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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 6.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1873.

No. 8.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They'll come again to the apple-tree,—

Robins and all the rest,—

When the orchard branches are fair to see,

In the snow of the blossom dressed;

And the prettiest thing in the world will be

The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,

Hollowing it with care;

Nothing too far away for him,

Nothing for her too fair;

Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,—

Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother bird, you'll have weary days

When the eggs are under your breast,

And your mate will fear for willful ways

When the wee ones leave the nest;

But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,

And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train

When the apple blossoms blow;

Through the April shimmer of sun and rain

Go flying to and fro;

And sing to our hearts as we watch again

Your fairy building grow.

Harper's Bazaar.

HOUSE PAINTING.

MUCH has been said and written by a certain class of social economists tending to disparage the usual style of painting our dwellings white, upon the theory that white is not in harmony with nature which is green, drab or dirt color. Now, although I am fully conscious of the beauty, utility and adaptability of drab as a color, and believe it to be, under certain circumstances and in some places the best for outside coloring, yet upon the point that white is not a tasteful, and an appropriate color for rural dwellings, and that it is not in harmony with natural objects, I wish to take issue with such as decry it. One argument urged against white lead paint is the fact that it is less durable than the various shades of brown and drab, red and yellow which were formerly employed so extensively. The red is now so unpopular—not on account of expensiveness nor want of durability—

that a man, however respectable, would almost lose cast with his friends and equals, who should so disregard the dictates of what we call a refined taste, as to paint his house a "fire red." Such a thing might have been reasonably tolerated years ago, when facilities for procuring materials of all kinds were not like the present, but now it would be a public offense, I mean to the eye of every one who might witness it. Then if red is not a tasteful or appropriate color for external painting, what merit has depot brown, or any other of the score of shades of mud color to commend them to our use, except the mere fact of cheapness and durability?

But some one asks, will you condemn the ideas of cheapness and durability? Not at all, sir, but they should not be paramount to considerations of elegance and good taste, and inasmuch as we have regard to the color and style of our apparel, the question is, should not our houses present externally a uniformly cheerful and even gay aspect, whether seen from near or from far? If you stand upon a hill in midsummer, what objects invariably attract the eye, lighting up the wide expanse of deep verdure of hill and vale, reminding you not only of the abodes of comfort and plenty, but of refinement and culture? What but the stately mansion crowning some distant hill, with its surroundings of noble trees and green orchards, or that gem of a white cottage, sparkling out from the edge of an embowering wood, with occasionally a church piercing the sky with its slender spire? Suppose all the dwellings within five miles and not more than a half mile from each other were either Venitian red, depot brown, or Quaker gray; would not the whole landscape be devoid of that interest and life imparted by the white mansions and cheerful colored cottages upon which the eye falls with an emotion of so much interest?

A gentleman of my acquaintance two years ago, painted his house a stone color or drab. It stands on a commanding site, overlooking several much-traveled public roads. Had this house been white or a light neutral color, it would have been a thing of beauty, with its background of green forest flanked by thriving orchards. Now it is so somber and staid as to be scarcely noticed by the traveler. The owner has expressed to me his regret that he had not painted it a white or some very light color, so that it might have shown to better advantage from a distance. The stickler for mere utility would say it is well enough, being durable and somewhat cheaper than white, but the lover of harmony (which implies variety) would be willing to

subordinate the ideas of cheapness and permanence to those of lightness and elegance, when the former qualities were sacrificed to only a slight degree.

Having illustrated the point I wish to make as well as I am able, I will present a statement of principles which should govern the style of external covering of dwelling houses. First, a country dwelling should be painted so as to add to, rather than detract from the effect of the general landscape. Second, houses in cities or large places in proximity to manufactories venting much smoke and dust, may differ from the general style of country houses on the ground of appropriateness and adaptability to the situation. Third, if your house is in good condition to paint—that is, not weather beaten and gone to decay—and you wish to paint it very light, there is nothing gained by painting in colors, as the extra care and time requisite in painting two colors outside will more than offset the increased cost of materials to paint pure white. Fourth, on the principle that variety is more pleasing than monotony, collections of buildings may be colored differently from each other, so that by contrast the effect is much heightened; as where a farm house, barn and several other buildings are in a group, or as in a little village, straw-colored or drab cottages interspersed among white make a street much prettier than would a row of houses painted exclusively white.

While painting the outside of a dwelling house, the windows should not be neglected. If the windows have not been properly kept repaired the putty will have cleaved from the sash in many places and the sash will be weather beaten and decayed. You should first draw your sash where the putty is off, (taking off all old putty that is loose) with a good coat of white lead in the rabbet in which the glass and putty belong; when this coat is dry, putty the glass over again where it needs, and when the putty is somewhat hardened you can go over the whole so as to leave putty and wood covered with, at least, two good coats of paint. Don't leave your glass daubed with paint. If you are not expert at the business, you may get some paint on the glass, but you should clean it thoroughly before you leave it to dry and thus alleviate the many vexations of the "gudewife." Men, not painters, who paint their own houses generally skip the windows because it is a particular job, requiring skill and patience, and pay for the neglect in having their windows go to wreck in a few years.

For window blinds there is no color

so universally liked as green, but on a Gothic cottage or a house with heavy projecting finish and colored dark, the blinds are frequently painted a drab or some color lighter than green, and it looks well especially in a village or city. It is not advisable to have a front door grained and varnished unless it is in a recess, or some situation sheltered from the sun and rain, as graining will not stand the sun shining upon it so well as a plain coat of oil paint.—*Maine Farmer.*



WOOD AS FLOOR-COVERING AND WAINSCOTING.

SEVERAL months ago the New York Evening Mail contained an extended notice of the use of wood for carpetings and wainscoting, from which we compile the following:

A few days ago, our attention was called to a number of specimens of inlaid wood-work which we were told was gaining favor rapidly as a substitute for oil cloth, for carpets in some instances, and which was also being used to great advantage as a decorator of halls, counting-houses, and the like, in pannelling. Examination of the material and inquiries as to its price, as compared with the manufactures for which it claimed to be a substitute, satisfied us that it was an economical and valuable article and one about which our readers, especially our suburban readers, who have a ready ear always for hints as to how to beautify their homes, would like to be thoroughly informed. To secure this information for them we recently visited the company owning the patent, and there saw the process of manufacture throughout.

Before discussing this, however, we shall describe the material in its finished state as exhibited. That used as a substitute for oil cloth, or carpet, is in lengths of fifteen feet or thereabouts, three feet wide, and is composed of thin lath-shaped strips of various woods, glued securely in every variety of geometrical form on a twilled canvas bottom, when laid upon the floor presenting the appearance of elaborate inlaid wood-work. That which is sold in greatest quantity is of simple pattern, being composed of alternate strips of black walnut and ash, thus obtaining the ordinary effect familiar to us. The strips, we should have said, are in this ordinary material one inch wide. As the combination

of woods and of forms is all but illimitable, there is no difficulty in suiting tastes as to pattern, however extravagant they may be, provided they are limited in their desires to geometrical forms only. Very handsome examples of what can be done in the more elaborate way, are shown at the company's office, where several small offices are panelled and the floors covered with the material of intricate design.

The process of manufacture carried on at the works of the company in Bank street, near West, is extremely simple, the greater portion of the work being accomplished by machinery specially constructed to this end. The wood, which, before it reaches the workshop, has been thoroughly seasoned beyond the chance of shrinking or warping, is first cut into lengths a little over the desired width of the web, then cut and recut by circular saws until the lath-shape is obtained. The laths then pass through a planing and cutting machine of peculiar construction, out of which they are turned with great rapidity mathematically true as to width and thickness and perfectly smooth on their surface. This done, the strips are laid upon a table, with metallic covering and walled sides, in accordance with the pattern desired and to the desired length. Here they are pressed together mechanically and so closely that the joints are only visible by the contrasting colors of the wool. This done, a roll of canvass of strong piece of twilled cotton is passed over the closely-wedged laths by a workman, who is preceded by another who covers the wooden surface thoroughly with boiling glue, and who is followed by another who carefully presses the cloth upon the wood and secures adhesion.

When the glue has sufficiently set the web thus formed is removed and placed upon a rack to dry thoroughly, after which the edges are cut by machinery and the finishing polish given to the surface. We have now a web as easily handled as oil cloth, infinitely more durable, and a much more pleasing object to look upon. The cloth, if we may call it so, is fastened to the floor by small nails, which, while they hold it perfectly secure can be readily removed at any time. When it is used as wainscoting, to which purpose it can be applied almost as readily and rapidly, it is handsomely secured by a border of heavy moulding. That it will be extensively used for wainscoting cannot be doubted, as this old-fashioned way of protecting walls against collision and the unclean fingers of the small fry is again in favor.

The plain wainscoting prepared by this process costs, we are told, but half of the ordinary tongued and grooved hard woods. Where a liberal expenditure is not a very serious matter, both flooring and wainscoting can be highly artistic, done in rich woods and in unique patterns in Gothic, Mosaic, Grecian and so forth, at, it is said, about one-fourth what it would cost to produce the like effect in the ordinary way. Besides the important advantage is claimed for this material that it can be removed from place to place at pleasure, and that its taking up and refitting elsewhere does not necessarily consume more time than a like disposition of

as much carpeting. When the manufacturers commenced the business, they encountered much difficulty from swelling and warping of the wood, but this difficulty they may have succeeded thoroughly in overcoming in their preparatory process, and now guarantee its durability and integrity of parts to their patrons.

A physician, who examined it lately with a view to using it for hospital floor-covering, speaks of its character as a sanitary agent in the highest terms. He says: "The elasticity and noislessness of your tread excites the inquiry as to its nature, and you are surprised at the discovery of a wooden carpet without noise or dust. The most careless walker could not be heard in the room below; it is a complete deadener of sound. These two admirable properties make it a priceless boon to the nervous or consumptive invalid. All physicians well know the pernicious influence of the floccul and dust of a woolen carpet constantly ground off by the feet."

In no respect did its value strike us more forcibly than in this one, and we doubt not that its absolute cleanliness will alone recommend it also to hotel keepers in town and country. We should have it, by all means, in the great halls and piazzas of our watering-place hotels, and we know of no more pleasant summer footing, cool and dustless, in our summer houses than this will prove to be. When exhibited to us and its advantages set forth, our admiration of the invention was even less marked than our astonishment that an article so simple in its manufacture should not have long since been discovered.

The work of the Company is now in twenty-four hotels, and in over four hundred offices and private residences in New York and vicinity and is rapidly gaining public favor.

CARDS, CALLS AND TOASTS.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulating of cards and wedding cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose—that of marking the feeling toward old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them to pay congratulatory visits. Now under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble, they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period—determined in the end, perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling—where you actually want to see the people—has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and

adding the attraction of tea; which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social tread mill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard, perhaps, to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions, that which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardor. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after, the evil gradually cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.



THE BAYONET CACTUS.

BY REV. W. T. WORTH.

In the fertile fields of Texas,
Grows a gorgeous, pearl-white bloom
On the summit of the cactus;—
Shedding far a rich perfume.

He who'd reach this beauteous flower,
Finds his way bestrewn with pain:
For the thorny "Spanish bayonet"
Guards this cactus of the plain.

So between us and our blessings,
Always lives some gloomy ill;
Sternly, like a surly warden,
Keeping us in suffering still.

It may be God's way of teaching
That our lives have shadings now:—
But that, far above our troubles
Pure-white peace may deck each brow.

LEATHER WORK, ETC.

BY MRS. VESTA SHEVES.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD, one of your subscribers inquiring how to make leather work. I will tell her how I made mine which I think just as pretty as that done by the regular process.

I took the uppers of old soft leather or kid shoes, and cut them out by a grape leaf pattern, of which I had three different sizes, taken from the

natural leaves. After cutting enough to cover the frame, dip them in water, crease the veins with any sharp pointed instrument, bend them in any shape you wish, then put them in the oven to dry, but be very careful and not burn them, when dry they will be stiff, and remain just as you have bent them. For the grapes I took medium sized hazelnuts and covered with old kid gloves just as you would cover a button-mould with cloth, and sewed them on a piece of thin leather sixteen in a cluster.

For the tendrils I cut the leather in as fine strips as possible, wet them, and wind around a pencil and let them dry. For the vine, to be seen running among the leaves cut strips about one half inch wide and wind closely. For a finish to the edge of the frame cut strips one half inch wide, lay two together and tack with small round headed furniture tacks, cross the strips and tack again about an inch from the beginning, and so on around the frame. When everything is ready to put on the frame, get black paint at a carriage shop if you can, tell them what it is for and they will mix it with varnish ready to apply with a brush. Paint your frame first, then paint the leaves inside and out, and when dry tack on with furniture tacks, arranging to suit yourself. My frame is twenty-seven by thirty-seven inches.

For oak patterns (which is much the easiest made) take natural acorns glue them into their cups two or three to a cluster, then glue on to your frame. The leaves are done the same as the above. Small sized oak leaves are the prettiest.

I also noticed an inquiry how to make rustic baskets. A very pretty one is made by taking a small sized butterbowl, paint it green, take small gnarled roots, peel some of them for variety, and nail them on the bowl close together being careful to support the bowl on the inside to prevent its breaking. (The honey locust root peels very easily this time of the year.) For a handle, nail together slightly curved roots or branches in every design you wish, a white root bent in a circle, finishes the handle very nicely. This, minus the handle makes a very pretty vase for the yard, by taking a larger bowl nail it on a stake driven in the ground, then arrange your roots to cover the stake making them large and spreading at the bottom slender in the middle and flowing at the top to cover the bowl, with a little care and ingenuity they can be made very handsome indeed. Varnish them thoroughly with two coats of damar varnish.

A faithful reader wishes for a recipe for skeletonizing and bleaching leaves. I have two recipes, one I have tried successfully, the other I have not given a fair trial yet.

The best time to gather leaves is in June. I had the best success with the different variety of maple, boxelders, (the leaves not the seedpods) poplars, pear, quaking asp, chestnut willow, and English ivy. Gympsun burrs are beautiful, and easily cleaned, ground cherry pods also. Place your leaves in a jar, the seed pods in another one, cover them with soft water, set them in a warm place in the sun, keep them well covered with the water all the

time, and if the weather is very warm in two or three weeks the boxelder and pear leaves will be ready to clean; take them out and wash carefully in clean water with the thumb and forefinger, keeping them under water all the time. When the pulp is all washed off, let them float on a piece of stiff, white paper on pasteboard, and pat them gently with a soft dry cloth to remove the moisture, then lift them from the paper and place in books to press.

For bleaching get a quart jar of chloride of lime at the druggist's, keep it tightly corked all the time or it will soon become worthless. Take about two tablespoonfuls in a pint of water, in a bowl or dish that can be covered tightly, place the leaves in it a few at a time, let them remain from one hour to twelve according to the strength of the lime, do not leave them any longer than necessary for the lime makes them tender. After they are bleached, rinse them thoroughly. Float them on the cards again and place in the sun to partially dry, lift them carefully from the cards and place in books until all are ready to mount.

For ferns, which are exquisitely beautiful but exceedingly frail, I go through a different process, one on which I experimented myself, as I never could succeed with any recipe I had ever read. But with this I have been entirely successful with every variety I have tried except the maiden hair; I could not get the fine black stems of that variety to be anything but black. They must be gathered early in the season when the seeds are on the under side of the leaf. Do not soak them. Take a pan with some boiling water, add a little concentrated lye, place the ferns in it, a few at a time, let them boil for a few minutes until they look dark and transparent, then take them out and rinse in clear cold water and place immediately in the bleach, prepared the same as for the leaves. For the stems take fine white wire the same as used for wax flowers, and fasten to the back of the leaf with gum arabic. Arrange in a wreath in a deep box frame with a dark velvet lining, or as a standing bouquet, under a glass shade.

The recipe taken from Hardwick's Science Gossip is as follows. Dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked lime, and boil fifteen minutes. Allow this to cool; then pour off all the clear liquor into a clean pan. When the solution is at boiling point, place the leaves carefully in the pan and boil for an hour, add boiling water to replace the loss by evaporation. When the fleshy matter is sufficiently softened rub them gently in cold water. The bleaching is in substance the same I have already given. It would be well to try this last recipe first as it is so much speedier and it may be just as well.

CURIOS FLOWERS.

To begin with a plant brought from New Granada, an extensive country in South America, now part of Columbia, and which is called the *Coriaria ehmifolia*, or ink plant. The

juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "canchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this canchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and, besides, it will resist the action of time, and the influence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish regime all the public documents were written with this ink, otherwise they would have been rendered illegible by the action of seawater. Some of our botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of this plant, which will enter into competition with our ink manufacturers.

An extremely curious flower has been recently described by an eyewitness at Constantinople, at which place it is said the vegetable treasures of the Eastern world were first collected. This flower belongs to the *Narcissus* kind of bulbs, and bears the botanical name of *Ophrys mouche*. There were three naked flowers on the stalk, hanging on one side. The underneath one was fading, but the other two were in all their beauty. They represented a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of bright emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and throat, head, beak and eyes are a most perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two out-stretched wings are bright rose color; and the under part of the flower is of a deep brown tint, in the form of a two-winged gad-fly, and here the seeds are found.

Another extraordinary plant is a native of Sumatra, an island in the Indian Ocean, and was discovered in 1818 by Sir Stamford Raffles, but is very little known. The dimensions of this flower exceed any that have ever been heard of, and are truly astonishing. The whole flower was of a very thick substance, the petals being one-quarter of an inch thick, and in some parts three-quarters of an inch thick. It had a very disagreeable smell. There were five petals, covered with yellowish-white protuberances, which were thick, and of a brick-red color. Each flower measured a full yard across, the petals being of a roundish shape, growing wider in the middle, and rounding off towards the top; the base of each petal where it joined the center part (called the nectarium) was about a foot across. The hollow nectarium held about twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy was fifteen pounds! Before the flowers open they look like a very hard cabbage. These enormous flowers are what is called parasitical, like the mistletoe, growing on another plant, which is a trailing vine, so they cover the ground and show no leaves or stem at all. This plant has been named the *Rafflesia arnoldi*, and there is a beautiful colored engraving of it in the fifth part of Nature and Art.

Another immense plant is the famous tropical water-lily, named the *Victoria Regia*, discovered in 1837, in the river Berbice, South America. The round light green leaves of this queen of the water plants measures no less than six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by an elevated rim several inches high, and show the pale

carmine red of the under surface. The sweet white blossoms, deepening into roseate hues, are composed of several hundred petals; and no less than fourteen inches in diameter, they rival the proportion of its immense leaves.

An English amateur floriculturist has succeeded in raising a new species of geranium, and such is its rarity that he estimates its worth at £1000, and hopes to make at least that sum of it. This precious plant is of a pure white — stem, leaves, and flowers. It looks almost like wax, and is of a bright transparency. Never was such a thing heard of before, and, no doubt, if the owner is fortunate, there will be a great demand for it.

WHY NOT HAVE A GREENHOUSE?

A Western correspondent of the Horticulturist, thus tells how a greenhouse may be built and managed:

To a large majority of people a greenhouse is a charming place; at least, so we may judge from the admiring exclamations that escape their lips on entering one. There is something so attractive in the appearance of growing plants, and the opening and full-blown flowers, that will draw the attention of all passers by. Especially is this true during the winter season, when the contrast is so strong between the living plants within and the dreariness without. Many desire to keep plants through the winter — more than can be accommodated in the limited space of the sitting-room window; in fact, they would like to have a small greenhouse, or conservatory, only they imagine that such an institution would be very expensive, difficult to manage, and require the help of a trained gardener.

There is a large class who could enjoy such a place, and could afford it, too, if they did not suppose the difficulties too great. To such I would say that it is not so hard a matter to care for a small greenhouse; there are no great mysteries connected with the art of propagating and growing plants, but what any one, possessing an ardent love for such, can soon learn, and know how to serve their varied wants. It is easy enough to propagate from cuttings, but the operation requires constant attention. It is not necessary to spend a term under skilled workmen, but reading and practice will teach; only the beginner will be apt to make many and costly mistakes: but experience is a good instructor.

About every household there are generally men enough, or stout boys, to do the rough work of a greenhouse — bringing in fuel, clearing the furnace, keeping up fires at night, or doing anything else needed. The firing at night would not be troublesome, for with a brick furnace of sufficient capacity, enough coal can be put in at bedtime to last through the coldest nights, even when the mercury goes down to 28° below zero, as it did out here last winter. And then, as to the daily attention required by the plants — the watering, re-potting, training, propagating, etc., that work could be easily enough attended to by the feminine portion of the family.

In fact, I know of no more pleasant or healthy occupation for a woman (or man either), than working daily in a greenhouse, with its bright sunshine, genial temperature, and cheerful surroundings of beautiful plants and fragrant flowers. I regard it as a grand opening for those women who are sighing for "enlarged spheres of usefulness," outside of the usual routine of household duties, or other feminine occupation.

Women can perform the duties required in growing plants in a greenhouse, whether for their own enjoyment or for profit. I know this to be so, for I have seen a stock of plants brought through winter by a lady, and be in as fine and healthy condition as could be desired. Among plants women can display her fine natural taste for arranging and selecting the most desirable kinds, and showing them to the best advantage. The fine lady, with her large conservatory and paid gardener, need not condescend to look after the management, but to all who cannot afford such a luxury, and yet long for plants and flowers through all the year, I would say, build you a little greenhouse and learn to take care of it yourself, and you will find it the source of the greatest delight and purest enjoyment that it is possible to conceive of.

PUT FLOWERS ON YOUR TABLE.

Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower, a rose, a pink, a daisy. Bring a few daisies or buttercups from your last field work, and keep them alive in a little water; preserve but a bunch of clover or a handful of flowering grass, one of the most elegant of nature's productions, and you have something on your table that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common, for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers in season upon his table, we believe, morning, noon and night; that is to say at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day. Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please — never change with silks and velvets, and silver forks, nor be dependent on caprice or some fine gentleman or lady who have nothing but caprice and changes to give them importance and a sensation.

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



NOTHING BUT DRESS.

THAT clothes absorb the thought of a great portion of the feminine world at the present time, must be evident to all. If we pass a group of ladies on the street, in any city or town, nine times out of ten we shall catch a remark about their dress, past, present or prospective; on every fair day they throng dry goods stores, and stand in mute, admiring crowds before windows where the last fashions are gorgeously displayed; and when they return home they are beset by a breathless circle of friends, eager to hear if there is any news yet concerning the coming shape for spring bonnets. No sooner are two ladies introduced, than each sweeps the other from head to foot with a glance as keen and scrutinizing as if she were taking an inventory of her belongings for an auction catalogue; no one turns her back upon smiling friends, that they do not instantly pause to scan her in silence, while she vanishes slowly in perspective; no conversation is so absorbing that the female participants do not improve every diversion between eager rhapsodies or earnest argument to ascertain whether their neighbor's collar is real or imitation, and her bonnet home-made or Parisian. In short, all the interests of their lives, all their trials and perplexities cluster about the immortal question, what shall I wear? whose answer must be decided upon at least twice each day. And the whole world of society manifestly rates women as having for her legitimate mission this exhibition of a wardrobe; she is a lay figure for mantau-makers; a peg on which to hang fine garments and costly textures.

From the zeal with which the importance of sewing is still urged upon our attention, one would think that it were in danger of adding itself to the lost arts. The instruction in our public schools is said to be faulty, because this is not taught; and in a textbook in common use there is given a long and brilliant letter on female education, such as only Lady Mary Worthy Montague could write, in which this single sentence is italicised—"It is scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle." So it is: but is woman in need of this truth more than of all the other ninety and nine sensible remarks with which that letter abounds? In her immoderate use of the needle is she not forgetting that there are many other duties for her to perform? Certain large-hearted reformers, saddened by all the discontent and restless striving of their sex under their grievous burdens, still maintain that it is sewing-schools that are wanted to render work and wages more abundant! Do they not hear that piteous "Song of the Shirt" echoed feebly from the garrets of starving seamstresses in all our crowded cities, and do they not know that it is because the friendless thousands can always do this work, and

nothing but this, that they are forced to be content with the merest pittance for their toil?

It is idle to call this the present need of women; it is rather their curse, since it prevents them from acquiring higher and more profitable arts. In a neighboring town a society has been formed for the purpose of sending female missionaries to India to teach the natives how to sew. It would be a more laudable work to frame societies for the suppression of sewing among Christian nations. If it be true that the inhabitants of Ormus and of Ind have existed until now in happy ignorance of the slavery of the needle, why should we carry this, as we have our liquors and our opium, to darken all their lives? Why doom our swarthy sisters to sit hemming ruffles gathering puffs and plaiting flounces under the cocoa's shade, in the heat of the tropic noons, with a fashion-plate spread out before them, and a pattern suspended from the nearest bough? A certain amount of needle-work, sufficient to furnish all necessary and comfortable garments for the family, seems to be essential; but better leave even the rudest savages their thorns, strings, and capacious blankets, than induce them to fashion elaborate garments, whose needless seams and stitches shall be as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, setting to the accompaniment of darting pains, failing eyesight, and shortening breath.

It was hoped that the invention of the sewing-machine would relieve women of one-half of their labor, but the trimming and work upon wearing apparel has only doubled since their use. We seem to be losing all consciousness of the charm of simplicity and of straight, flowing lines; beauty is made to consist in elaborate and excessive ornament, and one wonders, in surveying a modern belle, with her layers of flounces, puffings, fringes, chains, sashes, ear-rings and gewgaws, how a creature so fearfully and wonderfully made could be put together and taken apart in the space of twenty-four hours.

The evil result upon woman herself of this devotion to clothes and sewing is two-fold. It is one of many causes that seriously impair her health, keeping her cramped in a wearisome posture over her work within close rooms, and limiting her walks abroad to anxious quests for trimmings, when she should be sauntering at ease under the open sky. It also precludes her from gaining the same degree of intelligence that is possessed by the other sex. When men have discharged the regular duties of the day, they are free to apply their leisure hours in reading or social converse. But women at such times bethink themselves of some netting, embroidery or crocheting, which seems to claim her time, for even her diversions are merely variations of the same employment. She is no longer given to tearing up cloth into fragments that she may have the pleasure of sewing it together again into quilts; but she indulges in numberless little arts of needlework, which can be traced to no known inventor, and which, therefore, have been called ingenious devices of the Father of Evil

for cheating women of intelligence. She comes to consider time not spent in this way as wantonly wasted.

To produce a yard of tatting in an afternoon is praiseworthy industry; to read forty pages in the same time is a criminal indulgence, which should be properly apologized for to herself and others. Any current literature, to command itself to her notice, must contain abundant fashion plates and detailed accounts of the last importations; and though she may possibly look unconcerned at the discussion of national affairs in her presence, you shall be surprised at her erudition concerning the laces of Cluny and Honiton, Brussels and Valenciennes, and shall listen in silence while she compares jaconets and organdies, nankeens and Dutch linens. The Azores are the places where fine stockings are knit; India is the source of summer silks and costly shawls. She boasts with pride that her mantle of camel's-hair took twelve Hindoo men a year to weave, and that French peasant women nearly ruined their sight in a damp cellar over her gossamer veil. No wonder that such empty, shallow faces, drift past us on crowded thoroughfares, set off with all allurements of dress and ornament, but so weak, so blank, so devoid of all intensity of thought, purpose or emotion, that one almost questions whether there can be, dwelling behind them, an immortal soul.

The evils caused by this extravagance in dress are too manifold to be readily enumerated. The infrequency of marriages—since the very means taken to secure a lover must prevent him from becoming a husband; the temptations to dishonesty in our business men, who feel compelled at any price to furnish means for this display; the entire absorption in money making, which is ruining the health of our countrymen, withdrawing them more and more from their families and lessening their influence over their children; the going down to dusty death of so many of our sisters to whom the love of fine attire proves the path that leads to perdition:—all these evils, so threatening in our present society, may be traced in no indirect way to the baneful influence of the reigning extravagance in dress.

This exaggeration of the value of clothes lessens, in a great proportion the value of woman herself. It degrades the scope and purpose of her life; it leads directly to ignorance, ill-health, extravagance and social crime. Whether, therefore, it springs originally from her strong, native love of beauty, perverted and indulged beyond due limits, or from the low estimation in which she has been held, as a plaything and an ornament, bound only to please the selfish wishes of man, it should be the duty of every true woman to control and repress it. The mother guards her son from the peculiar temptations that will beset him in life by explaining to him their evil tendencies; let her teach her daughter that this enticement toward excessive and elaborate dress, which will assail her on every side, and which her own nature will so readily follow is the temptation of her sex, and one that must be

wisely and firmly resisted; and let her likewise instruct her in those enduring principles of taste and beauty which should render the simplest attire beautiful and becoming. Then in the happy future, of which we will never despair, when maternal wisdom and forethought shall have cultivated her taste and guarded her with the right moral sense, when a more thorough education shall have filled her mind with earnest thought and led her to concern herself with all the broad duties of life, when a just compensation for her labor shall have made her time valuable for other and higher work than frivolous pursuits, let us hope that woman will no longer throw this blind worship and deification of clothes as a stumbling block in the progress of the world.—*Journal.*

CONCERNING DIAMONDS.

From the earliest time up to the beginning of the eighteenth century India was supposed to be the only diamond producing country. The first brought to Europe were from the kingdoms of Visapoar and Golconda. They were found at the base of the Neela Mulla Mountains in the neighborhood of the Krishna and Pomar rivers—a district so sterile that previous to the discovery of the treasures contained in its soil, it was little better than a desert. During the rainy season the floods descend in torrents from the mountains, and after their subsidence numbers of diamonds are found in the ferruginous sands washed down from the rocks.

The diamonds thus found were conveyed to the city of Golconda, where they were disposed of, either to native princes or foreign merchants. The qualities of the diamonds were distinguished by the names of the Hindoo castes; the best and largest were called Brahma, the second Krischa, the third Bysch, and the fourth Sudra. The use of these gems was formerly a regal privilege of the Rajahs and Sultans, but as successive dynasties were overthrown, diamonds ceased to be the exclusive property of royalty.

The tradition of a valley of diamonds, similar to that described in the story of "Sinbad the Sailor," is of great antiquity. The celebrated Venetian traveler of the thirteenth century, Marco Polo, thus relates what he heard on the subject:—"In the summer, when the heat is excessive and there is no rain, they—the Indians—ascend the mountains with great fatigue, as well as with considerable danger, from the number of snakes with which they are infested. Near the summit, it is said, there are deep valleys, full of caverns and surrounded by precipices, amongst which the diamonds are found; and here many eagles and white storks, attracted by the snakes on which they feed, are accustomed to make their nests. The persons who are in quest of the diamonds take their stand near the mouths of the caverns, and from thence cast down several pieces of flesh, which the eagles and storks pursue into the valleys, and carry off with them to the top of the rocks. Thither the men immediately ascend, drive the birds away, and recovering

the pieces of meat, frequently find diamonds sticking to them."

In the time of Tavernier a French jeweler, who published his travels in the east, in the seventeenth century, the mines of Golconda employed 60,000 persons, and in a still earlier age were so productive, that the sultan Mahmoud who died at the end of the twelfth century, left more than four hundred pounds' weight of diamonds in his treasury.

The largest quantities of diamonds are now imported from the Brazils; they were found accidentally whilst searching for gold. So little did the gold seekers suspect the nature of the little hard translucent pebbles occasionally picked up, that they either tossed them carelessly away or used them as counters while playing cards. One Bernardo Fonsica Lobo however, who had seen rough diamonds in India, formed a shrewd guess as to their value, and took several of them to Lisbon, where they were identified as real diamonds. From that time gold digging was abandoned to slaves and all the population united in the search for the precious gems. These valuable production of the Brazilian soil were at first found in immense quantities; in the first fifty years after the discovery, it is said that diamonds to the value of twelve millions sterling were exported.

The process of digging and washing is carried on entirely by negroes. Large diamonds are of course rarely found. If a slave discovers one of eighteen carats' weight he immediately receives his freedom, with the privilege of working for himself thenceforward.

These precious stones are scattered about in such profusion, that whenever a fowl is killed the crop is examined, and diamonds are frequently found. A negro was once fortunate enough to find a diamond worth three hundred pounds sterling adhering to the root of a cabbage he had plucked for his dinner. Fowls are well known to be addicted to picking up any shining substance instead of gravel. The only diamond ever found in Europe was in Wicklow, and was supposed to have been conveyed thither by some bird of passage. In Gibralter, the migratory pigeons caught at certain seasons have frequently particles of gold dust about their feet, brought, no doubt, from the auriferous deposits in the hitherto unexplored regions of Africa.

The diamond supply from the Brazils is now falling off; but we are on the eve of the discovery of new fields that may probably prove as productive as the districts of Golconda and Cerro de Frio. Late news from Ballarat gives notice of fresh discoveries. A Diamond Mine Company has been established at Melbourne, the object of which is to work a field on the Cudgegong River, in New South Wales, where not only diamonds but numbers of other precious stones have been found. Most of the diamonds hitherto picked up have been brought to Melbourne; the value of one of these stones is estimated at four hundred pounds sterling. Diamonds have also been discovered at the Cape of Good Hope. When we consider the wide district of Australia and Africa

now open to exploration, it is impossible to set a limit to the richness that may be revealed. As objects of beauty, the preciousness of diamonds must always remain the same; but it is just possible that great discoveries may so far reduce their marketable value, as to render the possession of a parure of diamonds no longer a mark of distinguished rank of wealth. As jewels are not subject to wear or tear, every stone found is one added to the world's store; those worn by the Roman Empresses are no doubt still in existence; and in purchasing a jeweled ring, we may possibly acquire possession of a gem that once sparkled on the finger of a Julia or Fraustina.

Though the pure white diamond, colorless and pellucid as water, is the most esteemed, these stones are found of various hues—yellow, blue, pink, green, and even black. One of the most perfect specimens of the colored diamond is that belonging to Mr. Hope, which unites the lovely hue of the sapphire with the brilliancy of the more precious gem. The insignia of the St. Esprit, formerly worn by the king of France, consists of a dove formed of a single sapphire mounted on a ground of white brilliants, and surrounded by blue diamonds of a color almost as intense as the sapphire. The button of the king of Saxony's hat of state is composed of a splendid green diamond of great value.

The diamond possesses a remarkably high refractive power; it is to this power of separating the rays of light into their elementary colors that its great brilliancy is owing. Though it is found in numerous forms, they are all derived from the regular octahedron. The facets of the crystal are often curved, however, thus giving the stone a spherical appearance. The structure is lamellar, and the diamond may be readily cleaved parallel to the plane of the octahedron.

Boetius de Boot, in 1699, was the first to suggest its inflammability; the same surmise was made by the great Newton; but the first record of experimental proof was from the Academy of Florence, in 1794, under Duke Cosmo the Third, when a diamond was subjected to a powerful burning lens. It first split, then emitted sparks, and finally disappeared. M. Guyon de Morveau, in 1785, exposed a diamond enclosed in a cavity in a piece of iron to intense heat. When the cavity was opened, the diamond had entirely vanished, but the iron around was converted into steel, thus proving the gem to consist of pure carbon.

It has been found possible to manufacture diamonds by the crystallization of carbon, but hitherto of a size so infinitesimally minute as to be of no value except in a scientific point of view. Brilliant points may occasionally be observed in coke that has been exposed to furnace heat; these are diamond particles, and are capable of cutting glass. Thus, in the marvellous laboratory of nature, the commonest and poorest matter becomes converted into the most precious gem.

The diamond frequently becomes phosphorescent on exposure to the sun's rays. The Honorable Robert Boyle, writing in 1672, says: "I have

had in my keeping a diamond which by water made a little more than lukewarm, I could bring to shine in the dark." It is no doubt this phosphorescent quality that gives rise to the legendary power of diamonds and carbuncles to emit light, a belief we find very ancient. In the Talmud it is said that Noah had no other light in the ark than that furnished by precious stones. The vedas of the Brahmins also speaks of a place lighted by rubies and diamonds which emit light like that of the planets.

The rough diamond is little more attractive than the common pebble; its brilliancy being concealed under a hard crust, that can only be removed by diamond powder. Though the art of cutting this gem has only been brought to perfection during the last few centuries—those cut and polished at Golconda being of clumsy workmanship—the stone was formerly valued for other, and for the most part fabulous, qualities.

THE FASHION.

How easily and how imperceptibly the eye accommodates itself to a complete revolution in dress. Before the days of steel petticoats, if we took up a book of eighteenth century costumes, we used to wonder how our great grandmothers could possibly have been so wanting in taste as to wear those hideous hoops; but during the crinoline era—say between 1850 and 1864 we found that we regarded the same series of engravings with perfect complacency, seeing nothing preposterous in the enormous distension of the skirt, though, at the same time, keenly critical about the swell of the hoop, which appeared to be placed too high to suit modern notions of elegance.

In like manner we are getting rapidly accustomed to towering heads of hair; and caricatures of a hundred years back, satirizing the ladies' extravagance in this respect, begin to wear a singularly modern aspect. A drawing of four ladies engaged in a violent dispute over a trick at *whist*, and dated 1778, would not, as far as the headdresses are concerned, be such a very exaggerated caricature of a similar quartette squabbling over *Bezique* in 1873. And when we see a sketch of a gentleman making use of a lady's massive side curl as an opera glass, we feel that a slight alteration of fashion would make the jest again applicable. Talking the other day to a hairdresser on these subjects, he informed us that the demand for artificial hair had increased tenfold during the last few years. One wonders where it all comes from, for the peasantry of Southern France and Germany have been accustomed to make merchandise of their tresses from time immemorial.

Whence, then, do we obtain the increased supply? Has a crinoideal guano been discovered, enabling, let us say, a single head to yield two crops a year, or do hair venders rob the dead? My friend, the *perruquier*, scouted this supposition with extreme indignation. "Is it likely, sir," he said, "that the friends, even of the poorest person would submit to such maltreatment? At all events, no hair

from such a source is ever offered to us for sale." When using the word "maltreatment," however, it is right to observe how sentiments differ in various countries on these subjects. Here, again, *Fashion* has it her own way. The German peasant sells her hair, pockets the proceeds, and contentedly puts on a close cap. The Irish peasant, though probably poorer in worldly goods, would shrink from doing what would seem to her an act of degradation.

CURIOSITIES OF COLOR.

An English magazine writer, writing of colors and their durability in reference to dress, gives some interesting particulars of the infinite diversity of shades. Although 2,000 different shades of color can be dyed at present, this number gives but a faint idea of the effects that might be produced by a continually varying admixture of one hue with another. *Sax-blue* counts from twenty to twenty-four shades produced by manufacturers in printed cottons, linen, and silks, and a still greater variety could be furnished if demanded. In *royal blue*, there are this season from twenty-four to twenty-eight varieties in the light middle shades. *Scarlet* has from thirty to forty shades; *crimson* the same number. *Yellow* has from forty to fifty shades.

The writer adds: "Scarlet, so rarely seen in ladies' dresses, may be termed the emperor of colors, and is very beautiful in its light middle, and rich and dazzling in its middle shades, and in certain combinations looks elegant in connection with a silver-gray or an olive."

RAISING NAP ON VELVET.

Our lady readers may, perhaps, thank us for a process which is said to be successful in bringing up again the nap of spotted or flattened velvet. For this purpose a chafing-dish or warming-pan is to be used, containing a quantity of well-ignited live coals, over which is to be placed a sheet of copper thick enough to have a certain degree of solidity. When the metal is quite warm, a napkin folded several times and immersed in boiling water is to be placed upon it, the coal in the dish still continues to increase the temperature. The wrong side of the velvet is now to be laid upon the moist and smoking cloth, and very soon a thick vapor will be seen disengaged, and a soft brush is then to be passed lightly back and forth over the velvet, which is to be removed after a few minutes, and allowed to dry flat upon a table. When completely dry, it will be found to have become almost as soft and regular as the new material.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reply to inquiries by Madaline A. about crocheting scarfs, I would say, make a chain two fingers long, leaving the last stitch of the chain on the needle; take the next stitch up and put the thread over the needle once and draw it through both stitches. Your scarf will then look alike on both sides, being smooth and even, as the stitches do not give or stretch as in the *afghan* stitch.

HATTIE S. H.



LITTLE FEET.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load:
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet!—
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of Sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of Peace and Beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go toiling up Ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love?

Some feet there be which walk Life's track un-
wounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude high-
way
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

Lady's Friend.

THE BROKEN ELM.

HERE is a good-for-nothing old tree. Let's try our new hatchets on it," said Bennie striking his hatchet into the side of an old deformed elm tree, before him.

"Oh, no," said Willie, "Mr. Jones may be angry if we cut his tree."

"What, this crooked old thing! I should like to know what it is good for. It is too low for the birds to build their nests in, and too scraggy to cast a shade even for a sheep, and I am sure there is not a straight sprout on it to warm our jackets with even if we were caught cutting it. Here goes one hack into the good-for-nothing old bark any how!"

"Oh, Bennie! don't let's cut it, I don't dare to."

"What is it good for I say," and hack, hack went the shining hatchet into its side.

"Boys!"

The boys almost dropped their hatchets in surprise. Turning they saw standing near them a lady, who

smiling pleasantly upon them, said: "Come and take a seat by me and I will tell you something about that tree."

She took a seat in the shade of the tree. On one side sat Bennie, a quick, impulsive boy, whose eyes brightened at the prospect of a story. Willie drew near and timidly put his little hand in hers.

"Do you see that farmhouse yonder?" said the lady, pointing to a house not far distant. "Not many years ago that was the home of three little children, and very happy were they playing in the shade of those tall poplars, or gathering spring flowers in the meadows. The nearest school was then at the village, and very long seemed the way to those little ones, as with weary feet they trod this path to and from the village school. Here grew several elm trees. One of them was so slender that it could be bent to the ground. They used to rest in the shade and swing in that tree, which from its elastic nature would easily swing back erect as before. But it chanced one day, that James the eldest who was a bright, rosy-cheeked boy bent it lower than usual and it did not rise again. When he saw it was broken he was very sorry and wished he had not swung on it, but it could not be helped. Time passed on and James became a young man and was sent to the city to be a clerk in his uncle's store. He had been under good influence at home, his parents kept him from evil associates, and when he left home, he knew but little of the evils and temptations of city life. He soon formed the acquaintance of several young men, whom he would then have shunned had he known their real character, but he was pleased with their free and easy manners, their liberality and gay style of dress and he tried to overcome his country habits and become like them. He felt much flattered by their attention and assented to all their proposals, resolving not to make his fashionable friends ashamed of him.

His friends pretended to be very much surprised to learn he did not smoke. James told them that he tried to learn but it made him sick. "Made you sick?" said one of the young men, "why you simpleton, of course it will make you sick at first, but what of it, you will soon be over that; ha! why my good fellow I thought you had more pluck, but you are as faint hearted as a chicken."

James could not bear this ridicule and mentally resolved to learn to smoke. After he had learned to smoke it was very easy to lead him into the sin of drinking whisky. "I guess they would not fool me in that way," said Bennie.

"Ah, my little friend," said the lady, "he knew it was wrong and that made it so much the worse; but he liked their company, and did not like to have them laugh at 'his old foggy notions,' as they called his ideas of morality, and so instead of leaving them, he kept on doing what he knew was wrong. His companions saw what power they had over him, and kept leading him on, step by step, into sin, till in a few years one would hardly have recognized the promising

young man, in the dissipated man he had become. This life of dissipation was fast working his ruin. It slowly poisoned the fountain of health and he soon returned to his country home with his character ruined, his reputation blasted and his constitution broken down.

Listlessly wandering down this path he threw himself on this seat, and looking up into the tall elm trees before him, thought how beautiful they were, and how merrily the birds and sunshine played hide and seek through their branches. Then he saw the deformed tree and thought what a pity that that ugly bend must spoil its beauty forever. Then a thought flashed through his mind. Why! that was the same tree he had swung upon and broken years ago. The sunshine and rain had started it to a fresh growth, but it could not regain its original form and must ever remain a deformed tree.

"Ah, poor deformed tree," said the man, while penitent tears trickled down his cheeks, you are like me, like my life,—deformed, ruined. You might have been like those beautiful trees by your side. I might have been a noble, useful man."

"But," said Willie, "didn't he see that the tree didn't die?"

"Yes, Willie, and after musing in sadness for a time, it occurred to him that though the tree had not regained an erect position, it had not ceased to grow. It had put out branches which slowly shot upward. He thought he still might make something of life, and resolved he would lead a new life."

"Did he reform and make a good man?" asked Willie.

"Yes, and tried to lead a good life, and to some extent succeeded, but like that poor tree, he never could be what he would have been had he not fallen in his early life."

"Why, I should think if he gave up his bad company and stopped using that miserable whisky and tobacco, he might have become a good man," said Bennie.

"He did become a good man," said the lady, "but he could not make up those years that were worse than lost to him, and the fearful injury his health and character had suffered."

"Now," said the lady drawing the little boys toward her, "do not call this a good-for-nothing old tree. It taught that erring man a lesson; let it teach you. As you look upon those tall trees, so perfect in their beauty, and then upon this deformed one, let it teach you that thus a life that might have been noble and useful, may be blighted and ruined by the formation of evil habits. Remember that when you yield to temptation to do wrong, you are being bowed down, and as that tree broke after repeated bending, so you by gradual yielding to temptations, weakening the power of resisting, and may soon be borne down into ruin, and though you may reform, yet like that tree, you must ever bear the marks of the fall. Let it teach you how easily you may do another a life-long injury, by leading them to form wrong habits the effects of which a lifetime may not efface."

The lady ceased speaking and the boys rose to go thanking her for the story.

EARNEST WORDS WITH PARENTS.

Number Six.

The only way to gain the lasting love and confidence of our children, is to govern them. Nor is there, as I have already intimated, any antagonism between free indulgence and absolute control. Of course, they must be restrained in everything that is dangerous, or injurious, but they may be gratified to any extent, and safely, in everything that is harmless, so long as they cheerfully yield to acknowledged authority.

Another principle of great importance underlies family discipline. The child must never gain any desired object by disobedience; must never be gratified by doing wrong. The favors bestowed must reward only fidelity and submission. And still further, inconvenience, privation or pain must attend and follow every act of transgression. This is according to the Divine plan, after which family government should be modeled.

And it must be certain that merited punishment will follow every wrong act. To illustrate: the child approaches too near the fire, or puts his fingers into the blaze of the candle, and, every time, he suffers pain as a consequence. The result is, he soon learns obedience to Nature's law, and keeps at a proper distance from the fire. A slight pain and the positive certainty of suffering have accomplished the object. Now for the application: let the mother see to it that every time her child disobeys her commands, or disregards her wishes, he will suffer for the wrong, and she will

seldom have occasion to inflict severe penalties. The certainty more than the severity of the punishment makes it effectual. I will call this treatment mild severity, and commend it to every thoughtful parent. If attended by steadiness, firmness, and decision, it will accomplish much more than scolding, threatening and flogging.

Another important thought in this connection. As far as possible, let the punishment be the natural consequence of the fault which has been committed. For instance, suppose the child has never learned to "shut the doors" he has opened, and the mother wishes to correct the habit. She may require him to return and shut the door, and as a penalty for the first offense, detain him five minutes before he is allowed to return to his play; for the second offense, ten minutes, and so on until the habit is cured. Here the privation is associated with the fault, and seems naturally to result from it. The child has time for reflection, and feels the influence of a strong motive to reform. Or suppose the child is allowed a recess from study, say for thirty minutes. Let the mother punish him by shortening his recess, first to twenty minutes, then to ten, and finally allow him no time for play, until she is assured that he will return promptly as directed.

All such punishments are designed to correct and cure the evil, for the future benefit of the child. They may be mild or severe as the case requires, but should never be vindictive, nor administered in anger. Promptness and firmness are demanded in correct-

ing the faults of children, but harshness and ill-temper, never.

Kindness and sympathy are powerful disciplinary agencies, and should always accompany reproof and severity. Let the child be made to understand that every look of disapprobation, every word of rebuke, and every penalty inflicted is prompted by maternal love, and the very fact will tend strongly to subdue the rebellious spirit. And mutual sympathy between parents and children operates to secure the same result. Look at the maternal effect of sympathy in its material and mental aspects. The gaping of one person is imparted to the whole company; cheerfulness and joy, or sorrow and sadness expressed by one individual carry either happiness or gloom to the hearts of the circle in which he mingles.

It is through sympathy that mankind gain control over each other, in the common affairs of life. They cherish the feelings and embrace the opinions of those they love; and if these opinions are changed in maturer years, it is more the result of sympathy than argument. Hence, we can readily understand the power of this principle over childhood. The child is in full sympathy with the true mother; clings to her in the hour of danger; believes and confides in her with unwavering confidence; imitates her actions; treasures up her words, and imbibes her very feelings and emotions. This results partly from the intimate relations they sustain to each other, and partly from judicious training. The degree of love and confidence which the child cherishes for his mother, depends upon the amount of sincere sympathy she manifests in his childish hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, recreations and amusements, ideas and fancies. The more childlike the parent, the better qualified she is to manage and guide her household. Hence, the great importance of gaining the confidence and love of our children, and the still greater necessity of being ourselves, in character and life, what we desire them to become.

We have no right to expect that these children will naturally do right rather than wrong. Facts are against such a conclusion. Indeed, accountability presupposes instruction as to what is right and wrong; and when they begin to recognize this distinction, both the good and the bad in their conduct, should have our attention.

EXPERIENCE.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

There is a tendency, we think, at the present day, to put children too forward, not so much for the sake of showing off their extraordinary merits to an admiring world, as for the better motive of early accustoming them to the conversation of grown people and the usage of society, and of inspiring them with confidence, ease and self-possession. No doubt these results are very valuable; but the mistake which many people make is in forgetting that children are something like dogs, which require to be well trained before they can be safely recommended to the familiarity of strangers. And it is to be remembered that the moment children cease to re-

spect any of the grown-up people with whom they associate, not only is the whole benefit of the intercourse lost at once, but real injury is inflicted on the moral tone of the child.

For this reason children should be brought as little as possible into the society of men and women who cannot command their respect; while of those who can, the influence should be hedged round by all the numerous impalpable barriers which judicious parents know perfectly well how to interpose between children and the most popular and careless of their adult playfellows. The confidence which well bred children repose in an eligible stranger, without being either rude or troublesome, is charming to everybody who has any natural taste for their society.

But closely allied with the mistaken license allowed to their children in matters like the above, is the disposition to laugh at, and thereby to encourage all cases of singularity, oddness, or affection which children may exhibit, as marks of genius, which ought not to be repressed. Of all the dangerous errors into which parents can fall, this, in our opinion, is the worst. For nothing so soon hardens into second nature as a juvenile eccentricity; and few things are more injurious to success in life than marked oddities of manner and gesture when they reach the point of grotesqueness. The majority of the world agree with Mr. Peter Magnus; they don't see the necessity of originals. And what is more, so many "originals" are only sham ones after all. That is to say, their singularity is merely a bad habit which they can't shake off, and is only very partially innate.

When you see a child doing anything unlike other children, anything queer, surprising, or uncouth, however comic or however clever it may seem, never laugh at or applaud it. Children, naturally very self-willed and with real natural peculiarities, can soon be broken of such tricks, if treated with absolute indifference. But once let the idea find its way into the brain that such sallies, naught though they be, are regarded as marks of genius, and the mischief is done.

To come back to the point from which we started—namely, the management of young children—there is one thing to be laid down; let there be no divided rule in a house. Don't let the children see that the father means one thing and the mother another in their bringing up. They see the difference if it exists, in a moment; and when they do, farewell to all wholesome parental influence. Husbands and mothers may talk too freely before their children, forgetful of their rising intelligence. And, indeed, nothing is more common than to get a wink from the head of the house, implying that you are to be on your guard before Johnny or Tommy, who is listening open-mouthed to your witty narrative, while he the next moment will offend against his own preceptions in the most barefaced manner by plunging headlong into your domestic controversy, in which, to speak metaphorically, knives are freely used on both sides.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

WELCOME TO PAPA.

Only two little darlings
Welcome me home at night;
Only two little prattlers
With faces sweet and bright.
They are very tiny creatures
In this big world of ours,
But the chirp of their merry prattle
Gladdens the evening hours.
So many wondrous stories
To pour in papa's ear,
So many wants to care for,
Such boundless faith to cheer.
Confiding joy of childhood,
With hopes so pure and bright:
This is the happy greeting
Welcomes me home at night.

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS:—1. A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight. 2. Composing an enigma.

3. Let us remember when we roam
The friends we leave behind,
And let our thoughts go forth to them
In feelings pure and kind.

4. Kirk-cud-worth. 5. Salaman-der.
6. L A M P 7. L A N D
A L I E A L E A
M I C A N E A R
P E A K D A R N

8. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

N ouris H
A ren A
T allo W
H in T
A rc H
N unci O
I nfe R
E nsig N
L oung E

9. Athens, hasten, 10. Basle, sable.
11. Genoa, onega. 12. Naples, planes.
13. Sedan, Andes. 14. Selma, Salem.
15. Texas, teas. 16. Spear, spar.
17. Coupe, cope. 18. Lemon, Leon.
19. Peter, peer. 20. Dante, date.

LITERARY ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty-eight letters.
My 2, 12, 18, 4, 15, 20, 9, 25, 17, 19,

7, 10, 35 is one of Irving's works.
My 24, 14, 17, 31, 1 is one of Maria Edgworth's books.

My 30, 3, 5, 28, 26, 11, 12, 33 is a poem by one of our most eminent American poets.

My 38, 18, 5, 34, 21, 23, 13, 29, 16 was an Irish writer noted for his satire.

My 4, 28, 31, 22, 17, 20, 8 was a famous English poet.

My 6, 26, 32, 24, 21, 7, 37 was a lexicographer.

My 32, 36, 25, 33, 30 was one of the sacred writers.

My whole is a quotation from Wordsworth upon Joy.

GEOPGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of thirty-seven letters.

My 12, 20, 3, 27, 7, 5 is a country.

My 15, 2, 14, 16, 11, 22 are isles of Asia.

My 19, 31, 4, 23, 1, 12, 36, 9 is a cape off the North American coast.

My 24, 21, 8, 17, 27 is an European city.

My 26, 19, 7, 6, 20 is a sea.

My 32, 10, 34, 22, 30, 18, 16, 13 is a bay that indents the coast of Europe.

My 33, 3, 4, 25, and 28, 5, 37 are rivers in Europe.

My 27, 29, 14, 31, 35 is a river in North America.

Of my whole our country may be justly proud. M. D. H.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

3. My first is in house but not in barn, My second is in wool but not in yarn, My third is in you but never in me, My fourth is in sound and also in sea, My fifth is in mister but never in miss, My sixth in the other and also in this, My seventh is in noble but never in mean, My eighth is in slovenly also in clean, My ninth is in domineer, demon and dome, My whole should find patrons in every home.

PUZZLES.

Fill the blanks with the same word transposed.

4. In modern times — is used to prepare — for the table.

5. He — his neighbor because he — his team.

6. The — was grazing on the — of the stream.

7. The fire in the — was a — comfort to the weary travelers.

JOEL.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND DECAPITATIONS.

8. Entire I am a fastening; behead, I give light; behead and transpose, I represent the country; curtail and reverse, is used of myself; behead, I am a thousand.

9. Entire I am full; curtail, a fruit; transpose, a cluster; curtail and reverse, a chimney; curtail, a game at cards; curtail, fifty.

10. A kind of wild goose; behead, boisterous declamation; transpose, a French river; curtail, an American river; reverse, an animal; behead, a preposition; behead, a beverage.

TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

11. A space of time and a weight.

12. An animal and an enclosure.

13. An animal and an exclamation.

14. Harbors and a feature of the body.

15. A prickly covering, a fish and a weight.

16. To split and earth.

17. Novel and a vessel.

18. Part of the body and a body of water.

19. A month and to read.

20. A conjunction and people.

FIGURE WORDS.

The same number represents the same letter.

Trees.—21. 1, 2, 3. 22. 4, 3, 5, 6, 6, 7.

23. 8, 1, 9, 10, 5. 24. 1, 9, 9, 10, 5.

25. 10, 1, 6, 4, 3. 26. 4, 3, 5, 2, 11, 12,

13, 11.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

27. Not wide; a girl's name; a vegetable product; to conceal; a written message; to inlay; the name of a state; a city of Asia. The initials and finals form the name of a man and a battle which he fought.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

28. How long must one side of a square lot be, which is fenced with 10 rails to the rod, to contain as many acres as it takes rails to fence the lot?

29. A lady purchased a piano, a watch and an urn. For the urn she gave \$40. For the piano and watch she gave three times as much as for the watch; and for piano and watch five times as much as for the urn. How much did she pay for each and all?

EMMA.



HINTS FOR DINNER-GIVERS.

Number One.

IN the first place, it is desirable to have a good host and hostess. I particularly say hostess, because as far as my experience goes, what are called men parties are mostly a failure. Men are never so agreeable as when they are with women, or women as when they are with men; and I hold that thorough festivity without the presence of woman is impossible. Now when I say good host and hostess, I do not mean that they must be wonderfully clever or brilliant people; but they must be genial, kind and encouraging. They must give you the notion that they are thoroughly pleased to see you.

As to the guests, the same quality, geniality, is the first thing to be looked for; also a happy audacity. Cultivate the man who has the splendid courage to talk to some one across the table. He is a real treasure at a dinner party. Of course, the main object in inviting guests is to bring people together who will like one another. No minute rules can be given upon this part of the subject. Do not, however, be too much afraid of asking people to meet at dinner because you think they will not suit one another. I have no doubt the bold man who ventured to ask Dr. Johnson and Wilkes to the same dinner party underwent some qualms of fear; but you see it answered thoroughly. The only people to be sedulously avoided are illnatured and quarrelsome people. If the world would ask them to family dinners only, it might cure them of their ill-nature and quarrelsome ness.

A remark perhaps worth noting, has been made by dinner-givers, as to the proportion of numbers of men and women to be invited; and they say that it should be, as nearly as may be, seven men to five women; This results from the fact that women, though often accused of being great talkers, are in reality, small and timid talkers, when compared with men. With regard to the total number of guests to be asked, that seems to many people a point of great importance but is in reality of less importance than is supposed. Some persons imagine that if they ask eight people to dinner, all will go right; but if they ask sixteen, all will go wrong. Whereas the sixteen will probably divide into two divisions of good talk, if the elements of force and vivacity in the party are not wholly confined to one part of the table.

The invitations should not be issued long beforehand. When you receive an invitation to a dinner, which is to come off three weeks hence, you cannot help feeling that you do not know what will happen in the interval. You are almost afraid to accept, and you do perhaps at last accept with fear and trembling.

There is a very difficult question connected with invitations to dinner.

This is the question of punctuality. You receive an invitation for dinner, in which a certain hour is named. You do not know whether you are to be punctual to that hour, or half an hour afterward.

I propose a great and distinct reform in this respect, namely, that the exact time should be stated at which the dinner should be on the table, and that it should be permitted to the guest to arrive at any moment within half an hour, of that fixed time, the host and hostess being prepared to receive the guests at any time within that half hour. If the dinner were made the starting point of punctuality, all people would know where they were, and what they had to conform to. In a vast city there is no measuring, without great thought and without making large allowance for misadventures what will be the requisite time for traversing any given distance. And we, the guests, should all feel comfortable, if we knew for certain that the dinner would not wait for us, but would go on with the imperturbability and irrevocability of fate.

I have always admired the account of that dinner in one of Hook's most clever novels, in which a certain unfortunate baronet, Sir Harry Winscot, comes in very late at a marquis' dinner, and the marquis, ignoring the vulgar appetites of lower men, desired ice and wafers to be handed to Sir Harry Winscot. I think that if we are late, we should without complaint, partake the fate of poor Sir Harry. The dinner should be independent of everybody, and should pursue its regulated march of perfect punctuality, regardless of the errors or misfortunes of the guests. The guests, too, would be much happier, and would feel much more independent, if this system was rigidly observed.

Then I maintain that the time of dinner should be early. The Romans, who knew a thing or two, inclined to early dinners for great parties, and were wont

"partem solidum demere de die."

This was very wise; for if you want to make a man cross at dinner, you have only to make the dinner hour a little later than he is accustomed to; whereas he bears with wonderful fortitude his food being supplied to him at an earlier hour.

Now I come to one of the most important points of the whole subject. I sum it up in a few words. Avoid unnecessary apparatus. Too much apparatus is death to all pleasantness in all society. Recollect what Horace, not a bad judge in these matters, says:—

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ phiyra coronaæ
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur."

How I should venture, in a liberal manner, to construe the last two lines, is thus:—

"Do not seek for the early green pea, the precocious strawberry, or for the pallid asparagus, which has endured much unkindly forcing; but keep to what is in season, and to what is brought by natural means to perfection."

Then I take another instance of unnecessary apparatus; and that is, having unnecessary ornaments for the

table. I must tell an anecdote to illustrate this position of mine. One of the foremost political men of our time gave a great dinner party. I was honored by an invitation. I must say that the guests were most skillfully chosen. There were not only great political personages, but people who were eminent in science, in literature, and in art. Nevertheless, the wheels of conversation drove heavily. The next day I met one of the guests in the street. I said to him, "It was not a lively dinner, yesterday; and, with such a host, and such guests it ought to have been lively." "No," he replied, "it was not lively; but do you know the reason why? Our host is a man who has the keenest appreciation of the works of art; the table was so cumbered by these works of art that we could not see one another. That explains everything."

I think it did explain everything, and I went away feeling I had gained what is called a "wrinkle," in the art of dinner-giving. I am told the table of the greatest personage in the land there is a beautiful simplicity as regards all ornamentation, and that this is found to have a very good effect. I have, after profound reflection on the matter, come to the conclusion that a handsome tall ornament upon the table is equivalent to the presence of a disagreeable guest, and, tends about as much, to prevent good talk and geniality. If you must have much ornament, keep it low, so that it may not interrupt sight and sound.

A DINNER IN FRANCE.

Some little knowledge of the French language is useful to one traveling abroad, if he does not want to dine as did an Englishman who knew nothing of France or hotel customs, and was too proud to let his ignorance be known. Seating himself at a restaurant, he pointed to the first article on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. When it was dispatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter brought him a vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," he thought; "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrowroot. He tried the fifth line, and being supplied with some gruel kept for invalids, he determined to get as far from the soup as possible. He pointed in despair, to the last article on the bill of fare. The waiter politely handed him a bunch of toothpicks! This was too much; the Englishman paid his bill and left.

AN EPICURE.

At breakfast one morning, in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, England, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed it on to the next. When he had got his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against monsieur by his moustachios, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking

up, said: "Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate."

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't have me eat de vite? In de yerk is de chicken; de vite de feeders. Am I to make von bolster of my stomach?" The farmer was dumbfounded.

THE DESSERT.

—They have just had an earthquake in Oregon that shook up the people a good deal. One loving husband, who had "just stepped out to see a man on business," rushed home with a billiard cue, that he had forgotten to replace, in his hand.

—A citizen of Arkansas, while on board of a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman, "whether the raising of stock in Arkansas was attended by much difficulty or expense?" "O, yes, stranger, they suffer much from insects." "Insects! why, what kind of insects, pray?" "Why, bears, catamounts, wolves and such like insects."

—A priest who was examining a confirmation class in the South of Ireland asked the question. "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered, "'Tis a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Put her down to the feet of the class," says the curate. "Leave her alone," said the priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

—The English mania for betting is illustrated by the story of a young Britton. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started, would not stir, whilst its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why—his friend had a hot plate.

—An eminent Scotch divine dining with the learned lawyers of the Edinburgh bar, appropriated to himself a large dish of cresses, upon which he fed voraciously. Erskine wishing to admonish him for his discourtesy, remarked, "Doctor you remind me of the great Nebuchadnezzar in his degradation." Just as the pat allusion was calling forth a lively titter, the reverend vegetable eater turned the laugh with the quick retort, "Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? Doubtless because I am eating among the brutes."

—A good story is told of a Yankee who went for the first time to a bowling-alley, and kept firing away at the pins, to the imminent peril of the boy, who, so far from having anything to do in "setting up" the pins, was actively at work in endeavoring to avoid the balls of the player, which rattled on all sides of the pins without touching them. At length the fellow seeing the predicament the boy was in, yelled out, as he let drive another ball;—

"Stand in among the pins if you don't want to get hit."



A CHAT ABOUT SLEEP.

A VERY thin young lady, of about thirty years, with a promising beau, came to consult Dio Lewis about her "skin and bones." I had frequently met her when she seemed even more emaciated, but now she "would give the world to be plump." Sitting down in front of me, she began with—

"Don't you think, doctor, that I look very old for twenty?"

I admitted that she looked rather old for twenty.

"Can anything be done for me? What can I take for it? I should be willing to take a hundred bottles of the worst stuff in the world, if I could only get some fat on these bones. A friend of mine (her beau) was saying yesterday that he would give a fortune to see me round and plump."

"Would you be willing to go to Cliff Springs in Arkansas?"

"I would start to-morrow."

"But the waters are very bad to drink," I said.

"I don't care how bad they are; I know I can drink them."

"I asked you whether you were willing to go to Arkansas springs to test your strength of purpose. It is not necessary to leave your home. Nine thin people in ten can become reasonably plump without such a sacrifice."

"Why, doctor I am delighted to hear it, but I suppose it is a lot of awful bitter stuff."

"Yes, it is a pretty bitter dose, and has to be taken every night."

"I would take it if it was ten times as bad. What is it? What is the name of it?"

"The technical name of the stuff is 'Bedibus Nineo'clockibus.'"

"Why, doctor, what an awful name! I am sure I shall never be able to speak it. Is there no common English word for it?"

"Oh yes. The English of it is, 'You must be in bed every night by nine o'clock.'"

"Oh, that is dreadful. I thought it was something I could take."

"It is. You must take your bed every night before the clock strikes nine."

"No; but what I thought was that you would give me something in a bottle to take."

"Of course I know very well what you thought. That's the way with all of you."

One person eats enormously of rich food till his stomach and liver refuse to budge: then he cries out, "Oh doctor what can I take? I must take something."

Another fills his system with tobacco until his nerves are ruined, and then trembling and full of horrors, he exclaims, "Oh, doctor, what shall I take?" I write a prescription for him—*Quitibus Chawibus et Smokibus*.

I will suppose my patient is not a classical scholar, as I am sure my

reader is, and so I translate it for him into English. He cries out at once,

"Oh, doctor I thought you would give me something to take."

Another sits up till thirteen or fourteen o'clock, leads a life of theaters and other dissipations, becomes pale, dyspeptic and wretched, and then flies to the doctor, and cries out, "Oh doctor, what shall I take? What shall I take?"

"Now, madam, you are distressed because your lover has been looking at your 'skin and bones.'"

"But, doctor, you are entirely—"

"Oh, well, we'll say nothing about him, then. But tell me, what time do you go to bed?"

"As a general rule about twelve o'clock."

"Yes, I thought so. Now if you will go to bed every night at nine o'clock for six months, without making any other change in your habits, you will gain ten pounds in weight and look five years younger. Your skin will become fresh and your spirits improve wonderfully."

"I'll do it. Though, of course, when I have company, and during the opera, I can't do it."

It is regularity that does the business. To sit up till twelve o'clock three nights of the week, and then get to bed at nine o'clock four nights one might think would do very well, and that at any rate it would be "so far, so good." I don't think that this every other night early, and every night late, is much better than every night late. It is regularity that is vital in the case. Even sitting up one night in a week deranges the nervous system for the whole week. I have sometimes thought that these people who sit up till eleven or twelve o'clock every night get on quite as well as those who turn in early six nights and then sit up once a week till midnight. Regularity in sleep is every whit as important as regularity in food.

At length my patient exclaimed, "Doctor, I will go to bed every night before nine o'clock for six months, if it kills me, or rather if it breaks the heart of all my friends."

She did it. Twenty-one pounds was the gain in five months. Her spirits were happily enlivened, and she spent half her time in telling her friends of her delight with the new habits. She had no further cause to complain of skin and bones, and she had the special gratification of appearing more attractive in the eyes of her lover. He, like a sensible man, when he saw the good effects of the nine-o'clock-to-bed arrangement, heartily approved of it, and became a convert himself.

SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR.

It does not need much argument to convince careful parents that their children, especially during the summer time, need to spend a good deal of time in the open air, and to have sufficient space to run round in, to make mud pies, and indulge in other juvenile idiosyncrasies. If, however, through ignorance or negligence they attempt to keep their offspring cooped up within brick walls during hot weather they become debilitated or

sicken, and the kindly doctor whose assistance is invoked, is sure to advise a change to the fresh air and the green fields of the country, so that these protests of nature often procure for children that liberty and ozone which their thoughtless guardians deny them.

As healthy children, moreover, are apt to be restless and noisy in the house, it is no trial to let them about outdoors, except when one would like to keep them in immaculate starched dresses all day; so it happens that in one way or another the children of well-to-do parents get their fair share of open-air life.

Not so, however, with the grown-up portion of the family, more especially its female members. The men do not have very much time to spend in the country, and are generally proud of having laid on a coat of tan which tell of exposure to the sun, either in fishing, yachting, hunting, or boating, or perhaps in lazily lounging on the sunny side of the piazza. The ladies of the family go to the country to be sure, but they dare do nothing to spoil the pinky pallidness of their complexions. They will sit up as late at night as you choose, especially if there is a moon and no danger of chills and fever, but if they stir about when the sun is shining, they are muffled as closely as an Eastern odalisque. Vails, parasols, gloves, to prevent the genial sun or the balmy zephyrs from kissing their cheeks or even touching their fingertips, and if they do not return home exhausted from their summer's jaunting more colorless than when they left the city, there has at least been no sun-painting on their cheeks, and there is little ruddiness from well-oxygenated blood. But we must not be too sweeping in our assertions.

Some ladies pass their summers thus in the shade, but not all. Many of them have learned to manage row boats as well as their brothers, and at croquet or horseback-riding are equal to any of their male relatives or friends. They are not afraid to walk, and do not object to an occasional romp in the grass with their younger sisters, finding the sport both pleasing and invigorating.

It is not always comfortable to be exposed to the direct rays of a July or August sun, but human beings need sunlight for perfect development and health just as much as flowers. In treating many of the low fevers contracted by our soldiers, army doctors found nothing was so beneficial as plenty of air and sunlight, and these grand natural healers have not lost any of their force or skill. Many a man who has fallen into a decline attributed to consumption or some other wasting disease, has been cured by changing a contracted, artificial life for a free, roving one in the open air, and persons who go to the country to recuperate often lose half its benefits because they persist in keeping under cover until late in the day, and never draw a full, lung-expanding inspiration of air half a mile away from their hotel or lodging-house.

The old legend of Antaeus son of Earth, who received fresh strength every time he touched his mother the ground, is not without its lesson for us at this season. The very early morning air is often charged with mi-

asma, and exposure at nightfall may induce chills; but the sunny hours and the daylight hours are full of health, strength and happiness to those who seek these blessings in the fields and valleys, on the mountaintops, or while paddling over the surface of some river or inland lake. If one is debarred from going to the country, the large city parks afford opportunity for considerable fresh air sniffing, and sunning enough to recuperate the strength of moderately unhealthy persons, for of such we speak. Confirmed invalids must look to professionals for assistance; and valetudinarians rejoicing in ill health do not care for sound advice. To all others we say, do not cheat your bodies of their rightful share of sunshine and fresh air.—*Hearth and Home*.

WHAT SLEEP WILL CURE.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve a languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a longer list of nervous maladies that it will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry grave responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken for any length of time, it is not so easily regained. Often an illness treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system that sleep is never sweet after. Or perhaps long continued watchfulness produces the same effect; or hard study; or too much exercise of the muscular system, or whisky drinking, and tobacco using.

To break up the habit, are required: 1. A good clean bed. 2. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation. 3. Good pure air and not too warm a room. 4. Freedom from too much care. 5. A clear stomach. 6. A clear conscience. 7. Avoidance of stimulants.

PURE AIR IN A SICK ROOM.

To avoid the foul gas produced by burning a kerosene lamp in a sick room or nursery, put the lamp in a wooden box, (a raisin box will do) outside of the window, with the open side of the box facing the room. The box can be fastened in its place in any convenient way. In ordinary weather the lamp will burn full as well outside, and the air in the room will be much purer.

To stop bleeding take the fine dust of tea and bind it on the wound—at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions may save much trouble.



HOW A CYCLOPEDIA IS MADE.

A New York correspondent gives an interesting account of the corps of workers engaged on the revised edition of Appleton's American Cyclopedias, and the manner in which they perform the task:

The corps of literary gentlemen who have been for a year past engaged in what is called "the cyclopedia room," of the Messrs. Appleton's great Broadway establishment, upon the new revised edition of "The New American Cyclopedias," have so far progressed with the work that three volumes are now ready for the press, and the publication of the work is announced to begin in numbers, sometime early in January. Very few, I fancy, even the best posted in literary works, are now aware how thoroughly this work is going on, or what a job it is to make a cyclopedia worthy of the name. The manuscript of the "old" cyclopedia—that is, the first "New American," went through a most severe process before it came out a library of books, but the manuscript of this revised edition is going through a more severe trial. The manner in which the "old" was produced was this:

The usual proof reading was done at one of the best printing offices in the city, employing a corps of most excellent proof-readers. When the proofs had passed under the eyes of these readers, they were subjected to the careful examination of Mr. George Ripley, of the Tribune; then they passed to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then of the Tribune, now of the Sun, who revised them critically; then to Mr. Heilprin, a native of Poland, who is not only thoroughly acquainted with all the ordinary languages, but is one of the best of Hebrew scholars, and is perfectly versed in such languages as the Polish, Hungarian, Russian and Arabic: and more than this, is remarkable for his practical knowledge of geography and history. In this revision he took particular pains to make the article on foreign countries and tropics correct, to verify dates and examine statements. Then the much corrected proofs passed into the hands of Mr. Robert Carter who read them with the utmost care; then to one of the best proof-readers in the city, Mr. Teall, who worked upon them very diligently, as if they had never been read at all; and lastly, in the form of pages, to Mr. Welford, of the house of Scribner, Welford & Company, who had a prodigious knowledge of modern books and of the art of book-keeping. The work began in 1857, and was concluded in 1863.

In the work on the new edition all the gentlemen engaged on the old are employed, and with them several other of established reputations. Great pains are now taken with the copy. The pages of the old cyclopedia are first cut out, pasted on large sheets of paper, and given to various persons to revise. Among these are young Edward Burlingame, son of the

late Anson Burlingame, and three or four very capable and educated gentlemen. Their work is passed over to Dr. Guernsey, for many years editor of Harper's Magazine, a good critic, who first revised it; then it goes into the hands of Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, of the Tribune, who further revises it; then to Mr. Charles A. Dana, then to Mr. Robert Carter, and then to the printers. The proofs, after being read by the printing office readers, go first to Mr. Heilprin, who examines them critically, and then again to Mr. Carter, then to Mr. Teall, and then back again to the printing office, where the mass of corrections which all these gentlemen are sure to note are made, and the material is locked into pages. Then in this shape, Mr. Ripley sees it, and very critically examines.

No pains are spared to make the work absolutely perfect. Every date is verified as far as possible, every statement considered and weighed. In the cyclopedia room, within reach of all the workers, is a library of from two thousand to three thousand volumes, containing books of reference in every modern language: French, German and English cyclopedias, and historical works of every kind, which have the least value or reputation for accuracy. The general idea of the work is to have the articles on special subjects prepared by experts. Those on chemistry, for instance, are written by professor Joy, professor of chemistry in Columbia College; on natural history by acknowledged authorities; and on medicine by an eminent physician of this city. The articles, too, on different countries are given out to men specially acquainted with them. That on Japan has been sent to our minister-resident of Japan for examination.

In finish, the new will be precisely like the old. But within the covers it will present quite a different appearance, as it is to be profusely illustrated. Illustrations of the principle buildings in our cities and historical places abroad are to be given; Some portraits, I believe, and illustrations to the articles on natural history, chemistry, and the like. The work will not be so full as some of the foreign cyclopedias, but it will be as trustworthy as imperfect man, working with imperfect tools, can make it, containing every subject that one could reasonably expect in an American cyclopedia. The first step taken, before the labor of revision was begun, was to carefully read over all existing cyclopedias and mark such articles of topics as were thought necessary or proper for a complete American work.

The work is now progressing at the rate of a hundred pages a week.

The cyclopedia room, which is at the top of the Appleton's on Broadway, resembles a well-ordered private school; every one has a scholastic look, and no visitor dares to speak—and certainly I did not—above a whisper, feeling that if he did he would sadly interrupt the solving of some difficult problem or tread violently upon some strict rules of the place. It is well to note the thoroughness with which work is going on, for it speaks well for hasty, hurried, driving

Americans. The picture presented in the cyclopedia room is worthy of the plodding, learned, careful Germans.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVISIONS OF TIME.

It is not generally known that, a little more than a century ago, New Year's day was celebrated on the 25th of March, throughout the British dominions, including America.

The following enactments, adopted by parliament, entitled "An act regulating the commencement of the year, and for correcting the calendar in use," were passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George II.

PREAMBLE.—Whereas, the legal supputation of the year of our Lord, according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March, hath been found, by experience, to be attended with divers inconveniences, etc.

"Enactments.—That throughout His Majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, the said supputation according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall not be made use of from and after the last day of December, 1751, and the first day of January, next following the said last day of December, shall be reckoned, taken, deemed and accounted to be the first day of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time. The first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come, shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year," etc.

The Act further corrects the calendar, thus:

"And that the natural day next immediately following the 2nd day of September shall be called and accounted the 14th day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate days of the common calendar."

We believe that in the State of Rhode Island to this day, all farm and other leases date from the day on the ancient New-Years, namely the 25th of March.

The ancient division of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

The Caldeans, Syrians, Persians and Indians began the day at sun-rise, and divided the day and night into four parts. The division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into equal hours. The clock invented by Celestibus, of Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting sun, the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws and customs, and

rights of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the division into hours.

—The largest book in the world is now in process of manufacture in Paris, and will contain the names of all the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, who have formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. The list is said to comprise 380,000 names. One hundred and twenty-five compositors have been employed on the work during the last six months. It is printing on seven presses, and the volume will include 13,163 pages.

THE REVIEWER.

WILL PHILLIPS. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co. This is another new book from a house almost guaranteeing excellence. It is designed for the kind of boys sometimes known as "Young America," written by one who evidently understands the nature and wants of this important class. The various scenes, temptations, the boyish glee of the wide-awake pupils of a large school, etc., are skillfully presented in this splendidly bound volume. Those who wish just the book for boys are advised to send \$1.50 for this volume. Sent post paid.

SCRIBNER'S FOR JUNE.—Among the striking features of SCRIBNER'S for June are N. P. Langford's entertaining and splendidly illustrated account of "The Ascent of Mount Hayden;" a new picture and biography of Bret Harte; illustrated papers on Cornell University and "Our Postal Car Service;" a curious and important paper by Gen. Walker, superintendent of the late Census, on the relative increase, by births, of the American Irish and American Germans. "A Scence with Foster the Spiritualist;" and an article by Prof. Wise, the well-known aeronaut, in opposition to the received theory of the tides. An interesting account of a visit to the Pope is given, and there are two capital short stories. "Capt. Luce's Enemy," by James T. McKay; and "An Old-Fashioned Story," by Marion Stockton; besides the continuation of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnycastle," in which the hero has a New Year's experience. Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Time," discusses "The Atlantic Disaster and its Lessons" and "Conscience and Courtesy in Criticism." In the "Old Cabinet" there are half a dozen sonnets; "Home and Society" are more than usually full, and in "Culture and Progress" there are beside the book-reviews, articles on "The William Morris Window" and other art matters. The "Great South" series will be commenced in the July number.

EVERY SATURDAY in its new form is one of the most enjoyable publications with which we are acquainted. It gives a large and choice variety of serial tales, short stories, essays both critical and descriptive, sketches of travel and adventure, poems, biographical papers, and literary information, making it a valuable weekly miscellany of choice reading consisting of the very cream of foreign periodical literature. The number for the current week contains two chapters of Zelda's Fortune; The Art of Cultivating Unhappiness; "You must know Banks;" Light Literature; Soprano and Tenor; Bodley and the Bodleian; Pekin; Mr. John Stuart Mill; English Extravagance, and Foreign Notes.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—June. In "The French Embroilie of 1798" Parton gives a very interesting chapter on the political principles of the two political schools of the period. Robert Dale Owen continues "A German Baron and English Reformers;" T. B. Aldrich, always spicy, has "Miss Mehabet's Son." An article of solid value is "Danish Society and its Revival," by Clemens Petersen; and another is, "The Summer's Journey of a Naturalist" I., by N. S. Shaler. Other contributors are C. P. Cranch, Louisa Bushnell, Trowbridge, and several others not so well known to us. The notes on Politics and Science are good.

We acknowledge the reception a hand somely bound volume from Henry L. Hinton, New York, entitled "Buckskin Mose," which arrived too late for extended notice, but which has the appearance of being an interesting sketch of border life interspersed with many hair-breadth e-capes. For sale in Brattleboro by W. Felton & Co.

Words by H. MONFORD.

THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

Music by E. CLARK.

ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. ped. ped.

1. I sat an hour to - day, Fred, Be - side the old mill stream, Where we've passed many a
 2. The school - house is no more, Fred, Be -neath our chest - nut trees; The wild rose by the
 3. Be -neath the grass - grown bank, Fred, I looked for our old spring, That bub - bled down the
 4. I sat me on the fence, Fred, That lies as in old time, The same half pan - nel

hap - py day, When man - hood was a dream. The brook is choked with fal - len leaves, The
 win - dow side, No more waves in the breeze; The seat - ered stones look des - o - late, The
 al - der path, Three pa - ces from the swing; The rush - es grow up on the brink, The
 in the path We used to so oft to climb - And thought how o'er the bars of life Our

pond is dried a way,..... I scarce be - lieve that you would know The dear old place to - day.
 sod they rest - ed on,..... Has been ploughed up by stran - ger hands, Since you and I have gone.
 pool is black and bare,..... And not a foot, this many a day, It seems has trod den there.
 play - mates had passed on,..... And left me count - ing on the spot The fa - ces that are gone.

The birds sing yet a - mong the boughs, Where once the sweet grapes hung, But there's no sound of human voice, Where all our voi - ces rung.

The birds sing yet a - mong the boughs, Where once the sweet grapes hung, But there's no sound of human voice, Where all our voi - ces rung.



RURAL LIFE.

The farmer who, in days of old,
From house to house his produce sold,
Well ripened fruit and sheaves of gold,
Seemed to us, children of the town,
A trifle coarse and wondrous brown;
We wondered how his ample hand
Became so horny and so tanned,
And deemed his heavy shoes would ill
Befit the light-heeled dancers skill;
But they who 'neath his roof should try
The test of hospitality,
His honesty without a flaw,
His love of liberty and law,
Would find, how'er concealed from view
The roughen'd diamond pure and true.

He need not mark with anxious eye
The fluctuant market's usury,
Nor had he need to watch or wail,
The lightness of the baker's scale,—
His own sweet loaves from oven's maw,
Shall careful wife or daughter draw,
Well-pleased the household board to see
Crowned by her active ministry.

His fields of grain that richly spread,
His towering maize, with tasseled head;
His lowing herds that freely pour
The creamy nectar's balmy store;
The poultry roaming proudly blest,
The ivory treasures of their nest,
The bees that herd in cone like bower
The honeyed essence of the flower;
The garden roots that bide their time,
The fruits that fall, the vines that climb;
A plenteous aliment supply,
Which even Parisian luxury,
With all its wire-drawn art and fame,
Perchance might scorn but need not blame.
Ho! for the flax-field's blossoms blue,
And lustrous leaf surcharged with dew;
His fibrous stem the wheel shall stir
Of many a thrifty cottager:
Ho! for the white flock wandering nigh
Through pastures green, with patient eye;
Their silken fleece by woman's care
Transmuted for her household dear,
Arms them the keenest blast to bear;
And well such useful labor's cheer
With sweet content her sheltered sphere.

For she from loom and distaff drew
Not thread alone, or warp and woof,
But strength to bear and will to do,
That kept neuralgic pains aloof,
The arm that in the dairy wrought,
Gained muscle firm by action free;
While baxom health and cheerful thought
The priceless gift of industry,
Inspired the vigor that sustains
The mystic nerves and flowing veins
Lends to the cheek a ruddy glow,
And keeps the forehead fair,
Even though chill age had sifted snow
Amid the lustrous hair.

THE COMING HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

THE HOUSEHOLD has come!" cry my little ones eagerly, for although we have more than a baker's dozen of papers and magazines, there is not one we all like so well. Four years ago it came, a stranger to our home. "Take me in, and I will prove a friend!" it seemed to say, and well has it kept the pledge.

Since then, I think I have not missed reading a number, and have never seen one which did not contain at least one suggestion well worth its yearly price. For several years I struggled to keep my file complete, sending after stray numbers amid countless borrowers, and restoring to their place in the set. Sometimes they come back redolent of tobacco and pork, things not allowed upon my premises, yet disgusted

as I am with their unfragrance, I yet was glad of their return. Sometimes the friend "really thought it was a gift, and had sent it to a friend in another state," so I comforted myself it was good seed, and hoped it was well sown.

At last I gave up the point, and with a sigh at thought of the treasure I might have possessed—an unbroken file of THE HOUSEHOLD—gave away my remaining numbers as specimen copies, and occasionally had a recipient say, "oh! I liked that paper so well, I have subscribed for it." Once a subscriber, I have no fear they will discontinue its visits.

Four years of mingled joy and woe; what changes have they brought to all of us! How many new homes have been formed, and what a blessing the hints received in the pages which come in so quietly every month, and enlighten the young wife who is trying to grope amid the darkness of her own ignorance to such dishes as his mother used to prepare, but which her mother alas! has not thought an essential part of her daughter's education.

Many homes have become desolate, and among these has been numbered my own. Very suddenly, by the waywardness of a restive horse, was the husband and father snatched away. Very suddenly, by the burning heat of the August sun, was the oldest son, a manly youth of twenty years, called to the Higher Home. In sorrow like those, and through the long hours of a year's invalidism, I have thought of "our HOUSEHOLD band," and felt that they would mourn with me, if they knew there was cause. Yes, still more deeply did I feel, that mine was one grief among so many, and that if all of us brought our burden to the circle it would shadow its brightness, and destroy its usefulness at once.

From the first, there has seemed a tacit agreement amid our band to make THE HOUSEHOLD a sunny home, a place of warmth, and light, and joy.

The "hints" to husbands have been kindly given, the weary wife has been taught to lighten her labors yet not to lessen the comfort of her dear ones. The bachelor uncle, the maiden aunt, the little one in the nursery, the youth and maiden just stepping with timid hearts upon life's stage, all have had place, and all receive appreciative words.

Our dear Mrs. Dorr is the mother by general consent, and pities, pets and reproves at once, as only a true mother can. We have the best physician of any family known to us, for he tells us how to keep well, will he please tell me what to do for a child of eleven whose eyes have troubled him for two years? A homeopathic physician who has an excellent reputation here said it was "only nervous weakness" but prescribed nothing. There is no inflammation or soreness, only a dimness of sight after study or reading, and a blue circle around them. He has a large brain, larger than the average of adult men, a nervous temperament, and a slender physical constitution. I understand most of the Hygeinic and Hydropathic rules, and practice most of them in my family, making an exception in favor of well-cooked meats, and well-made coffee.

I say well-cooked and that does not say beefsteak turned to leather; and I do not call swine's flesh, meat, nor its fat fit food for human beings. These things are mentioned that our good physician may better know what diet, etc., his patient has.

Long time ago, "a subscriber" asked for "more articles of the same sort," as "The Bear in the Dining Room." Yes! for I need only turn to memory's pages for illustrations of the influence which wine, brandy, and whisky in the home cooking, have had in introducing the demon intemperance to destroy that home. I will try, with Mr. Crowell's permission, to furnish one for the next month. Meanwhile, dear "Kittie," did you really mean to recommend, 'brandy in the butter?' would not Mrs. A. C. G.'s blackberry wine have been just as nice if prepared in precisely the same way, and sealed previous to fermentation? White sugar is nicer and really as cheap for most culinary purposes, as any house-keeper can see if she will measure, instead of weighing the amount purchased of each kind for a given amount of money.

As Inez Ford asks leave to differ from the views expressed upon washing day, I will answer, "yes certainly!" but remember the distinction made by a young married man who, upon a friend's remarking that he and his wife disagreed in some opinion, said "oh, no, we differ, but we never disagree." So while we may have varying methods of effecting the result, we all agree that the comfort and happiness of a whole family need no longer be drowned in a wash tub one day in every seven.

Would the lime in Alice's recipe for washing fluid be useful here in Illinois, where even the cistern water is more or less impregnated with lime, while the rivers and springs are filled with lime water? I have used her method with soda alone for twenty years, and my mother had used it for as many before, and I know it saves much wear of clothes as well as labor in rubbing.

Avoid letting the clothes stand between scalding and finishing as they will yellow if left too long in the soda suds. The suds, if clean and not too strong, are nice for colored clothes, and will not injure fast colors unless left too long. Mothers ought to thank her for the "thermometer on the cradle." Many a little one in the cradle or on the floor, has been taking croup or lung fever, while the mother was hustling round thinking the room very warm, and older children running in and out, fanning draughts of cold air upon it. If rooms need ventilation lower the upper sash, never raise the lower one of a winter's day. If you live in an old-fashioned house, pull the nails from under the upper sash, and support it by a flat smooth stick resting upon the lower one. If your husband or landlord choose to put in springs it is all right, but do not poison your children and yourself with impure air, or kill them with draughts, while they are "intending to do it some future day."

"Lou" wishes to know "what to do when company comes?" if she has but one room. As I came to Illinois twenty-two years ago, when the sites of our large cities were an almost un-

known prairie, I feel qualified to advise. Give them a welcome, make them as comfortable as you can, don't apologize nor pretend to what you have not, above all do remember you are the same woman intellectually and morally as if you lived in a large house, and had every thing you wished around you. This advise is hard to follow, and I have failed myself woefully of attaining this height, but it is the only true standpoint; and when I visit dear friends in wilds far west of this I hope they will receive me with open arms, and give me a warm welcome to a corn dodger and a buffalo skin on the cabin floor.

Tell "Quere" to dip her black lace into skinned milk, the less cream in it the better. Iron between cloths that will not lint, if embroidered, woolen blankets are best as they allow the pattern to sink in the und r one and look like new.

"H. E. B." had better leave her black currants for the birds than make wine of them, but they make a jelly of surpassing richness and beauty for those who like the flavor, also a rich preserve, and a cordial that is said to cure dysentery in its worst form. Like blackberry cordial, it does not need brandy to keep well, if well made. Boil with white sugar not quite enough to jelly, add cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon to taste and cork tightly. It does not require sealing.

As for those hateful bedbugs, common kerosene is better than all the army of poisons, and the only thing I have found effectual. It does not injure the varnish nor wood, but will restore an old bedstead to apparent newness. Take it out doors, rub every post thoroughly with soft flannel dipped in kerosene. Let it stand in the sun and wind till dry. Do this in March and sleep in peace all summer.

CAKE-MAKING.

Faith Rochester thus talks about this important domestic matter in The Agriculturist:

Success in this art depends much upon the method of putting the ingredients together. In the first place, you must have good materials — nice flour, fresh eggs, good sugar or molasses and good butter. No flavoring will atone for the use of rancid butter. Beat the eggs thoroughly, keeping them as cool as possible. The nicest cakes are made by beating the yolks and whites separately. In that case beat the whites upon a large plate, and do not give over until you can cut the froth in pieces with a knife. Beat the yolks in an earthen bowl until they cease to foam and begin to look a little thick. The whites are the last thing to put in your cake, and keep them cool while they wait. For my part, I seldom beat the yolks and whites separately, for only the very plain kinds of cake form a part of our every-day fare; but the plainest cake is excellent if carefully made and baked, and if made of good materials.

Never use unsifted flour if you would have cake or anything else, as light as possible. When Graham flour is used for cake, it should be sifted and the bran can be mixed again with the sifted flour. If baking pow-

der is used it should be mixed with the flour and sifted with it. The more thoroughly these are mixed before putting with the other ingredients the more fine and even the pores of the cake when done.

Roll the sugar with a rolling-pin if it is lumpy in the least. Warm the butter if it is hard but do not melt it.

The butter and sugar go together first, and should be stirred or beaten—"with a silver or wooden spoon," we are always told. I wonder if there is any sense in this direction! I mean to test it some day; but I usually stir with a silver(-plated!) spoon. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream considerably lighter colored than it appeared when you began to beat it. Then add the eggs—only the yolks at this time, if you beat yolks and whites separately. In the latter case keep the whites cool and put them into the cake the very last thing. Beat the eggs in with the sugar and butter thoroughly before going further. Then you may put in the milk, with soda if "soda and cream-of-tartar" form a part of the recipe. If flavoring or spices are used, they come next in order; then the flour mixed already with baking-powder or with cream-of-tartar. If the whites of eggs are waiting they must be thoroughly stirred in at the last moment. When all is well mixed it should go into an oven that is "just right" for it.

Poor little novice! How can you "use judgment" if you have none to use? Well, practice on the plainest cakes while you cultivate judgment. The cake should rise to its full height before the crust begins to harden. If you fear the oven is too hot, slip a grate under the cake, (if it stands on the bottom) and cover the top with a paper. You can turn the damper so that no more heat will go into the oven for a few minutes, if you sit near to turn it back at the right time. If the oven cools suddenly, by an open door or by any other cause the cake may fall.

To tell when the cake is done, pierce it with a clean fine straw (one broken from a clean broom is best) in the thickest part, and if nothing sticks to it the cake is done.

Last summer I heard a housekeeper boasting that she never used recipes and she was a woman who generally has good luck with her baking I presume. That is, she seldom makes an absolute failure, but she quite as seldom reaches any high point of attainment. It often becomes necessary for us to vary a recipe in some respect if we use it at all. At least it is so in the country where we depend upon our own hens for eggs, and our own cows for butter and milk. This can be done safely if a few general principles are remembered.

Eggs are not necessary to make light cake. With baking-powder (seldom more than a single loaf), or with soda and cream-of-tartar exactly measured (always exactly half as much soda as cream-of-tartar) lightness may be insured, with reasonable care in other respects.

That the cake may be tender, cream or butter becomes essential. New milk will answer for shortening if the cake is to be used with cream or

canned fruit dressing for a dessert. Many kinds of cake that are sweet to the palate are wicked to the stomach, they are so saturated with "grease." A tablespoonful of butter with half a cup of milk is really enough shortening to make any moderate sized loaf "tender."

That cake may be sweet, we use sugar or molasses, or both together. To get some desired flavor we use spices or extracts in small quantities. I have heard persons of weak digestion complain of cloves or cinnamon or nutmeg used in cake. Strong flavoring seems to me as vulgar as the use of strong perfumes. They are not necessary to good cake, and should be used with delicacy.

It is the safest way, especially for the inexperienced, to follow good recipes accurately, but a person who has some knowledge of the chemistry of cooking may vary these or invent others without much risk of failure. In saying this I do not mean to justify the old loose way of putting things together pretty much as it happens, a "little" of this and a "pinch" of that with no idea how it will "turn out."

ANSWER TO "A KITCHEN SERMON."

BY A FRIEND TO THE BABIES.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I cannot resist the temptation of answering the "Kitchen Sermon" which appears in the April number of your paper.

In writing my former letter, I little thought I was furnishing a text for any one to write a sermon on, but as such seems to be the case, will you allow me in as few words as possible to make myself a little better understood than I did at that time?

Penelope seems to think that all my time and talents are taken up in the daily routine of what is commonly termed "housework" and that that, with the exception of giving my little boy his daily ride, is what I consider my whole duty. Let her not think it strange when I say such is not the case. No one cares more for the leisure hour in which to read or otherwise improve the mind, than I do, and no one can enjoy the society of friends better; still I think that where a woman is well and strong, it is no very great task, to do all the work for her husband and one child, especially when she can hardly afford to hire help; let her, rather, while cares are light lay by the wherewith to have good help when they are heavier.

I do not intend to drag myself down to the grave in the manner she speaks of; such a course is, for any woman, to go far beyond duty in one sense and in another to leave it as far undone. May I be taught by a higher power my whole duty to God and man; I ask no more.

As regards another part of my letter it was not my intention at that time to say anything about cultivating the child's mind. The body was the theme, its proper food, clothing, etc., and that I think ought always to be first. How can any one cultivate the mind contained in a poor sickly body; or if the attempt is made, how will it stand the test? The schools of to-day are in a great measure filled with little pale-

faced children, many by far too young to go into a schoolroom, where overtaxed brains are wearing the poor, weakly little bodies out. For my part I think it very wrong and imprudent to send a child to school before it has reached its seventh year. The time until then, should be passed mainly out of doors or in play, with the exception of the first lessons which the mother can easily teach it, and the times when she can sit down with the child, perhaps a little while each evening, and read some pretty story which the little one can understand. We have so many books and papers printed for children now-a-days that no mother can be at a loss for something to read to them. If so, the old Bible stories of Joseph and Samson are almost always new.

This is the way I would say cultivate the young minds, but at the same time don't forget the bodies. Perhaps Penelope will not agree with me, though I hope she will, for I agree with her in the most of her "sermon" and in reading it over wherever the cap has fitted, I have not hesitated to put it on.

If she thinks me rude or unladylike, in thus answering her sermon, I can only say that I, like some others have a horror of being misunderstood; and as I said before, I could not resist the temptation.

LETTERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A few words on the tips of Rheta's fingers are burning for utterance; but now she has dipped her pen there comes a hesitating pause, while she wonders, O, HOUSEHOLD, if she must greet you with a formal salutation. Perhaps she hasn't enough to say to make it appropriate—and I would not for the world have her do an inappropriate thing, you know.

You are our oracle of wisdom, most honored HOUSEHOLD, but we smiled just a little, when we saw you telling some novice to slack a piece of lime in her cask to make it pure. Somebody will doubtless esteem this valuable information; but the next journey you take into the country if you will tell your friends there to turn their sour milk into their buckets and in a little while they will be perfectly sweet, these friends will thank you for reminding them of this easy method, I am sure. Piggy will like this sour milk just as well after it has performed its mission to the bucket.

I see somebody has been complaining to you because they were not successful in constructing an aeolian harp; but I am sure their failure is not in the least your fault, so don't be troubled about it, dear HOUSEHOLD. My brother has made several at your suggestion, and they are always very sweet. He says the wedges that are inserted between the sashes must be large enough to hold them firmly in place, and that the silk, well waxed and tightly drawn, must come exactly over the crack.

Aunt Patty laughed when we read to her that somebody wanted to know of you how to make a wall-basket, suitable to hold pipes and other articles of smoking. Now Aunt Patty understands all about these things,

for uncle Nathan has smoked these many years; and she made haste to announce what has always answered her purpose admirably.

"Take a small salt-box," she says, "and cover it with the handsomest paper you can find. Make two holes on one side by which to hang it on nails behind the stove, or if you have a shelf near by it can stand on one end of that, in the center if you prefer. Fancifully papered, it is quite ornamental and has the advantage of simplicity, besides being so tight the tobacco cannot scatter through; moreover, it will hold as many pipes as any man ought to smoke." Mrs. Blank is quite welcome to the advantage of Aunt Patty's experience, which is by no means small.

The varnished chromo can be cleaned with a cloth dampened in warm water. Be careful to only dampen the cloth, as too much water might injure the canvas.

In retiring from your presence, Rheta would make her most graceful bow, just adding as she turns to go that by dint of scouring and polishing our lamp-tops are quite resplendent. The result is satisfactory, though the scrubbing was thoroughly unenjoyable.

MR. EDITOR:—There is always much to be learned from a good, experienced housekeeper, if you can only get them in the information mood. Not many of them I grieve to say have time for writing for papers, or there might be more good housekeepers. And now I am going to put a few general questions, hoping by the means to draw them out for the benefit of the world and all mankind. Query first. Will she who knows herself to be a good bread-maker (and it is a pardonable egotism to know it, and respond) tell us what other requisites besides good flour, good wood for baking etc., are necessary, much kneading or little, the number of times she kneads and the kind of yeast, used, and how much. Also, is there any of them scientific enough to tell why for a fortnight in the "heated term" the bread will be sour with every possible precaution, or is there a remedy?

This bread question is an all important one, let us hear from you. Somebody asked for brown bread. I don't hear any response. Grandmothers, please tell us some of you how to make rye and Indian bread, it won't bake right in a stove, we know, but the brick oven stands in some house still, also Indian pudding, or anything else that is good and healthy.

Query second. Will somebody tell us how a genuine hoe-cake is made,—there seems to be many recipes for it but none of them suit the inquirer or taste like Dinah's. Will some one inquire of Dinah or Candace or Chloe, the exact pattern.

Query 3rd. Will Dr. Hanaford, tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD the consequences of greening their pickles in a brass kettle, or stewing fruit in brass, and turning out into certain glazed earthen vessels for a further dose, also his opinion of putting up cherries, tomatoes, currants, gooseberries, etc., in tin cans,—which some-

times actually eat through the cans, and in this state are put on the table, without ever thinking whether the human stomach is made of tin or something harder.

I will send to-day's pudding—you have seen the recipe often, but perhaps never tried it. One cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, steam one hour and a quarter. Very simple, healthful and good.

SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—We read with the interest ever accorded to her writings, Mrs. Dorr's "To whom it may Concern" in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD. And it does seem to us that that raw February day on which Mrs. Dorr wrote must have affected her spirits in a manner, and to a degree quite unusual to her—else she would never have written to ask of us mothers if we were not discouraged about our boys, because a few men in high places at Washington had proved recreant to their trust, and obscured the fair fame of their public career by the dark sins of their private life.

Why, if the result of the Credit Mobbler investigation would discourage us, we might have been discouraged long ago; for men have been falling from high places ever since the days of Adam; and the record of the ages is dark with the blots that obscure the names of great men. Nor have we any reason to hope that the record for the future will be any brighter than that of the past so long as mothers place before their sons human models for their imitations.

The most perfect of human models has somewhere a blemish. The brightest names on the scroll of fame have some blot to dim the brightness of their shining. But shall we therefore be discouraged? or shall we lower the standard of excellence to which we would have our sons attain? By no means! Amid all the blemishes and imperfections of humanity there stands one model, as it has stood for centuries—perfect in every respect.

One name shines with undimmed brightness though the most gifted of earth's sons have endeavored to blot it out. So let men in high places fail—sinking themselves to political ruin by the weight of their secret sins. Should God spare to us our son we will not be discouraged while we can place before him the Perfect Model—tempted in all points as we yet without sin.

Let the clouds gather in the valley obscuring from sight the mountaintop to which we point him. The star of Bethlehem shines over us unobscured by clouds, and that shall be the guiding star for our boy. Certain we are if he follows it steadily he will reach his destination despite all the clouds and temptations and failures of earth. No! sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, to whom God has given the holy work of training the future men of the nation, there is no need to be discouraged if we do our duty by our boys. But we must avoid that too common error of pointing them to paths made by the footsteps of men.

God has left upon record the promise that if we "train up a child in the

way he should go when he is old he will not depart from it." And just there so many fall. They teach their children but do not train them and then when they go aside from right they are almost ready to question the divine declaration.

Train your sons my sisters. Consider them a little clinging vine, committed to your keeping till the Master of the vineyard needeth them, and train them constantly, thoughtfully, prayerfully. The little tendrils of affection and desire will be ever reaching out for the frail support of earth, or falling prone to grovel in the dust, and yours is the task to gently loose them, and tenderly twine them about the bible, and truth, and holiness till they reach up and wind themselves about the towering Rock of Ages. Then they will be safe. Then you need not fear to send them to the ends of the earth, for sooner might you expect them to forget their native tongue than to forget the sweet habits of faith, obedience, truthfulness and purity to which they have been trained from infancy.

Do you ask "who is sufficient for these things?" My sisters, God never gives a work, without also giving strength and wisdom proportionate if sought for. And ringing down from the ages of the past, comes the clear assuring answer to your trembling question, "My grace is sufficient for you."

Let us then take courage mothers, remembering ever that,

Right is right since God is God
And right the day must win;
To doubt, would be disloyalty
To falter would be sin.

Catlin, Ill.

LIZZIE.

ICE CREAM.

In answer to an inquiry an exchange gives the following directions for making ice cream:

The best materials for ice cream are pure, fresh cream, white sugar and fruit flavoring. The ordinary proportion of sugar and cream are one pound of the former and two pounds of the latter. The amount of sugar to be used, as well as the amount of flavoring material, will depend very much on the taste of the individuals who eat the cream. There is economy in keeping back the sugar and flavoring till the cream is nearly frozen. Where cream is scarce, many use cream and half milk, and to make the whole mass of the required richness, they add three eggs, well beaten up to each quart of milk.

A very fair article may be made without cream, by using rich new milk, to each quart of which four well-beaten eggs are added, and the whole stirred together. Put the whole in the vessel you are to freeze it in, place it in a kettle of water and bring it to a boil. This method of cooking is necessary in order to prevent burning. When cooked, place the vessel in cold water till it is quite cool.

The market is full of ice cream freezers, which are very convenient, but if you do not have one, you can get along well enough with a tin pail that has a tight fitting cover. You want a wooden bucket for holding the freezing materials, which are ice or snow, and coarse salt. If you use ice

break it into pieces about as large as hickory nuts. Put two inches of this on the bottom of the bucket, and on this, put half an inch of salt. Place your freezer or tin pail on this, and fill the space between it and the bucket, with ice and salt, in the same manner. Place ice, but no salt, on the top of the freezer. In a short time part of the ice will be melted so that all of it may be crowded into the bucket.

It is only necessary now to stir the ice and salt or to move the freezer round violently from time to time. As the cream freezes, it will attach itself to the sides of the vessel and must be scraped off with a knife. After the cream has become slightly frozen, it may be beaten up with a wooden paddle. By a little skill two quarts of cream may be made to fill a gallon measure. Put the cover on now and freeze it in this expanded condition, when it is ready to be dished out and eaten. By taking the cooler out, wiping it and binding a towel round it that has been wet in boiling water, the contents may be turned out on a serving dish.

Care must be taken in freezing cream not to let the salt water get into the freezer. When you uncover it, always wipe the top dry with a cloth to prevent the salt from injuring the flavor of the cream.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF WHAT A KITCHEN SHOULD BE.

To begin with, I would have a kitchen well lighted,—some, yes a great deal of the broad, rich expansive sunshine coming right in boldly as if it had a perfect right there. That would of course necessitate large windows. And then I would give as much attention to the ventilation of a kitchen, as I would to that of a sleeping room. I would have a large circular device suspended over the cook stove, with hole and the tube leading to the top of the house to carry off the savory smells which process of cooking generates, and prevent them from permeating the entire house. For these smells, however savory and agreeable, are apt to take away something from our appetite; or at least to cause us to anticipate something better than reality. Then I would have a large sink with a permanent soapstone or marble washbowl for washing the dishes; and another for draining. I would also have an adjustable pipe, leading from the hot water tank to either of these drains. Besides this I would have sundry

closets and cupboards arranged upon the wall, so as to be tasteful and decorative, as well as convenient. Then I would have a space devoted to tiny drawers, such as one sees in a drug store, and labeled after this manner: soda, cream of tartar, nutmegs, allspice, etc.; so that at a glance I could discover just what I wanted, without rummaging to find these things in some out-of-the-way corner, placed there by some careless, untidy Bridget. This would save one a world of care now devoted to instructing every new servant to all the places of things. Cooking has become so complicated now-a-days, that one needs all the arrangements, and as many utensils as a chemical laboratory, and the good archi-

teet should give the good housewife "a place for everything."—*American Builder.*

GLUE WHICH WILL UNITE EVEN POLISHED STEEL.

A Turkish receipt for a cement used to fasten diamonds and other precious stones to metallic surfaces, and which is said to unite even surfaces of polished steel, although exposed to moisture, is as follows:

"Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each of the size of a large pea, in as much spirits of wine as will suffice to render it liquid. In another vessel, dissolve as much isinglass, previously softened in water, as will make a two-ounce vial of strong glue, adding two small bits of gum ammoniac, which must be rubbed until dissolved. Then mix the whole with heat. When it is to be used, set the vial in boiling water."

When color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common; but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment when benzine fails.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, (keeping out the whites for frosting,) one cup of sweet milk, five cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in jelly pans as for jelly cake, frost each layer, and sprinkle over with desiccated cocoanut, previously soaked one hour in milk. It ought to make five layers. This is very nice for evening parties, picnics, etc.

PRESERVED RHUBARB.—Pare half a dozen oranges, remove the seeds and white rind, slice the pulp into a stew pan with the peel cut fine. Add a quart of rhubarb cut fine and one and one-half pounds of sugar, boil the whole down as for other preserves.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and remove the skin, slice thinly, and stew them in the best kind of sugar. Boil down as other preserves. Use three-quarters of a pound of sugar for a pound of tomatoes.

AN EXCELLENT YEAST.—Boil and mash four potatoes add one-half cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of salt, one quart of boiling water, then one pint of cold water and a cup of lively yeast, cover and rise over night. Keep it in a cool place.

If those ladies will try lemon juice on iron rust stains, I think it will not fail to take them out. Lay the stains on a warm iron and apply the lemon juice.

MRS. W. B.

TO BLEACH CLOTH.—Mary Elizabeth wishes a recipe for whitening unbleached cloth with chloride of lime. I send her mine. One-half pound of chloride of lime to twenty-two yards of cloth. Put the chloride of lime into an earthen vessel of any kind, turn enough hot water on it to dissolve it, then strain through coarse tow cloth, turn on hot water while straining, and rub with a wooden spoon or stick of wood till the lime is all dissolved, and there is water enough to cover the cloth. Let the cloth stand in this water two hours, then take out and rinse and seal the cloth thoroughly in clear water. Use soap in no way, as it spoils the whole process of whitening. It is better to soak the cloth over night before using this recipe.

J. D. F.

TO TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Heat soft soap boiling hot, and spread over the linen, let it lie in the sun until white. If the cloth becomes dry before the mildew is gone, sprinkle thoroughly with warm water.

BEEF SOUP.—Take a rich marrow bone with a little meat on it, wash and put into cold water over the fire; let it boil and skim, then boil three or four hours, according to age of beef. Pare the potatoes and cut in four or five pieces, in lumps, not slices. We like our soups best flavored with carrots, but sometimes use onions or parsnips. We use about the same quantity of carrots as of potatoes, scrape and wash them, and split three or four times lengthwise. Boil them one hour. Boil the potatoes three-fourths of an hour. We sometimes have potatoes that will not bear quite so long boiling. Cut the meat from the bone and put it with the marrow in your soup kettle; have all thoroughly covered with water, and more; season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper, not too much, for it will boil down. When my soup boils after putting in the potatoes, I dip out the liquor, leaving hardly enough to cover the vegetables, and keep it warm to make the gravy. Put the dumplings in directly, and cover tightly till done. For dumplings I make my dough as for sour milk biscuit, shortening with cream, cut them out like biscuit and lay as closely as possible over the soup. Be careful to dip out the liquor so the dumplings will not lie in it, but on the vegetables. Cover tightly and boil slowly but steadily until done; when done take out the dumplings, pour in the warm gravy, and water if needed, add a small piece of butter or not, as you like, season if needed, thicken a little with flour, and serve up.

T. E. F.

GRAHAM BREAD.—*Mr. Editor:*—I saw in your columns not long since a request for a recipe for graham bread. I have tried all ways but find the following to give the best satisfaction. For one good sized loaf, two and one-half cups of graham flour, then stir in thoroughly two teaspoonsfuls of the acid and one teaspoonsful of the soda of Horsford's bread powder, two large tablespoonsfuls of molasses, and a little salt. Stir up quickly with sweet milk about as soft as gingerbread, and bake very thoroughly in a moderate oven.

CRULLERS.—Two eggs, four tablespoonsfuls of sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of butter, one tablespoonsful of lard, one tablespoonsful of milk or cream, a little soda, not more than you can put on the point of a penknife, a little salt, cut in leaves and fry in hot fat. They must be mixed hard enough not to stick in rolling or cutting. This will make a large plate full and are very nice. M. F. B.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM IRON SINKS.—I wash mine perfectly clean with hot suds and wipe dry, then take a cloth and rub thoroughly with paraffine oil. It keeps black several weeks. This oil is preferable by far to kerosene.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One cup of sweet milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonsful of soda dissolved in milk, one teaspoonsful of cream of tartar mixed in flour, two cups of flour, one teaspoonsful essence of lemon. Use only two cups of flour or it will not be so light and moist. I use the same recipe for cup cakes and loaf cake.

I send a few recipes for cake without eggs, the first of which keeps good and moist several weeks in the winter.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—The afternoon before I wish to bake I stew two cups of dried apple till soft, chop fine and simmer in two cups of molasses one and one-half or two hours; the next morning I add one cup of sour milk, two small teaspoonsful of soda, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonsful each of cloves and cinnamon, one-half of a nutmeg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make as stiff as gingerbread. Raisins added improves it. This makes two loaves.

CHEAP CAKE.—One-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonsful of soda; flavor with nutmeg, lemon, or cinnamon. When dry it may be steamed and eaten with sweet sauce, and is a good substitute for cottage pudding.

PORK CAKE.—Chop one pound of fat salt pork, free of lean or rind, so fine as to be almost like lard, pour one or one-half pint of boiling water over it, add two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonsful of saleratus, spice of all kinds, and raisins, cur-

rants, or citron, or not, as you please. It keeps good several weeks.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of boiling water, in which dissolve a small piece of butter, one cup of molasses, ginger, salt and flour enough to pour easily. Bake in two round tin plates. It is nice warm for dinner or tea eaten with butter. L. C. N.

POP CORN PUDDING.—*Mr. Crowell:*—One of your subscribers desires a recipe for pop corn pudding. Here is one that was taken from the New York Tribune several years ago. Pop one pint of corn, crush with rolling pin, and grind in coffee mill, mix with four pints of sweet milk, warm and soak two hours; two eggs, sugar, raisins, and spice. Set on the hot stove and boil a few minutes, stirring several times to well mix. Bake one hour, and eat hot with great satisfaction.

CORN BREAD.—Here is a recipe for corn bread which I think excellent. Three cups of meal, one and one-half cups of flour, two cups of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt. Or it is very good made of sweet milk, or partly with water. M. L. B.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—*Mr. Editor:*—In the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. Dora A. asks for a recipe for making cake without eggs. I have a recipe which I think very good, and will send for her benefit. Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one and one-half pints of sour milk, two heaping teaspoonsfuls of saleratus, two cups of chopped raisins, spice of all kinds, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. This makes two loaves. A SUBSCRIBER.

RYE DROP CAKES.—C. E. R. wishes recipe to make old-fashioned rye drop cakes. Will she please try this? Two cups of sour milk, one teaspoonsful of saleratus, one egg, and made stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Use one-third wheat and two-thirds rye flour.

ANOTHER.—One and one-half cups of milk, one egg, a little shortening, one teaspoonsful of soda. Make very stiff with rye. NELLY.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Agawam wishes for some recipes for graham bread. I have used the following for the past five or six years with good success: One quart of graham flour, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonsful of saleratus, molasses to suit the taste, and one pint of cold water (or milk). Make it about as stiff as biscuit, and bake immediately.

RATED GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of warm water, one pint of graham meal, and five large spoonfuls of yeast; let it rise over night; in the morning add one teaspoonsful of saleratus, one-half cup of molasses, (or to suit the taste,) and meal to make it thick enough to mould, put it in pans, let it rise and bake. It is better with some shortening.

Can some one tell me how to keep my plants free from the little red spiders? I have a carnation pink that is covered with them. I wash it often in strong soap suds.

E. M. C.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one asks, in one of the back numbers, how to make green tomato preserves. As no one has answered perhaps my way will be better than none. Pick the best and smoothest, pare and cut them in small pieces, weigh them, and use a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, if maple sugar is used put it on with a little water and dissolve, let it boil up and skim, then set away to cool; when nearly cold add the fruit, let them boil until tender, then skim off the fruit, and boil the syrup down until quite thick, and there will be no danger but that they will keep. Pour the syrup on to the fruit hot and set away for use. Any earthen jar will do to keep them in. All fruit is best put into cold sugar, otherwise it will be tough.

C. G. J. asks how to bleach and press straw hats. If they are oat straw, wet them thoroughly in strong soap suds, have a flour barrel ready and hang them around in it, then get an old dish, put in a few coals from the stove, and add a great spoonful of sulphur as you put it into the bottom of the barrel, and cover it over thick and close. In doing so a

number of times you will have hats as white as snow. Then if a little damp press them on a block made on purpose, just a round block of wood made smooth across the ends. Press the rim on the table after doing the rest. Please say through THE HOUSEHOLD how you succeed.

Noticing many inquiries how to keep an iron sink from rusting, I send the following: Take linseed oil, lampblack and Japan, mix them as you would to paint, and with a brush paint it over a number of times and you will have a nice sink. Mix a little oil and lampblack and go over your stove pipe once or twice in the year and you will have a nice polish, and it never will rust. A little stove blacking will go with the linseed oil just as well if you have it. M. B.

MR. CROWELL:—A subscriber in a late number wished for information about preserving evergreens to be used with wax flowers. I send her the directions as I have prepared them. Break the little branches from the stalk before they are withered and place them perpendicular in a box as thick as they can stand without crowding, then entirely cover with fine dry sand. (I used beach sand,) let them remain for a few days until perfectly dry, then carefully remove so as not to break or injure the branches, they will then be dried the natural shape, but faded, then dip them in a very thin solution of green paint as nearly the natural color of the evergreen as can be prepared, dry them and they will look as fresh and nicely as when first gathered and will remain so.

I have a few well tested recipes that I have not seen in your paper which may be acceptable to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two heaping cups of flour, three tablespoonsfuls of butter, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one cup of cranberries. Bake about half an hour. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

FRENCH TOAST.—One egg, about one cup of milk, a very little salt, mix well together; dip in this slices of bread, (this is sufficient for about six slices,) and fry on a griddle. This buttered is very nice, is quickly prepared, and is a good way to use stale bread.

COFFEE CAKES.—Take a piece of bread dough after it has risen, and roll thin without moulding, cut out and fry in hot lard the same as doughnuts, they should be eaten warm, and are nice and convenient for breakfast with coffee. A. D. F.

Worcester, Mass.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—Whites of ten eggs, three cups of sugar, three and one-half cups of flour, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk; one teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonsful of soda. Bake in six cakes, put together with frosting. I think if the lady that asked for this recipe will use it she will be delighted.

Young Housekeeper will find if she will boil her cabbage and then put it in a jar and cover with vinegar, put on a weight so as to keep it under the vinegar, she will have nice cabbage pickle.

Does O. K. K. give her calla plenty of water and sunlight? Our calla blossomed about eight weeks ago and now it has a larger bud than the other. We do not take off old leaves until they are dry. I don't know as that is the right way but it works well with us. Use liquid manure freely.

Will A Lover of Flowers tell me how to make a double fuchsia blossom? My single ones do first rate.

Can't some one give bill of fare for a week that will combine economy with some variety. M. P.

MR. EDITOR:—Noticing a request in the February number for jelly roll cake, I send mine. Half a pint of powdered sugar, half a pint of flour, half a cup of cold water, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, one-fourth teaspoonsful of soda, one-half teaspoonsful of cream of tartar. Bake in a large sheet iron pan, and turn out as soon as done. Spread on the jelly and roll up immediately.

Another wishes for a recipe for frosting that will not crumble when cut. Mine never fails. One-half sheet of isinglass dissolved in one-half cup of hot water, one-half pound of powdered sugar. Add the sugar when

warm and beat until it is quite stiff, flavor with lemon. This is far superior to egg frosting, as it cuts so nicely and will keep for a long time.

MRS. J. R. T.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me a recipe for cream puffs? Also, can any one tell me the cause of the leaves of my tea rose being covered with something that looks like white mould, and give me a remedy? and oblige a constant reader.

Some one in the March number asks for a good recipe for graham bread. I proceed just the same as I would for white bread, only I make it quite sweet with molasses, and don't mould it. It wants to rise very light and have a thorough baking. HATTIE.

MR. EDITOR:—In the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, E. M. wishes to know how to clean white corduroy. Put the corduroy into hot water as hot as you would use for an ordinary washing, use hard soap and rub all over so there will be no spots but perfectly clear from dirt, rinse in clear warm water, wring as dry as you can, and hang in the sun until thoroughly dry.

E. M. T.

MR. CROWELL:—I send L. O. my receipt for making yeast without hops, which I think is nice. Pour one quart of boiling water over one teaspoonful of grated potato, stirring until it thickens like starch, then add one tablespoonful each of sugar and salt. Let it stand until lukewarm then add one cup of good yeast and keep it in a warm place for twelve hours.

Also, Cousin Mary wanted directions for making brown bread with yeast. Pour over three quarts of sifted Indian meal enough boiling water to thoroughly scald it. After it is lukewarm add one teaspoonful of yeast, one tablespoonful of salt, and enough water to make a stiff batter. Let it rise until light, then pour into the buttered dish in which you wish to bake it, let it rise again and bake three hours.

I have kept eggs from August until the next spring by simply packing them in oats with the little end downwards.

Will some of your subscribers please inform me how to prepare straw for braiding ladies' straw hats? Also, I should like to know how to can green corn so that it will keep? Also, how to pickle red cabbage.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

A subscriber at Jamaica Plain would like very much a good recipe for making rhubarb wine, with particular directions for expressing the juice.

In return will contribute a very delicious pudding, the recipe for which I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD. It is called Tapioca cream, and is very convenient as it can be made the day before wanted for use. Three tablespoonsfuls of tapioca soaked over night in cold water, or an hour or two in the morning in warm water. Drain off the water, add one quart of milk, a large half cup of sugar, and boil. The yolks of four eggs beaten, stirred in the milk when boiled. Boil up one minute. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and stir in after the cream is in the dish. Flavor as you choose; bitter almond is very nice.

I will also send a very nice egg sauce, for boiled rice, or other puddings. One cup of sugar and one egg beaten together, add eight tablespoonsfuls of boiling milk just as it is ready for the table.

F. wants to know how to make sandwiches. Get a day old steam loaf, or sandwich bread, from the baker, slice very thin, cut off the crust, mix one-fourth pound of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of mustard, (or less if it is very strong,) till smooth. Spread two slices, put in finely minced ham, and lay together.

B.

MR. EDITOR:—To remove iron rust from cotton or linen goods, Dorcas will saturate the spots thoroughly with fresh lemon juice and apply a thin coating of sharp, fine salt. In suitable weather dry in the sun, but in winter, or otherwise, a marble register is well, or its equal in other form. One careful and attentive application generally answers, but more will do no harm.

MARIA.

Will some one give a recipe for cracker lemon pie? M. F. B.



PERFECT TRUST.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

My boat is on the open sea,
Which storms and tempests toss;
I know not of the ills to meet
Before I get across.

I do not know how long or short
The fitful voyage may be;
But patient, I'll abide His time
Who built the boat for me.

'Tis fully manned in every part—
Hope is the anchor fair,
The compass that it has is faith,
And every oar is prayer!

Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
The ocean madly roars,
But all I do is simply this,
Bend closer to the oars!

At times the waves run mountain high,
And threaten me to strand,
I fear not, for He holds them in
The hollow of his hand!

The fog at times obscures my course,
I see the way but dim,
But well I know I cannot drift
Beyond the sight of Him.

I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where the whirlpools be;
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to thee!

And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will bring my boat
Safe into port at last!

THE TEA ROSE.

HERE it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with costly fringe, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet the simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked its white leaves just touched with that delicious, creamy tint peculiar to its kind: its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did man ever make anything to equal the living, perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. "I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our consternation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gift in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have my asylum in view for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling

her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, it is one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What? little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways,

dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know everybody is dying to see you; and now to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a seamstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you not noticed that little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be antold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw, Florence: all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has got, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give something useful—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasure or gratification we may have in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feelings and a keen sense of the

beautiful flower? Now you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are. Just count them, and only smell the flower? Now, where shall we set it up!" And Mary skipped about placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and then walked off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh, yes, truly," said Mary; "well, then, it must be placed here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do—no, it does not show both the opening buds; a little further round—a little more; there, that is right;" and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there.

"How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tending, cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought, that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favorite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful gentleman, called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and way-farer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens' patrons. As he turned to go, his eye rested admiringly on the rose-tree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright, dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl!"

"Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and she gave us this."

"Florence?" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence l'Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in the city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No; she left some months ago," said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; "but" said she, "you can find out all about her at her aunt's, Mrs. Carlyle's, No. 10—street."

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know the writing. This letter told that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of the heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she has passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Sixteen.

DRUMSTICKS.

Do you remember the little passage in "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," about nurse Samson choosing as her share for dinner the usually rejected leg of the fowl? The subject is remarked upon by one of the family saying: "Here is a woman who makes it a principle to go through the world choosing drumsticks."

"Somebody must always eat the drumsticks," was the reply.

"Do you think everybody's got to eat drumsticks?" asks Faith. "We'd have to kill an unreasonable lot of fowl to let 'em."

"No," replied nurse Samson. "The Lord portions out breasts and wings, as well as legs. If He puts anything on your plate, take it."

Looking upon the world at large, it does seem as though the Lord had portioned out the lot of the different classes of people something like this, giving to some the tender, delicate things like the breast of the fowl, to another the richer, juicy parts, while to others there seems left only the dry, tough drumsticks.

But it is not for the world at large for which I have undertaken this little discourse on a homely subject, but the world contained within each household where these papers may be read. If these many households make a good large lump of the world, supposing they were all massed together, so much the better; we shall get the ear of the world, and at the same time keep within our appointed sphere. On

the other hand, if most of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD skip this page, so much the worse—for their drumsticks.

But to come to our subject, did you ever know any one at your family table to choose the drumstick in preference to any other part of the fowl? No, of course not, though they may, like nurse Samson, be unselfish enough to appropriate it sometimes to themselves.

What we wish to say here, is: please then do not oblige, or even allow any one member of the family to always eat the drumsticks. "But there are drumsticks—two to every fowl—and somebody must eat them," you say.

Of course somebody must eat them, but my dear Mr. Head-of-the-Table, please don't be so partial as to think that that somebody must most surely be Tom, because he is a healthy, hearty lad, ready to eat anything that is put on to his plate. If the Lord puts only drumsticks there, all right, but why should you usurp such authority? Don't you suppose that Tom knows what is good as well as you do? And though he may make no fuss if drumsticks are sure to fall to his lot, don't you suppose that he would relish the wishing-bone part occasionally as well as does Lilly, who is sure always to get it, and would like to pick a wing, or back bone, as well as you do yourself? Of course Tom gets some parts of the fowl besides a leg, but he is quite sure always to have as much as one drumstick, whenever a fowl of any kind comes on to the table, while Lilly and Arthur seldom have that part on their plates.

There are other kinds of drumsticks on the table besides chicken legs—sometimes it may be in the shape of bread crusts, or part of the meat may be tough, or ill cooked, or something else, so that all is not equally nice and tempting to the palate. These things are found in the best of families, without doubt, and in some more frequently than warrants good housekeeping.

But whatever it may be, do not, I beg of you, always put the most ordinary piece on Tom's plate. It may not hurt him so much to eat it, as it will surely hurt his self-respect to be thus partially dealt with. The better way is to give each one at the family table portions of the best and poorest as far as possible, or if Tom has the drumstick to-day, see that some one of the rest has it to-morrow, not forgetting sometimes to appropriate one to yourself. Even children understand what it is to be dealt with in polite consideration, and, if this is not carried to foolish indulgence, they are better, and will grow up less selfish and more manly and womanly than otherwise they might.

But drumsticks are not confined to the dinner table. There are other tough things in the family besides these; there are hard jobs to do, trying things to endure, unpleasant things to be made the best of; as well as sweet, loving, tender, and beautiful threads being woven in this web of daily home life.

But is Tom to get a large share of the hard knocks, as well as the drumsticks for dinner? Is he to have the dirty jobs to do, because his hands are not so clean or delicate as Arthur's?

Must he be sent on errands, five times to anyone else once, because he likes to run, and would be running at play if for nothing else? Ah! do you not suppose he can see the injustice of this, and feel it, even though he may keep silent?

Said a lad, who at home was treated with far less consideration than was his more attractive brother, "They all think that Edward is a genius, and a perfect Sunday - school - book boy, while I am only common clay," and he tried to laugh as he said this, but one could perceive that there was something of bitterness in his heart. And this manifest partiality towards Edward, with the rougher way in which he was treated was turning his heart from his brother, while that brother, in turn, could not but see, and perhaps feel, the superiority accorded to him over the plainer, more prosy Richard.

Children in the same family, we all know, have far different tastes and dispositions, and need different ways of amusement, as well as varied pursuits, but there is no reason why one should have more tender regard shown him, or his wishes be not at all consulted, while the other is favored, perhaps beyond his deserts. The world has hard knocks enough to be encountered, but, O! let us beware that neglect in the home circle bruise not tender hearts, or embitter the soul of one of these little ones! Many a noble-hearted youth with capacities for better things, has grown hardened and callous, his life dwarfed and incomplete because of the tough, hcmely "drumsticks" which were sure to fall to his lot, while the more tender, refining things were not proffered him.

For this many a boy has left his father's house, seeking more pleasant things in his own way—alas! often to fall into evil by the way—while in other cases, a more beautiful, fuller, and more complete manhood may have been the result.

These home lads mostly have tender hearts, I ween, hearts brave and true, if the better part is not early crushed out of them by either unkindness, injustice, or want of tact. This last—want of tact—on the part of the parents or teachers, with lack of understanding human nature, may as often, as does real injustice, work mischief in the young. It is to be remembered that the youth with blunt ways may be as sensible to true politeness and kindness, as is the more fine-grained one, and needs quite as much, if not more, to be noticed, and his better qualities drawn out by pleasant modes and kind endeavor. Yet this boy is just the one to have usually more than his share of the "drumsticks" all around.

Look in your own homes, my friends, and see if there be any one to whom the larger share of the drumsticks are in any way appropriated, and if so let the matter be equalized at once.

But here are the girls, do they never get the drumsticks? you ask. O, yes, plenty of them, some many more than others, though it is my own private opinion, that where there are boys and girls in the same family, that the "drumsticks" do find their way, in some unaccountable manner, oftener

on to the boys' plates than the girls'. That is only chivalric, you know, and to be expected.

There was Cinderella who I am pretty sure got the drumsticks, though the fairy tale does not say so, and there are other Cinderellas in the world, treated more or less unjustly, if not with the same abuse and neglect. This often comes about unintentionally, and more from want of thought than want of feeling, as it has in case of Kate and Laura, where you would scarce dream partiality was used.

Yet it most always happens—what a convenient word that is to hide behind—that Laura has far more of the drumsticks, and not nearly as often is favored with the wishing-bone part as is Kate, and this goes into many things besides veritable chicken legs. If there is rough work to be done, Laura is the one to assist her mother about it far oftener than Kate. Her mother calls on her more frequently, she is more willing, though I am sure dislikes drudgery quite as much as does her sister. But she knows some one must help her mother, and as Kate is sure to shirk, if she can, it falls to Laura. I think Kate forgets the golden rule in this, for if she would stop to think she would see how selfish she is becoming in this, though she is in most respects a generous-hearted girl. And their mother too, is she not to blame?

In matters of dress, also, I think that Kate manages to be favored above Laura, or rather, she insists on having her wishes gratified—of having the pleasant things she wants as far as possible. Then, if economy must be used, why, Laura will not mind it so much, and so she gets along with less, and with plainer clothes than her sister. The parents here again are at fault. The vanity, or even legitimate tastes of the one ought not to be gratified at the expense of the other, even though she gives up her desires more quietly, and takes it all as a matter of course. And thus, in a thousand ways, you see how the drumsticks come to be parcelled to one more frequently than to another, even in the home circle, where watchful love ought to guard against either partiality to one, or indifference to another.

And now girls and boys, you of THE HOUSEHOLD who are my readers, after all this in your individual behalf, I want a word with you which your parents need not read. That is, be careful to see that your kind, indulgent father or mother do not take all the drumsticks on their own plates. Girls see that you do not let your mother drudge in the kitchen without your endeavors to assist her. It is no matter if she does say she can do the work herself, that you will soil your hands or clothes; just pin up your sleeves, put on an apron, and take part of the labor, that falls within your capacity, to yourself. And then see that mother has an opportunity to go into society as well as yourselves, and do not let her wear old dresses, while you must have the new. And boys think how you may spare a bit of time from play to help your father, and thus, in a measure, let the "drumsticks" be divided among all.

UNREASONABLE DEVOTION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

This idea of devotion is sometimes carried to a most unreasonable, unjust and mischievous extent. John Jones and Sarah Smith played together when they were children, and took sleigh-rides together when they had become great children. He has given her innumerable ribbons and flowers and candies, and she has worked him a watch-case, a guard-chain, and a pair of slippers. Of course, they are "engaged." So says the world of Onionville, and so, very likely, they think themselves. At least they have as yet formed no higher idea of happiness than to gather flowers, and work watch-cases for each other all their lives long. Presently John's father removes to the city, and John goes to school, and subsequently to college, and then to a theological seminary.

All this time he cherishes a beautiful and fragrant memory, and looks forward with a young man's ardor to the time when boyish and girlish fancy shall be moulded into mature and undying love. In the mean time his mind becomes cultivated by reading and study, his manners polished by mingling with beauty and refinement. He visits his early home, and rushes into the presence of Sarah Smith. What! Is that Sarah Smith? Is that girl in a green and blue-striped delaine dress, with a bright plaid ribbon around her neck, and a silver watch—is that the fair dream he has borne in his heart these years? To be sure there are rosy cheeks and bright eyes and a buxom lass; but—but—alas! poor John. He has shrined her in the secret chambers of his soul so long, but his soul love grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and Sarah Smith did not.

Walking alone by the river-side where he so often walked with her. "What shall I do?" is the question that ever and ever recurs. He is disappointed and miserable. Like too many of us, he finds his idol is but common clay—very common. His happiness is turned to cinders, ashes, and dust. Is she to be the angel of the house? Is hers the delicate ethereal nature which is to bear him on the white wings of love up beyond his lower level? Will she help him to be true to himself, to his country, and to his God? Aside from himself, can he make her happy? Will she not see enough of the disparity between them to be discontented and uneasy? Will she not be entirely out of her sphere in the circle of his educated and accomplished friends? The thought makes him hot and nervous. He becomes restless and dissatisfied, and cannot sleep o' nights.

Finally, after much debating and many struggles, he decides that their future paths must diverge, and he tells her so very gently and tenderly. She has felt the same thing all along. She knows there is something in him to which she cannot respond. She feels that a change has been going on during the years of their separation, and that they can never make each other happy. They part friends. She reverences his superiority. He re-

spects her good sense. When he is gone, she goes to her own room, has a "good cry," almost wishes she was safe in heaven, but finally thinks she would, on the whole, prefer to wait till her little brothers are grown up, and on the strength of this postponement goes to bed and to sleep—is paler than usual for a while, but her voice soon recovers its tone, her cheek its color, her step its elasticity, and anon she is as merry as before.

Well, what of it? Nothing, if you would only let them alone; nothing whatever. But you won't—busy, prying, inquisitive, meddlesome, mischiefmaking neighbor that you are. You think John has left town rather suddenly, and you fancy that Sarah is a little low-spirited; and because Satan can find nothing else for idle hands to do, you put this and that together, and saunter over to Mrs. Smith's, determined to ferret out the whole matter. You find Mrs. Smith alone. You talk indifferently on indifferent topics. Sarah comes in. You say, smilingly and carelessly, (your look is a lie, for you are intensely interested, and you want her to think you are not.) "Well, Sarah, I suppose that handsome young minister is going to carry you off pretty soon, according to all appearances." (On the contrary, the only reason why you came was that, according to all appearances, you suppose no such thing.)

Sarah blushes, laughs an embarrassed little laugh, hesitates a moment, and leaves the room. Her mother says quietly.

"That is all given up."

"There I thought so!" you say to yourself; but you exclaim, "Do tell!" as if you never were so surprised in your life; though you do not succeed in extracting the details of the occurrence, you have in the simple fact sufficient capital to do a flourishing business; so you blazon it abroad in Onionville, and Onionville, nothing loath, takes it up, and at every sewing circle and tea-party where the Smiths happen not to be present, you discuss it in all its bearings. Poor John Jones! Every virtue is taken from him piecemeal, till he stands before you a mere skeleton of vices; while Sarah Smith, in your transforming hands, becomes an angel of light.

"To keep company with her when he was nobody, and cast her off when he got his learning!" indignantly exclaims one. "Yes," chimes in a second, "he feels very grand now—too proud to take a woman who knows how to work. He must have a city lady, with her flowers and her flounces." "Well, let him have her," says a third, "there'll no good come of it, mark my word. He'll come to some bad end. Never knew it to fail. There's Captain David, dismissed Lucy Perkins, and married Squire Willis's daughter. What with her boarding-school airs and high-flown notions, her pianos and her gold chains, and her new cloak every year, she soon found the bottom of the Captain's purse. And there's their boys now, what are they good for? You'll see;"—and the good woman shakes her head ominously.

Now, kind-hearted people, I respect your sympathy, but what is the mat-

ter? Why are you making all this ado? Do you really mean that you would have him marry her? Marry her in the gloom of that cloud that darkened his being? Marry her, when between his soul and hers there is no real communion? It is true that, before he was able to read his or her inner history, he deemed her all-sufficient; but discovering his mistake, he would do her irreparable wrong if he should allow her to go on, unknowing and unsuspecting the discovery—irreparable wrong, to fulfil the promise to the letter, when he cannot in spirit—irreparable wrong, to stand up before God and man, and solemnly promise love till death, knowing that at the very moment the life of love is gone. Alas! you would consign her to a fate compared to which the prospect of death is but a pleasing hope—to the cheerless, dreary, desolate doom of an unloving and unloved wife. He is not to be blamed. The fault, if fault there be, is hers, not his. She knew that he was devoting himself to study, and raising above his former rank, and she might have done the same. The way was open to her, as to him. But she preferred to go to huskings and quiltings, to take care of the children, and do the dairy work;—all very well, and quite proper, only she must abide by the consequences.

But, in fact, what harm is done? Her happiness is not destroyed. This little incident is but a pebble against the tide. In a year's time, the rosy cheeks, the muscular arm, the lithe figure, and the strong elastic spirit, will bless the heart and cheer the home of some thriving young farmer; and a President and all his Cabinet may yet be chosen from the healthy, ruddy faces that will gather round her wholesome and plentiful table. Spare your pity. Of this happy home she will be the center and light and stay. In this, her appropriate position, her faculties will be brought into full play, her abilities shown to the best advantage. Her many and active duties will develop vigor of mind and body. Keen intellects and iron nerves, for many generations, will rise up and call her blessed. Joined to one whom she could not appreciate, nor by whom be appreciated—placed in a sphere for which she was unfitted, and which she could not adorn, her joyous, bounding, buoyant, life would be checked, and the poor country minister's wife, harassed, careworn, pale and meek, would go no pleasure tour so swiftly as her own pathway to the tomb.—*Country Living.*

MONEY AND TIME WASTED.

BY JIPSEY TRAINE.

I had been trying for at least two hours to study out the process of making a coat for Neil. I had put the pieces together in every conceivable shape, but in spite of all my efforts, it looked no more like a respectable coat, than a school boy's first declamation resembles the oratory of Daniel Webster. I was heated and disgusted; so throwing it impatiently aside I started out to rid myself of my vexation by a walk through the fields.

It was a beautiful morning in June, and the joyfulness of the bright aspect of all nature quieted my disturbed feelings; I forgot my trials in listening to the carolling of the birds, as they flitted from branch to branch among the shrubbery, which bordered the merry stream, where I had stopped to rest. Each tiny pebble nestling so softly on the bosom of the brook, seemed to smile a welcome, while the shadows danced and quivered above them as if inviting me too, to be happy and gay.

And so I was, dreaming of the time when Neil and I used to sit together here and look into the future, and I told him how industrious I meant to be, and how many things I could do to help lay by a bit for a rainy day; and then the despair of the morning came back to me, and I began to see how foolish I was to give up so easily. Just then I thought of Mattie Winship whose wedding day was the same as mine and who was such a nice tailorress, and started up eager to see her and obtain some advice. So I left the ideal for the real, and took the highway home. My quick footsteps soon brought me to her door, which was open and revealed Mattie sitting in the middle of the room the very picture of despair and perplexity, in the midst of a pile of cambric patterns, and the paraphernalia of a dressmaker.

"Why Mattie," I exclaimed "what a dubious face! what can the matter be?"

She gave a low cry of delight as she saw me, and, throwing the whole pile to the farther end of the room, sprang towards me, and then burst into tears. I drew her down on the soft couch beside me, and managed to find out between her sobs that she was trying to make her summer outfit herself, as she could not afford to hire it done, and she didn't know anything about it and couldn't do the first thing. She had always hired this work done before her marriage, as she was then busy and earning good wages. While she was getting calmer a bright thought struck me.

"See here, Mattie," I said, "you are just where I was an hour ago," and then I told her about my trouble and went on. "Now we can plan it nicely, you know this sort of work just pleases me, and I will take Neil's coat over here, and you shall make it and I will plan and help make your dress. Then we shall both learn together, besides enjoying a long talk of old times."

"Oh, splendid!" cried Mattie, "how did you ever think of it. That would not be taking in work at all, which Frank would not like, though I think he is wrong."

And so the coat and dress were both made and were nice looking garments, because made by skillful hands. When Neil tried on his coat and praised my handiwork I told him all about it. He laughed and said I was right.

"Do as you like, Dame Trot," said he, "you cannot do far wrong. By the way, Grandma Goodnough wants you to bring her some more of those herbs. She is not very well, and I told her you would go right over."

"And so I will," I replied, and im-

mediately started. I found her wrapped in a shawl before the stove trying to mend an old tea-kettle, whose ears had rusted out.

"Good morning, honey," she said, "I knew yer good heart would bring yer. I'm a'most down again, an' my poor ole teakettle, that I've had nigh on ter twenty years, has all gin out, an' it seems like one o' the childer, a'most."

"You ought to have had a new one long ago, grandma. You shall have one now, and it shall remind you of the new joys in store for you."

"O, thank ye, but it'll ne'er be like the ole one. I remember when it fust gin out—it took to leakin', an' I paid a dime ter have it mended, an' then arter a while the nose got broke off, an' that cost a quarter, an' I said 'twas as good as new. In a year or two the handle gin out, an' then a new bottom was put on, an' a stitch here and a stitch there has kep' it till now. But its days are over, an' mine are e'en a'most gone too."

"Why, grandma," I laughed, "you have paid enough for mending this to buy a new one that would last a great while longer!"

"That's nary here, nor there," she replied. "Do yer 'spose if yer had a chile an' its leg got broke yer'd swop it off for a sound childer? 'Twouldn't be the same," said she, slowly shaking her head, "'twouldn't be the same. Arter yer'd made yer tea from the same kittle day in an' day out, year arter year, 'twould ne'er have the same taste from another."

I said no more, made her as comfortable as possible, and then thoughtfully returned home. I had learned a good deal in these few days. I had discovered that it is a foolish waste of time to attempt doing what you are not fitted to do, when you can earn double the amount saved, by expending your labor in busines with which you are familiar. But then, I wondered if Neil would have liked his coat any better if my hands had taken the stitches. I had learned that the same amount spent in repairing a worn out article would purchase a new one, warranted to last much longer. Still grandma's sad, slow words echoed through my heart—'"twouldn't be the same, 'twouldn't be the same."

THE MAN WHO NEVER EXPECTED TO OWN A HOUSE.

One reason why working men never acquire property, or become possessors of a home, or have a few dollars even laid up against sickness or dull times, is the naked fact that they will never acquire the habit of saving.

The maxim "Where there's a will there's a way," is illustrated by a case within the personal knowledge of the writer. In 1850 when the subject of homes for the industrial classes was being agitated, the writer was interested in inducing poor men to obtain homes for themselves. Being a mechanic, with many men in his employ, he constantly presented and pressed the subject upon their attention; four of their men now own and live in their own houses, who commenced saving one, two and three dollars per week.

One to whom he applied, used this

argument against even making a trial; "Me to own a home! Why I am a man forty years of age—have worked from my boyhood up—and between the landlord and my family, I have not seen ten dollars in my hands, that I could call my own over a Saturday night. Me own a house! That's a practical joke!"

The man was a type of a large class for whom this is written; faithful, industrious, — contented to make Saturday night meet; had reared a family of four children (all workers) and had never seen ten dollars that he could call his own over the week—and this simply because he never made the effort in earnest to save a dollar. Wages then (1850) was two dollars per day, about equal to four dollars per day now.

His employer who understood men and why they could not save, nothing daunted by his workmen's faith, insisted that he should make the trial. He told him that one hundred dollars would buy the land, and three hundred dollars build the house; and when the land was paid for, which could be done simply by saving two dollars per week for one year, he could get credit upon the building, pay for it in three years, and be his own landlord forever after. Reluctantly and faithlessly he allowed his employer to keep back two dollars per week. At the end of two weeks he came to his employer with a smiling face and said, "Save three dollars a week. I have concluded to pinch, and the old woman and the children are crazy at the thought of owning a home. They are on the pinch too, and have saved three dollars this week. Take this three dollars—the first they ever saved in their lives—and add it to the fund. I am bound to have a home."

They had now ten dollars ahead in the world, and the brightening and cheering prospect of a home to live and die in, and this from a commencement to save two dollars per week.

The result of these savings, was a nice cheerful home at Mount Vernon, twelve miles from New York city, where my hero lived for many years in comfort and happiness—proud of his cottage—endeared to his family—where his daughters were married and where his widow still resides, with a homestead now worth by improvements and the rise of property, two thousand dollars.

The moral of this true story is, save. Make a commencement now. Put by even fifty cents a week—begin to pinch as all must who would become independent of circumstances. If you cannot buy a homestead, save to start some little mechanical business for yourself, or what is far better save two hundred dollars in two years, and then ask the government for one hundred and sixty acres of land in the west for simply the asking, (your Uncle Sam will do it cheerfully and promptly) then locate your future home on the soil and commence to pinch for two years and you will have a home where the unwholesome landlord's agent comes not—where damp basements, sky-parlors, buggy bed rooms, small pox neighborhoods, corner gin mills, filthy walls, chloride of lime alleys, bad neighbors and blas-

phemous oaths will never reach your ears and shorten your lives. Commence to save.—*Ex.*

BARNACLES.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

Social Barnacles I mean. People that cling to the skirts of somebody's garments and go through the world so contentedly and helplessly.

Half sunken rocks, floating timbers and vessels become covered with these clogging parasites, and there is no remedy for them but the dry dock and scraper, but when one member of a family becomes a barnacle and clings to another, content to cling instead of striking out for him or herself, it is too bad that there isn't a dry dock or a scraper for them somewhere at the homestead.

On the hulls of vessels, barnacles become great travelers, but to what purpose? Eyeless and earless, what do their travels accomplish for them? and what does life accomplish for countless men and women? They have no volition of their own, no enterprise, no ambition, but get through the world mainly by the help of others upon whom they have laid their parasitical hold. They fasten themselves to some resolute person and are often mistakenly counted with them. They set sail from one port and arrive at another, but have no knowledge of the course they have sailed, the labor it has cost some, nor the worth of the sequel, for with eyes they see not, with ears they hear not, but barnacle fashion, can only say, without reason or purpose, I was and I am.

Young men, old men, girls and women, don't be a family and society barnacle. Don't shirk home labors, but share with the rest. If you are a wife, don't be a barnacle upon your husband. If you are a husband and father, don't be an idle barnacle clinging to the fruits of the family labors. If you are a barnacle-like son or daughter, drop your hold and stand for yourself. Help the family to build up home and its interests, and drop your clogging weight.

Don't, we beg of you, be a family or society barnacle. Start out for yourself; show your own individuality and stand alone. Do not cling to the hull of custom, the rock of society, or the timbers of destiny another moment. You are the losers if you do.

One step single-handed and alone, is worth more to you than a voyage around the world fastened to somebody else. Beside, we've no right, (unless we are acknowledged idiots,) to go along because others carry us, like a miserable, senseless barnacle. God has given us intellectual and physical faculties because he intended for us to use them, and not to pack them away till the rust and moth of time and sloth consumes them, and make our fellow travelers do our life work for us. There's a work to do, so leave your parasitical hold and swim out for yourself. Wife, husband, mother, father, daughter, son, every day has its own God-appointed and self-sustaining duties, and you should meet them squarely. Don't suffer barnacles of idleness and indolence to

cling to you, nor do you fasten them upon others. Don't sigh so restlessly for rest; there'll be rest enough in the grave whither you are going, and there's little time enough for vigorous, earnest action this side of the dark goal promised to stumbling mortality.

TALKING ABOUT THE ABSENT.

A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self esteem; and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust.

It would be impossible to put this and that together, and "strike an average." The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures, this tendency often proves a stumbling block, with weak natures it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch, lest in an unguarded moment, it leads him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may we allow ourselves in talking of our absent friends? It is very true we may discuss their virtues as much as we please;—that is a holy exercise. But their failings! I think it may be considered a sign that we have gone too far when we sweep away all our fault finding, our nice balancing of qualities and analysis of character in a sudden storm of adulation.

I suppose the distinction between the different grades of friendship should be made clear. Let us say acquaintances, friends and intimates. Most persons can place the people they know under these three heads. Now it does seem not only natural but desirable, that there should be free though always loyal and kindly, discussion as to the antecedents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, the characters of those with whom we are thrown in contact, and who come under the first two heads. We may thus learn to bear more easily with their eccentricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge how far we should allow their views to effect ours. As for the third class—go to! is not love its own law?

—Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and He who was greater than all prophets, was "was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."

—Genius is a steady fire to which patience, industry, carefulness and caution serve as the appropriate fuel. Another fitful flame which manifests itself in smudges has been mistaken therefor, and the world has often gone needlessly astray, and many a career made worthless in consequence.



INFLUENCE OF HOME LIFE.

Of the various social influences by which we are surrounded, and which combine to form our characters and direct our lives, there is none so potent and perpetual as that of the family home. All others work irregularly, or at intervals, or at some special part of life; but this is operating silently, steadily and powerfully on every individual from the cradle to the grave. In the earliest and most impressionable years of life it has no rival; in things large and small, important and trivial, in looks, tone and gesture, in the daily details of conduct, in the mental attitude, in moral standards of duty, its influence is unbounded. The youth who, on emerging from his home into a more individual life, fancies that he is now free from its influence, is greatly mistaken. It clings so closely to him, that no effort can ever shake it off, or counter-influence can ever destroy it; it asserts itself in all its habits of thought and action, in his principles, his tastes, his choices. Into the new home life, which probably awaits him, he carries the tendencies of the old, and thus perpetuates them to future generations, while he is himself again insensibly, but powerfully worked upon by the new elements which surround him, and which continue to sway him through his entire life.

It is strange that an influence at once so powerful and enduring, so deep-rooted and so wide-spread, and to which every individual is constantly contributing his share for good or for evil, should not obtain more serious considerations and systematic control than it generally does. Great care is taken to prepare youth of both sexes for business and society, to instill knowledge that shall fit them for gaining a livelihood, and accomplishments that shall render them attractive; but for the special duties and responsibilities which await them as guardians of home life, there is scarcely any educational provisions made. Of all the functions of social life, none is more difficult, more complex, more vital to human welfare, and yet more generally overlooked in every system, even that of self culture. Crude and hasty conclusions, momentary impulses, dictates of sudden feeling or passion too often rule the home life, instead of well reasoned out convictions, definite principles, and carefully adjusted methods.

Not that we would see home life robbed of one particle of its sweet and ever fresh naturalness, or squared by rule and law until it becomes a painful scene of artificial restraints. The domestic fireside that is not animated by love and warmed by noble and generous impulses, is cold and cheerless indeed, and deserves not the name of home. No wise methods, no system however excellent, can atone for the absence of the full, rich and tender affection which is the very soul of the family home. But the

highest love, that which desires above all things the best welfare of its object, cannot be content with simply loving and being loved. It must lead to thought, study and plan, it must welcome arduous exertion and continued self-sacrifice, it must sink itself and its own needs, in the earnest effort wisely and intelligently to bless its object.

There is a general feeling, especially among men, that home is rather a place for rest and comfort than for exertion and sacrifice. It is not unnatural that he who has been engaged in patient toil of any kind through the day, should turn with joy to a peaceful and happy home, hoping there to find solace and refreshment. But if this be the only or even the main idea of the domestic hearth, it will be inadequate to fulfil even its own requirements. The duties and responsibilities of a home well fulfilled are the essence of all its happiness, and he will look in vain for domestic joy or even rest, who is not ready to sacrifice both, when necessary for the happiness and welfare of his family. A curious sermon was once preached from the suggestive text, "And David returned to bless his household," enumerating the various motives and intents of the heads of families as they return from their daily business to their various homes, and contrasting them with those of the Psalmist.

Still more does the well being of the family home depend on the character and aims of the wife and mother. She who prefers the gratification of her own taste to the happiness or interests of her household, can neither give nor receive the blessings of domestic joy. It matters not what those tastes may be—whether for dress or show, or luxury or ease, or fashion or excitement of any kind—if she does not hold them in subservience to the welfare of those under her roof, they will prove the ruin of the family home. If there is any spot on earth where love and truth should reign—where selfishness should be crushed, and kindly efforts for the interests of others should be put forth with wisdom and discretion, it is in the family. Each member has in his or her possession the keeping of a vast amount of good. If it is dealt out with a generous and self-sacrificing hand, it will multiply in ten fold blessings upon all; if it is withheld it will dry up and wither in selfish grasp. Let parents and children, brothers and sisters strive to become as familiar with the hearts and feelings of one another as they are with countenances; to appreciate the desires, aims and hopes that animate each other, so as to be able to give intelligently the sympathy and aid and counsel that shall bind each to each in complete and happy union.

On nothing is the welfare of a nation more dependent than on the character of its family homes. In proportion as they are lightly esteemed is the government feeble or tyrannical, and the nation, as that of France, continually disorganizing; and could we see an utterly homeless community, there we should also find either anarchy or despotism. It is incalculable to how great an extent a wise and affectionate family discipline super-

sedes the necessity for the penalties of the law, gives good and honorable citizens to the community, and prepares men and women for the varied and complex duties of life which awaits them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

My readers, if you would make home happy, be good. If you are not good naturally, make yourselves so by cultivation. Cultivation comprehends trying, and if you try faithfully to be good, the purpose of your efforts will surely be accomplished. No home can be happy without the co-operation of every member of the household. Not only is it necessary for the children to have this aim in view, but the parents have their duty to perform also. If the parents are good, the children will most likely be good too; but if the parents are cross, and are prompted by a judgment which is not tempered by prudence and love, look out for cloudy weather and storms in that family. There is a gloomy tinge even to the sunshine in such a home.

But to the young married men who are just making their own homes, let a timely word be said. Young man, when you return home at night fatigued by your day's toil and not feeling over and above well, be cheerful if you can; but if you cannot be cheerful, be pleasant any way. If your wife, who is but a little below an angel naturally, has become harassed and fretful by an extra day's work, and hurls at you, by way of relief, an invective which goes down into your loving heart and withers it by its corroding sting, do not retaliate; but be kind, gentle and pleasant. This will not only touch the feelings of her higher nature, but it will enhance her love for you ten fold. Try it, and see how much sweeter the result will be, than a heated controversy would bring about. You could hurl invective against invective; you could strike your wife even, and perhaps you could make her sorely regret, by your superior strength, that she ever gave you a cross word; but after your roused spirit had cooled off and you had once more come to your natural self, to whom would your generous nature grant the victory? On whose head would you place the crown of valor?

A wife cannot be too careful to withhold any word which will mar the love of her husband. But some women are weak and irritable, and sometimes say things that burn into the bosom of a noble spirit; but mark it, these unkind words are never uttered only when the domestic labor has been too arduous and the soul flags under heavy toil, and when your tired little wife becomes rested, her own bitter words will come rolling back upon her in double meaning, which is all the punishment she can bear. Don't forget this, husbands, and keep yourselves well balanced.

You can't afford to quarrel. Next to heaven is the happiness of a well-ordered, Christian home; and I think it not too presumptuous to say that if my readers will only hold up the golden rule against all family jars, they will have a sweet foretaste of heaven in their quiet, happy homes on earth.

E. A. K.

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

BY R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

"The blood is the life." This is as true as a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every physician. From the blood we derive our strength and mental capabilities. When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our constitutions and our powers of endurance, and notwithstanding disease-producing agencies with impunity, depends largely upon the condition in which our blood is kept. If it hold in suspension or solution the festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon vital and important organs as the brain, lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect of these poisons in the blood is many times more disastrous. Hence, it behoves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition. For when you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or an Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or exciting cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself, would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how syphilitic poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will all return to us.

The Liver is the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system. Set this great "housekeeper" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed.

They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. The virulent syphilitic poison that lurks in the system is by them robbed of its terrors, and by a persevering and somewhat protracted use of them, the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew.

Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. The system being put under their influence for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft, velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory.

The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles of my Discovery and Pellets will clear the skin of pimples, a dozen or even two dozen bottles may be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula and syphilis, is, with the use of these most potent agents, *only a matter of time*.

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The work of construction is progressing satisfactorily, mainly in Washington Territory, where the connection is being completed between Puget Sound and the Columbia River. The Company's engineers, escorted by United States troops, are now making a final location of the line of the road from the crossing of the Yellowstone, and up the valley of the latter to the mountains—this being the only portion of the route not yet determined.

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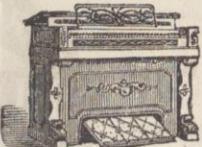
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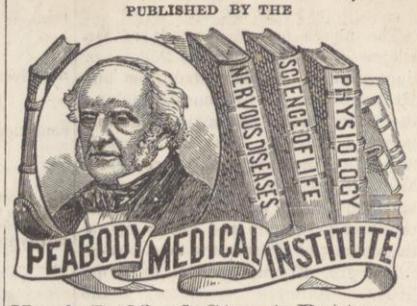
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Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50 and 5:40 P. M.

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TRAINING GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St. Albans at 6:21 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New London at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at 5:30 a. m.

Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m., Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:30 a. m. Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:00 a. m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommodation) 4:45 a. m., Brattleboro 5:45 a. m., South Vernon at 9:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving in New London at 5:10 p. m.

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

TRAINING GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m., via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 5:00 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:45 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R. Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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

Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed) at 4:30 p. m., connecting at W. R. Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at 6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc., arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45 a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at 12:45 p. m.

Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bellows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass, Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rensselaer & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St. Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdensburg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

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27		

The Household.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—*including the State*—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

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.

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.

NEW PREMIUM. For seven yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a copy of Great Industries of the United States, a book of 1300 pages and 500 engravings, retail price \$3.50. This is one of the most entertaining and valuable works of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public.

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.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD have been appointed in several states as follows: P. L. Miller, East Holliston, Mass., for the state of Massachusetts; H. M. Fletcher, Newport, N. H., for New Hampshire; G. W. Jenks, Quindick, R. I., for Connecticut and Rhode Island; O. E. Goodrich, Allegan, Mich., for Michigan and Indiana; and J. Ransom Hall, Waverly, Iowa, for that state. Persons desiring local or traveling agencies in those states will apply to the General Agents for the same.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite 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.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating

which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

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

50 FINE VISITING CARDS. Printed, put up in nice case and sent by mail to any address for 50 Cts. Sample sent for 3 cent stamp. G. E. SELLECK, Brattleboro, Vt.

STENCIL AND KEY CHECK OUTFITS. Cheapest and best. Catalogue with full particulars and samples free. E. M. DOUGLAS, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE BEST Combination Agents ever heard of. For Circulars and Terms address, C. A. DURFEE, Brattleboro, Vt.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED Sewing Machines

ARE Emphatically the Machine for the Household.

GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 149 Tremont Street, Boston.

BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

To meet the demand for a smaller watch for gentlemen, the American Watch Company have introduced a new grade known as *Size 14*, which is a medium between the usual gentleman's watch and the ladies' watch.

This watch is made on the three-quarter plate model, with extra jewels, chronometer balance, and contains all the recent improvements. The gold and silver cases are finished in the best manner and in the usual variety of patterns.

This watch is a decided improvement on any watch now made of the same size, being about one-half the cost of the imported watch of similar size.

A circular containing full information will be mailed to any address on application.

HOWARD & CO., JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

222 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

6-5d

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—The Child's Patent Bib and Table Cloth Protector—the best thing of its kind ever thought of—is sent everywhere, postpaid, for 75 cents, by CHARLES A. MOTT, Sole Agent for U. S., Fitchburg, Mass.

N. B. Agents Wanted.

MONEY-MAKING BOOKS FOR SUMMER CANVASSING. AGENTS & SALESMEN ATTENTION! Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song; The New Housekeeper's Manual by Miss Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Both selling fast and far. Exclusive territory: liberal terms. J. B. FORD & CO., New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco. 8-5d

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

which does not dry up a cough and leaves the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The genuine is signed "I. Butts" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

TO INVESTORS.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company having determined to close its 7-30 First Mortgage Gold Loan,

and thereafter to pay no higher rate of interest than six per cent, on further issues of its bonds, THE LIMITED REMAINDER OF THE 7-3-10 LOAN IS NOW BEING DISPOSED OF through the usual agencies.

The attention of those wishing to reinvest

JULY COUPONS AND DIVIDENDS

is called to this favorable opportunity for obtaining these bonds.

As the bonds of this issue are made receivable in payment for the Company's land at 1-10, they are in constant and increasing demand for this purpose, and will continue to be after the loan is closed—a fact which much enhances their value and attractiveness as an investment.

The Company now has more than 500 miles of its Road built and in operation, including the entire Eastern Division, connecting Lake Superior and the navigation of the Missouri River; the work of construction is progressing satisfactorily. The Company has earned title to nearly Ten Million Acres of its Land Grant, and sales of lands have thus far averaged \$5.66 per acre.

All marketable securities are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics. For sale by Banks and Bankers.

8-15m/pny J. COOKE & CO.

FOR FAMILY USE.

HALFORD LIECESTERSHIRE

Table Sauce,**The Best Sauce and Relish**

Made in any Part of the World

FOR

Family Use.

Pints - - - - - 50 Cents.
Half Pints - - - - - 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

Iron in the Blood

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood. Tones up the System. Builds up the Broken-down. Cures Female Complaints, Dropsy, Debility, Humors, Dyspepsia, &c.

Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

Caution.—Be sure you get the right article. See that "Peruvian Syrup" is blown in the glass. Pamphlets free. Send for one. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. For sale by druggists generally.

SEE or write Dr. Dodge of Human Blood Experiments and Heart Dropsey Cure notoriety. Cures guaranteed. New Era. 6-3adv

Comfort for the Household.

THE NORTH EASTERN**MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.**

Places the benefits of Life Insurance within the reach of all classes. Safe, cheap, simple in plan and working. For full particulars apply to Ex.-Gov. HOLBROOK, Pres't, or JAMES DALTON, Sec'y Brattleboro, Vt.

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**A BALSAM AND TONIC**

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds,**BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,****INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS,****WHOOPING COUGH,****AND ALL CONSUMPTIVE DIFFICULTIES.****THREE FACTS.****FIRST.**

There are certain localities in the Western States where Consumption is a very rare disease, and sick people removing to these sections soon recover from any form of Lung complaint.

SECOND.

In these localities the PRAIRIE WEED grows very abundantly, twining among the grasses, its blossoms perfuming the air with a fragrance very grateful to men and cattle.

THIRD.**DR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MS.,**

has prepared a Medicine from this weed which has remarkable healing properties in all Throat and Lung diseases, whether mild or severe, whether recent or of long standing. The medicine in every case has removed the pain and suffering, and as one gentleman cured by the PRAIRIE WEED said, "The peculiar health-giving properties of the Prairies are contained in this remedy."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE, - - - - - \$1.00.

BATH, ME., Feb. 17, 1873.
MR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir, I sit down to pen you a few lines this evening, to inform you that the Prairie Weed you sent me last fall has done me much good; truly I have not words to express my gratitude to you for it. My health has not been so good for the last twenty years as it has been since I commenced taking the Prairie Weed in November last. I thank you thousands of times for it. Not one night since last December have I been obliged to sit up one hour with phthisis since I have been taking your medicine. I have two bottles left yet; and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to one that is poor and no money. But my health is so improved this winter that I can work all the time at light work, so I more than pay my board, and that is what I have not been able to do for a long time. Truly I have reason to rejoice with joy to think that I have found something to help me. I ever remain your humble servant,

M. MARIA LEACH.

APRIL 3, 1873.
DR. KENNEDY. Dear Sir,—I am glad to inform you that the Prairie Weed has helped me. I have used five bottles; and my cough has stopped. I have not spit up any more lumps after taking the first bottle. My pains are not half as many as they were; and my sleep is sweet. I am a very delicate lad, and weigh more now than I ever did in my life. I have scattered your Prairie Weed circulars all through the country; and this is very little to do for you who have done so much for me. Yours truly,

JACOB BACON, Cleveland, Tenn.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I respectfully state that in May, 1872, I caught a cold so severe and deep, that since July I have so far lost my voice as to be unable to sing; lost my appetite, and become unfit for business; had cold sweats nearly every evening; that in January and February I spent above five dollars for pills and powders, with four doctors, who pronounced me in consumption, and said I had not long to live. That within three weeks I have been induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed, and, having taken three bottles, I am now enjoying a good appetite, have strength for my daily business; and last evening (April 10) I some six times led (in their singing) a prayer-meeting of above a hundred voices. These statements are no exaggeration. Attest: HUGH McDUGAL.

37 Melrose Street, Boston, April, 1873.

DR. KENNEDY.—I am an old woman seventy-six years of age, and I want to tell you what the Prairie Weed has done for me. I had been sick on my bed nineteen weeks, with a violent cough, pain in my stomach and sides. Nothing would stay in my stomach; and I was so reduced by coughing, I could not raise myself from the bed, when a friend brought me a bottle of the Prairie Weed. The first spoonful seemed to me to rest my stomach and soothe my cough; and, before a week had passed, I was able to sit up in my chair, which I had not done for five months. I have used two bottles; and I am now able to do my work about the house, and have not felt so well in health for many years. I have been cured by the Prairie Weed; and I wish every one with a cough, or stomach weakness, would try your wonderful medicine.

Carver Street, Boston. THERESA LINTON.

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Buy a Bottle of the Medicine.