it is much more delicate in the house than its neighbors out of doors, and looks almost as pretty as some ornamental leaved plants. Then in a hanging pot is a vine of the running buckwheat, the seed of which was hidden in the soil, and that which is a pest in the vegetable garden is a fast growing vine in the house, and really beautiful. Even a bit of grass in a flower pot is not unsightly.
C. W. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Let me say to those who have canaries, don't starve them on water and seeds. It is bad enough to deprive them of their liberty. I raised twenty-four lovely ones last year. I feed them cabbage, lettuce, any thing green I can get, besides potatoes and light bread dipped in milk. Of course they need seeds, hemp and canary, and millet is good.
Whitfield, Kan. A. MORRISON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I had the pleasure last spring of sending to a large number of your readers some of my ground cherry, or strawberry tomato seed. I will repeat my offer and will be glad to send a packet of the seed to any of THE HOUSEHOLD friends if they will write to me and send stamp. To your many new readers I would say they are a distinct species of tomato and grow in a husk, are a bright yellow color and have a strawberry flavor. They are particularly valuable where other fruit is scarce or likely to fall for they will grow well anywhere, yield abundantly, and will keep if left in the husk, till midwinter if desired. They are nice for pies and many other uses, and I esteem them above any other fruit for canning or preserving.
Clinton Hollow, N. Y. A. T. COOK.

The Nursery.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his word, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half a day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she brought the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

—Exchange.

WITH THE TIDE.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

MAUD WILKES and Amy Dorset were cousins, and were perfectly delighted when Maud's mother decided to take them to the Point for a month last summer.

Maud and Amy were two as happy girls as I ever knew, till that evening when they frightened us all so with the result of their disobedience.

They ought to have been happy, for there were rides and walks every day through a beautiful country, and you couldn't drop a line from the old stone pier without pulling up some kind of a fish on your hook. It was tide water at the point, and the river ebbed and flowed like old ocean five miles away. So there was delightful salt water for bathing, and the girls were always ready for a dip.

But one thing they thought the best fun of all. There was never a boating party that did not manage to squeeze Maud and Amy into some odd corner of the boat.

Mrs. Wilkes had been very strict about that boat, never on any account were they to go out alone. What tempted them to push out "for just a little bit" that evening, I never knew. But they did, and as Maudie was a good rower they stretched the little bit quite up to the railroad bridge.

The sun was dipping slowly, slowly into his evening bath in the rough waters of the Wanockanee, and leaving as his "good night" a flaming glory of crimson and gold. Not only the floating clouds took his colors, but all the sky was ablaze, and the warm flush glowed on the hill tops and danced among the waving trees.

"O, look," cried Amy, "a path of glory right out to sea!"

Maud turned quickly. A gleaming pathway of crimson-tipped waves and shifting, golden sheen stretched down the broad river, and was lost in the brighter light of the western sky.

"O dear! I wish you hadn't said that," she replied with an odd little shiver.

"What?" asked Amy, surprised.
"Why, that about the path of glory," answered Maud. "It made me think of a line of Gray's Elegy that we recited last examination."

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," quoted Amy slowly. "Maud Wilkes, what a queer girl you are! I never should have thought of that. There! it's faded away!"

"O Maudie!" with a sudden start, "see where we are!"

And Maud looked with frightened eyes, for the girls as they rowed leisurely back and watched the sunset, had not noticed that the strong ebb tide, sweeping out to

sea, had caught their little craft and was bearing them down that path, now no longer rippling red and gold, but a gray and sullen flood that seemed to laugh mockingly at the efforts of the slender little girl to row against it.

"Go with the tide, but head for the shore," said Amy, sitting in the bow, watching with white face and terrified eyes her cousin struggling with the oars. And Maud tried to follow the advice but the waves ran so high the oars caught first on one side and then the other and at last dropped from her tired hands.

"I can't do any more, we shall both drown. O dear! O mamma!" she sobbed, and threw herself down on the bottom of the boat where Amy joined her. And there they both crouched and cried, while the boat which providentially was broad and flat-bottomed, rocked and rolled and followed the rushing river further and further from the Point. Suddenly Amy looked up, and Maud thought she should never forget the cry she gave, a cry of such terror and despair.

"The sea fog! The sea fog!"

Yes, there it was, the gray, impenetrable wall of fog, shutting out earth and sky as it crept silently up the river. And crouching there in the boat, the girls watched as one by one the trees were swallowed by that remorseless gloom—the banks were gone—and they were floating—drifting—how, they knew not—where, they could not see. There was nothing but the cruel water beneath them and the terrible fog above and around them. All hope was lost that they might be seen from the shore and rescued, or picked up by some vessel at the little port at the river's mouth.

As the older folks stood watching the sunset that evening at the Point some one discovered that the boat and the children were missing. And soon all the guests were gathered upon the old pier, straining their eyes up and down, but in vain. At last the keen eyes of Captain Keely, an old whaler, spied a tiny speck dipping and darting away down the river.

Mrs. Wilkes caught his arm. "Oh! are they in it? My girls! are they safe in the boat?" she cried.

The bronzed and weather-beaten old man looked at the poor mother pitifully as he answered in his old-fashioned manner, "Madam, I cannot tell."

No one else could see the boat.

"There is a spy glass at the house," cried young Fred Keely, starting on a run to fetch it, more to do something than for any thing else. Any thing seemed better than to stand idly there, watching our pets drifting—drifting away from us.

"Stop, my son," shouted the captain in his gruff voice, grown hoarse with forty years of shouting above the din of winds and waves. "Stop! it will be useless."

"Useless, truly! for all eyes could see and all hearts dread that awful gray wall that crept so stealthily nearer and nearer, and hid boat and river, earth and sky."

Mrs. Wilkes broke into a passion of weeping, and we led her gently in-doors, while the men remained to plan a rescue. The captain had soon given his orders, and Fred and Horace Winters ran half a mile up to Ford's, where the nearest boat was kept, and went bravely off through all that fog, after the drifting boat, while the captain mounted the old sorrel pony that did duty for a horse at the Point, and jogged off to Wanockanee Haven. "Though what good I can do there gets me," he muttered.

All night long we wandered from room to room of the great house, and questioned each other of what the morning would bring, or sprang up to see if somebody had not come with tidings, or peered out into that utter darkness, hoping in vain to see the first faint streaks of dawn.

At last the morning came, gray and cheerless, for the fog still hung over us, and no news had reached us from down the river. Captain Keely came cantering home, with a sorrowful face, he had no news of either boat, and his own son was in one of them. Suddenly about nine o'clock the gray curtain rolled away and let in a glorious burst of golden sunshine. and there below us lay the smiling, quiet river, for it was high tide now. A quaint gundabow, with its patched, square sail was gliding lazily down to the Haven, but there was nothing to tell of the two boats that had been hurried down in the fog and darkness. At last we heard the welcome sound of the train whistling for the bridge, and we all rushed to the little station.

Can you imagine the rejoicing when down the car steps ran Maud and Amy right into happy Mrs. Wilkes' arms. For the matter of that, we all took a turn at hugging them, even gruff old Captain Keely, with his bushy, kinky beard, must not only hug but kiss them, though Maud said afterward, she "didn't like it very well, it was like 'jumping into a bramble bush.'"

Their story was soon told. The first boat was shot out of the current, after sweeping around a sharp bend, and stranded on a mud shoal left bare by the low tide, and there the young men who went shooting down the river, were guided by the answering calls of the girls.

With much difficulty Fred succeeded in lifting the castaways from the stranded boat, and then they hunted in the fog and darkness for a place to land on the muddy bank. After several narrow escapes from being stuck in the mud, they made a landing, and tying up the boat, groped their way to a house where they spent the night, and came home in the morning train.

So Maud and Amy learned a lesson in obedience which they never forgot.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Number Two.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

It is Wednesday afternoon again and the forty children are in their places. The teacher has announced that she shall again give a little flower lesson, and mentioned the flower they are each to bring.

This school has an advantage in that it is near the woods, in the vicinity of a swamp, and also near fields, which yield exhaustless stores. To-day the object flower is from the swamp, but before it is examined they talk a little upon the flower topic of last month when each held a lovely Mayflower in his hand, and the teacher asks, what is it called in botany? Quickly the answer comes "Trailing arbutus." Then she asks for the parts of the flower they have learned. Several hands come up, and one very smart boy with a very loud voice rises and says, "Calyx, or cup, corolla, or crown." This the teacher writes upon the board, and has the pupils in concert repeat it several times, and she again alludes to the ship Mayflower that brought the Pilgrim Fathers from England to Massachusetts, and that to the lovely pink and white flower they found so abundant in Plymouth woods they gave the name of their ship.

Since the last lesson she has been teaching them a little poem about the Mayflower, and she now calls upon one of the pupils, a bright little girl, to recite it. Here it is:

THE MAYFLOWER.

"Shy little Mayflower,
Hidden from sight,
Nestled 'neath green leaves,
Bright pink, and white.
Fair little fingers,
Peering about,

Touch the bright flowers,
Quick find them out.

First flower of springtime,
Oh, how we love thee!
Queen of the hillside,
Regal in beauty,
Twined in bright garlands,
Freshest and fairest,
Decking the brows
Of sweetest and rarest.

Dear little Mayflower,
Sing we thy praise,
Through dell and forest
The chorus we raise.
Botany calls thee
Trailing arbutus,
But May flower of Plymouth
Will ever best suit us."

To-day the flower they all have is the wild azalea, commonly known as swamp pink. It is a beautiful, fragrant flower, blossoming in early summer, sometimes white, sometimes pink, the more common varieties being white.

Now as every eye is bent upon it, the teacher wisely calls attention to the parts they are already acquainted with. Starting with the little green fringed part that holds the colored portion and that they know is the calyx, she pauses here just long enough to tell them that each part or leaf of the calyx is called a sepal, which she writes upon the blackboard, it being a new word.

Next, the lovely colored portion they know is the corolla, and the teacher explains that each leaf of the corolla is called a petal. Here are two new words which are written in large letters upon the blackboard.

The sepals and petals together form a little outside guard around the parts within, for there is something there that we know nothing about as yet.

The calyx and corolla do not form the perfect flower.

Now the little boy, and all others who, at the close of the last lesson, inquired about the little string-like parts that grew within the corolla, will be glad to notice within their swamp-pink these parts. They are called stamens. How many will remember? Every hand came up, and the teacher said she hoped they would, and the word was written upon the blackboard, besides, she said they were such small children she should not tell them all that grown-up people know about these stamens, as they could not understand it, and thus not remember. So she said a stamen consists of two parts, the upper part that they could plainly see being the most important.

Next she called attention to the very central, or middle portion of the flower, around which all the other parts grow. They understood her meaning, and at her suggestion, pulled away stamens and petals to find it. This she said was called the pistil. The teacher said as she wrote it upon the board, she thought they would remember it, when they thought of pistil.

This she told them consists of three parts instead of two like the stamens, and contains the seed of the flower. They had all seen flower seeds and were greatly interested to learn just where they grew; and because the pistil contains the seed or seeds, it is the most important part of the flower. Then the teacher said they would review a little, and together the children named; calyx, formed of leaves called sepals; corolla, formed of leaves called petals; stamens, consisting of two parts; pistil, consisting of three parts, and containing the seed. And the teacher said that these are all the parts which belong to any flower; but that they were not always as clear and distinct as in the wild azalea they held; that oftentimes the plan of the flower must be studied to understand it; but if they remembered these little points she had told them, and applied them to different flowers they might find, it would help them wonderfully in the very interesting

study of botany, and as flowers were one of the most refining influences of civilization, beginning in the very bud and spring-time of their own lives to study them would naturally lead to a love for them, and on to a love for all things beautiful and fair.

The lesson hour had ended and the teacher struck the bell.

The beautiful wild azaleas fresh when they entered were now lying scentless and dead, but the teacher as she gathered them from the desks felt that their mission had not been in vain.

I cannot refrain from saying a word to the teachers of THE HOUSEHOLD—and I think there are many—as the beautiful summer draws nigh, and the flowers in field and garden begin to lift their bright faces, to bring them into the school room that the pupils may have their silent, cheering influence, if no more.

Flowers may be just as truly educators as books when regarded from the right standpoint, and although all may not be able from a variety of reasons, to introduce the study of botany into their classes or even devote an hour occasionally to lesson-stories, nearly all may place a fresh nosegay upon their desks even though it be a cracked tumbler that holds it.

HAVE AN OBJECT.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

An immense amount of labor is wasted every year for the want of a definite object. The person who labors merely to kill time, or who keeps up the semblance of labor till the eight or ten appointed hours are spent, falls far short of accomplishing what he might by a well directed effort.

Our young people attend school and study the "three R's," and all the "ologies and isms," with a little music thrown in, and graduate without a thorough knowledge of any one branch, or an idea of the application of what little erudition may have lingered in the mine of their understanding. With them "a little learning is a dangerous thing," for in a majority of cases the routine of their so-called education has unfitted them for bearing the burdens and trials of life. Manual labor has become odious to them. They are, in their own estimation, on a higher plane, and feel that in consideration of their attainments, the world owes them a living. Or, if they seek to put to actual use the little knowledge they have gained, they find themselves totally unqualified by the inadequacy of their acquirements. They have later to learn that those who live by brain work, "must drink deep at the Pierian spring," and that the curriculum of our educational resorts is not what it should be to fit young people for life and its battles.

Some repair the need by application to those branches with which they must be conversant in order to succeed in the work they have chosen; more try to live by their wits, and are a curse to the community which holds them.

Indiscriminate education may do for some, it has its advantages, but this life is too short to allow of our becoming proficient in all things. There has never been but one "admirable Crichton" and may never be another. In order to succeed in any trade or profession, we must omit many things pleasant to know and experience, and devote ourselves to such branches of knowledge as will fit us to compete with others who are struggling for a place on the top round. An object and special training to fit us for the attainment of that object is what we must have in these days of competition.

The young people should have the help of their elders in determining what their

life-work shall be, and their education should be such as will especially help them in that direction, with as many collaterals thrown in as they have time and strength for, and brain to assimilate.

And by young people I mean to include both sexes. Don't leave the girls out when deciding the future of your children. It is true that it is the lot of many to marry and rear families. Nature ordained this and it is right, but no woman should marry for the sake of a home, or to have some one on whom to lean. Fit them to be independent and self-supporting as well as the boys. They may not marry, or they may be left widows with children to support, and a practical training for some one thing by which they can earn bread for themselves and those dependent on them, will be the best investment you can make for them, for it cannot be stolen, neither can it be corrupted by moth or rust.

The farmer or lawyer who looks no farther ahead than the work of to-day, the housewife who has no object save the doing of such duties as force themselves upon her unwilling hands and who spends the morning as though the day were endless, will never make a success of their lives.

Life without an object is the existence of a clod, a mere animality unworthy one who claims to possess a soul.

Rouse up! make up your minds to do something, to be somebody. If you are a blacksmith, shoe a horse better than any one else; if you are a lawyer, plead and argue as never man plead or argued before; excel in some one thing, and the top round of the ladder is as easy of access as the top of the elm tree is to the oriole.

We must work for something, fame, riches, knowledge, power, any thing we wish to secure, but an object we must have if we would make the most and best of the lives placed in our hands and with which we have to work our own salvation.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

A former letter concerning the dress of babies was so well received, I feel encouraged to write again. I wish to heartily endorse what was said in the September Mothers' Chair, and emphasize some things.

Perhaps I can give my ideas about the feeding of infants no better than by telling how I fed our little one, for I confess we have but one, but I have had an unusual experience in the care of other people's babies.

Believing nature taught that solid food should not be given till after the appearance of teeth, I did not feed our baby at all till, at least, ten months old, when she had several teeth, I then began to give her a few mouthfuls of cracker, or stale bread and milk. She seemed to have little craving for food till more than a year old when she had an established diet of oat-meal and cream for breakfast—no sugar—baked potato and cream for dinner, and for supper all the dry bread or cracker she chose to nibble. Of course at that time she was not weaned, but drank some milk. Later she had all the milk she would drink not only at meals, but also in the middle of both forenoon and afternoon. This last she gave up of herself when not more than eighteen months old, but invariably appeared at meals with a hearty appetite. Now at two years old her diet has had few additions, rice, plain gingerbread, a taste of cream cookies, sometimes white sugar on her oat-meal, or bread and cream, occasionally a little butter, and plenty of fruit.

This may seem hard to some, but little ones who have never tasted of all the

dainties they may see on the table have no wish for them.

I attribute our baby's almost entire freedom from troubles of the stomach and bowels, to her plain and regular eating, and the mode of her being dressed.

It is generally conceded to be healthier for adults to wear flannel the entire year, but how much more necessary for the tender and susceptible bodies of young children to be thus protected from the sudden changes so frequent in our climate. By all means, sister George, let our babies wear flannel not only nine months of the year, but twelve, and let it be soft, loose, suspended from the shoulders, high-necked, long-sleeved.

I would again urge mothers to consider the manner of dressing little ones described in a late HOUSEHOLD, not because it is my way, but because I believe it to be the best way.

To those mothers, who, like myself have spent sleepless hours trying to keep restless little feet covered, and tucking clothes over cold little hands, I wish to tell how I remedied the trouble. Baby's night-dresses were of red flannel, the shoulders lined with the same to the depth of several inches, and the sleeves made double. So I sewed on the bottom of the sleeves double pieces of flannel to make them more than long enough to cover the hands when stretched out, and sewed them up tight, rounding the corners. Then I sewed a piece on the bottom of the night dress making it about a foot longer than baby, turning up a narrow hem, and running into it a strong tape to be drawn up and tied after the night-dress is on, thus making a long bag. Of course if making new it would be much easier. I very much prefer this dress, especially for babies, to the night-drawers so much used, because in allowing the little feet and limbs to come together it seems to me warmer and more comfortable. Ours is a very lively baby with a mind and will of her own, but she makes no objection to her night-dress, and rather likes her little "mittens."

I hope that some of the dear sister mothers will take my advice, for I recommend nothing I have not "proved good."

FAYE.

HELPING MOTHER.

Domestic training cannot begin too early. Children can be taught to play in setting a store cupboard in order, to unpack stores, to take care of twine, of paper and nails, to have a place for every thing, and to understand (in play) that if there is not a place just made for every thing, things cannot be put away properly. If this instruction grows with their growth—and it is sure to do so by habit—how much comfort in a home there will be when the little one is a woman! The regular routine of a mother's work in the kitchen after breakfast should be shared by the child, and the instructions given to a young servant will not be for her ears alone; the child will share it. It won't understand much at first, neither will the servant; but by reiteration, repeating this and that over again, knowledge enters the brain, however young and inexperienced. It is also good to let a child have her own brushes and dusters, and be taught (as play) to keep her own bed room clean, or a certain part of a nursery. A mother's watchful eye will teach her child to have corners clean before the middle of a room is swept. A proper method of dusting should be observed. The room should not be swept with the windows and doors open, but shut, and for the reason that the dust in sweeping would, with the window open, fly out of the door to the passage or on to the furniture, which, however, should first have had cotton wrappers put on; but if the door and windows be shut, and after

sweeping the rooms the dust be left to settle for ten minutes—still with closed doors and windows—the dusting process can then be gone through by first wiping off the dust carefully, shaking the duster out of the window, and then carefully going over the process again. The dust will not have been fluttered from one place to another, but will have been removed altogether. And, last of all, the wrappers are to be shaken, and folded with the clean surface inside, and put in their place. And all this may be done in the way of "helping mother."—*Harper's Bazar*.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to mothers who have little babies, get a hammock and hang it across the corner of a room. It is much nicer than a crib to rock baby in. My baby was dreadfully cross, I could hardly do any thing until I got one. She lies in it and goes to sleep, when I can get her to sleep in no other way. G. A. S.

A STORY OF AN ELEPHANT.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village, 100 miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie, one day, after working a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," said Harry, "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lesson to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said, "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right!" cried Harry, springing up and flinging his books aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and within five minutes he was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The Library.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it.
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing;
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

HINTS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

Number Five.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

WE ARE all creatures of change. We weary of running in the same old grooves day after day, whatever our occupation may be. But let us have some change for a day, an hour, or a few moments even, and we return to our work refreshed.

Now where this is true of us, it is doubly true of children and young people, who have not the power of concentrating and holding themselves to one line of effort. Many pains-taking and conscientious teachers fall here, because they hold too steadily to books. The scholar becomes wearied and worn, and loses his interest, simply because he is too hardly pushed by a zealous teacher.

Vary the regular routine, teacher, occasionally during the day for a few moments at a time, and allow your scholars to rest their nerves and muscles, for children do have nerves and muscles as well as we older folks. Now, instead of holding them hour after hour right to their studies, so many rules and examples in arithmetic, so many questions in geography to be perfectly recited, on penalty of punishment, correct deportment every moment, or a series of marks, and every thing in the same strict line, let up a little. Give them a change. You will be more than rewarded by the new vigor with which they will take up books again.

For little ones who get so very tired of sitting still, a great relief is found by simply marching around the room, by twos, keeping step, counting or singing some simple song, or let them merely rise in the aisle, not in a helter-skelter manner, but orderly, for they find half the charm in a fine-looking position, or even sit perfectly erect and sing. I used to think there was nothing that my scholars enjoyed like singing; and it is astonishing how quickly their voices will come to blend and harmonize in new pieces.

Then there are gymnastic exercises, performed in unison, which make a very pretty show, relieve the tedium of sitting, strengthen the muscles, straighten the spine, and expand the lungs. If you know yourself no special formula, invent one. No matter if it isn't like any other that was ever practiced, or that ever will be, if only it answers the purpose.

For scholars who can reckon, mental

exercises are very attractive and useful, teaching them to think quickly and correctly. For example: Books closed, all sitting erect, eyes upon the teacher, who gives the exercise orally. "Take the number 10, multiply by 2, divide by 4, multiply by 5, multiply by 2, divide by 10, add 2, add 7, subtract 3, multiply by 3, divide by 11. Answer 3." This is a short and simple question, given merely for an illustration. By practice you can speak very fast, and they will learn to follow you rapidly, and be ready to shout the answer the moment you call for it. This is a favorite exercise. Another of similar nature is using slate and pencil giving columns to be added, or going further and giving easy problems in any other rule, interest, reduction or proportion.

Then you can institute a series of questions on any subject. All information is useful. No true teacher will be confined to text books. Your questions may have a world-wide range. Set the scholars to hunting up odd questions and their answers. I have just brought up from the depths of my trunk a bundle marked "Miscellaneous questions," and surely enough they bear that character in more than one respect. Ink of all colors, bits of paper of all sizes, penmanship of every kind, orthography "various." Let me copy a few. "When was the first railroad built?" "Which is the longest railroad bridge in the United States, and how long?" "What city in the United States manufactures the most boots and shoes?" "Who was Dr. Kane? How near did he reach to the north pole?" "What was the name of the first newspaper in the United States, and in what year was it established?" "What state manufactures the most sewing machines?" "What state produces the greatest quantity of maple sugar?" "What state takes the lead in ship building?" "What was the name of the first child born of English parents in America?" Here is one that shall be given in the original: "Where was needles first maid, and when?" Don't make fun of the boy or girl who wants to know "where?" These very efforts will teach them to write and spell. There are many more but I have given enough for examples. You and your scholars can multiply them indefinitely.

I would not forget concert reading or reciting. Do not depend on the selections given in the reading books entirely. They are apt to get worn stale. But seize upon every stirring poem as it first appears in print, wherever you can find it. Scholars will very quickly memorize a stanza given from your tongue, with their eyes looking into yours. "Barbara Freitchie" and "Sheridan's Ride," now familiar to every school boy and girl, were shouted years ago by my school of sixty, in Aroostook county, state of Maine, almost before the printer's ink was dry from their first appearance.

Don't fear to give an hour or two once a week to "declamations and compositions," big words for young folks, but that makes it all the more impressive. Some pulpit or political orator may lie in embryo among those tousle-headed boys. Some Harriet Beecher Stowe, or George Eliot, among the freckle-faced girls. Give them a chance to grow. Criticise their efforts plainly but kindly, and help them on.

I would advise not to have a set time for any of these extras, but introduce them when they are the most needed, when the spirit of restlessness most prevails.

And do, pray, make it a general exercise to be cheerful, smiling and kind, so general that it shall be put in practice every moment. Reprove if you must, but scold never, and give words of praise where it is possible. If scholars are al-

ways found fault with, they come to think that it is no use trying, if they have got to be scolded, they might as well do something to make it worth while to be punished, as to do the best they can. The Yankee peddler who sat by our fire-side a few weeks ago, and gave some good advice to our Kent, is worthy of being quoted here.

"Let me tell ye, young man, git the good will of yer scholars. There aint nothin' in the world but what they'll do for ye, if they like ye, but if yer git on the wrong side of 'em, they'll thawn (thorn) ye to death. I could study up more ways of thawnin' a master, in twenty minutes, than he could lick out of me in half a day. Now you jest callate that's the truth."

CHOICE READING.

One of the sisters asks for choice reading, which, while not of the kind ordinarily called light, must be interesting and entertaining. I should be more certain of meeting her taste and needs if she had been still more definite in regard to the nature and general tendency of the reading desired. For as no person can read all the good books published, it is usually best to choose some special department of knowledge, suited to one's inclinations and natural bias, and follow the course this may offer through all its branches and ramifications. This will usually be found to cover quite enough ground, and to furnish work and entertainment for a lifetime.

If this lady has marked predilections for politics or science, I will not attempt to advise her but will leave that to some one better fitted for the task. If her preferences are for pure literature, or what is sometimes termed *belles-lettres*, I think I may suggest a few books which can hardly fail to afford her and her daughters both pleasure and profit.

As they have much time on their hands, a part of it, it seems to me, could hardly be better employed than in a careful study of Shakespeare. One play might be read each day, thought over and discussed. It is a good plan to have a blank book at hand into which can be copied such passages as seem especially striking, with such original thoughts and comments as the reading may inspire. This will fix both style and thought more firmly in the memory. When the plays are finished, and notes of all that is most important in them secured thus in one compact volume, this volume will be found invaluable for future reference and entertainment; and no one, I am sure, will regret the time and trouble spent in preparing it. The interest and profit will be increased if good essays, or interpretations of the plays, Richard Grant White's, for example, are read in connection with them. "As You Like It" has taken on new beauty and meaning for me since I read his delightful "Tale of the Forest of Arden."

A friend tells me she reads Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women," a criticism of Shakespeare's women, with the plays. Her plan, a very good one, is to read a play, write a criticism of the female characters, and then read and compare with Jameson. If the plays must be purchased, I should strongly recommend the Riverside edition, edited by Richard Grant White, with glossarial, historical and explanatory notes. Mr. White is an accomplished Shakespearian scholar, and all notes and comments furnished by him must necessarily be of great interest and value. He is, moreover, one of the most charming of modern essayists, possessing the rare power of rousing and holding the interest, even when his subject may not be found altogether congenial. All wishing to learn a discrimina-

ting use of words, and to form a pure style in writing, should read his "Words and their Uses," and "Every-day English." These books are not made up of mere didactic rules, but combine valuable information with the most original thought and entertaining style.

Those interested in Greek classics—and it would be well for all to cultivate a little interest in them—would enjoy "The Preparatory Greek Course in English," by Professor W. C. Wilkinson, Landon's "Pericles and Aspasia," and, possibly also the "Phædo," and Bryant's translation of Homer. If art is found interesting, let them read Mrs. Mitchell's "History of Sculpture," and "Life of Thorwaldsen," by Eugene Plon. There are also two books of great interest, by Clara Erskine Clement, "Painters, Sculptors, Architects and Engravers," and "Handbook of Ancient and Mythological Art."

Emerson should not be forgotten. He should be read slowly, with pen and notebook in hand. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and John Ruskin should be read if possible. The last named has written several books especially for girls, and I am sure no girl can read them, and ponder over them, without being the better therefor. "The Intellectual Life," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is a valuable and interesting book. At present "everybody" seems to be reading Mrs. Carlyle's letters. They are certainly very bright and entertaining, good models for those who would like to cultivate the "graceful art of letter-writing."

Has any one given interested speculation to the mystery which has so long enveloped those queer people,—the gypsies? If so, read "The Gypsies," by Charles G. Leland, and you will find much of the mystery explained in a narrative, or more correctly, collection of sketches from life and fact, as fascinating in style and absorbing in interest as any novel.

If novels are not wholly under taboo, I should like to recommend two of a historical character: George Eliot's, "Romola" and Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia." These can hardly be called "light" reading. Indeed, some think them altogether too heavy. But all should know something of them. I must also say a word for George MacDonald's "Warlock o' Glenwarlock." I think no young person—or old one, for that matter—could read this book without interest and real profit. The beautiful love and confidence existing between Cosmo and his father, the reverence of both for the dead mother, their unwavering, happy trust through all trials in the goodness and care of God, cannot fail to impress all, even those who begin with little sympathetic interest in the writer's ideals, with the exceeding loveliness of such love and such trust. The story itself is fascinating enough to arrest and hold the attention of even the most incorrigible novel-reader and sensation-lover, unless he were repelled, as a few may be, by the Scotch dialect, in which much of the conversation is carried on. But many, like myself, will find this an added charm.

The imaginative person with cultured taste finds Shelley delightful, the lover of nature, Wordsworth. Both these poets well repay study. One interested, or desiring an interest in the higher Christian life should read the "Manliness of Christ," by Thomas Hughes, "Heaven," by J. W. Kimball, and "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," by H. W. S. The latter two are designed especially for those who are already Christians, but who have as yet failed to experience that fullness of joy and peace which belongs by right to those who have made the Lord their strength and refuge.

To another sister who asks for a course of general reading that will make one well-read, I will say that most of the

books mentioned above are English classics, with which "well-read" people are usually supposed to be familiar. An acquaintance with the greatest of our poets, essayists, novelists, etc., should be combined with the pursuit of some special line of more serious reading or study. What this shall be must be determined by the individual taste and capacity.

One thing should always be remembered. It is utterly useless to expect to gain either pleasure or profit from books which, at the time of reading, are beyond us. They may contain almost inexhaustible riches; but these, at present, are not for us. We can only strive to make them available as soon as possible. Like miners, we must delve and dig through a mass of baser, or at least commoner, matter before we may reach and gather the precious ore.

If at the present moment, we care for nothing but novels, then let us read novels. But let us choose them in such a way that they will lead us steadily upward to a higher level of taste and thought and feeling. It is easily done. And at last we shall be brought to wonder how it was possible even to tolerate the weak trash which, as we remember, was once found so delightful. HELEN HERBERT.

MORE NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

The school question has been duly talked over, and Charity Snow is doing a wise thing in giving her hints to teachers. To all subjects there are two sides, and no one is more fully aware of the trials of teachers than the writer. Government is the stumbling block in most cases, and when parents fail to keep order with but half a dozen little folks they need not wonder at an inexperienced girl who has an average school of five times as many children, from a dozen different families, accustomed to various modes of training, or to none of any sort. Directors of the public schools ought to be educated men who could "keep school" if need be, for such men would realize that the best teachers should be chosen for the youngest pupils. So much has been said to prove that impressions received before the child is seven years old are most lasting; if that child is sent to school at six years, as most children are, it rapidly takes up all the tricks of its associates, and their very expression often, as well as modes of thought, and action.

Unless a teacher is stronger in every way, and more especially in mind and manner and moral force, than her pupils, she cannot stem the tide of this—shall we call it magnetism? A few, perhaps only three or four particularly mischievous, bright, probably bad boys and girls, will teach more by their actions in a day than she can by mere words in a whole week. I know this as an actual fact. It is objected to by many that children are allowed to tell at home what occurs at school. We prefer to know, so our little folks come home—full. "Miss A. told us," "Miss A. asked us," "Miss A. says," "Miss A.," "Miss A.," is the talk of one whose teacher is the school. She commands respect from most of her pupils, and loving her, every thing she says is treasured up.

"Jemmy Jig" is the teacher in another room; his sayings, doings, tricks, escapades, etc., are ever new and interesting, and the teacher, poor child, her first experience too, has to take her chance for any impression she can make. Of course, in such a case we have preferred to teach our little ones at home all together, but it is not half so interesting to them as with the blackboard illustrations used by their last year's teacher, who did assert herself and put down the mischief brewers,

She made her talks so interesting that they were irresistible; she smiled so lovingly that the children were sad if that smile was not for them; to such teachers a primary school is not any more difficult than any other, but, to almost all, it is, and there should be some special requirements for such schools. However, the fact remains that directors too often believe that any girl can teach little children to read. They do not realize the many things they must learn with the reading.

Words.—Spelling of words is taught in most schools with no regard to the meaning or use of those words. Children learn to spell a given number of words but have no idea of their application, for example, we gave out to-day "herald," "helmet," "kennel." How many children ten years old learn by intuition what these words mean? Better only teach eight or ten words, impress them upon the mind by a simple explanation of their meaning and daily use in conversation, than twice as many without it. Real teaching is an almost impossible thing, many teachers will admit, they "have not time" to teach the lesson, they cannot "get around" the many classes for even hurried recitations. No wonder they are nervous and their schools badly governed; there is a need for a short stop and begin again, taking the "time" to teach what they attempt to, well, and not have more classes than they can give time to. Reading, spelling and arithmetic must be every-day studies, but if time is too short to do these justice and other things too, alternate geography, grammar and history, teach a little with the spelling lesson; each word may be a subject for a little lecture. Require the children to write out what you have told them on slates, and take time to glance over some of them at least, the ones least apt to be good, call attention kindly to failures, encourage, teach. One thing really learned each day is something gained, and it is not a bad idea to take occasional account of stock—of what has been learned.

Parents are not supposed to be so wise as teachers, but it is well known that persons looking on are more apt to see the way out often than those who are busy trying to find it. Sometimes a suggestion from parents and patrons of schools would help when the teacher is too proud to avail herself of it. I once visited a school where two or three boys read and recited the lesson from a book secreted between them; the teacher did not see it at all. I felt like exposing them right there, but thought it not expedient to do so. The most difficult of pupils are those who are bright and always ready with lessons and more than ready with mischief; keeping up a ferment the source of which one is morally certain of, yet fails to secure evidence enough to even accuse. Often dull pupils would like to learn, but through their dullness win only disapproval, so lose courage and interest and "give it up." Dull pupils deserve special attention from teachers, it is for their benefit they are employed, yet how many act as if this was the case?

Teachers expect parents to see that lessons are prepared at home, yet nine of every ten, if they speak to the parents of their pupils, do so in a most disparaging manner, perhaps because they fail to do teacher's work after having done a day's work of their own. Mothers and fathers have some right to enjoy their evenings and the society of their children, but few can do so; the evenings are entirely taken up with school work and "word for word" recitations to be drilled into sleepy heads that ought to be on their pillows, or resting in some innocent diversion, if they have really done their duty during school hours.

My notions are a good bit of a see-saw

on many subjects, as I possess a faculty for seeing two sides to all questions, so can in all sincerity sympathize with teacher, taught, and teaching parents too, though the remedy for each will be delayed most surely, till the final righting of all wrongs; for the hope of which we are ever thankful, and, children of a larger growth, may we learn to do our share in the great work.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters send me the words to the song, "Darling Nellie Grey?" I will repay the favor if I can.
Box 68, Webster, Mass. MRS. C. P. DAVIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me if there is in existence now a little Sabbath school singing book called the Linden Harp, used by the M. E. church to some extent twenty five years ago? Will pay for such a book, old or new.
Newbury Center, Vt. M. J. PEACH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem, "Asleep at the Switch," or "Only a Brakeman?" A written copy will answer. I will return the favor in any way I can.
Sumner, Floyd Co., Iowa. MRS. ALICE ALCOTT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can obtain the old war song called "The Little Octoroon?" I think this was the chorus:

"Glory, glory, how the freedmen sang!
Glory, glory, how the old woods rang!
'Twas the loyal army sweeping to the sea,
Flinging out the banner of the free."

Saisbury, Mass. MRS. D. M. LOWELL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask if any of the readers of your paper can send me the poem commencing,
"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."
I will return the favor if possible. Address,
Sheffield, Mass. MABEL B. FRITTS.

THE REVIEWER.

THE TRAVELLING LAW SCHOOL, AND FAMOUS TRIALS, by Benjamin Vaughn Abbott, L. L. D., is a small volume containing a great deal of useful and practical information. Although prepared especially for the instruction of young readers, there are few outside the legal profession who may not learn from it much concerning the laws of the country. The author treats upon the nature of governments, national, state and local, and describes the manner in which laws are made and administered, so clearly and simply and in such an interesting manner that the party of young law students traveling with their teacher will find a recruit in almost every reader. Especially interesting is the chapter of famous trials in this country and Europe. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CANDY MAKING AT HOME, by one who has tried it, is a little book which will interest many of our readers. Now that the market is deluged with adulterated and poisonous candies, and while people will eat them, the timely appearance of this budget of recipes for making wholesome and delicious confectionary should be appreciated. The author gives complete and yet very simple directions, which should enable any one after a little practice to be successful in candy making. Price 50 cents. Boston: F. R. Everston & Co.

The May CENTURY is literally crowded with good things. From the opening sketch of "The Salem of Hawthorne," with its engravings of the quaint old wharf and buildings as seen from the window in the custom house where Hawthorne sat at his desk so many years, to the humorous letter in Brice-a-brac which completes the number, there is no lack of interest. "Dr. Sevier" promises to be the finest of Mr. Cable's truly original stories, and the opening chapters of Mr. James' new story "Lady Barberina," are, if not original, very readable. "Recent Architecture in America," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer is well written and beautifully illustrated. "Rose Mad-der," is the first of the series of artist's stories, promised for the summer numbers of the magazine. The remaining articles, among them sev-

eral fine poems, are well worth special mention, and the editorial departments are of unusual excellence. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

Two articles as excellent as "Along the Columbia River and Puget Sound," by James A. Harrison, and the "Diary of the Last European who Rode through the Desert from Berber to Saukin," published in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May, are enough to make it a fine number were they the only papers of merit. The opening sketch, "The Hill-Suburbs of Cincinnati," with its beautiful illustrations is of special interest just now, and the readers of Mr. Baylors' humorous serial, "The Perfect Treasure," will find the third part equal to the preceding chapters. M. R. Francis contributes an excellent short story entitled, "The Rev. Nahum." Horace Lunt's "A Day in Early Spring," is full of the beauty and freshness of the season. Other excellent papers and an interesting installment of "Our Monthly Gossip," complete the number. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Chas. G. Leland's articles on "Brass Work," in the July ST. NICHOLAS proved so popular a feature that the editor has secured a series of papers on kindred arts from the same author. The first one of these, on "Leather Work," appears in the May number.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY is one of the daintiest little magazines for wee readers ever published. Pictures, prose, and poems, are alike calculated to delight and instruct. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

The four numbers of THE PANSY for May are well calculated to delight and instruct the little folks who cannot help but learn lessons of patience and helpfulness from its pretty stories. The low price of this charming little magazine places it within the reach of all children. Price 75 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

HOME SCIENCE is the title of a new magazine the first (May) issue of which is at hand. It is devoted to the home and its well-being from a scientific point of view. The well known writer, Dr. Dio Lewis, contributes a goodly share of the contents. There are also articles by Revs. T. De Witt Talmage, Robert Collyer and R. S. Storrs, and other able writers. Those who are interested in sanitary science will find much to interest them in this new monthly. \$2.50 a year, 25 cents a number. New York: Selden R. Hopkins, 29 Warren St.

SCHOOL AND HOME for April, another new magazine, promises to fill a want often felt by the parents as well as the teachers of young children. Filled with simple yet instructive stories, prettily told, and interspersed with matter of interest to older children, it will prove a pleasant addition to the long list of home magazines. Published semi-monthly. \$1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.: Thomas & Patek.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for May \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May. \$5.00 a year. New York: The North American Review.

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

THE CONTINENT for April. \$4.00 a year. Published weekly. New York: The Continent Pub. Co.

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

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

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL. \$4.00 a year. Published bi-monthly. Chicago: E. H. Reuell, 150 Madison St.

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

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY for May. \$3.00 a year. Boston: John H. McClintock & Co.

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

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, weekly. \$1.75 a year. Boston: The Youth's Companion.

THE A. B. C. PATHFINDER & RAILWAY GUIDE. 25 cents a number. \$2.50 a year. Boston: The New England Railway Publishing Co.

THE ART FOLIO for April. \$3.00 a year. Providence, R. I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid.

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

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

THE FOLIO for May. \$1.50 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for May. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD. \$1.50 a year. Cleveland, O.: S. Brainard's Sons.

LA JOTA ARAGONESA.

SPANISH DANCE.

THE VOICE. \$1.00 a year, ten cents a number. Albany, N. Y.: Edgar S. Werner.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE continues to be what it has been during its past, the best combination of literary, scientific and historical reading matter offered to the public, each number giving as it does the best articles from the different foreign periodicals, preserving in convenient form the finest current literature of the day. It is the only weekly of the kind published, and gives an immense amount of excellent reading for the price. \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co., 31 Bedford St.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who has written so many delightful short stories, has just completed

a novel called "A COUNTRY DOCTOR," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out for summer reading.

LE FRANCAIS for May, a magazine especially adapted to the use of those studying the French language. \$2.00 a year, twenty-five cents a number. Boston: Rand, Avery & Co.

We have received a copy of the TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES. The method of treatment at this institution being based upon moral rather than physical grounds, differing in these essential points from other institutions of the kind. Philadelphia: The Franklin Reformatory Home.

From the edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1,138 to 1,254; the weeklies from 9,062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1,001 to 1,499. The greatest increase is in the western states. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1,009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while

Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading western states also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York state is 1,523, against 1,399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

NEW MUSIC: "Ever Joyous," Duet, 10 cents; "At the Spinning Wheel," 15 cents; "Morning and Evening," 10 cents; "Evening Rest," 15 cents; "Moorland Ride," 15 cents; "Large Are the Mansions," sacred song, 15 cents; "Even-Song, sacred, 20 cents—all numbers of Russell's Musical Library. Boston: Russell Brothers, 126 Tremont St.

The Dispensary.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

ADDISON tells us that our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. If so, surely we should do all in our power to preserve at its best this inestimable gift, which, like love, health and other priceless blessings, it is far easier to lose than to regain.

The care of the eyes therefore becomes a most important matter, if we would preserve our eyesight through life. Shut your eyes for five minutes only, dear reader, and try to imagine, if you can, how you would feel if you could never again look upon this fair world with its many familiar and beautiful forms and colors planned and created by the Great Artist for our happiness, and then consider the value of your eyes. Would you take five thousand dollars or fifty thousand dollars or even five hundred thousand dollars for your eyes? No indeed. Not one of us would sell even one eye at any price. Then think of the extreme delicacy of these wonderful organs; even a cinder or grain of sand in the eye is torture; and what intricate mechanism, what perfect adaptation to our wants, bringing near or distant objects before us at pleasure, so that we may look at a book in our hand and a star millions of miles away without the slightest trouble or inconvenience in changing the focus or range of vision. Even the eyelids, insignificant as they may seem, compared to the whole body, are enough to prove not only the existence of a Creator but to prove that this God is a benevolent being.

Taking the argument given by Dr. Paley: Wherever we see design we conclude there has been a designer. If the world exists by chance, or human beings develop from animals or atoms according to some modern theories, there would be no design. The eyelids are evidently designed to protect the eyes from a painful glare of light or injurious atoms of dust. This proves that there is a designer, God, and also proves that He is a God of love, who wishes our happiness. Surely any one might make an argument out of this little contrivance that would be strong enough to refute all the atheists and free thinkers in the world. How often have we thanked God for giving us eyelids? Perhaps never, and yet they are a great comfort to us! How could we do without them?

When the Carthaginians captured the Roman general Regulus and wished to put him to the torture they cut off his eyelids. How horrible! you exclaim. Ah! how true it is that we seldom value our blessings properly until we lose them. And now if you have passed five minutes with your eyes shut in some profitable meditation of this kind, open them with thanksgiving to God and with a firm resolution to show your appreciation of the love of the Giver in this gift of the Lover, by taking good care of it ever afterward.

Nothing is more injurious to the eyes than straining or overtasking them. This is done often by using them between daylight and dark or by a dim light. They should not be used for hours together upon fine embroidery or other fine work. When they begin to ache or feel weary the employment should be changed immediately for one demanding less eyesight.

A little planning will enable one to save the eyes very much, by taking the best hours of daylight for those employments and duties which require most eyesight, reserving those that require less eyesight for the evening. For example, copying

or proof reading require more eyesight than writing the first rough draft of an article, or than writing a letter to a friend. So too fine sewing or nice mending or sewing on black, or embroidery require more eyesight than knitting, crocheting or darning stockings. It is almost needless to say that sweeping, dusting and nearly all domestic employments are best done by daylight for more reasons than one. I have heard of a woman who spends two or more evenings a week in frying doughnuts or crullers, (as they are variously designated in different sections of the country.) She took this unusual time for cooking, however, not to save her eyes, but because she could never get time to do it before then. The practice of working after dark is not to be commended in any point of view. Not only do the eyes need rest, but the evening seems to be the time for recreation and social enjoyment of home, and also for quiet meditation, self-examination and prayer.

Reading fine print, such as is found in many of the daily newspapers, is very bad for the eyes at any time, but especially in the evening. It is an excellent plan to have reading aloud in the family, evenings. This is a great economy of sight, as one can read aloud a little while and then when his eyes are tired pass the book to another member of the family, and rest his eyes and voice. Besides, it is a delightfully social way of spending an evening, for it is so pleasant to stop at intervals and talk about what has been read.

The eyes should never be exposed to a glare of light; a shade ought always to be used over the flame, or else the reader should turn his back to the light, so as to allow it to fall over his shoulder upon the book or paper. A large, lighted chandelier in the center of a church or hall is very bad for the eyes of the people, as they cannot look up or see the clergyman without having a blaze of light come directly into their eyes. This difficulty is sometimes obviated by having the gas turned down when the sermon begins, leaving light only in the pulpit and choir.

While too great a glare of light is very trying to the eyes, trying to see by a dim light is equally injurious, indeed, perhaps it is more so. It produces the same straining of the optic nerve that is often induced by reading between daylight and dark, and has sometimes resulted in total blindness.

CASE 1. A lady in New York, a very literary woman, wife of a rich lawyer. From a child she had been exceedingly fond of reading and writing, and notwithstanding the warnings of her elders often sat at a window between daylight and dark to continue reading or writing without waiting for lights, being so absorbed as not to be aware of the gathering darkness. Her eyes became very weak, and before she was thirty-seven years of age she was blind, and soon after died leaving two bright interesting children six and eight years of age, well known by the writer.

CASE 2. A young school-girl in Brooklyn, also well known by the writer. 1. Strained her eyes by studying in a room imperfectly lighted. 2. Worked continuously in her play hours to finish an elaborately embroidered lambrequin for a Christmas present. 3. Took a sleigh ride and dazzled her eyes with the glare of sunlight on the snow. Result. Her eyes were in a terribly inflamed condition and very painful. For months she had to remain in a darkened room under the care of a good oculist. This happened a year ago last Christmas and although, contrary to fears at the time, her eyes now look as well as ever, and she can go out as usual, she has not yet been able to

use them for reading or study or any fine work.

Egyptian ophthalmia is a terrible disease, often fatal, and both contagious and infectious. It prevails in Egypt and is supposed to be caused by the glare of the sun upon the sand of the desert, and by minute particles of sand blowing into the eyes. Happily we do not have this scourge in this country.

Now and then young infants are seen with eyes weak and discharging a gummy matter from the eyes that glues the eyelids together after sleeping. This may be obviated simply by keeping the eyes washed carefully and thoroughly with warm water or milk and water or a little powdered alum and water, and by being careful not to expose the eyes to a glare of light. I have seen ignorant attendants pushing a poor baby about in a carriage with the sun shining full in the child's eyes, not having sense enough to turn its back to the light, and of course a young child always tries to look at every thing bright, no matter whether it is a candle, an orange or the sun, probably exercising its young brains to find the cause of the brilliant spectacle.

A thin veil serves to protect the eyes from dust but it is said that the dotted veils sometimes worn are very bad for the eyes.

Poultices should not be applied to the eyes except in case of a sty which is really a little boil upon the eyelid, which usually gets well without much attention. Cold water is one of the best eye washes and it should be applied to the eyes not only every night and morning but whenever the eyes have been exposed to dust. Vinegar and water is said by Dr. Buchan to be one of the best of eye washes. I have known it tried and it was thought to be efficacious. A little powdered alum dissolved in a homeopathic medicine bottle of water and carried in the pocket to be applied to the eyes with a soft handkerchief during the day at times when they feel weak or seem inflamed has been found to be an excellent remedy. It is certainly much safer than to go to an oculist or an eye dispensary to have the eyes treated. This should be done only when simple remedies fail.

Catarrhal ophthalmia which is common in this country owing to its frequent changes of weather is caused by exposure to cold and dampness and should be treated like a cold, taking care to open all the eliminatory organs. Keep warm and dry, avoid late hours and dissipation of all kinds, in short, nothing is better for the eyes than following the old rule, "Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the conscience clear," etc. In fact, in any weakness of the eyes a cure is best effected by doing all in our power to build up the general health and especially take pains to keep the blood in a pure and healthful condition, and this is best done not by taking quack nostrums, but by avoiding overwork, late hours and excesses of every kind, by keeping the lungs full of pure fresh air, by choosing for nourishment a suitable aliment, avoiding excitement, not giving way too much to grief and despondency. In short, by obeying the laws of health and of God and bearing always a brave, loving and cheerful spirit.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

HOW TO TREAT BURNS.

The baby, a little toddling thing just beginning to walk alone, has tripped and set herself down in the small dish tub (carelessly left on the floor) which has just received the boiling water from the stove. Most fortunately the father is at home, and the father is a physician. He directs a sheet to be torn into large squares, puts a quantity of flour on one lays the child

upon it, puts on more dry flour, and altogether there is a large quantity of flour on it, then brings the cloth up and pins it on the child as a diaper. Then lies down by her, sings to her, soothes her, and presently she sleeps. No one except the father touches that burn. As the blister wets the flour, more is applied, until a large scab is formed of the flour, and then the air is kept from it, and no trouble ensues. The child is kept as quiet as possible, and is kept on the bed. Flour enough is kept on to keep the scab dry, and the burned flesh soon heals and the child is well.

And now another child is scalded. She is about the same age, and just beginning to walk alone. This family does not employ Dr. Adams, but they send directly for Dr. Twitchell. The child pulled hold of the table cloth, just as breakfast was put on the table, and the boiling hot coffee has been poured directly on the stomach and bowels of the child. Dr. Twitchell spreads a large linen cloth with some kind of a soothing plaster, the plaster to be changed as fast as the blister wets the cloths. When the plasters are changed, little bits of flesh adhere to them, and the inflammation extends.

After about two weeks the mother says, "This will not do, the burn seems as bad to-day, as at first, and that other child is running about again." She sends for Dr. Adams. He tells them to apply dry flour, and nothing else, and to fix a rattan in the clothing so that nothing can touch the child as she lies on the bed. He directs that nothing be removed from the burn but only to add dry flour as is needed, until the scab is formed. As soon as that is formed, the healing will begin. His directions are followed, and the child is healed at last, but much time had been lost, and much suffering endured by the removing of those plasters. And a little experience will soon convince any one that the main thing for a scald, or any kind of a burn, is to carefully exclude the air, and keep the flesh from being touched.

HANS DORCOMB.

Westminster, Vt.

—It is said that slices of fresh lemon bound on to a cancer, and changed as often as necessary or as often as it gets dry, will kill a cancer if taken in time, as the acid is sure death to any thing of that kind. Green peach leaves pounded to a salve and applied to a cut, or bruise, or a hurt from a rusty nail, will give relief immediately.

AUNTIE.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

ECHO. A Sleepy Girl. If you had given me your address, as all may well do—not to be known—I could have told you that it is too late for the March number, and that it sometimes takes some time to "get around" to the querists. By your description and questions, I am sure that your diet is far from being good. Your difficulty is a torpid liver. (Mrs. H. and some of my neighbors would recommend taking my "stomach regulator and liver invigorator," carefully observing the rules sent.) As a Yankee, I will "guess" that you eat too much pastry, grease in all forms, particularly lard, too much butter and sugar, confectionary, and that you are not regular in your meals, taking lunches. I suspect you of being too fleshy, from the use of too much carbonaceous food. Your "headache" results, I think, from a foul stomach. You have certain difficulties and irregularities of which I could have told you, if you had sent the true address. Your brain is naturally too active for your digestive powers, from which fact you need a very simple diet. You should have an abundance of out-door exercise, and of good air. For the present, I think that it will be best for you to eat no meats except a very little lean, but to live mainly on the grains—the whole grain products—fish—not any of the oily ones—and fruits. No, I do not think well of chocolate, as it is too oily. The shells would be preferable. Those "superfluous hairs" are sometimes caused by a gross diet—too gross for one having a mental temperament—and a difficulty of which I could speak in a letter. I know nothing of the preparation of which you ask, as there are so many of such on the market that I have not time to acquaint myself with one in ten, even if I supposed them worthy of attention.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

IN READING the letters in THE HOUSEHOLD, I am more and more struck by the sturdy way in which the sisters work with a will, and put a shoulder to the wheel—that household wheel which it is often such a problem to keep from sticking in the muddle of perplexities, as to the ways and means. The cheerfulness and the bright spirit which animates many of the letters, must give encouragement to those who read them, and are not so fortunate as to possess the same sunny temper.

Do not be alarmed, ladies, I am not going to give an essay on temper, though it is so delightfully easy to tell other people how bright and sunshiny they ought to be, no matter what their difficulties, I merely wish to say that I have noticed this tone in the letters and admire and applaud it. I know ladies who consider THE HOUSEHOLD a real friend, and who study its columns with ever increasing pleasure.

Speaking of sunshine reminds us that the dark days of winter are over or nearly so, and spring time, with all its beauties, and one must add, anxieties, upon us. There are so many of the sisters better versed in housekeeping and gardening than myself that I will not trench upon those important subjects, but will give a few hints as to pretty and inexpensive dressing.

The stores at this season of the year are so attractive that if I did not occasionally take the precaution of leaving my purse at home, I should soon find myself without money, but with sufficient material to dress the family of the old woman who lived in the shoe, and, by the way, that old lady, had she lived nowadays, could have made her children the dearest little dresses imaginable, without much trouble. They were worn last year so perhaps you know them already, but I see them recommended as one of the best styles for children in one of our best fashion papers, so I will describe them.

They are usually made of two breadths, straight and full and finished at the bottom with a deep hem headed by three or four tucks, deep or narrow according to fancy, or by groups of tucks. When it is intended to be more dressy the skirt may be trimmed with ruffles of embroidery, or embroidered in some simple design. These dresses are either low-necked, when they are finished round the neck by a shirred frill standing erect, or the full skirt may be attached to a yoke and sleeves. Great variety of costume is accomplished by the combination of contrasting colors. For instance, a red yoke with a blue skirt, or a pink with maroon or blue, but the white yoke and sleeves and colored skirt is the most favored combination. This style is very satisfactory for dresses that are often washed. With these dresses there are sometimes hemmed strings attached to the back and front and tied across the shoulders. These, of course, are like the skirt in color.

Box-pleated slips will be worn by both boys and girls. The front and back are formed in three wide pleats as far as the waist. The skirt falls full, and is finished with tucks, embroidery or insertion. This is a pretty way for making piques, but it is a comfort to remember that the styles for children are simple this year, as even the most sensible mothers will work themselves to death on their children's clothes, though they will tell you they "believe in simplicity for children."

And now a word or two for girls who can help themselves and who, if they can

have the help of mother's advice, can dispense with the aid of her fingers—those nice, sensible girls who are content to be fresh without being fine.

Good materials are very reasonable this year, and the light worsteds are lovely in design, while the combinations of colors allowed gives great latitude to taste. "Irregularity is the device of the day in fashion as in furniture," says the fashion article, and some of the prettiest spring dresses show us the effect of two, sometimes three different colors. Yellow will be a favorite, and white and yellow worn together very often seen. Gray is also much in favor, especially bluish gray and bluish purple.

A very stylish costume is made of pale gray unrelieved by any color except as a lining, as, for instance, a facing to the front of the polonaise which we often see open up the front, or as a revers to the collar and cuffs. Another spring suit is made of plain and dotted blue. The skirt may be trimmed with as many as five flounces, all of which must be edged with the dotted. The waist is of the plain, with a vest or a plastron of the dotted, and the back draperies are also of the dotted material.

Dresses are still made very full with a great deal of trimming on the skirt. Tucks will be a favorite trimming, and flounces slightly gathered are preferred to quillings. In addition to the floral designs, we see all sorts of curious fancies in the figures on materials, animals, heads, men and horses, guns, cups and saucers, ships—in fact "irregularity" makes its mark everywhere. Basques are very little changed in shape from last winter, and though there are some efforts to make the sleeves larger they are still worn close-fitting, and full on the shoulder. The shoulder seams are short. The close-fitting collar known as the officer's collar is very neat.

The multitudes of jabots and laces and collarettes for the neck defy description in so short a notice as this, but any girl with skillful fingers and taste can make them for herself. A few scraps of lace and ribbon will work wonders for a simple toilet. There is so much of this fancy lace worn now that many girls never buy any but make their own. The fashion plates and bazars not only give the patterns but the directions. The Venetian embroidery is as simple as possible and so pretty it would well repay any one who would take the trouble to get the pattern and make it. It is done on white batiste with white embroidery cotton and in button-hole stitch. But it would be difficult for me to describe it, unless I could also show you the designs, but I hope somebody will be incited by my remarks to procure the patterns and work some of it. It can be made up into round collars and cuffs which are worn on the outside of the dress, or it can be used most effectively as a trimming. Try it, girls.

P. V. B.

SPIDER-WEB LACE.

Cast on forty stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, knit five, over, narrow, knit five, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit five, over, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

2. Knit twelve, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

3. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three plain, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow,

over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

5. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

7. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

8. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, knit two together, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

9. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

10. Knit sixteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

11. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

12. Knit seventeen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

13. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

14. Knit eighteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

15. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

16. Knit nineteen, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

17. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit nine, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

18. Knit twenty, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

19. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, knit two.

20. Knit twenty-one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, nar-

row, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

21. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit eleven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

22. Knit twenty-two, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

23. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, over, knit three together, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit fourteen.

24. Bind off eleven, knit ten, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, seam nine, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

Repeat from first row.

I have tried the pattern called Apple Leaf, and by knitting one row it makes beautiful insertion. Now I want an edge suitable to go with it, (large scallop.) Please send directions to

MRS. C. WALTON.

Railroad Flat, Calaveras Co., Cal.

CALIFORNIA SAW-TOOTH LACE.

Cast on thirty stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit five, narrow, thread over three times, narrow, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three. Make one stitch of the thread over twice and two of the thread over three times.

2. Knit eleven, thread over, narrow, knit seven, purl one, knit seven, thread over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

4. Knit twelve, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit three, narrow, thread over three times, narrow twice, thread over three times, narrow, knit four, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

6. Knit thirteen, thread over, narrow, knit five, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit five, thread over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit three, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

8. Knit fourteen, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over three times, narrow twice, thread over three times, narrow twice, thread over three times, narrow, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

10. Knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

12. Knit sixteen, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

13. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit three, narrow, thread over three times, narrow twice, thread over three times, narrow, knit four, thread over, narrow, knit six, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

14. Knit seventeen, thread over, narrow, knit five, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit five, thread over, narrow, knit one.

15. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit seven, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

16. Knit eighteen, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

17. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit five, narrow, thread over three times, narrow, knit six, thread over, narrow, knit eight, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, knit three.

18. Knit nineteen, thread over, narrow, knit seven, purl one, knit seven, thread over, narrow, knit one.

19. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit eighteen.

20. Knit nineteen, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

21. Knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit eighteen.

22. Bind off nine stitches, knit nine, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over, narrow, knit one.

Commence again at first row.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

SUNFLOWER TIDY, CROCHETED.

Material, number six macrame twine. One pound skein is sufficient for one tidy.

Make a chain of nine stitches, join to form a ring.

1. In this ring put eighteen double crochet. By double crochet I mean, put your thread over once, put through the ring, draw the thread back, thread over, draw through two, thread over, draw through the other two, join.

2. The same as the first, putting one double crochet in each one of the last row, join. This makes it thimble shape.

3. Make eight chain, put one double crochet in each of the eight stitches, then join to the second stitch in the thimble. Repeat the third row until you get round, and if you have joined correctly you have nine fingers.

4. Make seven double crochet up the first finger, then single crochet around the end and down the other side, making it hoop a little at the end, repeat fourth row until you get round.

5. Bring your thread over and join to the middle of the first finger. Make eight chain, etc., the same as the third row, joining to the middle of the next finger each time.

6. Repeat the fourth row. Cut off the twine.

7. Fasten the twine to the end of one of the fingers, four chain, join to the end of the alternate finger, repeat until round.

8. One double crochet at the end of finger, one chain, one double crochet, one chain, and so on, making two double crochet between each finger tip, and once in every quarter, add one more, so as to make forty holes when round, join.

9. Make three double crochet in every other hole, join.

10. Make three chain, one double crochet in the middle three of the row before, three chain, join to the top of double crochet last made, four chain, join with the last, three chain, join with the last two, three chain, join between

the clusters of three double crochet. This makes a clover leaf, repeat until round, making twenty when done.

This makes one sunflower, you want nine.

To join the sunflowers make a ring the same as for the sunflower.

1. Make sixteen double crochet in this ring.

2. One double crochet in each of the preceding ones, with one chain between each, making sixteen holes, join.

3. Four chain, join to tip of one clover leaf, single crochet down the chain, three single crochet between the first two double crochet, four chain, join to the next clover leaf, single crochet down the chain, three single crochet in each of the next three holes, four chain, join to a clover leaf on another sunflower, repeat until around, and you have four sunflowers joined to your work.

If you lay your nine sunflowers down in shape of a tidy, you will see it will take four of these joinings. In joining you want four clover leaves between each joining, except each side the center one, leave but two, sew the two middle clover leaves together, leaving one leaf between where it is sewed and the joining. Loop fringe in each clover leaf across the bottom of the tidy. Run ribbon in under the joinings, and over where it is sewed together. Finish the top with a bow on each ribbon, and let the ribbons hang as long as the fringe at the bottom. Point or fringe the ends of ribbon. I think any one will be well paid for the trouble of making this.

M. E. C.

Box 150, Shirley Village, Mass.

HINTS FOR SPRING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For ten years I have read your pages, and the benefits, the encouragements and the pleasure I have extracted from them, could not be told in one letter. Thinking it about time to contribute my mite, I send the following suggestions, which may prove helpful to some of the Band:

Have any of THE HOUSEHOLD mothers found it difficult to keep the little undershirt sleeves tidy at the wrists? I was distressed over them a long time, for they would get so soiled, long before the rest of the garment. I discovered that I could keep them sweet and nice by making little wristlets of outgrown stockings, one small pair of stockings making two pairs of wristlets. I took one pair of white, one of blue and white striped, and one pair of cardinal red hose, and after cutting them in two, turned them down at the edges and crocheted a tiny border of split zephyr on them, adding a briar-stitching of silk just above. Besides keeping the sleeve bottoms neat, they were warm and could be readily changed.

As the time for spring cleaning approaches, all housekeepers' thoughts dwell on the inevitable processes of that dread campaign. How I wish that all of you who are looking despairingly at your windows, wishing to effect a change in their appearance, yet are deterred from so doing by the attending expense, could know how cheaply and how prettily I have arranged mine. Being heartily tired of my old walnut cornices, and not having a sufficient number of them anyhow for all the windows, I bought cornice poles. They are much more fashionable and convenient, besides being more "artistic." I procured ebony poles for the guest chamber and parlor, walnut for the sitting room, and ash for the dining room and one chamber containing light furniture. The one and one-half inch poles are five feet long, furnished with ten rings, brackets and ends complete, all for thirty-five cents. No one need be without prettily dressed windows with

these and draperies of net, cheese cloth, antique Nottingham patterns, or the lovely jute material, so cheap, yet strongly resembling raw silk.

I read not long since of a way to frame small steel engravings and photographs, which I intend to try, in order to dispose of some in my collection. Cover a plain pine frame with glue. Sprinkle evenly while wet with cracked corn, and let it dry. Then lay on a second coating of glue and let it dry. Afterwards gild the whole with gold paint.

This same paint, by the way, is a most admirable material to employ in numerous ways during the spring renovation. Small plaster casts, busts, or statuettes, that have become hopelessly soiled and yellow, may be treated to a coat of bronze or gold paint and become prettier than when new. A coat of varnish on an old stand, chair, or bracket, with lines of gilding added, effects a most desirable change in their appearance.

Tolono, Ill.

LUCIA M. HARVEY.

SHELF LAMBREQUIN.

I must tell the sisters how I crocheted a lambrequin for my clock shelf. I used seine cord, rather coarse. The directions are as follows:

Make a chain of fifteen stitches, then put one treble stitch in each chain, which, of course, makes fifteen trebles.

In the second row make three trebles in the first three stitches, chain three, pass over three stitches, and again make three trebles in the next three stitches, chain three, and pass over three stitches again, and make three trebles in the next three stitches.

Make the third row the same as the first, namely: fifteen trebles, one treble in each stitch of the preceding row.

Proceed in this manner, making the row of solid work and the row with the open spaces alternately until you have eight rows made, the last row of which will be one of open spaces. Now to this row add twenty-four chain, fasten these chain to the top of the fifth row. In each chain make one treble, this will bring you back to the eighth row. Continue the treble stitches by making fifteen more, which will make the ninth row.

Make the tenth row of open work.

Then chain three, pass over three and make one treble, chain three, one treble, and so continue till you have gone round your twenty-four treble. Fasten this to the top of the fourth row. Then make one treble in each stitch until you have reached the tenth row again. Make your fifteen treble and the row of open spaces, which will make the eleventh row.

Now make three chain, one treble into the fourth stitch below, chain three and make one treble again in the same stitch. Continue in this way until you reach the top of the third row. Fasten it there. Now chain three, make one single stitch in the three chain below, chain three and make two treble in the center of the two treble below, *chain one, then chain three drawing them back through the first. Repeat this twice, then make two treble in the same center of the two treble below, chain three, one single in the next three chain below, chain three, and continue the same around the scallop.

Then make eight rows again, preparatory to another scallop.

I hope these directions will be sufficiently explicit not to be taken for a Chinese puzzle. I hope some sister will try this. You find at the top a place to run two rows of narrow ribbon. The old gold cord and rose-colored ribbon make a pretty combination.

This pattern is also very handsome used as a border for a fancy table. Cover your table with any material or color you fancy; I used red velveteen. In the cen-

ter embroider, outline or paint some little flower or figure. With brass-headed tacks fasten your crocheted lace around the table.

L. C. B.

Franklin, Ill.

PANEL LACE.

Cast on twenty-six stitches, and knit across once plain.

1. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit twelve, over, narrow three times.

2. Make one, knit six, purl twelve, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

3. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over and narrow five times, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over and narrow twice.

4. Make one, knit seven, purl twelve, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

5. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over and narrow twice.

6. Make one, knit eight, purl twelve, knit one, over and narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

7. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over and narrow five times, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over and narrow twice.

8. Make one, knit nine, purl twelve, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

9. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit twelve, over, narrow, knit four, over and narrow twice.

10. Make one, knit twenty-two, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

11. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, purl twelve, over, narrow, knit five, over and narrow twice.

12. Make one, knit twenty-three, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

13. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, purl twelve, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow twice.

14. Cast off six, knit seventeen, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one twist stitch.

In the eleventh and thirteenth rows the thread is in right position after purl twelve for the following "make one or over."

M. C.

OAK LEAF STOCKINGS.

Cast on twenty, thirty or forty stitches on each needle. Each ten stitches form two rows of leaves.

1. Knit seven, rib (seam) one, knit one, rib one; repeat all around.

2. Slip the first stitch, knit second, pull first over second, (this is to narrow, wherever it says narrow do it in this way,) knit five, rib one, keep the thread in front, knit one, throw the thread over twice, rib one, this begins the widening for one leaf; repeat all round.

3. Narrow, knit four, rib one, knit three, rib one; repeat.

4. Narrow, knit three, rib one, knit one, throw thread in, knit one, thread in, knit one again, rib one; repeat.

5. Narrow, knit two, rib one, knit five, rib one; repeat.

6. Narrow, knit one, rib one, knit two, throw thread in, knit one, in again, knit two, rib one; repeat.

7. Narrow, rib one, knit seven, rib one; repeat.

8. Throw thread in, knit one, throw thread over the needle twice, rib one, narrow, knit five, rib one; repeat.

9. Knit three, rib one, narrow, knit four, rib one; repeat.

10. Knit one, thread in, knit one, in

again, knit one, rib one, narrow, knit three, rib one; repeat.

11. Knit five, rib one, narrow, knit two, rib one; repeat.

12. Knit two, thread in, knit one, thread in, knit two, rib one, narrow, knit one, rib one; repeat.

13. Knit seven, rib one, narrow, rib one; repeat.

This finishes one leaf in one stripe, and two half-leaves in the other. I never narrow the stocking as it will shape itself when on. E. F. WHITNEY.
Monroe, Tenn.

WIDE INSERTION.

In a late HOUSEHOLD, A Subscriber asks for a pattern for insertion suitable for pillow shams. I think the following very pretty and hope she will try it:

Cast on twenty-nine stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit eight, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

2. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

4. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

5. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

6. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

7. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

8. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

9. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit seven, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

10. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

12. Knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, knit nineteen, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three.

Commence at first row again. R. C.

FEATHER-EDGE BRAID LACE.

Commence on the upper side of the braid. Fasten the thread into the fourth loop of the braid. Chain fourteen stitches, fasten into the fourth loop of the braid. Chain eight stitches, fasten into the third loop of the braid. Do this again. Chain sixteen stitches, fasten into the fourth loop of the braid. Chain eight stitches, fasten into middle of the sixteen stitches. *Chain eight, fasten into fourth loop. Chain eight, fasten into the middle of the sixteen, same hole that the other eight were. Do this eight

times from *. Then chain four, and fasten into the middle of the first half of the sixteen. Chain four, fasten into the fourth loop. Chain four, fasten into the middle of the eight stitches. Chain four, fasten into the third loop. Chain four, fasten into the middle of the eight stitches. Chain four, fasten into the third loop. Chain four, fasten into the fourth stitch of the fourteen beyond the fourth. Chain seven, fasten into the fourth loop of the braid. Put the needle into the next loop of the braid, and draw the thread through it and the stitch on the needle. Do this nine times. Continue in this way until you have the length required.

Then on the other side of the braid chain four and fasten into every other loop of the braid, until you have done this eighteen times. †Chain eight, fasten into the third loop. Chain eight, fasten into the third loop. Chain sixteen, fasten into the fourth loop. *Chain eight, fasten into the middle of the sixteen. Chain eight, fasten into the fourth loop. Repeat from * eight times. Chain four, fasten into the middle of the first half of the sixteen stitches. Chain four, fasten into fourth loop. Chain four, fasten into the middle of the eight stitches. Chain four, fasten into the third loop. Chain four, fasten into the middle of the next eight stitches. Chain four, fasten into the third loop. Chain four, fasten into every other loop of the braid until you have done this eight times. Then repeat from †. Then chain four and put into the middle of the four chained around the edge. ORA A. HUSSEY.
Box 87, Lancaster, Mass.

PRETTY NARROW LACE.

Cast on twelve stitches and knit across plain.

1. Thread over, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit eight.

2. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit three together, thread over, knit two, narrow, thread over, knit four.

3. Thread over, knit five, thread over, narrow, knit six.

4. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit three together, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit seven.

5. Slip one, knit four, narrow, thread over, knit seven.

6. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit three together, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit two, narrow.

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

8. Slip one, knit one, thread over, knit three together, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit three together. Repeat from first row.

Will some of the sisters please send through THE HOUSEHOLD some knitted tidy patterns? MRS. H. L. REVELL.

PRETTY EDGING.

Cast on sixteen stitches. Knit across once plain.

1. Thread over twice, seam two together, two plain, knit six long stitches, by putting the needle in the stitch as if to knit and throwing the thread over three times and drawing them through, two plain, over twice, narrow, two plain.

2. Four plain, seam one, two plain, slip the six long stitches, cross the three first over the three last, knit three, then take up those thrown over and knit them, two plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

3. Over twice, seam two together, fifteen plain.

4. Fifteen plain, over twice, seam two together.

5. Over twice, seam two together, two plain, six long stitches as in the first row,

two plain, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, one plain.

6. Three plain, seam one, two plain, seam one, two plain, slip the six long stitches, and cross them and knit, two plain, over twice, seam two together.

7. Thread over twice, seam two together, seventeen plain.

8. Seventeen plain, over twice, seam two together.

9. Over twice, seam two together, two plain, knit six long stitches, two plain, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, one plain.

10. Three plain, seam one, two plain, seam one, two plain, seam one, two plain, slip the six long stitches and knit as in the second and sixth rows, two plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

11. Thread over twice, seam two together, twenty plain.

12. Bind off six stitches, thirteen plain, thread over twice, seam two together. MRS. H. M. B.

South Carolina.

EMBROIDERED SUSPENDERS.

Dew Drop wishes to know how to make gentlemen's suspenders. I made two pairs last Christmas. One pair was blue with wild pink roses, buds, and green leaves. The others were red, with roses and buds of lemon color and green leaves. In both pairs the leaves had a little red in them. A yard and three-quarters of number nine and the same amount of number twelve ribbon, with silk to correspond with the pattern, and canvas for lining, are the materials required. The number nine is to be worked on, and the twelve is to line them. After you have embroidered and stretched them, you need to line them with canvas to make them firm, and then line them with the ribbon. The edges of the ribbon with which you line, need to be turned over on the piece you have embroidered and stitched down at the edge. I then sent mine to a jeweler's and had them mounted, for which I paid one dollar.

Will any one please send directions for a knit rug? There has been one in the paper, but it is not what I want.

Hallowell.

M. C. H.

HOSE: LEAF PATTERN.

Cast on one hundred and forty-nine stitches.

1. Knit around plain.

2. *Seam two, plain three, seam two, slip and bind, plain five, and so continue all around.

3. Seam two, plain three, seam two, slip and bind, plain four, and repeat.

4. Seam two, plain one, thread over, plain one, thread over, plain one, seam two, slip and bind, plain three, etc.

5. Seam two, plain five, seam two, slip and bind, plain two, etc.

6. Seam two, plain five, seam two, slip and bind, plain one, etc.

7. Seam two, plain two, thread over, plain one, thread over, plain two, seam two, slip and bind, etc.

8. Seam two, plain seven, seam two, leave thread in front of needle, plain one, thread over and brought in front of needle, etc.

9. Seam two, plain seven, seam two, plain three, etc.

This forms one leaf and a half. Commence at * and repeat till long enough. Hatfield, Mass. M. E. KINGSLEY.

CRYSTALLIZED GRASSES.

Have the grasses perfectly dry, formed in the desired shape, and fastened securely to a stick, and then suspend over the jar in which the liquid is to be poured after heating.

Dissolve one pound of alum, pounded fine, in one quart of clear water, and simmer slowly over the fire, not letting it come to a boil. When it is quite warm, a little more than milk warm, pour over the bouquet or grasses, cover and set away for twenty-four hours, then take out carefully, hang in the sun several hours, till they are thoroughly dry, and set away for two or three days.

The solution may be used over again by heating.

For yellow crystals, use yellow prussiate of potash. For blue, use a saturated solution of sulphate of copper. For ruby, use red prussiate of potash. These crystals should be kept under glass or their beauty is soon spoiled.

Ferns may be arranged between two pieces of bobinet and framed with picture mats. The edges should be bound with ribbon. These make pretty window transparencies. MRS. J. C. MEINS.

NARROW KNIT LACE.

Cast on nine stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit two, make one, knit two, make one, knit two together, make one, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit two, purl six, knit two.

3. Knit two, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit two, purl eight, knit two.

5. Knit two, make one, narrow, knit two, narrow, make one, knit one, make one, narrow, knit one.

6. Knit two, purl eight, knit two.

7. Knit one, narrow, make one, narrow twice, make one, narrow, make one, narrow, knit one.

8. Knit two, purl six, knit two.

9. Knit one, narrow, make one, knit two, make one, narrow, make one, narrow, knit one.

10. Knit two, purl six, knit two. Repeat from third row. LILY GAY.
Quebec.

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.

Please ask the sisters for a correct pattern of wide edging suitable for a skirt, and oblige one of the Band. M. A. S. GRIFFETH.
Danby, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some lady give directions for a pretty afghan of worsted, either knitted or crocheted? POLLY COLOGNE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please send directions for crocheting collars with linen thread, or feather edge braid? LILLIAN.

Will some one give directions for knitting a knee cap to children's stockings? LUCIE MT. SEVERN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to make a pretty, but not very expensive toilet set? NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the sisters tell through our paper how to make a handkerchief box of Shetland wool? M. C. T. R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send directions for knitting infant's high neck and long-sleeved shirt? MRS. GEO. E. BREWER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to thank Lida Brown of Pine River, Wis., for the net for a horse's ears. I have made it, and find it quite handsome, as well as useful. I also wish some of the sisters would send to my address, a pattern of a book mark, suitable for a bible, or a book mark itself, for which I will give ample satisfaction in any way they may wish. MRS. M. L. WALKER.

158 Putnam St., New Haven, Conn.

The Dining Room.

TABLE DECORATION.

FOR the last five years there has been a fashion of relieving the expanse of white cloth on a dinner or supper table by wide strips of bright-colored plush, or by an arrangement of pieces of looking-glass to simulate water, on which originally only aquatic plants and flowers were placed; but as the idea of the fitness of things vanishes after a time, all sorts and kinds of blossoms have come to be used. This sort of thing, however, interferes with the arrangement of the table when the dinner is served *a la Russe*, unless the table be extremely wide, and then it is unsociable. Fruit, if people can afford to have dessert at all, is too beautiful not to be seen, and if it only consists of a dish of oranges and apples they ought to be utilized, and the commonest plate can be used for the purpose. Suppose that it be a plain one of white earthenware. Cover it with moss, and arrange the fruit in circles, say first five, then three on the top, and one to crown the edifice in the center. In the interstices place tufts of moss or green leaves, real ones if you have them, and artificial if you can get no others. Never use ivy leaves for this purpose, or the golden foliage of the pyrethrum. The odor of both is unpleasant, especially when the room is warm. A very pretty decoration, and quite novel, is a central round or oval, if the table be oval, of green baize, with small pieces, say four inches wide, radiating from it like four arms of a cross. Have some oiled silk cut in the same shapes, and a little larger than each, which will avoid any ineradicable staining of the table-cloth. First of all put this in position; then lay the baize in water for an hour—dipping it in is not enough. Squeeze the water out, and the stuff will still be thoroughly wet. Have a good supply of fern leaves, maiden-hair being the very best, and in the long run the most economical, because it bears cutting into many small sprays. Lay these at the edge of the baize, so as to form a light fringe on the white cloth; the oiled silk will not show at all, and the dampness of the baize will keep the fern from curling up all through the evening.

Next take your flowers; the ideal ones for the purpose are white gardenias, which grow close to the wood, and are cut with very short stalks. If the blossoms are laid round the outer extremities of the baize there must be a good thickness of foliage in the middle; and as the foliage of gardenias is not overplentiful, and that of the green euonymus resembles it very closely, that is the best to use for the purpose. If, however, you wish to economize your gardenias, lay them in a single row down the center of the baize and round the outside of the central circle, and bring your green foliage up to the fringe of fern. The idea given is that the flowers are "all a-growing and a-blowing." In the middle of the central circle place any pretty glass vase or a group of small ones, each of which will contain a single blossom and some ferns. The middle one will take more, and they must be arranged gracefully on slender strips of wood, so as to make a graceful bouquet. If they are wired, the water will turn brown, and spoil the effect of all. A specimen glass, with a blossom and a fern, should be pushed up close in each angle. Then arrange the dessert in four round glass dishes or plates, and place them in the angles close to the specimen glasses. This may be varied by putting a standard glass or china dessert dish with bright-colored fruit in a pyramid in the center,

and of course this saves flowers, and makes the best of the space on the table.

Roses may be used very effectively in the same manner, and so may asters. Dahlias do not smell nice. Parma violets are perfect, but to be effective must be laid in thickly without leaves. The best way of using the latter was inaugurated in Paris by Prince de Sagan, about two years ago. It was done for him regardless of cost, but may be managed very simply by humbler folk, and not only violets but primroses, or any small self-colored flowers, may be used.

Let all your salt-cellars be round and small glass ones. Buy the same number of glass plates. After standing the salt-cellar in the middle, fill the plate evenly with sand and wet it. Put a border of violet leaves or others as the case may be round the outside, and then cut the stalks short, and stick the flowers in thickly. One of these to every two guests will be sufficient. Now take the little glass troughs, which are made in semicircles and straight pieces so that they can be placed in any shape on the table. Half fill them with wet sand. Collect all your wine-glasses that have had the stems broken off; they should always be ground down so as to stand as soon as this catastrophe happens. Fix them so that they stand firmly in the sand; place in each a bunch of violets surrounded by leaves, and fill up the troughs with moss. Violets are heavy in large vases, consequently these tiny bouquets are best. All the dessert dishes, say a large one for the center and smaller ones at the ends and sides, may be grouped in the center of this arrangement. Dark Russian and Parma violets may be used interchangeably, or, in a country place where wild sweet violets are plentiful, white and purple may be alternated. Any housekeeper will find that her wine-glass bowls accumulate quite fast enough without breaking on purpose, and having no stands they are very convenient.

Another pretty style is to purchase baskets of the same shape, but of various sizes for the corners and at intervals down the table. Fill them with roses and ferns, or, loveliest of all, with white or yellow marguerites and broad blades of grass. They want no moss—it would spoil the lightness—but the baskets should be gilded.—*Harper's Bazar*.

A NORTH CAROLINA BILL OF FARE.

Eatables are very scarce here, we being obliged to buy groceries and meats sixteen and a half miles from home to insure getting a good, pure article. The village stores charge double price for groceries; for example, soda crackers, twenty cents a pound, and when a brave individual remonstrated with the dealer, he says, "Now, honest truth, I don't make but thirty per cent. profit." Which I think is good profit for a country merchant. This week we went nineteen miles for fresh beef only to meet with disappointment. We are about to turn chicken-hearted in consequence of eating chickens so many times, in many different ways. The recent cold wave which struck North Carolina caused the hens to strike, so eggs are used to the best advantage, we preferring to cook them to eat instead of burying them in cake or pudding. I don't know when I have used eggs for my cakes or puddings, and I am often puzzled what to get to eat, or how to serve the same meat in a dozen different ways and each time have it taste better than the time before. Of course I have not mentioned many ways of fixing ham, dried herring, and other dried articles of food, so as to deceive Jim into thinking them fresh.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Oatmeal and

milk, broiled salt mackerel, potatoes stewed in milk, stewed prunes, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner.—Broiled ham, steamed potatoes, boiled onions, cranberry sauce, mixed pickles, bread, butter, tea, lemon pie and cheese.

This pie is an invention of my grandmother's and we call it very nice. For one pie, take two small or one large lemon, slice in round thin slices; lay in the bottom of the pie dish, one layer, sprinkle on a generous cupful of brown sugar, then pour on the center of the pie one-half cupful of cold water, dredge quite thickly with flour; lastly, lay bits of butter on top. Bake with two crusts, making the under one quite thick.

Supper.—Cold ham, jelly, bread, butter, chocolate cake, and tea.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Oatmeal and milk, pickled-up codfish, baked potatoes, wheat griddle cakes, bread, butter, and coffee.

Dinner.—Stewed beef, boiled potatoes, corn cooked in milk, bread, butter and tea, fritters and syrup.

Supper.—Baker's chocolate, clouded cake, graham gems, canned peaches and grated cheese.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Broiled steak, fried potatoes, oatmeal and milk, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner.—Cold sliced beef, scalloped onions, Saratoga potatoes, bread, butter and tea, and gelatine preserve, an idea of my own.

One-third box of gelatine, one pint of boiling water poured on, stirring till dissolved, juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, strain in mold, after putting lemon and sugar with gelatine. When ready to serve, put strawberry or raspberry jam in the dish, put gelatine in the center, and sift powdered sugar over the whole.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, poached eggs on toast, stewed dried apples with lemon and raisins.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Tea, coffee, lamb chops, potato cakes, oatmeal and milk, bread, butter and stewed peaches.

Dinner.—Pea soup, made from stock of stewed beef of Monday, broiled chicken, cream potatoes, graham and wheat bread, oranges, apples and raisins.

Supper.—Welsh rarebit, toasted bread, tomato sauce, bread, butter and tea.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Oatmeal and milk, Indian cakes and syrup, pork fried in egg batter, warmed up potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner.—Boiled codfish and potatoes, with drawn butter, Lima beans, corn and wheat bread, apple compote.

Supper.—Waffles, with cinnamon and sugar, pineapple preserves, chipped beef, sliced cheese, bread, butter and tea.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Codfish cakes, raised doughnuts, bread, butter and coffee, stewed prunes.

Dinner.—Curried rabbit and rice, (rabbit trapped on the farm,) boiled turnips, potatoes, cucumber pickles, bread, butter, tea and chocolate, fruit and nuts.

Supper.—Boiled rice and milk, toasted crackers, cherry preserves, canned salmon, bread, butter and tea.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Rice dodgers, baked eggs, fried breakfast bacon, potatoes, bread, butter, tea and cocoa.

Dinner.—Roast beef, with Yorkshire pudding, boiled onions, cabbage slaw, bread, butter and tea.

Supper.—Quail on toast, (quail trapped a short distance from the house,) plum preserves, pot cheese, baked cup custard, bread, butter and tea.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Egg omelet, beef hash, hominy and milk, warm wheat gems, stewed cherries, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner.—Cold roast beef, fried onions, baked potatoes, bread, butter and tea, suet pudding and boiled sauce.

Supper.—Potted tongue, orange marmalade, sugar cookies, bread, butter and tea.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Scrambled eggs, buckwheat cakes and syrup, beef sausages, warmed potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner.—Bean soup, boiled bacon, with bread sauce, pickles, potatoes, asparagus, bread, butter and tea, baked apples, cream and sugar.

Supper.—Sliced corn beef, blackberry preserves, oatmeal crackers, bread, butter and tea.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Frizzled beef, corn muffins, fried potatoes, stewed apples, bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner.—Roast chicken, potatoes, peeled and baked, cooked tomatoes, baked dressing, succotash, bread and butter pudding.

Supper.—Grated ham, soda biscuit, honey, bread, butter and tea.

My husband doesn't eat griddle cakes for breakfast, and "despises" hot biscuit, so it's bread! bread! bread! with him constantly, especially bread from graham and coarse flour. This has been a fortunate time with us, having plenty of beef to last ten days. Now for the next ten days, there may be no beef, and roads impassable. When beef fails, my heart fails also. Beef can be cooked in such a variety of ways, and you never tire of it as quickly as of other fresh meats.

I would like a call from Mother Loomis, to fix something nice out of nothing. I heartily sympathize with Brend Athol in regard to unexpected company, and I know she appreciates Mother Loomis and her timely aid. Such a woman would have been welcomed many times since house-keeping has been under the direction of KEZIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE DESSERT.

—Among the oldest of smokers—Chimneys.

—"Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

—"It is not easy to be a widow," says Mrs. Smithers: "one must reassume all the modesty of girlhood, without being allowed even to feign its ignorance."

—A little girl at Newport, seeing the willow phaeton for the first time, exclaimed: "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes baskets here."

—There are some marriages which remind us of the poor fellow who said: "She couldn't get any husband and I couldn't get any wife, so we got married."

—"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

—"I should like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear, so should I," said Mr. Smith, with exceeding earnestness.

—One man was asked by another, with whom he was on the best of terms, where he had taken up his abode. "Oh," he replied, "I'm living by the canal at present. I should be delighted if you should drop in some evening."

—"What is a limited monarchy, Johnny?" "Well, my idea of a limited monarchy is where the ruler don't have much to rule." "Give an example!" "An example! L'mme see! Well, if you was bossin' yourself for instance."

—As a part of the marriage ceremony in Serbia, the bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. It might be well to introduce some such custom in this country.

The Kitchen.

MRS. LOOMIS "SAYS HER SAY."

IN OPPOSITION to all that is written and said of neatness, order, method, and every other virtue which goes to make up the sum total of good housekeeping would a woman endanger or lose her reputation entirely if she dared to say, do not be too neat, do not be too methodical. In drawing up your rules and regulations do not imitate the Medes and Persians whose laws were unalterable. Give way sometimes. You have no doubt heard that "circumstances alter cases." It is well to remember it. Solomon has told us that there is a time when certain things should be done, and other times when the same things should not be done.

If every wife and mother would store up this injunction of the wise man in some corner of her brain and act upon it occasionally, there would be an increase of the happiness and comfort of many a home. Truly the "must" and "must not" in some houses are the grimmest of lions standing across the path of any enjoyment, or even peace. If we may use an expression which is not very far removed from slang, it is possible to get too much of a good thing. Every one knows what a house without method is, but perhaps every one has not considered what a house with too much may come to be. A place where rules and regulations ride rough shod over inclination and comfort and mercilessly crush every feeble attempt at resistance or rebellion; where the inmates are so hedged in by "thou shalt" on the right hand, and "thou shalt not" on the left, that the one course which they may pursue with impunity is wonderfully narrow and monotonous.

Then do not be too neat. Do not give every person under your roof or, indeed, who comes in contact with you, reason to hate that innocent, well-meaning word. It must be understood that here we do not refer to personal neatness, nor the cleanliness which is "akin to godliness," and without which no woman is worthy of the name, but to that over-developed bump of order which manifests itself in a never ending tidying of every thing, and keeps up a state of perpetual semi-house-cleaning, the thought of which contracts a man's heart with fear as he turns his face homewards, which drives the children out of doors in search of a place where they may amuse themselves without molestation, or if the season will not admit of that drives them to desperation in-doors, and often reduces them to that unenviable condition in which Satan will find something for them to do. Or, perhaps, and this is a frequent case, in order to preserve the immaculate neatness of the more public part of the house, they are banished to some remote corner and there left to their own devices. This corner is often the most imperfectly lighted, warmed and ventilated apartment of the house, albeit dignified with the title of nursery. It is really a good plan to give the children one room which they may call their very own, and in which they may do as they please; but the house is their home all through, is it not? And is it advisable that their amusements and employments should always be a separate part of the home life. Let them occasionally bring their playthings where you are, let them feel free to make a little noise, and, if unavoidable, let them once in a while disturb the accustomed serenity of your dining or sewing room. Join in and show an interest in their occupations. You will add a hundred fold to their en-

joyment by so doing and as much to your fondest memories in after years. Keep them as close to you as you can, you will be separated all too soon, other things than your love of order and neatness will rise up as a wall between you. The world, new ties, land and water, nay, even estrangement, and last of all death itself will separate you. Keep them close while you can.

How many world weary men and women cherish fondly, as a possession which no one and nothing can take from them, the memory of the one time when they were happy. Long ago in the old home, care and trouble never reached them; oh, if they only could have remained children, and always been with mother. And how many more look back with bitterness, not unmingled with disgust, to a repressed, joyless childhood with recollections of little more than floors that must be kept clean, carpets which must not be walked on by other feet than those which had arrived at discretion, rooms which must not be entered, chairs which must not be sat upon, questions which must not be asked until it seemed that whatever life or liberty they had known was what they had found in God's free air. No bright spot for them to gaze back upon. If they have found the world an unsatisfactory, disappointing place, well, it was always so; they never knew any thing else. It has been a desert all through, unrelieved by even the memory of an oasis.

"I always calculate to have the home for us, and not us for the home," said Mother Loomis to me once with the calm decision which warned one that whatever she "calculated" would surely be brought to pass.

"But how do you manage, your house always looks nice?"

"Well, it does take management," admitted "mother," "when a body has a small house and a crowd of children, to keep things from being cluttered and let them live, isn't always easy. Times I wish it was always summer, but my children's my children, they come fast, whatever. I've got 'em pretty well trained to keep quiet and behave themselves when strangers is in, but after all it's their home and their father's and must be made to suit 'em. I've seen considerable in my time," continued mother reflectively, "and I've noticed that the smartest of us can make mistakes in our management sometimes. And I've just got this to say, that the woman who is such a fust-rate housekeeper as to make every one more comfortable out of doors than in, is as big a blunder herself as there is in this creation, that's my opinion."

Mother closed her lips decisively as if there was nothing more to be said on the subject.

"Yes," she resumed after a pause, "I've seen considerable in my time."

Then there was another short silence.

"I taught school a spell once when I was a girl, I guess you'll think it wasn't fust-class teachin' and neither it was, but they needed some one for the deestrick that winter and—and, well, I believe I did know a little more than the scholars. It was just readin', writin', and a leetle arithmetic, an' we got on pretty well, but what I was goin' to say, you see I used to board round and so I saw the inside of more than one house. Well, I had four children out o' one home, their name was Badgood, funny name, yes, and they was as funny as their name. They was the trickiest, tiresomest, deceitfullest young ones; my, how they did try me, and yet they wasn't rale downright ugly. Times they seemed so kind-hearted and fond of me and the other scholars, but they was just bustin' with life, no keepin' it in, and of course it would come out in all kinds o' ways. And they was so cute. Well I

saw it all when I went to board a few weeks at their folk's. Mrs. Badgood and Mr. used to be held up as regular patterns, people used to say they couldn't see how such good managers, and not to speak of their bein' regular perfectin' Christians, should have such tormented youngsters. No one ever expected any good of 'em, though after all there wasn't any thing downright wicked about 'em.

Well, as I said, I soon saw it all. Mrs. Badgood was as good a wife and mother as ever lived, but she was one o' these sharp-tongued, sharp-eyed wimmen that keeps every one a rasped up all the time, and all through her bein' bound to have a better kept house than any one else. I know if the house had been sent to a fair it would have taken a first prize, but the home wouldn't. And who'd want such tidiness at what it cost her? Badgood himself lived in the barn or on a bench behind the house in the summer, and in winter I guess he had to go to bed the minute he was in from work, to keep from spillin' things; the poor young ones acted like wild Indians outside, but was mum as you please in the house, for all they managed to play a good many tricks on maw'm as they called her. You see all the life was kept bottled up in 'em till they was ready to bust, and the only escape there ever was at home was what little they could let off on the sly. Of course, no one dast do any thing. I was in mortal terror myself all the time I was there, scared to sit near the fire lest I'd burn the chair, and scared to move one out of its place three inches. As for walkin' around touchin' things I never thought of it. Seemed to me I could hear her in my sleep:

"Take care!" "Don't touch that!" "My sakes, do you want to spile things?" "I'd as lief you wouldn't handle 'em!" "Them things is easy broke," or "That there takes the dirt awful easy."

Till I used to be afraid to sit in a chair or touch the floor with my feet and wished I could have been hung up like a side of bacon from the ceiling where I couldn't hurt nothin—even then I s'pose she'd have fretted about my heft. For all this Mis' Badgood was a good, kind woman, would have worked herself to the bone for her children and was a good woman in every way, but—well, who's perfect? We've all our weaknesses. Still I will say," concluded mother, that the woman who puts her neatness and everlasting order before husband and children is as big a blunder as there is in creation. Now I've said my say."

BREND ATHOL.

HOTCH-POTCH.

Where shall I begin? I have so many things to say. But fortunately my title privileges me to begin in the middle, and reach the beginning and end—when?

Shall I betray Honolulu's system, and my own as well, to an inquiring sister? Well, her John is another Connecticut Boy. So is mine. Estelle, we congratulate you in sympathy. Your experience is like ours. Honolulu has two in family, and a tiny little house to care for. So have I. She lives in town, and puts her fine washing and ironing out of the house. I live on a ranch, have no fine washing and no ironing, have a washing machine and wringer, both of which my husband superintends. He also fills and empties the tubs, hangs out the clothes, and sweeps out the kitchen afterward.

How do I manage not to iron? I use red napery which looks very nice if hung evenly and well shaken and folded. If you have ever slept in sheets and pillow cases unironed, you will not exchange the fresh, sweet odor for the smell of a flat-iron. Besides, are they not in a more sanitary condition?

Where are the white clothes? Our climate requires flannel all the year round, so we have no white clothing. Towels may just as well be shaken and folded smoothly as ironed, if one only thinks so. Ah! there's the secret of E. B.'s and other overworked farmers' wives perplexities. They won't think so.

Where is the cooking? Well, that is one of the differences between a ranch and a farm. Women are such a scarcity out west that they are well taken care of. On the large ranches there is a mess-house where a man-cook presides, only one of the hands with a fifth more wages, and where all the hands eat and sleep. On the smaller ranches a boy helps in the kitchen. Why could not eastern farmers' wives do likewise? Give up your summer kitchen for a mess-house kitchen; have the family eat there also, if large. What a load off the shoulders of the drudging wife during the busy seasons! When dinner is over, just to leave the kitchen for the cool sewing room, after having eaten a quiet dinner to which one came cool and rested.

Guests? Out west they are treated like members of the family, and come into the home living. No five kinds of cake for tea, but just what was originally intended for the family. That is how westerners can merit their proverbial trait of hospitality. It is no trouble to entertain, and the guests are free to enjoy themselves, as I know from experience.

Oh Nelly Browne, please marry a western ranch man, if you are not already a wife.

Now, may I join in the request for Emily Hayes "Notes" in book form? I would also like to express myself in favor of the page for the Johns.

Mrs. J. V. Guthrie's suggestion for a HOUSEHOLD badge should meet with approval from all. Coin silver thimbles can be obtained for less than fifty cents, and a badge could be made as inexpensively if Mr. Crowell could have them in charge for sale to the Band. I think the design given excellent, though the motto might be improved.

I have occupied myself with some of Helen Herbert's netting directions in the years past, but I had a netting needle which I purchased at some old-fashioned country store. It was like a knitting needle flattened and split at the ends with a small hole about an inch from one end to tie the silk, on starting to wind. For twine netting I had a wooden one made by a friend.

If I had Mrs. W. L. K.'s address, I would put her in the way of getting innumerable hints for household conveniences in her new house, many of which occupy places in my own air castle.

Many thanks to Dot-Dash-Dot for recipes for flaky pie crust.

An Old Subscriber desires information concerning asthma. A child may reasonably hope for cure if a suitable change of residence can be made. It is a most peculiar disease, no one medicine affecting the sufferer for any length of time. He must try every new remedy while its effect lasts, and then throw it aside for another, though he may return to the first again at some future time. Again, locality is very uncertain. What is life to one is death to another. The worst case I ever saw, was that of a woman, a native and resident of the White Mountains, a place where two of my friends escaped it completely. Another cure was effected in Florida, another at Tom's River on the New Jersey coast, although the latter place aggravated my brother's symptoms. My brother finds a residence in Colorado, in the mountains, a sure relief for him, and hopes for a complete cure in a few years. During the first year's trial of the climate, repeated acts of carelessness resulted only in colds, without an asth-

matic symptom. On returning to the east for a summer, he suffered from hay-fever only, and has now returned to the Rocky Mountains, determined to effect a permanent cure.

May I give a suggestion for the support of a heavily trimmed dress skirt, most useful even if skirt supporters are worn for other garments? Place two hooks in front and three at back, at the waist line on the inner side of the basque, and corresponding eyes on the skirt band. This also serves to hold the basque down, and distributes the weight of the skirt so that it does not tire the shoulders nor hips.

Mrs. E. W. R. will find this sago pudding nice: Boil in a quart of milk the peel of one lemon cut very thin. Strain and stir in four tablespoonfuls of sago and two and one-half ounces of sugar. Simmer twenty minutes. Cool, then add two ounces of butter and five eggs well beaten. Put into a dish with puff paste around the edge, and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Here are some of my favorite recipes which may be new to many:

Yorkshire Pudding.—One and one-half pints of milk, seven tablespoonfuls of flour, three beaten eggs, and a pinch of salt. Pour into a greased pan and place under the roast beef, half an hour before serving with the beef.

Toad in a Hole.—Make a batter with a pint of milk, three eggs, and sufficient flour to make it thick, pour into a deep buttered dish, and bake a stuffed fowl or bits of cold meat in it about one hour and a quarter.

Here are two recipes for quick desserts:

Jelly Omelette.—Beat the yolks of three eggs, with three tablespoonfuls of milk, and one tablespoon even full of flour, some salt, and a small piece of butter melted in the frying pan. Then add the whites well beaten, stir once, and fry slowly in the greased pan. When nearly cooked, brown over the fire, and drop jelly over the top. Serve at once.

Hasty Meringue.—Line glasses with stale cake, fill two-thirds full of fruit, and cover the top with beaten whites of eggs with sugar.

Beef essence is delicious for an invalid or for a hot drink for a person coming in chilled. Take the veiny piece of beef from the neck, cut it in small pieces, and steam in a tight double boiler with water in the under one only, for several hours.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Thirteen.

BY THERESA.

Katie Didn't, in the March number, ought not to be so far "away, down in the 'Slough of Despond,'" for matters might be much worse with her. If those little boys were suffering with some disease incident to childhood, feverish and sleepless, instead of being "safe in dream-land," and she was obliged to watch day and night, then she might have more cause for it. Can she not find a large "grain of comfort" in this? It has been said that "work is the panacea," ("pan-iky," as "the old woman said." Query: Why is it always the "old woman," instead of the "old man," can any one tell?) but when every nerve in the body is quivering with pain from overwork, then another kind of medicine is needed. A change of some kind, perhaps an interesting book; a call on some neighbor; a lecture or concert; a visit to mother's or sister's, or some near friend for a week with the children; leaving things comfortable, so she need not worry about her "John," if he cannot accompany her, and leave her household cares behind, as much as possible.

'Tis true that many things are easier said than done, but at the same time, any one, simple though they be, will afford a change, and thereby a rest. Even a walk in the open air for a few moments, or, if the health will not admit of that, go to the open door or window, and breathe in the pure air, with a shawl over the head for protection, if the weather is at all chilly. There will surely be some object for the eye to rest upon, that will call up different thoughts, thus (unconsciously perhaps) invigorating the whole body. Try it Katie, and let some of that sweeping and dusting go undone, for "who will know the difference in a hundred years?" Wear the clothes without ironing if necessary, rather than injure the health doing it, if they are sweet and clean, that is the essential point. When you do iron, try sitting. It is quite the fashion nowadays, to have a high seat on purpose for this, washing dishes, preparing vegetables, and other kinds of work usually done standing. Never mind about the "dear systematic sisters," for they would not all get time for fancy work and reading without neglecting something else, I'll warrant, certainly, if they have no "help," for they have to be mistress of several trades, and be their own dressmaker, milliner, tailoress, laundress, etc., which housekeepers know about more or less.

I knew a lady who was her own "Bridget," that began a piece of embroidery, which she was determined to finish, but having no time days, she stunted herself to work one scallop, or such a length of time, (I forget, which,) after nine o'clock in the evening, until she accomplished it. Who would not rather do without fancy work? Another lady in speaking of it, thought it quite a good plan and policy, and so it was in one sense, (had it been any thing worth while,) as it showed a determination to persevere in whatever was undertaken; but in another, was very poor policy to do that which if continued in would be detrimental to health and eye-sight.

Katie does not complain of the hard work, only of "working harder all day, and accomplishing less, than any woman she ever heard of." Now that is a pretty sure sign that she is very particular about her work, and every thing must be done just "so," which is all very well perhaps, but there are cases where people are over particular, and "more nice than wise." She is doubtless young yet, and after years of practice, will find as others have done, wherein she can take less steps for the same amount of work, and can slight (?) some things, and feel as well, if not better satisfied. A cousin who was very nice about her work, said in after years, that when she commenced house-keeping, she "should have sit up nights and pulled out such sewing as she was then doing." I do not know as I have succeeded in comforting at all, but if I have, may we not hope to hear from Katie again with a new name. "Katydid," did get rested, did get "ambition," did get "comfort," did recover from the fit of desperation, and did read Rosamond E.'s excellent article (as all hers are) in the March number.

Having occasion to make a floor mat from an old carpet, we remembered what a HOUSEHOLD sister in some former number said, viz.: Before cutting off the mats stitch across with the sewing machine, then cut just outside the seam. This sewing saves the raveling, and is certainly a great improvement every way, and we shall not forget it. We bound the mat with biasing pieces of colored drilling, left from dress livings, sewed on with sewing machine, and after several weeks' wear it bids fair to outlast the mat.

Recipe for Gingerbread.—One cup of

molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of shortening, one egg, a small teaspoonful of soda, ginger and nutmeg to taste, using less of the latter. The amount of flour is not given, but it neither wants to be too thick, nor too thin; about the same amount that is usually given where one egg is used. This makes a nice loaf. We read in some book or paper, that when eggs are scarce, try a tablespoonful of cornstarch instead, which we did for the above, and found that it answered every purpose. We consider this worth knowing, for one can get the cornstarch, when eggs are not to be had "for love or money." We have thought it impossible to make a batch of doughnuts without an egg, as that "keeps them from soaking up too much fat," but have made several without, by using the starch instead, and never should know the difference.

Patchwork has been discouraged heretofore, by some in these columns, but why so? It saves the pieces, which alone are worthless; but when converted into blocks, and then into quilts or comfortables, one cannot help but be proud of their stock of new bedding on hand, and wish to exhibit them to their neighbors. It teaches the girls how to sew, and is really fascinating work for all. Small pieces can be made into coverings for holders, the inside to be several thicknesses of any worn out garment, if not too old, and bound with strips of new, with loops of the same to hang up by. They are indispensable to housekeepers, and very convenient to have ready, when a new one is needed. The kind alluded to, is the old-fashioned way of "piecing up blocks" of calico, but just now, a more elegant kind of "craze" is raging, which must be about at its height, and everybody is "crazy" to obtain pieces of silk and velvet, by begging, exchanging, or some other honest way. Judging from the columns of silk pieces advertised for sale in newspapers, the merchants are the most "crazy" of all. Well, who said the "craze" had not struck our house! "Might as well be out of the world as the fashion!"

Brend Athol's fourth paper is to the point, and remarkably good. The words flow from her pen so easily! I said to myself, "them's my sentiments," as the "old-man(?)" said.

A WORD ON THE "COMPANY" QUESTION.

In Rosamond E.'s communication to the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, some of the remarks she makes about entertaining guests must strike a responsive chord in the memory of many a housekeeper; and if they give a twinge of conscience to some who have trespassed beyond the limits of hospitality, who can be sorry? Of the many duties of house-keeping, the entertainment of friends is one of the most pleasant, but, under some conditions, it is the "hair that breaks the camel's back."

There can be no doubt that women are, as a rule, inclined to hospitality. Say, if you will, that they are gregarious—always happier with some one to talk over plans with, some one with whom to exchange news, even gossip; that they love to exhibit to their acquaintances their taste in furnishing a room, or in table arrangements, or to show off their skill in cooking; the fact remains the same, that women love to "have company."

Having lived during my housekeeping days in both city and country, I must beg leave to differ with those who think that the duties of hospitality are much easier in the country than in the city. To be sure, we in the country can treat a guest to what a little nephew of mine calls "out-door," but we always find that fresh air alone does not satisfy the inner man,

and, if caught unawares, with preparations incomplete, it is much easier to supply from a well-appointed grocery any deficiency, than from a country store where one squash and two cabbages, and a piece of meat which the proprietor politely hopes will "prove good," constitute the whole stock in trade.

Some of us live in the country with no well-fed "Jersey" on our domains, but if we should offer our city friends strawberries without cream they would be shocked, for does not the very word "country" guarantee cream *ad libitum*? We may, perhaps, send a hurried message to a more favored neighbor for a supply of the needed luxury, and receive the reply that she would be "happy to oblige," etc., but is making butter, and could by no means "break up" a pan of milk. We cannot urge it, for selling milk and cream is not her business.

Some guests are like sunbeams in a house, cheerfully waiting upon themselves when there are no servants, overlooking all shortcomings, taking their bit of needlework into the kitchen and chatting with us while we perform the homely but necessary duties of the morning; and there are others who bear themselves as if their comfort alone were to be considered. As Rosamond E. says, if some of us were to tell all our "grievances," as an eccentric friend calls all little and great trials, we should lose our reputation for veracity. But I will relate one or two instances in which I nearly forgot my manners in my righteous wrath.

I once invited a lady, her husband and their little boy to spend several weeks of summer with me in the country. Having assigned to them the pleasantest sleeping-room in the house, with all necessary belongings at my command, I supposed that, as I kept no servant, my duties as hostess were, in that particular, done. But I was mistaken; for, on the second morning, my friend came down stairs soon after breakfast, equipped for a walk, saying, as she passed me, "We are going out quite early for our walk, so that you may have a chance to put our room in order before the heat of the day." Cannot the sisters imagine that certain forces from within acting upon the forces without, caused the broom and duster to be wielded with energy on that bright particular morning?

One thing in regard to which many guests are thoughtless is in expecting the family visited to change their hours for meals. For instance, some friends, coming to us for a few days, arriving soon after five P. M., begged me not to have tea before eight, as they had lunched at three. Very good for them; but our supper hour was six, and my husband and boys could not be told to fast for two hours more, so their request was ignored. But in the morning I was obliged to compromise; they wished for a long ramble before breakfast, and desired me not to serve that meal before nine. This modest request I was, in a manner, compelled to accede to, as they did not "put in an appearance" until that hour, but our family breakfast, I beg to assure my readers, was served as usual at seven.

These little disarrangements sound slight, but they disturb and annoy the methodical housekeeper, while the extra labor they impose can be appreciated only by a woman who has had this experience. On the other hand, I have not unfrequently had guests in my house who have taken upon themselves many little duties; helping to wipe the glass and china of a morning; cutting paper toys for an uneasy child; tying on a long apron and helping to shell peas for dinner, or hull strawberries for tea; and, as many fingers make light work, we would have time to indulge, perhaps, in the luxury of a long walk.

Then, there is a time for every thing. Can we expect a farmer's wife to look sweet, and beam with smiles, if city friends swoop down upon her when her table is crowded with hay-makers or harvesters, and her own hands and those of her one "help" can scarcely minister to the famished workers? Can we blame the city housekeeper if she frown and meet only half of half-way the load of country friends who have chosen for their annual visit a time when Biddy is off for a month's vacation, or when some unusual domestic eruption makes it out of the question to receive them?

On the whole, are surprise visits the most welcome? Our friends say they will "take us as we are;" but we naturally wish to be taken at our best, and fate sometimes seems to ordain that, in cases of surprise, we are mostly taken at our worst. Exceptions may arise in which all rules must be laid aside, but in most cases it is better to know what is expected, and be prepared for it.

Kenduskeag, Maine.

M. W. B.

MANAGING.

"Oh yes! I can manage some way, I am used to it."

"I presume so. Do you know I think about two-thirds of a woman's life is spent in managing?"

This bit of conversation came to my ears not long since and set me to querying, is it really so? Do the majority of women plan how to make one thing answer in place of another, or how best to meet an emergency? for that was the sense in which the word manage was used.

Perhaps in reply to the editor's invitation, sisters, write for your own paper, I can give to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD some of my thoughts upon this subject. It must certainly be admitted that this quality is almost universal, not confined alone to women, yet doubtless from various circumstances more fully developed in them. Many from childhood have been obliged to exert this power, whilst others have felt its necessity only in later years. Neither is it a special property of any one class, or condition, the farmer's wife alike with the mechanic's, the merchant's home, together with that of the professional man, experience its effects. Take up any number of THE HOUSEHOLD, read the letters from various sources. What are many of their contents but welcome and needed instructions concerning the manner in which some sister managed by the use of a labor-saving machine, or preparation to lighten her daily task, or how from the accumulated contents of her rag-bag a quilt or rug has come forth so transformed as to be a thing of beauty with only a slight reminder of its former despised estate.

Then again a sister asks how she shall re-make, dye or renovate an old garment, or how she can contrive to make with the resources at hand something that will beautify her home; or, recipes are given telling how one has managed to add a pleasant and healthful article of food to what was perhaps a limited bill of fare. Nor is this the only paper giving such items, they meet us on all sides and are eagerly read and often copied or saved.

Some of the sisters may think, "If I only lived in a city, or was rich, I should not have to manage as I do." No doubt city life has its advantages, and those who have the means to purchase just what they require ought to be very thankful, for the many petty annoyances they are spared, yet they are no exception to the rule, that women spend a great deal of time in managing. Not only does this quality of planning belong to all conditions and locations, but there are two

classes, the true and the false managers.

There are in most women's lives three objects upon which this faculty of planning is more especially exerted, the home, the food and the dress. Who but a housekeeper knows how many thoughts have been put into the changing of that worn carpet, the re-arranging of the furniture, to hide the defaced places, the hanging of a picture, or the draping of a curtain to get the best effect. We enter a home where every thing appears to move in perfect harmony. Does that require no brains? Our husbands go to their stores, workshops or studies, they plan their work or it is planned for them, return to their homes and many of them seem to think that all there has arranged itself, the tasty articles that meet the eye are only women's nonsense, yet take these away and they feel a want, it does not seem as homelike.

Did any of the sisters ever have unexpected company come in upon what was already an over-full house? Almost before the words of welcome were spoken, plans for the guests' comfort had been mentally made. Again, money not being plentiful, many articles that to some might seem indispensable cannot be procured, but a quick mother-wit substitutes something else in their place. It would be impossible to enumerate the many ways right management can render a home on the broad prairie, the bleak hill-side, or the city avenue pleasanter than it would otherwise be, still, even here there may be that planning which is false. A desire for things as good or even better than their neighbor's may lead to a pinching in some ways where it may not be seen, that there may be expensive display in others. The close drawn curtains of many parlors shut from sunlight the graves of many kitchen necessities, or the books, papers and magazines that should enrich the minds of the children and by making home attractive keep them from seeking doubtful pleasures outside its circle.

Certain housekeepers will manage to get along without things to be used about their work simply because their mothers did not have them, or from a mistaken economy, whilst wasting in other ways more than enough to have procured those articles for which she often sighed. Again, in regard to food, we are compelled many times to make a little go a great ways. How often the question has been asked, "What shall I have for dinner?" And perhaps been answered as my mother has often answered my query, "Set the table and something will come."

It is surprising how many nice dishes one can make from the bits of meat, etc., left from a former meal. Yet here, in this matter, many serious mismanagements may be seen. Who has not gone into the country home and looked in vain for eggs, vegetables and fruit that you saw on the farm to appear on the table, they have gone to the traders for city customers. I know in many places money is scarce and these articles serve in its place, yet by retaining some and improving the home diet, would not the health of the household be the gainer?

Lastly, in regard to dress, good management teaches us to buy according to our means, station and age. A good article outwears a cheaper one, therefore pays the best in the end. If you cannot have both get the cloth and do without the trimmings. It is pleasant to think that there are those who can rightfully own and wear the beautiful gems, laces, and silks we see in the stores, but to the majority the purchasing of a dress or garment has to be looked at from many points, and even the re-making of one requires many thoughts. Many mothers manage to get along with their old garments that their daughters may have more

stylish ones, and say, "Oh, I am happy in doing it." No doubt of it, but is it best for the child? Does she not soon learn to be selfish, or to feel ashamed of mother, who looks as she says, "so dowdy?" Or in the dressing of children may we not mismanage in two ways? A child may be forced by poverty to wear a garment cut from another, or of cheap goods, there is nothing out of the way in that, but let it be tasty and somewhat like their companions that they may not come to think too much of dress by constant jarring of taste for the beautiful, or by the jeers of their companions.

Neither will good management lead to the dressing of the little ones as if for a festive occasion, for school work and life. But I think that a better day is dawning in this respect, that there is less of sham and more sensible ideas in regard to dress and many other matters.

Thus, sisters, we have glanced over a few of our fields of planning and tried to see the right and wrong way of each, and it does seem to me that the remark was true, "Much of our lives is spent in managing."

E. C. W.

USEFUL HINTS.

I beg leave to send to Friend of The Household, the following directions for stewing and canning apples to be used in the early summer. It is a method practiced in our family for many years.

Make a syrup of sugar and water, in the proportion of one cupful of sugar to three pints of water. Such syrup should always be made in a porcelain-lined vessel. When the syrup is boiling hot, drop into it the apples, cut into quarters or into halves, if the fruit be very small. Put in at one time only as many quarters as will float upon the top of the syrup without crowding; a greater quantity cannot be conveniently tended, and they require to be carefully watched. Let them remain in the syrup until they look clear, almost translucent. Some pieces will cook much more quickly than others, and each quarter should be skimmed out into the can the moment it is done. Continue in this way until the fruit can is half full of the apple, then pour in hot syrup to fill the can, and seal at once. The quantity of syrup here given is usually sufficient to fill a quart can, but, should it lack a little, fill the can with hot water. For each new can full make a new syrup, thus making sure that the fruit will be sweet enough. If the fruit is intended for pies only, diminish the quantity of sugar above given by one-half.

Mrs. John will find it an easy matter to clean and brighten zinc by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in a very little fresh lard. Care should be taken to use only a little lard, and to rub the zinc afterward with a dry cloth. This method commends itself to those who have no strength to spare for scrubbing, as the zinc is restored to apparent newness with no outlay of strength.

Mrs. J. A. B., a daily shower bath will prevent the leaves of your heliotrope from turning brown and falling off. I have found that the foliage of the heliotrope, no less than the smilax, requires a great deal of moisture. One plant, which had been but an unsightly dozen of bare stalks through the winter, was clothed upon with young leaves in a few days, simply by being removed to the kitchen.

Then the thought occurred to me, that during the previous winter when this heliotrope was full of leaves and blossoms, the communicating door between the flower room and the kitchen had been kept constantly ajar. I have also found moisture in the form of a shower bath destructive to red lice.

NELLY BROWNE.

HOW TO MAKE ROSE WATER.

Gather the roses while free from dew, and put them into a two-gallon jar. Then take a two-ounce bottle and put it in the mouth of the jar so that it will fit closely, and cut some pieces of perfectly clean sponge into narrow strips, and soak them in the purest olive oil. Cotton seed oil will do if pure. The oil must be perfectly sweet and fresh, or it will spoil the perfume. Place the sponge inside the vial and turn it upside down in the mouth of the jar, and put it in the hottest sunshine for four or five days. The heat will distill the rose leaves, and the aroma will rise and saturate the oil in the sponge. Throw away the leaves when they are dry and fill the jar again with fresh rose leaves as long as they last. Squeeze out the oil, or you can leave it in the vial, and keep it closely corked. A drop or two of this oil will perfume several ounces of alcohol.

Cream of tartar put on to iron rust spots and tied up so as to keep it on the spot, before putting it into the wash boiler will remove the iron rust.

MRS. I. H. EASTERBROOK.

Diamond Hill.

"It does not seem to be very generally known," says an exchange, "that the cucumber is one of the most useful vegetables we have, and can be dressed in a greater variety of palatable ways than any other except the tomato. It is better than squash and more delicate than the egg-plant, prepared in the same manner; can be stewed, fried, or stuffed, and above all, can be parboiled, mashed up in butter and fried as fritters, more pleasant and easily prepared than any other vegetable or fruit. When a cucumber becomes just too old to be used raw or for pickling, it is then at its best for cooking, and may be used for that purpose even until the seeds become hard. A raw cucumber is, for most persons, an indigestible abomination, however much they may admire its flavor and odor."

—Boil two quarts of good vinegar till reduced to one; then put it in the sun for a week. Now mix the vinegar with six times its quantity of bad vinegar, in a small cask; it will not only mend it but make it strong and agreeable.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will the ladies who have sent recipes for boiled frosting, please explain what the egg in it is for? Whenever I attempt making it according to directions, stirring the beaten white in while the sugar is hot, it simply floats around in little white specks, seeming to serve no possible use. In making frosting without boiling, the egg is simply to hold the sugar together. The boiling does this in the other, so why use eggs at all?

Will some one please give different ways of cooking the peas we buy by the bushel in winter?

Also, will some one give particular directions about fritters? Are they fried like pancakes or doughnuts, or either way?

Some one asked how to pickle grapes. I would say the nicest I ever tasted, were pickled by packing in layers of grapes and C sugar till the crock was full, then pouring vinegar over to cover the whole, using equal measures of sugar and vinegar. They will keep eight or nine months, and are very nice.

Use a brush for washing potatoes and other vegetables. You can clean them much better than with your hands, or in any other way, besides its being a great saving in the appearance of your hands. The nicer one can keep her hands, doing housework or any other work, the better

I want to tell about my oat meal boiler, my own invention and made to order. It is tin, and fits into my teakettle, measures six and one-half inches in height, four and three-fourths inches for the diameter of the top, and three and three-fourths inches for the diameter of the bottom, has a long handle and a tight cover. I think it one of the most useful of my housekeeping utensils.

I wish especially to thank the lady who recommended oil of spike for chilblains. It has cured the worst case I ever saw, after every other remedy heard of had been tried. This case was of over eight years standing, so let no one similarly afflicted despair. WOLVERINE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to M., in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I will send a good recipe for doing up shirts. Take two ounces of borax, one ounce of white wax, and one teacup of water, and melt all together. Take three teacups of any good silver gloss starch, moisten and rub very smooth, and mix with the melted borax and wax, a little at a time, until it is all smooth, spread on a platter, and let it dry, then it can be kept in a box the same as any other starch.

Wash and dry the shirts without starching the same as the other clothes. When ready to iron them, take the same quantity of the prepared starch as you would of the common starch in making cold starch, using lukewarm water instead of cold. Starch the shirts, roll up, and iron immediately if you wish, or they can remain over night. Rub the starch in thoroughly when starching, and iron without putting a cloth over. The shirts will be very stiff and glossy. Will some one who tries this please report?

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me directions for knitting a baby's bonnet of linen thread? MRS. S. HILLS.

Lamoille, Bureau Co., Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—May I come in, too? There are two or three things I wish to know. In the July number, 1883, page 202, at the bottom, is a broad lace by Maggie. Now, I would like to ask about it. I tried it, but it would not come right. At the tenth row it says "bind off eight," also, at the twentieth row. I should suppose there ought to be ten rows more to bind off at the thirtieth row, but there are only six. When I got to the end of the twenty-sixth row as given, I had forty-two stitches, instead of thirty-six as at the beginning. If she will send me an explanation, I will pay her for her trouble.

Also, will Mrs. Stripp, on the same page, send me a sample of the crocheted lace, and I will pay for the favor in some way.

I would like to ask if there are any of the sisters who live on or near the beach anywhere between Boston and Portsmouth, N. H., not in a big, fashionable resort? If so, will they write to me?

Also, I would like to ask some of the florists if a tuberose bulb after having blossomed one season blossoms again. Mine has not. Also, if they can tell why the leaves of my coleus all dropped off as soon as I took it in from out of doors in the fall?

If Aggie I. B. is still at Newport, I would ask if she has forgotten her old friend E. T. Please write.

MRS. WOOD.

Lock box 123, Ayer, Mass.

Dear Katie Didn't, I know all about it, for don't I feel just so almost every day? It is a comfort to know of you, and I wish I might know you better. I will compete with you for that medal.

M., I can't send a sure cure for chil-

blains, but I know that if ever any one had chilblains, I have had them. Last December I replaced my old-fashioned garters by the hose supporters, and, greatly to my surprise, I have not been troubled with chilblains since.

Wouldn't Hope Harvey's growlery be a comfort? But who will take care of the baby and cook the dinner while mother enjoys the gracery?

I like Mrs. J. V. Guthrie's suggestion of a badge.

Let me give you my recipe for cookies. One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of baking powder. I sometimes add cocoanut to the dough, and call them very nice. KATIE DID.

Illinois.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although I am only a new subscriber, I love THE HOUSEHOLD, and especially the letters from the different sisters. It's like making a pleasant call, and learning new views and ideas of each other. I've learned many things already from the three numbers I've had.

I have been wanting a good recipe for yeast cakes a long time, and I want to thank Myra for sending hers. Though it was for Mrs. F. A. M., it was for me too.

I also tried Mrs. B. Morrison's recipe for slaw. I found it delicious, only that we like it better to add one tablespoonful of sugar.

Emily Hayes, those sugar cookies are just splendid.

Now, can any one tell me of a soap that will wash clean in a washer, without boiling the clothes? I have an excellent washer, but still find it necessary to scald my clothes, in order to make them perfectly clean and sweet, and I do dislike steam so. It's disagreeable in winter, and hot in summer. Husband and I get up at four o'clock in the morning, and he does all the machine work and wringing before he goes to work at seven o'clock, and most all the clothes are on the line. So you see I have good help, and I appreciate it, too. Having six in family, my washings are large.

I see that a sister gave a few useful hints in regard to saving cord. I, too, used to wind it on a ball, but have a better way now. On the back of the pantry door is tacked a pocket about eight inches wide, and six inches deep, cut rounding at the bottom, and the upper half a little looser than the under part, then sewed down through the center. In one part I put the cord loose, only I untie it as I take it off, and every one knows where to go for a string, and can get just the length required. In the other side is a roll of old, soft cloth, suitable to do up cut fingers and bruises, etc., and also a small roll of old Swiss muslin for mustard pastes. Some old linen from worn-out handkerchiefs, too, is good. These things are very handy when wanted, and all know where to get them, if mother is out, from the five-year-old up.

I want to tell some of the mothers, what I do with my little ones' stockings, when they are all worn out at the knees. For ribbed woolen ones, or even for plain ones, get a half-yard of stockinette, any color that will look pretty combined with the stocking, and cut them right off below the worn-out part, and backstitch on a piece of the new, stretching as you sew sufficiently not to cord the leg, then lay the seam open and run loosely crossways, taking care not to show the stitches on the right side. Then turn and brierstitch over the seam downward with the color of the new upper part. Use embroidery silk for nice, or crewel, which is equally as nice and costs but a trifle.

If the heels are worn, then the back of the old legs will mend them nicely, by putting it on the wrong side, cutting it

one-half inch larger than the place to be mended, and cross-stitching near the edge all around on the wrong side, then hem neatly, after it is turned in on the right side, and press, and you have a new pair of stockings, out of a worthless pair. Use cotton ones in the same way, using old ones for topping.

I find it very convenient to buy large stockings and cut them over for the children, thereby having pieces to mend with like the stockings, that is, when I am obliged to buy. But I always buy handsome ones for myself and eldest daughter and when they have done us all the service they can, they will still make good and pretty stockings for the little ones. I have some old ones that are faded, which when colored will make nice ones for every-day wear.

I also color old, faded garments, which work in good for the little ones, and make very pretty costumes for every-day wear. Garnet and red on any old woolen goods are nice, and with good taste in making up, you will be well paid for the little extra work incurred.

And now, as it is time for pie plant, I will send my recipe for a pie. I wish some sister would try it and report. Don't be afraid of the water. Wipe clean, but do not skin it, chop about like peas, then make as follows: One teacup of pie plant, two-thirds cup of sugar, one-half cup of cold water, one tablespoonful of flour, stir altogether and bake between two crusts. This is for one pie. Some may like it sweeter. If so, when you make one next time, use one cup of sugar, instead of two-thirds of a cup.

SALENA S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is the second year that I have taken our paper, and I feel as though I could never get along without it. But I don't think there is any room for the Johns. This is our woman's paper, not for the men. Perhaps I am selfish, but I think the Johns had better attend to their own affairs and let us alone.

I can sympathize with those young housekeepers that have company unexpectedly. I have read of their distress, but I have read of none that I think was equal to my own. I want to tell you all about my first dinner, company dinner I mean, after I went to housekeeping. I lived with my mother until my first child was three months old, and, of course, had no uneasiness when company came, even unexpectedly, for I had her to help me, and I found, when I was alone, how almost entirely I depended on her. But we went to housekeeping by ourselves about half a mile from my mother's. How well I remember the day when my first company came? The baby was cross and fretful, my work sadly behind, and at eleven o'clock I heard the sound of wheels and looked out, and lo! it was the minister and his wife. I was struck with terror, for I had no meat except pickled pork, and only two pieces of pie left. So after greeting them, I excused myself as soon as I could, and went into the kitchen, and make a custard pie. I was nervous and excited. I put it into the oven, then peeled my potatoes. When my pie was baked as I was taking it from the oven, horror of horrors! it slipped and fell upside down on the floor, the custard all out, and, of course, completely ruined. I was almost frantic. I need not add that the baby was, or seemed to be, crosser than usual. The minister's wife came out a moment and took the child, but did not seem to notice my pie. Well, I saw my John coming up for his dinner. So I fried the pork, made some tea, and took the potatoes off to drain, took the kettle outside where stood a barrel for the dishwater, etc., and tipped up the kettle, when lo! that slipped also, and every potato

went into that barrel. I don't know how I looked, but I know how I felt, and if it had not been for my baby, I should have grabbed my bonnet and ran home to mother. But the preacher's wife, it seems, had seen the whole performance, for she came out and put her arms around me, and told me "not to mind," that if I had bread and butter and a cup of tea, it was all she wanted. I can't remember to this day what I did, nor how I managed the dinner. That was my first experience in getting dinner alone for company. But I am glad to say I never got into such a scrape after that, although I had some "pretty close shaves," for it does seem as though company is sure to come when one is the least prepared. QUEER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—The blue cross on my last number of THE HOUSEHOLD admonishes me that I had better drop a note to our editor. It is the way I take to prevent myself from having the "blues," and having to bear the cross of doing without my paper. I have never dared raise my voice in your presence before. However, I am not dumb if I have been sitting quietly at your feet for over three years, listening to the gracious words which proceed from your mouths. I have learned many things of you in that time about housekeeping, making lace, care of birds and flowers, and last, but not least, I have learned how to make many good, palatable dishes for my husband.

Yes, I have an "Ichabod," too; but he is not of the kind that complains of "sour pie," especially if I found the recipe in THE HOUSEHOLD; neither does he want a column in our paper, nor does he say it is his money that pays for my HOUSEHOLD.

Let me ask the sisters one question about my canary. I have had him for three years, and he has during that time filled my house almost constantly with his cheerful song, until near two months ago. He is moulting, it is true, but he never ceased singing before for that, and I fear something is wrong.

Now, when I tell you how I make sweet pickled grapes, I will have finished my message. To every pint of vinegar add one pint of sugar, and one pint of water, then cinnamon, cloves and spices to suit the taste. Put on the fire and let it boil. Select solid, well-filled bunches of ripe grapes, lay them in the syrup, and let them become heated through, but not boil, then lift the bunches into glass jars, cover with the syrup and seal them. You will find them very good to open next spring. CARRIE T. WOODARD.

Columbus, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to Carrie, who asks in the January number, if any use can be made of unripe grapes, that they make excellent pies, and may be used for that purpose when no more than half grown, some preferring them for pies, before the seeds become hard, to ripe grapes. Of course they need a liberal supply of sugar. They are also good simply stewed with sugar to sweeten, and eaten with cream; or they may be preserved, or canned for winter use.

Ethelwin Winton asks for a recipe for pickling grapes. Line an earthen jar with grape leaves, then fill with ripe, sound grapes, being careful to remove all broken and imperfect ones. To two quarts of vinegar add one pint of white sugar, half an ounce of ground cinnamon and one-fourth ounce of ground cloves. Boil the vinegar with spices for five minutes, then add the sugar, let it come to a boil, and when cold pour over the grapes. If turned on while warm it will injure the fruit. Cover with grape leaves, which also make a better covering for cucumber pickles than the flannel usually used.

The leaves should be fresh and green, wash and drain before using, changing occasionally.

Ora, perhaps the following recipe for watermelon cake is what you wish. White part, two cups of white sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, two-thirds cup of milk, three cups of flour, whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Red part, one cup of red sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one cup of raisins, whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Stone and roll the raisins in powdered sugar, stir into the cake, and turn into the middle of the pan, and pour the white part over and around it.

Eva A., for roll jelly cake, sift two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with two cups of flour, (measured after sifting,) dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in three tablespoonfuls of water, beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately, add two cups of sugar and half the flour to the yolks, then the soda, the rest of the flour and the whites of the eggs. Spread in thin, even sheets in square pans. When done, spread with jelly and roll quickly. Wrap a napkin or cloth about the roll to keep it in shape.

If Mrs. W. L. K. will give her full address, in THE HOUSEHOLD, and wishes it, perhaps I might be able to send her some hints that might be of use to her.

Viola, have you tried sage tea for your hair? It is recommended as good to stop the hair from falling out and promote growth. Turn boiling water on the leaves, and set it by the stove for a few hours. Apply daily to the roots of the hair. Continue its use for several weeks if necessary.

Those who are troubled with dandruff will find that a daily wash of sulphur water will remove and make the hair soft and glossy if used long enough. The scalp should never be irritated by harsh combing, nor the use of a stiff brush, but the free use of a soft brush nightly, just before retiring is good for the hair.

Peggy, perhaps if you would boil your stone jar in strong lye and ashes for a day or two, then slack a handful of lime in it, it might cleanse and sweeten it, or if there would be danger from slacking the lime in the jar, slack it first, then put in, adding water to fill the jar, and let stand a few days. I have found lye and lime good in cleansing and sweetening wooden ware, and think stone or earthen may be as satisfactorily cleansed with them.

LORA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I see there have been a number of requests for something to stop the falling of the hair, and promote its growth. There have also been a variety of answers, some good, and others not so good. Now let me tell you of something that has never been known to fail. Into one pint of rum put one ounce of colocynth, (by some it is called bitter apples, but colocynth is the proper name,) stir well together, put in a bowl, cover and set where it will keep quite hot, yet not boil, (I have mine set on the funnel top of my parlor stove,) and steep thus for three days. At the end of that time, strain through a piece of thin, coarse muslin, bottle, and apply to the scalp every night. I am an invalid, and have been confined to my bed for nearly two years. My hair was not only wearing off, but came out in handfuls at the least touch. The back and one side of my head was almost entirely bald, and from having hair so thick that I could scarcely manage it, I was reduced to a wisp not thicker than my finger. I began using this preparation, and in two weeks' time the hardest brushing would not bring out a hair, and now my head is covered with

a thick, soft growth of hair. I have used the preparation irregularly for about two months. Try it, sisters, it is cheap and safe, and I know you will like it.

FELICIA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While reading that interesting paper, "One Woman's Experience," the thought occurred to me that, perhaps, I, too, might add my mite to the useful store of knowledge to be found in our loved paper. When our kitchen stovepipe catches fire, which not infrequently takes place, our way of putting it out is much simpler than applying wet cloths to the pipes, and is also safer. Open the stove door, and throw in a handful of salt at a time, and in a few moments the danger will be past. The burning salt generates a gas which puts out the fire.

In my bed room I have four newspaper receptacles, made, like Theresa's, in the shape of a V, but they are square handkerchief boxes, and have pretty pictures already on, so are less trouble than hers.

My little three-year-old daughter often tries to do things like "alady in THE HOUSEHOLD," so you may know how often that word is mentioned.

With one more suggestion which I hope will benefit some one of the 70,000, I will close. Pulverized borax is the best thing to use for fever blisters with which I have had sad experience. It dries them up, and prevents them from spreading. Camphor (spirits) is good in their incipency.

M. P. K.

West Virginia.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me through your paper how liquid bluing can be removed from white goods? A bottle of bluing in the clothes closet froze and broke, its contents dripping over some fine goods, and drying before discovered. I first soaked them in cold water, then placed in cold water and brought to a boiling point. It removed it somewhat, but not sufficiently to use, without cutting to great waste.

In answer to Mrs. W. L. K.'s question in a late number, I will give our way of cooking salsify. Scrape and wash, cover with boiling water to which add a little salt and cook thoroughly, which takes about one hour. Mash fine, rubbing all smooth. Beat up one egg and stir into it. Add a little milk, then just enough flour to hold the mixture together, not quite a teaspoonful, as flour to excess destroys the delicate flavor of the salsify, and toughens. Take a small spoonful and drop in hot fat previously heated in a frying pan, flatten each spoonful on the pan. Brown on both sides, place on a small platter (warmed) and serve immediately. I use one bunch, for which one egg is sufficient. Let me know if you are successful.

HANNAH.

New York.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The March number of our paper has just arrived, bringing its usual good reading. I often picture to myself how nice it would be to become acquainted with some of its able writers.

Rosamond E. writes such earnest, thoughtful articles, that I wish we were neighbors so that I might have the benefit of her practical advice in bringing up children, and also in various other matters relating to those near and dear to us.

While I write, the wind howls and shrieks around the house corners, and it snows so as to make one appreciate a good fire, and think regretfully of the past four or five days of warm, sunny weather. This is the coldest winter I have ever experienced, and very remarkable for this latitude. At one time the thermometer was 12° below zero. My poor flowers are things of the past. I had taken so much pains with them, and received so much pleasure from their companionship during the summer that it now seems hard to be deprived of their cheering influence when it is most needed. The first of the winter they were housed in the pit as usual, but as the severity of the weather increased, removed them

to the cellar where I thought them perfectly safe. What, then, was my amazement to find them all dead when I went to examine them one morning. Nothing had ever frozen there before, so it never occurred to us to cover either flowers or sweet potatoes. Every thing in the whole cellar was completely ruined.

I wonder if Mrs. Flanders, Mrs. Welcome, or any of the other writers in THE CONSERVATORY have ever seen the yucca Philippi Van Tora? Here it grows all the year round out doors without the slightest care or protection, and whether in bloom or not, is a most magnificent plant. When made acquainted with its virtues, one feels like exclaiming with Keats, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." Let me see if I can describe it properly so as to bring some of its many beautiful and useful qualities before THE HOUSEHOLD. As I have no flower catalogue convenient, I will therefore rely on my memory of the plant itself. It grows in a very compact mass, and the largest we have are about fifteen feet in circumference. It is bulbous. The blades are very dark glossy green, are about thirty-six inches long, and taper off into an exceedingly sharp, curved point. From the center there shoots out a single shaft five feet high, and covered with from one to two hundred creamy white, bell-shaped flowers. These flowers are about two inches across at the top. It remains in bloom quite a while, is no trouble at all, and is undoubtedly one of the handsomest plants I ever saw. The foliage itself, is worth the place accorded to it in all old-fashioned yards or gardens, and the fact that it is an evergreen greatly enhances its value. Besides its great beauty which arrests the attention of all passers by, it possesses the virtue of being useful as well, although some may think it a very homely use to which we put it. Here we always use the blades to hang up our meat, after having soaked them awhile in cold water to render them more pliable. From earliest recollection we have never used any thing else in our family. One may judge of the great strength of the blades when I tell them a single one will uphold hams of twenty, and sides weighing fifty pounds. How much more may be borne, I do not know. It is also possessed of medicinal virtues. It is said that the bulbs boiled in lard will cure rheumatism. Here it is never called any thing but "bare grass." Let me tell you an amusing little occurrence connected with this beautifully useful plant.

Last summer a dear friend paid a visit to her father in New York, and while there the head gardener asked her to please come and see a most wonderful plant he had just received. On the way to the green house the gardener had much to say about its beauties, and the high price he paid for the plant. Upon entering, my friend soon found it to be an old acquaintance. She listened awhile to the gardener's rhapsodies, then said:

"Pshaw, do you call that so wonderful, why they are very common down home. The negroes call it 'bar gras,' and we hang our hams up on it."

The gardener could scarcely credit his senses, and it required a good while for my friend to convince him she was in earnest. "Hang hams, indeed," he kept muttering to himself, "I would die happy if only I could see it bloom."

I wish I could tell the story to THE HOUSEHOLD readers in the same inimitable way my friend gave it to me.

EOLIA BRONSON.

Brownsville, Tenn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I was reading some of the interesting articles in your excellent paper this evening, and as I am alone with my nephew tonight, feeling somewhat lonely, (my "better half" went to call at a neighbor's this afternoon, and a blizzard came on so that she could not return,) the idea struck me to write an article for THE HOUSEHOLD, giving your readers a brief history of my experience in the Canadian north-west.

Early in the month of June, 1880, I bade farewell to all my dear friends in the county of Welland, Ontario, and started for the new province of Manitoba, arriving at Winnipeg in about four days. Although that prairie city was then less than ten years old, it contained about 12,000 inhabitants, and has since increased to about 20,000.

After remaining there about one week, a friend and myself purchased a team of oxen, and a Red River cart, and embarked on a steamer on Red River, proceeding to Emerson, a town about sixty-five miles south of Winnipeg near the United States boundary. The trip was anything but pleasant as I could have walked the distance much more quickly. It took our wretched flat boat exactly thirty hours to complete the trip. We then started on a tour to see the country, with our oxen and cart, taking with us a trunk, a few cooking utensils, and a tent. We traveled westward, keeping near the boundary, passing through about a dozen Mennonite villages, and continued on as far as Rock Lake, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the boundary, and one hundred and twenty-five from Emerson. We had now reached the extreme limit of civilization, and as my friend had seen enough of Manitoba, we retraced our steps to Emerson, pitching our tent at night, and "smudging" or smoking our oxen to drive away the mosquitoes which came by millions. My friend returned to

Ontario after we had concluded our trip, but I proceeded again to Winnipeg, determined to see more of Manitoba.

I soon "fell in" with a surveying party who were getting ready to go west for the purpose of surveying new townships. Our outfit consisted of two teams of native or "shaganappy" ponies, as they are called, one democrat wagon and two Red River carts, three large tents, our chief, assistant, and eleven men, including a cook. We started west about the first of August, passing through the towns of Portage, La Prairie, Westbourne, and Gladstone, all in Manitoba, then crossed the boundary into the great northwest territory, where we passed through the towns of Shoal Lake, Birtle, and Fort Ellice, the latter being an old Hudson Bay Company fort and post, situated on the Assiniboine River about two hundred miles west of Winnipeg. We then proceeded in a northerly direction about one hundred miles, when we reached our destination, and commenced work near the foot of Duck Mountains.

We surveyed eight townships continuing at work until after the middle of January, 1881. Our work was mostly on the open prairie, and as the mercury fell as low as 54° below zero, you can, perhaps, imagine how pleasant it must have been. We "camped out" in our tents during the six months that we were at work, sleeping under blankets and buffalo robes. Although our hair occasionally froze fast to our pillows, (bags containing our luggage) we were tolerably comfortable. During the time that we were at work, we never saw a house nor hut, nor a white woman, but we encountered numerous Indians and squaws, all friendly, however.

I could relate some tough stories, how we sometimes "run out" of provisions, being obliged to subsist for days at a time on dry bannocks, made of flour and water, getting lost in the evening, and being obliged to spend the night under the bare "canopy of heaven," beside a fire which we had kindled, without any supper, and being so cold that we could not sleep a wink, then in the morning retracing our steps to camp, a distance of from five to ten miles, without a bite of breakfast.

But I must hurry on for fear of exhausting your patience. After finishing our work I remained in Winnipeg until spring, then again went west a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, found a desirable location about eighteen miles south of the flourishing town of Brandon, took a government grant, built a house, plowed some prairie sod, and the next winter returned to Ontario, took to myself a wife, brought her to my prairie home, and "lived happily ever after."

This is a terribly cold, stormy night. You will believe it when I tell you that it is so cold the ink on my pen has frozen several times so that I have been obliged to hold it over the lamp to melt the ice. My fingers are quite stiff and numb, so I'll close. Quite time that you should, I think I hear some one say.

J. M. S.

Rounthwaite, Manitoba.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I shall hurry right by all the sisters till I find Guida, from Vermont. I want to shake hands with her first. Her letter in the December number just expressed some of my ideas about farmers' wives, for I am a farmer's wife, and cannot see why a farmer's wife need to have any harder time with a large family and lots of work to do than any other lady with the same, and her husband not a farmer.

I am a great friend of THE HOUSEHOLD. I never heard of it till I was married, it was sent me for a wedding present, and I have taken it ever since, and should not want to be without it. I send my name for the fourth year. I wish more of my neighbors would take it for I lend my papers till they are about worn out.

MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been trying for several years to summon courage enough to write, but dread of the waste basket has kept me from it. This is a new year. I shall turn over a "new leaf," and make the attempt. Indeed, it is a new year, and when I look back over the old one that has passed, which has been quite an eventful one to me, so many changes have taken place in that time. Little did I think this time last year, I would be living in a strange place and among strangers. Every thing so different from my old home, but I have met with kind friends here, and some of them have become very dear to me. Although I had but few acquaintances, yet have met many from my native state.

Oh, I was so homesick when I first came, but now I like my western home, and think in a few years it will far surpass the old states. My home is a cheerful one, situated on the great Missouri Pacific railroad, trains passing all hours of the day and night. Although it was a great trial to me to leave all that was near and dear, yet we have been greatly blessed. I should not have said all, for I brought my household treasures with me, my dear little children, how cheerful and happy they have been. I wish you all could see their bright faces. I haven't quite as many as Rosamond E., my little brood only numbers eight. I wonder if she had as jolly a time

Christmas as we did, with French harps, horns, rattles, whistles, and fire-crackers. I tell you we had music.

This is the most wonderful fruit country I ever saw, in fact, the largest nurseries in the United States are here.

I started out thinking I would write something very touching about the old year, but alas, I have only written about commonplace, every day affairs. Well, we have so much to do in this new country and so much to employ our time, we can't devote much of it to sentiment, especially when little ones are clamoring to have their wants supplied.

Dear sisters, you don't know how much comfort your letters have been to me and how much useful information I have derived from them, since I have had to take a hand at cooking, and every thing else that is necessary to keep things in order. But I am not going to complain, "never a bit," and have all the sisters pitch into me as they did the poor, tired farmer's wife. I know she had her hands full, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart. If some of her boys had been girls, and as much help to her as mine are to me, she could have gotten along better. We never know how we would do until we are placed in the same situation. We all think we could have done so much better. (Let me whisper it.) I have been so tired myself sometimes, a good cry would be a relief. I have a dear sister who has six boys, two little girls who are too small to be of much assistance, her husband an invalid, she does all her own work, keeps no servant, has a young baby, too, and lives on a farm. Yet she is the most cheerful woman I ever saw. I often wonder how she can be so and have so many cares.

We all get discouraged sometimes. If we would only take all our cares and trials to our heavenly Father, he would help us bear them with patience. I often think why do we ever get fretful and cross with our little ones when it is but a little while until the home nest is broken up and the birds flown. It has been but a short time since our eldest daughter married and has gone back to my old home. We have a dear one in heaven, so our family circle is now broken. Oh, mothers do not complain when you are tired and discouraged, for some day you may feel you would give any thing to have the old days back.

I close by wishing you all a happy new year.
EM T. GEE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If you only knew the enthusiasm, and could hear the expressions of delight with which "our" paper is welcomed every month at our house, it would provoke a smile at least. I do not know what to do, when the magazine arrives, we all want to read it first, and I scarcely know how to settle the difficulty unless, by subscribing for several copies, then several of the family might hold the papers, while the other members could look over their shoulders. Something must be done, for when we are through reading it, it has to be "taken up tenderly, lifted with care," so dilapidated is its condition.

"Winter still lingers in the lap of spring," and from present indications will continue there for some time to come. The past winter was the coldest I ever experienced, the mercury often falling as low as 25° below zero. Ladies, you who live in the sunny south, just think of getting breakfast for a family of sixteen when the mercury is 32° below zero! Kitchen as cold as an iceberg, lard like marble, sausage ditto, coffee pot ditto, and in fact, every thing that can freeze, in the same ice bound condition. I often felt while preparing breakfast that I would freeze too, but resisted the temptation to do so, when I remembered what an ignominious death it would be—to freeze to death over the cooking stove!

When we built our new kitchen I wanted it 14x14, but John wanted it larger, and many were the consultations held about its length, width and height, but they ended as usual by his having his own way, (that is the only way I can manage him), and the consequence is, he used all the lumber he had on hand, and our kitchen is large enough to hold a meeting in, and when the mercury sinks on the lower line, the cooking stove gives out about as much heat as a lightning bug, (that is a hyperbole, remember.) The children soon discovered that one or two buckets of water accidentally (?) spilled upon the floor, transformed it into a most delightful skating rink, and I have perhaps practiced standing upon ice more the past winter, than I have since I was a girl.

Now, here is my letter growing long and not a word have I said to Helen Herbert, Pat, Maple Leaves, and many others who have given me words of sympathy and encouragement. Thanks, kind friends, rest assured your remarks shall ever be held in grateful remembrance. There are so many more I would like to mention, but if I stay too long I will wear my welcome out.

I commenced writing with the determination that this letter should have one redeeming quality, brevity, but a woman's pen and her tongue are alike, hard to stop, but bear with me, long-suffering, and much-imposed on editor, while I congratulate the Johns and Joes, who have been

permitted to air their opinions in this "woman's paper."

Some sympathizing friends wish to know how I am prospering. Well, my shoulder still braces the domestic wheel. I have spent my time since last I wrote, very busily, in cooking, making butter, mending unexpected rents in jackets and trousers, sewing on missing buttons, (I buy them by the gross,) washing faces, brushing curls, settling disputes, soothing bumped heads, tying up cut fingers, and five times a week preparing the most tempting lunch my pantry afforded, for several children to take to school, answering questions in history, rhetoric, geography, and civil government, until I fancied the children resembled interrogation points, and had mistaken me for a walking encyclopedia of universal knowledge.

I yield the floor now to those more competent to discuss the various subjects upon the tapis.
Missouri. E. B.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BEAN SOUP.—Sometime ago some one inquired for directions for making bean soup. I have noticed only one answer, and though I have no doubt but that would be very nice, I thought I would tell her how we make a very inexpensive soup that is much liked. I can give no exact rule, but should think that a quart of beans would make sufficient soup for a large family. Pour off the first water after it comes to a boil, as it is apt to taste too strong, then add as much more hot as will be needed. When the beans are boiled soft, begin to stir and continue doing so at intervals until they are all broken up, then add butter, cream, sugar and salt to suit the taste. Should the two former not be available, a small piece of salt pork may be boiled in the soup instead.

TO FRY HAM.—When frying ham, try putting it in the oven, instead of cooking it in the usual way on the stove.

TO PACK HAM.—Ed. Household:—Seeing in a late number, a method of packing ham by cooking and then laying in lard, I thought I would send our way of packing for summer use, which is much easier. For twenty-five years mother packed ham the same way as Mrs. Cotton, but partly cooking and then laying in lard makes it harder than only cooking it once. Now we use this method entirely: Cut the ham in slices, pour a little lard in the bottom of the jar, place a layer of ham, uncooked, then a little lard, then another layer of ham, and a little lard between each layer of ham. Over the last layer pour enough lard to exclude all air. It will keep all summer if care is taken when the ham is used to cover that left in the jar with lard.

NELLIE R.

VINEGAR PIE.—Dear Household:—May I come in and bring a vinegar pie—or my recipe for one? For I don't see any given which I like so well as mine. Mix three tablespoonfuls of flour with three tablespoonfuls of molasses, then add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, beat the mixture till there are no lumps, add a pinch of salt, a small lump of butter, and a little grated nutmeg.
Westboro, Mass. AUNT JANE E.

PICKLED FIGS.—Select figs of a fair size and good quality. When they are just swelling to ripen, but not soft, pick without bruising, and let them stand in salt and water two or three days. Then take them from this pickle, put them in a glass or earthenware jar, (not glazed,) pour over it so as to entirely cover it, scalding hot vinegar sweetened with good brown sugar, one pound to the gallon, highly flavored with unground mace, cloves, pepper and allspice. The sugar and spices should be put in the vinegar before setting it over the fire to heat. If the figs are entirely immersed in this preparation, put away in a cool place, they will keep good a year or more, although they are ready for use in a few days. This recipe is for Katie Stuart who asked, in a late number, how to prepare figs. It is very nice.
BERTHA MAY.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Cut in pieces one orange, one banana, two figs, a few raisins, and a few nuts (any kind.) Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half pint of cold water, then add one-half pint of hot water, and sweeten and flavor to taste. Pour it on the fruit, and let it stand till stiff. Boil a custard, leaving parts of the whites of the eggs for the top. When ready, serve. Turn the jelly in a dish, pour on the custard, and put the beaten whites on top.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.—For one loaf take one-eighth cake of chocolate, one-fourth cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar (brown is best), and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil until it thickens.
Mrs. E. V.

GINGER COOKIES.—Nell, in a late number, asks for a recipe for ginger cookies requiring sour milk. I have one that I think she will like.

It is as follows: One cup of sugar, two cups of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and stirred to a foam one cup of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, salt, and one cup of sour milk.
Connecticut. J. A. J.

DATE PIE.—One pound of dates cooked in three pints of water one hour, sift, add three cups of milk, three eggs, two crackers rolled fine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a little salt. Bake like pumpkin pie. This will make three pies of medium size.
SUBSCRIBER.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Three-fourths cup of corn meal, one cup of sugar, one egg, and two quarts of milk. Put one quart of milk on the stove to boil. Beat the sugar and egg together and put it in the other quart of milk. Wet up the meal in a little cold milk, with one teaspoonful of salt. Stir this in the milk when it boils. Add nutmeg and ginger and a little butter. Bake slowly three hours. Stir often until it thickens.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of buttermilk or sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, two cups of Indian meal, one and one-half cups of flour, currants or other dried fruit, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and salt. Boil three hours. Eat with sauce.
Vermont. EMMA M.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of cream, two eggs, but the size of an egg, three-fourths spoonful of soda, and one spoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in long jelly pans. Put strawberries sprinkled with sugar between the layers. Eat with cream.
Mrs. J. H. K.

SWISS CAKE.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs thoroughly.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Three cups of graham flour, one-half cup of melted butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one cup of raisins, and nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Steam two and one-half hours. Eat with a sauce. I prefer a sweet gravy.
N. E. R.

EXCELLENT DROP CAKES.—One pint of flour, one half pound of butter, one-fourth pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, two eggs, a small handful of currants, and a pinch of soda. This quantity makes thirty cakes, to be baked in a slack oven ten or fifteen minutes.

JACKSON SNAPS.—One cup of butter, one egg, five cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon or cinnamon. Roll very thin.

CURRENT CAKES.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three-fourths pound of sugar, four eggs, one half pound of currants well washed and dredged, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, one-half lemon, grated rind and juice, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Drop from a spoon upon a well buttered paper, lining a baking pan. Bake quickly.
Osborne City, Kan. SARAH M. MYERS.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUITS.—Two coffee cups of unsifted flour, put into the sifter, mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with one teaspoonful of soda, put into the flour and sift twice. Take a piece of butter half the size of an egg, work it into the flour as for pie crust, add a little salt and one coffee cup of milk, a difference in flour may make a slight difference in the quantity of milk, just thick enough to roll out is right, roll about three-quarters of an inch thick, and bake in a well heated oven. Do not mould them at all.
ELIZA JANE.

If L. B. Yeoman will dip the cloth that the cheese is pressed in, in hot whey, before filling with curd, it will not stick.

SALVE.—Idina, an excellent salve for obstinate sores is equal parts fresh butter, grated nutmeg and sulphur.

If the ladies will put young, tender beans (I like wax best) down in brine as they would cucumbers, and in the winter soak the salt out, cook and season as string beans, they will be repaid for the trouble. They are also good to partly cook them and then dry, soak and cook in winter.
LUCINA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters kindly give me a recipe for canning corn? I see from a letter that one was given in a back number, but as this is my first year as a subscriber, I missed it. I would also like a recipe for canning garden peas, and for making good waffles. Will

be glad if some one would suggest cheap, thick curtains which will darken a sitting room and that the sun will not fade.
E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me how to color white fur a seal brown or black?
A DAKOTA SISTER.

Will Dr. Hanaford tell the sisters what lubricating oil will penetrate and keep plant a stiffening finger joint, the result of toll and rheumatic tendencies, perhaps? Hot water steaming has been tried with a little improvement.
Mrs. E. L. ARMSBY.

Council Grove, Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Emily Hayes please tell me how to make the lemon butter mentioned in the March Dining Room Notes?
New Haven, Ct. Mrs. C. S. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell the sisters that iron rust can be removed from cloth by dipping in salt mixed with lemon juice, then apply a warm flat-iron. Also, perhaps, some do not know that beeswax rubbed on rusty flat-irons when they are moderately heated, and the iron rubbed smartly on a woolen cloth will remove the rust entirely.
MINNIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give a recipe for making rusks, and also tell me how to make hard soap?
Dakota. R. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly tell me what will make eyelashes long and thick?
GLADYS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the readers of our paper give us as many good recipes as they can which do not require milk? It is very dear and scarce with us, and we seldom have enough to use for cooking purposes.
WYOMING SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers recommend an article which will restore prematurely grey hair, not a hair dye, but something harmless and efficacious?

I vote for a "HOUSEHOLD badge," but let it be of good gold or silver, for I am sure THE HOUSEHOLD which it will represent is both good and pure.
Lottie. Caledon East, Ont.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of the sisters if they can tell me the reason of milk curdling in making oyster stew? I always use Wareham oysters, and have new milk, but sometimes (not always) the milk will curdle as soon as the oysters are put in, if some one can tell me the reason I would be greatly obliged.
South Hanover, Mass. Mrs. E. M. SWEENEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one of the sisters tell me how to prevent woolen cloth from looking wrinkled after being dyed? I have twice tried to color some worsted dress goods black, and succeeded in getting a nice even color, but was unable to press it so that it would look smooth.

Some one asked for a sure cure for chilblains. A friend of mine being afflicted with this trouble was cured after trying this simple remedy. Put on at night a cotton stocking wet in hamamells, and over that a woolen stocking. After repeating this for several nights, the cure was effectual.
North Brookfield.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Old Subscriber asks for a remedy for asthma. I will copy for her a prescription which has been used here for two little boys, with apparent success. Dissolve two ounces of iodide of potassium in one quart of pure soft water, and take one tablespoonful before each meal and at night.
Minnesota. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. J. Lyons asks in the February number if some one can tell her what will clean the nickel plating on stoves and ranges. Sift some coal ashes, dampen a cloth and apply them and rub off with a dry cloth.

Another sister desires to know how to make baking powder. Take half a pound of cream of tartar, quarter of a pound of soda, half a teaspoonful of cornstarch, mix thoroughly and sift two or three times. Use two heaping teaspoonfuls for a quart of flour. AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some kind member of the Band tell me how to restore to its original light color a rattan rocking chair? It has grown dark from age I suppose, and if there is any way to rejuvenate the same I would like to know it.
LIZZIE MACPIKE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to get rid of fleas, also how to put up cucumber pickles that will be nice and firm all winter? I want to put up a barrel, I have tried several times and failed every time.
Mrs. M. E. B. Colorado.

The Parlor.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover:
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

HOW TO BEGIN.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

"IF WE only could!"
"Why can't we, Allan, if we will?"

"Because, Fanny, I am too poor."

"But, Allan, I am ambitious to do a great deal with a little. I have no high notions, expect to be very economical and industrious, and it seems as if I could help, not hinder you. But it ill becomes me, Allan, to urge this matter. Only I want to be helping you."

The speakers are Fanny Field and Allan Doane, two young people engaged, and the time of marriage is the subject of discussion.

"You are too unselfish, Fanny, but housekeeping is out of the question with my present salary, and boarding is equally so. Oh, for only a little more money! I worked hard, for your sake, to deserve promotion, hoped for it this year, and had a pretty cottage in view. Now, business is so dull that, but for my faithfulness, my five hundred a year would have been cut down. I have thought of resigning, and trying to get a better position. It is not my nature to love money, but I long for enough to begin housekeeping."

"If that is all, Allan, your five hundred will suffice."

"My friend Sutton is running in debt, the second year of his marriage, on a salary of fifteen hundred."

"We need not begin as they did, or live as they do."

"They began simply, and live plainly."

"We must begin simpler, and live plainer."

"Their's was a very unpretending wedding, and only a bit of a tour, yet I know it cost five hundred dollars, besides the clothes and the fee."

"We need have no wedding, only a marriage at our pastor's, and let our new suits, if we need new, be just what will best serve us for future use. We are young, and waiting is not bad if it truly helps you; but remember if you feel lonely and discouraged, and need any comfort which my presence and a home of our own would give, that I am quite willing to attempt housekeeping with your present income."

The above conversation did not result

in fixing the day of marriage; it only served to spur Allan to a more eager desire to increase his income that he might offer Fanny such a home as he felt befitting. She was a fair and cultured girl, and he made a very common mistake in thinking that the absence of care, labor, and economy would be essential to her happiness. He knew she had not known hardship, and thought she was led to her expression about living on five hundred dollars a year by some romantic, impractical idea of love in a cottage, which, he said to himself:

"She would find, not love in a cottage, but love without a cottage, since the rent of a very small one anywhere near my business would cost one-third of my salary. All the money we both possess would not more than suffice to furnish it with essentials, and get us through a respectable wedding into it. Then suppose the second third of my salary could be made, by extreme economy—I fear it would be penuriousness—to meet the expenses of clothing, fuel, and incidentals, it leaves one hundred and sixty-six dollars, sixty-six and two-thirds cents, with which to board a family of two and their guests. Say we starve ourselves to make up for hospitality, it leaves only about fifteen cents a meal for two, and I fancy not even Xantippe and Socrates can have lived on that. At least no sweet Fanny could be blamed for becoming a Xantippe under such circumstances. For myself, I would not mind, but I will never sacrifice her."

From this point our truly unselfish Allan went on, racking his brain over ways and means to earn or save, in order to hasten the glad day when he might take his loved one to a home of their own. Fanny had advised him not to throw up his present position of clerk in a dry goods store, in hope of a better; and considering the dull times, and his expectation of advancement in the firm, should business improve, he thought her opinion wise. As to personal economy, he had been all over that ground many times in vain. Of his five hundred a year he could only save about fifty. Five dollars a week went for meals, and it was poor board at that. He had thought of going to a cheap restaurant, but when he reckoned, and found that his present board cost less than twenty-four cents a meal, and recalled that when he had found occasion to visit a good restaurant a plain dinner, say of beef steak, with pie or pudding, and coffee, usually cost seventy-five cents, he decided not to try the change. His washing and mending cost him seventy-five cents a week, and his room a dollar a week. This last item was his one extravagance. He roomed alone, in a comfortable apartment, that he might improve himself by study in his few leisure hours. His clothing and incidental expenses, would readily consume the hundred and forty-nine dollars balance. And it was only by habits of absolute self-denials in many small things that he had saved fifty dollars the previous year and added it to the other little savings of his life, thus bringing up his bank-book credit to two hundred and sixty-two dollars, and twenty-five cents, which sum was sacredly devoted to furnishing a home.

"It ought not to cost four hundred and fifty dollars, to procure food, clothing and shelter for one person, who only asks essentials," thus Allan thought on, "but how can I help it?"

Leaving him to ponder his own question, we will return to Fanny, who had also been aroused to brisk thinking by her conversation with Allan. She was an orphan, and her guardian, Mr. Lacy, told her at eighteen that he had expended her entire little property on her educational and other expenses, but she would

be welcome to a home in his family until she was twenty-one. Being of a practical turn, she asked to see accounts, and found that the inheritance of four thousand dollars, left her at ten years of age, had been consumed, principal and interest, in the eight years. Nor was there any thing dishonest or strange about it. A free expenditure in her behalf, with a fair charge for board, and every other item, had used all the money, which had been securely invested at six per cent. and drawn only to meet her bills. To have saved a part of her inheritance would have required that some things be done for love, and not set down on accounts; but such had not been her guardian's plan.

During one week, about a year previous to the opening of this history, Fanny attained her eighteenth year, graduated from her school, learned that she was penniless, and made that fact known to Allan, to whom she had been engaged a short time. He had before known from her guardian that she was without fortune, and loved her for herself alone. Fanny had not loitered as a dependent at Mr. Lacy's, but had secured and taught a summer district school with entire success; but much to the regret of her pupils, and their parents, was not retained by the committee for the winter school, lest she be, "not quite stout enough to rule those big boys that made the master so much trouble last winter." One member of the committee, who had children in the school, had indeed submitted a minority query to the effect:

"Since the bad boys did so ill with a stout master last year, how would it do, just for experiment, to try over them the moral power of the strong-willed, conscientious, sweet-tempered woman, who has proved so improving to our children, in mind and manners, and, so to speak, in heart, too, this summer?"

The suggestion was not deemed worth consideration, and Fanny was without a school, and the school she had left was without inspiration and proved a failure. Returning to her guardian's house for a brief visit, Fanny had been led to remain there through the winter for their sakes, as sickness was in the family. And she had received no pecuniary compensation from them except her board. But while Fanny worked hard in kitchen and sick room, she was a diligent student of housekeeping, and treasured invaluable knowledge. Now, the time of their special need being over at Mr. Lacy's, our heroine sits thinking over her duty to Allan and herself, feeling that she ought to do her very best to earn for the sake of their mutual interests. She has the offer of her last summer's school, which will take her so far away that she cannot see Allan for the season. For although two day's time, and ten dollars expense, would secure a brief visit, neither the time nor the money can be spared. Then her gain, over and above her board, incidental and traveling expenses, will not be much over three dollars a week for the sixteen weeks of absence, after deducting the expenses of a mid-summer vacation of three weeks.

"I could earn as much, and learn a great deal more, that I need to know, doing housework," she thought, "but then—"

Ah! dear readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, when will our sensible American girls rise superior to that "but then," which crowds almost every other avenue of female labor with eager, and often disappointed applicants, and leaves that of domestic labor so empty of the worthy and the competent. When, too, will our American wives and mothers so open their homes, and hearts, and purses, to their unemployed countrywomen, that they can, and will, consent to bear and

share those labors, which for lack of being borne and shared, crush joy, and peace, and life out of so many homes! There is fault somewhere—yes, there is fault everywhere—in this matter. Let us each do our best to bring into the thousands of homes, suffering for the helping hand of labor, the thousands of hands outstretched, and empty of needed work.

But our story waits, and Fanny sits with her letter to the school committee dated, and delaying for a decision which she finds it difficult to make. Mrs. Lacy taps at her door, and comes in to beg she will "continue to make our home your own, just as if you were a daughter or sister. You will always be more than welcome."

Fanny said, "Thank you," and thought it would be more her duty to Allan and herself to perform five dollars' worth per week of cooking, nursing, or dressmaking where she would get her pay for it! And when the lady wound up by asking her to, "Just step into my room and see if you can't contrive some alteration in my new olive green polonaise, to cut out that stain it got when I sat down on a bunch of grapes," Fanny excused herself from the perplexing task, saying she must have her time this week for important decisions, correspondence and preparations of her own, and that perhaps the fitting and making of that princess dress, last week, would be sufficient remuneration for her board that week and this.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Lacy lightly, but blushing consciously, "so my pet is getting mercenary. Shall I pay you for the dressmaking?"

"Just as you please," said Fanny, "about the past; but as I am penniless, and am engaged to a poor man, I shall, in future, think it my duty to do my work for wages, and if you invite me here for friendship's sake, as a guest, I shall regard my time as my own the same as your other guests, and if you wish me to work for you in any department, and I consent to do so, you may pay me a fixed price as you do others."

"You astonish me, my dear. Would you consent to take money from us for the truly valuable service you have rendered this winter?"

"Why not?" asked Fanny, without a blush. "I was intending to seek some remunerative employment, and your need of me prevented it. As to the faithfulness, and value of my service, I see much to improve, but I know your hired servants have not achieved even my own poor success."

"I am sure Mr. Lacy will be only too happy to discharge our obligation so easily, as by a payment in money," said Mrs. Lacy, a little haughtily; "but I had supposed our relations were to be of quite a different nature."

"Our relations will, I trust, ever be of peers," said Fanny pleasantly, "which of course does not prevent an equitable adjustment of all pecuniary matters. My little fortune, of four thousand dollars, and its income, has barely sufficed to pay, item by item, for my board, nursing, schooling, clothing, and all other things since I have been your husband's ward, and neither he, nor you, feel belittled by taking pay for it all. For instance"—here Fanny took an account book from her desk and consulted it—"in this I find charged the making of all my clothing, five dollars, and eight dollars, and even fifteen dollars, for dress suits, and for underwear full seamstress' rates. Now I see no more humiliation in myself receiving pay for work I do for you, than in your taking pay for work done for me. And I say this, only that in future we may feel quite at ease in the matter."

"I hope, my dear, you find no fault with your guardian's accounts. I did

only as he requested in putting every thing down."

"I find no fault. The charges are just, and they show me that I am not under obligation. If, however, I had been consulted, and taught, and allowed, and encouraged, to economize, something might have been saved for a little beginning in life, which would have been a most welcome help now. And the fact that nothing has been saved, must be my excuse for making it a duty to utilize my time, and by stern toil to gather together the absolute essentials for my future house-keeping."

"Who would ever have expected you to engage yourself to a poor man, and so set yourself to earning. I truly had planned a rich match for you, and would have spared no pains to bring it about. But, as to this winter's work, it is true you have done more than we could have secured for five dollars a week, and if you will take pay for it you shall have it. Will you?"

"Yes," said Fanny. "I have not been wishing it, nor expecting it, and this conversation was not intended on my part, but since it has come I shall think it my duty to take whatever pay you think just and right, for the service I have performed."

"It shall be so arranged," said Mrs. Lacy, "and now I will leave you to write your letter."

OUR JUNE HOLIDAY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

We were four poor women, our average weight not exceeding one hundred pounds; and being as lean in purse as we were in flesh, were obliged to consult economy in our summer outing. The entire trip cost us less than five dollars each, and the investment yielded large dividends.

To be chosen chronicler of a party is a position of great responsibility. It was not a place of my own seeking. I shrink from the undertaking. That my readers may duly appreciate the difficulties of my task, I will say that on subjecting the opening paragraph of this article to the criticism of the other members of the party, instead of approving, they with one accord protested. "It wasn't dignified, wasn't true," etc., except the last statement, to which all heartily agreed. The other facts are not of the utmost importance, I grant, but as it is written so shall it stand unless severed by the editorial scissors.

The village bells were ringing the call to work as we set off on a bright June morning. Already the mercury had risen to eighty, and a hot day was in prospect. Our outfit was as follows: A light, comfortable carryall and Dan, a small black horse of amiable disposition; each one had a linen traveling case, and plenty of lunch. Wearing shade hats and flannel dresses we were prepared for sun or coolness, and rubbers and umbrellas provided for possible showers. Every well-regulated party of tourists takes guide books with them. Ours were an odd number of the Century containing an article about "Hide and Seek Town"—our destination, and Harper's School Geography. These, with some of the little classics and Lowell's poems, completed our outfit.

It may be thought we had quite too heavy a load for one horse to take on a thirty-mile journey in one day, that we were not merciful. We had been promised a larger and stronger steed, and truth to tell, were apprehensive when, before we had driven half a mile, Dan stopped to rest. But when I tell you that at the foot of every long hill (they were not few) the four poor women alighted

and walked up, that a tender spot on Dan's shoulder which the harness chafed one day, was relieved by a soft cambric handkerchief as padding, and that when we returned after four days, the owner declared Dan to be in better condition than when we left, I'm sure all fears on that score will be quieted.

The river gleamed like silver, winding its way through the valley between fields of waving grain and ripening grass whence came the ring of the scythe. Grass blades and twigs were strung with dew-drops; bobolinks, orioles, robins, sang from every tree and the air was filled with melody. For seven or eight miles, the way, to one of us, was closely associated with early school days, friends and home life, almost every tree, rock, and building being a familiar object.

Constantly rising to higher ground, we presently drew up in the shadow of Hilltown church for a short rest, and to inquire the way. Beyond this point it was an unexplored land to all of us, and our guide books failed to help. It was very quiet in Hilltown. The early gatherings at the cheese factory had dispersed and the excitement of the day was over until the evening assembly at the post office. Beautiful for situation is the little town with its rich farms cared for by a kindly, thrifty, hospitable people. Its educational interests are well looked after and it is justly proud of owing no town debt, and having no paupers. In the hottest summer days a cool breeze is stirring here, but, in winter, I forbear to say how strong the zephyrs are!

We were told there were two ways to the mountain; one level but uninteresting, the other hilly, but having, much of the way, a fine view of the mountain. With the long June day before us, what cared we for haste? Our object was not to reach a given point in the speediest way, but to gather up every possible bit of enjoyment by the way, so with one consent we said, "Let us take the mountain-view road." The rest in the shadow of the Hilltown sanctuary seemed wonderfully reviving to Dan, or was it the cooler breezes now blowing? At all events he started off with fresh animation and through the remainder of the day showed no traces of his early discouragement.

We drove on, keenly enjoying every thing about us, the cool, fern-bordered woods, pleasant farms with their stir of life, and deep blue summer sky with fleets of white clouds sailing over. Toward noon we climbed the hill on which stands Quercus, a neat village, like a sister of Hilltown, only a little older, more grown up, for it had two stores, a memorial hall, and a sidewalk. There was no hotel, we were told, but were directed to a house where they "sometimes took transients." Thither we went to ask for entertainment for "women and beast." For the beast, yes, but she "could not give us a dinner. It was Monday, she was washing, had dinner to get for haymakers." So said the bright-faced woman who met us, and she seemed so genuinely sorry and so interested in us that we were more than ever desirous of staying. A brief consultation with each other, then with her, resulted in a compromise by which she was to furnish tea for us, while we dined from our lunch baskets still amply supplied, although they had already been visited that morning. A little later we were in the neat dining room where a pot of delicious tea with accompaniments awaited us, and there we had a lively picnic dinner.

Our hosts, learning that we came from the goodly town of Riverdale, asked if we knew, calling by name, a certain merchant's family. Then it came out that the eldest daughter of that merchant taught one summer there, over yonder

was her school house, and boarded in the family of our hosts. It needed no effort of memory to call back the face of that sweet girl whom we knew, to whose loveliness of form and feature were added rare charms of spirit. When, one year after her summer in Quercus, in the early morn of womanhood she was called from earth, the whole community felt the touch of the shadow which rested over her own house. "We thought so much of her," said our hosts, "and the children loved her dearly."

We were taken to memorial hall, where on tablets were the names of several of her sons whom the town gave to her country, and, led by our host's little daughter, climbed the highest hill that we might see the mountain—our mountain. An air of repose, of peace, rested in the neat village. Bees hummed in the low acacias blooming with daisies and columbines in the ancient burial ground; birds warbled from above. The little store (closed for an hour at noon) contained a most amusing variety of goods arranged with reference to "handiness," rather than order. Some volumes of the Franklin Square library lay on the counter flanked by an enormous pair of rubber boots. Several postal cards were here written by us, and I surmise that the outgoing mail next day was, for Quercus, unusually heavy.

The next stage of our journey to Roughland, was a continuation of the morning's enjoyment. A turn in the road suddenly brought before us a lovely sheet of water, broad and blue, with soft shadows of dark pines resting upon it, sweeping around a curve out of sight. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from all and we paused to admire. By the roadside stood a French woman holding by a rope a horse which was feeding. We asked her the name of the lake but she only shook her head, she couldn't understand English. Alas for our French, for that was no more intelligible to her. Since then we have learned that this is an artificial pond or reservoir upon which the mills down stream may draw in low water. Though all were charmed with it, to one it seemed to have peculiar attractions, and from every height we climbed throughout our trip she was sure she saw Roughland pond in the distance.

Another long hill, over which is spread Roughland. Our mountain, green-walled and calm beckons from our left. We walk up as usual and are evidently regarded as a curious species of the genus traveler by the many we meet. Little care we as we stop to gather ferns or flowers, filling our hands with rare white clover blossoms mottled with pink, and an odor like wine, and decking the carriage with the great golden-hearted daisies which grew in profusion by the wayside. It is late afternoon when we pass a little railroad station, the same, we feel sure, mentioned in the Century article. "It (the town) lies in the upland, and you go within a mile of it by rail." So we drive slowly up the gently rising hill, are riding now, with guide book ready, to identify the pictures and scenes there represented. Surely these must be the "pastures, stones for bread to a cruel extent they give," and what a wealth of mountain laurel! We must have it, and our carriage is gay with its rosy bloom. but the "mile;" it lengthens to two and more, and we, weary and hungry are ready to question the accuracy of "H. H.'s" statements. But, like so many other unjust judgments, ours came from starting with wrong premises, or in this particular case, from the wrong station.

But at last, we reach the town, lying on the ridge of hills sloping steeply on either side. A few inquiries about lodgings, and Dan stops the daisy and laurel-decked

carriage before the open door of an attractive house with broad verandahs, and a little later, horse and drivers are receiving the kindest attentions. Sunset glory fell upon our group as we lingered long at the table where a tempting meal was spread to which, I need not say, ample justice was done.

I have not yet told you our profession. One of the number very innocently chancing to say something about us—(there, I almost spoke the offensive word) when such a whirlwind of denials and reproaches flew about her! It fairly made one gasp for breath. "They did not know any thing about such things, did not wish to hear the word—mentioned," etc. The offender bent her head to the blast and meekly bided her time. It came.

A cool, cloudless morning followed. After feasting our eyes upon that lovely view eastward, so blue in the distance it must be the sea, we drove four miles to the Mountain House where we left Dan and climbed the remainder of the way. A strip of mowing whose dewy swath was freshly cut, was first crossed, a bit of steep pasture, then we struck into the woods, following the bed of a mountain brook now dry except in a few spots.

How cool, fresh and sweet was every thing in those woods. Up we went, the path winding, turning, curving, up and still upward among the trees; the path growing narrower until it was almost lost among the birches near the top, and we were, oh, so tired! But at last we emerged into open air and sunlight, to find the thin soil covering the rocks at our feet carpeted with a profusion of pretty white flowers, mountain cinquefoil.

On the top of the mountain is the Summit House, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and the view it commands, ah, I cannot paint you the picture, but it is very wide and very lovely. So wide, that from the observatory, one may see the peaks of Berkshire and the blue hills of Milton, Monadnock, Kearsarge, Mt. Washington in the far distance; nearer by are smooth hills, green valleys, church spires in trim villages, tender green of corn blades, silver threads of streams, sunlight and shade chasing each other over verdure-crowned slopes and hillside forests. We lingered long on the summit, finding here a new charm, there a rare bit of beauty, until we had to leave and retrace our steps down the steep, rough path to the Mountain House.

I think it was the geography which betrayed us. As we waited here for our carriage to be brought, a group of idlers gathered on the verandah, looked us over and, (was it the geography which S. would carry about everywhere, or was it the *pince-nez*?) said quite audibly. "O, a party of teachers." One of that party enjoyed the incident immensely.

That afternoon as we sat in the wide parlor, resting and reading, S., looking over the family record in the bible, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, girls, Mr. and Mrs. H. (our hosts) were married by Dr. —" naming our own gray-haired pastor at home. Yes, there was no mistaking that name with its generous row of initials, to which two others have been most worthily appended since that time. It bore the date of nearly thirty years ago, when he, a young man fresh from Andover, was settled over his first charge in the town adjoining, whither he bore the fair young wife who faded so quickly from earth. Finding this record was a pleasant thing, and we enjoyed talking with our hosts of one whom we mutually knew and respected.

Just before sunset we started for another drive, riding through the long, sweet summer twilight past lonely, deserted houses, past quaint, old-fashioned

dwelling with gardens spicy with cinnamon roses; in the coolness of the "long woods," knee deep with ferns where the high blackberry bore its blossoms in rich abundance in the piney shadows; over the smooth turnpike with its deep background of sturdy forest growth and graceful vines, and home in the moonlight as the village bells rang the hour of nine.

Says H. H. in the article before mentioned, "One may stay a month in Hide and Seek town and take a different drive each day." We can testify that five of these are truly delightful ones.

Late afternoon of the third day found us entering the "village by the lake," seven miles on our homeward journey. On the upper verandah of the old-fashioned, roomy, but rather dilapidated hotel, shaded in front by two magnificent elms, we spread our table and merrily partook of a picnic supper. To the loiterers and passers by it was manifestly an unusual proceeding.

The sun was just dropping behind the hills as we set off on the next stage of our trip, nine miles, to Clearbrook. Delightful as this drive was, I must not linger to describe it in detail, only noting a scene or two. There was a little school house in a lonely spot far from other houses, around which, late as it was, the children still lingered, some just starting homeward with their books. The moist condition of interior and doorstep told the story to those of us who had graduated from just such a district school. It was night before examination and they had been washing the school house—one of the very jolliest times in all the term.

I think we shall never forget a romantic gorge or ravine cleft among the hills, between whose steep banks ran swiftly a dark, narrow river; hidden for a little distance by overhanging trees, again we had a glimpse of it silvered by the moonlight. We cherish that picture as one of many lovely views of our Willow river.

It was nine by the clock when we reached the hotel at Clearbrook Springs, where we spent the night. We were invited to partake of sulphur water here, but after one draught of the vilely flavored liquid were quite willing to forego any possible benefits to be derived therefrom.

O, the exquisite coolness and restfulness of that night at Clearbrook! Not a sound broke the silence save the murmur of falling water with which was mingled a note of music, so blended and yet so distinct that I could not tell whether it was the waterfall's own voice or a sound from a far away piano. Soothed by its gentle vibrations on the still air I slept as I had not for many nights.

Here are springs of iron and sulphur, conveniences for hot and cold baths, a lovely grove fitted with seats, tables, platform for dancing, making a charming spot for picnicking. Later in the season it is a very gay and fashionable resort, but it was early yet for summer travel and we had the place to ourselves.

Once more we are homeward bound and the last stage of our journey, fourteen miles, is begun, through nearly all of which we rarely lose sight of Willow river. We drive through towns famed in the county for rich dairies, pass a cheese factory from which comes an abominable odor of sour whey, drive alongside sections unused and unfinished, of that unfortunate Massachusetts Central, upon which the next generation may possibly ride from the "Hub to the Hudson," and arrive at our several homes safely in the afternoon of the fourth day. Throughout the whole trip the weather had been perfect and nothing had marred our enjoyment.

Now, the streams are locked in ice and the trees stand leafless against a cold,

gray sky. But, penning these lines, I have been in summer land again, have seen the sunshine pouring over the mountain top, have breathed the fragrance of the clover fields; and thus our investment has yielded another dividend. Indeed, I have only to desire one and the payment is always ready.

Dear friends, who shared that mountain ride, and those whose kindness and hospitality as we journeyed by the way we keep ever in pleasant remembrance, to you I dedicate this sketch of our June holiday.

HOW SHE FOUND HER MISSION.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

Part II.

Lura passed the examination. The beautiful, summer days flew swiftly by, and the time had arrived for her to enter upon her new life at P. college. After many kisses, good bys and tender injunctions from both parents, Lura was once more whirled from Greendale station. Her journey was completed in three hours, and as she stepped out on the platform at P. station, she could see the brick walls of the college peeping through the trees in the distance, and seeming to smile a welcome in the bright, morning sun.

As the distance to the college was less than a mile, Lura concluded to walk. Stepping briskly forward, she soliloquized: "Well, here I am at last! really going to live inside the walls of a college; who would have believed it six months ago? Now, Lura Miles, here is a chance for you to fit yourself so as to be able to occupy a high position, to do something grand and noble. Yes, I will! I will!"

The college reached, Lura was met by the kind, warm-hearted matron, Miss Beals, assigned a pleasant room, and introduced to her room-mate, who proved to be, much to Lura's surprise and delight, Lilla Snow, a young lady whose home was near her Aunt Felicia's, and with whom she had become quite well acquainted the year previous, during a visit at "Willow Hall."

Thus pleasantly situated, Lura's college life began. Many were the confidential chats enjoyed by the two girls at the twilight hour, after the day's lessons were over. On one of these occasions, while idly brushing her long, beautiful hair, Lura suddenly spoke: "What are you going to do Lilla, when you are through college?"

"I intend to teach," quietly replied Lilla, who was also a farmer's daughter, and had always looked forward to the time when she should be able to earn her own living, and thus relieve her father, who was not in as comfortable circumstances as farmer Miles, but he had a wealthy uncle who had kindly offered to educate Lilla.

"Well," said Lura, "I haven't decided what I shall do, but I mean to do something great any way."

"It isn't so much what we do, as how we do it, that is my idea," replied Lilla. "I think God looks at the heart, the motive which prompts the action; a person may do his or her very best and then not amount to much as the world estimates greatness, but God knows, and never forgets."

Lura made no reply. "Lilla is deeper than I," she always remarked to herself, after listening to any such sentiment as the above.

About a week after the conversation just mentioned, Lura was lying on the bed in her room, her head packed in ice to relieve the dull throbbing which had become of almost daily occurrence. She had never been strong, and the extra exertion she made in studying had proved too much for her. Yet she would not give

up, and by applying ice for an hour or two every day, she was able to keep along with her classes, without informing her parents of her weakened condition. This afternoon the pain had been more severe than usual, but had nearly subsided when the door opened, and one of her girl friends softly entered.

Etta Reeves was a bright, pretty, vivacious creature, whose whole thought seemed to be, "How best to have a good time." Going on tip-toe to the bed, she laid her hand caressingly on Lura's forehead; "Are you better Lura?" she asked.

"O yes! very much, I am going to get up in a few moments."

"Then," continued Etta, "if you are so much better, I am going to tell you something. Miss Beals has consented to let our class have what we call a 'flower party'; i. e.: every girl is to dress so as to represent some flower. We are first to have music, interspersed with readings, then games, etc. Will it not be nice?"

"Very pleasant," said Lura, with a slight misgiving as to whether she should be able to dress so as to represent any flower, for she well knew her father could not afford to buy her a new one for so foolish an object.

After supper that night, she wrote a letter home telling her parents of the proposed party. "Vacation is almost here, and I'll not ask for any more money until I get ready to come home," she wrote.

Two days after, farmer Miles and his wife discussed the subject over the dinner-table. "I don't see how I can spare her the money just now," said Mr. Miles. "If the season had not been so dry and my crops had turned out as I anticipated, Lura should not have lacked for pin money."

"Well, she shall not be disappointed now," said Mrs. Miles. "Instead of getting me a black silk this fall, as I had planned, I will have a black cashmere, which will look very nicely, and answer all purposes just as well for me, and Lura can then have her desire gratified and enjoy the party, for she shall look as well as any of them."

It was not the first time that Mrs. Miles had denied herself personal comforts that Lura's desires might be gratified. And the girl had become so accustomed to having her wants thought of first, that, although not naturally selfish, nor meaning to be so, her parents were taking the right course to make her so.

The next mail carried a letter to Lura therefore, containing a sufficient sum to enable her to "look as well as any of them," as her mother had said.

Lura received it with smiles, never once thinking that the sum enclosed had cost her mother any personal self-denial.

"Now what flower shall I represent, Lilla?" asked Lura after reading the letter.

"A pink rose would be most becoming to your complexion, I think," answered Lilla.

"O yes!" said Lura, "and you represent a white one."

And so it was decided. Out of the sum which was to have purchased the long-desired black silk for her mother, Lura bought a beautiful, fleecy, pink lawn, with some handsome white lace for trimming, which, after going through the hands of a fashionable dress-maker and being ready for the party, cost the sum of twenty-five dollars, added to this was five dollars more for roses. Lilla, by renovating an old, white muslin herself, was able to look very prettily by spending two dollars and a half for white roses.

The party was a decided success. Lura was one of the gayest, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she looked as well as any of the girls, if her father was only a farmer instead of a millionaire. But if she had overheard the following

conversation, she might not have felt so happy.

Two of the most richly dressed girls in the room stood together as Lura flitted by, leaving in her wake the rich perfume of half-withered roses, which were in her hair, at her throat, and in clusters looped up in the draperies that floated about her.

"Well," remarked Belle Stevens, "I should like to know how Lura Miles can afford to dress so nicely; I understand her father is only a farmer and in rather straitened circumstances."

"Why! don't you know?" returned her companion, "She has a wealthy aunt who pays her tuition here, and probably clothes her also; for my part, I think her room-mate, Lilla Snow, shows much better sense, she looks simple and neat, any one would know her dress is old, but she is independent enough to dress as she can afford. If I was poor, I should much rather do that way."

The days passed quickly. Vacation came at last, and Lura was not sorry. As she entered the cars to be whirled back to Greendale, her heart beat joyfully in anticipation of meeting the loved ones at home so soon. None the less happy were farmer Miles and his wife, as they started for the station to meet their darling, whose absence had been keenly felt at the old farm-house. The engine slowly steamed in, a few hoarse snorts, and the mighty wheels ceased to move. But three passengers alighted, the last one being Lura.

"Mother! Father!" she cried, while she ran forward into their outstretched arms, smothering them with kisses, much to the secret satisfaction of both parents, for they feared their daughter might consider it too childish to welcome them in so extravagant a fashion. But whatever Lura had gained in dignity, it had not crushed the fond love she felt for her father and mother.

As they were slowly jogging toward home, her mother, for the first time, noticed Lura's tired and worn expression.

"You are not looking very well, my child," she said.

"It is nothing, mother, only a headache," but even as she spoke, a deathly paleness came over her face, and as the horse suddenly started, she would have fallen out if her mother had not put her arm about her.

"Why Lura! have you ever had such a spell before?" asked her mother, while her father looked anxiously on.

"O yes! after I have rested a few days I shall be all right," replied Lura, vainly endeavoring to quiet the fearful throbbing in her temples, brought on by over-excitement.

But "the rest" which Lura had long looked forward to, as the medicine which would banish all ills, failed in her case. Her headaches grew more frequent and severe. The Greendale family physician was consulted, who prescribed "rest and perfect quiet." So the once gay-hearted Lura was confined to the house, forbidden all callers, as well as books, music, or fancy work.

The days dragged heavily by. The monotony of the long summer was broken only by a visit from Aunt Felicia, whose loving, tender sympathy, Christian advice and example, was of great assistance to Lura, who was gradually learning that, "Better is he who ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city," and that as great and noble victories are sometimes won within four narrow walls, as by those whose fame is proclaimed throughout the land.

Two years had passed. Lura had not been forgotten meanwhile by her village friends. Daily would some token of love find its way to the sitting-room where she was still confined a prisoner. Flowers, pictures, little gifts of all descrip-

tions, so that the room presented the appearance of being almost overloaded with "bric-a-brac." "Something new for Lura to look at," was what she invariably heard, when her mother would answer the knock of some friend.

Doctors far and near were consulted and employed, who all agreed in calling her disease "nervous prostration," but could seem to give no permanent relief, until finally, a lady physician, living in an adjoining county, was recommended and employed. Lura immediately commenced to gain, was in a few months able to receive visitors, ride out and do various things which had been denied her for three long years.

Meantime how had these three years of anxiety affected the loving parents upon whom Lura had been so dependent? Mrs. Miles looked haggard and worn, while Mr. Miles' face wore an anxious look brought on by reverses of fortune, and anxiety for his daughter's life. Lura's long illness had been very expensive, so that her father had been obliged to mortgage the farm, and now he could see no way out of debt but to give up the home, which had descended to him through several successive generations.

This fact had been kept from Lura, although she knew her father had been obliged to borrow money during her illness. But she had learned many valuable lessons during these three years, and as she daily grew stronger, she began to wonder to herself "what she could do to earn some money."

One balmy morning in June, four years after the time when this story opened, Lura was seated under the same apple tree, the white blossoms were falling noiselessly about her, in her hand she held the same book of poems, and her eye fell upon the same verse which at that time arrested her attention.

"Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

"Ah! I see," thought Lura, "my mistake when I read that verse so long ago, instead of being good and doing noble deeds in the sight of God, my sole ambition was to aggrandize myself in the sight of men. Henceforth I will strive to make my life noble by performing cheerfully whatever duty lies nearest me, whether small or great,

'And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.'"

And Lura kept her resolve. Stronger physically than ever before, she spent much of her time in the kitchen, relieving her mother, and giving her an opportunity to rest more than ever before since her marriage.

Greendale was rapidly becoming a fashionable summer resort. A new hotel was being built, and many of the houses in the neighborhood of farmer Miles were filled to overflowing with summer boarders from the adjoining city.

It was Lura who first thought of it, and quietly proposed one evening as the family were sitting in the twilight, that they should take boarders, saying that "she would do all the cooking and attend to the meals, her mother should be 'general superintendent,' and they would hire old Aunt Betty (a faithful colored woman) to do the washing and ironing."

Lura succeeded in winning her parents' consent as usual. And succeeding far beyond their anticipations the first summer, they continued every summer until in three years the mortgage was paid, and Lura felt that she had succeeded in "finding her mission."

—If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

A PLEA FOR THE WOODS.

To many, special pleading on this subject will seem uncalled for; for with those who have learned to understand her, nature is her own best advocate, her own silent persuasion being far more potent and alluring than any which may be set forth in words. Such, find a fascination which never wanes in the grand old trees, the bright waters that leap down the hillside and ripple past them, in the flowers and ferns that cling about their feet, and all the small, wild creatures that haunt their solitudes. Yet many, very many, are indifferent. They would laugh at the idea of taking pleasure in a solitary ramble through the woods. With good company, they might find them endurable. The pleasant shade would help to make walking and conversation agreeable. But of all the woodland and its wonders they would see nothing. With some of these—only a few, I hope—the reason for this might lie in shallowness of feeling, in an inborn obtuseness to the grand, sweet lesson which nature offers impartially to all. Some are simply unawakened, careless of her charm, because they have not as yet been brought near enough to her to feel its power. Others are denied her following their instincts and seeking her among her own cool retreats by the dangers they imagine to be lurking there.

A contributor to Arthur's Home Magazine, writing on this subject, says that day after day her surprise increases as she finds how few of her friends are willing to accompany her on her sylvan expeditions, simply because they are afraid of snakes. She calls this fear a groundless one, as the snakes prefer open, sunny places and low, wet ones to the high, dry woods. All my experience leads me to agree with her in this. It is to these who, from needless apprehension, or unawakened interest, never seek the woods that this little plea for them is offered; and I wish all who have tested the matter, and know whereof they speak would take up the word and convince all timid and indifferent ones how much of beauty, health, happiness and true culture they are losing by their neglect of our glorious, colonnaded, blue-arched pantheons.

Some of the very happiest days of my life have been spent in the woods, and this, notwithstanding the fact I am as afraid of snakes as a person well can be. Indeed, it is more than fear with me. It is a morbid horror which I can no more reason away than I can the color of my eyes. It is not altogether that I am afraid they will bite me. They seem to me the embodiment of every thing loathsome and malignant. The sight of one, however safely secured, gives me a creeping shudder, and haunts me for weeks.

This being the case, it would seem that if snakes were to keep us from the woods, I should stay very far away, indeed. But I can say most truly that, although as a child, I half lived in the woods during the spring, summer and autumn months, I saw very few snakes there, not nearly so many as in the meadows when looking for wild strawberries, or by the roadside, going to and from school.

I think, however, that in most cases this fear of snakes is not all that keeps girls from the woods. Those who offer it as an excuse, may be perfectly sincere so far as they go, but often there are reasons behind which are not spoken of. The sun and wind might injure their delicate complexions, unless they wore a big and unbecoming sunbonnet, and that is not to be thought of. They would roughen their hands, and spoil their fresh gowns, and dainty boots. For gowns and boots already old and past spoiling are as out of the question as the unfashionable sunbonnet. Perhaps, they fear the criticism of the poor little squirrels,

chickadees, and bluebirds, or, what is more probable that of some dear friend, whom they might chance to meet on the way. I should like to tell all these—they would not believe me, but it is true—that girls are often more beautiful, natural, and altogether charming in these rough-and-ready, improvised costumes, than in all their war paint and feathers. However, a girl is not likely to meet people on her expeditions to lake and woods. She will, in all probability, make acquaintance with nothing more human than the birds, the bees, and the squirrels, the flowers, moss, and ferns. But if she is only capable of appreciating their gentle, gracious hospitality, these are enough, and more than enough, to fill the day with tranquil, satisfying happiness.

My childhood was spent among the wooded hills of western New York, and when spring came my dearest delight always was to "go to the woods." Long before the snow had disappeared, I would go, day after day, to the window, and look longingly out on the hills, watching for what was to me the first trustworthy message sent forward by approaching spring. This was the first flush of soft green that showed on the crest of the hill, and so faint was it, so ethereally delicate and dreamlike, that when first it dawned on my eyes in the bright light of the early morning, it seemed more like a fairy mist flung over the trees in honor of Queen Titania's first spring festival than like the real, living, growing leafage of birch and beech and ash and maple, and I almost held my breath lest it should vanish before my tantalized vision and leave me inconsolable. But, day by day, it widened and deepened, becoming less a tender promise, more a beautiful reality. And when the lovely, living green had chased the somber gray from all the hillside, I knew that the frail little windflower was blossoming under the breath of the fickle west wind, that white violets, hepaticas and spring beauties, were beginning to show their pretty faces beneath the hardy old trees, that crinkle-root and chickadee berries might be found on the slopes near the tiny stream that came dashing down from the highlands above, chattering all the way of its own importance—knew that at last I might go "to the woods." Then away I went, as happy as a child could well be, my sense of large liberty just a little qualified by promises to keep either the sight of the open field, or the sound of the running water, within reach of my senses; for my woods were a bit of primeval forest, and extended to heights and depths unfit for curious, careless, childish feet, as some poor little ones had found to their cost. I was alone more often than not, but I was neither afraid nor lonely. The trees and flowers, the birds, bees, and squirrels, and consequential little brook, withal, were all the company I desired. The spirit of the spring time passed into my soul, and I was as happy as the woodland beings about me without questioning why. For the time I was one of them.

Children are natural nature-lovers. They are curious about all created things, if that can be called curiosity which seems a divine instinct, this ceaseless questioning and craving to know all about the beautiful new world into which God has put them. How do we know this is not just what He put us here for? Certain it is that as we lose our innocence, we lose our delight in His creations, and when after long struggles and painful endeavor, we at last shake ourselves free from the slough into which some will-o'-the-wisp of the world has led us, and begin to ascend the heights whereon purity reigns, we again turn to nature, again we say, "How wonderful are thy works, O God!"

I think children should be taught bot-

any, geology, natural history, and the results of scientific investigation, along with their spelling, geography, and multiplication table. If any thing must be neglected for a time, let it be the latter rather than these. They could not be taught by dry treatises, of course, as they would not understand them, but they might be taught by practical example. If the teacher were wise and patient, I do not think there would be the slightest difficulty. The little ones' eager interest would more than make up for all the limitations of their mental grasp, which after all are not so great as we are inclined to think. For a swift, unerring shot straight to the root of a matter, give me a child above all others. Children want the exact truth; nothing less will satisfy them. If they accept less, it is because some one, whom they, in their innocent trustfulness, believe all-wise, has given it them for truth.

How I longed in those early days, to know the names of my favorite plants and birds! How I pondered over the stones I found at times with the imprint of leaf or fern upon them. But no one came to my relief. I could spell, read, and rattle off my multiplication table like a little parrot, and no one thought any thing else necessary. I am glad to see that a different theory is gaining favor of late, and is occasionally put into practice.

A lady writes to the New York Tribune that her little girl of six years old had learned much of botany, natural history, etc., from her careful teaching, although she does not yet know how to read. All this, she says, without conscious effort on the part of the child, though with much thought and painstaking on that of the teacher.

Although I could not learn all I wished about my woodland treasures, I was very happy just to be among them. Spring, summer, autumn, each in turn gave to the woods her own special attraction, and I found it difficult to choose among them. This life went on until I was fourteen years old. Soon after this we came to southern Michigan. Our new home was situated on a prairie, not the broad, rolling, seemingly limitless region of treeless land which the name probably suggests to most readers. Those are found only in the far west, I believe. I once had the pleasure of riding over such a one in Minnesota. Our prairie is only a small tract of prairie land, that is, land to which trees are not indigenous. A small clump of oaks in the middle of it and a mile from us is called the "island." It was spring when we reached the place after a year of city life, and almost my first thought was for the woods. On that part of my father's land which is near the edge of the prairie, is a small patch of what people here call woods, though as I looked at it from afar, it seemed hardly worthy of the name. Oak trees do not put forth their leaves as early as the trees I had known and loved in my old home, and at that time these looked bare and scraggy. Still they were trees, and, although the prospect was not encouraging, I boldly started off to see what they had to offer me. I soon found out. It was simply nothing. Not a flower was there, scarcely a leaf, no ferns, no mossy log or stump to give me a seat, not even grass under the trees on which to rest my weary feet. The hard, baked-looking earth was perforated in every direction by round and unpleasantly suggestive holes. I went again and again, hoping matters would improve, but I could not see that they did materially. Each forlorn pilgrimage left me more dispirited than before, and at last I gave them up, with a strange sense of loss which I have never been able to wholly shake off. I think it is this which has

always made this place seem strange to me, never quite like home.

But I, alas! can go no more to wood or field, or across the lakes for my favorite, the queen of the waters, the glorious, moon-like water-lily. It is many years since I have set my feet on the soft grass. Whether I shall ever touch it again is known only to Him who has for His own inscrutable purposes denied it to me through all these weary years. Much of this time I have not been able even to look out of doors. I could hear the wind in the cedars before my window, but I could not see them except once in a while after sundown, if I were able to get to the window in any way, which did not often happen. Last summer I was a little stronger, and was sometimes able to sit on the porch in my rolling chair, and look off into the free air. This seemed a boon, indeed. The country is finely cultivated, level and monotonous, tamely pretty in summer, not picturesque. But the free, wide outlook seemed to widen my heart and my mind. Yet it made me long more than ever for my childhood's home. Only in dreams can I see my well-beloved hills, my woods, and all they hold for me in their dim sweet recesses.

It often seems to me that nothing in the world would make me so happy as to again clamber up the "Little Gulf,"—the name given by my brother to the gentle, grassy ravine through the center of which dashed our gay, little stream—with the old shiver of half real, half make-believe fear, as I glance at dark "Henlock Knoll" under whose gloomy shadows no grass or flower can grow; then on through the haunts of trillium and anemone and maiden-hair, and—but why should I try to name my treasures? I could not if I would. Those who have learned to love these things know all I would say. Those who have not will not care. But, ah! how well I can understand the memories that load of wood brought to Louise C. Wilson. When my friends tell me of their botanizing excursions, or when I read the bright, breezy articles written by HOUSEHOLD sisters after a summer holiday spent in the "merry greenwood," I am filled with longing, almost with envy.

I would say to all those who have, or may have, such privileges—let nothing take them from you, not any thought of foolish vanity—indeed, you will gain more than you lose—not the interference of others, or your own indifference. Go and learn of nature. She will teach you much, everything, almost, if you will but listen to her. Go forth to the woods while yet you may, make friends of their humble denizens, lest in after years you may long in vain for the heights and depths of enlightenment and serene content which you might have gained from them.

HELEN HERBERT.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA AND SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I wish to tell the members of the HOUSEHOLD Band who have never traveled in the West, of a few things which came under my observation while on a journey through New Mexico, Arizona and southern California, during the latter part of last year.

The northeastern part of New Mexico is quite mountainous, and for some distance we traveled between mountains, passing through the deep, rocky Apache canon. As we traveled westward the country became more level, and in the southwest part we came into a desert-looking country which extends for quite a distance into Arizona. Here we find very little vegetation except bare bushes. This desert is covered with a white sand, which in many places is drifted twenty, thirty, and even one hundred feet high,

and sparkles in the sunshine like great snow drifts.

A great variety of cactus grows on the mountains in western Arizona. One species grows quite tall. We obtained a photograph of one of these, growing near Yuma, which is said to be forty-two feet high. They are a dark green, and many of them must be over a foot in diameter. Sometimes there is just a single body, but frequently large branches shoot out like great arms. Another species is called the cane cactus. Many persons make canes from them and carry them back to their homes in the east. The flat cactus, which is found farther east grows here in great abundance.

There are no signs of habitation in the desert except the little stations built by the railroad companies. These stations consist generally of a depot and the home of the agent. But in other portions of New Mexico and Arizona there are little towns all along the railroad. The greater number are of little importance. Some few of them have a number of nice residences, hotels, school buildings, etc. Two or three towns through which we passed, could boast of street cars and electric light.

The country is everywhere dotted with Mexican settlements. The Mexicans seem to care very little for improvement. Many of them must live in the adobe houses built by their great-grandfathers, for they seem almost ready to fall. The home of the Mexican generally consists of one small room built of adobe, with flat roof and mud floor, and is so low that they must have to stoop to enter the door. (We were told that they were built low so that they would resist the shock of earthquakes which had been felt when the earthquake was hundreds of miles away.) A small square barely large enough for one to put his head through, was the only window we could discover. Usually these small rooms were occupied by large families. Frequently as we passed near we saw three or four children standing about the door while several others appeared around the corners. Near many of the houses we saw a kind of oval shaped furnace or oven, where we suppose they did their "baking," which with them no doubt means cooking "corn dodgers" or parching corn. Of course there may be a few exceptions, but every thing we saw, impressed us with the idea that they are a homely, ignorant, indolent race, and caused us to feel that more missionaries are needed nearer home.

We frequently saw Indians disappearing on their ponies, or walking, driving a burro, an animal much used by them for carrying large burdens. In many places their wigwams were built in the suburbs of the town. Many of them would come about the train. Some would stand outside near the open car window and beg, others would come into the cars and sell their handsome bead work. One horrid "big Ingin brave" stepped on the platform, pressed his ugly face against the window, peered in a few minutes, then came in, walked up to us holding a small stone between his fingers and spoke several words in his own language, and as we only gazed at him with a "blank" expression, he said "smoked topaz, tin cints."

They wore the bright blankets provided by the government, but still had their faces daubed with paint, rings in their ears, feathers in their long, coarse, black hair, and looked uncivilized indeed.

Fort Yuma stands on high bluffs on the west bank of the Colorado river, consequently is in California, while just opposite, on the east bank is Yuma, Arizona. Fort Yuma is interesting only from the fact that it is an old fort. In Yuma there is nothing of interest except the hotel.

This, like a great number of the buildings in Arizona and southern California, is built with piazza extending all around and with double roof, one several feet above the other. The double roof is very necessary in that warm climate, for it is a great protection from the sun's hot rays.

As we were strolling around in the shade, while we waited at Yuma, we saw at the side of the walk quite a large plant which we were told was a century plant. It was the first we had seen, but we saw quite a number of them in southern California. Just a short time before they bloom a single stalk shoots up from the center, fifteen or twenty feet high and white flowers bloom out around the stalk. A lady told us that as soon as it has finished blooming the entire plant dies.

Los Angeles, California, has thirty thousand inhabitants. Here we saw a great many Chinamen. Southeast Los Angeles is called Chinatown, and consists principally of long rows of wash houses. It is difficult to get work done in California except by Chinamen. The cooking at the hotels is usually done by them, and as we had been told they were not very clean about their work, I fear the delicious dishes set before us were not so highly appreciated as they might have been. Los Angeles has quite a number of elegant churches, hotels and residences, and there is a great rush of business. Great numbers arrive there from the east almost daily. A number of excursionists from Boston came in while we were there.

One morning we took the train for Santa Monica, a small town on the coast eighteen miles from Los Angeles, and for the first time beheld the deep blue waters of the great Pacific. Our day on the beach was delightful, but as the tide was very high, we obtained only a few small shells. Only two of our party were brave enough to go in bathing.

There are many beautiful settlements in the foot hills and valleys of the Sierra Madre range. These settlements consist of several hundred fruit farms. Numbers from the east have gone there to enjoy the delicious fruit and the climate which is excelled by none except that of Australia. These farms are enclosed by nicely trimmed cypress hedges and the beautiful evergreens are carefully trimmed. Many of them have lovely drives with rows of cypress or pepper trees on either side. By irrigating they have grass, roses and other flowers all the year. And such a profusion of geraniums! They have all varieties and they grow three or four feet tall. The orange groves on each side of the drives add much to the beauty. In these orchards there are the large orange groves, figs, lemons, limes, bananas, pomegranates, English walnuts, and many of the fruits common in the east. The California grapes are said to be the finest in the world. Hundreds of acres in Los Angeles county are covered with vineyards, and there are a great many wineries with large capital.

The scenery in the Sierra Madre mountains in many places is beautiful. A day spent in one of the canons will long be remembered. The bottoms of many of them are covered with granite stones of all sizes, and the clear cold water from the falls above goes trickling over them into the valley below, while the trees and beautiful ferns growing from the sides of the mountains, make the scene lovely indeed.

MABEL CLAIRE.

FILATURES.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

It is now over four years since the Women's Silk Culture Association was organized in Philadelphia, and the results

of its efforts have been felt, in more or less degree, in Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as in America.

The third annual report of the association speaks of mulberry plantations made through its means, upon the coast of Liberia. This is an eminently kind and wise measure, as in such colonies there are always young children and feeble persons of advanced years, able to take their part in the light and pleasant work.

I hope the African silk worms will not be as fastidious as were some raised by a neighbor of mine. These friends kept in their service a small negro boy, and whenever he was sent to pick the leaves, the worms utterly refused to eat them, and it was necessary for some of the white members of the family to attend to the wants of this extremely delicate and sensitive colony of silk spinners.

The present great need in the development of the silk industry, is the establishment of steam filatures in this country. For this capital is essential, and for it, we hope, capital will ere long be forthcoming, as without this means of using up, within our own borders, the product of the silk farms, the cocoons are necessarily shipped to France and other countries, and the larger gains go into foreign pockets.

California has the honor of being the pioneer state to grasp these facts, and to act upon them, for in 1883 its legislature appropriated \$7500 for the erection of a filature, and the fostering of silk culture, and the governor appointed a board of commissioners to advance the same interest.

HAPPY WIVES IN RUSSIA.

There is only one happy woman in Russia—the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say: "As happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is so happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies, he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman, and his property is taken away from him and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has secured her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest—ininitely better than to be the wife of a noble.—*Exchange.*

THE SORROWS OF OTHERS.

There is no question that habitual cheerfulness is a great blessing. But when cheerful people are lauded, let it be remembered as a general thing that they are no more to be commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is a matter of health and constitution. An invalid or a nervous person—a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmospheric influence—cannot be uniformly cheerful. He may do much toward endeavoring to be so, it is true, but it must be a thing of effort. Many people are cheerful, because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own, are easy to bear. We do not wish to decry this social sunshine; but let us not forget that there are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume in the shade, and at intervals.

—Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more; and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.—*Gail Hamilton.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

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

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INSTRUMENTAL.

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op. 316, Strauss,	75
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op. 23, Kolting,	75
Turkish Patrol Reveille, - - - - - Krug,	50
Pirates of Penzance, (Landers,) D'Albert,	35
Siren's Waltzes, - - - - - Waldteufel,	75
Fatinizta, Suppe, Potpourri, - - - - - Moelling,	1 00
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, - - - - - Rocchini,	1 00
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, - - - - - Dorn,	75
Night on the Water, Idyl, - - - - - Wilson,	60
Rustling Leaves, - - - - - op. 68, Lange,	60

VOCAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN PHILLIPS.

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

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

PERSONALITIES.

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

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

If Gipsy, Columbia, Tenn., will send us her full address, she will receive a prompt reply to her question. Our readers would oblige us greatly by remembering to send full address with each communication.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to ask if any of the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD have the two numbers for January and February, 1883, and would sell them, also, price, or, if they would exchange them for fancy work.

MRS. M. FAIRMAN.

Bushnell, McDonough, Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Has any lady the books "Farmingdale" and "Lanmere," by Julia C. R. Dorr, with the reading complete? One or both of them was published under a fictitious name. I will pay cash for them. MISS S. B. MERRILL. Box 352, Peabody, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the members of the Band please send me their autographs on a postal card? LOTTIE PENNEBECKER. Box 48, Mechanicsville, Cedar Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the members of the Band send me postals for my album? I will return to all.

If some one will send me THE HOUSEHOLD for January, 1883, I will gladly return the favor.

Will some young lady living at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, please write to me? CLARA L. KENNEY. Springfield, Vt.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. J. B. Ferguson, St. Clair, Nevada, will exchange reading matter for cabinet specimens, silks for crazy patchwork, or fancy work. Write first.

Frank E. Stanciliff, Omro, Wis., would like to exchange magazines and books for others, would like to get the books, "Little Women" and "Little Men."

Mrs. Chas. A. Green, Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y., will exchange strawberry plants (James Vick) or Bebe's Golden Raspberry for Century or Harper's magazine, or novelties. Write first.

Mrs. A. C. Towne, Detroit, Mich., will exchange a new, popular, ladies' coat pattern for a scrap bag or something useful.

Send something useful to Miss A. C. Clay, Piermont, Grafton County, N. H., and you will receive one of the new emery bags.

Rosella Rice, Perryville, Ohio, will exchange a real hair switch, thirty-two inches long, brown color, well and handsomely made for something of equal value.

Mrs. L. H. Bickford, North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal., will exchange agate and opalized woods, opal, agate, and moss agates, suitable for cabinet or jewelry, for something useful.

Mrs. C. C. Swoope, Wheeler, Laurence Co., Ala., will exchange Golden Hours (English), for 1883, for Godey's, Arthur's, or Peterson's magazine, also Animal World for The Nursery. Write first.

Mrs. H. S. Hoffman, Sidney, N. J., will exchange century plants and slips for other slips or plants, also, a toilet set for anything useful or ornamental. Write first.

Josie A. Hatch, Bridgewater, McCook Co., Dakota, will exchange agates, rick rack, or knif edging, for bulbs, sea shells or curiosities. Write first.

Mrs. E. Hunter, box 327, Streator, La Salle Co., Ill., will exchange THE HOUSEHOLD for 1882, for fancy work. Write first.

Miss G. B. Hall, Harwich, Mass., will exchange calicoes the size of a postal card for flower seeds.

Mrs. W. F. Searls, Fidelity, Ill., will exchange Kensington painting on velvet for pieces of silk or satin suitable for quilt.

L. L. Paine, East Bethel, Vt., will exchange music, vocal and instrumental, also Musical Herald, published in Boston, Mass., for silk, satin and brocade pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. J. Gill, Jr., 11 Partridge Ave., Somerville, Mass., will exchange one year's volume (fifty-two numbers) of The Hearthstone for a pair of bantams or fancy pigeons.

Mrs. M. P. Smith, of Arcata, Cal., will exchange yellow water lily bulbs for white water lily bulbs or anything useful or ornamental.

N. T. Montague, North Adams, Mass., will exchange "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and "Lucille," by Owen Meredith, for other books. Write first.

Mrs. Laura A. Porter, Dakota City, Dakota, will exchange moss and water agates, curious stones, Indian relics, and magazines, for complete volumes of literary papers and magazines. Write first.

J. B. Miller, Bellevue, Ohio, wishes to exchange cabinet specimens with everybody. Send him specimens and he will send in return, or write first, as you like.

Mrs. A. E. Clark, Sparta, Wis., will do all kinds of painting in exchange for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. T. J. Martin, Martin's Mills, Wayne Co., Tenn., will exchange patterns of infant's complete wardrobe for HOUSEHOLDS for '81 or '82 or Woman at Work for '82.

G. E. Wells, Ames, N. Y., will exchange specimens from Howe's cave, petrified wood, Indian pottery, fossils and minerals for Indian relics, minerals, and fine cabinet specimens.

Minna Hooper, New Salem, Pike Co., Ill., will exchange Milton's poems, beautifully bound, for "Lena Rivers" by Mrs. Holmes, or "Jane Eyre." Write first.

Mrs. N. W. Foster, Riverhead, Suffolk Co., N. Y., will exchange roots of lily of the valley for pieces of silk, satin or velvet, suitable for crazy work.

Mrs. N. C. Post, 26th and Mission Sts., San Francisco, Cal., will exchange oil paintings or painting on silk for silk or velvet scraps or dress reform waist or pattern. Write first.

Mrs. L. M. Evans, Provo, Utah Co., Utah, will exchange Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Botany," (new), for coral shells, tulip and hyacinth bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. Miles P. Mitchell, Whiteville, Hardeman Co., Tenn., will exchange tulips and hyacinth bulbs for lily of the valley and gladioli.

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.

Polish the Youngsters' Teeth

With SOZODONT, and when they grow up their mouths will be garnished with sound and handsome ones. The foundation of many a toothache is laid in childhood by neglect, and it is very important to the well-being of either child or adult that the teeth should be well taken care of. Bad teeth are no fit masticators of the food, and breed dyspepsia. Make them white and strong, therefore, with SOZODONT, a preservative of supreme excellence and purity. Use it without delay.

Esthetics is the science of the beautiful. The need of merit for promoting personal aesthetics is due to J. C. Ayer & Co., whose incomparable Hair Viver is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it has taken rank among the indispensable articles of the toilet. To scanty locks it gives luxuriance; and withered hairs it clothes with the hue of youth.

—Some one put a small mud-turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, on preparing to retire, caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."

A remedy for Rheumatism, which lifts one from a condition of helplessness and makes life worth living, is described by Mr. D. L. Southard, a prominent citizen of Greencastle, Ind. He says: "For six weeks I grew worse under an attack of Rheumatism, though I had good medical treatment. Could not move without great pain, and had to be helped. Bishop Bowman brought me a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS. Began taking it in the morning. That night I slept free from pain. The next morning I felt like a well man."

—"I thought you told me Mr. Brown's fever had gone off," said a gentleman. "So I did," said his companion; "but I forgot to mention he went off with it."

THICK FOOD cannot be digested by infants. Mellin's Food is designed to take the place of the thick pap which sours the stomachs of so many infants. It is healthful, nourishing, and highly commended by the faculty as the most perfect substitute for mothers' milk ever made. All druggists have it.

For sluggish bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulence, sick headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the certain remedy. By land or at sea, out on the prairie or in the crowded city, they are the best pill for purgative purposes, everywhere alike convenient, efficacious and safe.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale of Dr. Scott's renowned \$3.00 Corset, and a very general inquiry for Electric Corsets of less price, but possessing the same therapeutic quality and elegance of shape, the Doctor has decided to place upon the market a full line of these beautiful and invaluable articles, which will now retail at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00; thus bringing them within the reach of all. These Corsets we are assured, possess real merit, and apart from their "Electric" quality, are well worth the prices asked. Read his large Corset advertisement in this issue, and address him at 242 Broadway, New York.

—Sunday-school in answer to the question, "What is the greatest church festival?" a little orphan of six years promptly answered: "Strawberry-festival."

The Season for House Cleaning

is nigh at hand, for which purpose there is nothing so effectual and convenient as James Pyle's PEARLINE.

What are the desirable qualities in a whisker dye? It must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's dye for the whiskers unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

WILTONS,
BRUSSELS,
MOQUETTES,
AXMINSTERS,
SAXONY RUGS,
ART INGRAINS,
CHINA MATTINGS,
WOODSTOCK SQUARES

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Mattings, or Oriental Rugs, for sale at

REASONABLE PRICES

558 & 560 Washington St.,
BOSTON.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell. NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill."—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other."—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

COMFORT FOR THE LOWLY.

Are you envious of the great, the eminent, the distinguished? Think of only a few of the penalties of greatness, of the extra weight it has to carry, and your feelings will change from envy and jealousy to pity and compassion. Reflect on what you escape by being humble, obscure, insignificant, and small, and be content with your allotment in life.

For a sample:

You escape having to preside at public dinners and meetings, to make speeches, and move resolutions, and respond to the toast of your health.

You escape having to put your name down for subscriptions considerably beyond your means, and for objects to which you are utterly indifferent.

You escape seeing yourself painted at full length (by Tapp Topp, R. A.), on the walls of the Royal Academy, and hearing the somewhat plain-spoken remarks of the company on your attitude, expression, and features.

You escape gazing at your own photograph, monogram, *carte-de-visite*, and possibly being asked for a piece of your hair.

You escape being the subject of false and scandalous paragraphs in the newspapers.

You escape testimonials.

You escape laying first stones; inspecting hospitals, prisons, and lunatic asylums; having addresses presented to you; and being received by the local authorities.

You escape levees, receptions, and uniforms.

And, finally, you escape the publication of the contents of your will; you will escape having your life written, and your private letters given to the world; and—greatest deliverance of all—you escape a public statue.

—Christ never designed his church to be a bushel for the hiding of the lights, but a candlestick from which each light is to send forth its rays.

—Mr. Ruskin recently said to the English people: "You fancy you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I tell you just this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields merely broke the china upon your own drawing room tables, no wars in civilized countries would last a week."

—A lady whose love of flowers and whose success in cultivating them are far in advance of her own culture, called to one of her family the other day: "Mary, go and show Mrs. Johnson my bed of double spittoonias, that grow doubler and doubler and doubler every day." And then she added; "And when my salivas bloom out you must be sure to come round to see them."

—An Englishman was bragging of the wonderful speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two." "What's that noise?" inquired the Yankee. "We are approaching a town," said the Englishman, "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else they would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?" "Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so 'tarnal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever—the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by." "Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells."

A WOMAN'S WOES.

A TALE OF SUFFERING, WITH A SEQUEL OF HAPPINESS—SOME DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES.

The following letter to the Kansas City Times describing the striking, almost dramatic experience of an American lady is so interesting and pictures so clearly the feelings and emotions of others that we reproduce it entire. It will be found very readable and instructive:

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—Did I not know that this land is filled with women who are unhappy and cannot tell the reason; are miserable when they have every reason to be joyous, I should not venture to address you this letter. I believe, however, I can offer some suggestions that will be valuable to all women and invaluable to many. When I was fifteen years old I presume I was happier and healthier than most girls in America to-day. I hardly knew what pain was except by hearsay. But the situation changed suddenly and severely. I became aware that something was undermining my life. I felt strange sensations that would come and go and then return with greater power than before. My side pained me at times and again I would feel a dull aching between the shoulders. I had darting pains through my temples and a pressure on top of my head. I lost sleep, appetite and flesh, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I know that the feelings I then had are not an uncommon occurrence among women, both young and old, but I did not realize what it meant at that time, and so was careless—with what results will appear. From then until within the past two years I have seen but few comfortable days, and I am now fifty-five years old.

A few years after the events above stated my heart began to trouble me. At times I would feel acute darting pains and a gurgling as if water was forming. My entire right side enlarged and I felt sharp cutting pangs through my lungs and around my shoulder blades. I could only breathe in catches or gasps and then with the greatest effort. I was without appetite one day and the next very hungry, but always constipated. During all those years I did not know what these troubles meant nor did I realize how terribly they must end. Of course I tried to overcome them; consulted doctors and used remedies, but it was of no avail. My troubles increased with the years; I had a severe pain in the small of the back; my teeth became loosened; my tongue swelled to twice its natural size; my gums were like sponges, bleeding freely at times, and my lungs and nose both bled on different occasions. At that time I felt cold chills running up my back and I constantly expectorated a brown mucous substance that was very offensive. The fluids I passed were frequently like bloody milk and then again almost solid albumen. For thirty years I did not know what it was to be free from headache. Occasionally I would have a feeling of suffocation followed by hot flashes and a profuse perspiration. God only knows what I suffered for I cannot describe it. I only know that I existed and that my tired life was ebbing away with nothing to arrest decay.

I was in this condition a little over two years ago and neither myself nor my friends expected or hoped for any thing but death. Picture, if you can, nearly forty years of agony, and you can understand why we felt in that way. But a brighter day came. I began a new manner of treatment and I saw new results. My pain became less intense. The most severe symptoms decreased. My hope revived and I seemed awakening to another life. I continued to improve until my health and strength returned thus en-

abling me to carry out a desire which I consider a duty in writing you this letter and saying that my life, health and hope for coming years are due wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, which has done wonders for me, and also restored many of my friends.

Many who may read these lines will possibly think I am over-enthusiastic. Is it possible to be over-enthusiastic after being delivered from a life of misery and brought into a world of comfort and happiness? Was the blind man mentioned in the bible, whose sight was restored, too enthusiastic? The fact is I am only doing what I believe to be my duty in making my experience public, for I know there are myriads of women who are going into the same dark path unless they are warned in time and saved as I have been. This is a most serious matter and one which concerns the welfare of the nation as well as the happiness of the people. If the mothers of this land are unhealthy, America will become a nation of invalids, and any means which can so safely and surely avert this danger as that which I have described, should be gladly welcomed by all true men and women.

MRS. W. MASON.

271 Quincy St., Topeka, Kansas.

NEW STAMPING OUTFIT

For KENSINGTON, OUTLINE and RIBBON EMBROIDERY, BRAIDING, etc. With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others. Our New Outfit contains 35 STAMPING PATTERNS, Designs of Daisies, Ferns, Wild Roses, Lilies of the Valley, Bouquets, Outlines, Half Wreath of Roses for Pillow Shams, Strips for Flannel Skirts, Seals, Vines, Braiding Pattern, Cherries, Butterflies, Grass-Hopper, Mouse, Kitten, Frog, Anchor, Star, etc. Price List of Floss, Crewels, Silk, Chenille, Felt, etc. Full Instructions for Stamping and Working, Box of Stamping Powder, Distributing Pad, Instructions for Indelible Stamping, New SAMPLE BOOK containing over 400 Illustrations of New and choice designs for all kinds of embroidery. Illustrations of Roses, Golden Rod, Sumac, Cozcomb, Pansies, Daisies, Woodbine, Ferns, Wreaths, Vines, Braids, Scallops, Corners, Outlines, Alphabets, etc., also a list of over 800 Patterns. We send this Outfit by mail for \$1.00. EXTRA STAMPING PATTERNS.—Outline Alphabet (26 letters), 50c.; Sheaf of Wheat, 15c.; Cluster of Strawberries, 10c.; Forget-me-nots, 15c.; Calla Lily, 15c.; Pansies, 15c.; Pond Lilies, 15c.; Outline Design, 10c.; Golden Rod and Aster, 15c.; Sprig of Sumac, 15c. SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send all these Extra Stamping Patterns and the Stamping Outfit for \$2.00. Address, J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.



The above cut illustrates our Magnetic Belt. One of the grandest appliances ever made for Lame Back, Weakness of Spine, and any disease of the Kidneys. This Belt will give relief in five minutes, and has never failed to cure Lame Back! It has no equal for Kidney Disease. It is nature's own power concentrated, and will do more good in one hour than all other remedies will do in one week. It is the crowning triumph of the nineteenth century! Whole families are often cured by wearing one Belt in turn. It gives off LIFE and WARMTH the moment it touches the body. We can refer to 1,000 people now wearing this Belt. Never since Galileo has there been given to the world such a potential power for curing disease as DR. THACHER'S MAGNETIC SHIELDS. We challenge the civilized world to produce the equal of this Magnetic Belt for curing disease. Do not compare this Belt with the bogus trash advertised as Electric, etc. We have made the subject of Magnetism a life study, and know what we are saying. We furnish proof and evidence before purchase. Send for our new book, free. It will tell you what Magnetism is, how it operates to cure disease, and WHY it excels all other known remedies. Mailed free to the whole world. CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., No. 6 Central Music Hall, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. Mention The Household.

PRUSSIAN REMEDY FOR GARGET IN COWS. MAMMITINE

An article of intrinsic value, which will meet a want long felt by all dairymen and farmers for its entire cure. It is safe and reliable. Will reduce swelling in udders, remove bunches, cure bloody and stringy milk, &c. In fact, GARGET in every form has been cured by this remedy. If taken in time—before the cow comes in—it will many times restore blind teats to their full extent. It is prepared expressly to relieve certain glands that are always inflamed when a cow is suffering from this cause. CURE WARRANTED. Sample packages (for 12 doses) sent on receipt of \$1.00, or will send C. O. D., Express paid.

PRUSSIAN ARMY OIL CO., 258 Washington St., Boston.

50 Embossed Chromo Cards, bouquets of flowers, hand holding bouquet, Ancient and Modern Views, &c., (every card embossed) something just out only 10 cents. As an inducement for you to get up a club we will send you a Handsome Four Bladed Pearl Handle Knife free with a \$1.00 order. HUB CARD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The Latest and Best!

THE HIGBY



SEWING MACHINE.

We call the especial attention of every lady who has any sewing to do to the merits of this machine, believing they will find it not only the LATEST but also the BEST of any Sewing Machine now in the market.

WE CLAIM

It Runs the Stillest,

It Runs the Easiest,

It Does the Best Work.

Three essential points in the working of a Sewing Machine.

BESIDES THESE POINTS,

It has a more Roomy Arm,

It has fewer Parts to Wear,

It is Stronger & Better Built,

than any other, and every machine is fully warranted to give entire satisfaction in every particular.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1. Plain Table.....	\$40.00
" 2. With Cover.....	45.00
" 3. Cover, Leaf and 2 Drawers, 50.00	
" 4. Cover, Leaf and 4 Drawers, 55.00	
" 5. Cover, Leaf and 6 Drawers, 60.00	
Three-Quarter Case.....	70.00
Full Cabinet.....	80.00

Active and reliable Agents wanted everywhere.

Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

Special to the Subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD. We have made arrangements with the Higby Sewing Machine Co. whereby we can furnish our subscribers with these machines at a discount of \$10 from their price, and prepay freight to any railroad station in the United States.

We make this offer to our subscribers knowing that the Higby is in every respect a first class machine that will give entire satisfaction. It combines all the best qualities of the leading machines of the day, with several peculiar to itself, and is destined to be extremely popular wherever it is known. We heartily endorse the Higby, believing that for work and wear it must stand at the head.

Address all orders under this offer to

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE PILLOW-INHALER!

ALL-NIGHT INHALATION!

A Positive Revolution in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.



This wonderful invention is actually curing "hopeless cases" of Catarrh and Consumptive diseases. It applies medicated and curative air to the mucous lining of the nose, throat and lungs all night, whilst sleeping as usual. Inhalation has been found of late years to be more and more successful as a treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. The Pillow-Inhaler intensifies and perfects the old method, by prolonging the inhalation from a few minutes a day to all night—say eight hours; and this, too, without the slightest inconvenience, and with perfect comfort. It is perfectly safe to the most delicate.

The sufferer goes to bed in the usual way, and sleeps upon it. As he inhales the air from it night after night, gradually the fires of inflammation in his nose or lungs are soothed, discharges and cough cease, pain gives place to ease, and in a short time he is a well person.

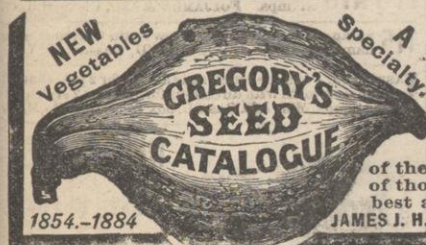
No matter what you have tried or how despairing you are, the Pillow-Inhaler is a radical and permanent cure, unless you are so diseased your lungs will not take in enough oxygen from the air in daily breathing to support life.

**CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
CONSUMPTION.**

**** I had Catarrh of the worst kind, and was going into Consumption. . . . It has wrought such a cure for me that I feel I cannot do too much to spread the knowledge of it to others, to whom, perhaps, it may prove as great a blessing. The pastor in my church, in Baltimore, knows how I suffered; also many friends in Philadelphia. Very sincerely,
MRS. M. I. CHADWICK, RICHMOND TOWN, Bucks Co., Pa.

Send for Circulars and Testimony to
THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When writing, please mention the name of this paper.



All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refund orders gratis. A large part of the great collection of Seed I offer is of my own growing. As the original introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. Catalogues FREE to all.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, SEED GROWER, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price, \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

THE SICK who will carefully give their symptoms, diet, habits, etc., will receive medicine and advice to last six weeks, by letter, for \$3.00.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) The "Health Rules" will be sent in Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean, and with the medicine.

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will re-subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child," (see Replies in Aug. No.) This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1882, who will renew for 1883. Address
DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.

CLOSED.

IN USE.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

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OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT DR. H. H. KANE, of the Dr. Quincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, address
H. H. KANE, A. M., M. D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.

60 Lovely Cards Choice chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. 25 fine gold edge cards 10c. Hidden name cards 12 for 20c. 500 other styles. Big pay to agents. Send 6c. for terms and samples to canvass with.
Holly Card Works, Meriden, Ct.

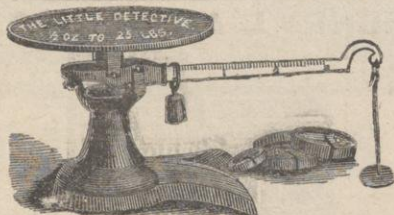
AGENTS wanted for two new, fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

40 (1884) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. 13 pks., \$1. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THE "LITTLE DETECTIVE."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address,
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DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 80 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable receipts, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,
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"How to Develop, Preserve and Regain it," by an old doctor. Contents: Why care for it; What it is; Form; Posture; Movements; Complexion; Hair; Teeth; Expressions; Voice; Laughter. No special preparation. Plain rules; simple applications; proved by science and experience. Moral, esthetical, hygienical and medical. Mailed for \$1 by the publisher,
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40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, large size, imported floral gems. They are beauties; try them. Name on, 10c. Aetna Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

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[Revised.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye invalids of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all the people and put sickness and suffering under foot.

3. Be thou not afraid when your family is sick, or you have Bright's disease or Liver Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Beth low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for Bilious, nervous and Rheumatic complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For all my life have I been plagued with sickness and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keepeth his bones from aching, from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will remove them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick from female complaints, who desireth not health and useth Hop Bitters and is made well.

11. Let not neglect to use Hop Bitters bring on serious Kidney and Liver complaints.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who was nearly dead and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility, and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

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Having secured a bankrupt stock of Silks, we will send to any address for 50 cents and two 2-ct. stamps an elegant assortment of fancy Silks, no two pieces alike, new, clean and fresh goods, and best assortment for the money ever offered. Just the thing for silk quilts, tidies and crazy patchwork. Large package for \$1.00. Send at once before the stock is all sold. Address C. H. WATSON & CO., 40 Howard St., Boston, Mass.

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Are the Best Dyes Ever Made.

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EACH PACKAGE WILL COLOR ONE TO FOUR LBS. OF GOODS. Ask for the DIAMOND DYES, and take no other. None can compare with them for Brilliance, Durability, Simplicity and Economy. Sold by all druggists and merchants, or send us 10 cents and any color wanted sent post-paid. 27 colored samples and a book of directions sent for a 2 cent stamp.

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LADIES ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR IT.

VERY STRONG, SMOOTH & ELASTIC.

Storekeepers are obliged to pay a little more for this silk than for ordinary kinds, but enterprising merchants will keep what their customers ask for.

Liberal arrangements will be made with one or two first-class merchants in every city, where our goods are not already sold, to keep a full line of our Silks, which are now sold by more than six thousand leading Dry Goods and Notions houses in the United States.

If your storekeepers will not supply you with our goods, send 50 cents by mail for a box of samples. We manufacture a full line of Spool Silk, Embroidery Silk, Etching, Fillosette and Knitting Silks, also Pure Dye Machine-Twist and Sewing Silk for manufacturing purposes; and the celebrated Patent Quill Twist.

We sell waste Embroidery Silk, odds and ends, assorted colors, at 40 cents per oz.

Wash Sewing Silk black or colors, 30 cts. per oz.

Send two 3c. postage stamps for 48-page pamphlet giving rules and designs for Silk Knitting.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 1st Pearl St., N. Y.

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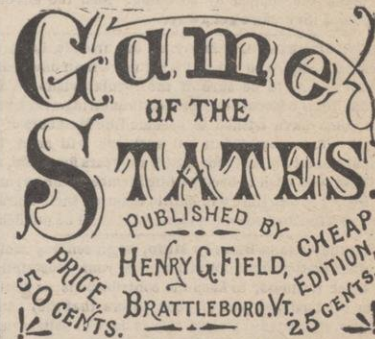
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The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

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50 CARDS SOUVENIRS OF FRIENDS. Beautiful designs, elegantly printed, 10c. 11 PACKS this Elegant Ring, Microscope Charm and Fancy Card Case, \$1. Get ten of your friends to send with you, and you will obtain these THREE PREMIUMS and your pack FREE. Agent's Album of Samples, 25c. Magnifies NORTHFORD CARD CO., Northford, Conn., 1,000 times

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1884.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

OUR JANUARY EDITION for this year is exhausted and we can no longer send that number to our subscribers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

SPECIAL PREMIUM FOR 1884.

To such of our readers as wish to procure a first-class Sewing Machine on easy terms we offer the following opportunity:

For a club of 40 yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a No. 1 Higby Sewing Machine. Price \$40.

For 45 subscriptions we will send a No. 2 machine, same make. Price \$45.

For 50 subscriptions we will send a No. 3 machine, same make. Price \$50.

These machines are strictly first-class in every respect and fully warranted. There is no better Sewing Machine made than the Higby, and no better chance was ever given by which a lady could obtain so excellent a machine on such easy terms. Send for a catalogue either to THE HOUSEHOLD or The Higby Sewing Machine Co., Brattleboro, Vt.



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The Healthful and Nutritious, **BAKING POWDER.**

Invented by Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass.

It is better and healthier than ordinary Baking Powder, Cream Tartar or Yeast.

The cost of raising Bread, Biscuit, etc., with it is only about half as much as by ordinary Baking Powder, and the result is much better.

It restores the nutritious phosphates which are taken from the flour in bolting. No ordinary Baking Powder or anything else used for raising bread does this.

Universally used and recommended by prominent Physicians.

Put up in packages containing 11 ounces, just enough for 25 pounds of flour.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

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FREE Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work. 250 illustrations given to any lady sending 36 cts. for three months' subscription to Kendall's Monthly. See advertisement in May HOUSEHOLD. Address **KENDALL & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.**

SILK PATCHWORK. 10 Blocks Beautiful Silk cut 3 by 9 inches, worth \$5 per yd., for \$1. Sample block 10c. 25 skeins assorted colors. Embroidery Silk, 20c. 150 skeins \$1. **EMPIRE SILK WORKS, Clintonville, Ct.**

\$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address **P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.**



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the **CUTICURA REMEDIES.**"

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

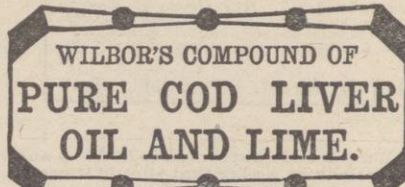
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CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1. **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.**



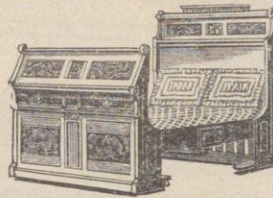
Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Scrofulous Humors, and all Consumptive Symptoms, it has no superior, if equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is at hand which will cure all complaints of the Chest, Lungs, or Throat. Manufactured only by **A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston** Sold by all druggists.



A perfectly cool **LID LIFTER**, formed of one continuous piece of steel. Fits any stove, cannot become hot, and will not break. 1 postpaid, 14 cts., 6 for 74 cts., 12 for \$1.50. Retailers for 10 cts. **N. L. POST, 863 Doan St., Cleveland Ohio.**

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A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address **TRAC & CO., Augusta, Maine.**

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See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

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How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

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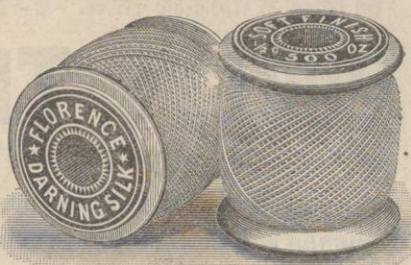
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THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

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DETACHABLE WALNUT HANDLE.
DOUBLE POINTED IRON BOTH WAYS.
BEST IN USE AND CHEAP.
THREE IRONS.
ONE HANDLE AND A STAND TO A SET.
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The many persons recommending it, after trying and receiving no benefit from similar compounds, proves it has no equal. See 96 strong, reliable testimonials, gratuitously given, on other cards and circulars. The only article now, or ever on the market, that does all that is claimed for it. Its use will give you an abundance of Luxuriant Hair.

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I have examined Mr. Mansfield's formula for CAPILLARIS and freely state that I regard it as a very valuable compound, and know of nothing now before the public surpassing it. It contains nothing injurious; I use it myself and recommend it to my patients and the public.
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effects a permanent cure (corns, warts or bunions) in about five days. Does not make the foot sore. 25 cts. at druggists; or sent by mail on receipt of price in one or two-cent stamps to
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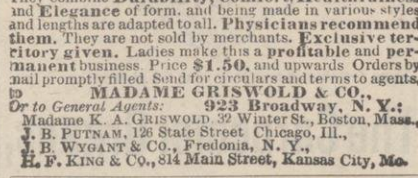


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GARGET CURE!

Cures Garget in Cattle in 3 or 4 Days
Farmers and Herdsmen: Your attention is called to this valuable medicine. Warranted to cure the worst case of Garget, Kernels in Teats or Udder, Stringy Substances, Bunches in Bag, Blood or Sediment in Milk, and all other diseases of Cattle. For sale by Druggists and Country Stores. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get WALLINGFORD'S, which is patented.
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Cedar or Pine. A good Cliner-built boat, 13 feet long, 36 inch beam, weight 50 to 60 lbs. with oars \$20. Boats built to order. Send stamp for catalogue. **POWELL & DOUGLAS,** Waukegan, Ill. Manufacturers of Windmills, Pumps etc.

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Free to Agents in all States. The biggest thing on earth, and a chance of a life-time. Our new enlarged Electro-Portraits are the finest in the world. Address **W. H. CHIDESTER & SON,** 28 Bond Street, New York.

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Cut this out and return to us with TWENTY CENTS and we will send you by mail VALUABLE SAMPLES of a new business which will help you to make MORE MONEY at once than anything else ever advertised. Either sex. C. E. ELLIS & Co., Chicago, Ill. Special—A 44c Handkerchief free to every one who answers this ad't.

\$3.40 FOR 40c.

Any one sending me 40 cents, stamps or silver, will receive by return mail a package of goods that sells for \$3.40, including a heavy Rolled Gold Ring worth \$1. I have a fine variety of goods and make this sacrifice to secure agents for my latest novelties. You can make \$5.00 a day by acting now.
Address **J. D. HENRY, Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

50 new Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name on 10c., 13 packs \$1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

THE

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These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
Geo. E. CROWELL, Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

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WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

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**DOES
WONDERFUL
CURES OF
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LIVER COMPLAINTS,**

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Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

**IT WILL SURELY CURE
CONSTIPATION, PILES,**

and RHEUMATISM,
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Dry can be sent by mail.

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Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT**HEALTH FOODS.**

Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for THE HOUSEHOLD. Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hanford, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods. Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leeds, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
HOBOKEN, N. J., May 23, 1882.
At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

ALBERT R. LEEDS, PH. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry in the Stevens Inst. of Technology
HEALTH FOOD CO.,
74 & 76 4th Ave. & 69, 71 & 73 E 10th St., New York City.
New England Agency, 199 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

DOVER EGG BEATER.

Beats the whites of the eggs thoroughly in 10 seconds. The Beating Floats revolve on two centers, one inch apart, and curiously interlace each other, notice them. "DOVER EGG BEATER" in large letters on the wheel. Equally valuable for eggs, cake, or salad cream. No joints or rivets to get loose. Cleaned instantly. Money refunded if you are not delighted with it. A woman and her "Dover Beater" cannot be separated.

The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in the world that is **WARRANTED TO DELIGHT THE PURCHASER.** There NEVER has been, and is not now, another article made that men DARE to support with such a warrant. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postpaid.

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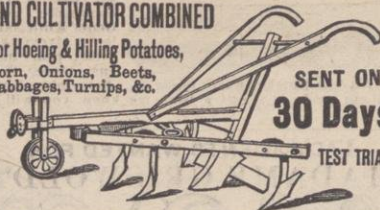
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List and agents' terms for 1884. Offer made to secure new customers and good till Jan. 1, 1885. But 3 Rings with Caskets and one Case of Cards will be sent to one address for \$1.25. 50 "Beautiful" all gold and silver, motto, verse, roses, lilies, &c. cards, with your name, 10c., 11 packs, \$1.00 and this gold Ring free. Agents wanted. Sample Book 25c. Stamps taken. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

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For Hoeing & Hilling Potatoes, Corn, Onions, Beets, Cabbages, Turnips, &c.

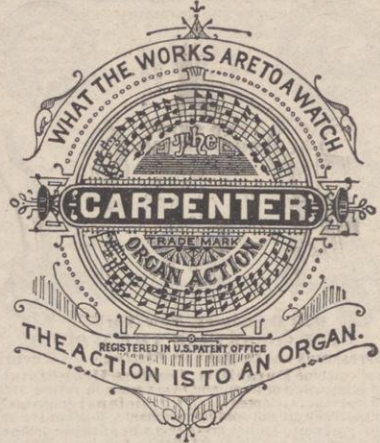


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The Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action,

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"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."—*Youth's Companion.*

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Three machines combined (see cut) for the price of one. It is the best pump in the world, and is the fastest selling article on the market. I have Agents all over the United States, who are making from \$16 to \$20 per day. I give their names and address in catalogue. The whole combination is made of brass. It will throw a good stream of water 50 to 60 feet, and retails for only \$6. Agents WANTED Everywhere. Send at once for catalogue price-list and terms to Agents. Every house should be provided with one of these Pumps. Invaluable in case of fire, or for destroying insects of any kind; also for washing wagons, windows, &c., &c. P. C. LEWIS, Catskill, N. Y.

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By CAPT. KING, U. S. A. **HISTORY FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.** Shows how Nations have been made or destroyed in a day.—How Fame or Disaster has turned on a single Contest. A Gr "Book for Old and Young.—Saves Time, Aids the Memory.—Gives Pleasure and Instruction. Maps and Fine Illustrations. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Write at once for full description and terms. Address **J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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AND * THE * BEST IN * THE * WORLD!

"HOUSEKEEPERS" are good judges of what they want, especially when they see a handsome and useful article to be used on the table daily. All say who have seen the

ACME SALT SHAKER.

that it is simply perfect! and they must have some of them for their own use.

Why we claim the "ACME" to be "the best in the world," is that it *Never Clogs*, and is the most durable thing of its kind ever made. Send for sample and you will be convinced that the above statement is true. See our Price-List.

Agents wanted in every town (Mention this paper.)

**PRICE-LIST**

Plain Individual, \$2.00 per dozen. Plated. 1.00 " " " 75 " " " 20 each.

Saloon, 25 " " " 2.50 per dozen.

In Colored Glass.

Plain Individual, \$2.40 per dozen. 1.25 " " " 90 " " " 25 each.

Sent on receipt of above prices by mail or express, prepaid. Remit by Bank Draft, Postal Note, Postage Stamps, or Registered Letter.

EAGLE MANUFACTURING CO., (Sole Manufacturers) Greenfield, Mass.

180 SONGS FOR 10 CENTS

We will send 180 of the best and most popular songs ever sung, postpaid, to any person for TEN CENTS. These songs are printed on fine heavy paper, with beautiful title page. This is the greatest offer ever made, as this collection contains every kind of song, from the pathetic ballad that moves to tears to the rollicking song that creates shouts of laughter. Send at once for this great collection of 180 songs. One complete set for 10 cents. Two complete sets for 15 cents. Postage stamps taken. Agents Wanted. Please mention this paper, and address **J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.**

LACE REMNANTS 15 CENTS EACH.

We are offering a full line of fine white lace remnants at half price. They are splendid value. We have hundreds of testimonials praising their quality and cheapness. Each remnant is either 2, or 3, or 4 yards in length. The best remnants are the two yard lengths, but all are great value. Sample remnant by mail 15 cents, or eight remnants assorted for one dollar. Agents Wanted.

We can sell real linen Torchon lace, one-half inch wide, for 30 cents for one whole piece containing twelve yards. We can sell a very fine black or cream all silk Spanish LACE two inches wide for 15 cents a yard, or seven yards for one dollar. Postage stamps taken. Address **J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.**

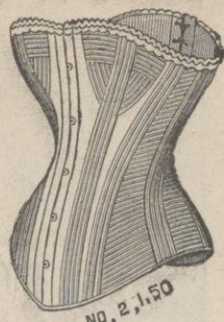
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS & BELTS.

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00

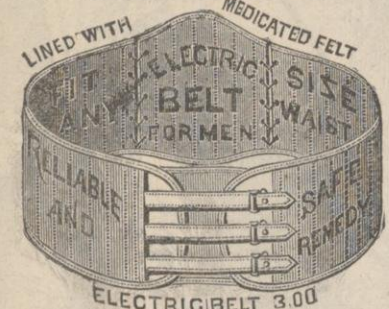
Probably never, since the invention of Corsets, has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets and Belts. Over three thousand families in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily.

Every Man and Woman, well or ill, should daily wear either the Corset or the Belt.

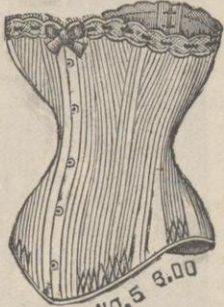
NURSING CORSET. Price, \$1.50.
ABDOMINAL CORSET. " \$3.00.



SENT POSTPAID



ON TRIAL.



A GREAT SUCCESS.

A Good Live Canvassing Agent wanted in your town for these splendidly advertised and best selling goods in the market. Liberal pay, Quick Sales, Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at once.

NOS. 1, 2, 3 AND 5 CORSETS ARE NOW DOUBLE STITCHED AND WILL NOT RIP.

If you have any pain, ache, or ill-feeling from any cause, if you seem "pretty well," yet lack energy and do not "feel up to the mark," if you suffer from disease, we beg you to at once try these remarkable curatives. They cannot and do not injure like medicine. Always doing good, never harm. There is no shock or sensation felt in wearing them. There is no waiting a long time for results; electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn, their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good-feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time the most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

The Corsets do not differ in appearance from those usually worn; we substitute our flat steel magnetized in place of the ordinary corset steels. These Corsets are all equally charged, differing only in quality and design. They are elegant in shape and finish, made after the best French pattern, and warranted satisfactory in every respect. The above applies equally as well to the Electric Belt for gentlemen.

The prices are as follows: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 for the Corsets, and \$3 each for the Belts. We now make all these Corsets in dove and white only. They are sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, by which the Electro-Magnetic influence can be tested. We will send either kind to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, with 20 cents added for packing or registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Remit in post-office Money-Order, Draft, Check, or in Currency by Registered Letter. In ordering, kindly mention The Household and state exact size of corset usually worn. Make all remittances payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

N. B.—Each Corset is stamped with the English coat-of-arms, and the name of the Proprietors, THE FALMALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00; Flesh Brushes, \$3.00; Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brushes, 50c.; Insoles, 50c.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	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. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	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	Cerise 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.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected. Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver. New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free those wishing to procure subscribers.

Wanted

Canvassers in every county in this State to take orders for Nursery stock. Steady and Desirable Employment not required. Nurseries widely and favorably known. For terms address

The C. L. VAN DUSEN NURSERY CO., GENEVA, N. Y.
Van Dusen Nurseries established 1839. Also stock at wholesale.

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 1815 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Send postage stamp for samples and circular. Address as above.

Lifted Up

A happy surprise it was to Mr. A. R. Norton, of Bristol, Conn., when ATHLOPHOROS put him on his feet, and sent him cheerfully about his business. Let him tell his own story:

"About three weeks ago I was taken with a severe crick in the back. For four days I was unable to turn in bed without help, and when lifted up could not stand on my feet. I was induced to try ATHLOPHOROS, after all the usual remedies failed. In 20 minutes after taking the first dose I could bear my weight upon my feet. In two days I was able to get about and attend to business. In two other cases which have come to my knowledge its use has been attended with the same results."

A poor man in Philadelphia had to borrow a dollar to buy a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS. On account of his poverty his name shall remain a secret. He had suffered terribly from Rheumatism. He gratefully writes:

"I took my first dose Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday, after but seven doses, I had not a sharp or severe ache left. Then I reduced the dose one-half and took the remainder of the bottle. I was able to be steady at work till Saturday, when I took a severe cold and was unable to use my left hand. I purchased another bottle and by bed-time I found relief. The medicine is all you claim for it."

Investigate ATHLOPHOROS all you please! Find all the fault you choose with it! and yet the fact remains, that it is doing what no other medicine ever could do for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Ladies' Fancy Work.

New edition of our Book of INSTRUCTIONS and PATTERNS for Artistic Needle Work, Kensington Embroidery, etc. It contains a list of the Fabrics and Materials used in Decorative Needle-work, Patterns for Lady's Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Pin Cushion, Whisk Broom Holder, Splasher, Banner, Lamp Shade, Tidy, Mat, Oak-Leaf Lace, Umbrella Case, Table Scarf, Work Bag, etc. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Janina, Knot, Button-Hole, Point Russe, Snowflake, Star, Satin, Chain, Wound, Stem, Plush, Rococo, Open Work, Filling, Irish, Hem, and Feather Stitches. Gives the Terms used in Crochet and Knitted Stitches. Contains Directions for Stamping, and over 250 Illustrations of our Perforated Stamping Patterns, including Illustrations of Wild Roses, Pansies, Golden Rod, Sumac, Coccobomb, Poppies, Snow-Balls, Daisies, Hops, Barberries, Cactus, Woodbine, Ferns, Corners, Wreaths, Scallops, Braids, Vines, Outlines, etc. We send this book by mail for 18 two-cent stamps.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PATCHWORK. A New Book of Patterns and Instructions for making PATCHWORK. Price only 15 cents. COLORED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS. Deer's Head, Calla Lily, Dog, Cat and Rabbit. Price, 20 cents. WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS. NEW EDITION of this Popular Book, 16 Extra Pages! It contains 12 Alphabets and over 100 other Patterns of Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Roses, Pansy, Stork, Elephant, Deer, Bear, Rooster, Cats, Dogs, Rabbit, Bugs, Butterflies, Comic Designs, etc. Price, 25 cents.

8 TIDY PATTERNS for making Java Canvases, Honey Comb and Tissue Ties. Price, 20 cents.

MACRAME LACE and RICK-RACK TRIMMING. A Book of Patterns and Instructions for making Macramé Lace, and Rick-Rack Trimming. Price, 15 cents.

6 LARGE POINT-RUSSE PATTERNS for making JAVA CANVAS TOILET SETS, etc. Price, 10 cents.

DARNED LACE PATTERNS. A New Book containing 60 DARNED LACE PATTERNS, used for making Ties, Splashes, Toilet Sets, Shams, Bed Spreads, Aprons, Edgings, etc. Price, 25 cents.

CROCHET AND KNITTED LACE. Our Book of CROCHET and KNITTED LACE contains Patterns for Ties, Lambrequins, Edgings, etc., with Directions for Making. Price, 30 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! The retail price of all the Books and Patterns in this advertisement is \$1.96. We send them ALL (everything in this advertisement) by mail, postage paid, for \$1.00 and 8 two-cent stamps. Send for ALL, and sell what you don't want at the retail price.

Address, J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

SILK for PATCHWORK

To introduce our silks in America we will for 30 days mail 50 squares for patchwork of silks and satins in new and beautiful designs and colors, all different. for \$1.00, 20 squares 50c. Or 20 smaller squares for 8 2c. stamps. IMPORTERS' SILK CO., 149 Congress St., Boston.

FITS

A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine. Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 95 John St., New York.

FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes, Velveteen Paper Letters, forming the words

HAVE FAITH IN GOD,

mailed for Fifty Cents, by CHENEY & CLAPP, Brattleboro, Vermont.

THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

Giveaway as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES. Dinner, Tea and Toddy Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 & \$12 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$15 and \$18 orders. STEM WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces or White Dinner Sets of 106 pieces with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper, we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO., 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK

Is the BEST. No preparation. Any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Centennial MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Agts.



ATLANTIC TEA COMPANY, FITZBURGH, MASS.

Beautiful Portraits

made from any kind of small pictures. Agents wanted by the leading Portrait House in America. Auburn Copying Co., 85 & 87 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

SALESMAN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Our Nursery established 1846. One of the largest in the United States. Address W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

LADY of education wanted on SALARY in every city and village. A FEW wanted to travel. NO capital required. TYLER & CO., Detroit, Mich.

PRIZE 50 Satin Chromos with name 10 cts., 3 packs and Prize, 30c. Yale Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

HILL'S GENUINE Electric Appliances.

Price \$1 to \$6.

FREE.

A lady's fancy box with 26 articles and 60 page book illustrating games, tricks, &c. Send 10c. to help pay postage. E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., New York.

THE COMPLETE HOME.

Agents wanted for this beautiful book. New edition.—New bindings.—New illustrations from new designs. Superbly gotten up. Same low price. Adapted to all classes. Self-instructions doing big work. EXCELLENT TERMS. The handsomest prospectus ever issued. Apply now. BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO., 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also other grand new books and Bibles.

6 DRESS REFORM. 6

E. 14th Union Undergarments. E. 14th

MADE in all weights of Merino, Cashmere, and Silk; Chemiselets, Princess Skirts, Equinoise, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Waists.

Corded Waists a Specialty. Shoulder Braces and Corset combined. Shoulder Braces, Abdominal Supporters, Obstetric Bandages, Shoulder Stocking Supporters, Sanitary Napkins, etc. Custom work promptly attended to. New Illustrated Catalogue Sent Free.

Price, \$2.25.

MRS. A. FLETCHER, 6 East 14th St., New York.

MANUAL OF FANCY WORK

—300 illustrations with full instructions in Dry and Liquid Stamping, and how to make White and Black Stamp. Price, 15 cents. MANUAL OF KNITTING, NETTING and CROCHET. Price, 10c. STAMPING and CROCHET. Price, 10c. STAMPING and CROCHET. Price, 10c. STAMPING and CROCHET. Price, 10c.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$22.00	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	40.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	90.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	225.00
Five "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00
Six "	42.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00	600.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00	

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE Cross before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

* Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Genth of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, Albany, N. Y.

Their Name is Legion.

Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by Piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by Constipation. Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

Fitted out for the Season. Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings, and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Sands' Triple Motion White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers.



The only freezer in the world having three distinct motions inside the can, thereby, of course, producing finer, smoother cream than any other freezer on the market. Machinery easily adjusted and operated. Tubs water proof. Over 300,000 in use. Send for catalogue and price list.

Mention "The Household."

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass

BALLS Health Preserving CORSETS

The only perfect fitting Corset approved by the wearer and her physician.

The only Corset made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found

PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY

in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices.

Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Balls name on the box.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.

AND
FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

CANDY MAKING AT HOME.

How to make about 250 kinds of Bonbons, Gum Drops, Jelly Creams, Fruits glacé, Marshmallows, Nougats, Pastes, Chocolate Creams, Pastilles, Crystallized Candies, Cream and Nut Bars, Lozenges, Caramels, Molasses and Cough Candles, Taffies, Pulled Candies, Sticks, Bars, Drops, Squares, Bricks, etc.

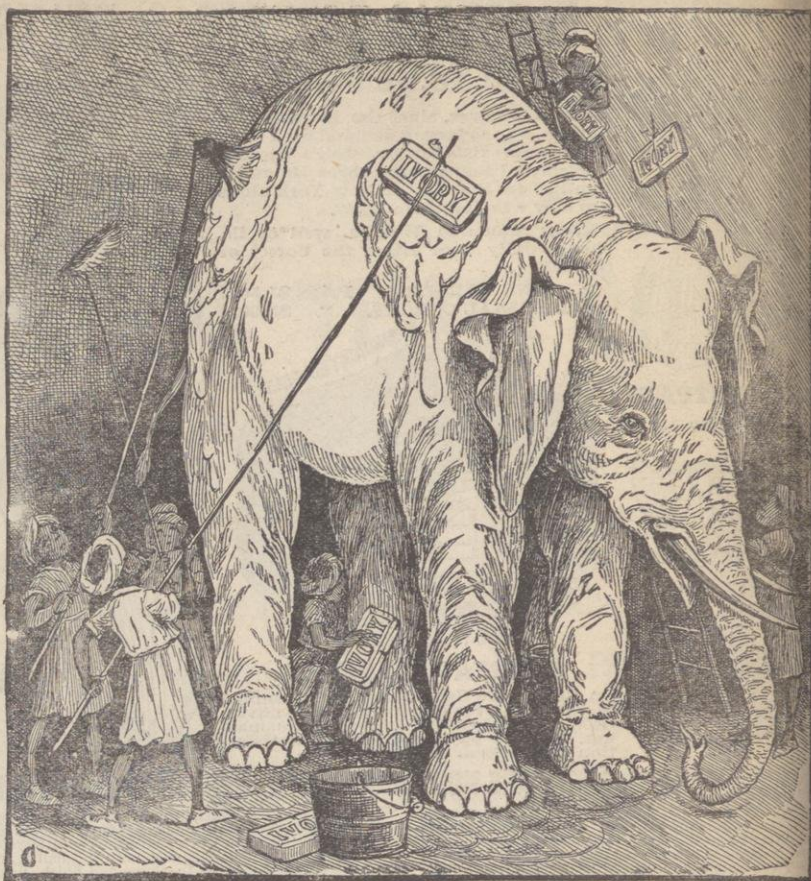
Prepare for the Candy Pulls of next fall and winter!

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