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York Co
Pa.

Kate J. Hackett
George H.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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The Heranda.

A WINTER SCENE.

Winter's wild birthnight! In the fretful east
The uneasy wind moans with its sense of cold,
And sends its sighs through gloomy mountain gorge,
Along the valley, up the whitening hill,
To tease the sighing spirits of the pines,
And waste in d small woods their chilly life.
The sky is dark, and on the huddled leaves—
The restless, rustling leaves—sifts down the sleet.
Till the sharp crystals pin them to the earth,
And they grow still beneath the rising storm.
The roofless bullock hugs the sheltering stack,
With cringing head and closely gathered feet,
And waits with dumb endurance for the morn.
Deep in a gusty cavern of the barn
The witless calf stands blatant at his chain;
While the brute mother, pent within her stall,
With the wild stress of instinct goes distraught,
And frets her horns and bellows through the night.
The stream runs black; and the far waterfall
That sang so sweetly through the summer eves,
And swelled and swayed to zephyr's softest breath,
Leaps with a sullen roar,
And howls its hoarse responses to the wind.
The mill is still. The distant factory,
That swarmed yestreen with many-fingered life,
And bridged the river with a hundred bars
Of molten light, is dark, and lifts its bulk
With dim, uncertain angles to the sky.

Yet lower bows the storm. The leafless trees
Lash their lithe limbs, and with majestic voice
Call to each other through the deepening gloom;
And slender trunks that lean on burly boughs
Shriek with the sharp abrasion; and the oak,
Mellowed in fiber by unnumbered frosts,
Yields to the shoulder of the Titan blast,
Forsakes its poise, and, with a booming crash,
Sweeps a fierce passage to the smothered rocks,
And lies a shattered ruin.

—J. G. Holland.

WINTER TOP-DRESSING.

THERE are some things which may be done at any time, some which are better done thus than never, and some which must be done at a particular time. It is quite important for the farmer to distinguish between these, and to so understand the nature of any work that he may always have it done at the best time. Now top-dressing is one of these jobs about which there is a considerable latitude in regard to the time when it may be performed. It is a very necessary work, and for fall grain or grass lands may be done at any time from late in the fall until the middle of the winter. But where circumstances have prevented the work up to this time it is better that it be done late than not at all. The manner of doing it depends somewhat upon circumstances. If the manure is fresh it may be hauled out and spread as it is made, and for grain or for sod that is to be plowed in the spring for corn coarse manure is an excellent thing to protect the crop as well as to feed it, and this

protection is a very important fact in the question.

The great doubt which disturbs this matter in the minds of farmers is whether or not there is a loss of valuable portions of the manure by reason of the rains carrying the soluble part of it too far into the soil, so that they are lost to the crop. This is very improbable. The soil is exceedingly absorbent of any such matters as these, and acts as a most effective filter. It may be safely accepted as a pertinent fact that no soluble organic matter contained in manure will be carried through eight to twelve inches of soil, unless the soil has become saturated with it and can hold no more. The earth floor of a manure cellar, after years of use, has been found completely unstained by any percolation at a depth of twelve inches, and has given no indication of any mixture with the leaching of any manure which has been kept in it. It will be found the same in barn yards, the surface of which has been covered with manure and has been rained upon for many years.

If this is so in such extreme cases no anxiety need be felt in regard to it in the field. Every farmer knows how little the continued use of manure for years past has affected the yellow or lighter colored soil below the arable surface, and how he objects to bring this hungry and barren subsoil to the surface. The most experienced and intelligent farmers who have had opportunities of observing the effects of it agree in this view, viz: That there is no loss of any valuable matter from the manure that may be spread upon the grain or grass, or even upon fall plowed land during its exposure to the weather through the winter.

One thing is to be avoided: Steep hill-sides, upon which heavy rains will wash the ground and carry off any loose or soluble matter, should not be top-dressed in the fall or in the winter, and especially if the ground is frozen, in which case a sudden thaw or heavy rain might carry down all the manure into the low places or wash it entirely from the field. One other danger is to be carefully avoided, which is to unload manure into the field in heaps to be spread afterward. This is both a loss and an injury. One rain or a week's delay in the spreading will cause the ground under the heap to become saturated with the strongest part of the manure, while the rest of the field will be deprived of a just share of it. To leave these heaps in a field all the winter for the purpose of spreading them in the spring is a still greater waste and loss and more serious damage.—Henry Stewart in the Times.

PLANTING OF FRUIT TREES.

If the acre has been enriched and ploughed twice deeply as I have already suggested, little more is necessary in planting than to excavate a hole large enough to receive the roots spread out in their natural positions. Should no such thorough and general preparation have

been made, or if the ground is hard, poor and stony, the owner will find it to his advantage to dig a good-sized hole three or four feet across and two deep, filling in and around the tree with fine surface soil. If he can obtain some thoroughly decomposed compost or manure, for instance, as the scrapings of a barn-yard, or rich black soil from an old pasture, to mix with the earth beneath and around the roots, the good effects will be seen speedily, but in no instance should raw manure from the stable, or any thing that must decay before becoming plant food, be brought in contact with the roots. Again I repeat my caution against planting too deeply—one of the commonest and most fatal errors. Let the tree be set as deeply as it stood before removal. If the tree be planted early in spring, as it should be, there will be moisture enough in the soil, but when planting is delayed until the ground has become rather dry and warm, a pail of water poured about its roots when the hole has been nearly filled will be beneficial. Now that the tree is planted, any kind of coarse manure spread to the depth of two or three inches on the surface as a mulch is very useful. Stake at once to protect against the winds. Do not make the common mistake of planting too closely. Observe the area shaded by fully grown trees, and you will learn the folly of crowding. Moreover, dense shade about the house is not desirable. There should be space for plenty of air and sunshine. The fruit from one well developed tree will often more than supply a family, for ten or fifteen barrels of apples is not an unusual yield. The standard apples should be thirty feet apart. Pears, the dwarfier growing cherries, plums, etc., can be grown in the intervening spaces. In ordering from the nurseries insist on straight, shapely, and young trees, say three years from the bud. Many trees that are sent out are small enough, but they are old and stunted. Also require that there should be an abundance of fibrous and unmutilated roots.—E. P. Roe, in Harper's.

—Much care should be exercised in saving all the wood ashes, as they are among the best fertilizers for the farm and garden. It has been truthfully said that they are to the earthly parts of vegetables what milk is to the animal system, or barnyard manure to the entire crop. They contain every element, and generally in the right proportions, for insuring a full and rapid growth.

—It is not so much what a bushel of corn may be worth on the farm as what it may contribute that is important. When converted into beef, butter, lard or pork it is not only more easily transported but also more readily salable. In the conversion of corn into concentrated or higher priced products, manurial matter is left on the farm, instead of being carried entirely away, as would be the case if the corn were sold in its grain form.

The Drawing Room.

SOCIAL NOTIONS.

BY ROSAMOND E.

OF ALL the notions we cherish in this life those relating to friendships of greater or less degree are most disappointing. One with a warm heart may take into his circle of loved ones an attractive stranger at very short notice and be able to fill his place in less than a year's time by another more or less worthy. Such an one is happy usually because like the ancient horse-trader—"the last is always best." Another may dwell for years in a neighborhood, or circle of acquaintances, devoted to certain chosen spirits, and after a separation of a few months or years revisit the beloved home only to find the chosen spirits flown or rehabilitated to suit the new claimant to a supposed reign among them, and that those to whom most hospitality had been extended had least to bestow. There are many ways of finding out one's friends and when found one is surprised at the slimmess of the aggregate.

Visiting, too, is a delusion and a snare. One person in a hundred is genuinely hospitable, the rest regard visiting merely as a barter and exchange of meals and civilities, either or both—which is, alas, the sorry state of most people. We say, "I owe Mrs. A. B. C. a visit—it has been long since she visited me—but forty duties loom up claiming attention, so one must perform business before pleasure(?) After awhile one plucks up spirit and resolves to get that visit off mind—and does it too. Mrs. A. B. C. spies her coming, "There," she probably confides in some one, "is that woman, has she anybody along? Oh, well I must get dinner right away." So, tired out when visitors are departing, a sigh of relief is wafted into space and a resolve registered not to be in too great haste to return that visit.

I heartily enjoy entertaining guests but very rarely enjoy the visits I pay. If keenly alive to small straws socially the fact of a possibly inconvenient hour having been chosen is most joy killing, and in a neighborhood where the moment one enters a house a grand scramble begins to prepare to feed, one must either follow the hostess to the kitchen and buttery or visit the parlor chairs, eat the meal prepared and go home. As well, better, if it were possible, go to a restaurant to visit(?) Is there no way to correct this? Of course we wish to set a fair meal before our friend, no one is more anxious to do so than I, but if it comes to the question of working every minute and having no pleasure in the society of our friends, no time to talk except at table, it is much better to provide less to eat and take a little comfort as well as confer a mite upon our visitors. Let hospitality be taught as a virtue with other home

lessons, both by example and precept and I trust no HOUSEHOLD sister allows herself to so miserably entertain any one that they shall wish they had refrained from inflicting themselves upon her.

There are cases when it is not convenient for us to entertain our friends, is it not better to say so plainly than to allow them to come to us and suffer ourselves and cause them discomfort. Yet it requires moral courage to take such a step and we are in danger of being misunderstood by even our best friends. Customs, too, differ. Country people are hurt and dismayed by the polite usages of city society, but city folks generally rather enjoy the free and easy visit-folks-you-never-saw-nor-expect-to-see-again-customs of the country friends they sojourn with and do not hesitate to receive attentions and hospitality for which there is no reciprocal in their book, or for which they may desire some payment very obnoxious in the matter or manner to the helpless recipient if she is at all sensitive. About one in a thousand of city visitors to country friends actually return and enjoy returning the hospitality received and they are too often most careful lest they inconvenience their friends which the other nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine never suppose possible.

Even children can be taught some idea of the ethics of visiting, with a spice of unselfishness, of let-somebody-else-enjoy it, a discrimination, too, between the children they may meet and associate with as acquaintances and those who are worth seeking as friends. They may not always respond to the seeking, it is true, but as a good woman or man is a good friend repaying the seeking, so is it worth the effort for our boy or girl to seek the best for their friends even at risk of disappointment sometimes, they must learn to meet such in life on all sides. Sometimes we are surprised to realize that a person from whom we have expected nothing has conferred a favor upon us, has felt a sympathy for our weariness, or rejoiced for our successes. Very seldom, it is true, yet we have known some such persons who with great hearts enter into the life around them naturally, pray earnestly for the stranger in sorrow, or give thanks for his joys, are friends to the friendless—in short—Christians in deed and thought and heart as well as name.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Let me say a word from my own experience to you, who, coming from the busy life of a student or teacher, take up domestic duties, and find yourselves not completely satisfied. You are surprised by a feeling of unrest new to you, just now when all your brightest anticipations are fulfilled.

All the dreams of a dear little home to care for, and make bright and happy for the man you love are realized, it is all as it should be and your husband coming from his business to his home and you, fully appreciate both, and tells you that no man ever had so sweet a home, or so lovely a wife. At the time this satisfies you, but when you are again alone and have attended to every domestic detail, you find the dissatisfaction returning.

In the life which you have left behind every moment was full. Duties either pleasant or unpleasant were always before you, you had hardly a choice of occupations; but now with only the work of your small household there are many hours that must hang heavily, unless filled with systematic employment.

There is great danger of growing to seek the occupation and interest needed for these hours too much from society. Society is a grand thing in the right place and in the right quantity, but I believe many a society woman of the poorest

kind, the kind whose life is made up of the excitement of paying and receiving visits, and going to places of amusement, for the purpose of listening to and retailing gossip, became what she is gradually because she failed to put her spare time to a good use.

The best and safest thing you can do is to have hours set apart (not too rigidly) for study, reading, practicing, etc. Blessed to you is the Chautauquan Course or any course of study that will give you occupation and improvement. Keep on with your music and painting, and do not think because you are a wife and a housekeeper you can be nothing else.

Thus letting your husband and your home be first always you can continue those studies which are your chief delight, and be happier and better satisfied, beside constantly growing.

You will find you will lose nothing in the affection of your husband, or your friends, for the more worthy we are the more love we are certain to receive, and this course cannot fail to make us stronger women.

There will come times of dissatisfaction and weariness, "blue days," to all of us occasionally, but let us do our best to improve our time and talents, make ourselves and others happy and remember that

"Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us
Than these few words—"I shall be satisfied."
R. N.

CONCERNING MAKING THIMBLES.

The process of making thimbles is described as follows: Bright new silver coins are reduced to ingots by melting in crucibles. They are then rolled into the required thickness and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of the required size. These circular disks are placed under a solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the thimble, which, moved by powerful machinery, descends in a bottomless mould of the size of the outside of the thimble and presses the metal into the desired shape at a single blow. The remaining operations of brightening, polishing and decorating are performed by means of a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod; a slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end; another does the same on the side, while a third rounds off the rim. The polishing is done by a round steel rod, which is dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface. Small revolving steel wheels held against the revolving blank pierce the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble; the ornamentation is done by a similar process. All that remains to be done to the thimble is to brighten and polish the insides, boil them in soapsuds to remove the oil, brush them up and pack them for the market.

THE SOLITUDE OF SLEEP

Seek some spot where no foot of man has trod. There the wild bird gives you shrill, sweet greeting, and the cheery insect vibrates in its hidden nook with a murmur of companionship. Forsake humanity as far as may be, and the echoes of the great, pulsating machinery, of which, even against your will, you are a part, will never leave you. You may be lonely—lonely in the heart of a crowd. You may in the circle round the fireside, in the busy streets, in great assemblies or friendly gatherings, feel yourself utterly alone. That is a different thing; it is loneliness, not solitude. Life has no solitude save the strange, sweet solitude of sleep. For it is only in the sleep-world, so Sphinx-like in its reserve, so grave-like in its absolute silence, so death-like in its complete separation, that we go

away off by ourselves, leaving even our nearest companion, this dearly cherished body of ours, and wandering, who knows where?

—We must find a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People who do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for those fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.—O. W. Holmes.

The Conservatory.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I.
Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor
and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story
tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous glad refrain:
"A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us
again!"

II.
Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may
be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?
Good by, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last
is told.
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest
gold.

III.
The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the
winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past, we all some joy may
know,
Though tempest-tossed our barque awhile on life's
rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the haven
see.

IV.
Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the
sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes
round.
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we
hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new
year!

—A. H. Baldwin, in *Chambers' Journal*.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirty-nine.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

AFTER the natural system of classification, all plants are separated into two series. The first are flowering plants termed phænogams; the second are flowerless plants termed cryptogams.

Now, as plants and people are analogous, why not apply the natural system of classification to the human family, so far as it is practicable. We can separate the whole race into two series, and class the first as people who eat to live, the second, as people who live to eat. This is not the correct meaning of the term phænogam or cryptogam, but it is quite as significant, and more to the point in its adaptation.

We will also venture to class the first series of humanity as endogenous, the second series as exogenous. But whether the inside growers or the outside growers predominate, I leave it to the reader to determine. Culture has as much to do with people, as with plants, in showing forth their characteristics.

We frequently read that the cultivation of flowers is rapidly increasing all over the world. This is testimony in favor of the inside growers, those who eat to live; for I would class in the first series, all who truly appreciate the beauty and the use of flowers; who feel that their cultivation has a refining influence, as it helps to culture and develop the æsthetic faculty, the principle of taste. It has been said that

"Nature is man's teacher.
She unfolds her treasures to his search, unseals his eyes,
Illumes his mind;
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds
Of her existence."

In our second series I would class all who are of the earth, earthy; who pride themselves upon being practical, and boast of their indifference to the most beautiful flowers that nature produces, as if it were a merit that entitled them to honor. Such people ought to live where there are no flowers; not even buttercups and dandelions, for these outside growers, cannot comprehend their "voiceless lips," their natures are so warped and perverted. I think the poet must have had them in view when he wrote the following:

"There are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born
But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish."

I would not have the reader infer from this writing that I consider the cultivation of flowers the chief aim of existence, or that it is the duty of every one to engage in it. For that is not the meaning I wish these lines to convey.

But if it were possible, I would make the beauty of the floral kingdom apparent to every eye; and I would have them understand that flowers were not made merely to "cumber the earth," or for "women folks to fool away their time with." I would have them acknowledge their usefulness, and give them a place in the vegetable kingdom, as high as those of nature's products that nourish the animal kingdom and keep it in existence.

How easy it is for people to perceive the utility of corn and potatoes, and how readily they understand their adaptation to the needs of the physical organization. But it is much harder for them to see the usefulness of flowers, or to understand that they are adapted to the needs of the spirit, in the same proportion, as are those grosser products to the needs of the body. Flowers have in them an element that touches our finer sensibilities; they appease the hunger, and quench the thirst of the soul; they make our lives fuller and richer for their existence.

The Great Author of all things did not form flowers at random, or by chance. Neither has he given us faculties without providing a means of support. There is beauty and utility in the whole vegetable kingdom; every thing was designed for the special uses and purposes of mankind. Nature furnishes food for the soul, as well as the body; else her laws would not be harmonious; and those who understand this, who adapt her favors to the mind, as well as to the body, stand higher in the scale of being, than those who see neither use, or beauty in the things they cannot put into their mouths or pockets; who look upon the beautiful illustrations in the book of nature with no emotions of pleasure.

As a portion of the human family do not manifest a love for the beauties of the vegetable kingdom, the question may naturally arise, is this element a gift of nature, or is it acquired by culture?

There are various opinions on this point. I know it existed in my own nature from my earliest remembrance; and I believe the germ is inherent in every human breast. But without culture it may lie dormant many years without manifesting vitality; like a little seed planted too deeply, in a cold, hard soil, beyond the reach of the sun and dew, there is nothing to incite it to action, but the latent spark remains, and should time in its evolution bear away the hard crust and let down warmth, and moisture, the little germ would soon take root and come to the surface.

It is even so with the latent spark within the human breast. The right influences must be brought to bear upon it before it can be quickened into life; and sometimes children are born and bred in cold,

barren homes, barren of all those softer influences that tend to cultivate and nourish a love for flowers, those beautiful emblems of our heavenly Father's love, that are scattered abundantly over the earth, and which should adorn and beautify every home.

These homes are not barren of the things that nourish the body, for the parents belong to our second series, they believe in having enough to eat, drink, and to wear, and that they consider enough to satisfy any reasonable being; they are kind to the physical structures of their children, but they starve their mental faculties. They may not realize it, however, for they cannot understand starvation of the soul. The slow fainting and dying of desires and capabilities for want of something to feed upon; the withering of powers for want of exercise. And so this little germ that God implanted in their children's breasts, becomes well-nigh extinguished as the years roll round, for every cycle of time in this uncongenial atmosphere, but adds to the crust of their natures, and buries the little seed deeper and deeper from the influences that would incite action, and bring it to the surface. As they advance in life, their natures become imbued with the same worldly traits that characterized their parents. Their love of money, and their haste to be rich, leave them neither time nor inclination to devote to floriculture, or other pleasures that tend to refine and elevate mankind.

This is not a fancy sketch, dear reader. I know of the things whereof I speak; and I want to tell you furthermore, why I think that the love for the beauties of nature is an inborn quality. It is because children at an early age, before grosser things check their natural impulses, show a fondness for them; and if they can get out of doors to where they bloom, it is the first object that attracts their wondering eyes. But I have shown you under what circumstances this germ must lie dormant for years, perhaps a lifetime. I have known people to go down to the grave without having felt one throb of joy, one tender emotion for the beautiful things that exist in the floral kingdom.

Again, I have known them to live their treadmill life until they were fifty and sixty years old, and then some event would transpire to change the current of their thoughts and feelings. Perhaps some great sickness or sorrow would visit their household, taking their loved ones from their sight, leaving them desolate. The mighty thrice of feeling would crumble away the crust of years, and open their hearts to softer influences; influences that bear upon this latent principle and incite it to action, and in due time it blossoms and bears fruit in their souls, filling the evening of their lives with purer and holier joys, the things that elevate and satisfy.

These things I also know to be true; and now the question comes to substantiate my theory. If this love for the beautiful was not an inherent principle in our natures, could any possible event call it forth so late in life? Can we awaken into life that which has no existence? We may by culture improve our faculties, but God creates them.

If we are born without the organ of tune in our organization, no amount of culture can supply the deficiency in our natures. We may become familiar with the principles of sweet sounds, but it will be impossible to produce them vocally.

That powers may slumber within us and we be unconscious of their existence until some potent agency shakes the foundations of our beings and brings them to light, I believe and assert. But there must be a cause before we can produce a result.

I was once a member, for a time, of

just such a barren home as I have described to you. The owner of this place was what is considered a well-to-do farmer, and an intelligent man. He and his wife were much respected. Their larder was well filled, but every thing was for the stomach's sake. The places for mental food were empty, and to all appearance no such want existed. Their parents had lived and died in the same practical way upon this old homestead; and what satisfied their parents, satisfied them, and was enough for their children. Their library consisted of the bible, almanac, one journal on farming, and the children's school books. There was not a picture upon the big, roomy walls, and flowers, this friend of mine could not tolerate either in the house nor yard. The nearest approach to them upon the premises was a bed of tansy, and a few stalks of wormwood; and not a tree or shrub graced the yard. I once offered this friend a bunch of beautiful carnations, hoping their fragrance would charm her, but she wouldn't accept them. "Pooh," says she, "I don't want your trash, I'd just as lief have a handful of grass!"

I left the neighborhood and did not return to it for a number of years, and then it was to find the children of my friends married and settled in homes of their own, and feeling lonely, their parents had adopted a little girl, a winsome child, with a nature rich with love for flowers, and soon this love wrought a wonderful transformation in and about the old home. Flowers and green verdure adorned the windows of this old mansion and sprang up as if by magic in the barren places outside. It was a strange aspect for this home to wear for the first time in fifty years, and when I said it to my friend she replied:

"It's a foolish waste of time, and they make such a clutter, but Nannie loves them and we tolerate them for her sake."

Once more the years rolled between my friend and me, and when we met again, Nannie had gone home to heaven, but the flowers she tended were still fresh and green, and when I ventured to speak of them to her she said:

"I do not wonder that you are surprised to find flowers at my windows, but they were Nannie's, and I can't throw them away, they seem to bring her so near me."

In a short time this mother who began to cherish flowers because her daughter loved them, loved them for their own merits; and says she:

"It seems so strange that there ever was a time when I could see neither beauty nor use in flowers; and as long as I live, I shall try to teach my grandchildren what I failed to teach my own, and what it took me almost sixty years to learn myself."

This friend is now past seventy, and still the flowers bloom about their house and grounds luxuriantly. The little hands that brought flowers into the home of her adopted parents, wrought better than they knew, for through their influence their natures have become more elevated; the flowers she planted, and they have reared so tenderly for her dear sake are fruiting in their souls.

It is well to come to a knowledge of the beauty and worth of the vegetable kingdom, even at an advanced stage of life. But how much better to cultivate this element of our natures in the morning of life, while the heart is susceptible. We may thus inculcate in the breasts of our children, thoughts pure and beautiful; truths that are ennobling, and which may color their whole lives; for of all the pleasures that earth affords, not one elevates and refines, like the cultivation of flowers. It is utility, pleasure and beauty combined. They brighten our lives, lighten our toil, and refresh the soul.

I know of households where flowers, instead of being an emblem of peace, are a bone of contention. The mother and children love them, and would like to cultivate them. The reason why they don't the following will tell you: I once offered the little girl a geranium that I knew she greatly admired, to take home with her. "Oh, I should so like to," said she, "but mother can't have plants, they make father scold so." "Any thing for peace," was this mother's motto, so she denied herself and her children the companionship of flowers because they annoyed her husband.

Let us hope there are no such selfish husbands and fathers in this, our good HOUSEHOLD. But may the parents unite in furnishing pure and rational pleasures for their children; the things that shall nourish the mental, as well as the physical powers, and thus build up their structures harmoniously. By giving them flowers to cultivate, and directing their thoughts to their wonderful mechanism, we lead them step by step, from nature, up to nature's God, and thus lay the foundation for their future years, and for a crown immortal.

We would so culture these little human flowers that their growth should be from the center outward, and so rank them high in the classification of the human family. And to so rank them, there must be beauty and symmetry in all their faculties, both mental and physical, and it rests with the parents to say if their children shall be classed in our first or second series. Whether they shall eat to live or live to eat.

The happiest families that I have ever known, were those where a mutual love for flowers existed. And the pleasantest homes were those where this love was made manifest, in doors and out. Nature is a most wonderful teacher, and if we are in closer sympathy with her, we shall find beauty and worth in all vegetation that surrounds us. We shall see

"Wisdom in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

CANARY BIRDS AND OTHER PET.

I began ten years ago with a pair of canary birds, a Christmas present, and have raised a great many since, both for pleasure and profit, and with good luck, too, so will give you some of my experience.

I found the dark brown or green the hardiest, the pale yellow the most prolific. One of my birds laid seven eggs at a setting and five settings a season. The deep yellow or orange colored are the most beautiful, and require the most careful treatment. But the spotted ones, or London fancy, seem to be the favorite.

The food I give my birds is pure, ripe canary seed with a very little hemp, rape, millet and plantain. Hard boiled egg, sponge cake, crackers, bread dipped in milk, apples and all the bland fruits, all kinds of green stuff, and during moulting season, a bit of fresh meat sprinkled with red pepper, and a rusty nail in the drinking cup. They are fond of fish bone, as its salty taste gives a relish to the food. Coarse sand they must have also.

Birds must be kept in a warm corner while moulting, and fed plenty of soft food and less seed. The cage should hang in the sunshine from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., or better, if the cage can hang in a window through which the whole forenoon sun shines. Should never hang in the wind, much less in a draught. Place his bath tub in his cage at a certain hour each morning and as regularly take it out in a couple of hours, whether he has bathed or not. And if he persists in dipping his beak in his drinking cup, and running it through his feathers instead

of a regular bath, why, let him. It's a sort of sponge bath to him. At night always spread a white cloth over his cage, both as a protection from sudden changes of temperature, and also to let you know when the tiny red or gray mite infest his cage, for during moulting time they are very apt to come, and are the plague of the canary's life.

And just a word here. Do not use any powder or lotion, no matter how highly recommended, as they are fraught with danger to his eyes—even his life. Just think how many little pets have been killed by these very remedies. A bag of sulphur will not destroy these mites either. But when you find any of them, just let the bird perch for a night in the room, while you thoroughly scald his cage and perches with boiling water, clear, soap or soda may injure the paint on the cage, but the cups should be washed in soap suds, and next day when all is dry, put him back in, and you will not be troubled with them soon again. This is both safe and sure. And the mites only visit the bird at night to fill on his blood, and at daybreak return to the crevices of his cage.

Canaries have few diseases if treated with average care. Scale leg—a parasite—is the most common, and is readily seen by the silvery, scaly appearance of the feet. And if left alone, will cause the toes to crook and finally drop off. Take the bird in your left hand, with his feet between the second and third finger, thus holding him firm, gently lift all loose scales with a penknife blade, now grease his feet with glycerine, cream, or any mild ointment, repeat once a week till well.

The "ounce of prevention" I find is the most successful cure for pip, asthma, and similar troubles. Loss of voice is generally caused by sudden fright, and seldom curable. Fits or giddiness is cured by covering the top of his cage.

Taming birds requires gentleness and unlimited patience, and all are not successful there, it is a sort of gift to some people. I have a barn owl that instantly recognizes my voice, and will repeat his hunger cry to me, when he will notice no one else present. Last winter while I was ill and not able to feed him, it was with fear and trembling the family attended his wants, and yet when brought to my bedside, he would perch on my finger and chatter to me while I smoothed his plumage as well as his ruffled temper. And a blackbird says "Water," both loud and often if his supply of it is stinted.

My six by six feet cage of coarse screen wire, with sanded floor, eighteen-inch wide water basin, with fountain, rocks and shells in it, with the ninety-five canaries, some linnets, a pair of love birds, is a great pleasure to us. And by using soft rope for perches, two sets, changing and scalding each week, am not troubled with the pest so frequent where so many birds are confined together, namely, lice. When the sun shines on the fountain, such a bathing, spluttering, and dressing of feathers, as there is. I never tire of watching them and their interesting ways. SANTA CRUZ.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if Eva M. Barker will sell bulbs of the *imatiophyllum*? I will pay her any price, or send any thing she may wish. MRS. FRANK MOODY.
376 Central St., Manchester, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one tell me what to do with my heliotropes? I have three healthy looking ones that grew from the seed. They are nearly two feet tall and have never blossomed. What is the reason? And I also have several wall flowers which I raised from the seed which have never bloomed. Can some one tell what time of the year they ought to bloom? DICK.

The Nursery.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men.
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen;
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile—
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway,
For wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him.
His subjects bend before him, too,
I'm one of them. God bless him!

—John Dennis, in *Spectator*.

ALICE'S CHRISTMAS WORK

Part II.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

WHEN she took one of the larger slates, and removing the frame, bored two holes through the upper edge, a little distance apart. She then painted a small landscape in the center of the slate, regularly defining the edges. When the paint was dry, she gilded the remaining surface of the slate, put a piece of brass chain through the holes, tying it so one end could hang down a few inches. To this end she attached a pencil, and it was finished, a panel and a memorandum tablet for her father's office.

She had seen a slate painted in this way at a friend's house; but the memorandum part was an idea of her own, and it seemed a very good one. It would be convenient hung near the study table, and private too, it could be so easily swung around by the chain, the memorandum written on the back, and then swung around to the wall again.

She made another of these for a favorite uncle who had a bad habit of forgetting engagements, and many other small, but essential matters, if they were off the line of his daily routine; and another for her music teacher who sometimes, to her great disgust, forgot the lesson hour.

"I don't know as it will do a bit of good. They will probably forget to make the memorandums," she said to Mab and Teddy, who were much interested in this work of hers, and lavish with advice and criticism. "But I'll send them anyhow."

Then Alice brought out again her box of odds and ends, and selected from it a sash of blue satin ribbon, once very pretty but now badly spotted with lemonade, and consequently off duty. The ribbon had never been wide enough to suit Alice's fancy for a sash, and she did not greatly regret its mishap. There were broad spaces between the spots still fresh and crisp, which she thought she might utilize for a new and better purpose.

She cut out a piece some twelve or fifteen inches long and not quite half as wide, and raveled a fringe all around about three-quarters of an inch deep. Then she took a piece of gray water-color paper as wide as the fringed ribbon, but not quite half as long; and in each end she cut two slits, thus making a band nearly half an inch wide for the ribbon to pass through. But before fastening these together she brought out her water-color box, and painted diagonally across the paper her very best spray of wild roses. This left a large corner below which she filled by writing in the queer, quaint, picturesque letters her drawing teacher had

taught her, a Christmas verse or two. Then she drew the ribbon through the slits, folded the ends down over the card, and this work of art was ready to send away. This was for a loved and loving teacher who had been kept at home and in her room, a suffering invalid, through all the weary year. Alice had wished to send her as tender a thought, as beautiful a token of her love and remembrance and sympathy, as could be devised. Her first intention she had been obliged to put aside, as we have seen; and this was the best she could do. She had remembered her teacher's fondness for the sweet, wild rose, and had taken great pains with her spray. Yet after all it was not much, she thought, wistfully, as she folded the ribbons and laid the card away until the time should come for mailing it. Not much—only a card! Yet in itself it was a very dainty and pretty affair, a Christmas greeting which the most fastidious could hardly have scorned. But its chief value lay in the loving thought and care which had gone into it, and which the sensitive soul for whom it was intended could not fail to feel and appreciate.

Alice also fringed some smaller pieces of ribbon, and neatly gummed in the center of each a correspondence card, on which she had painted some little design, and written in her queer characters an appropriate verse. These were for cousins and school friends to whom she wished to send some simple remembrance, and they were so far removed from the ordinary Christmas card as to form very unique and acceptable little gifts.

When these were finished, she told the admiring Mab that she was tired of painting, and meant to try something else for a time; and that young person watched in breathless awe and amazement, touched with a little incredulous ridicule, now and then, while Alice evolved coral baskets, vases, brackets, card receivers, letter-holders, etc., out of a chaos of old hoop skirts, raisin stems, red wax, etc. Hoop skirt wire formed the foundation of all these useful and ornamental articles. Alice broke it into pieces of such lengths as she thought she wanted. The ends of some she tied together to form circles. Some of these circles she bent in and tied down tight, so that they formed elongated pieces with two loops. This was the most useful figure—a circle bent in and tied tight in the center. These circles, loops, etc., she fastened together in various forms, using her own taste and ingenuity in shaping the various articles she made. Sometimes when a large space appeared, she tied in a little angle or circle of the wire to fill up. Here and there on the wire she tied pieces of raisin stem or grape vine—the crooked and twiggy the better. When this was done, she poured over the vase, bracket, letter-holder—whatever she was at work on, a wax which she made by mixing half a pound of clear resin, half a pound of bees-wax, half an ounce of balsam-fir, and five cents' worth of English vermilion. If the resin and wax had been dark, she would have needed more vermilion. She melted the resin and wax first, then put in the balsam-fir, and last the vermilion, and then stirred all well together.

She poured the hot wax over her work, then while the first coat cooled and dripped and dried, she put the dish back on the stove to keep the wax hot for the next pouring. She put on in this way coat after coat, until the wires, stems, etc., presented the desired red, branching, coral-like appearance.

She made several very pretty articles in this way. In fact, the experiment proved so decidedly successful that Mab and Teddy gradually lost all their incredulity, stopped making fun of her homespun, crude materials and methods, and ended

by becoming as enthusiastic over this work as they had been over the painted slates—I mean bangle-boards and memorandum tablets. Indeed, I think they ever after felt an uncommon respect for old hoop skirts, and quite lost the usual school boy and girl inclination to make a standing joke of them.

Alice then began to demonstrate the possibilities that lay in her cigar boxes. She pulled to pieces one of the low, flat ones, covered the parts outside and in with layers of wadding, then covered them with pieces of blue satin cut from her old sash. She would have lined the box with white or peach colored silk if she had possessed either; but as she did not, she made the blue answer for both outside and lining. On the piece that covered the top she embroidered a pretty, curving spray of flowers and her mother's initials in colored silks. When the parts were all neatly covered, she stitched them carefully together, and put a fall of lace around the box. The lace was a little yellow, but looked none the worse for that. She had a little bow in one corner, and added some ends of ribbon to tie the cover in place. She put in a dainty bag filled with sachet powder, and her mother's handkerchief box was complete, and quite as pretty, she thought, as the fine, plush affair she had planned to give her. She found to her joy that she could spare money enough to buy two pretty, little cut-glass bottles and fill them with her mother's favorite scent. She made covers for the bottles from bits of the blue satin, embroidering a tiny spray on each to match the box; and she found her set very satisfactory.

Another cigar box she dressed in crimson silk and black lace—all pieces taken from her store—with a daisy or two, her grandmother's initials, and a quaint text that her grandmother loved, embroidered on the cover. This was for grandma's several sets of spectacles, her bag of peppermints and the other small articles which she liked to keep near her as she sewed or knitted or read, but which seemed troublesome, or out of place in her work basket.

For grandma's room she made a pretty wall bag by shirring over a palm leaf fan some blue and white striped silk which had seen better days, but which, to speak the truth, was now decidedly shabby. The worn and spotted places were cunningly tucked inside the loose, full folds, and when the pocket of plain blue was fastened on around the curving point, the whole edged with gilt cord, and hung by a bow of blue ribbon attached to the handle, it made a fresh and dainty ornament for the quiet room, besides being the convenient receptacle of odds and ends which it was intended to be.

She then took three of the palm leaf fans, painted one a plain blue and one red. The third she gilded. She put the gilded fan in the center, and tied the handles together with a bow of ribbon. The edges of all overlapped a little, but the fans spread enough to show them well, and make gay and graceful ornament for the wall of a sleeping room or boudoir. She made several sets of these—for her sisters, and certain cherished school-girl friends, who, like herself, affected the Japanese styles of decoration.

One day, while in a fancy store replenishing her stock of working materials, she was struck with longing for some fine busts and statuettes displayed for the holiday trade.

"If I could only buy one for Helen Jamison," she thought. "It would be better than gold to her."

For Helen had an artist soul whose aspirations and possibilities had little to feed upon, small chance of fulfillment and development in the hard, limited circumstances of her life. Alice mentally

counted the slender remnant of her Christmas fund. The result was not encouraging.

"Would you like to buy one of the statuettes?" asked the clerk.

"No," said Alice, wistfully, "I can't afford it."

The clerk went to another part of the shop, and in a moment returned with a small bust of the Clytie in his hand.

"This has been damaged a little," he said, "and if you care for it, I can sell it as low as twenty-five cents."

Alice examined it eagerly. It was somewhat soiled and spotted.

"I dare say she would rather have it as it is than not to have it at all," she thought. "And yet I can't give her a soiled cast for a Christmas gift."

Suddenly a bright thought came to her. "I will take it," she said with decision.

She carried it home, gave it two coats of the bronze paint, and lo! Clytie came forth smiling from her bath, fresh and fair as the golden Pallas of the Parthenon; and Alice was so delighted at the thought of Helen's pleasure that she almost forgot she had ever wished for any thing better to give her.

This is not all that Alice did in those memorable, busy weeks before Christmas. I have not time or space to give the details of all her work nor to tell "just how" every thing was done. But perhaps enough has been described to set the artistic brain and ingenious, industrious fingers of some other girl working to the same good purpose.

Alice had to stop at last. Time and money are limited articles, and though no one of her Christmas gifts made a heavy draft on either, there were many of them, and small things have a way of counting up pretty largely in the end, as our uncompromising account books so provokingly persist in showing us. Fortunately the end did not come until her Christmas list was pretty well rounded off, and a pretty and appropriate, if not very costly, gift or two credited to each name.

One last pleasant day was spent in preparing them for transportation through the mails or otherwise to the homes of their recipients. If Alice could have gone with them and seen the delight they brought, I am sure she would have been in no wise disappointed or sorry for the trouble she had taken.

The home friends thought Alice had worked wonders with her small fund and five fingers, and did not stint their praise for either generous effort or pleasing result. But Alice said she was only just getting waked up to the possibilities that lay in small and cast-off and despised things. She almost wished she had it to do over again. She could think of a hundred fine things to make out of nothing, or what people usually call nothing. Next year she meant to astonish them all.

GROWN UP.

How often we hear the remark from young lips, "How glad I shall be when I grow up." At one time, when I was quite a small girl, I was visiting a neighbor's little daughter, when an older sister, putting on her hat and shawl, said, "Mother, I am going to see Sadie a little while." I thought how nice it must be to be "grown up," and wondered if I should ever be able to say to my mother, "I am going," instead of asking her, "Mother, may I go?"—whether I should ever be able to use my own judgment or follow my own leading. When the time came that I could do so I had lost the desire. I had the freedom to do as I thought best, but I also had the blessed privilege of consulting with one in whose counsels and guidance I knew I could fully trust. Oh, how many times in later years I have

longed to be led like a child once more, even but for a little while.

How rare a sight now-a-days to see a boy or girl wholly confiding in their parents. How strong the inclinations are to go from home and be their own masters, and how often they come back to the old home wishing they had never strayed from those whose love was the strongest, purest and best. Yes, boys and girls, growing up is truly a happy time, and be sure and make the most of it, while you have a dear father and mother to go to with all your troubles, and not seek friends from outside to confide in, for your truest friends on earth are father and mother, and when the time comes for you to be grown up, if you have fully trusted to their counsels and guidance, how happy you will be, each year growing stronger and better prepared to meet the outside world.

Oh, how many lives have been wasted only for the want of good home principles. Do not wish to grow up, dear children, but be content in the old home to improve each talent that you have to the best of your ability, and when the time comes for you to be grown up you will hardly realize how you took your stand with so much courage, ready for the battle of life.

IRENE LUNT.

Brookside Farm, Hudson, N. Y.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TOY.

We have lately heard of a pretty toy for the instruction of children that any one may make at home with the least effort in the world. Two lead-pencils, crochet-needles, pen-handles, or anything of the sort, placed at the distance of a few inches apart, and kept in place by a heavy book, and a bit of card-board as wide as the spaces made by the pencil lengths, in which tiny slits have been cut alternately with round needle holes, constitute a domestic loom of the simplest construction. Securing an end of thread to one of the pencils, then pass it down through the longitudinal slit, round the other pencil, back through the round needle hole, and round the first pencil, down again through the next slit, and so on until every slit and hole in the card-board has been filled; and then fasten it off. This makes the warp of the web to be woven. Then, having wound some thread on a long and narrow bit of card, which is the shuttle, fasten one end of that to the first pencil, lift the card-board containing the slits and holes, which of course is near the middle of the loom, and the threads that have been passed through the long slits will drop to the bottom of the slit, but the threads in the round holes will remain stationary, leaving a space between a line of threads above and a line of threads below, through which the shuttle is to be thrown. Now pull the card down, and the threads that were below before will slip up and be above, and a new space is made in which to return the shuttle, and after a dozen of such tossings of the tiny shuttle through the opening and closing spaces, the little audience for whom the toy has been made will understand the theory and practice of weaving as well as if a loom for the weaving of fine linen had been set up before them, or they had been led about a mill whirring with belts and wheels.—*Harper's Bazar*.

CHIVALRIC GRANDPAPA.

The following incident is related of Victor Hugo and his beloved granddaughter, Jeannie Hugo, the granddaughter, and the idol of the poet, having manifested a strong objection to learning the alphabet, her mother, thinking to sharpen her energies, told her one day that until she had learned the first twelve

letters she should have no dessert. The first thing the child did was to pour out her troubles to her grandpapa, ever ready to listen, but on this occasion powerless to interfere. However, to lighten the privations of his little darling, he proposed to her that they should suffer together; he would touch no dessert as long as she had to abstain.

For many days Victor Hugo persistently refused dessert, alleging various reasons for not partaking of it; but one evening Jeannie having gone to bed before dinner, a certain kind of cheese of which he was particularly fond was placed upon the table; the savory odor assailed his nostrils, and Hugo had almost broken his engagement when he remembered the solemn promise made to the child and checked himself, much to the amazement of his daughter-in-law, Jeannie's mother. The lady appealed to him to tell the meaning of this strange behavior. Seeing there was no help for it, he meekly cast down his eyes and made a "clean breast of it."

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that your homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public house, at first, for love of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day, and light bright fires by night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depends on you. Do not blame miserable barkeepers if your sons miscarry. Believe it possible that with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control of the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Exchange*.

THE BIG BROTHER.

There are many things which nobody at home can do half so well as the big brother. For one thing he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word and the belligerents will cease their strife. Belligerent is a long word, but the boys who are reading Caesar may tell the others that it is made up of two Latin words, one of which means war, and the other, waging or carrying on; so that when two children are quarreling and saying cross words which may presently cause blows, they are properly called belligerents. Mother is a happy woman if she can trust her big boy to be her right-hand man, to settle all that goes wrong and to set a good example.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking

the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional bull in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him, with reason, too, for is he not strong and brave and quick to act, knowing just what to do, and just how to do it? I never yet heard of a cowardly big brother—did you?—*Harper's Young People*.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—For several years I have enjoyed reading your letters, trying your numerous pretty patterns for various useful and pretty things. Being an invalid it has taken up my time pleasantly to try the different directions for knitting and crocheting.

Now it has come into my mind that I might offer some suggestions to tired mothers about amusing the children, by telling what our mother used to do with us, a family of seven, boys and girls. These games may not be new to you, but I have not seen them mentioned in the paper yet. One of the best of these quiet amusements was what we called, "Thought, or Animal, Vegetable or Mineral."

One child would think of some article, then the others would question, finding out first to which great kingdom it belonged, or may be it was made of all three. Fire, earth and water we called elements. Each child asked one question in turn, making the other describe the article thought of. Very often mother was appealed to privately to decide some point, especially of the construction of the article.

Sometimes we gave out initials of persons, making the others guess to whom they belonged, sometimes the first and last letters of articles in the room. This is a useful game as it teaches spelling.

Another one was playing with corn; beans would do as well. This we called "Odd or Even," good for little ones, who will learn counting easily that way. Each child had a dozen kernels of corn, then taking up a few in one hand, would say "Odd or even?" then disclosing the number would say to the other, give me one to make it the odd or even number, if guessed wrong, if right, all the kernels in the hand were given to the successful guesser. If more than one played they would take turns.

Sometimes, long winter evenings, one of the eldest would read aloud.

One game I think is liked by children generally. Try it, mothers, some stormy day, when the little ones are so restless. Give them a piece of clean white paper and a pencil. One of them draws a head of some kind, turns the paper so it cannot be seen, and passes to the other. This one draws a body of some kind, then the third child, if there are three, makes some legs. Then open the paper and see what a queer creature appears. Head, may be of a duck, body of a man, legs of a horse. Of course it is silly, but children like such things. It is often a good idea when there are girls and but one boy, to let him play with the girls at their dolls' play. Of course he will not want to take care of the babies, but he can be a doctor very easily. My brother used to play so with me, I remember. First we would lie down on the floor or lounge and say it was night, then brother would crow like a fowl, of course it was then morning, then he would get up and make the fire, that is pile up some sticks or chips, for we never had real fire. By that time baby had the measles and doctor must come.

I fear my letter is already too long, so will close, hoping that some poor, tired

mother may find my suggestions of some service.

I never shall forget our Sunday evenings, when just before the lamps were lighted we gathered around the fire and repeated the catechism or text of scripture, then mother would sing, the rest joining as best they might, very poorly, however. After that a lamp was brought and my father read the bible and prayed. Above all things, dear mothers, teach your children about God; none are too young after they can speak to be taught a simple prayer.

AUNT BETH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often wished to say a word in regard to the enjoyment I have received through you month by month, but like many other sisters have been held back through timidity. But I notice S. S., in the Mother's Chair, seems to be in trouble, and I would like to tell her a little of my experience.

I have a little adopted daughter, just the age of her own darling, a tiny waif whom God has allowed me to rescue from want and suffering, and who has stolen into our hearts very deeply since her advent, and her drink is wholly condensed milk. I dissolve two teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm water, and this she prefers to cow's milk at any time, consuming a can in just two days. She is fat and rugged, and though at present is cutting a huge double tooth, is as merry and well as many an older child. Like S. S. I am very regular with her. She has her morning nap at just such a time, her supper at 5:30 P. M., and a ride in her carriage every pleasant day.

I wish S. S. would try my baby's pet food and report, as I would really like to know what success she meets with.

New Jersey.

MARIE OLIVER.

DON'T.

Don't tell your child the happiest days he will ever know are his days of childhood. Don't say with maturity come cares and work and troubles and fears that make life a burden.

If your child comes to you with a trial that is great to him, but to you, in the light of your years and experience is the merest trifle, don't say, "You are very foolish to be troubled by so small a thing," but remember he has but little reason to use, and no experience to guide him, and that for the time his grief "clothes him as a garment," and it is for you with your love and sympathy to rend it and bring him sunlight again.

It is a great wrong to believe the wild fears, grotesque fancies, and nameless doubts which haunt the minds of children are passing whims. So vivid are these, they often come to us in middle life or old age and cause us an involuntary shudder.

If a child's troubles are usually small, the understanding is smaller. The pitiful gravity with which they attempt to settle weighty questions which their elders often give up as hopeless, demands our most delicate sympathy.

Every stage of life has its peculiar trials, and just as surely its own joys. Let us not then so recklessly risk our reputation for wisdom as to point to children and say, "Now, my dear child, is your hey-day. Enjoy it to the full, for the years that are pressing on you are full to the brim of care and trial." Say rather, "If the future has great work and responsibilities, so has it proportionate reward." The truest, greatest happiness of life should come with the full development of mind and heart.

R. M. P. D.

—Clothes and company do oftentimes tell tales in a mute but significant language.

The Library.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden on every one's shoulders,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our heart of its treasure of song;
Lovers grow cold, and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other, we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other, the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there was none to befriend,
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And, somehow or other, we get on to the end.

WHAT TO READ.

"OF MAKING many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of flesh."

If Solomon thought so in his day, what would he have thought of the multitude of books, good, bad and indifferent, that is almost overwhelming us to-day.

So many of these are comparatively worthless, that it is quite possible for a man to go on reading for a life-time and never light upon the great standard works.

While reading is encouraged by the majority of parents, and while it is generally conceded that a taste for reading should be cultivated in the young, yet how few of those who have the charge of children, are competent to direct them in this matter. The busy, care-worn mother reads, when she has a few moments of leisure, from the daily paper, or whatever happens to be most convenient, perhaps it is a sensational novel. She reads for rest and recreation, and thinks but little of the quality of the matter thus imbibed. The hurried father, also, glances over the morning paper, reading the locals, and perhaps notices a few of the dispatches, and may possibly read an article or two on politics; but rarely does any more than that.

So it is not surprising if, when their children reach an age when they need advice on this subject, they find themselves wholly unfit for the task. They have a vague idea that the children should read "good books," and some know that what are called standard works are considered best. But as to which are the standard works, they are fully as ignorant as the children themselves.

"I have not the time," they say, "to read every book I place in the hands of my children, in order to judge of its merits." But even if they had, it would hardly be a safe estimate of the value of the work, for their own tastes are likely to be far from discriminating. And it is to the more thoughtful of such parents, — those that really would like to know how to advise their children, in regard to this matter, and for those young people that are trying to find the "royal road to learning" for themselves, that this article is addressed.

Space forbids anything like an exhaustive paper on this subject, but we may be able to give a few hints, that if followed will open the way for more extended research. For by reading good works, one soon finds out, which of the others, are considered valuable. We will limit our remarks to what are called literary works, or works that are expected to be characterized by art and taste in composition, some knowledge of which is considered essential for one desiring to become truly cultivated. The teacher can do much towards creating a taste for good literature in his pupils. He should cultivate the imagination. Get rid of the idea that the child's mind is a mere bag to be

filled with knowledge. Get rid of the notion that the child is simply an ingenious automaton, that may be put through certain motions to please the inspector, at the end of the year. Develop and nourish his imagination by stories of his fellow-man.

He has a natural taste for the wonderful, but there is no necessity of having recourse to fairy tales to satisfy that longing. Where can more thrilling incidents be found than in history or biography? Do not select some dry, uninteresting work, with the mere husks of the subject—names and dates; but give him the very spirit, the kernel of the subject. At first give him only the more interesting incidents; get him acquainted with the persons that have figured in the most heroic scenes, and by degrees the desire will grow to know more of these persons, and the times in which they lived.

History should always be studied in connection with biography. For children there is no better work than Dickens' "Child's History," or any of those by Charlotte Yonge, or Abbott, who has also written some excellent biographies for the young. But for older persons, there are so many excellent historical works, that it is indeed hard to decide which to recommend as best. We think, however, that we can safely refer you to any or all of the following authors: Bryant, Prescott and Bancroft are considered, I believe, as among our best American historians, and I hardly think any will object to my inserting the great English historians, Macaulay, Carlyle and Gibbon, or the French Rollin in this list, and I must add Froissart also. For this class of readers nothing in the way of biographies can be compared to Plutarch's "Lives of Illustrious Men." Then there is a series of American biographies edited by C. D. Warner, and a goodly list of English men of letters that is edited by J. Morley that is extremely good.

But if one has access to a good "Cyclopedia," he will find as good biographies there as he will need for the majority of the personages. The histories to which I have referred, are all of them more or less exhaustive, and some will perhaps feel that they have not the leisure for such an extensive course in history. For this class I know of nothing better than the Barnes' "Brief History Series," that are used in the Chautauquan course.

The student of English history will derive much benefit from the study of Shakespeare. And another great help in the study of history is the historical novel. There is nothing that will aid the imagination to the same extent in reviving the scenes and understanding the times in which the characters figured. Scott ranks first in this class of literature, I believe, but there are many others that have written excellent works of this order, as for instance, Dickens, Lord Lytton, Hawthorne and Grace Aguilar.

But space forbids my dwelling upon this any longer. There is so much that could be said on this subject, that it is difficult to decide what to say, and what to leave unsaid in an article like this. But there is one more idea, the importance of which I desire to impress upon the mind of the reader, and that is the necessity of making notes when reading. But if that is impracticable, at least try and tell some one all that you can recall of what you have been reading. You will be surprised to find how much it will assist the memory. H. E. BARTLETT.

—Abjure slang sternly and upon principle. If for no other reason, because it narrows your vocabulary. It is the favorite refuge of the slovenly and of the indolent. If your thought does not deserve a neat dress, keep it in some back closet of your own brain.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Dear old Robinson! Where is the child who has not cried with delight over his shipwreck and his surprising adventures? And what child would not have liked to meet the gifted story teller who could so interest their aroused imaginations? His name was Daniel Defoe, and his checkered career was more romantic than ever befell the character of a novel, thus proving anew the veracity of that trite truism, namely: "Truth is stranger than fiction." Indeed, had the author of "Robinson Crusoe" written the narrative of his own life and adventures, the story would be found little less strange and surprising than that of the York mariner.

He was the son of James Foe, a butcher, and was born in 1661 in the parish of Cripplegate, London. The De was not assumed by Daniel until after his arrival at manhood, and the reason of its assumption is not clearly known. He was educated at Newington academy, near London, where he continued until 1680. At an early age he was strongly impressed with religious sentiments, and studied with the idea of occupying a place in the ministry. But he relinquished the plan soon after leaving school, his independence revolting from the strict sectarianism of the age. He became more interested in politics than in divinity, and after trying his hand at various occupations, being successively a hosier, tile maker and woolen merchant, he devoted himself to literature, and took up the pen on the whig side.

His first essay made it apparent that he had selected the profession for which he was best adapted. He was original and sagacious, and wielded a pen which for caustic satire was unmatched by that of any other writer of his time. He had been accustomed to writing more or less from his early youth, and had formed a style of remarkable simplicity, purity and power. Moreover, his singular genius was well adapted to the popular taste of his age, and he rose rapidly into notice.

His political pamphlets followed each other in rapid succession, and they achieved a popularity not usually accorded to compositions of that class. A political satire, published in 1698, entitled, "The True-born Englishman," and which was designed to vindicate William of Orange from the odium of foreign birth, obtained for the author direct personal intercourse with the king. For several years Defoe enjoyed the patronage and the friendship of king William, repaying the kindness by vindicating the character and many of the measures of his royal protector. The death of William was a grievous misfortune for him. Anne commenced her reign a fierce tory, and a resolute supporter of church principles. Defoe was a thorough whig and a non-conformist. His satires had already made him enemies among the tory leaders, but he was not to be crushed. He boldly entered the lists against the extravagant claims of the "high church" party, and with inimitable skill showed the tendency of their doctrine.

More than once was he imprisoned for his bold words and keen satires, for those were days when the law was strict and severe, and the pillory and the prison were not far from the man who dared to utter his own thoughts, provided they did not chance to coincide with the popular feeling. It was during those days of fierce partisan strife that Defoe won the title which has since been confirmed of "the most thorough Englishman and writer of his day, a model of integrity, and as sincere, consistent and brave as he was gifted." During his imprisonment in Newgate, when he was confined

for two years, he began the periodical journal entitled the "Review," which was the prototype and forerunner of those popular miscellanies that Addison and Steele made attractive by their learning, taste and wit. This periodical was published semi-weekly and continued till 1713.

Defoe was not yet, however, done with his political pamphlets. His pen seemed dipped in gall, and his irony was so exquisite that it was sometimes miscomprehended, but his perceptions seldom failed him as to which side truth leaned. During the discussions relating to the union of the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, he took a prominent part, writing several treatises, and once going on an important mission to Edinburgh. His personal appearance at this time, as indicated by his contemporaries, was not in a sense prepossessing. He is described as a middle-sized, spare man, with a dark complexion, a hooked nose, sharp chin, gray eyes and a large mole near his mouth. Imagine a man like this wearing a large wig, as was the fashion then, and you would probably have a good idea of how the author of "Robinson Crusoe" looked.

After Queen Anne's death in 1714, Defoe abandoned writing political satire and devoted himself to the composition of books for the promotion of religion and morality. An attack of apoplexy induced by anxiety and despondency, was one thing that determined him to make a new venture. His simple and natural style was a great aid to him, and the new productions were characterized by Defoe's most admirable qualities. His "Family Instructor," and "Religious Courtship," were books of great influence in their day, though they are now forgotten with a thousand other excellent things of that generation.

Defoe was fifty-eight years old when he produced his master work, the "Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner." Like many other books which are now regarded among the most valuable in our language, "Robinson Crusoe" could not at first find a publisher. At last a Mr. Adams was prevailed upon to take the MS., who paid the author a thousand dollars for it. The story met with immediate success, being uniformly a favorite with the young and old, the learned and unlearned. It has since gone through more editions than any other book of that century, and it now takes its acknowledged rank as one of the three best novels of universal acceptance, Don Quixote and Gil Blas being the other two. The story of Crusoe is supposed to have been founded on the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures had just been published. No doubt the idea of a solitary man dwelling on an island was suggested by the story of Selkirk, but in no other respect does the author owe any thing to fact. The York mariner was a very different character from the bluff, ignorant Scotchman, as different really as the dry, uninteresting adventure differs from the racy and delightful romance.

"Robinson Crusoe" was followed by a series of remarkably ingenious fictions, all genuine offspring of the same father. The story of the York mariner had no superior interest in that day to the "Adventures of Roxana," the "Life of Colonel Jack," the "Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton," and the "Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders." Nor was the first characterized by any greater genius than the others. All of them are distinguished by an elaborate and precise statement of details which give them the distinctness of reality. No English writer ever excelled Defoe in his power of painting fictitious events in the colors of truth,

His novels were intended to instruct as well as to amuse, and their simple and natural style did much toward winning for them popular favor.

The remainder of the author's life was spent in the pursuit of his favorite industry, and in one terrible and constant struggle with poverty. He wrote a host of works amounting in all to two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. His death occurred in the year 1731, at the parish of his birth.

Thus lived and died Daniel Defoe. The vicissitudes of his life were as strange and varied as those of any hero of chivalry. He spent his time and his best thoughts for his country, lived in constant struggle with poverty, the butt of the calumniator, misunderstood by the foolish, and died bankrupt in estate and overwhelmed with sorrow. He himself, in summing up the scenes of his career, says:

"In the school of affliction I have learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit. In less than half a year I have tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate."

THE REVIEWER.

Most beautiful by far of the holiday books is NATURE'S HALLELUJAH, illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome, author of "One Year's Sketch Book," and "The Message of the Blue-bird." The contents are unique and exquisite in design and although the engraving in a few instances fails to present the artist's design at its best the work can meet nothing but praise. The little verse for each page is well chosen and the dainty sprays of blossom and fern, the little landscapes or glimpses of the sea which greet the eye on every leaf are full of beauty, the selections from the different poets forming the theme for the illustration. Some of these are exceedingly appropriate. Thus a dainty stanza from George S. Burleigh is accompanied by a beautifully drawn tulip, over whose stem are six squarely framed sketches carrying out the thought of each couplet. Two of these tiny sketches have verses of their own, and diagonally across the page meeting a flock of birds are the words:

"We are waiting for you, never, never fear;
We are watching for you early in the year."

Somewhat similar is a page illustrating Longfellow's "Daybreak." Five tiny pictures illustrate the stanza, and at the right is a growing Wake Robin. The book is beautifully printed on heavy paper, and very handsomely bound, in gold cloth. \$6.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

We have received a copy of THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUE-BIRD by Miss Irene E. Jerome—which was such a favorite last year. Price \$2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING. By those who saw them. This pretty volume consists of eleven descriptive articles which cover a wide variety of subjects, and are beautifully illustrated. The opening chapter describes "The Washingtons' English Home," and is by Rose G. Kingsley, daughter of Canon Kingsley, better known to us as Charles Kingsley the novelist. Annie Sawyer Downs has two chapters on "Child Life in Venice;" Miss Harris tells about "A Wind-mill Pilgrimage" which she took down on Cape Cod, and the artist has made some illustrations which are as picturesque in their way as any of those we see of the windmills of Holland. In the "Indian School at Carlisle" Margaret Sidney describes what is being done in the way of civilizing and educating young Indian boys at the well-known school opened at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for that purpose. Frank T. Mer-

rill in "Through the Heart of Paris" gives a bright description of that famous city, and accompanies his narrative with twenty-one drawings, made upon the spot. Price \$1.75. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CHILDREN'S BALLADS: From History and Folk Lore. Ten ringing ballads, profusely and exquisitely illustrated, printed on thick paper with broad margins, and bound with fancy cloth, make up this volume, expressly prepared for the holiday season. The subjects of several of the ballads are historical. Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey tells the story of "The Cock-horse Regiment" which the children of the city of Nuremberg formed during the Thirty Years' War; Mrs. Clara Doty Bates puts into stirring verse the Scottish legend of "King Robert's Bowl;" Mrs. Margaret J. Preston contributes "A Ballad of Kenilworth," and Mrs. Nason tells the story of "The Mission Tea-Party"—an incident of the Siege of Lucknow. Other poets represented in the collection are Susan Coolidge, Edith W. Cook, Mrs. Louisa T. Craig and Mary E. Wilkins. Most of the illustrations are full-page, and were drawn expressly for the ballads by Edmund H. Garrett and Jessie McDermott. Price \$1.75. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES, No. 4, has over fifty designs for residences ranging from \$400 to \$15,000 in price. Also designs for carriage house and stable, articles on painting, country house drainage and landscape gardening. Nothing better than this collection of building plans has ever been offered to the public. By its aid the house costing but a few hundred dollars can be made as attractive—comparatively speaking—outwardly, as its more pretentious neighbor, a pleasant change from the time not far back, when a cheap cottage must be the square, box-like house without porch or veranda or any ornamentation to lend beauty to the little home. Some of the plans in this book for houses costing from twelve to fifteen hundred are marvels of convenience and beauty, and those contemplating building should avail themselves of its assistance, full particulars as to contracts, etc., given with designs sold. \$1.00 each. Published quarterly. New York: Co-operative Building Plan Association, 191 Broadway.

HIS ONE FAULT, is the title of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's fifth volume of the extremely popular Tide-Mill Stories. Young people in every country have been always delighted to read Mr. Trowbridge's stories, drawn from every-day experiences, and describing events that happen frequently in the lives of boys and girls. "His One Fault" will be found one of his best stories, sure to benefit its readers, having a wholesome moral so plainly set forth in every chapter that the dullest boy will be impressed with the importance of correcting "his one fault," should he be afflicted with the weakness which caused the chief subject in this entertaining book so much real trouble. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

IN UNCLE TITUS, from the German of Johanna Spyri, Miss Lucy Wheelock has given the children another of her charming translations. The story is a quiet little story of German life, telling of the simple home life of the old professor and his wife with a family of delightful children next door, and the character of Dora, the orphan girl who is the heroine of the little book, is very beautiful. Such wholesome stories are a pleasant change from the many "children's stories" which are so unfit for children to read, and the young readers together with their mothers or teachers should be grateful to Miss Wheelock for her work. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

For holiday gifts, especially for Sunday school purposes, come the illustrated hymns and poems, reduced to pocket size, entitled GOLDEN MINIATURES, with all the original illustrations of these beautiful poems. Included in the series are, "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," "Rock of Ages," "Home, Sweet Home," "Abide with Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." These little books, the publishers say, are made to meet the popular demand for low-priced books, and are very tasteful. The familiarity of the hymns renders them peculiarly adaptable to Sabbath schools and kindred uses. Price 50 cts. each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

YOUNG FOLKS' PICTURES AND STORIES OF ANIMALS FOR HOME AND SCHOOL, a natural history for young readers, by Mrs. Sanborn Torrey will be fully appreciated by the children. There are six books in the series, each one complete in itself and fully illustrated. Quadrupeds; Birds; Fishes and Reptiles; Insects; Shells; Sea-Urchins, Star-Fishes and Corals being the subjects treated. The books are all excellent, but the one containing pictures and stories of shells and their strange inhabitants are especially interesting there being few children who do not enjoy seeing or hearing of these wonderful creatures of the sea. Price 30 cents each. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

MY LAND AND WATER FRIENDS. By Mary E. Bamford. The author of this pleasant and instructive book has not only imparted a vast deal of intensely interesting information about the common insects and animals which we meet with every day, but by making them tell their own story she has invested them with a personality which will make children more humane in their treatment of them. The little book is fully illustrated. Price \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BYE-O-BABY BALLADS by Charles Stuart Pratt, with decorations by F. Child Hassam is another of the very pretty books prepared for little readers. With its pretty ballads, and dainty pictures it will bring delight to the little ones in many homes. The volume is dedicated to a "blue and gold boy" and "to all the boys and all the girls, in all the world." Price \$2.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The December CENTURY is full of interest from its opening article, to the bric-a-brac which completes the number. Many readers will turn at once to the "Life of Lincoln," and his youthful idol, Henry Clay, of whom three excellent portraits are given. The art paper of the number is the first of several short articles on "Contemporary French Sculpture," the critical text by Mr. W. C. Brownell, devoted this month to the work of Chapu and Dubois, the former being represented in the illustrations, by his "La Jeunesse," from the Regnault monument, and by his "Jeanne d'Arc;" the latter, by his "Military Courage," from the tomb of Lemoricere, and by his "Infant John." The latter half of Dr. Martin's "Old Chelsea" contains chat in regard to the literary and historical associations of this part of London, the drawings, by Pennell, including Carlyle's Statue and Home, Turner's House, Tile Street, Cheyne Walk, Battersea Church, etc. "The Food Question in America and Europe," is a vital and suggestive study by Edward Atkinson, of a most practical subject, the victualing question as related to labor and wages, the comparison being greatly in favor of the United States. Mr. Atkinson's statistics will be a revelation to his readers. A curious article is "A Little Millerite," by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, being reminiscences of Millerism in 1843 and 1844, the time set for the end of the world. The topic in the War Series is "The Second Day at Gettysburg," treated by Generals Henry J. Hunt and E. M. Law, the latter with special regard to "Round Top and the Confederate Right." The number contains two short stories by American writers: one a London society sketch, "An American Beauty," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, the other a tale of the far west, entitled, "A Coward," by a new writer, Miss Ellen Mackubin. Mr. Howell's novel, "The Minister's Charge," comes to a conclusion, and in the second part of Stockton's "Hundredth Man," the boycott is touched upon, and toward the last is begun the

serious part of the story, the theme being the interference with an engagement to marry. Poems are contributed by Louise Bath-Hendriksen, Henry Tyrrell and Robert Burns Wilson, and the editorial articles are of the usual excellence. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for December is the last number of the third volume of the American series. In this issue is concluded the serial story, "A Willful Young Woman," which has proved so entertaining to readers, as is also the shorter story, "Barlowe's Helpmate." A paper on the "Library of the British Museum," written by Dr. Richard Garnett, the assistant keeper of printed books, is as interesting and accurate as might be expected from such a source. "The Family Doctor" discourses on rheumatism, its causes and cures, and in the series of papers on "Stirring Scenes in Stirring Lives," the adventurous career of David Livingstone is set forth. "A Tour Through Little France," describes an old part of London, around Soho square, once so fashionable, but now given over to foreigners and pawnbrokers. "The Giant's Bones" takes us from London to Persia, and introduces us to one of the fascinating stories of that far-away land. "Mirror and Crystalline Painting," tells how one may decorate one's windows and looking-glasses. A. G. Payne gives his second and last paper on "Cooking at Sea." "Amongst the Lead Mines," introduces us to a class of workers quite new to us. There are short stories and pictures, and two fashion letters from London and Paris. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

To the December number of LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes the complete novel, "Miss Defarge," a study of life in the household of a spendthrift English lord, which affords ample scope for both pathos and humor. E. P. Roe, the popular American novelist, contributes a story in his characteristic vein, entitled, "A Ghost on Christmas Eve." A delightful little story is Seawell Sidney's "Maid Marian." The literary auto-biography is furnished by John Habberton. Another sketch of interest, is that in which Charlotte Adams tells "How I Became an Artist's Model." Junius Henri Browne makes a clever answer to Conde Pallen's article on "Newspaperism," in the November number. Frank G. Carpenter discusses "The Presidents as Gastronomers." The departments of Monthly Gossip and Book-Talk are as bright as ever. The poetry is furnished by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles L. Hildreth, William H. Hayne, Mark Mallow, and Helen Gray Cone. "A Bachelor's Blunder," by W. E. Norris, is concluded in this number. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE WHITNEY CALENDAR published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is a marvel of beauty, value and cheapness. "Giving the day of the week upon which each day of the year will fall, the consecutive number of each day of the year, the days on which the moon is new and full, the anniversaries of noted events and of the birth of famous men, and the great ecclesiastical and civil days, together with choice passages from the writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and practical information respecting rates of postage, and measures of length, weight and capacity," and all this is given in a very convenient and attractive form, for the very small sum of fifty cents. Surely one need look no farther for an acceptable Christmas gift.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for December. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE and BAY STATE MONTHLY for December. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PANTRY for December. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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

THE FOLIO for December. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

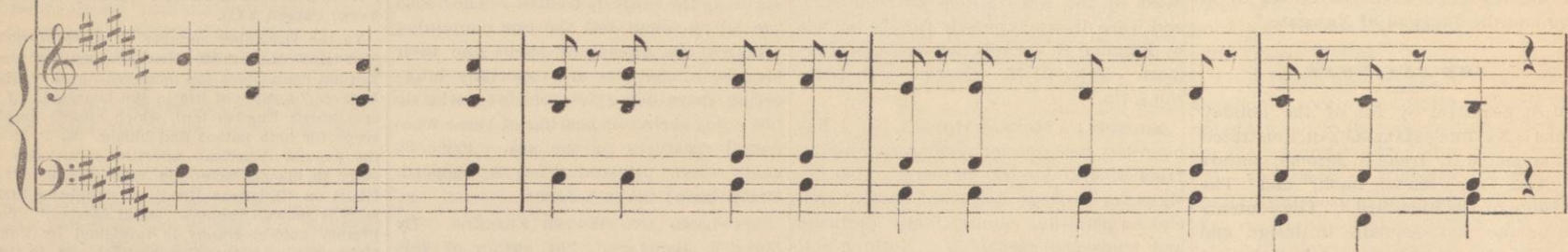
BALLAD.

Poetry by C. T. MARTIN.

Music by C. W. GLOVER.



1. Un - der the mis - tle - toe, Soft - ly he came, Say, did you hear him then Whis - per my name?
 2. Yes, yes, ere I could pass Out from the bough, His breath was on my cheek, I feel it now:



For I was not sure that I had heard, . . . If he real - ly, real - ly spake a word; . . .
 Then the mer - ry laugh rang round the tide, . . . Then he quick - ly claim'd me for his bride; . . .



Do you, say, do you ask Why I was there? 'Tis no con - cern of yours If I caught the snare.
 Un - der the mis - tle - toe, Soft - ly he came, Say, did you hear him then Whis - per my name?



The Dispensary.

NERVOUS DISEASES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

THE nervous system in childhood is in a state of great activity, and the child is more prone to many diseases of the nerve centers than at any subsequent period. Some of them develop very rapidly and demand the most active and prompt treatment; while others are gradual in their invasion, chronic in their course, but requiring equally skillful management. In the first division are placed convulsions, cerebral congestions and acute inflammation of the brain. As prominent types of the latter division may be mentioned epilepsy, St. Vitus dance and dropsy of the brain.

Strictly speaking, convulsions are not a disease, but only a sign of derangement of the great nerve centers. In many cases, however, they announce the presence of grave disease of the nervous system. Because of this they are looked upon with apprehension, even by the experienced physician. Three-fourths of all the children under one year old dying of nervous diseases, die in convulsions. Convulsions are caused by worms in the intestinal canal, by teething, by undigested food and various other similar causes, in which case they usually soon pass off. To judge then of the gravity of a convulsion it is necessary to take into account the cause or causes producing it. In all cases it is advisable to summon the family physician. In the mean time loosen the clothing about the neck, chest and waist, raise the head and give the sufferer plenty of fresh air. It is generally good treatment to place the child in a warm bath, at the same time pouring cold water on the head.

Congestion of the brain is a condition in which this organ is overloaded with blood. It is often occasioned by the poison of scarlet and other eruptive fevers circulating in the blood, by the irritation of teething, by exposure to the hot sun's rays, and by blows on the head. When the child's brain is becoming congested he is uneasy, restless and irritable. His sleep is disturbed, from which he is apt to awake with a start and a cry. The head is very hot, and there is pain, that is rendered more severe by noise or any motion. General feverishness and vomiting exist, and the bowels are often constipated. In mild cases the symptoms here detailed either slowly or gradually disappear in a few days according to the treatment adopted and the causes producing the attack. In severer cases the congestion may pass on to inflammation, or water may form on the brain. The irritability, the feverishness and the general distress are here greater than in simple congestion. The pain in the head is more constant and severe, and the face has a dull, heavy, congested appearance.

As the disease passes to the second stage the restlessness is not as great, and the pain less intense; the face instead of being blood-shot is now pale. Soon the child is drowsy. Convulsions are common and often fatal. The drowsiness steadily increases to profound stupor, in which condition death often occurs.

Every case of congestion of the brain should be carefully attended to. As a simple congestion it is usually easily managed; but let it develop into an active inflammation and it is a grave disease, defying in many cases the best efforts of the skillful physician.

Epilepsy is a familiar chronic disease of the nervous system. In it the patient suddenly becomes unconscious and usu-

ally falls as if knocked down by a powerful blow. He is more or less convulsed and presents a most distressing appearance. There is foaming at the mouth, and grinding of the teeth. The tongue is protruded and occasionally badly bitten, the eyes are fixed, and seem to stare at the beholder, the face is flushed and the respiration difficult, and at times so slow that the anxious mother despairs of the child ever again breathing. These alarming symptoms last as a general thing from five to eight minutes, and then gradually subside, leaving the patient insensible and apparently in a deep sleep. In from one to four or five hours he recovers, but has no knowledge of anything that has transpired. These phenomena constitute well marked epileptic seizures, or what is vaguely but popularly known as "fits." Sometimes they are so slight that there will be only a momentary loss of consciousness. They recur at variable intervals. At first there is often an interval of two or three months, but as the disease progresses the intervals become shorter, till at length hardly a day passes without one or more paroxysms.

Epilepsy seldom terminates fatally. It is, however, a disease that is very difficult to cure completely. In many cases by the use of proper drugs the intervals between the fits can be so lengthened that the individual can perform the duties of life, and is practically free from the disease, and in a smaller number of cases the paroxysms are entirely arrested. In the age we are considering an important question suggests itself in regard to the probability of the child's mind becoming affected by the paroxysms. In giving an intelligent answer to a given case the physician must know the causes which led to the disease, its severity, the natural mental state, and the hereditary tendencies. During the fit the suggestions made under the head of convulsions should be carried out. The diet should consist largely of milk and vegetables. Book learning ought not to be encouraged. Excitement and late hours are to be avoided, and the child's training conducted according to the most approved rules of hygiene.

Chorea or St. Vitus dance is a disease which has often been quaintly termed "insanity of the muscles." It generally commences with twitchings of the muscles of the face, and by degrees all or nearly all of the voluntary muscles of motion become affected. The child cannot remain quiet, the hands, arms and even legs are in continual motion, the face is often twisted and ludicrously out of shape, and the power to talk plainly is impaired. These symptoms are more severe when the child is conscious of being watched. When the disease keeps up some time, the countenance is apt to present a foolish and vacant appearance, and the mind to become inactive. Such children are not called "bright."

The most common direct cause of chorea is shock to the nervous system, and the conditions favoring its development are a hereditary nervous excitability, general poor health, and derangements of the stomach. Imitation is also a cause. The child sees another with the disease, and at first perhaps performs the strange antics in ridicule, but soon the movements are unconsciously performed and the disease is firmly established. Instances have been known in which the disease has spread through a boarding school by reason of this power of imitation. Chorea is seldom a grave disease; recovery taking place with good treatment in from five to six weeks to as many months.

These diseases, and others that we have not space to mention, are called diseases of childhood, not because they do not occur in the adult, but by reason of their taking place more frequently in the period

we are considering. Childhood is a time of disease. One-half of all infants die before their fifth year. The care of nervous children is an arduous duty. It is impossible to give any thing but general rules. Should any mother desire our opinion in a particular case, we will give it if she will write us, enclosing stamp.

God has given the pure air for the child to breathe, the invigorating sun's rays for him to bask in, and "the cattle on a thousand hills" to furnish their life sustaining lacteal fluid.

Gilsum, N. H.

BATHING, AND WHY WE SHOULD BATHE.

Among all the appliances for health and comfort to mankind, we may safely say there is nothing so well known, so useful, and withal so comforting, and yet so little practiced, so carelessly and thoughtlessly neglected, as judicious bathing. The skin of the human body, from head to foot is a network of pores. One cannot put a finger on a single place without covering several hundred little openings, which ought always to be kept free and clear of obstructions. As evidence of the truth of this statement we need only call to mind the great drops of sweat so often seen gathering on one's face and other parts of the body in warm weather—especially during time of over-exertion. These pores are the openings into the minute tubes, or channels, which lead through unseen meanderings into the sanctum of life within.

The dust which comes into contact with animals covered with hair is mostly kept out, and the perspiration conducted away from the pores of the skin by those hairs; hence bathing is not so essential with them as with mankind, whose bodies are practically denuded of such protection. The glutinous mass of perspiration, dust and filth, which gathers on the surface of the body naturally, covers and clogs the pores and often enters them and poisons the system. To remove that filth, frequent ablutions and occasional immersions in water are exceedingly desirable, and usually indispensable to health and comfort; consequently every family should have a convenient bath—and a full bath, too—of some kind, not only for general neatness of person, so desirable to every individual of taste and culture, but as a means of preserving health, and in many cases, especially under the advice of a good physician, as the safest, pleasantest, and one of the most powerful and efficient means of combating disease.

Directed by good judgment and wise counsel, a bath is a valuable auxiliary to other remedies, and it can be used when internal remedies cannot. In the long catalogue of diseases to which flesh is heir, scarcely one can be named in the treatment of which a bath is useless. To those blessed with good health, a bath, as a common-sense appliance, gives thrift and growth to healthy functions, a brightness and delightful serenity, a clearness of mind and buoyancy of spirit. It is certainly a blessing to both mind and body. For the mental worker, it is a nerve tonic. A thorough immersion in water of proper temperature will calm and give strength and tone to his whole system. The indoor laborer who gets but a scanty supply of fresh air, needs a bath to obtain those invigorating elements so common in the open air.

The outdoor laborer—especially the farmer—who works with heroic energy all day long, unavoidably gathers on the entire surface of his body a complete prison wall of dust and thickening, gummy perspiration; and when his day's work is done, he needs then, more than any other thing, not only a wash, but a

good, luscious, full bath to fit him for a clean bed and a refreshing sleep.

Finally, every one needs a bath at times, and every human habitation should contain something for a complete immersion in water, and, since convenient and efficient portable baths at comparatively low figures are now extensively advertised for sale, there is little excuse for any one to be without this priceless benefit.—*Western Rural.*

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

SALOME. Bogus Colds. I am glad of a good opportunity to consider a very general mistake in reference to colds. A true cold is the closing of the pores of the skin, preventing the usual escape of the waste matters from the system. I am fully satisfied that your difficulty has no connection with such closing of pores, but that you are troubled with an irritation, an inflammation of the mucous surfaces, the result of causes in no ways connected with a real cold. Since the lungs and skin have nearly the same office, both absorbing oxygen and throwing off carbonic gas, practically breathing, the lungs are more naturally affected by a cold, as they have extra labors when the skin fails to do its work, though other parts may be affected, by sympathy. Now, in my opinion, many of the so-called colds have their origin in derangements of the stomach, producing inflammation, which, by a law of our being, may extend to contiguous membranes, extending up to the throat, nasal passages, etc., as well as down to the bowels. Prominent among the causes of this irritation of the membranes is the excessive use of the fats, oils and the sweets, with salt, perhaps. This last may produce the canker, which, when it extends to the lungs will produce stricture, the same being true from the other causes, results similar to the stricture from a real cold. I say very decidedly that all but one of your symptoms convince me that yours is a bogus cold, that single exception being quite possible on my supposition. To be sure of a real cold, I must see some indications that the pores are really closed.

The circumstances under which you have taken these supposed colds, "no change in the atmosphere," apparently "no reason for catching a cold," convince me that you have no real colds. Unless I am much mistaken, you "are booked" for the catarrh, which a special fondness for sweets, if indulged, will induce. It is possible to keep one's self so "housed," the head so carefully protected—more than the feet—as to be constantly liable to real colds, as well as these artificial ones, the sweets and all "heaters" producing even worse results in consequence of too much heat in the rooms. I advise much pure, cool air, the use of a flesh brush, the feet and limbs kept comfortably warm, the head cool, and the use of plain food, avoiding the spices, pork and lard, with a very, very moderate use of salt, not much of grease, the less the better, and a moderate use of the sweets, and a well ventilated bed room. When the irritation commences in the throat, gargle with alum water, bind a wet cloth on which mustard has been sprinkled, enough of the cloths to keep moist all night, bind around the throat (the same for the chest) well covered with dry flannels—worn at night. With the attack it is well to be particularly abstemious. A common wet cloth may be worn over the nose and eyes to reduce the heat.

(As I am dyspeptic, troubled with constipation, and am weak most of the time, would you advise a change of climate, going to the south? AMANDA JANE.)

In general terms, I will say that I do not believe that there is a better climate on earth than that of New England, taken as a whole, though the seashore may not be favorable to those having lung affections. Since the Creator pronounced all of his works "good," I have no right to pronounce the climate of any part of the world unfavorable to the general health. Indeed, the climate of every place, the real climate, not the malaria produced by the filthiness of man, or, by any condition within his control, is far better than the habits, the manner of living, of the inhabitants. No, do not leave home, for it is not true that a "change" is necessarily favorable to health; on the contrary, an abrupt change, one from a very cold to a very warm climate, is generally unfavorable. Do not leave New England, for any such troubles as you have. If you were consumptive, I might advise leaving the vicinity of the sea breezes, the same applying to asthmatic difficulties. Your difficulties relate to digestion, which may be treated as successfully here as in any part of the world, that is, if one will adopt as simple habits of living as are usual in other parts of the world. In my opinion, all of your ailments will disappear by the adoption of plain living, eating slowly, chewing the food thoroughly, without drinks, eating at regular times, taking a light supper, avoiding new bread, pastry, pork, lard, and all rich food. You should make the grains and fruits prominent, the fruits at the meals, as a part, with absolutely nothing between the meals, not even a peach or an apple.

The Dressing Room.

AUNT CALISTA ON DRESS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

AUNT CALISTA is an anomaly as concerns the matter of dress. Although she always dresses comfortably, yet, for various reasons, she is seldom dressed tastefully. She has the love for bright colors which we find among many old people, so that her wardrobe is many-hued, and the various combinations are not always pleasing to the æsthetic eye. Yet she has wonderfully sensible views on dress in general, and has an eye for propriety in other people truly remarkable. I am going in to see her this afternoon, expressly to get her talking on the subject, and will report to you for your amusement and instruction, as I am sure you will find both in her remarks and criticisms.

EVENING.—I have been, and contrary to my expectations, I got the first round of criticism directed straight to myself, or rather my hair.

"Land o' Goshen! Charity, is that you?"

"Don't it look like me, aunt?"

"Well, it's your close and your voice, but I wouldn't hardly know your face, it looks so different with yer hair piled up there on the top o' yer head, instid of bein' done up in a pretty little twist at the back, as usual."

"Why, aunt, this is the latest style. Almost everybody does their hair so now."

"I don't care a fig about style. I say let evrybody have a style o' their own, and let that be somethin' that's becomin' to 'em. Now, your long-favored, and it's a marster ways from the end o' your chin to the peak o' your head, any time; and come to have yer hair all combed up on the back o' yer head slick an' smooth into a pinnacle on top, makes yer look like a picter in a comic almanac. Why, yer head looks as long as a hoss's."

"Why, aunt!" I began.

"Yes, I know I am not very complimentary, but you've done me menny a good turn, and you know the old sayin', 'One good turn deserves another,' and if I can save ye, child, from bein' made fun on, ye oughter be thankful. How I should feel to have ye go to the sewin' circle, say, and have some of them girls that can't begin to hold a candle to ye for good looks, generally speakin', sayin', 'How like a guy Charity Snow looks with her hair done up so. Looks as if she tried to do somethin' and couldn't.' Now, when it's done up right, jest so's to clear yer ruffle, you're as pretty as a picter. Strange that folks don't know when they look well. Now, there's your Cousin Ann, her head is jest about the shape of a flat turnup. (I am not sayin' nothin' agin Ann, nuther) jest the nicest chance to put her hair on the top of her head that ever was, and she allers does it up down in the nap of her neck, and seein' her neck is so short, it gives her a curus look. You and she had better swap styles, as you call em', and then your heads would both average off better."

"How do you like bangs, aunt?"

"Well," said she, decidedly, "bangs is owin' to who wears 'em, and how they wear 'em. If ennybody has got a high, peaked, narrer for'head, bangs is awful becomin', if they are not too long, and are kinder curled up a little, but where they are straight and come clean down to the eyes, they are jest hideous, kinder Injury like. But if ennybody has got a low for'head, they haven't got no call to go to coverin' it up with hair, jest comb it right straight back. You remember that Boston girl that was here visitin' last

summer. She had one of them low, wide for'heads, and that was the way she combed her hair. I at her about it once. Sez I, 'If it wouldn't be too bold, will you tell me why you don't fix your hair like other girls?' She laughed, and sez she, 'It is not becomin' to my style o' beauty.' 'Jes' so,' sez I, 'you're a sensible girl, and I wisht there was more like ye.'

I must say if I was young, and had a decent head of hair, I wouldn't take to wearin' other folks' hair, dead folks, too, most likely. There's that Juniper girl, got a snarl of hair she pins on front, and it comes clean down to her eyes. I asked her the other day what she wore that mop for, and she said her hair was kinder thin on top, so't she couldn't get much out to bang. 'Well,' sed I, lookin' as severe as I could, 'if I had one spear of hair of my own, I'd go home and curl it, or bang it, or crimp it, or coil it on top o' my head, or braid it in the nap o' my neck, but while that spear of hair lasted, I'd make good use of it before I'd wear sich a lookin' mop as that.' She turned as red as a beet and went off in a hurry.

I am not any of yer set old folks, Charity, I wouldn't have you think I was. I like to see folks look pretty, and don't blame 'em a mite for tryin' to look the best they can, but when they do try, I want 'em to do it and not make themselves rediculus jest because any thing's the fashion. Now, I allers liked curls. Many's the time I've cried when I was a young one, because my hair wouldn't curl, so now when I see young gals with their hair all curly, I'm glad they've got what I couldn't have. 'Twas thought awful wicked in them days to try to curl your hair, unless it curled natural. It's jest as much natur' for young folks to want to look pretty, as it is for the birds to sing or the flowers to blow."

"What about people when they get a little past their youth, like me, for instance?"

"All the more need then of takin' a little extry pains to keep their good looks. And if you can cover up a few wrinkles with your curls, why do it and forget they are there, if you can. I wish folks could manage to cover up all the wrinkles in human natur' as well as they can on their faces."

"What do you think about the present styles of dresses, aunt," I asked, for I wanted to get her to talking on some other topic.

"As I told ye, I am not a bit set, nor old-fashioned, but I must say that nothin' never looks so scrumptious to me as the old plain-waisted dress, with five breadths of calico, or seven of alpaca gathered and sewed on with a pipin'. It looked nice on everybody. But now with their pollynays and basks and overskirts and underskirts and puffin's and pleetin's and so on and so forth, you git terribly mixed up and don't know what to have. And likes as not some little, short, dumpy woman gits a short bask on to her, and an overskirt all bunched up, and a great bustle under the whole, till she gits filled out so she can't hardly git through a door. And some tall, slab-sided woman that needs a little fillin' out, gits on a long, straight pollynay, and looks longer and straighter herself than ever. Now if the short, fat folks would wear the long, straight clothes, and the tall, lean ones the bunchy ones, why, they'd both on 'em look better, that's all."

And it's jest so about other things. Some folks don't show no sense. Now, there's Miss Lyman, as good a woman as ever lived, and as square and high a shouldered one, and she's jest got her a twenty-five dollar Paisley shawl, and she's so close that she'll wear it till she's gray. Now, if she'd only got one of them tight-

fittin' oldmarkets, she'd look real genteel for she's real slender round the waist."

"You meant Newmarket, didn't you?" I asked.

"Law sakes! mebbe 'tis. I'm kinder forgetful about names. It's some kind of a market, anyhow."

Some folks is sensible about dressin' their children, and some don't have sense enuff to last 'em over Sunday, let alone week days. Only last Sunday as Seth and I was joggin' along to meetin', we went by Miss Simses' little girl, and I fairly pitied the young one. Why her dress was so short that I could see above her knees, every step she took, and she's a marster long-legged girl. She had on jest one little thin pair of stockin's and kid boots. Her sack didn't look over and above warm. It was as long as her dress, to be sure, but that isn't sayin' much. On her head was a wide rimmed felt hat, with a red feather on to it, and not a thing over her ears that freezin' zero mornin', kid gloves on her hands. No wonder she's a very delikit child as Miss Sims calls her. We went along a little fuder, and run across Jack Lane leadin' his twins along to meetin'. They was fixed up sensible. Long, thick sacks, with extry capes of the same, and hoods jest like 'em, all trimmed with white fur, red mittens, red leggins, and rubbers. Some folks finds a sight of fault with their marm for lettin' 'em go out in all kinds of weather, but la, children rigged out like them, can't git cold, does 'em good, makes 'em tough. Their marm told me they seldom ever had a cold.

Do I believe in corsets? Yes, I believe in corset lambs evry time. I raised a hull flock of sheep when I was a gal from one little corset lamb, but I know what you mean," motioning me to be silent, "you mean stays. Well, now, stays makes a decentish kind of a waist, if folks can't afford sheetin' and drillin' to make 'em of, but there's death in 'em if they are laced tight. When I went to school, Mandy Jones uster stop with me stormy nights, 'cos her folks lived two mile from the school house. We was about fifteen then, and she uster fasten her stay strings to the bed post, and tighten 'em up a leetle tighter evry night, and sleep in 'em to make herself 'little round,' and true's you live she died of consumption before she was twenty. The wonder was she lived so long. Fat folks run of an idee that if they squeeze themselves into stays, they look a sight more genteel, but, bless you, the fat has got to be somewhere, and to my eye, it looks better where it belongs than it does anywhere else. This squeezin' process accounts for high shoulders, thick necks and red faces. It's wicked, too, for it's goin' ag'in natur', and goin' ag'in natur' is goin' ag'in God, if folks did but know it."

Aunt Calista sat back in her chair tired out with her long talk and excitement, and I slipped away. Has she not given us enough to think of for a while?

KNITTED BEDSPREAD.

When I decided to knit a bedspread, I determined to make it of as pretty a pattern as I could find, and I collected over a dozen patterns, of which this is the prettiest. I send the pattern for the benefit of New Subscriber who asks for one in a late HOUSEHOLD.

This pattern consists of triangles, four of which crocheted together form a square. Seven squares each way or forty-nine squares, complete a good sized bedspread. The triangles are crocheted together by single crochet and one chain after each single crochet. The squares are crocheted together with single crochet omitting the chain. The pattern consists of four leaves in the center of each square. Then there are a few ridges of open work

and ridges of purl knitting, and the squares are bordered by a row of leaves. Materials: Dexter four thread knitting cotton No. 10, and two needles. Cast on three stitches.

1. Over, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one.
2. Over, purl five, knit one.
3. Over, purl one, knit two, over, knit one, over, knit two, purl one.
4. Over, knit one, purl seven, knit two.
5. Over, purl two, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl two.
6. Over, knit two, purl nine, knit three.
7. Over, purl three, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl three.
8. Over, knit three, purl eleven, knit four.
9. Over, purl four, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, purl four.
10. Over, knit four, purl thirteen, knit five.
11. Over, purl five, knit six, over, knit one, over, knit six, purl five.
12. Over, knit five, purl fifteen, knit six.
13. Over, purl six, knit one, slip and bind, knit eleven, narrow, purl six.
14. Over, knit six, purl thirteen, knit seven.
15. Over, purl seven, slip and bind, knit nine, narrow, purl seven.
16. Over, knit seven, purl eleven, knit eight.
17. Over, purl eight, slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, purl eight.
18. Over, knit eight, purl nine, knit nine.
19. Over, purl nine, slip and bind, knit five, narrow, purl nine.
20. Over, knit nine, purl seven, knit ten.
21. Over, purl ten, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, purl ten.
22. Over, knit ten, purl five, knit eleven.
23. Over, purl eleven, slip and bind, knit one, narrow, purl eleven.
24. Over, knit eleven, purl three, knit twelve.
25. Over, purl twelve, knit three together, purl thirteen.
26. Over, knit twenty-six.
27. Over, knit twenty-seven.
28. Over, purl twenty-eight.
29. Over, knit twenty-nine.
30. Over, purl thirty.
31. Over, purl thirty-one.
32. Over, knit thirty-two.
33. Over, purl thirty-three.
34. Over, knit thirty-four.
35. Over, knit thirty-five.
36. Over, purl thirty-six.
37. Over, knit thirty-seven.
38. Over, purl thirty-eight.
39. Over, narrow to the end of the row, the last stitch plain.
40. Over, purl thirty-nine.
41. Over, narrow, repeat to the end of the row, knit the last stitch plain.
42. Over, purl forty-one.
43. Same as the forty-first row.
44. Over, purl forty-three.
45. Over, knit forty-four.
46. Over, purl forty-five.
47. Over, knit forty-six.
48. Over, knit forty-seven.
49. Over, purl forty-eight.
50. Over, knit forty-nine.
51. Over, purl fifty.
52. Over, purl fifty-one.
53. Over, knit fifty-two.
54. Over, purl fifty-three.
55. Over, knit fifty-four.
56. Over, purl fifty-five.
57. Over, purl two, * knit one, over, knit one, over, knit one, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row and purl the last stitch.
58. Over, knit one, * purl five, knit seven, purl five, knit seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit three.
59. Over, purl three, * knit two, over,

knit one, over, knit two, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl two.

60. Over, knit two, * purl seven, knit seven, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit four.

61. Over, purl four, * knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, purl seven, knit three, over, knit one; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl three.

62. Over, knit three, * purl nine, knit seven, purl nine, knit seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit five.

63. Over, purl five, * knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl seven, knit four, over, knit one, over, knit four, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl four.

64. Over, knit four, * purl eleven, knit seven, purl eleven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit six.

65. Over, purl six, * knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, purl seven, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl five.

66. Over, knit five, * purl thirteen, knit seven, purl thirteen; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit seven.

67. Over, purl seven, * knit six, over, knit one, over, knit six, over, knit one, over, knit six, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl six.

68. Over, knit six, * purl fifteen, knit seven, purl fifteen, knit seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit eight.

69. Over, purl eight, * slip and bind, knit eleven, narrow, purl seven, slip and bind, knit eleven, narrow; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl seven.

70. Over, knit seven, * purl thirteen, knit seven, purl thirteen; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit nine.

71. Over, purl nine, * slip and bind, knit nine, narrow, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl eight.

72. Over, knit eight, * purl eleven, knit seven, purl eleven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit ten.

73. Over, purl ten, * slip and bind, knit seven, narrow, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl nine.

74. Over, knit nine, * purl nine, knit seven, purl nine; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit eleven.

75. Over, purl eleven, * slip and bind, knit five, narrow, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl ten.

76. Over, knit ten, * purl seven, knit seven, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit twelve.

77. Over, purl twelve, * slip and bind, knit three, narrow, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl eleven.

78. Over, knit eleven, * purl five, knit seven, purl five, knit seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit thirteen.

79. Over, purl thirteen, * slip and bind, knit one, narrow, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl twelve.

80. Over, knit twelve, * purl three, knit seven, purl three, knit seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, knit fourteen.

81. Over, purl fourteen, * knit three together, purl seven, knit three together, purl seven; repeat from * to the end of the row, purl thirteen.

82. Over, knit sixty-nine.

83. Over, knit seventy.

84. Over, purl seventy-one.

85. Over, knit seventy-two.

86. Over, purl seventy-three.

Cast off very loosely.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

BED-SPREAD KNIT IN STRIPES.

Use two needles. Cast on sixty-three stitches.

1. Knit sixteen, seam thirty-one, knit sixteen.

2. (Wrong side of work.) Knit four,

seam eight, knit thirty-nine, seam eight, knit four.

Repeat first and second rows for third and fourth rows.

5. Knit four, take a third needle and slip on it the next four stitches, leave these and knit the next four, (the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth stitches from the beginning of the row,) then knit the slipped stitches, making a twist, knit thirty-nine, then repeat the twist.

6. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eight, knit four.

7. Knit thirty-one, thread over, narrow, rest of the row plain.

8. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eight, knit four.

9. Knit sixteen, seam ten, knit eleven, seam ten, rest plain.

10. Knit four, seam eight, knit fourteen, seam eleven, knit fourteen, seam eight, knit four.

11. Knit sixteen, seam ten, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit three, seam ten, rest plain.

12. Knit four, seam eight, knit fourteen, seam eleven, knit fourteen, seam eight, knit four.

13. Plain.

14. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eight, knit four.

15. Knit twenty-nine, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

16. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eight, knit four.

17. Knit sixteen, seam eight, knit fifteen, seam eight, rest plain.

18. Knit four, seam eight, knit twelve, seam fifteen, knit twelve, seam eight, knit four.

19. Knit sixteen, seam eight, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * four times, knit three, seam eight, rest plain.

20. Knit four, seam eight, knit twelve, seam fifteen, knit twelve, seam eight, knit four.

21. Like fifth row.

22. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eight, knit four.

23. Knit twenty-seven, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * five times, rest plain.

24. Like twenty-second row.

25. Knit sixteen, seam six, knit nineteen, seam six, rest plain.

26. Knit four, seam eight, knit ten, seam nineteen, knit ten, seam eight, knit four.

27. Knit sixteen, seam six, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * six times, knit three, seam six, rest plain.

28. Like twenty-sixth row.

29. Knit plain.

30. Like twenty-second row.

31. Knit twenty-five, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * seven times, rest plain.

32. Like twenty-second row.

33. Knit sixteen, seam four, knit twenty-three, seam four, rest plain.

34. Knit four, seam eight, knit eight, seam twenty-three, knit eight, seam eight, knit four.

35. Knit sixteen, seam four, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * eight times, knit three, rest plain.

36. Knit four, seam eight, knit eight, seam twenty-three, knit eight, seam eight, knit four.

37. Like fifth row.

38. Like twenty-second row.

39. Knit twenty-three, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * nine times, rest plain.

40. Like twenty-second row.

41. Knit sixteen, seam two, knit twenty-seven, seam two, rest plain.

42. Knit four, seam eight, knit six, seam twenty-seven, knit six, seam eight, knit four.

43. Knit sixteen, seam two, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * ten times, knit three, seam two, rest plain.

44. Like forty-second row.

45. Plain.

46. Like twenty-second row.

47. Knit twenty-three, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * nine times, rest plain.

48. Like twenty-second row.

49. Knit sixteen, seam four, knit twenty-three, seam four, rest plain.

50. Knit four, seam eight, knit eight, seam twenty-three, knit eight, seam eight, knit four.

51. Knit sixteen, seam four, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * eight times, knit three, seam four, rest plain.

52. Like fiftieth row.

53. Like fifth row.

54. Like twenty-second row.

55. Knit twenty-five, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * seven times, rest plain.

56. Like twenty-second row.

57. Knit sixteen, seam six, knit nineteen, seam six, rest plain.

58. Knit four, seam eight, knit ten, seam nineteen, knit ten, seam eight, knit four.

59. Knit sixteen, seam six, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * six times, knit three, seam six, rest plain.

60. Knit four, seam eight, knit ten, seam nineteen, knit ten, seam eight, knit four.

61. Plain.

62. Like twenty-second row.

63. Knit twenty-seven, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * five times, rest plain.

64. Like twenty-second row.

65. Knit sixteen, seam eight, knit fifteen, seam eight, rest plain.

66. Knit four, seam eight, knit twelve, seam fifteen, knit twelve, seam eight, knit four.

67. Knit sixteen, seam eight, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * four times, knit three, seam eight, rest plain.

68. Like sixty-sixth row.

69. Like fifth row.

70. Like twenty-second row.

71. Knit twenty-nine, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * three times, rest plain.

72. Like twenty-second row.

73. Knit sixteen, seam ten, knit eleven, seam ten, rest plain.

74. Knit four, seam eight, knit fourteen, seam eleven, knit fourteen, seam eight, knit four.

75. Knit sixteen, seam ten, knit four, * thread over, narrow, repeat from * twice, knit three, seam ten, rest plain.

76. Knit four, seam eight, knit fourteen, seam eleven, knit fourteen, seam eight, knit four.

77. Plain.

78. Like twenty-second row.

79. Knit thirty-one, thread over, narrow, rest plain.

80. Like twenty-second row.

81. Begin at first row again.

A. H. BOTSFORD.

LEAF EDGING FOR QUILT.

Between the *s every alternate row is to be knit alike, being the heading of the edging. In the parenthesis is the number of stitches after knitting across. I think now all is plain.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches, using the same needles and cotton as for quilt.

1. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * thread over twice, knit two together, knit eighteen. (28)

2. Slip one, knit eight, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit nine, purl one,

knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (30)

3. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit ten, purl three, knit nine. (30)

4. Slip one, knit nine, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit twelve, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (32)

5. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * twice, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, knit seven, purl five, knit nine. (34)

6. Slip one, knit ten, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit ten, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (36)

7. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit twelve, purl seven, knit nine. (36)

8. Slip one, knit eleven, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit sixteen, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (38)

9. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * three times, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, knit seven, purl nine, knit nine. (41)

10. Slip one, knit twelve, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit twelve, twice alternately purl one and knit two, then purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (43)

11. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit fifteen, purl eleven, knit nine. (43)

12. Slip one, knit thirteen, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit twenty-one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (45)

13. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * twice, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, then twice thread over and knit three together, same as in quilt pattern, then twice thread over and knit two together, knit seven, purl thirteen, knit nine. (48)

14. Slip one, knit eight, knit two together crossed, knit nine, knit two together, knit eight, three times alternately purl one and knit two, then purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (46)

15. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two * purl one, knit eighteen, purl eleven, knit nine. (46)

16. Slip one, knit eight, knit two together crossed, knit seven, knit two together, knit nineteen, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (44)

17. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * twice, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, then twice, alternately twice thread over and knit three together, then twice thread over and knit two together, knit seven, purl nine, knit nine. (47)

18. Slip one, knit eight, knit two together crossed, knit five, knit two together, knit eight, four times alternately purl one and knit two, then purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (45)

19. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit twenty-one, purl seven, knit nine. (45)

20. Slip one, knit eight, knit two together crossed, knit three, knit two together, knit twenty-two, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (43)

21. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * twice, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, then three times alternately

twice thread over and knit three together then twice, thread over, knit two together, knit seven, purl five, knit nine. (46)

22. Slip one, knit eight, knit two together crossed, knit one, knit two together, knit eight, five times alternately purl one and knit two, then purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (44)

23. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit twenty-four, purl three, knit nine. (44)

24. Slip one, knit eight, knit three together, (draw third over second, then first over second and knit last plain,) knit twenty-eight, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (42)

25. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * twice, alternately twice thread over and knit two together, then four times alternately twice thread over and knit three together, then twice, thread over, knit two together, knit seventeen. (45)

26. Slip one, knit seventeen, six times alternately, purl one, knit two, then purl one, knit one, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (45)

27. * Slip one, knit two, thread over, purl two together, knit two, * purl one, knit thirty-seven. (45)

28. Cast off eighteen, knit nineteen, * purl two, knit two, thread over, knit two together, knit one. * (27)

SUNNYSIDE.

PRETTY POINT LACE.

Chain twenty-seven stitches rather loosely.

1. Shell (three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet,) in third stitch, fasten in fifth stitch with single crochet, chain three, shell in seventh stitch, three double crochet in ninth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in eleventh stitch, chain two, one double crochet in thirteenth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in fifteenth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in seventeenth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in nineteenth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in twenty-first stitch, chain two, one double crochet in twenty-third stitch, chain two, one double crochet in twenty-fifth stitch, chain two, one double crochet in twenty-seventh or last stitch, chain five; turn.

2. * One double crochet in top of next double crochet, chain two, one double crochet in top of next double crochet, chain two, and so on until you have ten squares over the ten in preceding row; * then one double crochet in same place with last double crochet, one double crochet over next double crochet, two double crochet over next double crochet, (making five double crochet over the three double crochet in preceding row,) shell in shell, fasten with single crochet under three chain in preceding row, chain three, shell in shell, fasten with single crochet under three chain, and chain three; turn.

3. * Shell in shell, fasten with single crochet under three chain, chain three, shell in shell, * seven double crochet over five double crochet, (making two double crochet over first and last double crochet, continue thus, each time, throughout the point,) chain two, one double crochet in next double crochet, and so on until you have ten squares over preceding ten, (making last square by fastening last double crochet in the middle stitch of the five chain,) five chain; turn.

4. Repeat between *'s in second, nine double crochet over seven double crochet, shell in shell, fasten with single crochet under three chain, three chain, shell in shell, fasten with single crochet under three chain, three chain; turn.

5. Repeat between *'s in third, eleven

double crochet over nine double crochet, two chain, repeat between *'s in second, chain five; turn.

6. Repeat between *'s in second, thirteen double crochet over eleven double crochet, repeat between *'s in third, fasten with single crochet under three chain, chain three; turn.

7. Repeat between *'s in third, fifteen double crochet over thirteen double crochet, two chain, repeat between *'s in second, chain five; turn.

8. Repeat between *'s in second, seventeen double crochet over fifteen double crochet, repeat between *'s in third, fasten with single crochet under three chain, three chain; turn.

9. Repeat between *'s in third, nineteen double crochet over seventeen double crochet, two chain, repeat between *'s in second, chain five; turn.

10. Repeat between *'s in second, twenty-one double crochet over nineteen double crochet, repeat between *'s in third, fasten with single crochet under three chain, three chain; turn. This completes one scallop.

11. Repeat between *'s in third, three double crochet in first double crochet, two chain, one double crochet in third double crochet, two chain, one double crochet in fifth double crochet, two chain, one double crochet in seventh double crochet, and so on till there are ten squares over the twenty-one double crochet in the preceding row, chain five; turn.

Repeat from second row.

LEILA M. CLAPSADDLE.

Leland, La Salle Co., Ill.

DOTTED LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches, knit across.

1. Knit three, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow.

2. Knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, narrow, knit one, thread over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow twice, thread over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, narrow, knit six.

4. Cast off two, knit five, thread over, knit three, thread over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one.

INSERTION TO MATCH.

Cast on twenty-one stitches, knit plain.

1. Knit three, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit four, thread over, narrow, knit one.

2. Knit three, thread over, narrow twice, thread over, knit three, thread over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, thread over, knit three together, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, narrow, knit one.

4. Knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over, thread over, knit three, thread over, narrow, knit one.

MRS. JAMES S. KNOX.

THISTLE POMPONS.

To Doone who inquired through the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to prepare these delicate trifles.

These pompons are made from the blossoms of the large Scotch thistle. Pluck when fully opened, but not in the least gone by. Get a good piece of the stem and remove the leaves. Carefully pick out the pink petals, removing only a few at a time, or you will be likely to loosen the down of which the ball is to be formed. Now put on a pair of old kid gloves to protect the hands, and with a sharp penknife cut away the calyx clear to the stem, and if you have overlooked any of the petals you can now see and remove them. It is better to keep the stem on, but should you accidentally break it, you can supply the lack by a piece of wire.

When the petals and calyx are removed, tie a string to the stem and suspend the thistle in such a way that it is perfectly free on all sides. Hang in the sun or by the kitchen stove and in twenty-four hours they will be nicely fluffed out, round, white, and handsome, and "light as thistle down."

If you wish to color them, place them before they are dried in a dye of the desired color, fixing them in such a way that not more than half an inch will be immersed. The dye may be warm, but not scalding.

There is a great difference in thistles. Some will make large, round, fat, white balls, others will be sparse and of a poor color. You may spoil one or two of the first ones, but it is perfectly easy after you "get the hang of it."

The prettiest bonnet in our church last winter was a black velvet whose only bit of color was a bunch of these creamy, fairy thistle balls. They also look well with cream lace or mull on thin hats, especially for young people, and though somewhat fragile are so inexpensive and easily prepared that they can be renewed as often as necessary.

With dried grasses for winter bouquets they are a pleasing variety, and ingenuity and taste will suggest many other uses for them.

MAXFIELD.

NARROW CROCHET LACE.

Make a chain of eleven stitches, then throw the thread around the needle three times, and put the needle through the seventh stitch of the chain from the needle, throw thread around once, pull through, thread round once again, pull through two stitches on the needle, the thread around once again and pull through one stitch on the needle, which will leave four stitches on the needle. Now thread around the needle twice, and put through first stitch of foundation chain, and pull thread through, thread around and through two stitches on needle, thread around again and through two more stitches, and so on until you only have one stitch on your needle, making six times pulled through; chain three, throw thread around once, and put through the two long stitches in the middle of the cross and under the chain, throw thread around, pull through the two long stitches, thread round again and through two more stitches, round again and through the last two stitches; this finishes the cross. Now chain five and fasten in first stitch of foundation chain, which forms a ring with a cross in it. Turn, put needle under five chain, pull thread through, thread around and pull through the two stitches on the needle, making a half-stitch or button-hole stitch as some call it, needle under again, pull thread through, thread round and pull through two stitches on needle, three chain, two more half-stitches, three chain, two more half-stitches, three chain, two more half-stitches. Now the top of the scallop is complete. One chain, double crochet (thread round once) and throw in next stitch, needle under chain of three

and make five half-stitches, one chain, half stitch in third stitch from needle. One scallop is now complete. Six chain, and repeat from *, only put needle through between one chain and the row of five half-stitches at the bottom of scallop.

Alabama.

E. R. A.

TOILET SET.

I am making a lovely toilet set and tidy for my rocking chair, of pink and blue stripes, made of twine and knit, twelve stitches to each stripe, seven stripes in the tidy and large mat for the cushion, five stripes for the end mats, length to suit one's self. My mats are five inches long for the vases, seven inches long for the cushion, and nine inches long for the tidy. Then a crochet border around each one. The cushion is blue with a white lace cover and pink bows. I have not seen a set in a long time so pretty and stylish-looking.

I am knitting a tidy from the October HOUSEHOLD, and it is easy to knit and satisfactory when done.

SARAH A. LEONARD.

PRETTY NARROW EDGING.

Cast on fourteen stitches, and knit across.

1. Thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two, narrow twice, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Thread over, knit three, thread over, knit one, narrow twice, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Thread over, knit five, thread over, narrow twice, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Thread over, knit three, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

2d, 4th, 6th and 8th rows; seam across.

Vecay, Ind MRS. JAMES S. KNOX.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister send directions for crocheting gentleman's scarf, and tell how much zephyr it will take to make a good sized scarf?

A. C. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Cinderella, who gave the directions for Handsome Crochet Lace, in August number, send me a sample of it? Will return the favor as she may desire.

MRS. JENNIE GUNSAULLUS.

Plymouth, Richland Co., O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some lady please tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to knit gentlemen's stockings? Also how to crochet a bedspread?

Can some one tell me how to make my hair grow long? It is thick enough, but very short.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask some of the sisters to send directions, for tufted Tam O'Shanter, for girl of fifteen, and oblige.

HATTIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters please send me directions for oak leaf edging with two or three rows of fagoting at the top and five or more holes in the leaf part?

Eastham, Mass.

MRS. E. F. GILL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send directions for crocheting an underskirt for a child two years old?

Tompkinsville, Ky. MRS. SUSAN M. FLIPPIN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me some useful or ornamental way to use silk handkerchiefs? I have a number that I have no use for and would like to make something pretty out of them. Would rather not cut them if there is any way I could use them without.

Would like to know of some way to finish silk crazy quilt around the sides and ends.

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Dining Room.

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

A RECENT experience has rooted firmly, and for all time, a prejudice that has long existed in my mind against the practice of leaving the dining table set from one meal time to another. When the house is so planned that the dining room can be used as such exclusively, and be closed securely, between meals, against flies, dust, and other varieties of "matter out of place," this practice is not so objectionable. But, in the majority of the homes of the world, the dining room has to answer more than one purpose. Often it is sewing room and dining room combined; very often it is the common family sitting room. Still more frequently, in farm houses and village homes, where no servant is kept, the mistress of the house finds it easier and more convenient to serve the family meals in the kitchen where they are cooked. Rooms thus occupied are usually pleasanter, more homelike places than dining rooms which the family never enter except at meal time. But in any room so used, the table should be entirely cleared after each meal, and the china, silver ware, and table linen put away in closet and drawers where it may be kept immaculately clean.

It is an extreme instance that I am about to relate in support of this prejudice of mine, but would-be reformers of great or of small abuses always cite extreme cases in support of their arguments. If to any one this plain, unvarnished tale shall seem an exaggeration, let him note, for one-half day, the things that will happen to any dining table under circumstances similar to these, and if in the course of the forenoon, he does not see scissors, hammer, knitting work, dolls, medicine bottles, grocer's parcels, and other kinds of personal property, making a longer or shorter tarry on that tablecloth, it will be because the forenoon has been an exceptional one.

It was about a year ago that I went to spend a week with my friend, Mrs. Hurd. Arriving late at night, I was not surprised to see the table laid, over night, for breakfast, but I was surprised to find it in the kitchen. For, while the other rooms were large, light and pleasant, the kitchen was small, dark, crooked and inconvenient. In fact, the only free space where a table could be extended sufficiently to accommodate four persons, was a corner between the sink and the stove, and in close proximity to both.

The next day being Monday, my friend and I took upon ourselves the morning housework, that the little maid, Mary, Mrs. Hurd's only servant, might go about the washing as soon as breakfast was over. After I had washed and wiped the dishes I said to Mrs. Hurd.

"Now, if you will tell me where you keep these dishes, I will try not to put them where you can't find them again."

"O, put them right back on the table," was the reply. "I keep my table set all the time. It saves work, and I think it looks pretty, too. Don't you?"

"Your table cannot help looking pretty, you have such lovely china," I answered, truthfully, if somewhat evasively, as I proceeded to re-set the table.

Presently Mrs. Hurd took from the arm of the lounge a square of mosquito netting, and spread it over the table. The netting had evidently been used all summer—perhaps two summers—and it looked any thing but fresh as it settled into and among the dishes, lying nearly flat to the tablecloth at the ends of the table where only a napkin ring or a fork upheld it.

The kitchen work done, we went gaily up stairs to put the sleeping rooms order, and I am afraid I grudged the beautiful polish I had put upon glass and china, as a parting glance showed them already growing dim and dewy-looking from the effect of the steam that was beginning to rise from the kettle of boiling clothes, and a smaller kettle of unwashed vegetables cooking on the back of the stove for piggy's mid-day meal. We spent a delightful hour up stairs, working, talking, and rummaging among pretty things, and when we were ready to descend to the lower rooms, my friend proposed that we go down by way of the back staircase, that I might "see all her house." This brought us into the porch where the little maid was at work, and necessitated our going through the kitchen again.

Entering the room first, I upset the big buff and white cat who had been lying on the door mat. He gave one long leap to the lounge, another to that end of the dining table where a seat had been assigned me at breakfast, and sat down with cat-like calmness on my knife and fork. Of course he was cuffed and scatted and sent behind the stove in disgrace, but the fact remained that he had been there.

The sunny autumn morning tempted us to take our sewing out to the piazza that ran round two sides of the house, and here my rocking chair happened to be so placed as to command a view, through a screened window of the interior of the kitchen. In a little while, my friend's husband came in from his work to have an hour's chat with us. On his way to the sink to wash his hands, he was obliged to pass between the table and the stove. As he did so, he doffed his hat and laid it down—on my knife and fork. The hat was old and well stricken in years. It was known in the family as "Father's old barn hat." On the present occasion its lack of beauty was adorned with stems and seeds of hay and fragments of cobweb.

Mr. Hurd made us a charming call, while his hat waited serenely inside. Meanwhile Mary came into the kitchen to take the clothes out of the boiler. She was a neat, deft-handed little girl, and she worked carefully, but in spite of all her caution, three drops of soapy water went sizzling on to the stove, and, bursting, threw a fine spatter-work of stove blacking over that corner of the tablecloth that hung nearest. When Mr. Hurd left us to resume his work, he called back to his wife, as he passed through the kitchen, that he had left on the dining table some specimen apples and tomatoes that neighbor Jones had put into his overcoat pocket that morning, adding, a minute later:

"And I have taken down the bird; it is getting too hot for him in that window."

He had taken the canary's cage down. With my own eyes I had seen him place it on the table, over my knife and fork, and the bird, resenting rougher handling than he was accustomed to, fluttered angrily, and sent showers of seed hulls over the table, some of them sticking in the meshes of the netting, but more of them falling through it into the dishes. It was not long before Mary, coming into the room, discovered Dick in the act of taking a bath in his drinking cup. She whisked the cage quickly off the table, with intent to place it in a wooden chair that stood near, but she found that bit of territory pre-empted. A bottle of horse medicine, an almanac and a hammer occupied the seat.

"What is there that a man won't leave round under foot?" she exclaimed, and with a vehemence born of the mishaps of the hour, she transferred the articles with quite unnecessary emphasis to the table, where they lay until dinner time, just back of my knife and fork.

Toward noon, the door of the sitting room, to which apartment the heat of the sun had by that time driven us, flew open with such a whiz as only a hurrying boy or girl can give it, and Master Tommy Hurd entered.

"Ah, Tommy," his mother greeted him, "you are just in time to have your hand dressed before dinner. Miss Browne will excuse us a few minutes."

With a politeness truly wonderful in a small boy, Tommy handed me his St. Nicholas which he had just taken from the post office, and departed with his mother. But soon I heard his shrill voice calling me to "Come out 'n see my hand!"

I went at his summons, and looked pityingly at the aching little member—an extensive burn had refused to heal, and had taken on all the appearance of a scrofulous sore. Tommy bore the dressing of it like a hero, holding his hand out bravely over the basin while his mother dripped the cleansing water over it. But—the basin, a wash dish from the sink, stood on the end of the dining table. Tommy's elbow, in its woolen sleeve, rested on the table cloth; on one side of the basin stood a box of strips and squares of linen, and a box of vaseline; on the other side, overlapping a corner of my folded napkin, lay a clean towel, and on the towel—shall I tell it all?—lay the soiled bandages just removed from the sore. Every thing that touched the table cloth was clean, without a doubt, but it was impossible to feel that they were clean, so strong is the power of association.

When we sat down to dinner at noon, the table looked so neat and pretty, the dinner was so nicely cooked and so tastefully served, that it was difficult to realize that the happenings of the forenoon had actually taken place. But it was still more difficult to forget them.

NELLY BROWNE.

REGULARITY IN EATING.

"The stomach requires rest." Do you know that, or is it a mere tradition? Considered as a fine piece of mechanism—like your watch, for example—is it not rather for the good of the machine that it be wound regularly and kept running? What is your watch-maker's advice concerning the time-keeper in your pocket? That the other course will put it out of order, without doubt. But indeed the interval between a ten or eleven o'clock lunch and a seven or eight o'clock breakfast is considerably longer than intervenes between either two of the regular daily meals. It is not pretended that a person needs as strong and as much food to sleep by as to work by, but only that the brain shall not be kept awake by the bitter cry—unintelligible perhaps—of a famished stomach, the grind of organs having nothing but the system to act upon.

After maturity one does not experience the pangs of appetite common to growing youth; the demon of inanition makes his presence known through torment of nerves, lassitude, and despondency or despair. The world is in want of the best achievements of best conditions. As said the Apostle to the Gentiles, "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep"—their last sleep—who seldom knew the full benefits of Nature's sweet restorer. Whether over books printed, or books to print, or blank books of accounts, no child, woman or man can long evade the law of demand and supply. Students and brain-workers in general must eat to sleep, must sleep to preserve their faculties in tone. The best physicians are treating dyspepsia on the principle of food before medicine; the time of reasoning on a baby diet for a tolling brain has set in. The handwrit-

ing on the wall of many a bed-chamber where some man or woman keeps unwilling vigils, points to beefsteak that should be weighed in the balances, but is found wanting.—*Lavinia S. Goodwin, in Good Housekeeping.*

BARLEY.

I wish to say a word of favor for barley as a general article of food. As a regular breakfast dish, and it will be liked better than oatmeal by many persons—especially ladies and children—it takes a medium position between brain and muscle feeders, and supplies equally well both needs, while wheat is essentially a brain feeder and oats is largely a muscle-feeder. In ancient times barley was the staple cereal; the old Homeric heroes used mainly for bread, fruit, and the Roman soldier received his rations in barley. For intellectual work wheat constitutes the king of the cereals, but one might call barley the queen, and artists will prefer it if they closely observe the effects.

Man has to educate and train himself into regaining the lost instinct for what constitutes his proper food, and once regained one is surprised how it was possible to feed only on the decomposed appearances of food instead of on their full realities.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE DESSERT.

—The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

—"O Tommy, that was abominable in you to eat your sister's share of the cake." "Why," said Tommy, "didn't you always tell me, ma, that I am to take her part?"

—"Waiter, didn't I tell you to give me a piece of melon off the ice?" "Yaas, sah, you did, sah." "Well, this piece is as warm as a tin roof." "Yaas, sah. Dat's cause it's off de ice, sah. Dey's allus wa'm when dey's off de ice, sah."

—"Aren't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?" "Oh, because I heard mamma say that your wife always kept you in hot water."

—"Just throw me half a dozen of the biggest of those trout," said a citizen to the fish dealer. "Throw them?" queried the dealer. "Yes, and then I'll go home and tell my wife that I caught 'em, I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—*New York Times.*

—"I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little," said a tall man, as a train stopped at a station. "Oh, don't," said a passenger, who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion, "don't do that! They are too long already."

—Woman (to tramp)—"If you'll shovel off the sidewalk, an' saw that pile o' wood, an' pump a tub 'o' water, an' fill the wood-box, I'll give you a cold bite when you get through." Tramp (sadly)—"Madam, if I were to put anything cold on my stomach after all that exercise I would have a fit of indigestion that would stagger the whole medical profession. I am not an ostrich, madam. Good morning."

—"Oh, dear," sighed a farmer's wife, wearily, as she dropped into a chair after a hard day's work, "I feel just as if I were going to be sick. My head throbs, and my back aches dreadfully, and—" "I declare," interrupted the farmer, starting up and seizing his hat, "that reminds me, I forgot to give the two-year-old colt his condition powders to-night an' he's been a wheezin' all day," and he hurried to the barn.

The Kitchen.

GOOD BREAKFASTS.

HE WHO has not been fitly fed at breakfast is unsafe, for before noon the inward craving is sure to make a demand which must be satisfied; and the saloons become an easy resort for eking out a poor breakfast. Is it not wise to teach that a breakfast unfailingly good, with all the elements that stimulate and nourish the body, has its moral as well as physical benefit?

It is, perhaps, a little too early to point out any good in meals that the cooking schools, that have become part of the public school system, have accomplished, and yet there are already cases on record where the domestic sky has been cleared of clouds, simply because good food was offered, where before it had been badly cooked and consequently insufficiently nourishing. In one home the substitution of a well cooked cup of cocoa for the sloppy, herby tea, that had become a component part of every morning meal, and a nice Indian cake or plate of muffins for the dry baker's loaf, began a work of reform. The father was proud of the daughter's skill as a cook; the mother was shamed by it; the consequence was better provision on the part of one, and more care in preparation on the part of the other. The mother was by no means above turning to account some of the practical knowledge the daughter had acquired under such competent training, and she began also to brush up some of her own knowledge that she had carelessly allowed to fall into disuse.

Those are pleasant homes in which genuine breakfasts are well appreciated, and in which they are an established fact; where the food is daintily and appetizingly prepared and served; where the steaks and chops are done to a turn, the cutlets are sweet and nicely crumbed and browned; where the baked potatoes are taken from the oven just when they are properly mealy, the biscuits or muffins light and fine and the coffee fragrant and delicate, and so satisfying that nobody thinks after it of any spirituous beverage. This is the breakfast that satisfies sense and soul. It is simple, wholesome, attractive and easily digested, and leaves one refreshed and comforted in mind and body alike. Yet all this is a special wonder in many homes, where it is never dreamed that a satisfying breakfast has anything to do with the prosperity of humanity. The housewife does not comprehend that a little care will alter all this, and give a new and almost inspired atmosphere to her home. It is, or should be by this time, be understood that the summer and winter breakfasts should differ essentially in the kinds of food offered. The object of eating is to give strength and warmth. Carbon is the heat producer; when taken into the system in the form of foods the process that it undergoes there gives to us the warmth that we know as vital heat; that is the warmth that sustains human life, and which can only be produced by the internal burning or combustion of the carbon elements in the food we take. No exterior warmth will avail if we do not have this vital heat, this internal warmth. Consequently, in cold weather, we would eat more of the heat-producing food, that in which the carbonaceous elements abound, as they do in the fats and oils, the sweets and the starches. On a sharp winter morning the breakfast eaten determines the quality as well as the quantity of work done during the day. Everybody knows that so long as a person feels cold he cannot work to good advantage. So, as the

cold weather approaches, it becomes an absolute necessity that the cooling food of the hot weather should be changed to a more nutritious and heat producing one—more meats, fats, sweets. Again, in the spring, a gradual change in the nature of diet is necessary. For were we to pursue the plan of eating the heat producing breakfasts in summer which were found of such benefit in the cold of the winter, the result would be that—as all physicians will tell you—a highly feverish state of blood would be produced, and inflammatory diseases created. For the summer diet use less fats, less sweets and less starch, but continue the muscle-making food, such as the darker portion of grains, milk, lean meats, fowl and fish. Put aside hot cakes and syrups; use only salads and cooling vegetables; eat berries and melons. Take the grains for the first course, unless you prefer the fruit first. This must be a matter of individual taste. One person cannot take fruit until something else has been taken into the stomach. There can be no arbitrary law in relation to eating fruit. Indeed, it does not matter what place it occupies, if only the wise sanitary custom of eating fruit in the morning is observed. All kinds of fruit are admissible to the breakfast table that are thoroughly ripe. The reason why grains are suggested as a first course is that it prevents the immoderate use of animal food, to which many are given, and which is condemned by all the laws of hygiene.

A nice way of using up bits of cold fish, whether it be cod, haddock or halibut, is by making scalloped fish, and this may be made from either baked or boiled fish, using stuffing and sauce. You must first free the fish from the skin and bones, and then flake it carefully. Butter a shallow scallop dish, and put in the fish and stuffing in alternate layers, with a cream sauce to moisten; have the sauce flavored with onion and lemon juice; cover with butter crumbs, and bake until the crumbs are brown.

Almost any kind of cold meat may be utilized by making a scallop; but the least satisfactory of any served in this way is beef. Sirloin beef is not so successful an ingredient for either scallops or croquettes as any of the white meats, such as veal or mutton, or as fowl. The richest scallop is that made from turkey. It is delicious, but a little of it goes a great way. Mutton and veal are very nice, and they are often found as a scallop on many breakfast tables. A specially nice way of preparing scalloped mutton is to remove every particle of fat and skin from cold roast or boiled mutton, then chop the lean meat a little coarser than for hash, season it with salt and pepper. Butter a shallow scallop dish, put in a layer of fine cracker crumbs, then a layer of meat, then oysters, strained and seasoned, a little tomato sauce, then crumbs, meat, etc., having on the top a layer of crumbs moistened in one-third of a cup of melted butter. Cook until the crumbs are brown. This will be found a very delicate and delicious breakfast dish. It will not take very long to prepare it especially if the meat be chopped the evening before. Baked potatoes are very nice served with it, or, if preferred, stewed potatoes.

Veal may be prepared in much the same manner, flavoring it with celery salt instead of the tomato, and using the gravy left from the roast to moisten it with. If the veal was stuffed for roasting, and any bits of the stuffing remain, they may be put into the scallop also, taking the place of the layer of oysters in the middle of the scallop. In this case oysters will form the last layer before the buttered crumbs are added. If possible, this is even more delicate than the scalloped mutton. Rice and meat is a favorite breakfast dish, as much of it may be done

the day before, that is the rice may be boiled, the meat may be chopped, and the tomato sauce made. Boil one cup of rice until tender. In the morning when you want to use it, it may be warmed in the double boiler. Chop very fine, half a pound of any cold meat, either beef, mutton, lamb, veal or poultry of any kind; free it entirely from skin, membrane, gristle and fat; season it highly with half a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, one salt spoonful of celery salt, one teaspoonful of finely chopped onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and one salt spoonful each of thyme and marjoram. Add one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of fine cracker crumbs and moisten with hot water or stock enough to pack it easily. Butter a small mold line the bottom and sides with rice half an inch deep, pack in the meat, cover closely with rice, and steam for forty-five minutes. Loosen it around the edge of the mold, turn it out upon a platter and pour tomato sauce around it.

For the tomato sauce you will need to use one-half a can of tomatoes, one cup of water, two cloves, two allspice berries, two pepper-corns, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, two sprigs of parsley, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half salt spoonful of pepper. Put the tomato, water, spices, herbs and parsley on to boil in a granite saucepan.

Fry the onion in the batter until it is yellow, add the corn starch and stir all into the tomato. Simmer ten minutes, add the salt and pepper, and strain the sauce into an earthen dish if it has to stand, or into a glass jar. If you do not need all this quantity of sauce for the casserole you can put it into a jar and save it, for it can be used with broiled chops, or fish, or in a sauce for curry, or with the gravy of beef *a la mode*. You will find plenty of uses for it, you may be sure. There are many nice ways of preparing cold roast beef. The tougher parts may be boiled in salted water until tender, and made into a hash, or they may be cut into two-inch dice, and boiled until they are tender, and used for a breakfast stew, which will be prepared in the following manner: When cutting the meat into the squares, cut off the fat, chip it quite fine, and fry in the saucepan. When the bits of fat are well browned and crisp, have ready a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and brown it in the fat; into this seasoned fat, while it is hot and bubbling stir a tablespoonful of flour, mix it well with the fat, and when it is browned—taking care not to burn it—add a cup of boiling water, a tablespoonful of vinegar, as much cayenne pepper as you can take on the point of a penknife, salt to taste, and about a quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper. This makes enough sauce for a large cup of the meat dice. Put the meat into this sauce and simmer slowly, but do not boil, until it is tender. This is a very nice dish for a winter breakfast, and it is called at the cookery school an "Exeter stew." You can make this stew also of raw beef, using it for a dinner dish, but it will require longer cooking to make it tender. Use the tough parts of the round and the shoulder. It will be just as nice, cooked in this way, as the tenderer parts of the meat, and really more nutritious. Two pounds of this raw meat, which you may buy from eight to ten cents per pound, will make a stew sufficient for a family of five or six persons.

And now for the tenderer parts of the beef that have been left while the Exeter stew was in preparation. Cut the meat into thin slices, melt a little butter in a saucepan, just enough to keep the meat from sticking to the dish, and brown the

slices nicely on both sides; this should be very quickly done, as the meat does not require any further cooking, but merely heating and moistening with the hot butter. Put the heated slices into a platter, which also should be hot, warm the gravy that was left from the roast, pouring into it any dish gravy that may be in the platter from which you have taken the meat, season with half a cup of tomato sauce and more salt and pepper if necessary, pour over the slices of meat and serve at once. This gravy may be varied by using Worcestershire sauce in place of the tomato, or by adding to the plain gravy a cup of chopped mushrooms. If you use the latter, let them simmer in the gravy ten minutes before pouring over the meat slices. You can vary any dish indefinitely by a change in the seasoning.

Every pantry should contain, beside the inevitable salt, pepper, vinegar and mustard, cayenne, one of the most valuable, and, when properly used, healthful, of all the list of condiments; celery salt, to be used when fresh celery cannot be obtained, celery extract for brown soups and gravies, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, horseradish, tomatoes, onions, and all the herbs, sage, savory, marjoram, thyme and bay. With this list of seasonings you can cook all the year through, and constantly have something new in the way of flavor.

Now for some breakfast cakes. Supposing first of all we try the breakfast puffs, or, as they are more commonly called, "pop-overs." For these you will use one cup of flour, one salt spoonful of salt, one cup of milk, one egg—yolk and white beaten separately. Mix the salt with the flour, add a part of the milk slowly, until a smooth paste is formed; add the remainder of the milk with the beaten yolk, and lastly the white, beaten to a stiff froth. Cook in hot buttered gem pans or earthen cups, in a quick oven for half an hour, or until the puffs are browned or well puffed over.

Very nice corn cake is made by using one cup of fine bolted Indian meal, one-half a cup of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or, in place of the soda and cream of tartar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs and the white of one egg, and one and a quarter cups of milk. Mix in the order given, and bake in a brick loaf bread pan for half an hour. This makes a delicate breakfast cake, with a consistency very like that of sponge cake.—*Boston Herald*.

MAIZE AND THE THINGS THAT ARE MADE OF IT.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Maize (*zea mays*, as it was named by Linnaeus) is the richest gift of the new world to the old. It is a true American production, and was the leading article of subsistence among the natives of America from Labrador to the La Platte, when this continent was discovered by Columbus. All the tombs of the Incas contained Indian corn, just as the tombs of the Egyptians contained barley, wheat and millet. The virgins of the sun at Cusco offered sacrifices to the deity of corn bread, and the costliest tribute brought to Pizarro after the conquest, next to gold, silver and slaves, was great loads of this agricultural staple.

In Mexico the plant was sacred to the goddess Cisacoatl, "our lady and mother," and the first fruits of the harvest were offered to her, in the same way that wheat was sacrificed to the Greek Demeter and to the Latin Ceres. In the reign of the good Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, according to the Aztec mythology, the

fruits of the earth were so luxuriant that an ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. It was extensively cultivated by the less civilized northern tribes, and about the first thing our Pilgrim Fathers did, was to steal a quantity of the staple from an Indian burial place.

There is no Sanscrit name for maize, showing that the "cradle of the human race" did not know it. The widespread name of Turkish corn given to the cereal in the old world dates from the sixteenth century. In 1597, Gerard speaks of and describes Turkey corn. He says, "This kind of graine was first introduced into Spaine, and then the other provinces of Europe, from America and the Islands adjoining." It has been supposed that the long, silky beard, then associated with a Turk, gave the name, though others say it came from its strong, vigorous growth, as there was a saying "as strong as a Turk."

In Lorraine and the Vosges, maize is known as Roman corn; in Sicily, Indian corn; in the Pyrenees, Spanish corn; and in southern France it is called Barbary or Guinea corn. The Turks themselves call it Egyptian corn, and the Egyptians call it Syrian corn or *dourra*.

As an article of food maize is the most extensively used grain in the world after rice. It was the chief product cultivated by the Indians. Every Indian village had its accompanying corn patch. The aborigines had many superstitions connected with this grain, and curious customs were associated with its growth, one of which, "the blessing of the cornfields" is celebrated in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

"All around the happy village
Stood the maize fields, green and shining,
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.

And the maize field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure."

The following is the Seneca tradition of the origin of this valuable, life-preserving grain: In the distant ages, when the Indian hunter lived entirely by the fruits of the chase, two warriors who had killed a deer, were busy roasting it in the forest. Just then a beautiful woman appeared upon the scene, and asked for some of the venison. They presented her a portion, and after she had eaten, she told them to return to the spot where she was sitting, at the end of twelve moons, and they would find a reward for their generous kindness. She then disappeared. The two hunters returned to their village and related their adventure. When the designated period had come round, a large party went to the spot in the forest, and found, most precious of all the gifts, where her right hand had rested on the ground, corn growing, and where her left hand had rested, beans, and immediately where she had been seated, tobacco. They then knew that the beautiful stranger was one of the immortal ones, and that thus she had blessed them.

In the unripe state maize in the form of "green corn" is a generally esteemed vegetable, and the quantities daily supplied during the season to cities are enormous. Several varieties of sweet corn are in the northern states raised exclusively for eating in the green state. The ears are plucked while the contents of the kernel are still milky. A large business is done in preserving this kind of corn in tin cans for use when it cannot be had fresh, and large quantities are dried, being first boiled and then cut from the cob. The favorite dish called succotash, which we have borrowed from the Indians, consists of unripe beans and green corn cooked together, and in winter it is

made from ripe beans and dried sweet corn.

One of the primitive methods of preparing the ripe grain for food, is to soak it in lye from wood ashes to remove the pericarp or hull. The grain in this process becomes softened, and after washing to remove the lye, it is crushed into a paste upon an inclined stone, by rubbing it with a smaller and longer stone. The resulting dough is then patted into thin cakes and quickly baked upon a tile or iron plate; these cakes are the *tortillas* of the Mexicans and other Spanish Americans, and it is probable that this method of preparing corn is of great antiquity, as the *metall*, or stone for grinding, is found among ruins so old that all tradition respecting them is lost.

Another simple method of preparing corn in use by the Mexicans is as *pinole*. The grain is roasted, then ground to a coarse meal which is mixed with sugar and spices; this is stirred with water to form a sort of gruel, and the grain being already cooked it is very nutritious. *Pinole* is often the sole provision carried by travelers on long journeys, and forms an important part of the rations of the soldiers.

The hull may be removed from the grain by beating. This is done by hand in a wooden mortar, or on a large scale by machinery; corn thus prepared is called hominy and samp, names derived, with the method of preparation, from the aborigines. In the northern states, samp is the whole decorticated grain, and hominy that which is broken or coarsely ground, a distinction not made at the south. These preparations of corn are cooked by boiling. Hulled corn is the grain from which the hull has been removed by the use of lye, then thor- oughly soaked, and afterward boiled until tender.

In the form of meal maize is largely consumed, it being made into a great variety of bread and cakes, among which is the New England brown bread, in which rye meal is mixed with the corn meal in the proportion of one-third. Who of us does not remember the great brown loaves that came out from the brick oven every Sunday morning at "grandpa's?" And the bannocks and johnnycakes, too, whom nobody could make so brown and toothsome as mother could! Only in few houses can we find these delicacies now. Then there is the hoe cake, also of Indian meal, baked before the fire, and which is as naturally associated with the southern table as pumpkin pies with the New England board, or doughnuts with the Dutch. In imagination can we not see the large open fire-place, presided over by some ancient Dinah or Chloe, in gorgeous red or yellow turban, and the rich browned cakes just plucked from the hearth. The odor of those hot cakes comes to us yet.

Hasty pudding, another dish that we must not forget, is made from Indian meal. Once it was a popular New England dish, and its praises were sung by no less a poet than Joel Barlow. It is a mush or stirabout of Indian meal and water, which is eaten with milk and is very nutritious. Fried hasty pudding makes an excellent breakfast dish. Pop corn and corn cake made of pop corn and thickened molasses were the delicacies of our youth, and as I write I can hear the familiar cry, "Pop corn—corn balls for sale."

KEEP WARM.

The coming of November in our northern states is synonymous with the coming of winter. The almanac may assert as positively as it may that the hoary monarch of the year comes not for more than a month, yet these chilling blasts

and occasional flurries of snow are unmistakable signs of his presence.

How many of our homes are well prepared for his coming? What a pity it is that so many people should spend most of the time from the first of November till the first of April in a continual shiver? It is a fact that there are those now living who think that constant exposure to cold renders one tough and able to endure it to a greater degree. Their children are compelled to go without mittens and with insufficient underclothing. No wonder they look blue and pinched, and are glad to get away from home as soon as they are able to walk beyond the gate alone.

Don't live so this winter, but make your home and family as warm as possible, and see if you do not like it better. Don't think that the air in your sleeping rooms must necessarily be cold in order to be pure. A greater mistake was never made. Warm air may be as pure as cold. If it is impossible to have a stove in the room, put in a register. The cost is slight and the heat from the stove beneath goes a great way towards modifying the intense cold of your rooms.

Every one who can, ought to have a furnace. This warms the floors, and there is nothing more fruitful of discomfort and disease than cold floors. But although it is out of the question for every one to have his house heated with a furnace, or even to have warm floors, it is not altogether impossible for nearly every one who owns a house to be comfortably warm in it, and at trifling expense. A bag made of stout material the length of the door, and about three inches in diameter, filled with sand and tacked to the bottom of the door, serves to keep out a vast amount of wind that comes creeping in under the door, and diffusing itself over the room, greatly to the annoyance of the inmates. These bags may be made very ornamental by being covered with cretonne, or canvas with a pretty design worked on it.

A lady whom I knew kept her feet warm one winter on an old kitchen floor with cracks in it, by wearing a pair of fleece-lined overshoes while doing her work.

A good place to keep extra shoes, slippers and rubbers where they will be warm, is in a box so made as to be used for an ottoman. Procure a dry goods box to fit the space you may have for it. Fasten a cushion to the lid and cover the sides and lid with cretonne, canton flannel, or with pieces of an old dress. Sew a plaiting of the same or contrasting material around the edge of the lid, and you have a convenient article of furniture besides the comfort of always having your shoes warm.

Not long since I saw a cooking table or cabinet that would be appreciated by every housewife who has a cold pantry opening out of the kitchen. It is next to impossible to keep such a pantry warm enough to be able to handle the flour, eggs and dishes used in cooking with any degree of comfort. By this device one can economize time, steps and fuel.

The cabinet is nine feet long, two feet, four inches wide, and two feet, eight inches high. It is divided into three compartments of three feet each. In the right hand cupboard is the flour barrel. The cover to this cupboard has hinges, so it can be lifted to reach the flour. The bread board is kept on the barrel, and there is space at the sides for bread tins, mixing spoons, and various small articles.

In the left-hand cupboard is kept food, mixing milk, sugar boxes, molasses and vinegar jugs, and tin dishes. In the center are four deep drawers, the upper one being made into two. In these are kept eggs, spices, soda, and whatever else is

needed in the culinary department. One drawer is devoted to mending, and one to towels, wiping cloths, etc. Here is found in a small space nearly all that is used every day in the pantry. The lady who owned it, assured me that after having used it one winter, she would not part with it for twice its cost if she could not get another. This one was made without any floor to save expense. Of course, one can be made to fit any space, the main object being to have the flour where it will be warm.

Placing an outside window on even one or two of the most exposed windows makes a vast difference in the quantity of fuel required to warm a room.

A storm door over the most frequently opened one is a great comfort, and one that can be manufactured at home with only a slight knowledge of carpentering. There is little danger of having houses in cold climates too warm in winter. It is not necessary to have them ventilated with cracks where the wind can sweep through at its own sweet will in order to be healthy. The opening of doors will generally keep the air fresh. The lowering of a window at the top will accomplish the same result.

Every one should be in the open air a portion of every day, provided, of course, that he is warmly clad. But wherever he is, whether in the house or out doors, let him avail himself of all possible means of keeping warm. Well do I remember on one occasion hearing a father recommend to his sons as a model of endurance a neighbor who went to the barn the coldest mornings in winter, as well as the warmest ones in summer, barefooted and in his shirt sleeves. Such foolhardy endurance is no credit to any man, but, on the other hand is detrimental to his credit. Man was made to be warm, and it is as much his duty to be so as it is to eat. He is a warm-blooded animal, and a certain degree of warmth is essential to his life. To allow the body to remain for any length of time in a temperature below the natural state, instead of hardening, infallibly weakens its vitality, and sows the seed of disease. Provide the boys with warm overcoats, overshoes and mittens, and their out-door sports will never harm them. Keep your house warm, and with suitable wraps your wives and daughters will be able to endure any extreme of winter weather. HESTER HAMILTON.

BAKING DAY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY ANN BUCK.

Who has not read in song or story, of a good time way back in the past, when patriotism was a pure article and truth and justice did not have to be sought after to be found? As far as these weighty and desirable qualities go, one is justified in wishing for a return of those good old days, but in all other respects let us be satisfied with the present.

In traveling back for half a century, comparatively few of our readers will be able to accompany me, which with the writer, will take them back to their childhood days. A thinking mind can scarcely help contrasting the past with the present, or truly realizing the progress and improvements that have been made in that length of time. Neither cook nor parlor stoves, had been introduced into country homes fifty years ago. Farm houses were warmed by wood fires in open fire-places, and every one of any pretensions had its kitchen with its wide jambed fire-place and brick oven, from which issued weekly, all the family baking. Well do I remember all the cares and perplexities incident to baking day, also every detail connected with this important branch of household work.

The evening previous to baking day

was generally spent in getting ready for the eventful to-morrow. The huge bread tray from some hidden recess was brought forth and placed in the chimney corner. From the depths of the capacious flour bin was scooped out flour enough to fill the tray half full, then another journey to the cellar brought forth the right measure of strong hop yeast, after which warm milk was added to make it of the consistency of dough, and then it was covered up and left until morning. Not much kneading was attempted, for I can assure my readers, that only a very strong pair of arms could have moved such a mass of dough, even if much kneading had been considered necessary. If a couple of loaves of brown bread were to be added to the baking, which was frequently the case, a certain quantity of corn meal was duly sifted and scalded, to which, when cool enough, was added the yeast, and flour enough to form soft loaves, which were placed in deep, well greased pans, and also left till morning. I am positive that no sweetening entered into this preparation, yet when it came on the table it was both sweet and moist, and red as a cherry; as after baking, it was not removed like the rest of the bread, but left to sweat and steam until the next morning. I am sorry I cannot give the exact proportions of this delicious bread, but will only add, while many improvements have been made in nearly all the culinary arts, none have been made in the manufacture of brown bread.

After an early breakfast, the bread and the oven both received their respective attentions. The bread was molded and set to rise, while the oven was heated by being filled with long dry lengths of wood, and set on fire by adding a shovelful of live coals, which the draft would soon fan into wild flames, that would leap and dance, until every part of the great cavern had assumed a fiery red. We can remember, when a child, of standing and gazing in wonder and awe, into its fiery depths and wondering if it did not bear some resemblance to the fiery furnace in which the three Jewish captives were cast. When it was sufficiently heated the debris was withdrawn and cast into the fire, and when the bread and oven were just right, it was placed in and the mouth of the oven closed by an iron door. Under favorable circumstances one hour was given the bread to bake; it was then withdrawn, and if pies were to be baked, the oven was re-heated. When all was ready they were placed in. At this juncture a card or two of general training gingerbread was added, as also a delicious kind of rusk, not often seen at the present day, and on state occasions a loaf of pound cake was duly prepared and baked. We remember of seeing the oven heated expressly for the purpose of baking a chicken pie, while the turkey was hung up before the fire, and was basted often from the contents of a saucepan placed beneath it. Although it involved a vast amount of labor and care, both came to the table nicely cooked, and highly appreciated by the guests, on the occasion.

It was well for our mothers that baking day occurred but once a week, for if it had occurred oftener, we feel sure it would have cut short the limit of their natural lives by at least a half score of years. If the heat of the oven was properly regulated, bread, pies and cake came out with just the right shade of crusty brown, but it required an extended experience with much close observation to decide this point. The quality of the bread, while wholesome enough, would hardly come up to the standard of what is termed first class bread at the present day. It was coarse grained, and contained large air cells, and was somewhat

solid, owing principally to its not being sufficiently mixed and molded.

Our dear mothers acted upon the light and conveniences of their time, which were obscure and primitive in the extreme. Bread making in that far away time had not become a science, as it has with the masses at the present day; and it is a hopeful sign that there is so general an interest being taken in cookery in general, as it leads us to expect that in the near future, there will be such an intelligent system in use, that poor bread and badly cooked food, will be numbered with the things of the past. While theories to the uninitiated are easy to follow in print, they are not so easy to follow in practice; yet only by actual practice can one become a successful bread maker. As a matter of course, perfect bread can only be made from the best brands of flour, and perfect yeast, to which may be added the strictest attention to every detail, from the setting of the sponge, to the required amount of kneading, the lightness, and the baking. More failures result from a neglect of these essentials than from other causes. I have also learned from experience that bread raised at a low temperature is sweeter, whiter, and finer grained, than when much heat is used to expedite its rising. Bread placed on a table near a kitchen stove, if well covered, is in about the right temperature for rising. It is true it is a longer process, but the results are altogether in the baker's favor. If any one is not convinced let them give it a trial.

THE CARPET-BUG.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

For three years or more there has been a rumor in the air of the appearance of a new plague to the housekeeper—the carpet-bug. Tales of its devastation came ever and anon, yet like all calamities they seemed a good way off, when, lo, they break upon us. Two weeks ago I called upon Mrs. F. She met me at the door with a white, jaded face. I had hardly taken a seat before she exclaimed, "My house is infested with carpet-bugs. I have to hunt them every day." She was full of the subject. As I had never seen any, she hastened to bring me some which she had imprisoned. They were black, hairy looking bugs, moving so quickly it was difficult to catch them. Mrs. F. said, "I kept some in Paris green for six weeks, and they were as lively as ever at the end of that time. I have scalded the sides of the floor, scattered salt, pepper, insect powder, and used every kind of insect destroyer I hear of but still the bugs multiply." And the weary woman looked around disconsolately upon her beautiful carpets and upholstered furniture.

Of course I sympathized with her but thought she was perhaps too careful and nervous over what seemed a kind of bug-bear. Owing to Mrs. F.'s experience I had interest enough to come home and examine our carpets. No, there were none to be seen. Then I was lulled into security, which, however, was ruthlessly broken in this way. One Saturday night about two weeks after my call, passing through the hall with a lamp, I saw a bug upon a white woolen shawl. Examining it closely I saw a hole nearly as large as my hand in the shawl. Then I spread the alarm. There was a general hunt for the bugs by lamp light and about thirty were found. Dark brown, beetle shaped, like a small apple seed, with six legs and two feelers. When crushed, they seem to disappear in dust and snap with a little explosion.

The house was just settled after the annual cleaning, instantly loomed up before me confusion and weariness. For must

not all the [carpets] be loosened, the [bureaus, trunks, closets, so carefully arranged be investigated? Mrs. F. told me "There was no way to keep the bugs out of handsome dresses but to shake them often, and it is not safe to let any clothing be on the floor over night."

Her theory is that the bugs are carried in clothing from one house to another. No wonder I dreamed about carpet-bugs! The next morning when dressing for church I discovered a hole near the collar of my new white all wool dress. Can you wonder if my thoughts were distracted?

Monday morning bright and early, I began inspecting the house. I found several of the carpet beetles. Cousin L. assures me that they are the "hard shell beetles which lay the eggs." From others I learn there are several different stages before the destructive bug comes forth equipped to eat its way through carpets, rugs, mattresses, blankets, woolens, furs, feathers and silk attire. No wonder the greeting among us is, "Have you carpet bugs?" instead of the usual mode, "How do you do?"

If they only brought destruction to carpets, perhaps they would be a blessing in the end for I am persuaded that carpets have become an unnecessary necessity. How much easier and cleaner we could keep a room if it were only covered in the center. We slave ourselves through the year, sweeping, brushing, dusting, because it is the fashion to have every inch of floor covered with carpets. Let us do the best we can with broom and whip, we are obliged to put them down every year, still giving out clouds of dust; therefore if the carpet-bug is the means of banishing a few carpets from each home, they will be a blessing in disguise.

But when they threaten to destroy our clothing and choicest possessions it is time to find some means of extermination. Will some of the sisters tell me what they know about carpet-bugs and the remedy? The most successful mode of warfare against them in this vicinity is to hunt them to death which, to say the least, is a most fatiguing, and imperfect manner of extermination.

HAVING CLOTHING READY FOR SUMMER.

It is a good plan in making print dresses to have two sacks, one lined for the cooler mornings, and the other single for hotter weather, or to change during the forenoon if one become heated at work in the kitchen. This is especially desirable when ironing, canning fruit, or other work over the stove. Having the single sack handy, it is but a moment's work to make the change, while to go to one's chamber and remove the whole dress is often inconvenient, as well as tiresome, when work is pressing to be done. If one likes better to have a polynaise for the lined waist, all right, but the loose, single sack is just the thing for the heat of the day. Besides, a skirt will usually outlast two waists, and it takes so little cloth to make the extra waist that the expense is unimportant. If one likes, both can be cut at the same cutting, and one fitted from the other.

Sometimes dress skirts accumulate, of print or wool dresses, and are not suitable, or perhaps not needed for petticoats. These can be utilized for morning wear by getting print enough for an over-dress; make it long and have it fastened or buttoned nearly together in front, putting merely a hem on the bottom. Then take your old skirt, rid it of its trimming, and put a deep flounce on the bottom, with perhaps a little facing above or up the front as far as the opening of the over-dress. This utilizes the old skirt, saves

the work of making the skirt except trimming, and gives a good warm dress for the cooler seasons when one may like a dark print for morning wear.

All prints are so cheap that this method has little to recommend it on score of economy; still the dress is just as serviceable as if all new, and the expense saved on the few yards of print may purchase the extra cloth you want for two sacks for the lighter print or gingham for summer wear. In doing kitchen work one needs a supply of wash dresses, and these should be made to iron easily, and with as little work as possible, and still be presentable. It is a good plan to have them ready before the busiest season, when everything is to be done.

It is also wise to have our last season's summer dresses of wash material, prints, muslin, or white dresses, petticoats, etc., in repair, and done up ready for wear before needed. For what is more tantalizing than to have an early hot spell, and nothing cool ready to put on? Besides, it is so much easier to do up all the dresses before hot weather, and then only changes will need to be ironed in the heated term.

It is our way to have all summer clothing washed in the fall, then put away without ironing till early spring. This, because they can be easier cared for and put in chests out of the way during the winter, then repaired at leisure, and done up at convenience. In the fall it is always such a busy time, with canning fruit, making pickles, and preparing for winter generally, that it is a great inconvenience to stop to do up the clothing laid off during the season. But in the leisure before spring work, this can be done, then we feel we are partly ready for the summer siege. And it is such a satisfaction to take time by the forelock and be prepared for the season.

This preparation also extends to other things than dresses. The thin, half-worn underclothing and night wrappers which were laid aside on the advent of cool weather, are to be overhauled; what are good enough to be repaired for hot weather can be placed conveniently for leisure work in mending, etc., while the past redemption garments can be cut up for patches and other uses. The thicker flannels are to be replaced by thinner, or partly worn, and they may need repairs so to be ready when the first hot spell comes, requiring a grateful change from the heavy winter flannels.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

EVERY-DAY TALKS.

There is one kind of fancy work that is both useful and ornamental and seems to me worth the time and eyesight expended upon it. That is, marking table linen, handkerchiefs, etc., with monograms, initials, or medallions. Alphabets for the purpose can be readily obtained, and they can be simply done in outline stitch, or heavily embroidered. The table cloths at each end, and napkins in the center or one corner. Fruit designs are nice for doilies.

The bed linen, too, must come in for its share of ornamentation. Pillow cases simply hemstitched, with monogram, are in better taste than those tucked, ruffled, and edged with wide lace, which take so much time and strength at the ironing table, and are covered up with shams when in use. Make the shams as elaborately as you please, but cover the pillows plainly. I saw a pair of shams a few days ago that were all knit of fine thread. They were strong and serviceable, but not pretty enough to pay the cost, and I thought with a feeling of intense pity, of the eyes and fingers which traced the pattern, and counted the stitches across each row of the work, and I wondered, how,

when one of the monstrosities was finished, she had courage to commence another. And when I see a woman knitting lace a finger wide to adorn pillow cases when the most she can accomplish is one scallop in an afternoon, I think she is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. I know it is a great temptation to try all the new lace patterns. I plead guilty to that falling myself, and have knit several collars and small articles, but as to knitting it by the yard, oh my!

I wish we could all be as neat as Stella in regard to dish cloths. I thought her article an excellent one. Though I am sure, few of us have such a quantity. My sister-in-law used to say, laughingly, that she called a dish cloth worn out when it would measure a yard in length. I have seen really neat housekeepers, so called, who were sadly remiss in the subject of dish cloths, using the same cloth for China, glassware and kettles, and in one deplorable instance, an acquaintance of mine—an unusually neat woman in other respects, always wipes off her kitchen stove with her dish cloth. Kuit underwear makes the most satisfactory cloths that I can find, I think crash is too stiff and unyielding.

That glossy white shirt front continues to be a formidable "rock" to some of the sisters. I wish they would try my way. The formula was pasted on a patent shirt board that has been in my possession ever since I have kept house.

Starch Polish.—One ounce of white wax, two ounces of spermaceti, melt them together with gentle heat, make your starch the usual way, and when boiling, to one quart, add a piece of the polish the size of a large pea. This gives clothes a beautiful gloss.

I must tell the sisters of a new device in fancy work which I saw in a lady's parlor recently. She called it a Mikado. A large fan made of stout paper covered with nice wall paper, with a band of plush border on the outer edge, then fancy pictures were pasted on, some of them quite large, forming a sort of medley. When dry the paper is folded up evenly in shape of a fan and pressed with flat irons, then spread out on the wall and tack it to place, covering the place for handle with a large bow of wide ribbon. It was about four feet in width when spread.

FANNY FLETCHER.

SOME THINGS I KNOW.

I thought the dear HOUSEHOLD sisters might like to know how I renovated a black cashmere dress, the front breadth of which was soiled and dirty. I ripped the breadth out, and the trimming around the bottom of the dress, which was too worn to put on again. The front breadth I washed with moreen, (try it, sisters, it's better than all the soap barks and things put together,) then before it was quite dry I pressed it with a moderately hot iron. Out of some new I had, I made a narrow box pleating for the bottom of the skirt, and now have a dress that looks like new.

Out of my old broche shawl I had laid by, I have made me a wrap, just such a one as I looked at in a fashionable store the other day, price \$25. With a little change in my little black velvet bonnet I have my winter outfit, and a few dollars in my pocket to make Christmas presents with, which I so much desired but could not do if I spent it in clothes for myself.

For dear old grandma I want to get one of those luminous crosses that shine so brightly in the dark. She, like so many old people, young ones, too, for that matter, lies awake so much at night, and it will be so pleasant to have something to look at to think of besides one's own thoughts over and over again.

Then come John and the children to think of. For Annie I have made a palette

thermometer. I bought a fancy little thermometer for twenty-five cents, cut a paste-board shaped palette, covered it with red plush on one side, silesia on the other, fastened on the thermometer and it was finished.

I made for Eddie a rolling pin, or rather I bought the miniature rolling pin, not quite so large as we use in the kitchen. I covered it with plush, screwed some fancy brass hooks in it, attached a satin ribbon to both ends to hang it up by and that was finished. It is all the craze just now to cover miniature rolling pins, shovels, forks, rakes, etc., with some pretty material; add the hooks upon which to hang keys, button hooks, or any little articles.

Dear John has been wishing he had one of those light willow or bamboo chairs to rest in when he comes home from the office, so yesterday I ordered one, \$5, just a companion to one he gave me last Christmas. Mine has blue ribbon trimming; his has red.

I think we can't make too much of the holidays. Draw our dear ones as close to us as we may, we may not have them another year, and don't let us forget any of God's poor this blessed time. Hoping to tell you more some time I know at some future time, I am,

ANNA ELOISE.

TEA AND COFFEE DYSPEPTICS.

It has occurred also to the writer to make many observations as to the circumstances under which tea and coffee are found to agree or disagree with different persons; in the first place, as Sir W. Roberts has pointed out, tea, if taken at the same time as farinaceous food, is much more likely to retard its digestion and cause dyspepsia than if taken a little time after eating; and the custom adopted by many persons at breakfast, for instance, of eating, and drinking their tea or coffee afterward, is a sensible one; so also it is better to take one's five o'clock tea without the customary bread and butter or cake than with it.

Indeed, while there is little that can be said against a cup of hot tea as a stimulant and restorative, when taken about midday between lunch and dinner, and without solid food, it may, on the other hand, be a fruitful cause of dyspepsia, when accompanied at that time with solid food, it is also a curious fact that many persons with whom tea, under ordinary circumstances, will agree, exceedingly well, will become the subjects of a tea dyspepsia if they drink this beverage at a time when they may be suffering from mental worry or emotional disturbance. Moreover, it is a well recognized fact that persons who are prone to nervous excitement of the circulation and palpitations of the heart have these symptoms greatly aggravated if they persist in the use of tea or coffee as a beverage. The excessive consumption of tea among the women of the poorer classes is the cause of much of the so-called "heart complaints" among them.

The food of these poor women consists largely of starchy substances (bread and butter chiefly), together with tea, i. e., a food accessory which is one of the greatest of all retarders of the digestion of starchy food. The effect of coffee as a retarder of stomach digestion would probably be more felt than it is were it not so constantly the practice to take it only in small quantities after a very large meal: it is then mixed with an immense bulk of food, and its relative percentage proportion rendered insignificant; and to the strong and vigorous the slightly retarding effect on digestion it would then have, may be, as Sir W. Roberts suggests, not altogether a disadvantage; but after a spare meal and in persons of feeble

digestive power the cup of black coffee would probably exercise a retarding effect on digestion which might prove harmful. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

—In eight of the American states there are 1,798 butter and cream factories and the value of the dairy products of the whole Union last year was \$500,000,000, while the value of the milk cows is estimated at \$700,000,000.

—Feather beds and pillows would be very much freshened and lightened if left out in a drenching rain every spring; they should then be exposed to the sun and air on every side until perfectly dry.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For S. S., November number, in particular. Having just passed through a time of trials, in both senses of the word, with our baby, similar to what you describe, I want to tell you what we finally used with all desired good effects. If too late to help you, for I judge your letter was written some time ago, it may benefit some one else.

The first three months of baby Harold's life we spent in trying some of the advertised foods in all ways, oat meal gruel and cow's milk, ditto, but at the end of that time he was pale and puny, growing worse instead of better.

Upon the recommendation of some who had used it with good effect, we commenced putting a little condensed milk with the oat meal gruel he was then taking, and in a week he was decidedly better. A month of this food showed such a gain in all ways that a few spoonfuls of cow's milk were substituted for the condensed milk with equally good effect. The quantity of milk was gradually increased and the gruel thinned, till now, at six months of age, baby takes nearly a quart of milk in twenty-four hours, with one-third as much water and a little sugar, and he is "fat, fair and"—spunky. Possibly the "spunk" is due to disposition, not condensed milk, but I am certain we may thank the milk for starting him toward health.

Another time I should use no gruel but follow the directions on the can. I presume condensed milk can be found at any ordinary drug or grocery store. We used the Anglo-Swiss brand, but probably there are others as good.

The following as a possible help to some one. A light brown satin waist which had received a liberal spoonful of hot, well-buttered oyster gravy on one shoulder and top of one sleeve, was treated to a brisk rubbing with benzine soon after the accident. At first the butter spots showed more plainly, but when perfectly dry no trace remained. A friend removed wheel grease from a worsted dress with benzine, the black grease going through into a cloth placed underneath.

Have tried Mrs. S. L.'s sugar gingerbread in October number. My husband says: "Don't forget how to make that cake." It is simple, easily made and has an attractive top. Try it, some of you mothers who have to put up school dinners.

MRS. JAMES A. HOLMES.

West Avon, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I lift the latch of your kitchen door and venture in, after waiting and listening and longing to be one of the charmed circle for more than two years. All this time I have been drinking in and enjoying all the Chats in the Kitchen, all the Letters, and indeed I might say every thing from first page to last. I enjoy particularly all the odds and ends which fit in so nicely to a woman's work, for what is housekeeping but one huge batch of odds and ends which are never finished.

But I must not take up space by my idle thoughts or words, unless I come with a mite to offer at THE HOUSEHOLD shrine. Some of your gifted and valued correspondents have recently eaten of the wedding cake which I had the privilege of making, and they have suggested to me that I write my recipe for our valued paper. For many years I have made on great occasions like Christmas, Thanksgiving and weddings, my old-fashioned Connecticut loaf cake, and always with perfect satisfaction to the palates of my friends. I will give my rule and then the mode of putting every thing together, so that none may complain of not understanding it.

Connecticut Election Loaf Cake.—Four pounds of flour, two pounds of shortening, part lard and part butter, two and one-half pounds of sugar, one quart of milk, five eggs, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of citron, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of nutmeg. The shortening and sugar should be rubbed to a cream the night before making the cake, then take half of this mixture and rub it well into the whole quantity of flour. Add the milk, which should be blood warm, and the yeast. I use fresh potato yeast, and about one pint, or enough to make the batter the proper consistency with the milk for a good stiff batter almost as thick as dough. I mix this very thoroughly and let it stand and rise over night in a warm room, if winter. In the morning beat the eggs and the remainder of the sugar and shortening, and add it to the whole mass, beating and rubbing it all together. Then add the fruit and spices, and let it stand two hours longer. By this time it will have risen and become of the proper consistency. Then have the pans all lined with paper well oiled with sweet lard, and after putting in a little of flavoring extracts of every thing which you have in the house which you know to be good, even to a few drops of cinnamon, add a small teaspoonful of soda. Fill the pans half or two-thirds full and bake very slowly one hour.

This is always delicious and keeps well six weeks.

E. R. S.

Connecticut.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Another of the grateful brides wishes to gain admittance to THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and wish you all a happy New Year. I have received a great many valuable suggestions from the columns of our paper, I wish now to add my mite.

First, I want to tell Mary A. H. that I have done a great deal of spatter work, and find that white wax is better for fastening the ferns and leaves than pins or needles. You want the white wax such as comes in sheets and is used for making wax flowers. It will not mar the crayon paper or board upon which the spatter work is done.

Lilith, the pillow you saw at a wedding that had the odor of pines, was filled with needles, which you may procure from any pine tree. Do not use any of the twigs, simply the needles.

Salome, though you did not ask me, may I tell you a way in which I think you may check those dreadful colds? If it does not help you it may some one else. When you first feel chilly and realize that you are taking cold prepare a little camphor and begin taking at once. Put about ten drops of camphor to a glass of water and take two teaspoonfuls every twenty or thirty minutes. This is the advice of a physician. It will not do you any good after the cold is settled. It is certainly a simple remedy and easy to try. I have broken up a great many colds for myself in this way.

Tryphosa, I think you will not have so much trouble with your pies running over

if you will lay the upper crust on loosely, making little folds around the edge and being particular to fasten the edge down tight. I always do so and seldom have any trouble. Perhaps it is not quite so nice in appearance but certainly the pies are far better.

Mrs. S. A. S., a cake splitting on top is caused by the escape of steam arising from the fluids within the cake.

B. M. R. E., your mock mince pie I think excellent. I mean to add that recipe to the rest of my "kitchen knowledge."

I wonder if any of you have ever tried preparing salmon in the following way, which is excellent: To one small can of salmon add one beaten egg and a handful of bread or cracker crumbs. Mix all together, then make into little cakes and fry on both sides until nicely browned.

We also like salmon cooked in this way too: To one-half can of salmon take one small cup of milk thickened with a little flour and slightly salted, put this with the salmon into a pan and stir with a fork until done.

Here is a good way to use up cake crumbs: Place the crumbs in a dish and pour over them a custard made of a pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of corn-starch, and sweeten to taste. Flavor if liked when cold and just before pouring over the crumbs. After the custard is over the crumbs, beat the whites of the eggs to a froth with a little sugar and place on top the custard. Put in a cool place until wanted. Any kind of cake crumbs will do, or several kinds mixed together. This makes a nice dish for the tea table and is called French custard.

Now can some one tell me how to make spiced beef? I ate some once, away from home, and liked it so well. It was cold and cut in thin slices.

As I am only a young housekeeper of four months, I will not presume to keep your time longer from the letters of those who are older and wiser in household lore.

SUNSHINE.

Loveland, Colo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Accept my hearty thanks for my bridal present, THE HOUSEHOLD, which was so acceptable. I have become a firm friend of our paper in the months it has been sent to me (for I had never read it before) and should consider myself unfortunate indeed were I obliged to do without it. I have been so interested in the letters written by many of the hand. How thrilling are Aunt Mary's experiences given in the November number. Surely we ought to be thankful that our lines are cast in pleasanter places, or at least safer ones. Come to think of it, though, I recall many letters whose writers live off on the "borders," and perhaps occasionally have some lively adventures, if nothing more serious. As Salome says, there must be a wonderful charm in the freedom of such a life.

I would advise A., if her kitchen floor is new and of hard wood, to oil it by all means, using linseed oil. In my estimation it is better than any paint can be, always looks neat and clean, and thus saves a vast amount of hard work. Should you happen to spill a little oil or grease no one would ever be the wiser. If I were to tell you how seldom my kitchen is mopped, doubtless some one would say, "How shiftless." Perhaps there are a few (I hope a very few) among the sisters who may be called "ragging housekeepers," who always clean their floors on certain days, whether they appear to need it or not. Such, of course, will continue to do the same, but I verily believe that my floor looks just as well as yours, painted or unpainted, scrub regularly though you may. Conceited, am I? Try it and see.

I see plainly that if I give you some recipes, as I intended as part payment for the many which have helped me, it is time to do so, or this letter will be too long. I have a number which have been thoroughly tested which I would like to give were I sure of the space, but will perhaps call again after getting better acquainted.

Eittim Gnyal. I know it is provoking to read, "Take a cup of sweet cream," for I live in the city where it is milk one buys, and not cream. However, I mention cream in cabbage salad, as it is just what is needed, and the fortunate ones who have it will not find fault.

Soft Ginger Cake.—One-half cup each of sugar, butter, molasses, and water, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda in the molasses, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ginger to taste. Flour to make a soft batter.

Ginger Cookies.—One teaspoonful of soda in a coffee cup, add two tablespoonfuls of hot water, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, fill the cup with molasses and stir until it foams, and flour to mix just stiff enough to roll. One teaspoonful of ginger in the flour.

Apple Fritters.—One cup of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, pinch of salt, flour to stiffen. Slice tart apples very thin, (should they be large, two apples at the most would be all the batter would hold,) mix lightly with the batter, drop by spoonfuls into hot lard and fry. Very nice eaten with maple syrup.

Brown Bread.—Take enough bread sponge after the first rising for one loaf, add one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and stir in graham flour until quite stiff. Pour into bread tin and when light bake.

Potato Salad.—One cup of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-half cup of vinegar, a little black pepper, and a small cup of boiling water. Stir these ingredients together, pour into a spider and cook until like thick cream. Slice the potatoes when cold, and add a small onion chopped fine. Have the dressing cold when put on the potatoes.

Cabbage Salad Dressing.—One-half cup of vinegar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, (or two will do,) one tablespoonful each of mustard and sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little black pepper. Cook by setting dish into boiling water. When cold add one-half cup of thick cream.

Filling for Coconut Pie.—One tablespoonful of flour, one cup of water, a little salt. Cook in a basin set in boiling water. Before cold add a small piece of butter, yolks of two eggs, one small cup of sugar, and one cup of coconut. Use the whites of the eggs for frosting.

Cream Pie.—Bring to a boil three-fourths pint of rich milk. With the remaining one-fourth stir two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, and add to the boiling milk. Then add one-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs well beaten and thinned with a little milk. Remove from the fire, flavor with vanilla and nutmeg. Bake the crust, then pour in the filling. Beat the whites of the eggs, add one-half cup of sugar, spread on the pie, and set in the oven to brown.

ONNOLEE.

Rochester, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried recipes in October number on page 301. Emily Hayes' hints are all good, but the pound cake is, well, too good to keep; mine disappears as if by magic, but in that and the angel cake, as she says, "The proper putting together is the secret of success."

Only a mistaken idea of economy among my friends has prevented my sending you a large club. However, I am working and

lending my own numbers to those who have never seen one. The universal verdict is "An excellent paper!" The music is good too; I favor the songs, one gets so tired of quick music.

I should like to tell Tryphosa that my preventive of pies running over is to have my tins deep with straight sides. Pie-plant I cook and season, before putting it in crust, and then before adding upper crust, sprinkle on a little dry flour.

Gladdys Wayne will find if she will let her cabbage stand in salt and water twelve hours, then drain and add vinegar and whole spices, putting a plate over the top, to be sure the cabbage is all under the vinegar, that it will keep a long time and can be made without spices if preferred. I make up one small head and when nearly gone prepare another.

Compressed yeast has made bread making so easy, that where it can be obtained no one need spend much time or strength on making bread.

I should like the true name so I could write to Salome from Arizona.

I am thinking of sending some tried recipes.

NELLIE L. BACON.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SISTERS:—I have been wondering if a few words from me would help any of the sisters who, like myself, are not strong, have a home and family for which to care, and only limited means at their service. My family consists of my husband, three children, a young man boarder and myself. I have no outside help except hiring the washing done. I used to think that I must get my work done and dress changed by two in the afternoon, no matter what happened, or how much my routine of work had been interrupted. And I see now that I used to worry and get nervous over the fear that I would not have things in shape by that time. I had a growing suspicion that it was not just right, but it was Nelly Browne, I think, who said that she thought there was no more need for housekeepers to get their work all done in the forenoon than for dressmakers or milliners. I said, "That is so. Why should they?" And I have since taken things a little easier, and if I cannot do all in the forenoon, why, there is the afternoon, and as every one knows I do my own work, and have the care of these little children, why should I care if some one should call before I am dressed for visitors? Another thing which helped to peace of mind, was, that once when I had (as not often happens) worn my calico wrapper all day, a neighbor came in and spent the evening, and after he had gone I said, "Every time Mr D. comes here I have on this calico wrapper." My husband said, "You looked well enough," but the young man boarder said, "If you should see Mr. D. seventy-five times, he would probably have on that same suit every time."

So I thought again, "That is true, he would be likely to have on his working clothes, and why should not a woman wear her working suit all day if circumstances require, as well as a man, and be as little ashamed, or afraid of criticism, if caught in it?"

Now I do not want the sisters to come at me, preaching neatness in the kitchen dress, and fixing up in the afternoon, for I tell you that is what I believe in and practice, but I do wish I could help some sister to not feel like a culprit if occasionally she wears her kitchen dress all day and has to receive callers in it.

I wish all of THE HOUSEHOLD homes could be in as lovely a situation as is mine. I have only to step out of doors to be in a fine grove, with a beautiful view of valley and mountains before me. Even by my kitchen stove, I can look up to "the hills from whence cometh my help." One of the mountains I see, is Mt. McGregor, where General Grant died. In the other direction the Prospect House on Mt. Ferguson, shines white in the morning sun. Any and all of the mountains are a constant pleasure and help to me, in their ever changing beauty, as light and shade, storm and sunshine play over them, and they are so strong, so unaffected by any thing that passes around them, that it is restful just to look at them and to know that there is something which is steadfast.

To turn to the small economies, do the sisters know that the white elder down flannel so popular for babies' cloaks, can be colored? I have just colored one garnet, and little two-year-old will wear it this winter, and with a garnet plush cap will look as well as need be.

HAL GLEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wonder if some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have not been puzzled to know what to do with some of the less valuable Christmas cards, and the numerous and handsome advertising ones that they may have collected, and also been at a loss for a book in

which to paste or gum the many cuttings, literary or domestic, that they have saved for reference or enjoyment. To buy "scrap" albums for all would involve a large outlay of money, more than the prudent ones could afford; say \$1.20 to \$1.50 for one of respectable size, and then there would be scarcely a hundred pages in it.

After battling with this problem myself, for a long time, I found a solution, and I felt so jubilant I wanted to tell THE HOUSEHOLD sisterhood and the little ones. First, I bought a binder costing about \$1.10. This has space inside for a large number of sheets of paper, which are easily put in or taken out and are held firmly in position. On the outside it looks like a book, cloth bound. Second, I got from a hardware dealer, several sheets of the thickest wrapping paper, costing about thirty cents, for what made (I got a printer to cut it to size of my book) more than two hundred pages. When I had leisure at home, I punched two holes in the edge of each sheet, and put it in the binder, with a strip of card-board between each sheet so that when cards were put in, it would not bulge. These strips of card board can be got at any printing office.

I have a large, handsome book, holding more than three times what a \$1.50 album would though the cover might not be so elegant. If any of the readers feel disposed to economize, I would recommend them to follow my example, and I hope they will enjoy the result as much as I did.

E. H. HASTINGS.

Warwick, Mass.

DEAR SISTERS:—If you have lots of money and do not need to make a "quarter do the work of a dollar," you can skip this article, for it is to those sisters whose will is all right but who have not the wherewithal.

I saw some real cute things at our Union the other day, and I will try and describe them, that some poor soul may perhaps be helped towards a Christmas gift at little or no expense.

If you use stoves, a handsome holder is always useful, and if too handsome for use, you can hang it up and pretend you use it but at the same time keep another, common one, tucked in some handy "cubby hole" or hanging under the good one. The one I mean was made of squares of felt, different colors, (if you can't get the felt, use thibet or any handsome colored cloth) have about six squares an inch and a half square, the middle one light blue, say, and arrange the colors round to suit taste. Then join neatly and press, and feather stitch across each way of the squares with different colored silk, quite coarse. Then line with some old pieces of quilt or ticking and bind the edge as narrow as can be and feather that each side the binding. You can have both sides alike but I think an initial on plain goods done in outline quite as handsome. A loop of course, to hang up by. Any girl ten years old can make these and rejoice mother's heart with one. My boy eight years old made one of spool work, I sewed it together, round and round and as it was of different colors it was gay; and then we lined it—this kind will not need a thick lining—and I crocheted a shell edge round it for him. He gave it to his cousin for a wedding present, and it was noticed particularly.

I saw a bag also made of a pretty linen towel. Fold the towel in the middle and sew up the sides to just at the border. That is to hang over with the fringe. A drawing string to pull each way completes it, and the beauty of them is, they can be washed when soiled by taking apart. They are useful for soiled collars and handkerchiefs in a sleeping room where you don't want to run to the clothes basket every time. Risk a woman for not finding a use for one any way. Another I saw was of unbleached cloth; quite a large bag, a foot and a half wide, by two or more long. Up about six inches from the bottom was a band five inches deep of turkey red cloth stitched on and this was outlined in white with a growing pattern. Pond lilies are pretty. Bind the whole bag with red braid or pieces of the red turkey cotton and draw up like the other bag. We make our rag bag this way: You know how large you want one, a yard is not too much for one part. Sew the three yards together and you have a partition in the middle. Get large figured Japanese calico for the outsides. Now cut a slit in each outside about where your hand should go in to put in rags handily. Bind round. Get a piece of curtain stick, flat, that which is used for the hem, and have cut off about ten inches long and pierce a hole in both ends. Gather the bag at the top after sewing together on the machine or binding like the sides and run the stick in fastening at both ends through the holes in the stick. Attach braid to the ends to hang up by. One of these is so useful for white rags on one side and colored the other.

P.

Providence, R. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—My Mary Anne has been a persistent reader of THE HOUSEHOLD since she became a bride, now some years; and has impressed me with a regard for it nearly equal to her own.

It seems yet an undecided question whether the Johns may or may not with propriety write for the paper, but it is evidently correct for them to read it, and profit so far as their intellects

may admit by the knowledge which it dispenses monthly among so many families.

Presuming your correspondents fairly represent readers, it is evident a majority of them toil and spin, but nevertheless are disposed to sing while they toil, and if they can't spin straw into gold, like the miller's daughter, are determined to spin something equally beautiful. They appear to be the world's workers and to enjoy their work. What should be the education of John to be qualified for an efficient member of such a band?

The ability and energy of the sisterhood of course make it unnecessary for him to cook or crochet, but ought he not at least to be a connoisseur in both these departments? I think so, and that his education should be such as to enable him to give a reason for any faith which may be within him. For instance, it is very easy and very proper for John to say that his mother made better pies than Mary Anne, and he frequently does make precisely this remark. But is this enough? Should he not be able to explain why they were better, and so in process of time to enable Mary Anne to equal by evolution the celebrated pastry of Madam Horner? I think so, and that this should be one of the missions of THE HOUSEHOLD.

John has opportunities of travel and observation which are denied to Mary Anne. He is obliged to go to market with his cabbages, and is liable to be drawn on a jury or sent to congress. In his various meanderings if he is a sensible John—and THE HOUSEHOLD Johns are all sensible—he will visit the best families and patronize the best hotels. He will occasionally find some specialty upon the table which will precisely suit his fastidious taste. Now is it not well to have him sufficiently versed in culinary literature to describe his discovery to Mary Anne, and thereby enable her to reproduce it at her own board? So, also, in works of art and fancy, he may encounter in his wanderings.

Educate John, or so interest him that he will educate himself to take an active part in making home a thing of beauty, a joy to his friends, a pattern to his neighbors, and enable a transient visitor to remark, "Here dwells a family which reads THE HOUSEHOLD."

JOHN VI.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—What a relief it is when one is tired to come and listen to what our good, sensible HOUSEHOLD sisters have to say. I am taking it now for the second year, and really think I could not get along without it. I received it the first year through the kindness of the editor to brides. I have been wondering to-day how many of the readers do their own or at least a part of their own sewing and millinery. I do for one, and find I can save a great many dollars, and have a great many more things than if I hired it all done. I do not attempt my best dresses, but make my every-day ones and do it easily. In the first place I use reliable patterns for the waists, then I make the skirts to suit my own fancy from some illustration.

My hats are many of them of my own trimming and I never studied millinery only as I have watched others. For my best hat this summer I got a frame which cost twenty-five cents, took it to a milliner, and had it covered with some white, thin worsted goods like a dress of mine, and trimmed with loops and folds of the same, with a bunch of roses I had, which had never been worn but a few times, and beads about the edge. This cost me sixty-eight cents more, so my hat was not expensive, and every one admires it.

Soon after I got this I made a new dress. I had to have help on this, a light ecru trimmed with garnet velvet, and I wanted a hat to match. I got a very pretty Milan braid just the color of my dress for seventy-five cents, and trimmed it with some of the velvet left from my dress and a few yards of ecru ribbon that I had. To be sure, I am not always so fortunate in having material to dress into any thing stylish, but by saving the little things that come into possession one can most always find something.

I received not long ago, a letter from a cousin of mine who is studying in Germany this year, which is so very interesting, I want to send some extracts to our good paper. She says:

"To tell you half of what I have experienced in this month would fill several letters, and I hardly know how to select. The voyage lasted twelve days, and I enjoyed it very much indeed. The sea was unusually smooth and the weather warm. We spent two days in Antwerp, where I saw the first of really foreign life. It was an interesting, quaint town, but I have since seen quaintness that makes that feature of Antwerp dim. The Antwerp cathedral is one of the interesting things to visit. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, as are most of the large churches, and is Gothic in its architecture. Both sides of the main aisles are lined with chapels, like churches within a church, and in most of them much gilt and elaborate ornamentation is used, so that, to me, the building, as a whole, was not very impressive, owing to the lack of unity. In that church are three of Rubens' paintings, one, his masterpiece, 'The Descent from the Cross.' The cathedral pulpit is quite a wonderful work of art. It is all of wood elaborately carved. Four female figures, life size, support the pulpit

proper. These represent the four races, white, red, black and yellow, supporting the Gospel. The railing to the pulpit stairs is surmounted with a series of animals, mostly birds, representing the vices. Their meaning is not at first apparent, and the effect, to me, was so lacking in dignity as to be almost ludicrous. These figures, too, are of life size, and the series commences with a crowing cock, and ends with a bushy tailed squirrel. The carving is well executed, and there is much fine work, leaves, flowers, etc.

But the best carving I have yet seen, and the most impressive pulpit, is in the church of St. Andrew, at Antwerp. It is the only thing in the church worthy of notice. It, too, is of wood, and is built against one of the large pillars of the church. It represents a rugged ledge of rock, in which the pulpit and steps are cut. The sounding-board, found in all the churches I have seen, is a projecting rock, too, on the top of which cherubs are sporting, overshadowed by a fig tree which grows up from a shelf in the ledge below. A branch from the fig tree is trained across the pulpit, and hangs full of fruit. The stair railing is a slender fig branch, or olive, and the banisters are fruitful twigs. In front of the ledge which forms the pulpit, is represented water on which is a full-sized row boat. Coming toward it is Christ, standing so firmly in the water. Peter has just left the boat to go to meet the Master. His position and expression are perfectly portrayed. His uncertain and fearful steps, as though trying his footing. Andrew sits in the boat anxiously looking on with an expression of mingled awe and love for his Master, and fear for his brother's safety. The figures are life size and the group is full of dignity amounting almost to grandeur. To show that he had skill in fine work, the artist has introduced the net full of fishes, resting partly in the boat and partly on the rock on shore. It looks exactly as though we could take it up and shake it out. The various kinds of fishes are wonderfully executed, too. One crab has crawled out of the net and is getting away. That Miss M. says is a warning to backsliders.

Monday morning we started up the Rhine. The river itself was disappointing because far from clear and lovely, but there had been many and recent rains. At Bohn the river enters the highlands, and the scenery was most delightful all the way to Bingen. There are many quaint little villages clinging to the cliffs, or nestling in the narrow valleys, and nearly every one is guarded by its old castle, built on the boldest projection at hand. Then there are castles that brave the world alone for themselves, not another dwelling in sight! How I did wish to stop at some of those places and explore the ruins, tramp through the hills and read the old stories both true and fabulous on their own native soil!

There is much more that is of interest, but I am already making my letter too long.

GWENDOLYN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

PARKER HOUSE FISH BALLS.—Two pint bowls of potato, peeled and cut, one bowl of salt cod-fish, soaked two or three hours and picked up nicely, and boiled with the potato until the latter is done. Turn into a colander to drain. Turn out into a deep dish, and while hot mash, and beat well until smooth and creamy. Add three eggs, two if eggs are dear, a piece of butter as large as an English walnut, and a little pepper. Fry like doughnuts in hot fat. They fry nicer if mixed some hours before frying, but I roll mine in a little flour which prevents them from sticking to my hands. They are delicious. Don't have them quite as flat as ordinary fish cakes.

Providence, R. I.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Six eggs, separate the yolks and whites, beat the former with six ounces of powdered sugar, and the same of flour, whisk the whites and then mix them together, add to it whipped cream in proportion to the sugar and flour, stir it carefully. Pour this into moulds or paper cases and bake.

SCOTCH LASSIE.

CARROT PUDDING.—One pound of boiled and mashed carrots, one pound of flour, one-half pound each of suet, raisins and currants, one-quarter of a pound of citron and a little salt. Mix and tie in a cloth, and boil two hours or more. As this recipe includes neither milk nor eggs, when mixed it is as stiff as a loaf of bread, and should be made in form to boil.

The Sauce.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, hot water sufficient to melt them, and flavor to the taste.

MRS. M. E. IRELAND.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—One and one-half cups each of sugar and butter, three-fourths cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, whites of five eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake as jelly cake.

Icing.—Whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, and one-half cup of boiling water poured on the sugar; boil till candied, then pour

slowly over the eggs when beaten stiff, and beat till cold and stiff; add one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and flavor with vanilla; spread between the cakes and on top. I hope some of the sisters will try it and report.

Long Island.

MRS. E. LAWRENCE.

SPONGE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, four eggs, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir all together well, then add two-thirds of a cup of boiling hot water, stir well and bake fifteen minutes.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls each of baking powder and boiling water, and flour enough to knead as soft as can be rolled out.

COM.

BEEF ROLL.—Two pounds of round beef chopped fine, two soda crackers rolled, one egg, salt and pepper. Mix all three together with the hand, and make into a roll. Cut gashes on the top of the roll and stick in bits of butter. Bake one-half hour, try with a knife, and if blood comes, bake a little longer. Pour the gravy that is in the pan over the meat and set away to cool. This is very nice sliced thin for tea.

PEACH CREAM.—Slice peaches and sprinkle with sugar. Make a custard of one pint of milk, the yolk of an egg, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, a little salt, sugar to sweeten and vanilla. When almost cold pour over the peaches. Cover the top with a meringue. Use about a quart of peaches. If canned ones are used, drain off as much of the syrup as possible. Place the cream in the refrigerator until ice cold. This is delicious. I hope some one will try this and report.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Cut up cold boiled potatoes until you have about a quart. Put in a pan a generous cup of milk, one teaspoonful of flour, and one tablespoonful of butter. Set on the stove and let it thicken, then put a layer of potatoes in a pudding dish, season with salt and pepper, and pour on a little of the gravy. Continue until all is used. Cover the top with rolled cracker crumbs and bits of butter. Bake twenty minutes.

CRACKER PUDDING.—One egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk, two or three milk crackers rolled, nutmeg and a pinch of salt. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. Run the handle of a spoon down the center of the pudding, if it does not look milky it is done.

JOHNNYCAKE.—Two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one egg, one teaspoonful of sweet milk, six tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, three tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt.

APPLE FILLING FOR CAKE.—One large or two small apples pared and grated, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one-half cup of sugar and a small piece of butter. Boil five minutes.

ORANGE FILLING FOR CAKE.—Beat the white of an egg to a very stiff froth. Then beat in the juice and grated peel of one orange, and add the pulverized sugar beating in just enough to spread nicely on the layers. This is very nice. Will some one try this and report?

Connecticut.

DAISY ALLISON.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup each of butter, sugar and molasses, three cups of flour, four eggs, one-half cup of milk, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, one-fourth pound of citron, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

PICKLED PLUMS.—Three and one-half pounds of sugar, seven pounds of fruit, one-half ounce of cloves, and one pint of vinegar. Cook twenty minutes.

VERA.

CREAMED EGGS.—We think them excellent. To one quart of new milk add one cup of rich sweet cream. Skimmed milk can be used if one adds butter or cream or both, to make it rich enough. Heat until boiling but be careful not to burn. Have your eggs broken into a dish as many as you wish to cook, and when the milk boils slip them carefully into it, taking care not to break the yolks. When done, take out and lay in a deep dish. Season the milk with pepper and salt to taste, and pour over the eggs. Good with toast or without.

CORAL KINGSBURY.

GOLD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, three-fourths cup of butter, two cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of yeast powder.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

MRS. A. C. MORGAN.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Eittim Gnyal asks for a recipe for chocolate cakes. I send mine, and hope she may be as successful with it as I have been. To one cup full of grated chocolate add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and five tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, and one teaspoonful of

vanilla. Melt and keep warm. One and one-half cups of sugar, and one-half cup of butter, beat together, add three well beaten eggs and two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, put in the chocolate mixture with three cups of sifted flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Ice with white icing when baked.

TRANSPARENT PIE.—For two pies, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one and one-half cups of sugar, and one-fourth cup of butter. Stir in one-half cup of cold water just before baking. Flavor with any flavoring and bake as a custard under a tin cover.

MOLASSES PIE.—For two pies, four eggs, one teacup of molasses, one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar; beat all together and bake with only one crust.

MRS. ESTHER W. YOUNGS.

Topeka, Kansas.

CORN BREAKFAST CAKES.—Mix well, by sifting one pint of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix rapidly and thoroughly with one pint of sweet milk, one beaten egg and butter the size of an egg. Bake in a shallow pan twenty minutes.

COOKIES.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Season with nutmeg.

PLAIN CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of cream, or one-half cup of butter and one-half cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, spice to taste, and flour to make a batter.

MAY J.

DARK FRUIT CAKE.—Four eggs, three teacups of brown sugar, two teacups of butter, one teacup of sour milk, two teacups of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of soda, spice to suit taste, and five and one-half cups of flour.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak one-half cup of pearl tapioca in water over night, put a quart of milk in a saucepan to heat, beat the yolks of three eggs and two-thirds cup of sugar with the tapioca. When the milk is hot, stir in and boil two minutes, stirring constantly. Set on the ice, and just before serving stir in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and season with lemon and vanilla.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Pulverize three square crackers, one cup of boiling water, one cup each of brown sugar and molasses, one-half cup each of butter and vinegar, one cup of chopped raisins, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and a very little pepper. Stir all together and heat. This makes three pies. Please try and report.

BELLE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask Emily Hayes to tell me the secret in baking a loaf cake. I never have success with mine.

Lonoke, Ark.

EDITH FLETCHER.

Will some one send me a good and inexpensive rule for making roll jelly cake, also coconut puffs?

M. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Let me tell Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, in the September number, that I used her directions for removing linseed oil, to remove cod liver oil, with excellent results; before then, I had never been able to get it out.

M. M. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers tell me what will exterminate the little bugs vulgarly known as sow bugs? They have taken possession of the cellar, and are quite plenty in other parts of the house. It is the kind of bug usually found in damp places under boards. They are commonly sluggish, but these are not, on the contrary, they are lively as crickets.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Mary C. Christian will put hen feathers in a bag, say an old pillow case, in the oven, having it hot, but not burn them, it will make them sweet.

Litchfield, Ct.

L. A. P.

If the sister who in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD complained of the juice running out of her pies will follow these directions I think the difficulty will be overcome. Make the under crust somewhat plainer than the upper one, do not over fill with juicy fruit. Roll out the upper crust, lay a breakfast plate about one size smaller than your round pie plate, on it, and cut around it, then place on top of your pie, and have it only just meet the sides of the under crust, and make no attempt at pinching the upper and under crust together. Place in a moderate oven and no juice will run over, from the fact there will be vent all around the sides of the pie. Try this and report.

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

The Parlor.

DARNING SOCKS.

BY MRS. S. E. BURTON.

Lucy alone at the window
Softly and cozily rocks,
Busily plying the needle,
Darning her husband's old socks;
Loving and sweet little woman,
Fond of each housewifely care,
No queen in her royal palace
With Lucy in wealth can compare.

White is the floor of the kitchen,
Soft sings the kettle for tea,
And out in the bright summer garden
Children are sporting in glee,
Down in the clover-clad meadows
Loud rings the blithe mower's steel,
Musical sounds of dear home-life
As sweet, artless Lucy can feel.

Skillfully plying the needle
Over and under the yarn,
Filling sad rents with a patience
Known to those only who darn;
Lucy hems in with her stitches
Thoughts bright with love as a gem,
Happily toiling for Richard,
The dearest and noblest of men!
Swift, and more swift flies the needle,
The meshes are filled one by one;
At last the big holes are all mended,
The week's task of darning is done.
But will Dick—ah, the dear, careless fellow!—
Know when his wife sings and rocks,
She fastens her heart in the stitches
She weaves in his old, worn-out socks?

THE NEWELL GIRLS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

CAPT. PETER NEWELL was dead. He was born a tyrant, and ten years of suffering had soured all the sweetness and sharpened all the angles of his nature, so that the villagers were excusable for considering his decease as a happy release for his daughters, if not for the old captain.

"What are the girls going to do now, S'lina?" asked Miss Dorothy Baxter, leaning over the gate for a chat with Selina Rogers, who was scouring the steps of the Newell mansion as the finishing touch to her cleaning.

Selina was in haste, and answered shortly, "Same's other folks do't have to make their own livin', I reckon. They ain't so bad off; they've got the house and garding."

"There's where you're in a mistake, S'lina," Margaret Newell never did as other folks do yit, and she ain't going to begin now. I shouldn't be a mite surprised if she set up to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or something new-fangled."

"Well," said Selina, "she hain't consulted me about it, but I'll be bound she'd make a smarter lawyer than that gump of a Jim Downey, any day," and she emptied her suds with a quick swing around the roots of her favorite rose-bush.

"Goodness, S'lina, you've splashed my new alpacky! I sh'd think you might be more keeful, flingin' slops about," and Miss Dorothy walked on with a vexed air, while Selina marched gravely into her kitchen.

Margaret Newell, sitting idly behind the curtain of her window, heard the talk, and laughed a little at its abrupt termination.

"She's right, though," she said to Helen. "We must do something, and at once. Aunt Jemima will not send us any thing now papa is gone. I wouldn't touch it if she did, and what is there for girls to do? One thing is sure; we must pay Selina and let her go. Of course we cannot afford to keep a servant."

Margaret took her purse and went to the kitchen.

"We hate to let you go, Selina; it seems as if you belonged to us after all these years, but you will have your choice of good places. I know of a dozen people who would be glad to get you at any price."

Selina was polishing her bare elbows on the towel, and she gave it a whisk across her eyes before she answered.

"Well, I don't callate to live out for a spell. I sh'd feel as if I had been sold into bondage. I've got a good machine, and there's lots wants plain sewing done; and if you don't mind my staying here, an' kinder workin' round for my board, it would suit me better'n being cooped up in one of them boarding houses."

Margaret's heart grew lighter at the very thought of keeping the faithful woman in the family.

"I wonder if we couldn't all take in sewing together?" she said. But Selina shook her head.

"You might stan' it, Miss Margaret, though you know how you hate sewin', but Helen never could. She's her mother over again: slim waist and narrer shoulders. Stitchin' would run her right down. If you wasn't ladies now, but jest common sort o' folks, there's something you could do to make money a sight easier than slavin' over your needle; but lawful sakes, I don't know but your pa would rise up in his grave to hear me speak of it."

"What do you mean, Selina? You know very well that Helen and I have no foolish ideas about respectability. I do hate sewing; that is, to make a business of it. I would a great deal sooner drop corn or hoe potatoes, if any one would hire me."

"Well," said Selina, "it's something I've thought a sight about ever since the railroad came across the orchard. Seemed at first as if I could never forgive 'em for cuttin' down the elder sweetin' trees and not leavin' a decent tree of bakin' apples. But bime-by I got to thinkin' how a body could get their money out of 'em arter all. Now you just look a-here, Miss Margaret," and Selina drew back the curtain with a sweep of her long arm, and nodded her head significantly.

Margaret looked from the window across a sloping garden, filled with flowers and small fruits, from which the railroad had cut off the lower corner. Across the track towered the ugly water-tank, in front of which a train was standing. The passengers were looking from the windows and crowding the platform, some even making their way along the yellow clay of the embankment in their impatience to reach the restaurant, from whose doors a gong was sending forth its horrible din. Selina's face wore a smile of mingled pity and contempt as she watched them.

"They're in an awful stew to get into Dan Conley's tavern, and fill themselves with tough meat and soggy potatoes and sour bread, and the slops Jane Conley calls coffee. And they'll pay him the price of a good meal for that miserable stuff. Now there's some sensible folks travel on railroads, as well as a heap of fools; and don't you see, Miss Margaret, if a nice, tidy boy should come along under them car-windows, with a big tray covered with a white cloth and a lot of nice little lunches all put in white paper, for a quarter, he could sell as many as there was passengers? And if he had a table there in that arbor, couldn't he just do business? You like to cook, Miss Margaret, and if you'd make nice, sweet rolls, and such wholesome vittles, and Helen would do them up tasty, and then have a smart boy to sell 'em you could just take in any amount of custom."

Margaret looked at Selina a moment, and then astonished the kind-hearted woman by rushing at her and giving her a vigorous squeeze, saying:

"Selina, you're a genius! I'll build you a monument in the garden," and away she ran to find Helen, who was forlornly drumming over her old piano exercises,

and trying to believe she could give music lessons.

"Put away the book, sweetheart, Selina has discovered our mission," and she explained the scheme to Helen, with such amplifications as suggested themselves to her fertile brain.

"Who'll sell them?" asked Helen, dubiously, as Margaret was expatiating upon the aesthetic lunches of dainty rolls, crisp cookies, wafers of meat, and a delicate relish of fruit.

"You might do it, Helen. You'd be irresistible in a milkmaid's dress," and Margaret looked rapturously at her sister, with a vision of her blue eyes and lovely yellow hair, a straw hat, tied with broad ribbons under her chin.

"O Margaret!" said Helen, in such an appealing tone that Margaret came to her senses and laughed merrily.

"You didn't think I meant it, dear? Mrs. Mowry will be only too glad to lend us some of her flock, and I foresee that if the business prospers Selina will never be able to stick to her machine. I really wish it was proper to open out to-day, but I am going to take account of stock this minute. Isn't it lucky that the strawberries were re-set last year? There'll be bushels of them, and we can sell them all."

"And the flowers," added Helen, but Margaret was already out of hearing.

Now, if these two girls had chosen to starve upon the small amount they could earn by doing shop-work, or giving music lessons, or teaching embroidery, every one would have said it was eminently proper and lady-like, but the good people of Waterbury were shocked beyond expression when it came to their ears that Margaret and Helen Newell were supporting themselves in real comfort by selling lunches at the railroad train. It did not matter that neither of them had any visible connection with the traveling public, or that Selina, leaving the machine to rest, grimly presided over the Mowry boys who acted as salesmen.

"Such pretty, lady-like girls, and so well educated!" lamented Mrs. Col. Grimes. "It seems a pity they should throw away their prospects so."

Just what these prospects were was not stated, but Mrs. Grimes was an authority in Waterbury, from whose decisions there was no appeal, and it was generally accepted that the Newell girls had done something unladylike, and thrown away their prospects in an unpardonable manner.

In spite of it all the business prospered, and in one season almost outgrew the heads and hands that managed it. One crisp October day, when half the world seemed to be coming home from somewhere, a great blundering freight train managed to wreck itself upon the track at Waterbury station, and the passenger express was forced to wait at the tank for its slow removal. Selina, with her lieutenants, quickly disposed of every available eatable, and then stood guard at the gate to ward back intruders from the garden.

The very last lunch was laid in its white wrapping upon the lap of a sour-looking old lady, who received it with a growl of surprise, and put on her glasses to examine it.

"A fresh roll, a slice of tongue, a little sponge cake, and a bunch of grapes. You don't tell me, James, that any restaurant-keeper ever dreamed of such a lunch as that?"

James pointed to Selina, where she stood at the garden gate, like a grenadier on guard.

"There is the woman who dreamed it, at least, I took it from her hands, and the conductor tells me the Waterbury lunches have become famous all along the line."

"Waterbury! is this Waterbury? Why, that was where—where—how long are we to be kept waiting here?"

"Four hours, at the very least, and if it wasn't for leaving you, I should go out and see the town."

"Go on, for pity's sake," said the old lady. "If there's one thing more absurd than another, it's a man standing around, and trying to kill time."

The young man bowed and smiled and walked rapidly away, and as soon as he was out of sight, the old lady left the car and made her way to where Selina was standing. She walked with a cane, partly on account of a slight lameness, but more because of her heavy figure, and the delight of using it to enforce her demands by vigorous thumps on the floor.

Selina stood with her arms rolled up in her gingham apron, watching her approach and reflecting—

"That's Cap'n Peter Newell riz out of his grave, or else his sister Jemima, the cold-hearted heathen!" and Miss Jemima Newell, for it really was she, was soon confronted with a countenance as resolute as her own.

"Do you live in this town?"

Selina nodded.

"Do you know where Captain Peter Newell's house is?"

"The only house he's got any claim to is in the burying-ground up yonder, unless he's gone to heaven. I s'pose you knew he was dead?"

"Are his daughters living hereabouts?" the old lady asked, without the twitch of a muscle.

"They're living in the old house, and there ain't no smarter girls in the United States. Take after their mother's side, both on 'em, and lucky they do! I've heard tell their father's folks was tighter'n the bark on a tree. Did you want to find the house, ma'am? Taint very fur off; you just go down to the turns yonder, and then up one square to the big birch, and turn to your left a little piece, and you can't miss it. On this side of the road with a big ellum tree by the gate."

Miss Jemima hesitated; it seemed like a long walk, but what could she do for four hours? So she walked slowly down the road, planting her cane firmly among the rustling leaves. As soon as she was gone Selina hurried up to the house with an air of intense satisfaction, her thin mouth twitching, and her gray eyes winking rapidly.

The girls were in the kitchen, Margaret deftly transferring countless cookies in the shape of oak leaves to the tins in which they were to be baked, and Helen with her elbows on the table watching her with a weary air.

"Isn't it awful, Maggie, to put so much labor into nice things for all sorts of horrid people to see them?"

"Here comes one of 'em," said Selina, as Miss Jemima paused an instant at the front gate, and then moved heavily up the walk, a little out of breath from her exercise.

"So this is Peter's house," she was saying to herself, and seeing the door open, she marched in and dropped into a big chair to rest.

In another moment Margaret was before her, quiet and dignified, looking into her face with eyes that plainly asked her excuse for the intrusion.

Miss Jemima deliberately drew her spectacles from her bag, settled them upon her nose, and surveyed Margaret from head to foot before she said:

"The woman lied; you are as clear a Newell as ever was born. Where is your sister?"

"I think," said Margaret, "you must be our Aunt Jemima. I will call Helen. Will you come into the parlor?"

"Thank you, I am very comfortable here. You have not said you were glad to see me, and I dare say you're not, but that makes no difference. I came for my own gratification, and not yours."

It was well that Miss Jemima's back was towards the kitchen, or even her courage might have quailed before the glare Selina cast upon her as she pushed Helen forward and closed the door with a slam, while Helen, blushing and trembling, held out her hand to her aunt.

"Not much Newell about you; you're too pretty. Now, what on earth was the use of two Newell girls, when there isn't a boy to keep the name alive? Bah! I wish I had been a man instead of Peter."

"I wouldn't be a man for any thing," said Margaret. "It's just grand to be a woman."

"Grand! You'll find out, Miss Margaret, that there's very little use for grand people in this world. Grand, indeed! That was all my brother Peter was ever good for. If he had not been so grand, he might have earned his own living and supported his family, instead of leaving them beggars."

"I beg your pardon, aunt, though you ought to ask mine for speaking so of papa, but Helen and I are not beggars. We have a good home, and a business that more than supports us," and Margaret met her aunt's stare with a resolute face.

"Business!" said Miss Jemima; "May I ask what?"

Margaret hesitated an instant, and then, to Helen's horror, threw open the kitchen door, saying:

"Come and see."

The great, clean, sunshiny room was filled with a warm, spicy smell, mingled with the odor of a basket of purple grapes which Selina was rapidly snipping into small bunches.

"Do you keep boarders?" asked Miss Jemima, looking curiously around her.

"Is thy servant a dog?" exclaimed Margaret, merrily. "See, aunt, our business came to us."

Miss Jemima's eyes followed the direction of Margaret's finger, and took in the garden, the train, the impatient people, and her own gentlemanly escort sauntering up the path toward the house.

"Our train, as sure as I am alive! and this is where my lunch came from!"

Margaret nodded.

"Wasn't it good and cheap?"

"It really was both; but I don't understand. That woman at the gate sent me around Robin Hood's barn to get here; I more'n half believe—"

She caught sight of Selina, and asked with a thump of her cane:

"How dared you, you impertinent thing, make game of an old woman like me?"

"We don't keep a turnpike through the gardening; if we were once to begin lettin' folks through, there'd be no livin' here."

"That's my nephew, your cousin James Dyer," said Jemima, suddenly. "If I couldn't come through the garden, he shan't either," and going to the door, she peremptorily ordered the young man to go around the block and present himself properly at the front gate.

The young man laughed, but obeyed, and was duly presented to his pretty cousins in the parlor, finding his new relatives so charming that when the whistle called the straggling travelers to their train, he was forced to drag Miss Jemima in unseemly haste down the garden path, and over the embankment, with only a hurried good-by. The two vanished from the horizon of Waterbury, and for a time the lives of the Newell girls went on in the same humdrum fashion. But one day a letter came from Miss Jemima, saying in a very few words:

"My Dear Girls:—I am going abroad

for two years, and you are going with me. I have been hating you ever since you were born, and I am ashamed of it. You deserve a good time, and you shall have it. Leave the business with Selina, and tell her I forgive her for treating me so outrageously. Never mind about your clothes. We can get plenty of them in England. James will come for you next week. Your aunt, JEMIMA NEWELL."

"I'd as lief travel with an old dragon," said Selina; but Margaret and Helen did not think so, and if in the year 1876 you chanced to meet in Florence or Nice or Vienna, a merry party of two pretty girls escorted by a devoted young man and matronized by an old woman who was a terror to landlords and guides, you may be sure that was Miss Jemima's party.—*Youth's Companion.*

BETH'S LIBRARY.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

It was a source of regret to Beth Walton that her home was not furnished in modern style. When a child she was ashamed of the heavy, old-fashioned side board, the sofas, chairs and tables, and a little in awe, too, it must be confessed, of the south parlor, where hung in dim light the family portraits, but not so dim but that Beth could see that the painted eyes followed her every move. There was a mysterious and religious air too, about this stately room, for thither Grandma Williams used to go for devotion.

Beth would creep past the door with bated breath, and up the long staircase when she heard her grandmother's voice within, pleading with tears for blessing upon her "children and children's children." Beth could not have been hired when a child, to stay in the parlor alone.

"It seemed so near to God," was the feeling. In after years the room became the dearest spot in the home to Beth, because of this holy example and influence of her grandmother which still seems to cling to its walls.

Grandpa Williams died without a will, consequently Beth's mother inherited "the old things." From time to time Mrs. Walton purchased modern furniture but there was always room for more. The house was large, and rooms many, so Beth despaired of ever making them homelike and cosy, like smaller homes. As she grew older, the more she desired the home to be attractive. There is a large hall with a parlor on each side. The north parlor with its piano and mixture of old and new furniture was satisfactory, but Beth looked at the closed south parlor.

"It's a shame to have such a fine room in the house unused! Ma'ma will you let me fix it up? I will make it into a library. It shall be furnished with heirlooms."

Beth had decided to make the best of things at her command. There swept in with the centennial a change of taste and "old things" were in request. Beth began to look with favor upon the substantial mahogany, walnut and cherry furniture, such a contrast to the present craze for willow work.

When Beth looked about to furnish the library she formed a good beginning. The room was high and large with five windows, two at the east, two south, and one west, so there could be sunshine in the room all day.

The carpet was a rich, dark Brussels, the paper blue and gold with an all-over lace-like pattern. Where not well preserved, Beth covered it with pictures and maps. The wood work was white, the mantel and panels beneath each window were handsomely carved. A long, quaint mirror in three parts, with a gilt frame surmounted the mantel; brown shades at the windows. But the room wore a stiff

air which chilled all sympathy and home-feeling.

So Beth set to work to change the character of the room. The garret was filled with furniture set aside. Beth investigated. Her first trophy was the upper part of an old cherry secretary. The doors were removed. In a coat of varnish, its five shelves filled with books, a curtain in front, it presents a modern aspect. Its top is a resting-place for pictures, old china, and a pair of silver candlesticks.

Beth was delighted but Mrs. Walton was skeptical concerning Beth's innovations and was never quite reconciled to see that old book case brought down stairs and occupy a respectable place in society once more.

Half a century ago at the first wedding in the house a polished black walnut table graced the occasion. Twenty could be easily seated at this hospitable board which without a cloth reflected the rare china on its mirror-like surface. The table was massive in three parts, the main table with broad leaves, and the two half rounds which fitted on each end. The half rounds were handsomely preserved but the main table had passed through many vicissitudes, step by step it lost caste until in Beth's time it was the much abused, marred and scarred kitchen table.

Beth thought, "I must rescue that table. It will soon be ruined." It was already rickety and one day Beth accidentally broke off one of its legs. Then there was a family consultation. Something had to be done. Three broken tables in the house!

"Papa, get them all mended and let me have the black walnut for a library table."

So a table-doctor was sent for and the disabled pieces of furniture became firm and strong. Beth carried off her prize, scraped it with glass, and sand papered it, then a dressing of oil brought out the grain of wood. Standing with its broad leaves open, it became an ideal library table, handsome and capacious. Room for books, papers, pictures, while one leaf is devoted to writing materials. Here is every thing at hand, stationery, pens, pencils, ink, penwipers, calendar. Under the table a quaint basket from the garret receives scraps.

Every woman knows what a panic is caused by ink-spilling. Beth devised a plan to avoid such panics. Her first experiment was a pie-tin covered with red, in which were kept the ink-stand and pens. A law was passed that the ink must not be removed from the tin. At Christmas time Beth saw a Japanese tray and two boxes, which she procured and banished the first arrangement. One box was for stamps, the other for pens, pencils, wax and erasers. This pretty Japanese ornament found its way to the library table. It is needless to add that since Beth tried this plan there has not been any ink-spilling panic.

One day in winter Beth went to the barn to assist her father for a short time. She spied an old cherry table, black with age, in a corner of the barn. "Papa," she exclaimed, "that is the table that grandma went to keeping house with. It must be seventy-five years old. Will you bring it into the house? I want it for the library." And so the old table, many years forlorn and forsaken, banished to the barn where the sheep-shearers used it to tie wool upon, was lifted high upon a load of corn and brought to the house in state. Mrs. Walton remonstrated when she saw the old relic brought into the clean kitchen.

"Papa is going to take it apart and plane it, and put it together with new screws," explained Beth, as out of breath she tugged and pushed the heavy table through the kitchen door. It was a frame table with braces between the legs,

and no leaves. Mr. Walton became interested to such a degree that he spent several afternoons taking the table apart and dressing it over. When put together it presented a firm, quaint appearance, "Good for seventy-five years more," he said.

It was placed in the south-west corner of the library. For cover Beth used a fine heavy damask spread, another heirloom. In its new dress, laden with books, papers, bits of painting, and photographs, the old cherry table renewed its youth and divided honors with the black walnut table.

Beth then hastened to stain and varnish two chairs, one grandfather's and the other grandmother's, placed at the cherry table, it was not difficult to recall the time when these chairs were occupied by the vanished forms whose portraits look down from Beth's library wall.

Mr. Walton was going to an auction at an old homestead in the neighborhood.

"Papa, if you see any relics buy them for me," Beth said half in earnest, as he buttoned up his overcoat and stepped out in the snow and sleet of a December day, and he did, much to Beth's delight, and Mrs. Walton chagrin. "Beth, you and your father are just alike," she said resignedly.

He came home with a load of things. There was a complete spinning outfit. Beth clapped her hands with glee when she saw the linen wheel so handsomely made which had been gathering dust and cobwebs in the Gates' garret. Cleaned and oiled, it took its place beneath the mantel in the library, a reminder of home spun days. He brought an old mortar made of a knot of wood. Beth oiled and placed it in the hall to receive canes, parasols, and umbrellas. There were bits of rare china and a "little brown jug," to be decorated, which found their way to the library mantel.

Up stairs was a piece of furniture of dark handsome wood, used now for a washstand. It was originally Grandma Williams' medicine chest. Beth saw in it a cabinet. She had many curiosities scattered about the house. Newly varnished, it became the most interesting corner in the library.

And now the only thing needed was a screen. Beth visited the loft of the carriage house, where she knew were her grandmother's clothes frames. Triumphant she brought them down. Given into the hands of a carpenter, two good screen frames came forth. It took nearly a year to complete them, for Beth wished them to be handsome, but could not decide how to cover them. Finally she procured sample books of elegant papers at the paper-hangers. She covered the outside of the screen with these papers in crazy work, then added Japanese fans, scenes and medallions. The effect was rich and charming. The inside was lined with olive and cardinal canton flannel.

Beth has not yet completed her library. She has in mind to open the fire-place, walled up when stoves came in fashion, to paint and paper the room, lace curtains and a hanging lamp. These she will bring around in time for she never swerves from a purpose when once she sets her mind upon it.

Mr. Walton did not like to have all the books in the library. He wants them scattered through the house, and so the mahogany book case stands in the parlor with his choicest books, therefore, do not picture to your mind, Beth's library lined with books from floor to ceiling, but rather a quaint, sunny room, a most inviting, quiet place for reading, study, writing or a nap on the long, capacious sofa.

Beth has been happy in giving the room its new aspect. Some of her

friends look askance at the "old things" and would not allow them in their rooms an instant, others admire, clasp their hands, and say, "It is lovely, especially that mantel and mirror."

Beth has forgotten to sigh for modern furniture and constantly finds new possibilities in house decoration.

Thus we have watched her progress step by step in changing the cold parlor to a living room, but it is not the library alone that has been brightened. Every room in the house has drawn on the resources of the garret until Mrs. Walton laughingly exclaims, "We will have to buy new furniture for the garret. It is empty."

ON THE TRAIN.

Just, at sunrise one lovely morning in the last of July I bid good by to home and loved ones in the little town of A., in northwestern Texas, and turned my face westward bound for my new home in the "sun-kissed" land of Arizona. With lingering interest I watched from the car window the rapidly passing scenery, knowing that every stroke of the iron wheels was swiftly carrying me out of the "Lone Star" state, farther and farther from home and mother; but with the above thought came the one as equally consoling as the other was depressing, that every mile so quickly passed over by the iron horse brought me nearer my husband. On and on we sped, through little valleys not waving with the green grass that Texas is wont to see, but still very pretty; over tiny running streams, now through a cut in the mountain side, over large bayous, with an occasional stop at some busy little town or station to throw off and have thrown on a mail pouch or to allow some chance passenger privilege to get on or off. Then we start again, faster than before, for we now enter onto the staked plains of Texas, a great sweep of sandy desert. How fast we go; no trouble for the giant horse to pull us over this plain. There is not anything to attract one's attention for many miles, and I, having knowledge of the fact, settle myself comfortably for a nap, but the nap was not very peaceful for I seemed to be trying to catch the train at A., amidst great confusion and hubbub of voices, and some one shouting loudly "look there," "look there," and I thought to myself you need not let everybody know I am left, I—. Just at that I awoke with a start to find the passengers all gazing out of the windows on my side of the car, and again I heard the exclamation "look there," and I did look and beheld a great shining lake of clear water sparkling in the sunshine. Only a mirage, but how beautiful it was. Gradually it faded from our sight, and one by one the passengers quietly took their seats. From away up in the corner came the ejaculation "How wonderful!" and the echo seemed to float from the lips of all.

As twilight was stealing with her dusky shadow over the plain, the conductor said to me, "We are nearing El Paso; soon be out of Texas." Soon be out of Texas! I turn my face to the window, take a last look at the dying day, see the sun like a great ball of red fire sink slowly in the west, place my head farther out and let the evening wind blow cool upon my forehead, and whisper farewell, bonnie "Lone Star" state, farewell sweet southern breezes.

El Paso is a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, on the Rio Grande river, on the border of Texas and old Mexico. Just across the river, about a half mile from El Paso, is the Mexican town of Paso-del-norte. I had intended going over there, as I was told that there I would see Mexico in all its ancient glory, and I was anxious to see the church built there

over three hundred years ago, but El Paso was in some little excitement over the unjust imprisonment of an American in Paso-del-norte, and I not being the bravest of the brave, and not being able to speak a word of Spanish, concluded not to venture over there alone. I have since been told there would not have been the least danger.

I had a few ideas given me of the church and here they are. It is adobe, but very finely furnished inside. It contains no seats excepting the one at the small organ. The congregation either stand or kneel, and as theirs is the Catholic religion methinks the lack of seats is not such a deprivation as it would be to us Protestants. It is said that the organist is a very fine musician. The walls and ceiling are of cotton-wood, handsomely carved in various designs. Directly over the altar, which is enclosed in a railing, is an image of Christ on the cross; to his right, lower down, is one of the Virgin Mary; to his left, one of the apostles. To visit their church during service would certainly repay one for the trouble.

I left El Paso at 11:45 on the third morning of my journey, and soon we were speeding through New Mexico, along the banks of the famous Rio Grande. It is a treacherous stream, for only a short while before, its high water had weakened the bridge, washed away a great deal of the track, causing much delay and trouble. But on that day, as we traveled by its side, it seemed in a tranquil humor, quietly wending its way to the gulf. I was very favorably impressed with some parts of New Mexico, while again I could see nothing but sandy hills as far as the eye could reach. I wondered if "Abbie," whose name we often see in our paper, lived at any of the many stations at which we stopped.

I reached Albuquerque, (N. M.) where I changed cars for the fourth and last time, about midnight of the same day, and as I left there in the gray dawn of the morning I had no opportunity of seeing any thing of the place. I should like to tell the Band of the Navajoe Indians, whose reservation we passed through in the early morning, and who filled the train at every stopping point, anxious to sell their ware; quaint looking it was too. They also had for sale small apples cultivated by themselves. SALOME.

Arizona.

SLOVENLY WOMEN.

A confirmed sloven is, to my way of thinking, a blot on the fair face of creation. The eye of her husband delighteth not in her, and she is a reproach to her friends. A woman cannot excuse herself for habitual untidiness of personal appearance on the plea of having no time to "fix up." The "fixing up" process requires little time and the cost of the few things necessary to ordinary neatness and decency is trifling. The woman is poor indeed who cannot afford collars and cuffs, a ribbon or two, and, at least, a neat print dress for every-day wear.

Our civilization has reached such an advanced stage that combs and brushes are to be found in the humblest homes. Soap was never so cheap as now and water is free to all. Then why should some wives and mothers, some sisters and sweethearts, appear daily in a condition of glaring and unpardonable untidiness?

Don't tell me that few men note the difference between a tidy and an untidy woman. It is not true. It is true, however, that many men are dumb as mummies on the subject. Whether their wives are neat or slovenly in appearance, they say nothing. But they do "keep up a terrible thinking" about it. Not a word of praise or condemnation may ever escape their sealed lips. To wives and sis-

ters they may seem unappreciative and heedless, but in their secret souls they are noticing and contrasting and criticising. They are proud of their tidy wives or ashamed of the slovenly ones. And I do not think any depth of humiliation can be greater than that felt by the man who is ashamed of his wife, and who has reason for his humiliation.

I have, in the somewhat varied experiences of my life, heard women say, "Oh, it's no use for me to spend any time dressing up for John. He never notices how I look. There is no pleasure in fixing up for such a man, so I don't pay much attention to dress any more."

Now, even though John were as un-mindful of her appearance as his wife says he is, the fact would be a pitiful excuse for a wife to offer for her uncombed head, her soiled hands and finger nails, her untidy dress without collars and cuffs, and her general appearance of having come from a junk shop.

Nothing adds more to my own self-respect than to feel that I am well dressed. A good bath, clean linen, and a neat though cheap suit, tones me up mentally and physically more than any thing else I know of. And I believe that dress has a great deal to do with the morals and manners of most women and men. Dirt and rags and disorder are ever to be found in the homes of the viciously bad. There is much truth in the often reiterated statement of temperance orators that the beginning of many a man's career as a drunkard can be traced to a disorderly home and a slatternly wife. I remember a case in point. When I was a boy there lived near my father's house a family I shall call Graves. Mr. Graves, or Fred, as his wife called him, was an honest, hard-working, intelligent and right-minded man, domestic in his tastes, and more refined than most men of his class. He was, moreover, exceptionally neat in his personal appearance. His wife had been a tidy and pretty enough girl, but very soon after marriage, she developed into a sloven of the most pronounced sort, a result of systematic novel reading and "gadding around."

When children came they and her house and herself were alike neglected. Her house was "at sixes and sevens" all the time; a shawl carelessly thrown over her head took the place of a hat or bonnet when she went abroad. She thought it no disgrace to appear in the village store, with her shoes unbuttoned and torn places in her dress held together with pins. Her hair would be "frouzy" to the last degree, and face and hands dirty. The home Fred went to at night was a dreary and desolate place, although the cottage itself was a pretty one, and had been neatly furnished for his bride.

Note the result! Fred soon found saloons and billiard halls more attractive than his home. He became a drunkard, and his wife spent her time in running around, gossiping about her husband's degeneracy and bemoaning her sad condition. One day she died suddenly. A spinster sister of Fred's came to keep house for him and his three little ones.

This spinster was a New England model of neatness. She would have thought herself disgraced had she been seen "before anybody" without collar and cuffs, and with her hair not "just so."

The manner in which she scrubbed and swept and painted and cleaned up that house and its contents was something refreshing to see. It seemed to refreshen Fred Graves. It made a man of him again. It did indeed. His reform was wonderfully sudden and complete. His tidy house, his cleanly, well trained children became the sources of infinite pride and joy to him. He began to look after the neglected garden and yard. The shrubbery and grass were kept in order.

His home became one of the prettiest and happiest in the village.

Of course, there are two sides to this question. Let some one who can bring us men to time regarding our various shortcomings in this direction. But I think that all parents owe it to themselves and to their children to think about these things and to be scrupulously tidy in their homes, remembering that cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness, and order is the first law of life. ZENAS DANE.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Without, desolation of winter, snow and biting winds. Within, cheery fires, household pictures, and sense of kind protection. Over all rules the Spirit Divine; but we of the earth-world are taught to blend our spirits with the Infinite Power, in trust which inclines to patient living and to honest striving.

Is there no lesson to be gained from the outer world to-day, because of nature's homeliness? May not beauty be discovered without, by attention to the truths within? Indeed, it is the great fact underlying all outward appearances which claims recognition, and which keeps alive the natural world, as well as the being of mortals. It helps us to look without, when sorrow within bends low the soul.

We need to embrace wider outlooks, also to sympathize with human interests other than our own, that so in purest understanding of life, in its various phases, comfort bestowed brings its peculiar blessing, unto which shall be added peace.

If trouble besiege from without, grace within, the precious gift of the All Giver, will gently conquer self and foes. There is no compromise to be effected between the outer and the inner life—irrevocable laws govern both, and the same being commands unity of action with singleness of purpose; while out of these springs true light to beautify the otherwise bare and cheerless world.

The nude branches of the trees intertwine against the sky, but they do not hide its heavenly clearness. They are not, in themselves, devoid of comeliness. See how they form a lace-like network by delicate combining of their traceries. So may we, with arms of mercy, unite in outspreading graces towards beseechful human vision.

The white cloak which shields the earth from coldness, may be emulated by the soul, whose purity shall defend the weaknesses of humanity, by means of spiritual warmth; nevertheless, winning to self-endeavor the forces which lie beneath, that so they shall at length reach upwards unto endurable brightness, given to those only who know the blessedness of striving.

Too much inlooking shuts out the help which may be gained from the life without. But lack of courage to introvert thought signifies a mind prone to worldly sustaining—itsself a feeble prop in time of either grief or great affliction.

The without and the within are both meant to our good in every consideration which life presents. Earth manifests this by her centripetal activities. Even winter barrenness conceals depths of inner workings, which it will be the mission of spring time to disclose to outer satisfaction. Faith, however, within mortal possession, should show itself by outward signs of the invisible token which has graciously been vouchsafed.

Human comeliness does not always bespeak the loveliness which has its source from within. Hidden beauty is surest, although this is not seldom revealed by the outer, as itself produced by silent, unseen, tireless energies.

Trouble comes to us from without; joy

from within only. Thought is the product of both the within and the without. Sin proceeds from both sources, though it has power alone from within to destroy the soul; since it is the prerogative of the spirit to hold itself supremely against the invasion from without by the mighty aid which befriends from on high.

The hostilities which arise from without, are those which have, comparatively, short continuance, and cannot hurt the soul imbued with heavenly strength. But the warring within, between the two natures which characterize every mortal, is deadly itself, and cannot be too closely guarded.

Miseries from within, such as remorse, shame, violated conscience, or a self-accurring mind, are spiritual hurts.

Nothing from without can rescue a guilty conscience. No fellow-mortal, however pure, may save another by taking the sinning one by the hand. Such a one may, indeed, help the erring, or even the fallen. But the victory must be from within the soul of the one who desires.

Without, as the pen moves, snow-flakes fall noiselessly. Within glow the fires, whose appreciable warmth heightens the sense of the relation which the inner and the outer life, in every aspect, bear to each other. Ah, that the great world without revealed even more than it does, of the beautiful within!

Without are tumults, greed, and sinning,
While from within, grieves thus to see,
The spirit which would souls be winning
To leave dark ways, and pure be.
Within—oh, keep thy sacred treasure
Safe from attacks of self or foes;
For naught so sweet as guiltless pleasure,
No balm so healing for thy woes.

"FOOD DAY."

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Do you know what that means? You will remember that when the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness the Lord fed them with manna, which fell from heaven. It was gathered every morning, as much as each one wanted, but on the sixth day of the week (Saturday) they gathered a double quantity and laid it up for the next day. Not an ounce could any of them find on the Sabbath morning, so if they wished any thing to eat on that day they were forced to gather it Saturday morning.

When the Society Islands were first discovered, (you will find this large group of islands, almost an archipelago in themselves, by looking on the map of the South Pacific ocean somewhere about eighteen degrees south latitude, and one hundred and fifty degrees west longitude,) the inhabitants were all idolaters and very wicked. A band of English missionaries visited the islands in the beginning of this century, and made known the Gospel to these poor islanders. They received it gladly, and its noble precepts and sublime truths made a great impression upon their uncultivated minds. The conformity of their daily life to the commands of the bible, as fast as they could understand them, might put to shame many of us in Christian lands. Especially were they strict in the observance of the Sabbath, and their veneration of the day reminds one of the practices of the primitive Jews.

They prepared all the food for Sunday during Saturday which they called "food day," in consequence. In every hamlet and in every hut fires burned all day, at which they roasted their fish and game, and boiled their puddings of bananas and bread fruit and cocoanut milk. By dark all the cooking was done, all work was laid away, and the evening was spent in singing and reading and praying in their houses. A traveler thus describes the manner in which they observed their Sundays:

"On Sabbath day no tree was climbed and no fire was lighted; but the day was devoted to the care of the soul. At sunrise the people prayed alone, as usual, either among the bushes or in the little prayer houses, or in some retired corner of their own. From eight to nine the schools for boys and girls met in the school houses, where the children repeated their hymns and catechism. At a quarter before nine a sound was heard; sometimes it was the sound of a shell that a man carried round the village and blew like a trumpet; in other places it was the sound of a stone striking against a bar of iron hung on a tree; but whatever was the kind of sound, the meaning was the same, 'Come ye to the house of the Lord.' Then the teachers led their classes to the chapel. The girls walked first, two and two, hand in hand, most of them wearing frocks like English children, and bonnets made of plaited grass or bark. Each carried in her hand a little basket containing her hymn book, catechism and the scriptures. The boys came afterwards, dressed in native garments, a little mat of bark around their waists, and a little red or yellow shawl thrown over their shoulders, a hat of plaited grass, and no shoes on their feet. Many a mother then blessed God as she looked on her dear child, for sending missionaries to show her how to train her little one for heaven.

The people were all ready before service began, for though they had scarcely any clocks or watches, they were obedient to the sound of the trumpet shell. After dinner the children assembled in school again; but as it was very hot at this hour, each teacher often took a class under the shade of some thick tree, and talked to them of a Saviour's love for little children. Afternoon service began at four. By sunset the people all returned to their dwellings to spend the evening in reading, singing and prayer."

In this manner the converted nations of the South Sea passed their Sabbaths. They called them a delight, honorable, and did honor God, "not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words," but "delighting themselves in the Lord." Let the children in this land of bibles, who have been instructed in the scriptures from their infancy, line upon line and precept upon precept, think of this. Are they living up to their privileges? Are they as obedient and devout and God-fearing as those poor natives of the Society Isles, who had only a few scattered rays of divine truth? Ah, children, how much is done for you! Remember that to whom much is given, of them will much be required.

FALSE ECONOMY.

BY E. S. T.

There is a great deal of false economy practiced, even in this enlightened day of the world, in consequence of which every thing is laid on the saving altar except the one unredeemable gift of time.

If we can save a few cents what difference if it does take considerable of our time? It might as well be spent doing that as anything else. Or if we have something useless that could in the course of time be made over into something useful, of course it is economy to make all we can of it.

Such is a common sentiment especially among so-called economical housewives. If their efforts could only be directed into proper channels they would prove decided blessings to humanity.

Mothers, pause for a moment and think how much unnecessary work you are doing to provide for the bodily wants of yourself and family, and how little you are doing to provide for their mental and spiritual wants. Does the time devoted

to each compare very well with their comparative importance.

You will do your family and the world in general much more good by saving your strength and precious time for the improvement of your higher faculties, than by using them to furnish your table with fancy dishes and ornament your house with fancy work, or your body and those of your children with unnecessary furbelows.

An unwise use of time is however not confined to any particular class. How small a portion of their time does the average business man, the young lady, or indeed, any class of persons spend to provide food for their higher faculties as compared with that spent for worldly things. We all make slaves of ourselves to obtain wealth, hold a high social position, or secure fame, when a part of the time spent in mental improvement would not only yield us surer returns but increase our capacity for enjoyment a hundred fold.

To be sure the greater portion of our time must necessarily be spent in whatever line of business we have chosen, but whatever that may be we should not devote ourselves so exclusively to it that we cannot have some time to devote to higher things.

As the use of our time depends so much on the choice of an occupation it is very essential that one be chosen which will afford opportunities for the development of our various talents. But the majority of women find their sphere in the home circle, where their work consists of the unvarying, never ending round of household duties. It is her duty to keep an orderly, pleasant home, if possible. By turning a deaf ear to the demands of Dame Fashion, and listening to the teachings of common sense, she can usually manage to have considerable spare time each day. The disposition of this time depends principally on what we are, our likes and disposition.

If we realize the true insignificance of worldly things compared with spiritual, it will probably not be spent in pursuit of worldly pleasure. If they are spent in study, and well improved, any person may by systematic work achieve wonders in whatever field he may choose to investigate. That, however, is often the difficult question to decide.

The great world is before us with its many avenues of truth, but life is so short and such a small portion of it can be spent in study that we must decide which one of the many will be the most beneficial to us. This each must decide for himself.

There is, however, one subject which ought to receive our attention whatever our life work may be. The study of God's word, and of the divine character is something which yields a better return for our labor than any thing else except communication with the Heavenly Father. If these are neglected, all other work being merely for this life will be useless, while if they are attended to it will only increase our capacity for enjoyment in the world to come, and be but the commencement of that never-ending improvement which will continue on the other side of the grave.

HAVE A HOBBY.

Perhaps not exactly a hobby—that may be too suggestive of the "one idea" system—but it is an excellent plan to have some favorite employment aside from the regular daily duties of life. Of course, we all have, or ought to have, some regular work, whether it be congenial or not, but nobody ought to do the same things, day after day, year in and year out, without varying the monotony by some pleasing pursuit that shall serve as a needed rest

and relaxation. If you are fond of plants, let it be the study of botany. If you are interested in minerals, collect all you can at odd times, exchange specimens and study about them. If music hath its charms for you, practice, if only ten minutes a day. If you have a literary bent, write out your thoughts once in a while, no matter whether the public ever knows them or not, you have had your recreation and been benefited. Take up the Chautauqua studies or any other, have a flower garden, conservatory, or aquarium, carve wood, do modeling in clay, stuff birds, collect insects, paint, sketch, embroider, make rugs, and—I had almost said crazy quilts, only I am opposed to crazy quilts on principle. Any way have something on hand besides regular, necessary work. Let it be something you thoroughly like, something to which the thoughts can turn with enthusiasm, as a child longs for Christmas or the delights of a picnic.

Your hobby need not always be the same one, but do not ever be without one. Even though the stress of circumstances may occasionally compel you to forego your favorite pastime for weeks and even months at a time, it is something to possess a resource, to have some agreeable occupation to which you can look forward with eagerness to resume as soon as possible. The adoption of such a plan would be a healthful tonic to many tired housekeepers, school teachers, clerks and others, and prove in many instances their mental, moral or physical salvation.

RENA ROSS.

FRAUDS EXPOSED.

The public may be interested in the results of the offer of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, to learn and report on the character of advertisements and circulars promising women work at home on receipt of money for materials.

This offer was published in all the Boston dailies six months ago, and it still appears, each paper in turn giving it one week's gratuitous insertion. Our investigation has shown the existence of a cruel and wide-spread fraud, for, in the long list of parties thus advertising, we have not found one which does the business it advertises, though in a few instances a small quantity of work may be given out in order to secure witnesses in case of arrest for fraud, while the promised materials even if sent are never worth the money demanded for them.

As some check to this evil our Union issued a warning circular, 5,000 copies of which were sent for publication to newspapers throughout the country, and has received in response numerous personal calls and over twelve hundred letters of inquiry, chiefly from remote sections of the country, many of them giving sad experiences of disappointment and loss by the home work fraud.

This, of course, is only representative of the vast number reached by our warning but at the same time shows the wide dissemination of these plausible promises.

We cannot express too warmly our acknowledgement to the press for its valuable assistance in this work which all must admit to be of vital importance.

(Signed) ABBY MORTON DIAZ,
President Women's E. & I. Union.

—Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts. —*Sir Philip Sydney.*

—Whatever is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming. —*Cicero.*

—Man ought never to be idle. Inactivity frustrates the very object of his existence; whereas active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservation of health.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

IN PRESS.

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

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

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and it gave entire satisfaction, best I ever tried. Yours respectfully,

MRS. L. W. EVANS.

Collamer, Chester Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much indeed. I think it is a very good soap. Yours,

Rockfall, Conn. MRS. C. L. HYDE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for twenty years, or at least ever since it was first manufactured at 6th St., Germantown Road, Philadelphia. I think it far superior to all other soaps, and would use no other.

Columbus, N. J. MRS. W. S. SAGER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used the Dobbins' Soap for the past 17 years; and have always found it to be all that it is represented to be. I now write to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for one of their panels. I send them 25 wrappers. I remain,

MRS. M. D. SMITH.

14 Exchange St., Harrison Sq., Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have sent 25 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the panel picture advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD. I have taken the paper for years and like it very much. Have used Dobbins' Electric Soap a long time and think there is none equal to it in the market. If there is I have yet to find it. May it always have the large sale it so deserves. Truly,

MRS. MARIA P. BILLINGS.

18 Leighton St., Lynn, Mass.

PERSONALITIES.

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

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will some HOUSEHOLD sister please send me January number, 1882, and her address? I will return the favor.

E. S. CROSBY.

Box 516, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Will Mrs. Hawkins, who sent me the music to "A Package of Old Letters," please send me her address?

ANNIE L. BONE.

Maysville, Ala.

Mrs. Laura E. Carter, University P. O., Cal., would like to know if any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters or their friends know of any collection of buttons numbering more than hers, she having 3,646, no two alike. The charm string is 54 feet long. Buttons from most every state in the Union, beside England, Scotland, France, Newfoundland and Canada. Weight 15 pounds.

WAIT-WAITING.

In the catalogue of virtues, as faith, hope, charity, love, purity, truth, kindness, patience, humility and a dozen others, we do not find waiting among them. Perhaps it is so intimately related to patience as to be considered a part of it. Yet we often find enforced waiting is not endured with patience. To wait for a street car, standing on the corner in the cold wind and rain, may not be the most pleasant waiting; but to be in the street car and anxious to reach the railroad station a mile away, in time to take the last train of that day which can take you to your desired destination, and to be detained by a loaded wagon with a balky mule team on the track, and as the driver whips and shouts with no more impression than if spent upon an oaken post; then waiting becomes no longer patient waiting.

Of all the waiting, there is none so levels all minds and spirits and tempers as the waiting throng before the inexorable closed gates in a large railroad station. Like the great multitude waiting for the moving of the water, they keep their eyes upon the closed gates, only varying their gaze by glancing up at the station clock, to see if the silently wished for ten minutes has nearly arrived. When the gates are thrown open, how quickly the quiet waiting throng becomes a seething mass, pouring its living stream through the narrow gateway toward the waiting train, quietly standing on the track.

There is, however, a class of waiters that human nature and human endurance does not tolerate. It is that class which, by carelessness, exposure, or some other cause, have undermined their constitution and jeopardized their health. Wise is he that as soon as he discovers the wrong done to his system, hastens to pursue the best known course to repair the injury. Too many, in a self-satisfied way, wait for nature to heal itself. And too often this waiting ends in an incurable condition from which nothing can arouse, nothing stay, nothing check. Then comes the remorseful regret: "Oh, I wish I had attended to this matter! I see now I did wrong in thus waiting!" Thousands have gone down to premature graves by putting off attention to what appeared at first light attacks of consumption, dyspepsia,

hemorrhages, lung diseases, pneumonia, and a host of others who might have been saved if, instead of waiting for nature to fight the enemy, single-handed and alone, had followed the example of those thousands who now revitalize their nerve forces, so as to enable them to cope with the enemies of life. From the experience of thousands in the last score of years, the most successful revitalizer for the restoration of nature's weakened forces has been found in the inhalation of a wonderful Compound Oxygen, prepared in Philadelphia by Drs. Starkey & Palen. So wonderful has been its success that many charlatans and impostors in Philadelphia and other cities have endeavored to imitate this compound but not one of them has been able to make any preparation the least like the original, or to possess in any degree its revitalizing power.

For seventeen years the proprietors of this Compound Oxygen have been and are the exclusive manufacturers, and forty thousand patients now testify to its wonderful revitalizing virtues; and none need wait long to know more about it if they will address Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.; an interesting brochure of 200 pages will be sent free to them by mail.

WHAT MARJORIE MARCH SAYS ABOUT THE PILLOW-INHALER.

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

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

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

MARJORIE MARCH.

—What, tie your sash again, Mollie? I've tied it already four times; you must tie it your self." "How can I, auntie? I'm in front."

To allay all troubles incident to the change of life Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has no equal for female complaints.

Without the means at hand for combating it, a cold may prove more dangerous than the small pox. No family is safe unless provided for such an emergency. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is an invaluable specific.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

—Little Girl—"Mamma, why doesn't the sea run over, if all the water runs into it?" "Nonsense, child! Don't you know it's full of sponges?"

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

—An unconscionable punster says that the wife of the Japanese minister took the cake when she got married. That is, she took a Kuki.

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

Ayer's Pills are constantly advancing in the estimation of those who use them. They improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, gentle in their operation, and powerful in subduing disease.

—"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at a Fifth Avenue store. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," said the clerk; "we have had them in stock only two days." "I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and vice versa." The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.

—"What do you have for breakfast, ma'am?" was one of the questions asked a much suffering housekeeper by a servant in an intelligence office. Another kitchen lady wanted to know if the man of the house was a "good provider." The same girl finally concluded that she didn't believe she and the lady would understand each other and she guessed she would not come.

The Famous Moxie in a New Role.

After searing the liquor dealers and tonic vendors with its ability to stop the tobacco and liquor appetite, and curing nervous debility so quickly, the Old Doctor has hit upon a new, and we predict a very popular idea. He concentrates the Moxie so as to get as much of its properties as possible, medicates it with a simple remedy that will stop a cold under the most severe exposure, and its use does not render you more liable to take cold afterwards. A few lozenges will break up a recent cold in a few hours. This is ground that ought to have been covered before by some one. Colds cause most of the deaths. After three weeks on the market, they have become so popular the orders exceed a ton a day. Everybody in the East now carries a Moxie Lozenge in his pocket for emergencies. The apothecaries sell a package of 36 for ten cents, or 13 cents by mail.

—Always laugh at your own jokes; if you want a thing well done, do it yourself.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. It has no equal for female complaints.

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

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

Twenty Years' Record.

Rev. J. W. Macomber, Mahopac, Putnam Co., N. Y., writes: "About twenty years ago I was laid aside for nearly eight weeks with a severe cold and congestion of the lungs, and was nearly discouraged when I providentially came across Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer. In a short time I found myself completely cured. Since that time I have used it with universal success in my family."

Washington, when asked by a friend during what proved to be his last sickness to take some medicine for his cold, replied, "I never take medicine for a cold, let it go as it came." In a few days he was dead. Never neglect a cold, but always have on hand Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, the great remedy for coughs and colds. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale at all druggists.

Mothers, teething and fretful children need Dr. Arnold's Soothing and Quieting Cordial. Drug gists, 25c.

Many mothers are unable to nurse their children. In such cases the best substitute to be found is Mellin's Food, prepared after Liebig's formula, which has proved to correspond physiologically with mother's milk.

PEARLINE. With this article, it is claimed the family washing can be done with ease, with economy and dispatch, and as it is thoroughly disinfectant, it will be seen that whenever used the result is pure and healthful. As there are imitations of this in the market, be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

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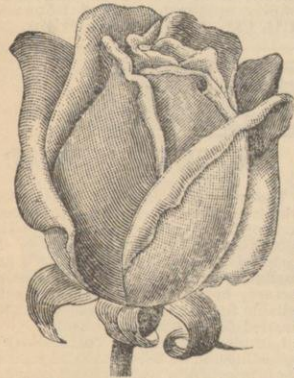
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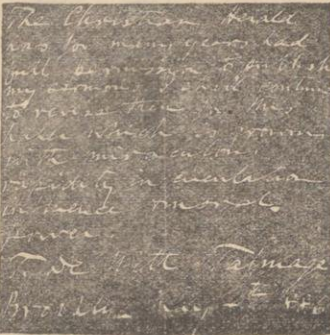
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BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1887.

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We cannot change the direction of a paper unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

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

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's 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 designing 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.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

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.

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.

A TRIAL TRIP—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

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 1887. 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 anybody—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.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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Consignments solicited. Liberal advances made. Write us and we will keep you posted.

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Made to order ONE'S EXACT SIZE. With this form dress fitting is a pleasure. Price \$6.00. Also, the \$3.00 Extension Draping "SKIRT FORM."

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The Prince of Magazines for children from 4 to 10 years old. 32 pages each month. Original Stories and romances, beautifully illustrated with artistic and original drawings by the best living artists. Clubs with all Periodicals, Newsdealers sell it. Agents wanted. Send a two cent stamp for specimen copy.

One year, \$1.50 Single Copies, 15 cts.
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Made from two pieces russet leather. No pegs, nails, or anything to hurt the foot. NOISELESS AND EASY. Children cannot make such a racket with them or scratch hard wood floors or tear carpets. Best made by mail, post paid. Gents', \$1.50; Ladies' and Boys', \$1.25; Misses' and Youths', \$1.10; Children's, \$1.00.
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Have proved themselves to be far superior to any apparatus for evaporating SAP, SORGHUM and CIDER. Have never been equalled for RAPIDITY OF EVAPORATION, ECONOMY OF FUEL OR QUALITY OF PRODUCT. Many THOUSANDS in use. Send for illustrated circular with testimonials to

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BY exact analysis "Cerealine Flakes" has as much greater food value than oatmeal as 100 is greater than 59. Pour boiling water over "Cerealine Flakes," let it stand two minutes on the stove, and it is ready for use. Do not cook longer than this. Ask your grocer for our Cook Book.

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Ladies who have not been fitted with this Corset do not realize the advantages it has over any other Corset.

There are other Corsets without bones, but none so shaped as to fit the form like the COMFORT CORSET.

It has a variety of shoulder sizes for each waist size, so as to meet the requirements of a tapering waist, as well as of a straight form.

The principle of following the form from a given waist-measure is peculiar to this Corset, and is one of the things SECURED BY PATENT. No other Corset has more than one size at the top for any one waist size, consequently the variety of forms cannot be so well fitted with any other Corset.

It has all the style and taste of any French Corset, and yet combines ease and comfort with elegance and shape.

The same principle applies to our MISSES' COMFORT CORSETS and CHILD'S WAISTS.

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showing prices and styles, with directions for measurements. Name this paper. Also for sale by leading Dry Goods Houses throughout the country. AGENTS WANTED.

The Flynt Waist & True Corset

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No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2, a low necked one, which admits of being high in the back, and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip, also, the most correct way to apply the waist-bands for the drawers, under and outside petticoats and dress skirt. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how the warp threads of the fabric cross at right angles in the back, insuring in every waist the most successful SHOULDER-BRACE EVER CONSTRUCTED.

Our "Manual," containing 46 pages of reading matter, relating to the subject of Hygienic Modes of Under-dressing, mailed free to any physician or lady.

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AGENTS can make \$1 an hour. New goods. Sample & terms free. Chas. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE
COMPOUND,

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For ALL of those Painful
Delicate Complaints and
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Weaknesses so common
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PLEASANT TO THE
TASTE, EFFICACIOUS,
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IN LIQUID, PILL OR
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MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDEN-
TIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS
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Suffering Womanhood.

Too much effort cannot be made to bring to the attention of suffering womanhood the great value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the diseases of women. Such an one is the wife of General Barringer of Winston, N. C., and we quote from the General's letter as follows: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Please allow me to add my testimony to the most excellent medicinal qualities of your Vegetable Compound. Mrs. Barringer was treated for several years for what the physicians called Leucorrhoea and Prolapsus Uteri combined. I sent her to Richmond, Va., where she remained for six months under the treatment of an eminent Physician without any permanent benefit. She was induced to try your medicine and after a reasonable time commenced to improve and is now able to attend to her business and considers herself fully relieved." [General Barringer is the proprietor of the American Hotel, Winston, N. C., and is widely known.—Ed.]

A Man's Thanks.

A well known business man of Wilmington, N. C., writes: "It is with pleasure, that I write to express to you my gratitude for the relief and benefit your Vegetable Compound has been to my Wife who has been troubled with ulceration. She has been under the treatment of the doctor for six years. Finally he said he could do nothing more for her, that she would die in 24 hours. Then I commenced using your Compound and now she can attend to her domestic affairs as well as she ever could."

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CREAM BALM.

We have never
handled a catarrh
remedy that has in-
creased so rapidly
in sales as Ely's
Cream Balm or
that has given such
universal satisfac-
tion.—C. N. Crit-
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City.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH,
Washington, D. C. No pay until
patent obtained. Corres. invited.



OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. M. E. Randolph, box 209, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co., Pa., will exchange bulbs for good pieces for crazy work; have also several thousand stamps to exchange.

Mrs. W. S. Warner, Lowder, Sangamon Co., Ill., will exchange two volumes, 20th and 28th of the Saturday Night, for a pair of mocking birds.

Mrs. H. A. Swift, La Grange, Fayette Co., Tenn., will exchange handsome trimmings of novelty braid, red and white rick rack, for lily, amaryllis, and other bulbs.

Rosie Gould, Heath, Mass., will crochet calla lily lamp mats, mittens, trimmings, etc., (if material is sent), for material for fancy work, or any thing useful. Write first.

Mrs. W. R. Miller, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal., will exchange calla lily bulbs for silk and satin pieces for silk quilt.

Miss K. S. Dimock, Montfort, Grant Co., Wis., will exchange flower and vegetable seeds, plants, bulbs, etc., for Harper's Bazar and supplement, containing fancy work, or tube paints.

Mrs. Frank C. Smith, Weaver St., New Bedford, Mass., will exchange silk and velvet for crazy work, for pampas plumes or cabinet specimens. Write first.

Mrs. Laura E. Carter, University, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange pampas plumes, barbs from sting-rays, and sea-shells, for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Theresa E. Ballard, Carpenteria, Santa Barbara Co., Cal., will exchange shells for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

L. C. Crane, 1033 E. Grand St., Elizabeth, N. J., will exchange Franklin Square Libraries, for 1884 HOUSEHOLDS, previous to Sept. One book for each paper. Write.

Mrs. C. E. Foote, Cumberland, Barron Co., Wis., will do hand painting of all kinds, also arrasene embroidery, in exchange for midnight zephyr, colors suitable for hoods.

Mrs. B. M. Corning, Manchester, N. H., will exchange gladiolus bulbs, and flower seeds, for sea shells, pampas plumes, peacock feathers, fine woolen scraps, or lily bulbs.

Miss Eliza Sloan, Columbia, S. C., will exchange flowers and fancy work, for a pug or Italian greyhound puppy. Write first.

Mrs. James McClure, Jr., Washington, Adams Co., Miss., will exchange cotton bolls as grown in their natural state, for any thing fancy or ornamental.

Mrs. L. L. Tagert, Pascagoula, Miss., will exchange "Gaskell's Complete Compendium," good as new, for pieces of silk, velvet, etc., for quilt.

Mrs. P. W. Parkhurst, Clyde, Ohio, has new books to exchange for "The Prince of the House of David," "Gates Ajar," or children's clothing. Tell what you have.

Mrs. M. A. Eldridge, 20 Prairie Ave., Prov. R. I., will exchange fancy adv. cards for the same.

D. S. Carpenter, West Rutland, Vt., has Shakespeare's complete works in three vols. to exchange for a printing press, type, etc. When writing give size of chase.

Mrs. C. E. Foote, Cumberland, Barren, Co., Wis., will do landscape painting or embroidery in exchange for butcher's linen and working floss.

Mrs. Eugene Brian, Jefferson, Green Co., Ia., will exchange Youth's Companions for other reading matter. Write first.

Mrs. Harrison Johnson, Burnside, Ky., will exchange directions for Roman painting (imitation oil) easy to understand, for six yards of calico, muslin, or yarn for pair of ladies' stockings.

You don't wait till
Burglars
come before buying
a revolver—Then don't
wait till sickness
comes before buying
a bottle of PERRY DAVIS'

**RAIN
KILLER**
you may
need it
in the night
for Diphtheria—Cold—
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For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's
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Hang it on the knob. Grasp it with the fingers and
turn it upside down. Open and close the door, leaving it
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Dining Room Notes, By Emily Hayes,

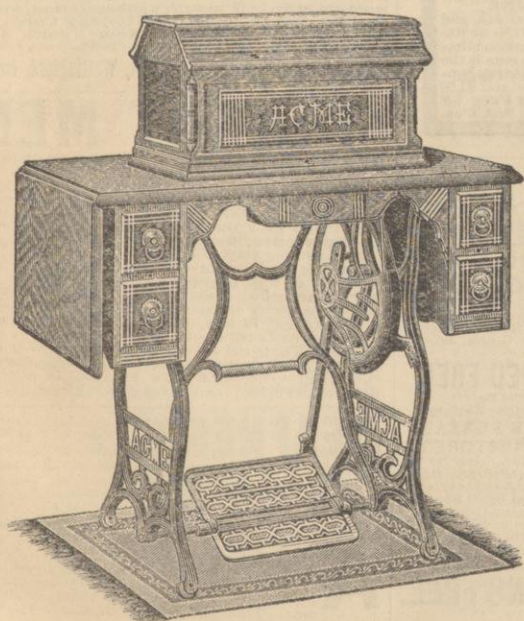
is a practical little cook book compiled
largely from the series of papers pub-
lished in THE HOUSEHOLD during the
past five years under this familiar title,
with the addition of many new and
excellent recipes. The book is in
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THE PILLOW-INHALER.



We ask you to believe a few English words, and test, if you disbelieve, every assertion and claim as you would evidence where a life was at stake. Six years ago all night inhalation was introduced by a few persons in Philadelphia. It was tested within circumscribed limits, but it produced results such as no other treatment ever began to attain, and it immediately attracted widespread attention. If you have Catarrh, bronchitis, Asthma or Incipient Consumption, the PILLOW-INHALER will cure you. You sleep on it as on any other pillow; it envelops your head with a curative vapor which you breathe all night. Old fashioned inhaling tubes, used for a few minutes a day, once in a while cured. With the Pillow-Inhaler you inhale for say eight hours, while you sleep and rest. There are no pipes or tubes. The pillow conceals reservoirs and healing liquids which you do not need to bother about. Unless you hold your breath you are taking the medicine, and, no matter whether you have faith or not, are being surely cured. The price of it is within the reach of everybody.

CATARRH.
BRONCHITIS.
CONSUMPTION.

HON. HENRY D. MOORE, Ex-Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania says: "It has become a fixture in my house that I would not be without. I believe that for any disease of the Bronchial or Respiratory organs the PILLOW-INHALER will be of invaluable service." HENRY D. MOORE, 30 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

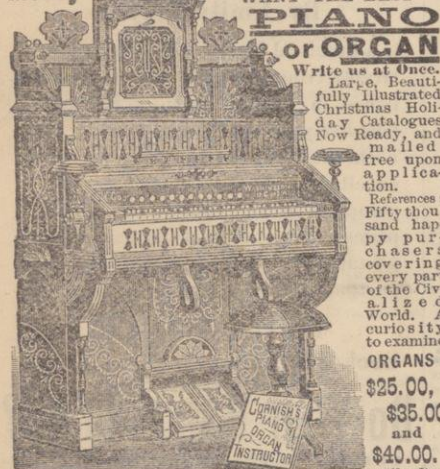
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Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
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make up of any goods made. Guaranteed for 5 years.
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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

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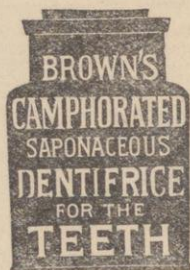


PEARLINE

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.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE
FOR

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth
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It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

10 PER CENT INVESTMENT.

THE MASS. REAL ESTATE CO.

Chartered to operate in Business
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Has Earned 10 1-2 per cent. Net upon
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Time.

THIS Company now owns the Advertiser Building, Washington St., Boston, and Bertram Building, near Boston Post Office, and other properties amounting to over Half a Million Dollars. Lieut. Gov. Ames, Mayor Wm. S. Green of Fall River and others are the officers of the Company. Send for Prospectus of Company, with full particulars. GEO. LEONARD, Agent, Room 3, 246 Washington St., Boston.

Over 100 Beautiful
Varieties of Silks for
CRAZY PATCHWORK
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Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

Newton's Improved **COW TIE** holds
them firmly, draws
forward when lying down, pushes back
when standing, gives freedom of head,
keeps clean. E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, N.Y.



Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.

—DRYDEN.

THE outline illustrations of the Ivory Soap advertisements have created so much favorable comment, and the requests for copies been so numerous, we have, to meet the demand, bound in the form of a Drawing and Painting Book (size 6 x 9 inches) twenty-four of the most spirited and pleasing of the advertisements. We will send one of these books with a pad of twenty-four sheets of drawing paper, post-paid, to any one who will mail us fifteen Ivory Soap wrappers. Please write your name and full address plainly to PROCTER & GAMBLE, Cincinnati.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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A box of Pastilles will be sent by mail prepaid on re-
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To our Readers.

The efforts which are put forth to improve the homes of this country must fail to secure their full effect unless they succeed in inducing the housekeepers to use Sapolio. It is a simple but useful article. Those who fail to use it are still more simple and not half as useful. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once you will praise it to others a thousand times. We have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in convincing the women of this wide country that their labor can be materially reduced by using the solid cake of house-cleaning soap known as Sapolio, but we have fallen short of our ambition if we have failed to convince you.

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THE FLORENCE DENTAL PLATE BRUSH,
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