



The household. Vol. 15, No. 9 September 1882

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, September 1882

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THE
HOUSEHOLD
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1882.

No. 9.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - - MAIN STREET,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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

The Veranda.

THE RIPENING CORN.

How sweet to walk through the wheatlands brown
When teeming fatness of heaven drops down!
The waving crop with its bursting ears
A sea of gold on the earth appears;
No longer robed in a dress of green,
With tawny faces the fields are seen;
A sight more welcome and joyous far
Than a hundred blood-won victories are.

Beautiful custom was that of old,
When the Hebrew brought with joy untold,
The earliest ears of the ripening corn
And laid them down by the altar's horn;
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,
While the Giver of harvest all hearts adored;
What gifts more suited could man impart
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

A crowd awaits 'neath the cottage eaves,
To cut the corn and bind the sheaves;
At length is the expected sound—
Put in the sickle, the corn is browned,
And the reapers go forth with as blithe a soul
As those who joined the Olympian goal;
And sorrowless hearts and voices come
To swell the shouts of the harvest home.

And there is a reaper on earth well known,
Whose deeds are traced on the burial stone;
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen
Than e'er on the harvest field was seen;
He cuts down the earliest ears in spring,
As well as the ripest that time can bring;
The tares he gathers to flame are driven,
The wheat is laid in the garner of heaven.

POPULAR NEW STRAWBERRIES.

BY R. H. HAINES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING A GOOD
SELECTION.

AS THE season for setting out strawberry plants is now at hand, many persons are considering the question as to which are the best varieties for them to plant. Strawberries differ so widely in their characteristics that it is quite important to take into consideration the purposes for which they will be especially required. A berry that would be an excellent one for the home table, might yet be utterly worthless for sending to a market two or three hundred miles away, as the fruit would not be sufficiently firm for shipping so far. On the other hand, some varieties that might be quite desirable for distant markets, are yet so deficient either in size or richness of flavor as to make them of very little value for private gardens. As it is usually about as easy to raise the large and delicious varieties as it is to grow the small and inferior kinds, it is well, therefore, at the commencement of making a plantation of strawberries, to select such sorts as show a decided superiority over the average varieties.

To those who already have strawberry beds, and who have experience in growing this fruit, it is of course unnecessary to suggest the advantages to be derived from occasionally renewing their plantations with the more vigorous and superior varieties.

The Big Bob strawberry is making quite a hubbub in the fruit world, if I may be allowed to use such an uncouth expression in connection with a word that surpasses it very little, if any, in delicacy or gentility. Its very abruptness may help to call attention the more readily to its very decided merits. The plants this season show by their vigorous growth that they are not lacking in this very important particular, while the berries are of large size and of fine appearance. So assured is the originator of its superior merits that he feels safe in offering one hundred dollars for any new variety that will surpass it in the three points of size, quality and productiveness. The Big Bob is a pistillate or imperfectly blossomed variety, requiring a row of some such sort as the Bidwell or Sharpless to be planted within twenty or thirty feet of it. Being a pistillate variety is in itself no special objection to it, however, as it is well known that such varieties are among the most productive of strawberries, as is seen in the case of the Crescent Seedling, Windsor Chief and Manchester. The Big Bob ripens in about the middle of the strawberry season, and is suitable either for market or for private gardens.

Woodward's Number One is a new sort that is attracting considerable attention as a late berry. Nearly all persons will readily realize the advantages to be derived from having late varieties in their collections, as well as those that ripen early and during the middle of the season. The person, however, who, either from indifference to the enjoyment of the members of his household, or from a dislike to innovations, still persists in growing only one of the medium-ripening varieties, may frequently have the pleasure (if a pleasure it is) of looking over into the gardens of his more enterprising neighbors, and see them feasting upon delicious berries a week or two before and a week or two after his own berries are ripe. A late berry like the Woodward's Number One, Mt. Vernon, or Manchester certainly adds much to one's enjoyment. The fruit of the Woodward is large and of good quality, and the plants are vigorous and productive.

Bidwell still retains its popularity as a fine, large, early berry. Though not as early as the Crystal City, yet the fruit is very much larger, and the plants very productive. Some of the Bidwell plants this season had almost a continuous ring of ripening fruit around them, even though the roots may have been disturbed somewhat in the spring by digging out some of the young plants from around them. From one plant, set out the previous August, a pint of berries was picked last June at one picking. Other plants were almost as productive.

The favorite way, during the past few years, for making a plantation of strawberries in August has been to first start the young plants in small flower pots. As the roots are not then disturbed in transplanting, the plants receive no serious check and keep right on growing. If planted out on good soil, and the ground kept clear of weeds, then from a pint to a quart of fine, large berries can be frequently obtained from each pot-grown plant, if a productive variety. Ordinary strawberry plants, or layer plants, are also used in August, but not as generally as in former years, before the more popular pot-grown plants were introduced.

Moorestown, N. J.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

The best test of the worthiness of a community is probably the extent to which it keeps the Lord's day holy. All good things go with Sabbath observance, generally speaking, and all bad things with Sabbath desecration. Another excellent test is the expenditure on education, and another, missionary contributions. As a test of intelligence and activity, the consumption of paper per head of the community has been suggested; and the average consumption of sugar is equally indicative of the degree of comfort in which the people live. But in all the tests of comfort and taste, that which strikes a traveler through a country most readily, is the appearance of the dwelling houses, with their gardens, lawns, fences, and other surroundings. Whether these dwellings be cottages or villas, mansions it matters little; it is the evidence of careful attention and good taste that impresses the mind favorably.

It was once said by an accurate observer, that the finest object in his extensive garden was grass—that was always beautiful, whilst flowers faded and became unsightly. We may add that all good gardeners pay special attention to lawns.

However small the front court or back yard may be, there should be in it a well-kept lawn; and if there is room, there should be borders or circles or crescents of flowers, giving a preference to those which grow low and continue long in bloom.

A cottage with a nice lawn having a few fine shrubs and a center circle or border of flowers is a beautiful sight, especially if it has one or two trees growing near, but not too near, the house. All beautiful lawns and flowers should be visible from the road that every passer-by may be gratified.

—Stagnant water, under any circumstances, is a nuisance of first-class dimensions. When located in the vicinity of farm houses or outbuildings, it is a dangerous neighbor, and should be got rid of, at all hazards. Fill or drain all such places, if possible. If neither can be done, move away yourself, for there can be neither comfort, economy nor safety in the vicinity of such malarious pest holes.

The Drawing Room.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

I HAVE been re-reading Hamerton's "Intellectual Life" and upon finishing a chapter on "The Power of Time," as I laid the book down, I wondered what will be the effect of this book upon the mind of an ambitious young woman of the class to which many of **THE HOUSEHOLD** readers belong—women to whom have been given neither riches nor poverty, though some of them may be treading close upon the line on one side or the other.

American girls, as a rule, are not idle, and after leaving school, with a fair education, many go out from their sheltering homes to join the great crowd of workers that twice a day throng our city streets; others, in the quieter sphere of home life, find occupation that leaves but little time for intellectual pursuits, between the kitchen and the sewing machine, the care of little brothers and sisters and, perhaps, of some invalid member of the family; add to this the social demands, which may not be neglected by any girl without wronging herself and others.

It was of such girls I thought—girls who realize the truth of the trite saying, "A woman's work is never done," and yet are ambitious to add to their intellectual store what little knowledge they can find leisure to acquire; and of the influence upon them of a book that upholds the highest intellectual culture as the true aim of life. Yet the author admits that the greatest attainments of the most learned men but give a more vivid sense of illimitable heights of knowledge that tower above them, unattained and unattainable in this life.

We will ignore the assertion that "even in situations most favorable for labor of that kind, women do not undertake it (intellectual labor) unless they are urged to it, and directed in it by some powerful masculine influence." Some of us think differently.

Our author writes to a man whose time for reading was limited: "Two hours a day, regularly, make more than seven hundred hours in a year, and in seven hundred hours wisely and uninterruptedly occupied, much may be done in anything." He insists upon the regularity and absence of interruption, adding that "in a house with woman and children, it is impossible to avoid interruption." This sentence holds both encouragement and discouragement. If it is difficult for a man to avoid interruption, what will it be for the home daughter? If two hours a day cannot be spared, one hour will make in a year, about thirty-five days of ten hours a day, so the would-be student whose time is closely occupied, need not feel discouraged, but by keeping a book close at hand, and utilizing spare minutes, with close application when the short

leisure times do come, she will find that she has accomplished much.

If any girl can give the time, by all means, let her join "The Home Study," or some similar association, or take the Harvard course, and enter upon a systematic course of study. She can raise her own intellectual powers to a higher level, and by the use of tact elevate the tone of the social circle in which she moves. But remember that common politeness demands that we should not flaunt our newly acquired knowledge in the faces of all our acquaintances.

If time is limited, a careful selection of studies is of great importance, and greater results are to be hoped for by pursuing the particular branches towards which our minds have a natural inclination. Much time is also saved by uniting studies which will help each other. It is best to be satisfied with a merely superficial knowledge of many sciences into whose depths we can never hope to plunge.

If our daily employment is one that can be aided by reading and research, that should be considered, for all should strive to excel in whatever sphere their lot may be cast, either through choice or force of circumstances. If we can elevate our work or use it as a ladder to climb by, so much the better; if, on the other hand, it should be hopelessly mechanical, and below the reach of mind power, do not despise it or cast it aside, till you are qualified and are sure of the opportunity for something better.

The old proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing have," bears the impress of self-evident truth, as also the homely saying, "There's nothing like trying;" if we do not step up we can never rise, but let me tell you there is nothing that will pull one down faster or more effectually than an unreasonable, dreamy dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, and an erratic, ill-advised plunging into this thing or that, whatever it may be, that a discontented undisciplined imagination pictures as pleasant, or newer, or more worthy of a self-esteemed genius. Such roamers will find themselves in danger of the fate of the foolish camel in the ancient Hebrew fable "which going to seek horns lost his ears."

An honest, practical life is the only life that fulfills its mission, and meets the need of the age. Fligby enthusiasts are not the people who contribute to the world's progress. Every-day common sense and persevering endeavor will accomplish more in the end than the most transcendent genius. We only need to turn to the biographies of the world's celebrities to prove that.

An eminent writer has said there are three ways by which man can exist, by working, by begging, and by stealing, and that the first duty man owes his fellow man is self-support. Now self-support does not necessarily mean the actual earning of money, but each one has his or her share of work to do, and for each drone there is a heavier burden laid on willing shoulders.

You cannot escape the responsibility because you are a woman, nor because you are in affluent circumstances. If you think you do not need to labor for your own good, do it for the good of others, and the effect of your endeavors will bless your own lives in a manner undreamed of by you. Keep mind and body evenly balanced. Physical exercise is essential to health, and for effectual mental exercise, but what a mere drudgery work becomes, if not directed by an active, intelligent brain. We all owe it to the world that it shall be the better for our having lived in it, but a vacant mind and idle hands make just that much more inertia to be overcome in the world's progress.

To the class of young ladies who sup-

pose their vocation to be crewel work, and an endless round of gayety, John Ruskin offers the following advice: "In order to investigate one's self, it is well to find out what one is now. Don't think vaguely. Take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as is possible, and if you dare not, find out why you dare not, and try and get strength of heart enough to look yourself in the face mind as well as body. Always have two mirrors on your dressing table, and with proper care dress mind and body at the same time. Put your best intelligence to finding out what you are good for and what you can be made into. The mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate way, improve one's self. All accomplishments should be considered as means of assisting others.

In music get the voice disciplined and clear, and think only of accuracy; expression and effect will take care of themselves. So in drawing; learn to set down the right shape of anything, and thereby explain its character to another person; but if you try only to make showy drawings for praise, or pretty ones for amusement, your drawings will have little or no real interest for you, and no educational power.

Resolve to do each day something useful in the vulgar sense. Learn the economy of the kitchen, the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation; help poor families in their cooking, show them how to make as much of every thing as possible, and how to make little niceties, coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them.

One should at the end of every day be able to say as proudly as any peasant that she has not eaten the bread of idleness. Get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their own course in punishing small ones. If food is carelessly prepared, no one expects Providence to make it palatable, neither if, through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect Divine interference to bring around every thing at last for the best. I tell you positively the world is not so constituted. The consequences of great mistakes are just as sure as those of small ones, and the happiness of your whole life, and of all the lives over which you have power, depends as literally on your common sense and discretion as the excellence and order of a day."

"Get leave to work,
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says 'Sweat
For foreheads;' men say 'Crowns,' and so we are
crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get
work;
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

JOINED FOR LIFE.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting? That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is not so—whether of woman or child, or art or music? Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beetho-

ven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion, in its keenest moment, passes from expression into silence; our love, at its highest flood, rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.—George Eliot.

The Conservatory.

AUTUMNAL PICTURES.

I see the fields where cattle graze,
The hills soft meshed in silver haze,
The gold-brown brook and ancient bridge,
And old red mill beneath the ridge,
And dim lights on the orchard side,
With moss-grown trees low branching wide;
The hamlet nestled in the glade—
A drowsy nook that loves the shade:

The dusty highway, long and brown,
Slow creeping out beyond the town
To breast the hillside in its strength,
A silent, treeless mile in length,
Far to the hanging woods on high
That with their verdure soothe the eye
With myriad dyes of dusky green
That wear September's richest sheen.

O'er old stone wall the blackberry twines,
Inlaced with wanton gadding vines,
The clematis and wild fox-grape,
The shad-bush and the feathered brake,
And woodbine curled in cedar spire
That soon shall glow a line of fire;
Nor darker could the elder gleam
With fruitage dipped in Stygian stream.

All streaked and splashed with guiltless blood,
The sumach flares along the wood;
The mullein takes its lonely stand
Upon the hilly pasture land,
Where slow the cricket's voice is heard
Plaining some monitory word,
Shrilled by a small black-coated friar
Who preaches 'neath the furze and brier.

The golden-rod from myriad whorls
Its sunny oriflamme unfurls,
And triumphs o'er the dusty way,
Companied by the thistle gay,
That spreads a disk so rosy fair
To feed the pretty birds of air,
And foremost, with a twittering note,
The dainty goldfinch swells its throat.

The noontide warms the quiet air
With scent of apples spiced and rare,
And quince by the mossy well
Feel in their veins old Midas' spell,
While clusters on the bronzing vine
Breathe out an odor half divine.
From thick embowered, bosky trees
Comes now the murmurous hum of bees.

Far off the golden stubble land
Lies in a warm and glowing band,
As if old earth, sunned through and through,
Had ripened to a richer hue;
Clouds mottled like the ringdove's breast
Move softly onward toward the west,
With rifts of deep and tender hue,
A nameless depth of gentian blue.

In perfect beauty, flushed and sweet,
Dear autumn comes with glowing feet;
Her tanned cheek wears a sunset dye,
A laughing light is in her eye;
About her shapeless ankles brown
Swells out a modest russet gown—
With here and there a color dash—
A breast-knot of the mountain ash,
Her round arms globed melons bear,
And scarlet leaves have crowned her hair.

—Augusta Larned.

ON FERNS.

THESE are too much neglected by such of our people as have a taste for the beautiful, and are willing to go to some little pains for the purpose of gratifying it. All of which may come of the fact that they have never thought on the subject of ferns, and it may be possible that not a small per centum of our city people really do not know of the many beautiful species that are growing wild in the woods of our southern states. At the north, "fernaries" are all the rage just now; and there, on account of the severe cold in winter, it is a very difficult matter to keep them; but here almost every house might be made cheerful the year round by a rich collection of ferns, without incurring trouble or expense sufficient to be really worthy of mention.

A fernery, or fern-case, as it is usually made, is a somewhat costly affair, but it is a very showy piece of furniture of it-

self. It cannot be well otherwise than costly owing to the care with which it must be made to qualify it to answer the purpose in a cold climate. If we wish costly fern-cases here we may have them, but if, on the other hand, we desire to keep ferns for themselves rather than for the case, we may do so at a very slight outlay, and yet have an arrangement that is entirely respectable.

The New York Horticulturist gives us a plan for a cheap fern-case, which would answer every purpose in this climate, and yet look quite well in almost any home. Procure from your carpenter a sound pine board of the dimensions you may wish for the use of your structure, which, by the way, should be about one-third longer than wide. Next obtain a suitable moulding (black walnut is the best) and fit it around the base-board, standing up on edge, that is, the back or thick part of the moulding must be down and secured to the board, while the thin or rabbit edge must stand up, forming a shallow box. Moulding without a "rabbit" is best.

Next have a zinc pan made to fit closely inside this shallow box, coming just to the top of the moulding. It is always best to make the moulding-box first, as otherwise it would be difficult to have the pan fit closely. Have the pan painted on the inside with a good coat of tar, as the delicate roots of the plants dislike to come in contact with a metal surface. Next comes the glass for the sides and ends, and here is where lies our only danger of failure. The glass should stand about as high above the moulding as the base containing the pan is wide, and you should be sure to have it slide down just inside the pan—never outside, between the moulding and the zinc, for then the moisture collecting on the glass would run down outside the pan to the wood-work, rotting it, and very likely between the moulding and base-board, on to the table or what else the case rests on, causing much trouble. Also in watering, the glass directs the water in like manner, with the same if not worse results.

We now suppose that you have the four pieces of glass making up the sides and ends of your case set into place in the base work. The glass must fit nicely together at the corners, and the top must be exactly level to take on the plate-glass covering, soon to be mentioned. Now, with common flour paste secure narrow strips of cloth along the corners to hold the glass together after the manner of strips on cigar boxes. They may turn over the top and run an inch down on the inside. When dry paste some dark paper over the cloth to hide it from view. Next fit on a neat plate-glass cover, which ought to project about one-fourth of an inch beyond the glass sides, all round; and to prevent its cutting your hands while lifting it, you should paste a narrow strip of dark paper around its edges, the same as you pasted them up and down the corners, though in this case no cloth will be necessary. Next oil your moulding, and you have a fern-case all complete, and one that you need not be ashamed of.

Of course you understand that the zinc pan is to be filled with earth to receive the ferns. The usual plan is to first put upon the bottom of the pan fine gravel to the depth of about one inch. This leaves two inches still, as the pan is supposed to be about three inches deep. A little fine charcoal is sifted in with the gravel. Over this a thin layer of moss is spread, to prevent the earth washing into the drainage and choking it. Some cases have holes in the bottom, and glass receptacles for superfluous water; but if care is used in watering, this will be entirely unnecessary. For soil suitable to grow most plants likely to be in the fernery, a mixture of one part sand, one part peat

or swamp muck, two parts light pasture loam (leaf-mould may be used for peat), will do very well. Such leaf-mould as we would gather on sandy land, as around Mobile, would contain all the sand necessary, and hence should be added in the proportion of two parts leaf-mould. The earth should be heaped up a little in the center, or, if the case is large, two or three little elevations may be made. Upon these place the larger ferns or plants, with the others distributed around them. A log of wood covered with moss and small ferns is a very pretty center-piece; and to cover the ground the little running selaginella, common in all greenhouses, answers better than almost anything else, except our own native mosses, which are the richest in North America, as we are assured by that able southern botanist, Dr. Charles Mohr, of Mobile, who has lately made a careful study of them.

A fern-case should be filled earlier in the season than October, though fine specimens may still be had in the woods of the lower south. But there must be no delay if you are to have ferns for the coming-in winter. When you have filled your case do not place it at a southern window in the full glare of the sun—an eastern or western window is better. And do not drown your plants. Persons frequently ask: "How often shall I water my plants?" It is impossible to answer, except to say: "Whenever they are dry." With the same amount of water per day in a cold room, the earth in the flower-pot would be mud, while in a hot room it would be powder in a few hours. To avoid pests, mould, etc., sprinkle the ferns occasionally and give air an hour or more every day. Wiping off the moisture from the glass will take away many impurities. Cases sprinkled often seldom require watering, and it is surprising how long life will last on a small supply of water.—*Ex.*

THE AQUARIUM.

The principle upon which the aquarium is constructed is the following: A plant immersed in water will, under the influence of light, exhale oxygen, and this oxygen is what all fish and fresh water animals require to sustain life. When gold fish are kept in a globe or an aquarium without any or insufficient plant life, the water should be changed every day or two, by taking out about one-third of it, and replacing it by fresh, to supply the necessary oxygen, which, in an aquarium with vegetable life is supplied by the plants. When animal and vegetable life is well proportioned—which can only be learned by observation and experience—the water need not be changed, only that which evaporates must be replaced, except when it becomes necessary to clean and re-arrange the inside, probably once or twice a year.

After the aquarium is cleaned, put in well-washed sand and pebbles to the depth of from one to three inches, according to size of globe or aquarium; on top of this may be strewn some small shells, corals, or other ornaments.

The common-size aquarium will not, for want of room, admit of a fine arrangement of rock-work, but a nice center-piece of terra cotta, in the shape of an arch, grotto or castle, should be put in, to receive the plants or to group the plants around, and for the fishes to swim through; and if selected large enough to project over the water, it will make a fine place for your lizards, frogs and turtles to get above water; otherwise a flat piece of cork to float on the water must be supplied.

The next step is the introduction of plants. Many suitable ones can be gathered from ponds and brooks. Calla lily, cypress (umbrella plant), and other good aquatic plants are sold by florists. And

charis Canadensis, which is found in nearly all stagnant water, is of great value in purifying the water, rendered impure by the accumulation of carbonic acid gas, as well as excrementitious matter. The office performed by plants in the economy of nature is of vital importance. Animals take in oxygen and give out the injurious carbonic acid gas, which is absorbed by plants, converting the carbon into the organs of their growth, and return the pure, life-giving oxygen to stimulate animal life, thus being mutually dependent, giving and receiving in return. Fish are healthier in consequence of aquatic plants, while the plants are invigorated by the animal products. Plants perform also an accessory office by giving shelter to the fish and such aquatic animals that are so valuable as fish food.

Most aquatic plants thrive as well if taken out of the pot and planted in sand as otherwise. In planting, remove a few pebbles, lay out the roots, and by replacing the pebbles the plants are held in their place. If plants are left in the pot, sand should be put on top, to prevent the soil from mixing with the water.

Fill the aquarium to about three-fourths with pure river or well water, in such a manner as not to disturb your interior arrangement. Cistern water will answer as well, if pure. After the water has become clear, put in the fish. Avoid overcrowding. The usual rule is two medium size gold fish to one gallon of water, with snails to eat any slime or refuse. The fish should be fed about twice a week, except in very cold weather, when they seldom touch any food. The best food for gold and silver fish is "Prepared fish food," because it will not sour the water. Turtles, eels, lizards, cod-fish, etc., must be fed either flies, worms or raw meat cut very fine or beaten tender, and hung to a string, so the fish can reach it. Gold and silver fish may be fed in like manner, but care must be taken to remove food not eaten, likewise decaying plants.

The aquarium should be kept in a light place, otherwise the plants wither. Never allow the full glare of the sun during the hot days to rest for hours on the aquarium; protect it with something that will admit light without heat. The water should never be allowed to become luke-warm; an even temperature must be maintained. Sudden changes must be avoided. Fish, although cold-blooded, would be thrown into spasms, and sometimes killed, by sudden changes of temperature.

Dust is another evil to be guarded against. A plate of glass as a lid to the aquarium, raised about an inch above the upper edge, so as to allow a passage of the air, is the best protection. If no glass is used, an occasional stirring of the water will prevent the accumulation of dust on the surface.

Sediment can be taken out by means of a glass tube. Place the finger on the upper end, and then dip the tube in the water over the object to be taken out; remove the finger for a moment and the water will rush up the tube, and it can be taken out and emptied.

For filling and emptying the aquarium, a syphon (a small rubber pipe) may be used. It is done by placing the end of the pipe to your mouth and drawing your breath strongly. The water under this suction forces the air out and causes it to flow out freely,—always supposing that in emptying, the end of the pipe in the pail is lower than the aquarium, and in filling, *vice versa*. The syphon can be produced in another way, viz: by filling the pipe with water, closing the openings at both ends with your fingers, and then placing one end in the aquarium and the other in the bucket; as soon as your fingers are withdrawn the water will flow.

If the green slime (*confervæ*), a low form of vegetation, appears, do not get alarmed, for it will benefit the fish and prove a good substitute for aquaria plants. The glass can be kept free from this substance by occasionally scrubbing it with a toothbrush or a sponge tied to a stick. This operation will make the water cloudy for a little while, but it will do no harm. The rules for successful management can be expressed in a few words: Even temperature, cleanliness, regular feeding, plant life, and no overcrowding.

MRS. C. S.
Garner, Hancock Co., Iowa.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

Among the many pretty refinements of the table there is none more pleasing than natural flowers. Unfortunately, the use of these can be carried to the height of vulgarity. Such were the high embankments and overloaded epergnes which concealed the faces of opposite guests, and presented such effectual barriers to conversation. The vulgarity of such ornaments is now happily recognized, while flowers are more essential to a well-spread table than ever. These are not regarded as a delicate attention now to the presence of a guest, at least in the season of flowers, but form the accompaniment of the daily meal. Nothing is more pleasing at breakfast than a vase of freshly-cut flowers while the dew is yet on them, and to provide this may well form the graceful duty of one of the daughters of the house.

In more formal entertainments a number of pretty arrangements of flowers prevail. Among the special pieces designed for flowers are the fancy dishes in what is sometimes called Bradley ware. Such are the crumpled baskets with Love holding the handles, and ornamented with china flowers colored after nature in relief. The imitation of flowers in this ware is carried to great perfection, and it is not expensive.

Flowers, however, are so decorative in themselves that the dish is of comparative unimportance. All floral designs are low. An ordinary round or oval low glass dish with a border of green leaves and grasses, and the flowers thickly massed, is one of the fashions that are always in season. And it may be remarked, in passing, that in choosing flowers for massing, the effect is much better when the flowers are confined to but one or two colors. The variegated and spotty appearance of mixed bouquets is not agreeable.

A rose basket, or a geranium basket, with only shades of the same color, will present a much more artistic appearance than a combination of the two. Tea roses and heliotrope combine nicely, and scarlet and yellow flowers can be made effective. At the same time there are very few combinations that equal in beauty a solid mass of the same color.

Low bowls are also considered very desirable for flowers. A quaint china bowl, such as most families have received from their grandmothers, has quite the air which suits prevalent modern ideas. In placing flowers in bowls, they should be loosely put in, allowing them to fall negligently against the sides, as if a handful of cut flowers had been put in for safe keeping.

In placing flowers in bowls each flower should be very fresh and perfect, as they are all seen to such an advantage. Old-fashioned flowers are preferred for arrangement in bowls. These always include roses of every description, as the rose belongs to all time.

A more common way is to have a plat of velvet or plush in the center, on which the ornaments are placed. For example, the plat is a square of blue velvet. This is bordered with damp moss with grasses lying over on the tablecloth, and with

their short stems in the moss is a border of Marshal Neil roses. In the center of the plat stands a silver bowl filled with roses and maiden's-hair fern.

Another fanciful device is a sheet of looking-glass fringed with grasses. Lying irregularly on this are water-lilies and their leaves. To arrange these it is necessary to have very short stems to the lilies.

Often low banks or mounds of flowers are raised, as of lycopodium, in which tulips are stuck as if growing. These can be formed of moss, which is wet and the flowers kept perfectly fresh. Simpler floral arrangements, however, meet the tastes of most people. Occasionally the flowers in ornamental pots are used, but these seem rather heavy as well as too high for the pleasure of guests.

The small bouquet at each plate is a graceful attention, and one usually highly appreciated. A few flowers in a wine-glass of water are also often placed at each plate. In choosing flowers for this purpose, or for table decoration of any kind, those of too high perfume are not desirable, as their odors, with the heat of the lights and the steam of the food, are apt to be sickening. Among the fashionable flowers is the stephanotis, an exotic, but its perfume is too powerful for the dining-room. Of other fashionable flowers there is the French daisy, whose center is variegated and very striking. The florists produce buttercups now which more than rival the flower of the field. Azaleas are very popular for table decoration, as is the spiræa. Ferns are always in request, nothing presenting a better effect with the spotlessness of the napery and the glitter of glass and silver.

In the finger-bowls flowers are often introduced by sticking their stems through a leaf which floats on the water. This is a pretty custom, and finds much favor.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to inquire if any of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD can tell me how to kill the scales on my ivy. Four years ago it was covered with them, and I washed it every week in carbolic soap suds. That failing to kill them, I cut it down. It is now as large as it was before, and again it is covered with the scales. I rub all I can see off the leaves, and wash it, but still they are there. Can any one tell me what to do?

If Elsie will send me her address and a stamp to pay postage, I will send her some seeds of a grass for winter bouquets, called Job's tears.

Merivate, Prov. Ont. MRS. K. WHILLANS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask some one to tell me how to cultivate pampas, or upland rice. At what time is it fit for use, and how is it prepared for the table? I wish to ask further how to cultivate celery.

E. F. I.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mary Smith, the best time to transplant ferns is when they are full grown, during the months of June, July, and August. They should be planted in a cool, shady place and well watered. A row of ferns looks very pretty growing close to the house on the shady side.

COM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Rosamond E. or some other sister tell me where I can procure a root of trailing arbutus? MRS. A. J. LANGLEY.

Farmer City, DeWitt Co., Ia.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to grow tuberoses from bulbs, when to plant them, and if small bulbs should be separated before planting?

S. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Emma E. asks where the maidenhair fern can be obtained. I will send her any amount desired, if she will send me her address, as it and many other varieties grow here in abundance.

Since the first of January, I have gleaned many useful things from our paper. I turn eagerly to The Conservatory, and just now it occurred to me that there might possibly be one sister in all the Band who has a slip of geranium, or a heliotrope, or madeira vine, or anything else in the shape of a house plant to spare. If so, will she not send it to me? I will send her all the ferns she wants if she will. MATTIE BARKER.

Robbinsville, Graham Co., N. C.

The Nursery.

CHILDREN'S JOYS.

The children's world is full of sweet surprises;
Our common things are precious in their sight;
For them the stars shine, and the morning rises
To show new treasures of untold delight—

A dance of bluebells in the shady places;
A crimson flush of sunset in the west;
The cobwebs, delicate as fairy laces;
The sudden finding of a woodbird's nest.

Their hearts and lips are full of simple praises
To Him who made the earth divinely sweet;
They dwell among the buttercups and daisies,
And find His blessings strewn about their feet.

But we, worn out by days of toil and sorrow,
And sick of pleasures that are false and vain,
Would freely give our golden hoards to borrow
One little hour of childhood's bliss again.

Yet He who sees their joy beholds our sadness,
And in the wisdom of a Father's love
He keeps the secret of the heavenly gladness;
Our sweet surprises wait for us above.

MILLY VAN DE VEER AND HER PETS.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

THE spring was cold and raw. Milly, who was longing for the time when she could be out of doors all day long, looked rather rueful as she sat wrapped in winter coat and hood upon the steps of her father's house, playing with a pretty tortoise shell kitten that was curled up in her lap. In a basket beside her was a bunch of arbutus blossoms which had shed forth their bewildering perfume from among the dead leaves and occasional patches of snow on the hill that rose a short distance away from the rear of the house. Milly intended the flowers as an offering of affection to the good old doctor who had carried her father through a severe illness, during the winter just passed, an illness that had sadly cramped the little household, and that even now threw a shadow of debt and anxiety over it, though Van de Veer himself was once more well, and at work at his trade as a carpenter. He owned the house and a few acres of land, but being obliged to do his farming on shares, it brought him in but a small return. The garden he attended to in spare hours, but as he was both industrious and skillful so that his labor was always in demand, he had, until this last winter, always been able to lay by a little to keep both house and grounds in good order.

Milly was the younger of two children. The older, a boy of about twelve, was still at school in the village, but Milly had been obliged to give up going on account of the expense, and she bitterly regretted the loss of her place in her class, and though, for the love she bore her mother, trying to be cheerful and brave, yet she had shed many a tear in the solitude of the barn chamber, whither both the children had always carried their joys and sorrows.

The sweet and spicy smell of gingerbread stole out from the open kitchen door, with the sound of the mother's step, and the low, gentle humming of her voice as she sang at her work. Presently she called, "Milly, run down for the mail. Father will want the newspaper when he comes in to dinner, and as it is Saturday it will come to-day."

Off went Milly, up the winding lane, where here and there the faint pink maple blossoms, threw a sparse shadow across the road, where cold as it still remained, a gentle whisper of spring breathed from the yellow willow branches and the tinge of green on the low meadows. The cold wind, however, made every thing late.

It was not long before Milly came hurrying home on flying feet, and stood quite breathless before her astonished mother.

"O mother, I've a letter and a little

bundle all to myself! I never had a bundle before. Who can it be from?"

Down went the newspaper and the hood on the floor, and down went Milly beside them, with the wonderful little parcel on her lap, and the letter in her hand, which she turned over and over, studying carefully direction, and seal, and stamp. Mrs. Van de Veer laughingly stood her broom up in the corner, and watched Milly's proceedings with almost equal interest.

First, a brown paper, then a paper box, then another brown paper, then a tin box, and Milly held her breath with curiosity and wonder. Cautiously opening the cover, there appeared irregular pieces of brown paper, with odd, Chinese-looking figures on them, and on one side they were plentifully sprinkled with little blue seeds about the size of very small pin heads.

"What can they be? O mother, did you ever see anything like them? Do you suppose they are Chinese sugar plums?"

"I am sure I don't know, child, they certainly are odd-looking. Perhaps your letter will tell you about them."

"O yes, my letter!" and carefully putting down the box, Milly proceeded to re-examine her letter.

"Philadelphia! why, that must be Aunt Patience!"

"Of course," exclaimed Mrs. Van de Veer, "it is from Aunt Patience. Now I see it is her handwriting. Dear old aunty! how good of her to write to you!"

Milly read her letter aloud, slowly, and with some hesitation, as the writing was stiff and cramped.

"MY DEAR NIECE, MILDRED:—Remembering the fine grove of mulberry trees on thy father's farm, I send thee a little box of pets to task thy industry, and I hope to reward thy care. It is so long since I have seen thee that I hardly know if thou hast given up thy dolls, but if thou art like thy mother, thou wilt willingly lay by thy pleasure for a good object—indeed, find thy pleasure in thy duty. Tell thy dear mother and father that I think of them with prayerful tenderness, and wait for the sight of them, and all who are dear to me, in heaven. I am thy loving great-aunt,

PATIENCE BELDEN."

"Why, mother, I know no more now than I did before, what these are. Pets! how can I pet seeds or sugar plums?"

"See here, daughter," said Mrs. Van de Veer, as she wiped the tear from her eye that the dear old aunty's loving words had started, "see among these wrappers that you have thrown down is a circular with pictures on it. Ah! now I see, silk worm eggs these are."

"Oh, what horrid-looking creatures!" said Milly, looking at the pictures with a shudder, and then becoming absorbed in reading the directions accompanying them.

A careful study of these directions resulted in the box of eggs, after they were exhibited to father and Willy at dinner time, being carefully packed in two paper boxes, and then in a wooden one, and carried to the Doctor's to be deposited on the ice in his ice house. The doctor's old sister, who acted as his housekeeper, declaring that that was the oddest way of keeping eggs she ever heard of, and exclaiming that, for her part, she had rather have flowers than worms any day, and that Milly's bunch of arbutus was silky enough for her.

Now came a time of anxious waiting. The eggs were not to be disturbed, until the still bare mulberry twigs were clothed with leaves the size of a half-dollar. A piece of pasteboard was cut by the children of the proper size, and it lay in Milly's drawer to be used as a pattern.

April with its showers melted into May. The cold winds took themselves off to other climes, and softer air stirred the

opening buds. The red banners of the maples hid themselves under the sheltering green. The purple and white lilacs nodded their fragrant clusters over the little gate. Dandelions sprinkled the meadow with their golden stars, the bloodroot and anemone faded from the hillside, and, at last, the much watched mulberry grove began to show a tinge of tender green. About one-third of May was gone when the children pronounced the leaves to be of the right size, and Milly's delight began.

The box of eggs was opened and its contents laid in shallow boxes on a shelf in the barn chamber, and in a day or two, the small blue eggs were only white shells, and the boxes were alive with little crawling hairs less than a quarter of an inch long.

Milly's industry never flagged in gathering the leaves, and chopping them up, and scattering them on the coarse lace which she laid over the boxes at every feeding time. Willy also enjoyed helping her, and the worms were attended to before the children came to their own meals.

Father and mother visited the barn frequently to watch proceedings with interest and amusement, and even the doctor stopped occasionally to see Milly's curious pets, and one day he brought her a book on insects which he had in his library, and which he thought she would enjoy now that she could watch some of their wonderful transformations.

The worms grew rapidly; by the first of June they measured a good half-inch, and had white-hooded necks, and twice had shaken off a shell-like mask, and wriggled out of their skins, leaving the little, wrinkled, empty bags among the leaves. Van de Veer, in the evenings, put up some extra shelves, and made some rough racks netted with twine to feed the worms upon.

Wonderfully interesting it was to see how quickly the little creatures smelled, or saw, or heard the arrival of fresh food as the crisp leaves were laid on the netting over them, and how hungrily they raised their heads, and drew themselves through the meshes of the net, and began greedily to devour the glossy leaves. Fortunately, Willy's vacation came, and he could devote his time to Milly's help for the work had grown beyond her unaided strength, so ravenous had the little creatures become. The children had many a call from the neighbors who liked to come in for a few moments to watch the curious worms cut rapidly the even circle from the leaves.

Fortunately, it was possible to have a fire when the long, cold rains came, and Willy picked the mulberry branches, and laid them in the cellar to dry before feeding them, and so saved the dainty pets from destruction.

Four weeks had slipped by, when, one morning as Milly was laying the fresh feed on the shelf, there, in one corner, she spied a little wad of silvery silk, and under it a worm dexterously and industriously weaving his delicate thread back and forth. Milly could hardly contain herself with joy.

It was hard to sit still and eat her own breakfast while so wonderful a thing was taking place in the cocoonery, as the children now called the barn. The children built up stacks of twigs and stood the feeding racks up among the worms who had suddenly changed their quiet manner of monotonous feeding among the leaves, and to-day were transformed into a restless, rambling mass, twisting themselves in every direction in search of a spot from which to hang their soft, silken shrouds, within which they could sleep their last sleep, experience their final change, and rise on snowy wings towards the bright sky.

How much Milly gained for her reward

I dare not say. But I know that with the check that came to her from Philadelphia, after her barrels of cocoons were sent there, the doctor's bill was paid, and a new cow stood in the stall from which they had so sadly missed old Buttercup all winter, that Milly went to school in the autumn to her great delight, and that the culture of silk was entered into next spring by the family, with the well-assured hope of present and future prosperity.

HOW JOHN WILSON MADE AN AQUARIUM.

I know there are many of my little readers who would like to have an aquarium, and whose papas and mammas would like them to have anything from which so much can be learned as from an aquarium, but they cannot afford the cost, so I am going to tell you how John Wilson got one.

John Wilson's father was a minister in a country place, not far away from the city in which Robert and Carrie Smith lived. Once, when he came to the city with his little daughter Jennie, he stopped at Mr. Smith's. She was very much pleased with their aquarium. It was "splendid," she said. Then she went over with Carrie to see Mr. Percy's big one. When she came back, she said, "I'm going to have an aquarium, too, papa."

"I don't know," said Mr. Wilson, ministers in the country don't get much pay, and I don't think I can afford to buy an aquarium while we all need shoes pretty badly."

"Oh, but you won't have to buy it!" said Jennie, with a knowing look.

"Who will buy it, then?" said her papa. "Nobody," she said, laughing.

"How will you get it, then?" broke in Carrie.

"Why, my brother John will make one."

"I'm afraid your brother John couldn't make one unless he's a glass-blower," said Robert.

"Oh, you don't know how smart John is!" answered Jennie. "He can get up anything. It won't be so fine as yours, but it will be real nice, I tell you."

They all laughed at seeing how proud Jennie was of her brother. But Mr. Wilson said that Jennie was right, and he had no doubt that John would get up an aquarium somehow.

When Jennie went home she didn't tease John to make one, but she told him all about what she had seen.

"Let us have one, too," said John. "Mother, couldn't you let us have that glass candy jar that you have preserves in?"

"Yes, my son, if I had something else."

"I've got ten cents," said John, "and if I had five more, I could buy you an earthen-ware jar that would do as well."

"You may have my five," said Jennie, and so the jar was bought and traded to mother for her glass one. Then John got from a friend a net for catching minnows, and he soon had ten minnows and one little sun-fish in the jar. Then he caught two pollywogs, or tadpoles, and put them in, for he had heard that Mr. Percy had some in his fine aquarium. Then he caught a beautiful water spider, and put it on the top of the water, and he got a few water snails also, which clung round the sides. Then Jennie declared that that was nice enough for anybody and when Robert and Carrie Smith saw it, they thought as much of John Wilson's smartness as Jennie did. Mr. Smith knew that if he gave him anything for the aquarium, it would no longer seem so nice as it did when it was all his own work, so he only told John that if he would catch three minnows for him, he would give

him two gold-fish for his aquarium. John took some small gold-fish, because his jar was not very large.

John kept his aquarium in the glass jar a long time, but one day he was in the city, and he went to the store where Mr. Smith had bought his aquarium. He then agreed to furnish the aquarium seller a great many minnows and cray-fish, and such things as he could get, for a real aquarium.

But I am very sure that a boy who depends on himself in that way will make a useful man. God wants us to learn to make the most of what we have, and so to be cheerful and contented. — *Little Folks.*

QUAKER GIRLS.

Perhaps in slighter degree and less heavily the restrictions of the sect bear upon the Quaker maiden, but none the less is the graceful growth of her nature confined in narrower limits than Heaven ordained for it. To dance and sing, to wear bright ribbons and dainty robes, seem as natural to girlhood as for a bird to plume its feathers, and a flower to shine out in the sun. The Quaker girl "wears her ruse with a difference," perhaps, but the fashion of her garments, her colors and her walk and conversation are her mother's with but slight remove.

Her youthful energies are devoted to the acquirement of dainty housekeeping, or fine seamstress-ship, and to stocking her mind with solid knowledge. She is in all respects "the old-fashioned girl." It is the logical preparation, doubtless, for the freedom and fullness which mature womanhood will bring. The vine whose fruit is for kings' tables, must be shorn of all gay luxuriance, and its bare, brown branches nailed to a narrow trellis, unsightly and ungraceful. Very fine is the vintage, but, alas! for the vine! Youth comes only once, and as the years fleet past, one cannot but wish that she could snatch at least the rainbows on the foam as the river goes speeding on. It is so easy to laugh and be gay now, and afterward it is so hard.

But if the Quaker girl feels these things in her soul, and inwardly beats against the bars, there is no trace of discontent or disquiet on her pure, still brow. And her simple dress is such a grateful contrast at times to the fantastic toiletts of to-day, that the eye rests upon her well pleased. For her own sake only, one might wish the rose in her hair, the knot of ribbon at the throat, and that the little boots that pat so soberly on the pavement might learn a livelier measure.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

EFFECTS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

Every mother desires the love and respect of her children, yet it often happens that the most affectionate and devoted mother fails to win a love like her own, or at least finds it of slow growth. Seldom indeed until she shall have children of her own does the daughter appreciate the depth and tenderness and self-sacrifice involved in the love of the mother. True and lasting love is based only upon respect and reverence. To attain this the mother should not suffer herself to be the tool, or plaything, or slave of her children.

Our Saviour has truly said, "Whosoever will be greatest shall be servant of all," and "Whosoever will be great let him be your minister," but the mother can be great among her children only by rendering them the greatest service, by ministering to the needs of their souls, their minds, and their hearts, as well as to those of their physical nature. And in order to do this she must keep herself at her best, and not waste time and

strength in waiting upon husband and children in the thousand little things that they should do for themselves and for her.

Goethe says of woman:

"Early let woman learn to serve for that is her calling, For by serving alone can she attain to ruling To the well-deserved power that is hers in the household. The sister serves her brother while young, and serves her parents, And all her life is still a continual coming and going, A carrying ever, and bringing, A making and shaping for others. Well for her will it be if she think no road a foul one, If she make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day. Thinking no labor too trifling and never too fine the needle, Forgetting herself altogether and living in others alone."

All this sounds well. It is a most attractive picture of self-sacrifice and noble unselfishness. Woman, by nature unselfish in her love for her offspring, readily falls into this way of thinking and acting and discovers her mistake too late. The mother who in the fullness of generous love runs hither and thither continually to do for the various members of the family those things which they should do themselves, comes to be regarded as a useful piece of machinery, suited to minister to their wants, but she is not regarded with one whit more of love or reverence, rather the reverse. By and by when the mother is worn out in body and spirit, when the child, grown older, feels no need of her as its slave, it finds other more attractive playmates and companions.

Besides, it is one of the worst features of this heroic self-abnegation that the mother thereby so wearis herself that she is unfitted to exercise the wisdom and patience and even-handed justice that the care of young children requires. There is an old saying, "Never ask another for what you can do yourself," but in the case of nearly all mothers this saying should be reversed, she should never try to do herself what another can do as well, for the simple reason that there are so many things that she must do and which she can do so much better than any one else, that if she add to these the few things that others may do as well, her time and strength will be quite exhausted.

The mother has necessarily far more labor, care and anxiety than any other member of the household. Her hands her head and her heart are full, with contriving and executing plans for the good of the family. She is continually occupied and her work seems to have no end, but she must not work so hard as to lose all her spirit and cheerfulness, and leave herself no time for rest and recreation or mental growth. Neither husband nor children will love her the more for sacrificing herself wholly to them, as many a sad, weary mother has learned to her cost.

Let her be just to herself. "Be just before you are generous." As soon as possible let children be taught to wait upon themselves and each other. If "the sister serves the brother," let the brother also serve the sister. If the wife serves the husband, let the husband also serve the wife and relieve her as far as he can in the care of the children. If the mother serve the children, let them also serve her.

Not that she should make slaves of the children any more than they should make a slave of her. But children like to be useful, like to feel that they are a real help to older persons, and if a little praise and perhaps too a little money is given them, they will learn to enjoy the pleasure of helping mother and of earning something for themselves, and be early taught the dignity of labor as well as save their mother a little time to keep herself in advance of them in study and thought, in general information and in spiritual growth, so as to be always reverenced as

their intellectual and spiritual guide and friend and counselor.

It has been truly said by Miss Sewell, author of an excellent work on education, that "Unselfish mothers make selfish children." This may seem startling, but the truth is, that the mother who is continually giving up her own time, money, strength and pleasure for the gratification of her children teaches them to expect it always. They learn to be importunate in their demands, and to expect more and more. If the mother wears an old dress that the daughter may have a new one, if she work that her daughter may play, she is helping to make her vain, selfish and indolent, and very likely she will be ungrateful and disrespectful, and this is equally true of the husband, and other members of the family. Unselfish wives make selfish husbands. How frequently do we see the pathetic ballad, "Hannah Jane," enacted in real life.

"No negro ever worked so hard a servant's pay to save, She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave; What wonder if she never read a magazine or book, Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress, cook; What wonder that the beauty fled that once was so adored; Her beautiful complexion the fierce kitchen fire devoured; Her plump, soft, rounded arm, was once too fair to be concealed, Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength congealed.

I was her altar and her love the sacrificial flame, Ah! with what pure devotion she to that altar came, And tearful flung thereon—alas, I did not know it then, All that she was, and more than that—all that she might have been."

Phoebe Carey's touching poem, "Arthur's Wife," is another good illustration.

What then, must we be selfish to teach others to be unselfish? By no means. "In avoiding Scylla don't fall into Charybdis." Let the mother show kindness, tenderness and sympathy for each member of the family, and let each day be full of pleasant words and deeds for those around her; but let her be just to herself, for so only can she preserve her own health and cheerfulness; so only can she keep herself at her best, morally, mentally, and physically; so only can she win and keep the love and reverence of her husband and children.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I wonder if you will admit Lillian to your circle? I love little children very much, and I thought if you would sit by me this pleasant summer day, I would tell you a story of a little boy who went to school and had to write a composition. I presume like all little children, he said, "I can't," that is what I said, and I had to write one on that subject. This boy got permission to take his slate and go back of the schoolhouse, where he could find something to write about. He might tell what it was, what it was for, and what was to be done with it, and that would be a composition. So he saw a turnip, and took that for a subject, and here is what he wrote:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm;
And it grew—and it grew
Till it could grow no taller.
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.
There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it
And put it in the pot.
Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

Which one of you can tell me who that little boy was? His name was Henry W. Longfellow, our dearest poet. He loved little children very much, and several of

his poems are about children. He was nine years of age when he wrote that. Now you see what a help it was to him that he mastered the first difficulty. He afterward became one of America's sweetest and dearest poets.

We have said enough for one day. Go and read up all you know about this poet, and tell me when we meet again.

LILLIAN.

ELLA'S AND OLA'S LONG JOURNEY.

Several weeks ago my young nephews rushed into our parlor where I was practicing, exclaiming, "Auntie, a man is coming up our front pavement, and he is leading a little girl, and drawing another in a baby wagon!"

Hastily closing the piano, I went to meet the new comers. Upon reaching the door steps I was politely accosted by a cadaverous-looking man who proved to be the father of the little girls. He craved shelter and food, which were, of course, granted. His wee ones were aged respectively three and six years. Ella, the elder girl, had walked beside her father the greater portion of the distance from Alabama, while he had drawn Ola his three-year-old daughter in a crude wagon formed by fastening an empty soap box upon the old wheels of some child's cast-off wagon. The travelers had been upon the road twenty-one days, and had averaged a daily distance of twenty miles. The father said he was out of money, and his children were almost destitute of clothing. Sister gave them some of her girls' clothes, and the poor motherless creatures were delighted with their substantial gifts.

The father evidently idolized his pretty, attractive children, and as he repeatedly caressed them, the thought uppermost in my mind was, how came the courteous father of such nice children to be in such indigent circumstances?

When we finished eating supper, three-year-old Ola extended her dimpled hands towards me and coaxingly begged to be rocked to sleep. As she cuddled in my arms, she told me that her father rocked her to sleep every night. She exclaimed, "I love my papa; indeed, I do love him; but I'm sorry mamma died and left us behind!" and her large brown eyes grew luminous with earnestness.

I wondered if the mother in her spirit home knew her baby longed for her; if the mother kept loving watch over her dear ones, and prompted the father to bestow love and attention upon the children she resigned to his keeping when she journeyed to the "silent land."

Ola's conversation was so redundant with originality that we were sorry to part with her the ensuing morning. After breakfast the travelers walked towards Natchez, *en route* to their destination, a remote portion of Louisiana. I have often thought of the little girls since they left us, and I trust the three pedestrians are now with friends who will make them comfortable and happy.

Fayette, Miss.

LINDA WALTON.

—There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In Germany and Holland, especially, it is coming to be a common thing to send telegrams to save expenses and insure precision. Thus the red, white, and blue, the Celtic, Teutonic, and Latin elements of English language will yet make the tour of the globe, and be the silent speech fitted to the silent lips of lightning, as well as the tongue which half of the earth's millions will speak within two centuries from the present time.

The Library.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I.
Men loose their ships, the eager things,
To try their luck at sea,
But none can tell by note or count,
How many there may be.
One turneth east, another south—
They never come again,
And then we know they must have sunk,
But neither how nor when.

II.
God sends His happy birds abroad—
"They're less than ships," say we;
No moment passes but He knows
How many there should be.
One buildeth high, another low,
With just a bird's light care—
If only one, perchance, doth fall,
God knoweth when and where.

OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

Part II.

BY REBA L. RAYMOND.

THE closing leaves of our book are devoted to Christmas with appropriate title and illustrations, among them, "The Birds' Christmas Tree" is so natural and life-like we almost fancy we hear their chattering. This represents a custom of the Norwegian peasant children to tie together a sheaf of wheat and other grain, fasten it to a pole, and plant it in the snow for the birds to feast upon. We mean that our birds shall have one another year, and we shall give them a cheery welcome. The brilliant red birds that flash in and out among the pines, the sober-colored snow birds, the quaint little wrens that give us such exquisite music, and stay close to our homes all the year, shall have a rich feast.

Connected with these are articles of interest, in regard to the customs of different countries in the observance of this day of days. An interesting article on the mistletoe gives us considerable information in regard to the rites and ceremonies of the ancient Britons. There is an old superstition that it was the forbidden tree in the Garden of Eden, with many other legends and superstitions connected with it. We are glad of all the information we can gather in regard to it. A bit of this famous parasite forms quite an addition to one's cabinet of curiosities.

The book so outlined is filled with much that is very interesting on every subject. While it does not contain the longer lectures of Joseph Cook, there are extracts from them, as "Spiritualism," "Women as Voters," with an interesting sketch of him.

The large size of the book serves us admirably for inserting full-page portraits of distinguished persons that we wish to preserve in some way. They are not just the thing for framing, and if left lying loosely in a case of engravings, they soon become worn and soiled. Here is a full-page portrait of Frank Leslie, with a long article in broad, black margins, telling us more of the man and his work than we had known before. This was taken from the first copy of the paper bearing his name published after his death.

From a magazine we cull a charming article on Schiller, with the accompanying portrait, and also his residence. From the same source our book is enriched with a long article, with illustrations, on Augusta Evans and her charming retreat, Ashland, near Mobile. But the most prized of all these illustrated pages, are those devoted to Charlotte Bronte, with portrait of her, and a view of her home, the parsonage of Haworth, the church with its high pulpit, the village of Haworth, the Roe Head school, and the Field Head of Shirley. The article reviews nearly every book she has

written, bringing them all up fresh in our minds.

Here, too, is the sweet singer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, her face half hidden by the dark curls, and a review of her life from childhood, through years of invalidism, and life in Italy, down to the close in her beautiful Florence, when a lovely vision passed before her, she murmured "It is beautiful," and her great, loving soul passed into the beyond. The sister friend who gives this tribute to her precious memory, closes so truthfully in the lines,

"Life, love, and beauty, are intense, indeed,
But death intenser; death is life's high need."

Under the heading of "Women of Yesterday and To-day," are many shorter articles; Letitia Elizabeth Landon, Fredrika Bremer, Louisa Alcott, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, with a glimpse at her home. We must not forget among the portraits the kindly face of Walt Whitman, or the strong face of Caleb Cushing, and many others that space forbids to mention. In political circles only the giants are inserted, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Gen. Garfield, etc.

In regard to the master minds of the age, we made a specialty of the clippings from all the leading papers and magazines in this country and in England, as in the case of George Eliot who has been called the Shakespeare of the day. There are articles of interest from many papers, personal recollections of the men and women in our own land who had visited her in her home—presidents of colleges, and literary men and women of the day. There are pictures of her early life, her later home, her books, the characters given in them, and, most prized of all, personal letters written by her. Her life, death and burial, are clearly portrayed. These with adverse criticisms and the proceeds of each book are all inserted. Near by there is a large portrait of the author, George Henry Lewes, with a sketch of his life. Space is left for later insertions, making this division of our book, one of untold treasure to us.

In the same way we made clippings concerning Thomas Carlyle, and later on, our own beloved Dr. J. G. Holland, two portraits of him, loving words from many pens, and an autographic, fac-simile extract from Kathrina, that exquisite poem whose dedication is also a poem. This is his most popular poem of which 90,000 copies have been sold. Here is also inserted his first poem written at the age of seventeen. In a letter speaking of this poem, the first article of his that ever saw the light, he says, "I took the paper containing a copy of it from the office, peeped within, saw the verses, and walked home on air. I shall probably never be so absorbingly happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it, earth never had anything like it for me. I have seen my work in type since then, until I have been tired of it, but I can never forget the great joy of that occasion." An elegantly mounted book rack was made of the willow tree which he commemorated in the poem, and sent him. He numbered it among his household gods. His last publication, a poem on the death of President Garfield is also entered. The longest article is taken from the Springfield Republican, with which he was so long connected. His early struggles in life are clearly depicted. Success, it seems, will always crown well-directed effort, even though it tarries for years. Dr. Holland did as much to spread pure and wholesome reading matter over the land as any other man. There was a peculiar charm for us in all he wrote, and his works are among the most highly prized of all our books. The very first that fell in our way was the collection of charming essays under the title of "Gold Foil."

After that we sought eagerly for every one of his books until most of them are on our shelves.

Here are some instructive articles on Ireland and Iceland, with timely illustrations. The cities of Berne, Geneva, Naples, and Ghent, with their principal objects of interest, Edinburgh, the monuments of Burns and Walter Scott, the regalia of Scotland, and nearly a dozen views of Windsor, are pictured here.

There are also some interesting articles with accompanying illustrations, on some of the leading colleges for women in this country; Wellesley, with a long article by Lyman Abbott, and ten clear type engravings, Mount Holyoke, with which the sweet memory of Mary Lyon is inseparably connected, Vassar, with a long article from one of the first teachers of the institution.

There are full-page wood cuts of celebrated paintings by English artists, representing life in its different phases. Among these are "Labor," a harvest scene, "Spring," and "Signal for the Ferry," which is one of the very best, the mountain scenery and the river being true to nature. "Kept in" moves upon our sympathies. "The Irish Schoolmaster," almost savage in his sternness, and the trembling boys, make us glad we do not live in the dark ages of such discipline.

A series of essays on the subject of "Home Interest," has been running for a dozen years through one of the leading weeklies.

Those that touched us particularly, or, in other words, seemed written for us, are here carefully treasured. Chief among these are "Timely Help," "Pruning," "Reaction," "The Open Door," "Choice," "The Love of Excellence," "The very Best," "The Value of What is Left," and others of the same stamp. When we learn more of the author, a noble woman who has traveled the whole way, and that the words she writes, are all drawn from life, they are doubly dear to us.

Under a pretty heading, "Pleasant Gossip," taken from one of the floral catalogues, there are bits of news from "The Personals."

"The Wit and Humor," department contains pictures which are burlesques or satires on the heartlessness of fashionable life in fashionable calls. One ridicules the lap dog question. Who has not been disgusted by the devotion of some frivolous creature to her lap dog?

So the work of filling goes on, until the space left is reserved for the specialities in the way of engravings, and a medium size of Mark Twain's is taken for other articles. A school report must serve us for the knitting and crochet patterns that are given everywhere, and another one for the recipes of different kinds that one always wishes to refer to.

So many charming stories are afloat now for children that we have decided to collect them in book form, to entertain our little friends. They will teach them lessons of love and kindness to those less favored than themselves. Here is one with rare touches of nature, one of the poor children's excursions, taken from The Independent, called "The Lost Ticket," another, "Biddy's Birthday and Katie's Sacrifice," and so on. We are glad we have decided on this; they were continually coming under our notice, we knew they were above the medium, but we had no room among our scraps for them, now we shall save them all as they come, and they will serve as the text for many a twilight story for our little cousins who will never tire of them.

For the home-made scrap-books, or those without the pages ready for the scraps, we find nothing better for pasting them in than flour paste, using a small brush, drying the leaves with a moderately warm iron. This keeps them smooth and free from blisters. For inserting pages from magazines we prefer mucilage.

If we have given any help to the boys and girls who may desire a book of this kind, we shall be glad, and we hope they will not be deterred from beginning one, because they may have only one paper to gather from. There is not a local paper that comes in our way but has scraps worth preserving. Just now we have clipped an interesting item concerning blind Tom, from a local paper, and although we have a sketch in one of our earlier books, this is later and tells us more about this musical marvel of the nineteenth century.

If you only begin the scraps will gather together fast, and ere you are aware, you will have a quantity of useful information on hand. Our gleanings are from odd copies of many different publications, (that is, the later ones,) as we keep looking up something new whenever we can. For a trifle an extra copy of a paper on any particular subject can be purchased, and they will often fall in your way. We have just found among some old books an interesting article in a copy of a musical monthly, a two-page illustrated article on the harp in early and remote ages, showing the instrument in nearly twenty shapes. The tinted leaf fits our book nicely, and will serve us in acquiring considerable knowledge of this stringed instrument.

And so we keep on with our books, until, though not strictly things of beauty, they are a "joy forever." When other reading palls upon us, we turn to our scrap-book, and in the medley gathered here, we are sure to find something that will entertain us. It may be that it opens at "The Personal History of David Livingstone," and although the book, Dr. Blaikie's life of the great missionary, has never fallen in our way, the lengthy review given by an editor, contains the essence of the work for us, and we feel more than ever the sublime truth of the words,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Or we find ourselves on our way to visit, by proxy, the home of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow. We are shown through the quaint old house where so many celebrities have lived before it became his home, we are viewing the many relics and curiosities that are gathered here, we enjoy the scenery from the windows overlooking the river Charles, we review the favorite poems, and are told when they were written, when the inspiration came, sometimes in the early morning or evening, or at the hour of midnight. The bits of verse of rare melody are interwoven with it all. The old clock in the corner brings to mind the poem, "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and a small but exquisite painting of the same among the many we noticed in the nation's art gallery. We learn too that this gifted man did not escape the sorrows of life, but that they came to him in common with all others. Death took the dearest and best loved ones from him. He too was obliged to bear the pruning—the discipline of life.

Have we been dreaming? we ask as we awaken to the surroundings about us. The dull, gray, leaden sky lowers upon us, the wind whistles among the pines, while the sleet comes against the windows with such force as to startle us from our reverie. Ah, no; it is the book we hold in our hands that has charmed us for an hour.

CRITICISM.—Some people take delight in criticising the trifling faults of a book so closely that the habit vitiates their taste and renders them incapable of relishing its beauties.

ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

Being a teacher, I have taken especial pleasure in looking up authorities for the pronunciation of words, and I regret the errors that so often fall upon the ear, uttered by people who, though knowing better, often grow careless in the pronunciation of words.

It is said that there are some mispronounced words by which Americans are always known abroad. Two of these words are inquiry and often. The long i should be used in the former word, and the t is silent in the latter. There is an obscure authority for asso-ciation and pronun-ci-ation, but Webster gives the sh sound, as asso-she-ation, pronun-she-ation. The English mode of pronouncing lieutenant is lef-tenant, but Webster is the only authority out of four or five that sanctions lu-tenant, which shows that the preference is given to the English method.

Interest and interesting are very frequently accented on the third syllable instead of the first as they should be, while exquisite is also accented on the first instead of the second as it is generally erroneously pronounced. In exhaust, exhilarate, and exhort the letter h is sounded, while in hostler it is dropped. In squirrel and stirrup the preference is given to the short sound of i, as sqir-rel, and stir-rip. The word gap is used only meaning a break, as in a fence or a water gap, while gape, to open the mouth wide, is either gape with the a long as in ape, which is the English mode, or gape with the broad, Italian sound of a, as in far; bath, tomato, and banana, are given the same sound of the letter a.

Peremptory and evangelical are accented on the first syllable; cement, the noun, is pronounced cem-ent, the accent being on the first syllable; while decorous, calliope, amenities, abdomen, grimace, lyceum, placard, and compensate, have the accent on the second syllable. Syrup is frequently pronounced surup, instead of giving it the short sound of i. Persia and Asia are correctly called Pershe-a, A-she-a. There is good authority for chimest and chimestry, but chemist is correct also. Dessert is sometimes called de-sert, the accent being erroneously placed on the last syllable, as if the dainties which come after a substantial meal were barren, unproductive, wild and desolate.

In courtesy, courteous, and tedious, every syllable is clearly pronounced, as cour-ty-ous and te-dy-ous. In squalor the long a is used as in pain. Suit, blue, and tune are frequently called soot, bloo, toon, instead of giving u the long sound as in cube. Isolated is iz-olated; sacrilegious is pronounced with the long sound of e, and the accent occurs on the third syllable.

These are but a few of the many words mispronounced in general conversation, and if more thought and care were bestowed on this very interesting branch of education, we should speak much purer English, which is the best foundation for acquiring a foreign language.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask if any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band can tell who is the author of the following lines, and give the rest of the poem?

"Is it true, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest, and most hopelessly are lost;
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?"

A. M. K. SNYDER.

Box 60, Manor Date, Penn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask if some of the many readers can assist me in my endeavor

or to obtain the song "Fading Flowers?" and who is the author?

Can any one tell me where I can find a beautiful poem entitled "Coming?" I have been searching for it. I saw some one inquired for it awhile ago in THE HOUSEHOLD. If she has succeeded in obtaining it, will gladly repay her for her trouble, if she will send it to me by mail.

If the lady who offered to send copies slips will send me some, I will send her patterns of fancy work.

Mrs. M. E. DORR.

Box 137, Athol Center, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the song in which occur these lines?

Now Moses don't touch it,
Now Moses you'll catch it,
Now Moses don't you hear what I say;
And thus without stopping
The music keeps dropping,
From morn till night and from night till day.

If they will do so I will try to return the favor.

Mrs. A. J. LANGLEY.

Farmer City, DeWitt Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem, "Prayer and Potatoes."

W. Burke, Vt.

Mrs. O. T. CURTIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader inform me where I can obtain the words of "Death Makes all Men Brothers?"

MISS CARRIE M. SARGENT.

365 Washington Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the song entitled "The Hat me Father Wore?" and if I can return the favor I will gladly do so.

Mrs. MAE ROZELLI.

East Wolf, Russell Co., Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the readers send me the words of the piece, "Because I'm Twenty-five?" Part of it is:

"How wondrous strange,
How great the change,
Since I was in my teens."

Also the piece commencing:

"Lone and weary through the streets we wander,
For we have no place to lay our heads."

Marysville, Cal.

IOLA DUNNING.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask THE HOUSEHOLD sisters if one of them can send me the words of the song entitled "The old Bureau Drawer," also, "Rosalie the Prairie Flower." I will try to return the favor.

Haverhill, Mass.

FLORA L. BARTLETT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of your subscribers send me the words of the song entitled "The Faded Coat of Blue?"

Mrs. D. M. WARNER.

Keweenaw, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send to me the poem, "Lady Byron's Answer to Lord Byron's Farewell?"

Mrs. DORA G. GANS.

Uniontown, Fayette Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the words of a poem called "The Legend of the Organ Builder," written by Julia C. R. Dorr?

Bennington, Vt.

CARRIE E. WILLIAMS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send me the words and music to the song entitled "When the Roses Come Again?" If there is any way I can repay the sender I will do so gladly.

M. A. MOHR.

Manchester, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the music and words of "The Beautiful Isle of Sometime?" If I am rightly informed it was published in some of the western states, and is now out of print. I will willingly pay the price of the music, or exchange some other music for it.

S. G. LUMBERT.

Hyannis Port, Mass.

THE REVIEWER.

LEONE, the latest of the Round Robin series, differs from the preceding stories in many ways. The scene is laid in Italy, and the characters, with the exception of the heroine and her father, are Italians. We are given pleasant glimpses of artist life in Rome, and then are led into highly romantic and effective incidents, in which brigands and their wonderful cave-palace play the greater part. After various difficulties and rather sensational adventures, the rescue of the heroine from the bandits, the story ends with the tragic death of the chief of the bandits and the happy deliverance of the lovers from the trials and difficulties which had surrounded

them. Though not a particularly strong story, it is well told and will find many interested readers. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

BRIGHT DAYS IN THE OLD PLANTATION TIME, by Mary Ross Banks, is a bright and readable sketch of southern life in the ante-bellum days. Differing from the novel of the day in every respect, being the narrative of the life of a child as told in later years to her young grandchildren, it has all the charm of novelty, and we listen, too, to the wonderful stories told by Bet, and the escapades of the happy children accompanied by their dusky followers. Many readers will enjoy the graphic pictures of these days before the war, aside from the interest awakened in the general reader by the entertaining and pleasing manner in which the book is written, gaining many a hearty laugh from the recital, in real negro vernacular, of their wonderful stories and adventures. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: W. R. Geddis.

TWO DAYS, by W. Newport, is a dainty and attractive little volume, purporting to be the history of two days at the seashore, told by the hero—a boy of fourteen. The charming little girl who figures as the heroine of this childish romance, is a merry little maiden of ten, who would win the hearts of most boys. A pleasant little book for an hour out of doors when one wants something to read which will not require the thought or application necessary to more serious works. Price 60 cents. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

IN THE SADDLE, a collection of the best and most famous poems of horseback rides, among which we find the old favorites, "How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Duchess May," and many others which will be enjoyed by lovers of stirring poetry. The little volume is handsomely printed and bound. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August is an unusually readable number, opening with an illustrated sketch of the celebration of St. Joseph's day by the Indians of New Mexico. "An Adirondack Home," by P. Deming, is a delightfully written sketch of life in the wilderness. Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer's concluding paper on the Alleghanies gives an interesting account of the career of Gallitzin, the prince missionary who did so much for the early civilization of this mountain region. "The Romance of Childhood," by Henry A. Beers, is one of the most charming of his always readable sketches. "Bay Beauties and Bay Breezes," by P. V. Huysoon is an amusing and interesting paper. The serial, "Fairy Gold," increases in interest. Anthony Van Wyk contributes a thoughtful paper on "Shires and Shire Towns in the Southern States." There are excellent short stories by Eleanor Putnam, Chauncy Hickox, and Charles Dunning, and the editorial departments contain much interesting matter. \$3.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "Progress in Religious Thought," pointing out the many influences, social, educational and scientific, which are by degrees transforming the whole structure of dogmatic belief and teaching. T. V. Powderly contributes a temperate article on "The Organization of Labor." The well-known British military correspondent, Archibald Forbes, writes of "The United States Army," dwelling more particularly on those features of our army management which appear to him to be most worthy of imitation by the military governments of Europe. "Woman's Work and Woman's Wages," by Charles W. Elliott, is a forcible statement of one of the most urgent problems of our time. In a highly interesting essay on "The Ethics of Gambling," O. B. Frothingham analyzes the passion for play with ingenuity. "The Remuneration of Public Servants," by Frank D. Y. Carpenter, gives matter for serious consideration, both to the civil service reformers and their opponents. Finally, there is a paper on "Artesian Wells upon the Great Plains," by Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution. The Review is sold by booksellers generally.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with a long installment of Mr. Hardy's serial, which reaches a crisis, and is somewhat more interesting than the preceding chapters, though

the interest of the number centers in Miss Phelps' charming heroine, "Dr. Zay," and her intractable patient. Charles D. Warner contributes one of his always readable papers on foreign travel entitled "Across Africa." The sixth paper in the "Studies in the South," deals chiefly with local questions, prominent among them being the future of the poor whites. M. A. Hardaker contributes an able paper entitled, "A Study in Sociology," and W. T. Harris writes of Emerson. Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke gives one of her charming character studies in her story of "Thomas Tucker." There are extensive and interesting reviews of the new books, and poems by O. W. Holmes, Helen Hunt, Edith Thomas, and S. W. Weltzel. The Contributors' Club has always something which richly repays the reader, and not the least interesting of the contents is the supplement containing an account of the garden party given to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the occasion of her late birthday. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August has a tempting list of contents, among which the most critical reader may find something of interest. It has for its frontispiece, an exquisite drawing by E. A. Abbey, illustrating one of Herrick's charming little poems. John A. Butler contributes a fine descriptive sketch entitled "Some Western Resorts," with several illustrations. In "The Cruise of the Nameless," Barnet Phillips contributes an interesting paper with illustrations, which brings a vacation trip on the water vividly before us. Mr. Black's charming serial, "Shandon Pells," increases in interest, and is a prominent feature. Alice R. Robbins describes an old English town in her readable sketch of "Some Worthies of Old Norwich." Part IV. of "Spanish Vistas" gives an interesting description of Andalusia and the Alhambra. George M. Dawson has a readable paper on "The Queen Charlotte Islands," and Col. T. W. Higginson contributes the first of a series of articles entitled "The First Americans." F. E. Pendergast gives a practical paper on "The Canadian Pacific Railway, and the New Northwest." There are short stories by Julian Hawthorne, Z. B. Gustafson, and A. R. Macfarlane, and poems by Edgar Fawcett and William Winter. The editorial departments maintain their usual interest. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The midsummer CENTURY is a charming number containing an unusual amount of choice literary matter, and fine illustrations by noted artists. An engraving by T. Cole from Herk's portrait of Wagner is given for the frontispiece, and an accompanying article, "How Wagner Makes Operas" is contributed by John R. G. Hazard. One of the finest papers of the number is "The Border Lands of Surrey," a charming description of rural England by Alice M. Fenn, exquisitely illustrated by Harry Fenn. There is also another finely illustrated article of great interest entitled "Some English Artists and their Studios." The two serials are continued, Mr. Howells' reaching a point which excites great interest. "Steam Yachting in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is a readable summer paper. Dr. Holder gives an interesting account of some of the more important contents of the "American Museum of Natural History," illustrated, and Sylvester Beard tells us of the late visit of the Zuni Indians to the east. The great wheat regions of the west are described in an interesting paper by E. V. Smalley. There is a readable short story, fine poems by Austin Dobson, John V. Cheney, Edith M. Thomas, H. C. Bunner, and H. H., and the editorial departments are remarkably well filled. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for July presents a fine array of literary attractions. The opening article entitled "The Great African Mystery," is an interesting and highly entertaining paper. Part IV. of "The Ladies' Litudes" fully sustains the interest excited by the preceding chapters, and number six of the autobiographies in the time of the Commonwealth gives sketches of Lucy Hutchinson and Alice Thornton, of interest to a great number of readers. There is a capital and rather humorous story entitled "A Hansom Amateur." An interesting sketch of "Carlyle's Life and Reminiscences," will richly repay perusal, as will another scholarly paper, the second of "The Light of 'Maga,'" the subject being Lockhart. "Polemical Language and its Results," a timely paper, touching upon the situation in Egypt, concludes the list of contents, making altogether an unusually readable number of this popular journal. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

The contents of the August number of ST. NICHOLAS cover almost every corner of the earth, and the boy or girl who has never visited any of the places described, will have an opportunity to learn something, be it ever so little, about all of them. There is a sketch of Norwegian life by H. H. Boyesen, entitled "How Burt Went Whale Hunting;" Lucretia P. Hale describes the experiences of "Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt;" David Ker contributes a Turkish story called "Hasan's Watermelon," and James Baldwin has another story in his series of "Northern Myths." In the sketch entitled "A Visit to the Home of

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

MENDELSSOHN.

The musical score consists of six staves of piano music. The key signature is A major (two sharps). The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The first staff begins with a dynamic 'pp' (pianissimo). The second staff starts with 'Ped.' (pedal). The third staff has a dynamic 'dim.' (diminuendo). The fourth staff starts with 'sf' (sforzando). The fifth staff has a dynamic 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The sixth staff starts with 'cres.' (crescendo). The music features various dynamics, including 'f' (fortissimo), 'p' (pianissimo), 'sf' (sforzando), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'cres.' (crescendo), 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'pp' (pianissimo). The music is marked with 'Ped.' (pedal) and '5 1' (pedal 5, 1) in the first and second staves respectively. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines and includes various note heads and stems.

"Sir Walter Scott" are a number of new interior views of Abbotsford, engraved from photographs. There are also many other good stories and charming poems.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for August with its exquisite illustrations and interesting literary matter will prove a rich treat to the reader. The opening article on Richard Wilson, "The English Claude," gives two fine engravings from his works. A beautifully illustrated paper on "Canterbury Cathedral," which we are glad to see marked as first paper, and "The Thames and its Poetry," with eleven exquisite illustrations, are the most prominent features. The Art Notes, both American and foreign, are extended, and particularly interesting, while the "Monthly Record of American Art," is unusually gratify-

ing to the artist or student. Thirty-five cents a number. \$3.50 a year. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

WOMAN AT WORK for July, the first number published since its transplanting into our strong New England soil, which should insure a vigorous growth, is bright and attractive, ably fitted to win its own welcome from the many readers interested in the broad field of woman's work. Pure and elevating in its teachings, its mission embraces all good works and needed reforms. The different departments are admirably filled, and we are sure that the cordial welcome and good wishes which we extend to our new neighbor, will be heartily endorsed by hosts of new as well as its old friends. \$1.50 a year. Woman at Work, Brattleboro, Vt.

LITTELL'S LIVING-AGE gives its usual weekly treat of excellent reading, compiled from the best current literature of English periodicals. The present number gives a thoughtful paper on "Newton and Darwin," a generous installment of Mrs. Parr's fine serial, "Robin," a capital chapter on "Humors of Irish District Visiting," a fine sketch of French life in the story of "The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth De La Palaye," a scholarly paper on aesthetic poetry relating especially to the works of Dante G. Rossetti, with much other valuable and interesting matter including several fine poems. For those whose knowledge of foreign literature is limited, LITTELL'S offers a fund of entertainment and instruction compassed by no other periodical. Weekly, \$8.00 a year. Boston: Littell & Co.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL for July presents a scholarly and attractive array of contents. The opening article, "The Native Races of Colombia," is the first of a series of highly interesting papers on this subject, by E. G. Barney. Rev. O. D. Miller contributes a delightful paper entitled "The Divinity of the Hearth." There is an able sketch of "Paleolithic Man in America," by L. P. Gratacap, and Stephen D. Peet contributes an article of great interest, entitled "The Prehistoric Architecture of America," with illustrations assisting the descriptions of cave and cliff dwellings. The correspondence embraces many interesting articles, and the editorial departments are full of valuable and instructive matter. \$3.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.; Jameson & Morse.

The Dispensary.

HINTS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

I HAVE for a long time been impressed with the need of more knowledge on our part of necessary duties in case of sickness in our families. A physician may be the most skilled in his profession, but the patient must suffer unless proper care supplements the physician's efforts. There are few of us, comparatively speaking, who are competent to care for the sick, and yet, when any of our near and dear are ill, we feel that no one can nurse them as we can, when at the same time our ministrations may produce other than the desired effect.

The day is happily past when fresh air and sunlight were not allowed in the sick room, when a drink of cool, fresh water would have been considered suicidal, and when, if the patient recovered, it was due more to the possession of a strong will and an iron constitution than anything else. It must have been a strong constitution, indeed, which could survive the doses, and blistering, and bleeding of old days.

But there is one way in which many of us can help, even if we are not competent to take the entire charge of a sick person, we can attend to the preparation of proper food.

How many times we hear a person speak of a nurse in this way: "She was an excellent nurse in every other respect, but she couldn't cook anything that tasted good to me."

I have seen a slice of toast burned on one side, and scarcely warmed on the other—I suppose to equalize the matter—laid on a cold plate, and buttered before the cup of tea or cocoa was poured. A well person should know better than to eat it, an invalid could not look at it with anything but an irritable feeling of distaste, and it would be carried back to the kitchen with the remark "You can't expect to get stronger if you won't eat."

Gruel is made half-cooked and half-seasoned, and brought to the invalid in any dish which may be at hand, and left standing in the room all day. Then another nurse makes things "good" as she says, preparing food utterly unfit for an invalid. And always if a sick person does not progress rapidly, it is the fault of the physician!

I wonder sometimes that a man is found who is willing to study for this profession. His practice is often a hand to hand fight with ignorance or heedlessness, sometimes both at once. I've heard a physician say that when he left the rooms of certain patients, he knew that his instructions as to food, regularity of giving medicines, etc., would not be properly attended to, that the patient would be exposed too much to drafts, or smothered under too many blankets, or that the medicines would be neglected. He is very apt to find something wrong when he comes in the next morning.

A sick person is like a child, as helpless and fully as unreasonable, and should be treated with a gentle authority one would not think of exercising otherwise. A man when sick must be said "mustn't" to, even though he be the king, and although a patient should never be irritated by contradiction, still he or she must be watched, and gently but firmly forbidden anything which could harm.

A patient who is faint from want of nourishment will frequently refuse food if asked, "What do you want for dinner?" or "Cannot you think of something which would relish?" A sick person should never be allowed to wait until faint before being given some little nourishment. A weak person, if wakeful,

should never, unless so ordered, wait from night until morning, without something to eat or drink; a little beef tea jelly, or gruel, or milk, only a little, perhaps not more than two or three teaspoonsfuls, but never allow an interval of twelve or more hours to pass, as it so often does, without some nourishing refreshment being given. To a sick person who cannot sleep, and who has been sick a long time, there is really no difference between night and day, save that the former is longer and more unendurable. No one would think it judicious to give such a patient nothing after breakfast until late in the evening, but it is just as reasonable in some cases as allowing one to wait from early evening to perhaps a late hour next morning.

For the gruels, etc., for the sick room, there is nothing which can compare with the preparations of wheat, oats, barley, etc., of the Health Food Co., of New York. Their universal food, purified gluten, granulated wheat, and barley, granulated oats, and the delicate oat flour are invaluable. The great variety, too, is in their favor, one being able to have something new every day, which is of incalculable benefit. They also have a beef nitrogen, and an extract of gluten and barley, which makes an excellent substitute for cocoa, shells, etc. Directions for preparing these foods are sent with each package. The beef jelly which I have mentioned is excellent, when one wants something cool or is tired of beef tea. Put a pound of lean beef cut fine into a porcelain stew pan with a pint of cold water; let it stand half an hour, and then put it on the stove where it will heat gradually; when it gets boiling hot, skim carefully, and put it where it will simmer gently for half an hour. While this is cooking, put a third of a box of gelatine into a bowl with two tablespoonsfuls of cold water, salt the broth to taste and strain, boiling hot, over the soaked gelatine. Strain again when the gelatine is dissolved into cups or moulds and put away to cool. Keep on ice, and serve a little at a time. This can be taken when the stomach will not retain broths, and being very cold is most refreshing.

Mutton or chicken broth is very nice prepared in this way. For these jellies I prefer Nelson's gelatine as being more delicate in flavor than any other. Do not be afraid you have not used sufficient gelatine. The jelly seldom hardens to less than six and sometimes ten or twelve hours. The easiest way of dividing is to pour out the gelatine from one package, and divide it in three parts, returning two to the box. It is always difficult to take out just enough from the box.

Sea moss is very strengthening, and may be used in a variety of ways. It makes a very nourishing drink for those who are mostly confined to liquids. Wash a few pieces, three or four stems, in warm water, then put it in cold water for a few minutes. Drain, put it in a pitcher, and pour over it a pint of boiling water. When cold, strain, and add lemon juice and sugar to taste, adding water if it is too thick to be palatable. Keep very cold, and carry only a little at a time into the sick room.

Water and lemonade—every thing, in fact—is much nicer if cold and fresh, if, indeed, it were not decidedly unwholesome, if allowed to stand.

All medicines should be covered and kept, if possible, by a shaded window.

To properly arrange the ventilation of a room that the air may be kept fresh and pure, and at the same time to avoid the slightest draft, goes far to promote recovery. Remember that cold air is not always fresh air.

I have often seen a door opened into a cold room which had not, perhaps, been properly aired for weeks, or two.

in order to "air the room," the cooling process being considered synonymous with that. Air should come directly from out of doors, and from the sunny side of the house, if possible.

An open fireplace is an almost indispensable luxury in the sick room. Even in summer, a little fire morning and evening is not uncomfortable, and the purifying influence of such is beyond expression. A close stove should always be avoided if possible, an open fire being compassed by some change of room or stove, unless one has to be content with a furnace register.

Of the necessity of fresh bed linen, of frequent bathing of the face and hands, fresh glasses for the cool, refreshing drinks, etc., I hope there is no need to speak. One cannot imagine the comfort which attention to these seeming trifles gives to the invalid in our care.

EMILY HAYES.

BENEFIT OF LAUGHTER.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels (life vessels) of the body, that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present, unfortunately, they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—Good Health.

RESPECT THE BODY.

A writer in the *Hearth and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more. Don't pierce its ears, strain its eyes, or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day, and smother it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draft on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke,' from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't over work, over rest, or over love it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it, a well worn but not a misused thing. Meantime, treat it at least as well as you would your pet horse or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."

CURE FOR COUGH.—A strong decoction of the leaves of the pine, sweetened with loaf sugar. Take a wine-glassful warm on going to bed, and half an hour before eating, three times a day.

SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of sal ammoniac in two ounces of water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

D. L. R. No, I would not advise you to visit the "mineral springs." Weak as you represent yourself, I regard home as the best place for you, where you can have home comforts. It probably is true that those waters may contain "sulphur, iron, potassa, and silex," but are you sure that you need all of these? If you are sure that you need iron, you can find it at the drugists, having the privilege of taking just what you need, without being compelled to drink all of the others with it, which you may not only not need, but which may prove unfavorable.

It is really strange, while there is so much prejudice, in certain circles, against "mineral medicines," that "mineral" waters should be so popular with the same persons. As a drink, you can find no water any purer than that graciously given by the good Father, instead of that made impure by the accident of "minerals" in the vicinity. The fact that most of these more popular waters are unpleasant to the taste and smell is highly suggestive of the presence of unfavorable constituents.

MRS. JOHNSON. In reply to your question "Shall I take the acid phosphate as I am?" I answer, decidedly, yes, my decision relating to more than one symptom given me. It is indicated by the "uncomfortable feeling at the stomach when sweets are taken," on account of the condition of the liver and stomach, alike. And just here I will say that acids are as certainly demanded in the spring, as one means of thinning and freeing the blood of the impurities accumulated during the winter, as thinner clothing is, both relating to the changed state of the temperature. I would discourage the use of the sweets, mainly, in the hot weather, especially when the stomach is affected as yours has been, by their use. Indeed, the natural appetite craves acids at this season, in my opinion, vinegar being decidedly objectionable, if not the worst used. Again, I would recommend it for that "nervousness" of which you speak, with the disuse of that strong tea, for I regard that as among the more prominent causes of neuralgia and general "nervousness." It is of but little use to employ opiates to quiet abused nerves, when they seem to be simply sounding a note of alarm, warning their owners that they are starving on account of insufficient "nerve-food." If you or any woman, for the purpose of doing an extra amount of work, take strong tea—as the toper does his stimulant—working "on nerve," at the same time using food destitute of nourishment for the nerves, your nervous system will naturally become a wreck, or you will have an attack of "nervous prostration." You should "feed the nerves," give them their normal power, which is far better than vainly to attempt to quiet their remonstrances against starvation. Do not stimulate, but use plain food, such as contain the phosphates, as fish, the grains, peas, beans and the like. The grains also, if the real grains, like the "health foods," containing all of their elements, the gluten as well as the starch, this gluten being the "chemical equivalent" of the fibrin of meats. These, at least, during hot weather, would be far better for you than beef, which is too stimulating for one of your temperament.

MRS. B. EMERSON. In regard to the first of your inquiries concerning the wares of which you speak, I will say that I do not think that they are now made, from some cause, and but few, if any, in the market. No, it is not "simply another name for the granite wares." The latter are made in St. Louis, and by a reliable firm, judging from a long business acquaintance, and from a still longer acquaintance with the wares. Mrs. H. asserts that she "has found nothing equal to them." After years of use, they have proved very durable and economical, perfectly satisfactory. They are light, and yet substantial, having sheet iron for a base, coated with a peculiar material, of which I simply know that it resists the action of very strong acids—many times the strength of any used for culinary purposes—and that they do not break. They have the wonderful power of cooking food with less than the usual heat, and of retaining that heat in a remarkable manner. Our verdict is that they "are just splendid" in every respect.

MRS. BARNES. I have often vaccinated for the purpose of running off the humors, as this seems to "stir them up." It is probable that what you regard "strong" virus, is but the result of the state of the system—full of humors. I have observed that the vaccine sore—which is not a large one, necessarily—has been very malignant recently, but not on account of the matter, necessarily, though none of my cases have been very bad. For "treatment" afterward, of a domestic character, I recommend the application of a wet cloth to the sore as soon as it commences to dry, as a means of running off as much as possible of the impurities of the body, though fully aware that the ignorant (not *HOUSEHOLD* readers) will not dare to do this, lest there should be a loss of filth! If the sore does not readily heal—a "running sore"—it simply proves that all of the covered filth has not yet passed off. When fully purified, it will heal of itself.

The Dressing Room.

SOMETHING ABOUT RUGS.

BEFORE I begin my subject I want to say a word to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD. You all speak in such glowing terms of our paper, and seem to love it so well, as I have had opportunity of knowing from the many nice letters I have had from the Band; why not as a proof of our gratefulness to Mr. Crowell for providing us such a treasure, double the circulation of it for him? Did you ever think what an easy thing this would be for us to do? Just let each of us get one new subscriber, and the thing is done. I made up my mind the first of the year to do this, and now can I not persuade you all to "go and do likewise?"

But now to the subject of rugs, which I believe is not yet exhausted, and as I have been asked frequently, by those to whom I have sent patterns, to write about other things for the house, I seat myself to-day to tell you about a rug I have just made, the prettiest, softest, brightest thing you can imagine. The reason for its uncommon brightness is, that it is made of new carpeting, though rugs made in this way are never dull if the colors are at all clear. The carpeting is cut in strips of equal width, say about a finger wide, and raveled carefully, taking great care to keep the ravelings evenly together. Then take a piece of burlap the size you want your rug, it is best not to have them too large, as they are not so easily handled; lay a row, double, of the threads raveled on one end, and having a coarse thread in your sewing machine, stitch through the center. I stitched mine through twice with common sized cotton. Then lay back the inner part of the row just stitched, and place another on far enough from it so that after it is stitched there will be about an inch space between the sewing. It can be done quickly and makes a beautiful rug. I have known several who have made them by hand.

I think, however, the drawn rugs, as they are called, are the most serviceable. They are made so very handsome now, in designs like the imported rugs; they are so much handsomer than the way they have been made with such impossible flowers. They can be bought now, however, in beautiful designs, all marked ready for drawing in, in odd colors, some with grounds of every conceivable color. I have seen some as handsome as any imported. If one does not want to go to the expense of buying them already marked, it can be done by any one. A half-dozen marked by one's self would cost no more than one pattern bought marked.

marked. Have any of the sisters used the reversible figures for marking out rugs? I suppose not, for I believe they are something quite new. I have four of them, with miniature patterns about six inches long and four or five inches wide, showing just how to arrange some of the figures in two ways. I think them splendid. By placing these figures differently you can have as many combinations as you wish; no two alike. The proper way to mark them out is to first cut figures from very thick paper—they come cut of thin, soft paper, for convenience—then tack down the burlap on a table, draw on it plain lines to mark the border, as wide or narrow as you like, and place the figures according to taste. Always leave a border of black, an inch or two wide on the outside. The small samples I spoke of are stamped so plainly, that if the directions on them, as to colors, are followed, you cannot fail of having a beautiful rug. I have some new patterns, and these figures are among them. I am

delighted with them. They are one dollar a set, and consist of new embroidery patterns for silk or worsted, and outline work. There are twenty pieces, counting the rug figures. They are all handsome, large, plainly stamped patterns, flowers of natural size. I will try to describe them, but am sure I can hardly do justice to their beauty. There are four different borders about a finger wide and a foot long, each of these has a matched corner pattern to go with them so that they can be used for table-cloth, or for lambrequins, using the corner for the scallop. One is wild rose, another pansy, the other two are poppies with wheat and convolvulus. I could not get one of these with corner at our pattern stores for less than twenty-five cents. Besides these there is a large single poppy cluster, and one of wild flowers, (golden rod and asters,) the reversible rug figures, the samples to show how to place them, two patterns for outline, and two patterns of bracket and mantel lambrequins that I think are new, as I have never seen them before. These are handsome if made of felt; it is so heavy that the edges need not be finished unless you like to go around with a long silk stitch here and there. These I believe are intended to have little silk tassels, which are easy to make, on the large points.

I will gladly get these patterns and send them to any of the sisters, if they will send to me the price of them with their address, with town and county plainly marked.

Such nice, plain directions for spatter work have been given by the sisters this last year, that no one could fail to make nice work of it. Do you know what beautiful things can be made with it spattered on cloth? This work can be made so lovely, and put to so many uses, and can be improved so much, that I wonder we see so little of it. I shall be glad some other time to say something more about it, and what kind of leaves are best for it. Candace, in the February number, gives a nice description of spatter work. What she says about using common

weeds is very true. I find the wild wormwood one of the best.

I would say to any one who might send for these patterns, that if they wish to duplicate them, I find a convenient way is to mark the pattern off with an indelible pencil, then lay a piece of plain paper over this and sponge with a wet cloth. The paper should be very thin.

Mrs. H. EMMONS.
Box 70, Swampscott, Mass.

SHELL LACE.

Cast on forty-four stitches of number thirty-six thread.

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Box 70, *Swampscott, Mass.*

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Cast on forty-four stitches of number thirty-six thread.

1. Knit across plain.
2. Slip one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, thread over once, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit eleven, thread over twice, and seam last two together.
3. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four.
4. Slip one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit fifteen, thread over twice, seam two together.
5. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit sixteen, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four.
6. Slip one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit ten, thread over twice, seam last two together.
7. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit eleven, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four.
8. Slip one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit six, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit seventeen, thread over twice, seam last two together.
9. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit eighteen, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit four.
10. Slip one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, thread over twice, seam two together, knit seven, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit ten, thread over twice, seam last two together.
11. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit eleven, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, thread over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.
12. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over, narrow, knit twenty.
13. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit twenty-one, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.
14. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven, thread over twice, seam two together.
15. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit twelve, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.
16. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit twenty-four, over twice, seam last two together.
17. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit twenty-five, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, over twice, seam last two together.
18. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, over twice, seam last two together.
19. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.
20. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit twenty-nine, over twice, seam last two together.
21. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, bind off fifteen, knit sixteen, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.

These directions are correct.

MRS. AGGIE I. BLAISDELL.
Newport, N. H.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We are aware that we have chosen a homely text for our discourse, but if our readers will follow us patiently to the end we will endeavor to give some hints in domestic economy whereby the fragments of the household may be gathered up so that nothing be lost. And as utilizing odds and ends is the first step toward thrift, perhaps, to some of our readers, our subject may not prove wholly uninteresting.

At this season of the year, when there is a short lull in the duties of the household, it should be our first care to take an inventory of our bedding, and also to see what our stock in hand is, for making a further supply. In our explorations over the house we shall not unfrequently find budgets and parcels of worsted goods, the remnants of former dresses that have been so carefully put away as to become entirely forgotten. And now, dear sister, however strong the temptation may be to sacrifice these odds and ends to the hit-and-miss stripe of the coming rag carpet, we beseech you to pause, for if the accumulation of pieces should prove as large as that of a lady friend of ours, you would have the material before you for three nice comfortables of the log-cabin pattern, which is so common as to scarce require a description. But as there may be some among the numerous readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* who are unacquainted with this beautiful design in patchwork, we will endeavor to give brief directions for their benefit.

First, sort over and iron out each piece of goods, and if your pieces are not pretty equally divided between light and dark colors, purchase a few yards of light colored delaine. Next cut an accurate pattern from paper just twelve inches square, then from old calico, which has been starched and ironed smoothly, cut out forty-two blocks after the paper pattern, to build your cabin upon. You will need seven of these blocks in length, and six in width, to make a comfortable for a medium-sized bed. After finding the exact center of one of these calico blocks

gether, knit twenty-five, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.

18. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, over twice, seam last two together.

19. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, knit first loop, seam next, knit one, knit first loop, seam next, knit two, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.

20. Slip one, knit three, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, knit two, over, narrow, knit twenty-nine, over twice, seam last two together.

21. Thread over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, bind off fifteen, knit sixteen, seam loop, knit two, over twice, seam two together, knit fourteen, over twice, seam two together, over twice, seam two together, knit four.

These directions are correct.
MRS. AGGIE I. BLAISDELL.

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sticks, about one inch in diameter, eight inches in length at the bottom, increasing to fourteen at the top. In constructing, begin at the bottom and build up, log cabin fashion. Chink the openings with green moss, and line the whole basket with same. They are easily kept moist, and the plants droop and twine over them very gracefully.

C. V.

Box 54, Newcomerstown, Tusc. Co., O.

ANOTHER RUG.

I would like to show my rug to the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I think they will say it is beautiful. See, I will spread it here on the floor! Did you ever see such a beautiful crinkled rug? so soft, and such colors, so dark and rich, almost as if they had been dyed in India. It was made for a hearth rug, but not used for one; it was put beneath a marble-top stand, and one day I threw it over the back of a large rocking chair, and somehow it has remained there ever since, and I know that every one who comes in likes to sit in that chair and rest against that rug. It did not cost anything, oh no, only a few odd moments of time, now and then, that would otherwise have been lost, and that is the reason why I would like to tell you all about it, and perhaps some of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD who live in the country may wish to make one like it, and thereby convert into a useful and beautiful article material that would otherwise be lost. Oh, it is such a long tale to tell I dread the writing of it. But if I never begin I'll never get done.

One day I found on a shelf in a closet, a pile of children's stocking tops. The feet of these stockings had been worn out; they had been "footed" and again worn out; then the tops were cut off and put away in the closet, with a dim, vague idea that some time or other they might be utilized, that some time or other they should be utilized some how or other, and so one morning I gathered up an armful of the stocking tops, and washed them through a hot suds in which I had put a spoonful of ammonia. I then rinsed them in a warm, weak suds, and adorned a tree in the yard with them, and in the evening when they were dry, I gathered them up again, put them in a nice, clean bag and hung it in a closet. Now, at any time, I could go to work at my rug. You see, I wanted some crinkled yarn, and this was the only way in which I could get it.

Well then, in the first place, the stockings must be raveled, put into skeins, and colored. They were of various shades of gray, and of blue, of course they were all more or less faded, most of them had white tops, and a few were all white, a white that was now pretty well tinged with yellow. Well, I raveled the stockings and made the raveled yarn into nice little short skeins, keeping the colors separate, and colored the skeins with bark, or rather with a tea made of bark. I used the bark of the black oak, and of the white and black walnut. The skeins of white yarn were dipped in the yellow tea. One lot of skeins became a pure golden color, some yellow, some a bronze, and others were in hue a real old gold.

I was quite pleased with this result, and then proceeded to color the gray yarn green. In this, also, I was quite fortunate in producing some beautiful shades of green. There were dark greens and deep greens, tea greens of several shades, sage greens and bronze greens. The deep blue skeins were colored brown. Here again I was fortunate; the browns were just lovely. And some of the yarn I colored black, a deep, lusterless black. Now were not there a nice lot of colors to begin with? and all that yarn was

crinkled, and I rejoiced over it and began my rug.

I will have to say, just here, however, that I am not versed in either the language or the signs of crochet workers, but I think I can succeed in telling how the rug was worked well enough for any one who wishes to, to understand the manner of the making.

With a crochet needle I made of the yarn a chain a quarter of a yard long, then knit a row across in a plain crochet stitch. I began the next row by slipping the point of the crochet needle through the first stitch and holding it firmly between the thumb and fore finger of the left hand, while I wrapped the yarn two or three times around both the needle and finger, then knit it off, thus forming a beautiful tufted stitch. Every stitch in this row was knit the same way. The next round was knit plain, the next tufted, and so on to the end. If the yarn was fine or thin, it was wrapped four, five, or six times around, if coarse, twice was sufficient. The tufts, or loops, were nearly an inch long. When the strip was half a yard long, I stopped knitting back and forth, and began knitting around the strip, the first row around plain, the next tufted, and so on as before. An inch or so from the end of each corner I widened, once on every plain round, and as the rug increased in size it became necessary to widen oftener, so as to make it lie smooth on the floor without cupping or drawing.

The center of the rug was brown. The border was begun in a brown deeper than the center and shaded out to darkest brown. There were two or three rows of each shade. The dark greens were then brought in, and then the deep green, and next the tea greens, and the bronze green; then the yellow colors were shaded down to the golden, of which there was only one row, and this golden row formed the center of the border. They were shaded out to the edge of the border in the same way, first yellow, then green, and brown, and the edge was terminated with three or four rows of black, and finished with a rich fringe made of the crinkled yarn.

This rug was lined, two layers of brown wadding were cut the size of it and tacked firmly over the wrong side, then a piece of brown water proof cloth was cut and basted over the wadding, and neatly hemmed around the edge.

We made another rug similar to this, only it is square, three-quarters of a yard, I think. This is thrown over the organ stool, and is very pretty for this purpose. In making a rug of this kind it is advisable to knit the plain rows of stitches with a strong, plain yarn of any color, and thereby save the crinkled yarn for the tufted rows. If the plain rows are knit firm and strong, it will not be necessary to line the rug, and the wrong side is really very pretty.

I will here mention that after the crinkled yarn is raveled it must not be wound into a ball, but kept in skeins and knit from the skeins, for winding the yarn into a ball will sometimes draw the crinkle out.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

KNITTED LACE.

Cast on sixteen stitches; knit once across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, knit plain to the last one, thread over three times, seam one.

2. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit nine, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the last two,

thread over three times, seam two together.

4. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit twelve, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

5. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

6. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit eight, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

7. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

8. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit fourteen, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

9. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

10. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit eight, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

11. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

12. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit seventeen, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

13. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

14. Thread over needle, seam two together, let off loop, knit nine, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, seam loop, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

15. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit plain to the last two, thread over three times, seam two together.

16. Thread over needle, seam two, let off loop, knit ten. Now there will be twelve stitches on the right hand needle, take the left hand needle and draw them all over the last stitch you knit, which will form the scallop, knit eleven, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

I have tried a number of knitting patterns in THE HOUSEHOLD, and think this is the prettiest I have ever seen, and thought I would send it. I have taken great care in writing the directions, and hope some one will try it. It is very pretty knit with thread or knitting cotton. I have knit it with number sixteen knitting cotton for two knit tides. I tried Arte's directions for section quilt, and think it makes a handsome tidy trimmed with this edge. If any one should have any trouble with this lace, I will send them a sample if they will send stamp.

I want to tell Rockwood I have tried her baking powder and like it very much. I think it is cheap, too.

MRS. N. T. ASHLEY.

Richmond Mills, Ont. Co., N. Y.

TO MAKE RAISED WORSTED WORK.

Take a stiff hair-pin, bend wires near or far apart according to how large you want a leaf, wind the worsted around the wires, the threads close, continuing until you have it as long you want a single leaf or part of a flower. Lay this on your cloth, or whatever you wish to put your work on, and sew through the middle, catching down each thread of worsted.

Pull out the hair-pin and you have a plain leaf, or cut in the middle of each loop on both sides, pick out until all stands up round, and trim with scissors, and you have a different shaped leaf. For a rosebud, wind shaded worsted, the light at one end and dark at the other, over this wind green, a few threads over the light and thicker over the dark, and you have a shaded bud with calyx outside. Vary shading and size according to taste.

S. C.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like very much to ask through your columns, if any of the sisters know how to make the crazy stitch in crocheting.

MRS. J. W. PHIPPS.

Hawthorne, Nevada.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to knit the pumpkin seed pattern for a tidy?

M. A. REED.

Will Lisette please make the directions for knitted fringe a little more explicit? If she will direct to me, box 374, Campello, Mass., and send a sample of fringe, I will pay postage, and try to return the favor in some way that she may like.

I have tried Hillside's handsome lace in the number for May, 1882, and I think it very pretty. I have also tried insertion contributed by Nellie May, in June, '79, and I think the two combined would look pretty on curtains made of cheese cloth.

BETH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD give directions for knitting a collar? and oblige,

SUSIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD kindly furnish directions for knitting a star mat of cotton? They were very common twenty years ago.

Needham, Mass. MRS. S. E. D. RODGERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Arvilla please tell me what kind and number of thread, also what size of knitting needles she uses in knitting the torchon lace for which she gives directions in THE HOUSEHOLD, for January, 1882?

MRS. J. C. ROBINSON.

West Granville, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give directions for making lace mitts?

Will some one tell me how to make a strong hammock, and what material to use?

R. E. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the ladies please give directions for crocheting baby socks, or some other pretty way of making them? I would like to learn soon, and know of no one who can show me.

RECENT SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters if any of them understand weaving hair watch guards. If so, will they please correspond with me, stating what they would wish in return for plain directions which I could easily follow?

MRS. M. E. BALDWIN.

Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I should be much pleased to receive some new patterns for patchwork. The charm quilt, letter H, and letter T, which I have seen noticed in THE HOUSEHOLD, or any other, would be acceptable. I should hope to return the favor at the earliest opportunity.

MRS. J. H. BABCOCK.

Washington Corners, Alameda Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to make dusters from turkey feathers?

M. A. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps many of the sisters have gathered bitter-sweet berries for home decorations, and certainly nothing could be prettier for winter bouquets than these bright berries. But though they keep their color very nicely, they get so dry after awhile that their beauty is greatly marred. If they are put into cold or slightly warm water, and left for an hour or so, they will look almost as well as when first gathered. This fact may be well known to those who have kept these berries, but we have just discovered it.

MATE.

The Dining Room.

TABLE MANNERS.

NOTHING is so important in the training of a family of children (after teaching them reverence, and to tell the truth) as to give them good table manners. It is said by foreigners to be a great national defect with us Americans. We do not, as a nation, comport ourselves well at table. In the first place, we eat too fast, and are very apt to make a noise over our soup. Well-bred people put their soup into their mouths without a sound, lifting up the spoon slowly, thinking about it, and managing to swallow it noiselessly. In the second place, we are accused of chewing our food with the mouth open, and of putting too much in the mouth at once. Again, we are accused, particularly at railway stations and at hotels, of putting our heads in our plates, and of eating with the knife instead of with the fork.

Now in Germany well-bred people do eat with their knives, and a broad-edged, shovel-shaped silver knife is seen on the tables of even German princes, with which they may be said to shovel in the peas and beans and sour-kraut which they affect. But with the French, the English, and ourselves this plan is considered vulgar, and we use a fork even to the eating of ice-cream, which many dainty people now prefer to eat with fork instead of spoon.

Therefore a child should be taught to eat with his fork in the right hand early, and to manage knife and fork with ease and composure. He removes them from his plate when the plate is placed before him with them on, and he places them on his plate when he has finished, so that they may be easily removed. He also learns to use a spoon properly, not leaving it in his cup, which it may tip over, but putting it in his saucer. He breaks his bread neatly, not covering the table with crumbs, nor does he make bread pills of it, as some slovenly people do.

The modern way of laying a table, in which several sets of knives and forks are laid at each plate, is apt to embarrass a neophyte, who does not know which to take first. The smallest fork is for the raw oysters, which generally precede a handsome dinner, the next smallest fork for the fish, and so on. These rules are soon learned.

But at the ordinary, every-day table, there should be the best of manners, beginning with respect for one's elders, and then an absence of glutinous haste. It is not the fashion now for people to help each other, as the waiter passes the dishes, but if it is to be done, let it be done very quietly, not officially.

No one should leave the table eating. Let the food be swallowed slowly, and a few minutes' conversation follow the last drop of the final cup of coffee, which generally ends the repast of dinner. It is not well to talk or laugh loud at table; all well-bred people take a quiet tone at meals. A good appetite is no disgrace, but the people who eat a great deal, ravenously and fast, are never considered refined. We should moderate our appetites in all things and learn to keep the rebellious body in order.

Fish and fruit are eaten with silver knives and forks; or if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup plate for the last drop, or scrape your plate clean. Leave something for "manners"—a good old rule.

As for vegetables, they are generally eaten with a fork, but there are two or three exceptions. Asparagus can be eat-

en with the fingers; so can radishes, water-cresses, and olives; also cheese, if a person chooses. It is not proper to pick chicken bones or to eat any kind of meat with the fingers.

Next to greediness, indecision should be avoided. Always refuse or accept promptly. Tell your host if you prefer white to dark meat; do not give him the labor of choosing. Never play with food, nor handle the glass, silver, or china unnecessarily, but try to be composed in manner even if you do not feel so.

A young person is always annoyed at upsetting a glass or cup, and no doubt it

is one of the most painful of the *petites misères*;

but it is not of as much consequence as one thinks, and is as nothing to the more uncivilized faults to which we have alluded.

It is a thing which may happen to any one, and as such is always forgiven.

When a finger bowl, placed on a napkin and a glass plate, is set before one, the finger bowl should be removed with the right hand and placed in front of the plate, and the little doyley or fruit napkin, should be then placed at the left hand, as it is intended that the fruit shall be put on the glass plate.

Many people now carve an orange, or an apple, or a peach, by holding it on a fork and cutting it with the knife, not touching it with the fingers. But this is a piece of overscrupulousness, and quite unnecessary. It is always proper to pare an apple, to cut a peach, or to prepare an orange, with the knife and the fingers.

The mouth should be carefully wiped with the napkin after soup, after drinking, and after eating anything which can leave its traces on the lips. Gentlemen with mustaches should be very careful in this respect. It is not now the fashion to pin the napkin up to the coat or dress, although some elderly people do it. The napkin is placed across the lap, ready, at the right hand.

It is no longer the custom, as it once was, to wait until every one is helped. The service of a modern dinner rather demands that every one eats what is put before him when it is placed there. A little tact will, however, decide this question. A hostess must always notice if some one is behind the rest in finishing, and must pretend to eat, to keep him company, unless her guest is unreasonably long in getting through.

If a person is so unlucky as to break anything at table, the best apology is a very short one. Do not lose your composure, or trouble your hostess. She will be far more sorry for you than you can be for her, if she is a kindly, well-bred person, and if she is not, her feelings are not of so much consequence.

Table manners forbid on the part of the hostess any rebuking of servants in the presence of guests. They must be rebuked in private, for it disturbs the pleasure of a dinner very much to see that unequal contest going on.

Even if her guests arrive late (an intolerable rudeness,) a hostess must seem not to see it. No accident which can happen must deprive her of her self-possession. She must be calm and cheerful and pleased, and make her company happy; if she is fussy and nervous, who can be happy?

If anything is to be removed from the mouth, let it be done from behind the napkin, and all use of the toothpick should also be from that obscurity. Nor should one drink or speak with eatables in the mouth.

In getting rid of the skins of grapes, or the pits of fruits, much delicacy should be cultivated. The hand is the proper medium from the mouth to the plate. Some people eat instinctively with great elegance, some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive

for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating, almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Table manners should begin before going to table, in the making one's self fit for the table. If no further toilet is possible, one should attend to the cleanliness of hands and face, and the smoothing of hair. In ordinary households every one can make a modest toilet for dinner. In any event, students and clerks, and women who are artists, or authors, or shop-girls, or in any walk of life, can at least make themselves clean. And then the business of mutual respect and mutual good breeding begins. The humblest meal may show the highest manners, and the real lady or gentleman shines at the boarding-house table as at the queen's banquet.

Abuse of one's food is in bad taste everywhere. Traveling in America is as yet rather a severe trial to those who have cultivated the gustatory powers, and the cook is not abroad. There are often reasons for complaining.

But the person who spends the dinner hour in complaining of his food, makes one more dish at a bad dinner; ten to one, he has not been accustomed to better meals at home. Every one can appreciate the mutual misfortune of a bad dinner, therefore let each one bear his burden smilingly and well.

There are a thousand little laws which our forefathers regarded as important which we have forgotten. One was that an egg should be eaten out of the shell instead of out of the glass; that pepper and salt should be handed from left to right; that no one should help another to salt, for fear of quarreling; that there should be toasts drank at dinner (now fortunately gone out of fashion); that the host or hostess, or, worse still, that some guest should carve—all of which brought about an awkwardness.

Now we have the habit of teaching our waiters, men and women, to carve, and to serve the tea and coffee also, from a side table. It is much more agreeable for all concerned. Eating and drinking table manners share in the general improvement; we make everything easier as we go on in civilization; but we do not wish the pretty customs of the past to be altogether lost; we should keep all that is good, and add on every refinement and every respectful courtesy.

It is not now the fashion to put the condiments on the table, excepting always salt. One fortunately escapes the sight of that neglected caster which was once the chief horror of a careless table, that cloudy vinegar and doubtful oil, which Dickens describes with such pathetic minuteness in one of his inimitable sketches.

Table manners include that beautiful custom that the men should rise when ladies leave the table. If it is only the mother or the sister who leaves, or who arrives after the gentlemen are seated at the domestic breakfast or dinner, every man should rise until the ladies have either seated themselves or have left the room.

It is a part of the chivalry of nature. Breakfast is always an informal meal, and in England at a great house gentlemen jump up and cut a slice of ham at the sideboard, help themselves to a fresh cup of tea, and in every way make the meal a very easy one. Luncheon also is somewhat a transient and informal meal. But dinner is a formal meal, and no one stirs, unless taken ill and obliged to leave the table. The servants hand everything, and the guests devote themselves to amusing each other.

A part of table manners should be the

conversation. By mutual consent every one should bring only his best to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of every one at a meal should be, to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible.

No one should show any haste to be helped, or any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions, but one never asks twice for soup or fish, and is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salads, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

When a dinner is served *a la Russe*, one never asks for anything. The courses follow each other too fast for that, and it would disturb the hostess. No one need fear that his appetite will not be appeased.

In the matter of taking wine, one is permitted in these days to decline all, if one wishes. With our forefathers—even with our fathers—this was considered very bad manners. Now many a lady at a fashionable dinner motions the waiter away by simply putting her forefinger on the edge of her glass, and drinks nothing but water.

In rising from the table, put the napkin by the side of the plate, unless you see that the custom of the house demands that you fold it. If so, do as the rest of the company do. In most modern houses, however, napkins are used but once.—*Harpers' Bazaar*.

THE DESSERT.

—Bridget, (who has discovered the carpet sweeper)—"Luk at the music box, now, wid the long handle! I wonder how they plays on the instrumunt!"

—A minister traveling through the west some years ago asked an old lady on whom he had called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only act up to it."

—"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she in a winning tone, as she held out her hand, "for instance, a husband who is always ready to hand-some money to his wife."

—"Clarence, you've got a real kind heart," gratefully observed a young lady on the cars to a sallow-faced youth, as he dropped a prize package of pop corn in her lap. "Yes, Mary, my heart's all right," he sadly replied, "what I want, is a new liver."

—A book agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard-earned accumulations of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was that when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself, he always opened by saying, "I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for the books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers.

—A lawyer was cross-examining a high-spirited woman, who was evidently a match for any man, while her husband sat sheepishly listening. The lawyer was pressing a question urgently, when she said with fire flashing from her eyes, "You needn't think to catch me, for you tried that once." "Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he was sorry he did."

The Kitchen.

BUSY LIVES.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

THE life of a farmer's wife is always a busy one; always crowded full to overflowing with little cares and duties, and in the majority of cases she works alone, with, perhaps, scant help from the unskillful hands of little children, who are apt to hinder more than they help. A young wife, transplanted from a home where she has borne no burdens, to a farm where she must put her shoulder to the wheel with a will, generally suffers a great deal, both mentally and physically, before she learns just how to work.

Some time ago, I spent a few weeks at the house of a friend who had three grown daughters. It was wonderful how perfect was the system they had inaugurated about their work. There was no putting off of one thing or another off on mother or sister. Each had her special duties and performed them without fuss or quarreling. They never hired even their washing done, though it was a large one, for they had three men in the house, as well as themselves. They never worried on Sunday about the labor to be borne on Monday; but enjoyed themselves thoroughly with the many friends who dropped in to spend the evening, and retired with the resolve to be up "bright and early."

By six o'clock the great boiler of water was over a blazing fire, and while the mother and Daisy prepared breakfast, Lulu and Jane began on the washing. Mrs. L. never assisted in this labor over the tubs.

"Mother has done enough in bringing up six children," Jane would say. "We must let her rest now as much as possible."

And Daisy was the youngest and the darling of all, so she was given the lightest work, while Jane and Lulu did the drudgery.

No groans or sighs were heard in the wash-room, no complaints over the number of shirts, or the blackness of socks meant to be white. The doings of Sunday were talked over and commented upon, and the plans for the future discussed. The rubbing, wringing, and starching, did not interfere with the use of the voice, by any means, for Lulu would sing sometimes for an hour, in her clear soprano, Jane joining in the choruses.

They never worked in a hurry but worked steadily and well, and by noon the line in the back yard was closely hung with snowy clothes.

Daisy ironed all the napkins, towels, and handkerchiefs, leaving the larger pieces for her sisters, and each girl attended to the work of her own room. Jane and Lulu prepared all the meals except on wash-day, and Daisy saw to the dusting, and washing of the parlor ornaments. How blessed Mrs. L. was in those three girls, and what good wives the two eldest made! Jane married a farmer, and has two little daughters of her own now, while Lulu went to the far west with a young physician, a year ago. Daisy, poor child! has slept under the willows of the old cemetery for three years, but is a sweet memory yet.

But few women are blessed with such model daughters, and it remains for those who are obliged to toil alone to so simplify their work that they can find time for rest and recreation.

"I don't say as I think John's second wife lazy," said old Mrs. Perrin, one day, to a friend of mine, "but she isn't a bit like poor Selina. She lets things go, and don't seem to have no ambition; while Selina—well, I tell you, she was a master

worker. The year before she died she not only did all the work of the house, but she saw to the milk of twelve cows, tended the bees, and sold cheese, butter, eggs, soft soap, and dried corn and apples. She took the prize at the country fair for her quilts, and she preserved one hundred jars of fruits, and put up two hundred cans of tomatoes to sell to the town store. And she had to see to her three children, too, and John had four hired men all summer for her to feed and wash for."

"Ah," said Mrs. B., "I don't wonder she died! If I had have been in her place I'd have died, too, and been very glad to go."

Mrs. Perrin looked over her spectacles at Mrs. B. with a wondering look.

"La!" she said, "women was made to work. You don't believe in these women who lie 'round, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. B., "and I don't believe in women who make slaves and household drudges of themselves, either; particularly, when it isn't necessary. John Perrin was able to hire help, and Selina ought to have had it. I remember well how tired her white face looked in the coffin, and how glad I was to see her hands at rest for once."

Men are none too thoughtful, take them as a class. They grow used to seeing their wives and sisters work, and think nothing of it. They allow them to do many things for which they are unfitted. I recollect reading in *THE HOUSEHOLD* about a year ago of some sisters who had to pull all the wood for her fire out from under the snow, and chop it, too. Now I think it the business of the husband to see that his wife is provided with fuel ready to her hand. No-wonder men have two or three wives during a life time, when women work at chopping and hauling.

Selina Perrin never took a breathing space. It was work, work, from dawn to nine o'clock at night, and she grew at last into the belief that hours spent in bed were wasted. It was no wonder that the delicate machinery of body and mind wore out at last.

Goethe says that "every one should daily sing a little song, read a little poem, and look upon a beautiful picture." Now, of course, a farmer's wife cannot sit down in the morning to read poems or look at pictures. She could not content herself in doing so while her work was lying undone. But let her take a breathing space in the afternoon when the dinner dishes are washed. Never mind if the kitchen floor does need scrubbing, your back needs resting a good deal more. Lie down and take a nap, or, if you can't sleep in the day-time, take up a late magazine or a newspaper and learn what the busy world about you is doing.

Above all things, don't waste time on ruffling and adorning the clothes of your little girls. They are just as happy in plain as ruffled dresses. Spend the golden moments in something more improving to the mind than the full or scant gathering of a cambric ruffle.

Old Jim Gainey, an ancient negro on our Florida plantation, used to say that nothing was "worth raisin' that wasn't good to eat." We never agreed with him. Flowers can't be eaten but their fragrance and beauty have brought peace and pleasure to many a tired soul. I like to see farm houses surrounded by flowers. It makes it so much more attractive, and really more valuable. Beds are easily made, and a few seeds sown will amply repay the sower for her trouble. Then roses need so little care. They bloom every year, and are such a rest for tired eyes.

A couple of weeks ago I read in the New York Tribune of a woman who bore and brought to manhood and womanhood

fourteen children. She never had hired help for more than a week at a time; she made all the clothing for both husband and sons, as well as that for herself and daughters, spinning and weaving the material. At ninety-eight she is hale and hearty. But not one woman in five hundred could have done so much. There is a limit to the capacity of human nature. There is an old saying that "it is better to wear out than to rust out," and it is often quoted to me by a little woman to whom I preach frequently on the text, "Don't do so much." She has six little children and keeps only one servant, consequently she has a great deal of work on her hands. She is forever sweeping, dusting and cleaning, and is almost worn out at thirty. Her husband will certainly have to look for a second wife before many years are past if she continues to overwork herself as she is now doing. Her face wears a strained, anxious look all the time, she is nervous and fretful because she is exhausted. The children say, "How mamma scolds," and her husband is irritated by the constant fretting going on about him. If he speaks to her about it she cries as if her heart would break and wishes she was dead. Yet she cannot make up her mind to let things go; to be indifferent as to dust on the parlor mantel and the prints of tiny fingers on the window panes. She knows she is wearing out, but she is determined not to rust. Even at night she cannot rest. The children must be put to bed at seven o'clock. That takes an hour always; for the baby is a little night-owl, and crows and kicks long after the eyes of his little brothers and sisters are closed. Then he wakes her up half a dozen times during the night to nurse. She has no system about his nursing, though he might earlier have been taught to sleep through the night without food. From eight to nine o'clock she busies herself in picking up and putting away in the nursery, dining-room and parlor, and then the stocking basket with its "holey" contents comes out to keep her employed until ten, when she retires, almost too tired to fall asleep.

Is she doing right thus to wear out body and brain so rapidly? Wouldn't it be better far to preserve her health and strength that she may live to bring up her little children? How hard it would be for her to reflect on her death bed that because of her folly in wearing herself out she must leave her darlings to be reared by stranger hands, or at the best relatives who cannot feel toward them the tenderness of the mother, and will not be lenient to their faults and weaknesses. A clean, well-ordered house is delightful, certainly, no one can dispute its charm; but its cleanliness and orderliness should not be accomplished at the expense of the exhaustion of the wife and mother.

MORE OF MY NOTIONS.

Having promised a leaf from the last and happiest experience so far with baby number twelve, I must proceed to tell that we have returned to the old-fashioned gum nipple drawn over the top of a clear glass bottle. We found that the long gum tubing, with glass and fixtures, required so much care, and must be entirely renewed so often, that we decided to give the time to hold the bottle, instead of laying it beside the baby. It is a little more trouble in that way.

The very best way to keep bottles sweet is to have two in use, and rinse out with cold water before filling every time. If the bottle looks clouded, a bit of washing soda, the size of a pea, and a little tepid water, will surely clean it, and then rinse it with cold water very well. We keep one bottle always filled with cold water ready for use.

I have told before how to keep milk

sweet, but I will repeat it for the information of young mothers. We have two stone jars such as are used for preserves, quart or half-gallon jars are best. We treat these like the bottles—wash with washing, not baking, soda, (I used baking soda, before I learned better,) rinse with cool water, then scald in our water boiler on the back part of the stove. Before the milk goes in, cool with water. Wrap a wet linen cloth around the jar, and set it in a basin of cold water. The evaporation will preserve the milk for twelve hours.

I find rice water or very thin oat meal gruel the very best substitutes when a sick baby rejects milk, and I use just a little granulated sugar to sweeten with. Many object to sweetening at all, but I have a sweet tooth myself, and could not take it without. About one even tablespoonful is generally enough for a pint.

The time for pressing ferns is here. The very best way for us is to take a large book to where the ferns are growing and place them in it, so as to keep the tips perfect, leaving several pages between, then press for several weeks. When we do so the color is retained, and a piece of grey moss fitted in a bracket or basket, and the ferns tastefully arranged in it, looks like a bit of summer all the winter. As our windows are shaded by porches, we cannot have flowers, so must be content with such bits of summer as we can keep.

My belief in the teachings of phrenology is constantly strengthened. As time passes, the truth of what was told me of my little flock, is more and more apparent, and I feel safe in going forward, in the hope that the best my children are capable of, may be developed. I am glad to see Mollie Swain has offered delineations of character in *The Exchange Column*, and I feel confident she will have numerous responses.

This has been an unusually busy season, and we have had a very good garden, which means the vegetables were plenty, and good, too. We have tried the plan of plowing our garden in the fall then sowing phosphate in the spring, and plowing again, not so deep. Then we cultivate and mark out, as every farmer knows how to, in rows two and one-half or three feet apart. We planted every row with regard to the rows beside it; two rows of peas, with a row of onion seeds and beets on each side, two rows of tomato plants, with two rows of corn between, cabbages and cauliflower together, and a row of cauliflower beside the pole beans, so as to be shaded. The row of cucumbers has lots of brush laid around, to keep them off the ground. Ichabod, with a horse and harrow, can soon clean the space between the rows, and very little hoeing and hand-weeding are necessary. The pepper plants found space with the little onions, or sets, which I am told should be pulled on the first day of August, as hops must be on the last day of August, so the peppers will be left in possession of the ground. I hope many who have wearied in keeping paths and edges of the old-time garden clean, will try this way. Once tried, they will never regret it, and find so much more room for everything. We cannot raise parsnips except when we put a seed in with every onion sett, then when we pull the onion, the parsnip is well rooted, and can improve its opportunities for development.

I enjoy being out of doors awhile every morning and evening, though one must not go to the garden in any but a dress suitable for such work. I find many willing hands to help, if I walk around and superintend. Such work is exposing for delicate skins, even a bonnet or hat does not protect entirely from the sun's power. Though sun baths are healthful, and freckles are sometimes called the kisses

of the sun, they are very unpleasant results.

Speaking of tan reminds me that I have had an opportunity to try the medicated cream, advertised in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, by Geo. N. Stoddard, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Being opposed to the use of cosmetics generally, the fact of this cream or wash being harmless to the skin induced me to try it, and if it proves as effective for those who use it for skin diseases, as it does for tan, it will be a boon indeed, to many who, but for disfiguring pimples and blotches, would be very attractive persons.

My notion on the bread question is that there is so much difference in the quality of flour and strength of yeast, that it is hard to fix rules for a standard. We are told that the very white flour is not nourishing, and I believe many bakers add pulverized alum to their flour to make the bread white and light. Baker's yeast may be had in most villages, and one pennyworth is enough for a medium baking. Every one must experiment for herself, and when she finds out what is best for her, the safer way is for her to stick to it. The Stanyan bread mixer would be a treasure to Lucy Palmer, I fancy, and do away with handling her bread at all. Those who are used to rough, open-grained bread, enjoy it as well as we do our closer, spongy loaf. Dr. Hanaford solves the bread problem very satisfactorily, in his pamphlet, "Good Bread," by advising the use of a bread preparation, of which I had heard before, but we cannot get it where I live. I have not yet experimented, though I intend to do so as soon as possible.

Every one has a specialty in housekeeping. Some take special pride in their spotless porch and kitchen floors, scrubbing being their test of housewifely perfection; others are cooks, or bakers, or laundresses, as the case may be, while we "Jacks at all trades" are sadly deficient in their eyes, of course.

Some one asks about making soft soap from concentrated lye, and I want to say that she ought to have printed directions with the lye for both hard and soft soap, as the different sorts vary somewhat. When salty fat is used, one needs very little salt, and I always add a little borax.

What is best for each, is to learn from experience, unless she can trust the word of one who has already had her notions corrected by that stern dame.

ROSAMOND E.

YEAST, BREAD AND ROLLS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

No doubt many methods of making yeast and bread have already been given in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, but it may be there are still a few housekeepers among the Band who are not altogether satisfied with their efforts toward manufacturing the true "staff of life," and it is for the benefit of these that this little article is written. Of course we are all agreed that good, sweet, wholesome bread is necessary to our comfort and well-being, so I need not enlarge on this point. The question is, how to secure it, what to do that we may be sure of it, and begin the bread-making process, serene in the consciousness of a successful ending.

The method given below has been in use in our family for ten or twelve years, during which time compliments for "that delicious bread" have been given without stint by all visitors. If you conclude to try it, I take two things for granted. First, that you have good flour. The flour we use is made from winter wheat. Secondly, that you will follow the directions implicitly. On these conditions, I can promise you without fail sweet, light, white, delicate, fine-grained bread that will satisfy you from this time forth.

Yeast.—Pare carefully twelve good-sized potatoes. Boil them until soft in a gallon of water. When done, pour the water off into the pan you are about to make your yeast in. Then crush the potatoes through a colander. If it is not convenient for you to do this, mash them until they are fine and smooth, then stir them into the water. Pour boiling water on a pint of good hops, or its equivalent of pressed hops. Let them steep fifteen minutes, then strain into the potato water. Add a teacupful of salt, a teacupful of white sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. When about milk-warm, add a teacupful of good yeast which is made without flour, or two cakes of "Twin Brother's" yeast, or other yeast cakes that you know to be good. Let it stand until it begins to bubble and sparkle on top, then turn it into a jug or jar and set it away in a cool, dry place.

There should be a gallon in quantity when done. If the water boils away in cooking, more can be added. For a small family it is, perhaps, better to make only half this quantity at one time. Do not keep the yeast near the stove while rising. It should not be kept too warm. A room warm enough to sit in will give all the heat necessary.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Six.

BY THERESA.

After making pies to-day, I made a dozen tarts from the crust that was left. I rolled it very thin, and with the cover of a baking powder can, cut out twenty-four pieces. With the sharp end of a side thimble, I cut out three rounds each in twelve of them, then one at a time, wet one of the plain ones over with the pie-crust wetting, dusted a little flour over it, and placed a perforated round upon it, turning around, and pressing smoothly down with the fingers. I filled up the spaces in the baking tins with the little crackers, which, when baked, are nice for lunch, and of which children are very fond. These tarts look nicely on the table with the thimble rounds filled with jelly, then, are so "handy to have in the house" in case of company. I often make them from crust left from pies, and once made some after unexpected company came, considering them as easily made as anything, to afford a variety.

We have been at a loss to know what to do with old dress facings; some, especially cambric, after being used two, and three times even, seeming too good for the rag-bag, and wrong way of the cloth for carpet rags. Now, we fold all such into the right size for ironing holders, tacking with strong thread across the two ends that have raw edges, and keep a half a dozen or more of them in the clothes-basket. They are soft to the hands, and 'tis comfortable to have plenty, to change often for cool ones, in warm weather. When the outsides get ragged, rip and fold in the worn parts, and they will last as long as before.

Before we owned a Dover, our experience was similar to the one the lady wrote about, in her prize essay on the Dover, a few years since. Now, there is no more beating with spoons, knives and forks, with breaking arms, (seemingly), and then not have the frosting "come." We do not care to live on frosted cake, but the frosting is so easily made, we should like to be able to frost more of them. As it is, we are fortified for the picnic season, which to say the least, is some consolation, for we are sure of success now, whereas, all was "vexation of spirit."

What I am about to say now, will not meet with the approval of Dr. Hanaford, I suppose, but 'tis true nevertheless. Many a night, after tossing hour after hour, unable to get any sleep, have I arisen for a slice of bread to eat, and after again retiring, would almost immediately fall asleep. This has been recommended by some writers, and explained on the ground, that the work of the stomach in digesting the food, draws the blood from the brain, which was the seat of the trouble. However that may be, I do not know, but I do know that a few hours' sleep is better than none, and enables one to go about her duties the next day with more ambition, and I would like to thank the one if I could, for the information. Of course, if sleeplessness was caused by over-eating, this remedy would not avail, without one acted on the theory that "like cures like." What says the doctor to this?

I saw the question somewhere once, "What is bric-a-brac?" Was it in THE HOUSEHOLD? If so, I have seen no reply, but read a good definition in a late paper, which I copy. "The bric-a-brac is defined as any thing in the crockery line that is absolutely useless, set upon the mantel where it will be in the way." Doesn't that cover the whole ground?

While speaking of the Dover, I meant to say as a lady once did to me. Said she, "'Tis nothing to clean it, for after using I never allow it to lie a moment without washing, which is simply done by beating clean water with it, then wiping dry."

Our stand-by for washing clothes is the old-fashioned soft soap; but getting out of it this spring, we tried a cake of Dobbins', and I must say that the clothes were hung out in a short time, very white, and with but little rubbing, and we thought then that were we to buy, we should give it further trial. We think, however, that instead of rinsing twice, as we did, we should throw them into a boiler of hot water, (not boiling, necessarily,) stir around well with the clothes-stick, then rinse in plenty of clear water. This would save once wringing. When one has material on hand for making soft soap, it is economy to use it, and saves quite an expense in a family, as it costs nothing except time in making. To be sure, in some places the soap-man might allow something for the grease and ashes, but not enough to purchase hard soap to last one-half as long, probably, as soap made from the material sold.

I was much interested in "Jottings" number three. If Mrs. Wright's Mary would put a large stone in the bottom of her bouquet-holder for dried grasses, it would keep in place better, as I know by experience. I make them of a square of paste-board, and leave the point on for the front, and trim around the top with bordering, with a picture in the center.

DOING UP MEN'S LINEN.

Many a husband easy to please in all other respects, has had his weekly grumble over "the way this collar sets," or "how this bosom bulges out!" And many a housewife has tried again and again to remedy these faults. A lady writing to the New York Evening Post explains the difficulty in the following language:

Some time ago my husband used to complain that his linen collars did not set nicely in front. There was always a fullness which in the case of standing collars was particularly trying to a man who felt a good deal of pride in the dressing of his neck, as it spoiled the effect of his cravat, and often left a gap for the display of either the collar band of the shirt or a half-inch of bare skin. While talking with a practical shirtmaker one day, he mentioned his annoyance, and inquired if there was any means of relieving it.

"Yes," answered the man, "the fault lies with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise, and not lengthwise. Then in straitening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They, also, ought to be polished crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband up somewhere directly under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course that spoils the set of your collars. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most undesirable combination."

The speaker was right. As soon as my

husband ordered the necessary changes to be made in the methods of our laundry, a wonderful difference manifested itself in the appearance of that most important part of his clad anatomy, the neck. Let me commend the shirtmaker's hint to other distressed women.

HOW MUCH IS A WIFE WORTH?

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

A few weeks since a party sitting near us on the cars were speaking of a young man, a wealthy farmer, who had just disturbed his friends by venturing to marry a poor girl. We judged by the conversation that he had been well educated, and for wealth and intelligence was quite looked up to by his townsmen. But he married for love, not money or position, and these friends were liberally using friendship's privilege to make rather severe remarks about him in his absence.

First, it was foolish, after his education, instead of entering into one of the "professions," to return to the homestead, the quaint old farmhouse, and taking the care of his aged parents upon himself, settle down to a farmer's life. So foolish!

But this was a trivial offence compared to taking a poor girl for a wife with nothing but a common, practical education, good health, a loving heart and willing hands to recommend her. With his cultivated and refined tastes, what happiness could he hope for in such companionship? But then he would be a farmer, and perhaps she would be all that a farmer's wife need be.

We have often thought of the tone of this conversation. For what do men generally marry, and what estimate do they put on their wives? How many really good husbands never realize how large a share of the prosperity of their home, its comfort and success they owe to their wives. The husband earns the money it may be—but does he ever make an estimate, a fair business estimate, of what it would cost in dollars and cents to buy the cares and comforts that he receives from his wife's labors, whatever may be their standing in the community? Particularly is this a pertinent question as it regards the farmer's wife.

While the subject and conversation alluded to were fresh in mind, we chanced to pick up some stray newspaper which spoke quite clearly on some points of this subject. We subjoin a few sentences:

"We will for the present leave out of sight all sentiment, all references to the little comforts and felicities that go to make up the sum of domestic happiness, and come right to the practical question: Does a young woman, who comes to her husband with little or no dowry, but with willing heart and hands, and a fair share of intelligence, who takes care of him, of his house and of his family as it increases, often without any hired help, really earn more than her board and clothing?

No man will deny that a good wife is a treasure. Her care and labor certainly secure him many comforts; but how much would he consider them worth in dollars and cents? It is a great comfort to a man to have his three meals properly cooked and prepared at hours that suit his convenience. He can swallow a dinner in twenty or thirty minutes that it has taken most of the wife's forenoon to prepare. He thinks it a good dinner; but how high an estimate, think you, would he put upon the labor of preparing it if required to state the worth in money?

With what astonishment and disgust would he look upon his table if set with dishes that had not been washed since last used; but how high a money value would he be willing to put upon the one

unromantic item of washing dishes, which, nevertheless, takes so large a share of woman's time?

With what satisfaction he puts on the clean, smoothly ironed shirt and his nicely darned socks! They do not look much like the ones he pulls off to throw into the wash. Some one has had to rub pretty smartly to get the dirt all out; some one strained over the hot flat-irons to make the shirt so glossy; some one spent an hour, perhaps while he slept, to darn those unsightly holes in the heels of those stockings. And if a farmer it was his wife, most probably that did it all; and not this week only, but every week as sure as the weeks come round. Now he does appreciate cleanliness, notwithstanding his protestations against washing days and house-cleaning; does he own that it is worth anything in money if done by his wife?

Then comes the care of the milk and butter. Every day it must be attended to at the proper time, the cream churned, the butter made and carefully worked and salted. He is proud that his wife makes good butter, and quite happy to have customers tell him, 'You have the best butter of any one around here.' But then, are not the cows his? Does he not furnish the food? Does he not milk and take care of them? Is her part really worth anything in dollars and cents?

Then, again, her energies are taxed early and late in the care of her children. She is, of course, an interested party here; but then she don't pretend to own but half a share. Is it really worth nothing to soothe, amuse, correct, teach and watch over his half of the little folks as her own? This is real brain-work. Where is the man who will say that this care of their children does not require all a woman's wit and wisdom? But if asked to put a pecuniary value upon this part of a wife's and mother's care and labor, to how high a figure think you it would amount?

A farmer's wife, who really does her own work, or faithfully oversees its being done, which is by far the most trying part, has no easy task; but we would ask for her only what is justly due her. If there is any standard by which her services can be rightly estimated, we would like to know it. We wish to know whether there be any surplus in her favor—whether when she asks for a few dollars for some purpose not strictly necessary (a pocket book for instance), she ought to feel that she is asking for her husband's hard-earned means, or whether she has a right to feel that it is her due? How much must a wife credit to her husband's generosity? how much use with a clear conscience as her own faithfully earned portion of their joint labors?"

Young men will do wisely to give this matter a serious thought, lest they make the mistake of taking a wife's labor and attentions as a matter of course, as a right, instead of feeling that, with his name, he gave his wife an equal right to his cares and labors, joys and sorrows, and also an equal right to a proper use of the money which she has done her part to earn or accumulate. A wife, a farmer's wife particularly, has too much toil and perpetual watchfulness to make her life desirable, if, with it all, she is to be considered a beggar, a recipient of charity instead of a joint partner with her husband in all that he has.—*Christian Union.*

YOUR OWN COMFORT.

It is not much of a bouquet, just two great leaves of geranium, three sprigs of sweet mignonette, two bits of bright blue larkspur, and a spike of pink catchfly, but it cheers me and rests me every time I look up at it. The cup too, is of dainty shell pink china, with a hand painted primrose on one side, and that too is a

pleasure to the eye, and a reminder of a loved one. All these little things go to make up our sum of happiness more than ever we can realize. In many respects our happiness is in our own making, especially in these little things. A tidy, cooled-off room in July days is one great item of comfort. Some room in the house is almost always away from the sun, and that is the one to occupy, as far as possible. We get very tired of the same surroundings, the same outlook from the windows, and there is no possible harm in shifting the sewing machine for the afternoon to the best parlor, or the spare bedroom, if it would be in the least degree pleasanter to us. "Follow things that make for peace" in your own mind as well as in your neighborhood.

There is a great deal of waste going on in the world, but it is not confined to our cities, and the circles of those who like their favorite lily "toil not, neither do they spin." A great waste goes on in our farmers' kitchens, and it is the saddest of all wastes, because it can never be repaired. It is a waste of the very health and life of our wives and mothers. They do not take half the care of themselves that they would of a good sewing or washing machine, nor not a tithe the care that the farmer does of his blooded stock.

They may bitterly assert that there is no help for the overwork, no use for them to try to enjoy life with such daily burdens. Still it is really of use to try, or the other alternative must certainly be met. The busy hands must lay aside all their toil, when the sun is perhaps but half-way up the sky, and another will doubtless come in to reap the reward of your hard labors. I know a community which is considered the richest farming section in all the state. The farmers live in handsome country houses, and are counted rich men. But you will observe this little peculiarity about their homes: nearly every man has his third wife. How well I remember riding with my father through that section nearly forty years ago, and noting on almost every farm a log cabin. What toils and privations those pioneer mothers endured to help turn this wilderness into such a garden spot!

More self-consideration and more self-assertion are graces sadly needed in our farmers' wives. They should decidedly require help for in-doors in the busy season, just as much as their husbands do in the fields. There is no justice nor equality in having the number of daily bricks to be made doubled, and no straw provided. The world has denounced the tyrannical Pharaoh from his day to ours, but his race has not died out. A woman should have some happy leisure time in every day, when she can enjoy her flowers, or her pleasant sewing work, with the accompaniment of cheerful thoughts, but she can never do this when on every hour of the day is laid the rightful work of two hours.

I. E. M. C.

HOUSEHOLD EXERCISE.

Dish-washing is good for dyspeptics. It is light exercise of the arms and chest soon after meals, and it may be done sitting as well as standing. A high office stool is very useful in the kitchen. Feeble women, who "do their own work," often stand upon their feet more than necessary. You can sit down to dress vegetables, to wash and wipe dishes, to knead bread, to iron, and to do many other things. You may be a little slower about the work, but you will get through it in better condition. Housekeepers would often like to take an out-door walk, only their "feet are so tired."

Dish-washing would not be half so disagreeable as it often is, if the dishes were

lightly scraped free from crumbs, and neatly piled up for washing. There should be a large dishpan and plenty of hot water, with which to fill up the pan gradually as its contents cool. I seldom use soap for washing dishes, but to the unskilled, or to those who use much butter and fat in their cooking, it seems a necessity.

Sweeping is good exercise, if the floors and carpets are not dusty. Ah! that "if!" Bed-making will serve as gymnastics, if the beds are kept clean and well aired.

And what of washing? I do not think highly of the old-fashioned wash-board exercise. It is hard for both lungs and back. With good washers and wringers, with strong arms for lifting, it may be made passable as exercise, and it is always a pleasure to see soiled things clean once more.

A moderate amount of ironing is good for women in health, in cool weather. On hot days endeavor to do it in a cool room or on a shady porch.

Cooking is perhaps the most important part of housework, and its exercise is not heavy in quality, though to some it may be burdensome in quantity. It seems to me more like a high art, or dignified occupation, worthy to be called a profession—far more honorable than the legal profession, for instance. I should not wonder if really good and scientific cooks could do more to preserve and to restore health than the doctors of medicine can. As with ironing, the hardest kind of cookery is the least necessary—the ornamental part. We should study to make our cooking work as little heating as possible. For instance: bread may be baked in the oven instead of cooking it upon the griddle in the form of "pancakes," and in hot weather we can avoid those forms of food that require constant stirring in cooking.

There is a great deal of necessary work to be done in the world, in order that we may all be comfortably fed, clothed and lodged. I should like to see what would be the result if the labor and strength spent upon unnecessary work, usually considered ornamental, should be given cheerfully to doing the necessary work of the world, as a preparation for the advent of real beauty or genuine adornment in all departments of our daily life.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHY KEROSENE LAMPS EXPLODE.

Kerosene is not explosive. A lighted taper may be thrust into it, or flame applied in any way, and it does not explode. On the contrary, it extinguishes flame, if experimented with at the usual temperatures of our rooms. Kerosene accidents occur from two causes: first, imperfect manufacture of the article; second, adulterations. An imperfectly manufactured oil is that which results when the distillation has been carried on at too low a temperature, and a part of the naphtha remains in it. Adulterations are largely made by unprincipled dealers, who add twenty or thirty per cent. of naphtha, after it leaves the manufacturer's hands. The light naphthas which have been spoken of as known in commerce under the names of benzine, benzoline, gasoline, etc., are very volatile, inflammable, and dangerous. They, however, in themselves, are not explosive; neither are they, when placed in lamps, capable of furnishing any gas which is explosive.

Accidents of this nature are due entirely to the facility with which vapor is produced from them at low temperatures. But the vapor by itself is in explosive; to render it so, it must be mixed with air. A lamp may be filled with bad kerosene, or with the vapor even, and in no possible way can it detonate, or explode, unless atmospheric air has somehow got

mixed with the vapor. A lamp, therefore, full, or nearly full of the liquid is safe; and also one full of pure, warm vapor is safe. Explosions generally occur when the lamp is first lighted without being filled, and also late in the evening, when the fluid is nearly exhausted.

The reason of this will readily be seen. In using imperfect or adulterated kerosene, the space above the line of oil is always filled with vapors and so long as it is warm, and rising freely, no air can reach it, and it is safe. At bedtime, when the family retire, the light is extinguished, the lamp cools, and a portion of the vapor is condensed; this creates a partial vacuum in the space, which is instantly filled with air. The mixture is now more or less explosive; and when, upon the next evening, the lamp is lighted without replenishing with oil, as is often done, an explosion is liable to take place. Late in the evening, when the oil is nearly consumed, and the space above filled with vapor, the lamp cannot explode so long as it remains at rest upon the table. But take it in hand, agitate it, carry it into a cool room, the vapor is cooled, air passes in and the mixture becomes explosive.

SMALL BUTTER PACKAGES.

The market price of a commodity depends very largely upon its quality, appearance, and the convenient form in which it is presented to the purchaser. This is especially the case as to dairy products. Butter is exceedingly perishable, and if handled or disturbed in the marketing, its value is greatly lessened. Dairymen do not seem to know this fact, if we are to judge by the way their butter comes to market for distribution by retailers.

A large class of consumers need small packages, holding from five pounds upwards. If these were made in such a shape and of such material that they could be used when empty for some domestic purposes, if it was not convenient to return them, or so cheaply that they could be thrown aside without much loss, a great convenience would result.

We have very recently seen a small butter package which seems to answer the purpose well. It is of tin, with wooden lining and is made to pack from five to fifty pounds. The wooden lining is a new feature in these packages; and prevents the corrosion of the tin from contact with the salt of the butter; the tin casing protects the light wooden lining, and gives strength with lightness.—*American Agriculturist.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read your pages in silence for two years, and when the April number came my husband said, "It is a wonder to me that you (a woman) have kept silent so long. Haven't you a stove blacking to recommend, or some other useful article, so you can put in your oar?" So I needed but little urging to come. Can you give me standing room?

I only want to say with Suke and others, kneaded bread is the best; and also to ask if some one will give me a good, sure rule for brown bread, not steamed, and Indian pudding. I have made the latter, and tried to get it so it wouldn't taste flat, but it is dry and unpalatable.

I am only young in the arts of house-work, but I am an interested worker. I have three in my family, my husband and baby boy and myself, but I can find some work for every hour of the day. Do, some one of the dear sisters, come to my relief.

BETTY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Though I am a stranger to you, you are none of you

strangers to me, indeed I feel very well acquainted with you all, and I am sure of a welcome among you, as I have always noticed that the larger the circle the more welcome is the new comer. I've often thought of entering, but have never quite found time. We ought to be a united family, as there are so many subjects upon which I am sure we all think alike, the leading one of which is that our HOUSEHOLD is the most useful paper ever published. Where else could we possibly find so much information and pleasure combined?

What a deal of pains some of you take. Dear Emily Hayes, I do thank you for those music lessons. I live on the western frontier and have never had an opportunity to learn music, though very fond of it. I hope to own an organ soon, and those music lessons shall be carefully treasured until that good time comes, and then certainly made the most of.

What beautiful lace patterns some of you send! Those and all articles on fancy work, plants and birds, have a perfect fascination for me. By the way, will some sister tell me something about cacti? I have two varieties, one is a broad-leaved one, and is as much as four years old, grows rapidly, but has never blossomed yet. I think it is a prickly pear cactus, but do not know. The other has long, three-cornered leaves, with occasionally a flat leaf amongst the triangular ones. How old must they be to bloom? what sort of blossoms do they have? and is there anything I can do to hurry them up? I am so tired of so many briers and no flowers. I have a large fuchsia which never blooms. It seems to grow rapidly, but once in a while will drop all its leaves. I have also an amaryllis some three years old which has never bloomed. I do not know what kind it is, as it was given to me. Now don't think I never have any flowers, for with geraniums and some other kinds I succeed well.

I could scribble all day, but dare not, lest this should never see the light again. One thing I must tell you though. There is a little weed known as mouse-ear plantain, and by many as Indian tobacco, which is a cure for felonies in any stage. It grows low, and the leaf is fuzzy on the under side, and shaped like a mouse's ear. It requires to be very slowly steeped for a long time in a little new milk, then taken out and well pounded to extract the juice, returned to the milk in which it was steeped, and applied warm as a poultice. It is very soothing and I think a sure cure.

Is there really any good, reliable powder for the destruction of house flies? I have tried several with no success. If any of you know of anything that will rid the house of these intolerable pests, please tell me what it is and where it is to be had.

SISTER LIB.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I hope you will permit an Irish woman to join your HOUSEHOLD BAND. Through the kindness of a friend in America I get your paper regularly, and enjoy it much.

Rosamond E., we have often wondered whether you really were a live woman or only "a thing of air." Hans Dorcom sets that doubt at rest. Will you pardon me if I venture to remind you that "good people are scarce," and to hope that you will take care of yourself or they may become still scarcer?

Emily Hayes, I tried your recipe for boiled frosting, and found it splendid.

I also wish to thank the sister who told us about the soap suds in starch. I found it put a beautiful gloss on shirts and collars.

My home is within nine miles of the Giant's Causeway.

Only for fear of Mr. Crowell's waste

basket I would say more. If I escape it this time I may come again.

I cannot conclude, however, without telling Charity Snow how much we enjoy her writings. She is a great favorite here.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My June number has just come, and I am minded to send a good morning to the sisters on this bright June day. Good morning, one and all. And now for individuals.

Lou Lyle, you ask for a recipe for oyster stew. Mine is considered very nice, and I don't believe your John's nose would "turn up" at it. I drain all the liquor off my oysters and put it on to boil in a saucepan, with a little boiling water, say half a cupful, if you have quite a little oyster liquor. Add to this salt and pepper to taste, and let it come to a boil. Then add your milk, the quantity of course being regulated by your own needs

and the number of your oysters, let this boil, then put in your oysters; these ought not to go in more than five or ten minutes before the stew is served, as long cooking will toughen them. After they are in, the stew should only gently simmer, not really boil. A minute or two before dishing, add a large spoonful of butter, let this just melt, give it a stir in, and serve piping hot, and I think no epicure need sneer at your stew. I serve with crisp oyster crackers, and tiny, crisp cucumber pickles. If your crackers have lost their crispness, set them in a hot oven for a minute or two, let them cool, and they will be almost like new.

If I may venture to humbly differ from Agnes, in the April number, the true reading of that line of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's is not

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea."

It is "born," as generally printed. I dare to speak as one having authority about it, for beyond the author herself there can be no appeal, and I have lately read a letter written by Mrs. Howe, in which she decidedly affirms that she had no thought of writing borne, and that it was a great mistake to ever print it so. She had in mind, she said, the pictures of the annunciation, in most or all of which Mary is represented as holding a branch of lilies in her hand. I hope Agnes will excuse me for contradicting her, but I could not let her statement pass uncorrected.

I would like to thank Rev. J. N. Wilson, of Perry, Ohio, for recommending oil of tar for chilblains. For two winters I suffered agony with my feet, trying various remedies in vain. His is the only one that ever helped me permanently.

I suppose I shall have all the Band of sisters indignantly buzzing around my ears, if I dare to dissent from the opinion of the much loved Dr. Hanaford, and yet I am going to be even so bad. Speaking of tomatoes, in the May, '81, number, he says: "That their use is unnatural is seen in the fact that we must learn to like them, which is not true of fruits or ordinary food." Now I am not contending that tomatoes do not tend to produce cancers, though on the authority of several fine physicians, I do not at all believe that they do. But two of his statements seem to me wide of fact. My experience is probably not so extensive as Dr. H.'s, but so far as it goes I have not found that "we" (speaking in general, as I suppose he does,) "have to learn to like tomatoes." I, for one, have been extremely fond of them since I saw my first tomato, and I know dozens and dozens of people who would tell the same story. Secondly, granting we did all have to learn to like them, it seems to me a very false inference that everything we must learn to like is unnatural and unhealthful.

There are hundreds and thousands of people who never have liked nor can like any of the cereal foods which Dr. H. so freely and justly praises. I myself must plead guilty to that. From babyhood to womanhood I actually loathed oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc., and it is only by force of will that I tolerate them sufficiently to eat them for health's sake now. Another example: There are very many fruits and foods in my dear native home, the Hawaiian Islands, which Dr. H. would unite with other physicians in pronouncing the most natural and healthful foods possible, and yet which he and all other foreigners would quite probably have to spend months in learning to like. On the other hand, he would probably find some things which he would like, but which his science would tell him were unnatural and unhealthful.

North Scituate, R. I. LUCY PALMER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"I wish I could see your name again in our paper," wrote Riverside in a recent letter, and there is so much in the June number I can keep still no longer. So, Mr. Crowell, please open the door and bid me welcome.

Thank you, Anise Strange, for telling us how to "do over" a leghorn hat. I had one up attic I did not know what to do with, but find it can be made to look like new with little trouble.

Com, I sent for a package of the Diamond Dyes, and had just the handsomest shade of cardinal you ever saw. Try them; you can but be pleased with the result.

Lou Lyle, I would like to know you better. Can't you manage to drop me a postal? I'll reply. Now let me tell you how I make oyster stew. For a pint of solid oysters I take a pint of water and a quart of milk. I put the milk on in a porcelain kettle; put the oysters on in a spider with the water—perhaps a little more water, the pint of these days is so small—and when they boil up once, set them back where they will keep hot; when the milk is boiling, put in a piece of butter the size of a small egg, some salt and pepper, and a dessert spoonful of flour made smooth in a little milk. Let all boil up once, then add the oysters, and stir them well to mix thoroughly. I like to keep them real hot, but not boiling, about five minutes, then serve. If they are left to boil very long they are apt to curdle, and that spoils them, I think. We use soda crackers in preference to the little round oyster crackers, and if they become soft, just put them in the large bake pan and set them in the oven a few minutes. They will become crisp and new.

Nashua, N. H. BETHRA LIEDEAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Isn't it provoking when you think you have got a thing learned to find out you haven't? A while ago I used to have desperate times trying to make cake, for although I like to cook real well I don't like to fail, and failure was my destiny so often, the conclusion was forced upon me that cake-making wasn't my forte, and I almost decided never to try any more. Then my temper came to the front. The idea of being conquered by a lot of brainless dough was too humiliating, and I vowed a vow that I would learn to make cake well or die in the attempt! Old Mrs. Featherstack says, "There is nothing like getting one's dander up" to insure success, and I thought I would try it. Dear me, what capricious stuff cake is any way! Now bread is different. If you only have good flour and good yeast, a good fire and good plans, there is no trouble. There is some stability and character to bread, and if the oven door is held open a second too long, your bread won't get mad at you and take its revenge in some provoking way. There

is some dependence to be placed on it, but cake is like a skittish horse, you never know what it is going to do next. It may prove tractable and docile enough, and it may rear and plunge and shy without any apparent reason, and land you before you know it in the slough of despond. That's where I am now and I don't know how to get out.

I wish a teaspoonful of anything always meant exactly the same amount, but teaspoons are of so many different sizes, and there are so many degrees of heaping those of equal size, that I can never be sure of the baking powder. Every cake is an individual experiment, and I'm always in a fever of suspense till the thing is out of the oven and cold.

Well, I persevered with varying success until, for a wonder, I began to have such uniform good luck, that in the foolish imagination of my heart I deemed my trials were over, and this morning while beating the eggs for another cake I had the audacity to smile at the memory of my past agonies. Vanity of vanities! When that cake went into the oven it wouldn't rise a bit. I tended it faithfully for an hour, but it wouldn't budge, and pretty soon I gave it to the hens. I don't know whether hot cake is good for the voracious creatures or not, but I never heard of a dyspeptic hen and so ran the risk. Mother thinks I must have forgotten to put any baking powder in that cake, and perhaps I did, I don't know.

Well, of course I proceeded to make another. I used the utmost care and am sure there was powder enough in that time, for the cake rose mountain high and I was happy. But it wasn't for long, for just then a friend came in and we got so interested in conversation that such things as cakes never entered my head till my caller had gone, and then, oh then, that cake was black and crisp as charcoal! Even the hens were too fastidious to eat it, and I buried it in the ash heap. Should I attempt number three after such disasters? Yes, of course, I had started to make a cake and I would do it if I lived long enough! There wasn't another egg in the house, and I started for the barn. But though every blessed nest I could find was searched, not an egg appeared; and while some of those lazy, idiotic hens stood around on one foot staring at me with their little round eyes, the rest of them were shouting "Cut-cut-ka-dah-cut!" like the old hypocrites they were, till I felt like choking them all for not attending better to their business. Just then father came in.

"Have these hens struck for higher wages?" I asked, "not a solitary egg can I find."

He climbed up somewhere on the hay and presently came down with a whole hatful of eggs, and once more I began culinary operations.

The third time will surely be successful, I thought, and with hope and caution I proceeded. After that cake was in the oven I wouldn't have left the stove if the queen of England had come to see me. I watched the fire with eagle eye, and felt rewarded when I beheld my cake coming up charmingly, with a steady, even heat pervading the oven. It browned over nicely, (the cake, not the oven,) and I thought five minutes more would finish it. But the next time I looked at it my hopes had gone "where the woodbine twineth," for that cake had gone down, down, hopelessly and irretrievably down in the middle. I dare say it would have gone through to China if the oven hadn't been in the way.

Well, I set it down on the table and looked at it. I walked around it and meditated. How I did wish the thing was a little longer; it would have made such a nice coffin, and I felt a good deal

like being put into it and buried in some quiet spot where nobody should ever see either of us again. Then Tom came in and said:

"What's up, sis; your cake got curvature of the spine?"

I laughed then, and I don't know but that did as much good as crying or dying would have done.

Well, I guess I won't bury myself just yet, but I do think if that cake could have some rockers put on it, it would make a splendid cradle for some of THE HOUSEHOLD babies, and I am willing to donate it for that purpose. The first one that speaks for it can have it. RENA ROSS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I step into The Kitchen long enough to have a chat with the members about my new oil stove? Of course many of you are already familiar with this invaluable little stove—stove did I say? rather the parlor lamp has stepped down from its post of honor, taken up a corner of the kitchen, and thrown down a challenge to the staid old kitchen range.

Mine has been in use now about two months, and its success has been such a delight and surprise to me that I would like to say to all HOUSEHOLD readers who are not in possession of one, wait no longer; don't cook yourselves over a hot kitchen fire during the summer months. The cooking on one of these small stoves is done just as quickly and satisfactorily as on the cook-stove, while all the annoyance of heat is done away with. For the past two months I have done all my cooking on this stove, lighting the cook-stove only on wash day, and I have an idea that the oil stove might be made to do duty even on this occasion if I did my own washing, but Mrs. O'Flannigan isn't of a progressive turn of mind, and doesn't take kindly to modern innovations. She even looks with some contempt on my new acquisition, as a toy that is well enough to amuse those who only play at housekeeping, but quite too unsubstantial for real service. Now it is not improbable that many housekeepers, not having made a practical test of the oil stove, share in Mrs. O'Flannigan's distrust of it. With such I would like to share my experience.

I prepare breakfast in much less time than formerly, for just the moment the match is applied cooking begins. There is no tedious waiting for the stove to heat, and coffee is boiling in an incredibly short time. If one is in haste to prepare the meal, the coffee-pot can then be set aside and the broiler or oatmeal kettle be put on; otherwise the extension top is put on, leaving room for two articles to cook and also for two others to be kept warm.

For cooking dinner I use either the oven or "cooker," according to whether the dinner is to be baked or boiled. These two articles seem to me to be very nearly perfect. I have at one time baked in the oven roast beef, potatoes, pie and pudding, while in the cooker one may boil or steam meat, pudding, and several kinds of vegetables at one time, leaving room on the stove for the teakettle. The oven bakes bread and cakes as nicely as it does everything else.

But it would not do to stop without speaking of the iron heater. Who that knows what ironing in warm weather means, would not feel thankful for this? Mine holds but two irons, though there are those that hold a greater number. However, I find this number sufficient to keep the irons so hot that I am sometimes obliged to let one cool before using it.

For the successful use of these stoves it is essential that they be kept perfectly clean, well trimmed and filled. There is no need of smoke or unpleasant odor more than from any other lamp, only we

must give it the care that any ordinary lamp would receive.

The cost averages, with me, a little less than five cents a day, which is a great saving in fuel, a consideration not to be despised by those living in cities.

MRS. H.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For I feel that I can thus address you, although of only a year's acquaintance; it has become much endeared to me. I too have thought many times I would write and let others know how much good I derive from its contents in every department, but have delayed doing so till the "blue cross" appeared, then I knew I must write if I would see my welcome monthly visitor. I wish it was a weekly, it seems so long to wait sometimes.

I wish I could say something that would comfort the sorrowing one. I remember the first number of THE HOUSEHOLD I received was soon after we had laid our only little daughter away, in which was an article, the subject of which and by whom it was written I don't now remember, but it contained one thought that brought consolation to me, and it often recurs to my mind.

Then too, I find other mothers have noisy, mischievous children as well as myself. I have very much such a boy as Emily Hayes described in the March number, "one who rushes in the house like a small whirlwind, and upsets half the things in the room while crossing it; who is always fearfully hungry," (I would add when in the house, but when out to play never thinks of being hungry.) I confess I felt encouraged when I read her "Plea for Boys." I think sometimes we require too much of our children; years pass rapidly; they will soon reach the age of reason and judgment, and we shall never be sorry that we were patient with them. I don't believe in petting children to spoil them, but many times when they come in with a sliver in the finger, or to have a "plaster" put on, or simply a cloth tied around the bruise, even if we are washing dishes, or are too busy to stop, it does them and ourselves good if we do stop and attend to their little wants. I know often my boys are cured by simply the cloth. Or when the invariable cry for a drink of water comes, and when it seems as if we could not drag our weary feet up those long stairs, so we cannot deny them the cup of cold water, so we go. O, dear mothers, when one of these little ones have been taken from your home you will never regret the weary steps taken for them. So let us struggle on, living for the high life, "the rest beyond the river."

I have tried many of the recipes, and found them good. The soft gingerbread recipe in the September number, by C. Howard, is pronounced excellent by many who have tried it. I sent it to Michigan and it found favor there. Emma's sugar cookies, in the February number, are good. I can recommend the "hard soap" recipe, also immersing bottles with broken stoppers in hot water, it will remove the piece immediately.

I will not trespass longer on your patience, but close with good wishes for all the Band.

LIZZIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In our paper for May, 1880, is a letter from Lola H., Pine Grove, N. Y., in which she asks me to tell at least the state in which I live, as she thinks she has met me. After these many months I reply. My home is among the dear hills of the Green Mountain State, and I think, Lola, you never saw me. When first I read your letter, I thought to answer soon, but this and that have prevented. Perhaps Lola may read this, and perhaps not, but if she still takes THE HOUSEHOLD will she not write again and let us know if she continues "presentable in respect to size," as she tells Dr. H. after following his directions for a time?

Among the many good things in our paper, now very good and pleasant is the corner in which we may gather and talk over our affairs, claiming or giving sympathy, as the case may be, and feeling ourselves closely united by friendly ties.

It is a privilege to be allowed to sympathize with those in trouble, and very precious, when ourselves troubled and weary, to know that we have the heartfelt sympathy of those around us. But, dear sisters, one and all, if you desire true, tender and never failing love and kindness, look to Him who so loves you as to extend this invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and be assured if you come surrendering yourself entirely to His care, you will find such rest as can be found only in His arms. Can you not take for your daily text, "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you?"

AGGIE VAN CHESTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the June number of our paper Spring Blossom, (bless her heart,) sends a beautiful poem to all who "have to serve by waiting." I belong to that class, and sometimes I find it very weary waiting, and always welcome THE HOUSEHOLD and read it through and through. The sisters seem to me like dear old

friends, and some of them have written me loving letters. Marjorie March sent me her photograph and the kindest letter. Thanks, Marjorie. You are a darling any way, if your picture looks like you.

Well, what I want to say is, I have the answer to the poem Spring Blossom sent to the invalids, entitled, "Called Aside," and trusting it may help some one of the "Shut-In Society" to trust and wait until the "mists have cleared away," I venture to send it for their comfort and encouragement.

LAID ASIDE.

BY MILLIE COLCORD.

We say them very oft, the two small words,

Thinking the while of some who, lying still,

May only watch the reapers at their work,

May only wait to know the Father's will,

But by what right do we in judgment stand,

And, looking o'er the harvest field so wide,

Say of those lives whose work we cannot know,

"These hath the Father's wisdom laid aside?"

They may not toil, their waiting hands lie still

And cannot glean the sheaves so white and fair;

But shall we say that they are laid aside

When God's own hand hath surely placed them

there?

Because their feet no longer come and go

Among the sheaves that ripen 'neath the sun;

Because their hands can neither sow nor glean,

Is this the sign that work for them is done?

Ah, no! God does not count them "laid aside"

Because His voice has bid them to be still

For though they only wait with folded hands,

It is enough that so they do His will.

How shall we judge what task on earth is theirs?

God does not measure by our human sight;

The work we count as nothing, in His hand.

May, some day, shine in radiance of light,

A life of waiting, lived as for the Lord,

Shall never, in His sight, be counted lost;

Dost find it hard to wait? remember this:

Our will, opposing God's will, makes the cross.

God's plans are great and deep, His ways are wide;

We strive in vain His will to understand,

Till, looking upward through the mist of doubt,

We hear His loving voice and clasp His hand.

He holds us then; no harm our souls need fear

If, in life's field of toil, He makes our place;

Or if He bids us lay aside our work.

And wait, unquestioning, a little space.

The reason here we may not understand

Why He should bid some labor, others rest;

But since His love and wisdom cannot fail,

We know His ways are right, His plans are best.

And though I dare not judge another's work,

This do I know: in all God's kingdom wide,

Where'er their place, however small their task,

None of His children can be "laid aside."

Raymond, N. H.

LOU.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I step in to say a few words to Lenore? Your neighbor's twin sister must be our neighbor, for your experience and my mother's are identical in many respects. About every portable article that we possess has been transported from our house to hers, and generally comes back much the worse for going a-visiting. A small grocery might be stocked with the provisions of various kinds she has borrowed little by little, and forgotten to return. The half-cups of condensed milk, sweet milk and sour milk borrowed and not repaid, would overflow the cans carried in an ordinary milk wagon. Once she begged the large pat of butter on our table for her Sunday dinner, remarking pitifully,

"I forgot to order butter yesterday, and we have company, too." (Her own family numbers nine.)

Choking down our indignation we handed the plate to her, resolved to make the piece reserved for breakfast suffice for our wants. Presently she came back.

"Can't you let us have a piece for the second plate? One is not enough."

Explaining the dilemma we were in, she left us to our small allowance. But she was not quite conquered. A loud rap was heard on the back fence, and our Bridget answered it with,

"Well?"

"Do you have breakfast too early to get butter from the store?"

Our cake tins are her cake tins. If we want them we call for them. Our garden hose is hers, for "Mr. H." says he won't get a hose, for the boys would wear it right out fooling with it." They can use ours, though. Our snow-shovel comes back with a good sized piece of wood knocked out of it. No apology is made. Our watering-pot is borrowed. The children use it for the plants a while, then play ball with it, and the handle breaks off. It is returned, handle inside, and no apology is made. At a recent wedding in her house we were comforted as we thought there was one thing she could not borrow from us—a bride. She has spoiled two tack-hammers for us, broken the bottom out of a small strainer, and ruined our canning kettle. Things are returned without comment or apology, and we are left to consider the matter as calmly as we can, while she chats with a seamstress making her children's aprons. She has three or four hats each season. In her home silks and satins abound, but that neglected kitchen goes bare.

I begin to doubt the truth of the proverb, He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, and

shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. I am sure she has had reproof upon reproof, by our pleading "being out" of anything wanted, or by our sending for borrowed utensils. The "suddenly" clause of the proverb attacks us and not her. H. W. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought I would write for our paper, but as often concluded to let some more gifted pen than mine fill the valuable space, but when our editor said, "Ladies, write for your paper," I thought it time to try. He says to us, write of your hobbies, but I have so many I hardly dare undertake that. I should have to go through the whole catalogue of fancy work to begin with, then commence on flowers—and here let me say how much I enjoy R. Rennie's letters, and if any of the sisters want to see how many plants they can get for fifty cents or one dollar, send the money to him. I was delighted with mine. They were so nicely packed and were in good condition, costing about five cents apiece, his choice.

In the July number Sadie N. wants directions for fleshy people's diet. I have a friend who was very fleshy; she sent for Dr. Hanaford's book, "Anti-fat and Anti-lean, (price twenty-five cents,) and followed the directions. She ate lean meats, fish, oysters, fruits, etc., bread made from the Health Food Company's gluten flour, or thin "fat folks' crackers," gave up using all sweets, fats, butter, potatoes, or things containing much starch, and in five months lost fifty pounds. Some weeks she lost three and one-half pounds.

She now eats very sparingly of the forbidden things, as she has lost all she wants to, and feels she has the reins in her own hands. She is perfectly well and has been all the time, but had to use great self-denial, as fat folks always have a good relish for food. If any one wishes to know more about it, I will write to them personally if they send stamps for the purpose. I shall get letters if sent to my address as given below.

Do the sisters know what comfort there is in an oil stove? I use mine for nearly everything, think it saves work, and is much cheaper than coal or wood, then it saves having so much heat in the room, although we have not been troubled with heat this summer; have had very few days when a fire was not comfortable to sit by; enjoyed it very much the fourth of July. But you southern sisters need not think we always have it so cold "way down in Maine," for we sometimes have it comfortably warm, at least.

Do you ever make strawberry biscuit? We think they are very nice. Make nice short biscuit, open while warm and spread with butter, then take a bowl of fresh strawberries, mash, sweeten, and spread on the biscuit, shut them together quickly and put one in each saucer with cream over it. It is better than pudding or pie for dessert, and is good without the cream. Try it, you lean ones—but it will never do for Sadie N., or any fat folks.

I enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD very much; in fact would not try to do without it, and feel as if some of the writers were personal friends.

I believe in saving ourselves all the hard work we can, by easy ways of doing it, and taking time to read and not feel that it is wasted either.

My heart went out in sympathy to the invalid who wrote us so cheerfully, a few months ago, of the work she had done in her "wheeling chair. I would write her a letter if I had her address. Perhaps it would do us both good.

Oh, Marjorie March, for shame! for a jolly girl like you to compare cats to gentlemen. But then you sugared the pills by saying, "I like the whiskered tribe, both cats and men." That reminds me of a "camping out crowd" who drew lots to see who should cook, and made it a rule that the first man that found fault should take the cook's place. The first day the bread was very salt, and one said, "What salt bread!" when he happened to think what would be his fate if he found fault, so he quickly added, "but I like it."

Pembroke, Maine. MAINE SUNFLOWER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am so well pleased with the notice and kind expressions I have received from you, that I have been trying this long while to get time to write you again. My house is all cleaned, our garden is made, and some of my hens are taking care of their chickens and some getting ready to do so, and perhaps I shall be able to write in peace. But no! I must stop to attend to some callers. Well, they are gone, and it is after nine, and soon will be time for us to retire.

How late everything is this spring! but it is warm enough to-day to suit any one, and too warm to suit me. I am not a salamander by any means.

I have been knitting a pair of silk mittens. I expected it would take me a long time and be hard work, but it was not. I would as soon knit silk as Saxony, if it is all like this. I used the Florence knitting silk; it took two spools. It is forty cents a spool, and it takes not quite all the two spools. I expect to save enough on kid gloves to keep me from being entirely ruined by the extravagance. They are black, and I knit a pattern on the back that makes them very pretty; at least I think them so.

Did any of you try making flower pots, or rather pots for plants, out of tin cans? I took

some that held a quart and covered them with dark wall paper, wrong side out, and put a gilt strip I cut from some bordering at the top and bottom, and was surprised to see how pretty they were. They take up so little room, and they are large enough for a good many kinds of plants, especially geraniums. When they get too large you can set them in the ground and start a new slip.

Warm weather has not the terrors for me it once had. We have ice and a summer kitchen; not a very extensive establishment, to be sure, but oh, so comfortable! John fixed a place under the barn to keep the ice, and a neighbor fills it, and we both have all the ice we want; and then John made an ice box, a refrigerator I suppose I should say, and I set a pan or pail in it and put a piece of ice in, and as it melts it makes all the water we need to drink, and I set my butter jar and milk pitcher in by the side and so keep them nice and cool. Then he laid a floor in one corner of the wood-shed, and bought an old stove and set it up there, and when it is too warm in the house I make a fire in it, and you can't tell how much more comfortable it is, unless you have tried it. I know a great many women nearly kill themselves working in a hot room.

Kittie Brown, John says come on, he will fix a place for you. We intend to go to the Adirondack region next time.

Edna Thomas, thanks for your kind words. I won't pity you for looking like me. There are worse-looking people in the world than I am. I should like to compare photographs.

A lady in the Fireside of the Western Rural says, "I wish we were all going to Penelope's to tea this afternoon." I wish you all were coming. If there should not be room in the house, we could go out in the yard, and I would try and get some strawberries for you. PENELOPE PEPPER.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MOLASSES PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of water, two-thirds cup of butter, one teaspoonful of selenatus, and five cups of flour. Steam three hours without disturbing. Add one egg, raisins and currants if you choose. To be eaten with sauce. MAY PIERCE.

ROLY-POLY PUDDING FOR LUCY.—To one cup of beef suet shaved or shred fine, add one cup of boiling water, a salt-spoon of salt, set on the stove and keep boiling a moment, then pour the mixture immediately in the flour, roll as thick as for cookies, sprinkle the surface with Zante currants or other fruit if desired, roll up the pudding, tie securely in a cloth, and boil one hour. Eat with sweet sauce. CHRISTINE B.

BAKERS' SPONGE GINGERBREAD.—Two-thirds cup of lard upon which pour one-half cup of boiling water, add one teaspoonful of soda and one tablespoonful of ginger to one cup of molasses, pour the boiling water and lard into these, and stir in flour to form a batter.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup of butter and lard mixed, one cup of sour cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon.

STEAMED RICE.—Add one pint of water to one cup of rice which has been thoroughly cleaned, put in a tin pail, and set in a kettle of boiling water, and boil two hours. This is far preferable to rice plain boiled. C. BROWNLEE.

CHEAP CAKE.—One-half cup of pork drippings, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice. Find a cheaper one if you can. I have two more that are cheap and good.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one cup of flour.

WHITE CAKE.—The whites of two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one spoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half spoonful of soda.

YOUNG FARMER'S WIFE.

BROILED BEEF STEAKS.—Have a bright, clear fire of coals, rub the gridiron over with a bit of beef suet, and lay on the steak, which should be nearly an inch in thickness. When it begins to broil turn the upper side down, and so continue to turn it back and forth till it is done. Have your dish ready with a good bit of butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Serve very hot.

BEEF CAKES.—Chop pieces of cooked beef small, the lean with such a proportion of fat as you may like, with a slice of soaked bread. Season with pepper and salt, and if liked with some chopped onions, mix well, flour your hands, and form it in round cakes about an inch in thickness, and fry them a fine brown in beef drippings or butter.

BEEF STEAKS FRIED.—Cut your beef in steaks half an inch in thickness, take out all the fat, rub the frying-pan over with butter, lay in

the steaks, set it over the fire, as the gravy runs out pour it on a dish, turn it often, then fry the fat by itself, and lay it on the lean, season the gravy from the fat with pepper and salt, add a small quantity of hot water, let it boil up, then pour while hot over the meat.

HASHED BEEF.—Take some pieces of cooked or uncooked beef, chop it, moisten it with gravy or water, (if with water add butter rolled in flour,) put it on the stove and cook slowly, dredge with flour, and season with pepper and salt to taste. Cold boiled potatoes hashed with the meat makes a good dish. Stir it while making, as it will be spoiled if at all burned. Or make a dish of toast (moisten) and turn the meat over.

BEEF STEWED.—Cut the beef in quite small pieces, put it in a stew-pan with a little water, some small onions, potatoes cut small, and salt and pepper to taste, dredge it well with flour, add a few bits of butter if the meat is lean, stew it down, let it brown without burning, and it is done.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, two eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder or one teaspoonful of soda.

HARD SOAP.—Three pails of good soft soap one pound of rosin, one pound of borax, and two and one-half quarts of salt, put in a kettle and let it just boil, then set in a cool place over night. It will rise like tallow, and can be cut in pieces. The longer it is dried, the better it keeps the hands soft, and lasts well. Those who study economy will like it.

CREAM CANDY.—Take two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of water, add one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in water as soon as it boils. Boil about ten minutes; don't stir. When done it will be brittle if dropped in cold water. Add butter half the size of an egg just before taking off the stove, pour into a buttered tin to cool, and pull it as hot as possible. Flavor while pulling, with vanilla or any extract to suit taste. MAY GILLETTE.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—To one quart of boiling water add one pint of oatmeal and salt to taste, boil for three-quarters of an hour, and eat with milk.

BARONESS PUDDING.—Equal weights of flour, suet and raisins, a pinch of salt, and sufficient milk to make a stiff batter, boil for four hours and a half, and serve with sweet sauce.

TREACLE BREAD.—Two pounds of flour, two ounces of butter, one pound of treacle, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of salt, as much sour milk as with the treacle will make a very stiff paste, and bake in a slow oven.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

LEMON PIE.—Slice the lemons as thin as you can, and take out the seeds; to each pie add one teacupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water. Bake with a top crust. If the lemons are large, one will make two pies. G. A. M.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart of warm water, one small cup of hop yeast made into a sponge with wheat flour, and let rise over night. In the morning add four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and graham flour as thick as can be stirred with a spoon, let it rise until light, put into two bread tins, let it rise again, and bake in a moderate oven nearly an hour. A. L. J.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar beaten to a froth, four tablespoonfuls of cream or water, one and one-half cups of flour in which mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the cream or water, and flavor with lemon. It must be beaten after the water has been added, but stir lightly. MRS. P.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.—Dissolve two cups of white sugar in one-half cup of boiling water, boil from three to five minutes, and flavor with vanilla. Set the pan in cold water, and while it cools beat the sugar till it creams, then mould into balls the size of a nutmeg and set away on buttered pans to cool; melt one-half a cake of Baker's chocolate, add a little sugar, and into this dip the balls of sugar until they are coated. PRINCIE.

COFFEE CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold coffee, one egg, two and one-half cups of flour, one scant teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins, and spice to taste. This makes one good sized loaf. I consider this very good. MRS. C. W. BENTON.

KATY'S PUDDING.—One quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar, according to taste, two

eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately till very light; dissolve the starch in a very little cold milk, add the sugar, starch and yolks of eggs to the milk when boiling, and stir in the whites about a minute before taking from the fire. Serve either hot or cold. C. E. C.

SPICE DROPS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of currants, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves and soda, and flour to roll thin. Cut in fancy shapes, and bake. NELLIE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Seeing Maida wanted a simple remedy for a cough, this is a permanent cure, while the gum arabic only answers for the time: One part of sweet spirits of niter, and two parts of glycerine oil, put in a vial together, shake well, and take a small swallow whenever the cough is troublesome. There is no danger in taking it. This will answer for coughs of any description. It has been proved in our family. M. J. B.

Will some one please send me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, a recipe for Indian pound cake? MARILLA.

To keep compressed yeast several days, put it in a tumbler of cold water. When ready to use it, pour off the water, take out some, and fill the tumbler again. JANE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to use the egg plant, also how to use and cultivate it? A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one wanted a recipe for scalloped oysters, and here it is: One quart of solid oysters carefully stripped of sand and shell, the liquor drained and strained, and enough hot water added to make a half pint; salt to a sea flavor, and set where it will heat; a heaping half-pint cup of fine cracker crumbs, an even tablespoonful of pepper and a heaping tablespoonful of mace, mixed dry with the crumbs, and half a cupful, pretty compact, of broken butter melted; mix the melted butter with the seasoned cracker crumbs, till all are crisp and buttery; put a layer of crumbs in a buttered dish, moisten them with a few spoonfuls of the liquid, then put in an even, close layer of oysters; repeat these layers with the moistening, till everything is used. Bake three-quarters of an hour or an hour. If the top crumbs do not seem moist and rich enough when half baked, drop some bits of butter upon them, and add, if needed, a little hot water with a spoon. Brown nicely. B. C. P.

Little Rhody, I wash my babies' delicate blue stockings, which are never allowed to get badly soiled, in weak soap suds, rinse, and dry immediately. They have never shrunk nor changed color.

A good way to preserve THE HOUSEHOLD intact is to stitch them at the back with the machine using a long stitch and loose tension. I lend my papers very much, yet by doing this manage to keep them tolerably well preserved. CHRISTINE B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A sister asks how to keep an iron sink from rusting. Rub it over thoroughly with a cloth wet with kerosene once in three or four weeks, and it will always look black and nice.

I washed my paint with a sponge, as a sister suggested, and shall always use one hereafter.

Emily Hayes' cracker pudding in the June number, is splendid. Try it, sisters. M. L. M.

R. M. Herrick, untack your carpet if the grease has gone quite through it, and lay blotting pads on both the upper and under sides. Place on the paper smoothing irons moderately hot, and keep changing them until they have absorbed all the oil that will come out in this way. Then put buckwheat flour thickly over it, and let it stay on two days, then changing it for fresh. Persevere, and you will find the oil will all come out. AUNT ADDIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of the sisters of the Band for a way to color red on cotton that will not fade? M. ELLA C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the many kind readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me how to prepare green peas for winter use and oblige, ANGIE C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me of any method in which lump butter which has grown rancid, can be used for cooking without tasting after it is cooked? W. H. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to keep tomatoes good when canned? The cans are kept air-tight, but when opened in the winter for use, they are sour. ANNA Q.

The Parlor.

THE PASSAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For invisible to thee
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

A CONVERTED CLERGYMAN.

THE Rev. Boswell Holland sat alone in his study. The room which had been dignified with the name of study, though small, was the best and pleasantest room in the house, and in it were drawn together all the best that the house afforded—here was the prettiest paper and the best carpet, the only lounge, the easiest rocking chair, the gayest table cover, the best lamp, and the prettiest ornaments, all gathered here by his young wife's unselfish devotion, and her husband's devoted selfishness.

A tall, stout, well-made, florid young man, never intended by nature for any sedentary life, one whose broad shoulders and strong arms would have made a better and healthier man of him in the field or workshop, one who as a farmer or mechanist might have made something of his muscular inheritance, but who had been thrust into a position he was wholly unfitted for, by the weak ambition of a dotting mother, and the vanity and self-indulgent indolence of his own character.

A gentle step, a timid, deprecating tap at the study door. "Eyes right—attention!" In one moment, like a soldier on drill, the reverend gentleman had wheeled into position at the table, snatched up a pen, dipped it into the ink, and held it suspended over the paper, as he said in the half-annoyed tones of a person suddenly disturbed in some absorbing train of thought, "You can come in."

Softly the door was pushed ajar, and a sweet young face, fair and fresh as an apple blossom, and framed in braids of soft brown hair, peeped timidly in.

"Quite alone, dear?" she asked, glancing around the apartment, and then satisfied that he was so, the wife came in—a girlish figure, though one arm clasped her sleeping baby to her bosom; in the other hand she bore a small tray with snowy white cloth. Pausing a moment on her way to deposit the child among the cushions of the lounge, she came to her husband's side.

"What have you got there, Lucy?" he said in half-reproachful tones, though his eager eyes contradicted his assumed indifference.

"Only a little lunch for you, dear," said the little wife coaxingly, and she removed the desk, and set the little tray before him.

"Oh, I have not any appetite, I do not want it," said the husband, making a very faint demonstration of pushing it from him.

"Yes, you do, dear, I know best. Did

not you tell me yourself that brains needed food, and that mental labor was more exhausting than any other?"

"You are a little goose, Lucy," said the Reverend Boswell, but just to please the affectionate little thing, he ate and drank all she had provided—and he did it, too, just as if he relished every mouthful. You would never have guessed he did not relish it. Oh, he was such a good man! And Lucy sat by, delighted that her idol had condescended to accept her meat and drink offerings.

"There now, these poor, tired brains will feel all the better," she said, laying her soft hand carelessly on his low brow. It is too bad for you to sit here hard at work, all this lovely day; but tell me, have you been very hard at work this morning?"

"Well, no, not very," said the self-condemned idler. "It is too warm to do much."

"Warm here, dear?" said Mrs. Holland, glancing round the cool, fresh, orderly little room, and contrasting it with the kitchen, the heated scene of her own labors. "Then it must be because you feel weak, do you?"

"I thought you would come up and read for me, Lucy. I have been expecting you."

"But I could not come to-day, you know," said the wife, deprecatingly. "It's washing day!"

"Well, what if it is? You do not wash, I presume."

"No, dear, not exactly, but Katie does."

"But you are not Katie."

"I beg your pardon, but I am on washing and ironing days."

"What do you mean?"

"Only, of course, that when Katie is washing, I have her daily work to do?"

"I do not see what great amount of work there can be to do in such a family as ours."

"That is because it is not in your line, Boswell. If it was you would soon find out that there is work to be done in every well-managed family, however small, and where there is a baby, and only one inexperienced servant, there is a good deal of work to be done."

"Work, work!" said the parson fretfully. "One would think to hear you talk of your work, that we lived in a palace, and entertained company every day of our lives."

"I am very thankful that we do not," laughed the sweet-tempered little woman.

"Well, I can't understand it, I'm sure. Do tell me now, what have you had to do this morning?"

"I will," said Lucy, seating herself on the lounge by her child. "It is a fine day, and Katie has a very large wash, so I set her at work early, and I made the beds and put the rooms in order, and then I cleared away the breakfast things, and swept and dusted the parlor and entry, and I put fresh flowers in the vases, and I picked and shelled the peas, and made the pudding, and cooked your steak, and tended the baby!"

"Well, he is asleep."

"Yes, he is now, but he was wide awake all the morning, and just as cunning as he could be. I only wish you had seen him when I!"

"Oh, yes, I dare say, but I don't care to hear about it."

Lucy bent down over the sleeping child to pat and kiss him, and when she raised her head there was a tear on the baby's dimpled cheek. Poor little thing! Had he been weeping in his sleep! for the mother's fair face was as unruffled as before.

"Are you coming to read to me Lucy?"

Lucy hesitated. "I will if I can—after dinner."

"Oh, I am going out to dine with the Allens."

"You are! Why, Mr. Holland, you did not tell me."

"No, I did not think of it, and I do not suppose it makes much difference to you."

"I thought it would be a good day for you to go over to see that old deaf Mrs. Otis. I hear she tells everybody she does not know her minister by sight."

"Well, she won't acquire that knowledge to-day any way. Mary Denny promised to call for me at the Allens' and take me for a drive in her pony carriage down to the lower mills at the pond, and that is much pleasanter."

"Of course it is, and such a lovely day, too! You will have a charming ride. I am so glad. It will do you good to leave your writing, I am sure."

"Yes, but about that old Mrs. Otis. Can't you go there instead of me? You might."

"Of course I could. But she is so cross, I am half afraid of her, and besides, if I do, it is you she wants to see, not me."

"Let her take the best she can get," said the unconscious egotist, "I can't go."

"Shall you be home to tea, Boswell?"

"I rather think not. Mary said she would leave me up at the Whites' on our way home. They are to have the choir up there this evening. They said something about your coming, but I told them it was of no use to ask you, for I knew that you would not leave the baby all the evening."

"Of course, I could not," said the wife, picking up her baby and the tray. "You will have a beautiful day. I half envy you the nice ride, but I'm sure you need it, and if I were you I would not write another word to-day. Just lie down on the lounge and take a nap, and you will be all rested and bright by dinner time. If any one calls, I will say you are engaged, (you are you know, engaged for dinner,) and I'll call you in time to dress, and bring you some hot water. Now take my advice," and nodding and smiling, the unselfish woman drew down the shades and left him.

And this was but a sample of their daily lives.

Mrs. Briant, Lucy's mother, was a widow of some property. After the marriage of all her children, she had broken up housekeeping, and had been making a long visit to each of her two married sons, and now she wrote to say if it was agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Holland, she would come and make them a visit of a few weeks.

Of course, Lucy, who was the youngest child and only daughter, was delighted. She came, all tears and smiles and blushes, to show the welcome letter to her husband. Of course, he was not quite so much elated at the prospect. It was not to be expected he would be, and most wives would have resented his unsympathizing coldness, but Lucy had such a pretty, winning way, and then she had all unconsciously learned the habit of arguing with him through his own interests.

"Mother is so cheerful," she said, "and so pleasant, you will find her excellent company, and then she is such a splendid housekeeper, and knows everything, and Katie and I are so inexperienced. She is a capital cook, too, and makes things go as far again as I can. And such nice things as she can make! I am only afraid after she has been here, you will think I don't know anything, but I shall keep my eyes open, and try to learn her way of doing things. I did not think half enough of it while I lived at home. And then she has had so much experience with children, she is as good as a doctor, and I am such a little goose as anything all the baby, but I shall feel

as if he is right if I can pop him into mother's arms, and I shall not have to rout you up at night to go for the doctor every time he screws his dear little face up into a pucker, and then she is so fond of babies, I dare say she will tend him half the time, and think how much more time I shall have to read to you and make parish calls!"

In due course of time Mrs. Briant made her appearance. She was a delicate, pleasing, lady-like little woman, with sweet brown eyes, and a marvelously sweet voice, that "excellent thing in woman." Never yet came Nemesis in gentler form or more alluring guise, but it was Nemesis all the same. She was an acute and observing woman. There was quiet but keen penetration in those soft brown eyes, but there was no bitterness about her.

She read her son-in-law's character at once, the soft brown eyes went straight through his shallowness down to his selfishness and indolence. Of course, her motherly instincts were all on Lucy's side, who, she saw, was drooping under a burden of care beyond her strength, but she never thought of making her happier by pointing out her husband's faults to her. On the contrary, she always praised him wherever she conscientiously could, treated him with marked deference, and made him more comfortable in a dozen little ways, while she was all the time quietly loosening his wife's bonds and transferring them to him.

"Mr. Holland," she said to him one day in her sweet, gracious way, "will you have the kindness to pick us some peas for dinner to-day?"

"Me? I pick the peas?" asked the astonished son-in-law.

"Oh, no, no!" hastily interposed Lucy, "I will get them, I was just going."

"My dear child—no! The vines are wet with last night's rain, and with your thin dress, I would not have you do it for the world, and I am sure Mr. Holland would not hear of such a thing."

"No, no, certainly not," said the reverend gentleman, "it is not fit for her, of course;" though he remembered uneasily how many times she had done it, even in the rain. "But cannot Kate get them?"

"I do not think she can," said the gentle voice. "She is very busy ironing your shirts, and she does them very well, but she is very slow. I could shell the peas if I had them, but it is no matter. If you do not care about them, we will do without. We have only plain boiled corned beef to-day, and I thought you would like some vegetable besides potatoes with it, but please don't go if you don't want them."

But Mr. Holland was an epicure in a small way, and he did not fancy a dinner of beef and potatoes. So he went, and from that day the picking of the peas, beans, cucumbers and tomatoes, was, without any talk, dropped quietly into his hands.

And so with many other little out-of-door duties which usually devolve upon the master of the house, but which Lucy, in her loving eagerness to spare her husband time and trouble, had indiscreetly taken upon herself. Mrs. Briant laughingly accused her of over-officiousness, quietly took them out of her hands, and restored them to their rightful owner. And all this was done so sweetly by the amiable law-giver that neither party could gainsay her, and the mystified minister really felt she was sustaining him in his rightful authority. Indeed, he was morally and physically a better, happier and more useful man for the healthy out-of-door employments to which her sagacious administration had subjected him. He dawdled less with his pen, and wrote better when he did write.

By the time Mrs. Briant's visit drew near its intended close, the gentle little tactician had her Leviathan pretty well in hand, for though quiet in her advances as the incoming tide, she was quite as irresistible. Lucy, cheered by her mother's presence and silent support, and set free from the household bonds that had so oppressed and enthralled her, was herself once more. She had regained her natural elasticity of step and feeling, and brought out by her mother's judicious management, she had taken, and worthily filled her proper place in the parish as the minister's wife, and was beloved and respected in the congregation.

"I have been thinking, my dear Mr. Holland," said Mrs. Briant in her most melifluous tones, one day when the soup she had presided over, had given him great satisfaction, "that after I leave you, Lucy had better have a second girl."

Mr. Holland looked up in blank surprise, and calmly and sweetly the lady went on: "Katie, though a good girl as far as she goes, is very inefficient. She is honest, but she is a miserable cook, and very wasteful. But all such young girls are, they waste half enough to keep a family. And the washes are very heavy. Gentlemen and babies," she said, with a rippling laugh, "make a great deal of washing, you know, and Katie is very slow, and if you have to put it out, that is very expensive. And then there is so much sewing to be done. I did hope we should find time to make up your new linen before I left, but it is not cut out yet, and Lucy will never get through a dozen shirts alone. Poor girl! the parish and the baby make such heavy demands upon her time, I think she will have to put your shirts out to be made." And with a few pleasant remarks about the parish and the weather, she smilingly withdrew.

But the good seed had been carefully sown. The parson, though not otherwise in general, was sharp and shrewd where money was in question, and knew the full value of dollars and cents. He took the matter into consideration, and nicely balanced the pros and cons. He knew that Mrs. Briant, in her quiet, lady-like way, had been very efficient in his family. She superintended the cooking, and under her direction were prepared the savory meats that he liked best. He knew, too, that since her advent among them his weekly expenses had been lessened, not increased. He knew that the liberal board which she had insisted upon paying ever since she had been with them, amounted to half as much as his salary, while her generous gifts supplied many needs of the little household. He knew that she relieved his wife of much care and labor, and that her experience during the baby's troubles in the ivory business, upon which he had just entered, had already saved him the fatigue and expense of many a visit to the doctor, and all these loving services were freely given. On the other hand, if she left, all this must stop. An additional servant would cost him three dollars a week to begin with, and how much in waste and discomfort? And as to putting out washing and sewing, those were bugbears of unknown expense which he could not estimate. The parson drew his conclusion—he was used to that business, "in conclusion," was his favorite portion of his sermon—so, in conclusion, he requested Lucy to invite her mother to become a permanent member of the family, and Lucy, who, in her unselfishness, thought he did it all for her sake, could not express her joy and gratitude.

And now you know the reason the Rev. Boswell Holland resembled St. Peter. Don't you see? He had a "wife's mother" in the house.

A SUMMER JAUNT.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

PART II.

"What an easy motion this steamer has!"

Yes, of course, the ride over the sound was necessarily rougher, the waters being much deeper and more impetuous. But the boats of this river are remarkable for their construction. You have but to examine the Vibbard to understand how capacious and strong she is.

Your guide book will tell you of every place of interest. Mark them for reference afterwards as you have leisure. You now want to use your eyes principally upon the scenes, not upon their descriptions, however.

Now you begin to see the wonderful Palisades. They are fifteen miles in length, commencing at Fort Lee. You who have geological curiosity, will be interested to know that this is of trap rock formation. The wall is from 250 to 550 feet in height. The Palisade Mountain house is now visible. It is a large hotel. Most of you know of the legend of Spuyten Duyvel creek. From the east, or New York side, it meets the Hudson. Where you see those clustered houses beyond the creek is what is called Spuyten Duyvel village.

Here is Yonkers. Near its landing is the Hudson River railroad depot. Passing many minor places, you now see what is termed Indian Head, the highest point of the Palisades. That is Dudley's Grove nearly opposite. I am glad if you are already enjoying the scenes, although the grandeur is yet to come.

We are now four miles north of Yonkers. That is Hastings, (east side,) and near the bank is the largest sugar refinery on the river. We pass Dobbs' Ferry. And now the river widens into Tappan bay. Piermont, on the west side, was once the Erie railroad terminus. "It marks the boundary line between New York and New Jersey." So says your guide book. There are several elegant residences on the east side. That of Cyrus W. Fields, lies between Dobbs' Ferry and Irvington, which was formerly known as Dearman's, receiving its present name in honor of Washington Irving.

Sunnyside, the distinguished author's late home, is half a mile beyond the station. By the way, let me bid you who may wish to know still more about Washington Irving and his home, Sunnyside, make a note of the volume, in the series of "American Men of Letters," bearing the name of the illustrious author, and written by Charles Dudley Warner. Any who know of Mr. Warner's style, will feel sure of pleasure in store for leisure hours. It is said that when Irving was an infant, and the patriot army occupied New York city, his mother remarked "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him." "When the first president was again in the city, the first seat of the new government, a Scotch maid-servant of the family, catching the popular enthusiasm, followed him into a shop one day, and presented the lad to him.

"Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you," said Lizzie, all aglow.

And the grave Virginian placed his hand on the boy's head, and gave him his blessing. The touch could not have been more efficacious, though it might have lingered longer, had he known he was propitiating his future biographer."

Now we are gliding swiftly on. How far have we sailed? Here we are at Tarrytown, three miles above Irvington, and twenty-six miles from New York city. Do you see that old church? That is the old Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. Its age is two hundred years. There was Irving buried in the quiet graveyard.

Several notable residences—and now you see a ferry boat approaching? It comes from Nyack, opposite Tarrytown, and will meet our steamer in the channel, giving us some more companions in the voyage. It draws near. Now watch the connection. You will have to stand and look over the side of the deck. See the people flocking on from the ferry boat!

"All aboard!" Again we move. How smoothly! Do you see the Rockland Female Institute, that prominent building at Nyack, just a little south of the village, on that point which extends into the Tappan Zee? This has been converted into a summer resort in the protracted vacations, and called the Tappan Zee house. Nyack is considered particularly healthful, and free from malarial influences and such pests as mosquitoes.

We shall, ere long, pass Sing Sing. You must look out for the white buildings very near the river bank, on the east side. They are south of the village, and are the state prison. We should certainly not feel like bidding ourselves "sing! sing!" were we to land at that resort for a season.

Now you see the Two Brothers, twin rocks above this island. What is this towering mountain? Old Cro' Nest, and the first mountain above West Point. How high should you think it? It is 1,418 feet, receiving its name from a circular lake on its summit suggestive of a nest among mountains. Opposite, on the east side, is Cold Spring, and north of it a little way is Undercliff, formerly the home of the poet, George P. Morris. His son is now its owner. It is under the cliff of Mount Taurus, from whence probably its name. The wife of the poet, it has been said, was the original of Washington Irving's beautiful character in his essay of "The Wife."

Now we pass Croton. Notice Haverstraw bay. It is the widest part of the Hudson, five miles in width right here!

This was called Humachenack by the Indians. To the west is the village of Haverstraw.

You see how brief a time we have to see every place by the way, sailing so rapidly. Are your eyes weary? Gaze on! Rest must be deferred, till, as my former companion said to me, we come to scenery of less consequence. Less consequence, indeed! Still our eyes were not made for abusing. We should have mercy on them.

The steamer is now turning almost at right angles. This is Kidd's Point, known now, however, as Caldwell's Landing. Here we enter the Highlands. The history of Captain Kidd is too familiar for repetition here. You must look closely now at the several points of interest. The Dunderberg mountain rises on the west side nearly 1,000 feet. Iona island is where many picnic parties come. Then there is the Nameless Highland on the east, rising in two peaks. The river channel between the beautiful Iona island and the east bank is named The Race. Anthony's Nose is 1,500 feet in height. It is just above the Nameless Highland. Read what your guide book says of it. "It has several christenings. One says it was named after St. Anthony the Great, the first institutor of monastic life. Irving's humorous account, however, is quite as probable, to wit: that it was derived from the nose of Anthony Van Corlear, the illustrious trumpeter of Peter Stuyvesant."

This is a country of historic renown. We are very soon to make our first landing.

The steamer is even now nearing the western shore. We pass Cozzens' hotel, that large building on the rock, and now we move slowly along—up to West Point landing. It was Washington who first suggested the place for a military academy. You observe the academy buildings and the parade ground also are on what is called the finest elevation of the Hudson river. You can see Dade's monument near the bank, also Kosciusko's monument and Kosciusko's garden. To every reader of history the interest of these places must be strong. Do you see the Highland house? It is half a

mile from the river, on a grand plateau, which is enclosed by what are termed the North and South Redoubt mountains. Fort Putnam, 596 feet high, is an old ruin of '76. Do you see it overlooking the river? And now, West Point lighthouse. Here the river turns a right angle. The village is around the point.

As we approach Constitution island, here also are ruins of '76. But I presume some of you must be as eager as was I in a former voyage to descry the home of Miss Warner, author of "Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," "Letter of Credit," etc. There it is now! Look quickly or you will lose it—an unpretentious cottage nestled among the trees, just above the boat house by the water. This island was once called Mortlaer's Rock, with which name Miss Warner still prefacing her books. She and her sister make this their summer home, and it is told me that they winter in Brooklyn, New York. Both are successful authors, Miss Susan the more popular, and both are advanced in years.

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harbor. The city is located about two hundred feet above the river, and is seventy-four miles from New York City.

Here we are already going up to the wharf at Poughkeepsie. That is the Riverview Military Academy at the right. It faces the Highlands on the south, and the Catskills on the north and west. Vassar college is located two miles distant from the city hall. You can consult your guide book while the steamer tarries, and learn the names of the places all about.

As we once again start northward, you observe fine scenes. Are not the western banks picturesque? The Poughkeepsie water works are on the east side. The places can scarcely all be named as we pass along. And here we are at Rhinebeck, which is called one of the finest towns in Dutchess county. Its name is said to have come from the combination of two words, Beckman and Rhine. But it is claimed by still others that Beck means cliff, and the cliffs of the town resembling those of the Rhine, it so obtained its name. We are here opposite Rondout, or Kingston, on the west. You can now discern Wm. B. Astor's residence on the east, and, as we move along again, Barrytown, Cruger's island, and Tivoli. We are now nearing Germantown. It is one hundred and five miles from the city of New York.

Catskill is our next approach. Tivoli is suggestive of the "Seven-hilled City" in name. Directly opposite is Saugerties. How rapidly we ride over the tranquil river, may be realized by referring to the first steamer called Claremont, which made in 1807, its first trip, at which time the passage from New York to Albany took almost forty hours according to the records. Catskill! here we are, and what old associations cluster about the place! Moving on we can see the mountains plainly. Does not the "Old Man of the Mountain" appear reposed? Mark him well. You will see his reclining form for a long time yet. You will never forget the vision. Observe the elegant views all around. See Prospect Park hotel to the north. Its outlook from the broad piazzas is circuitous and fine. You have descried the Catskill Mountain house. It is a mere rift of snow in appearance so far away. Opposite the village you see that almost new residence? It is that of Church, the artist. But we are making still another landing. Here is the city of Hudson. It is six miles from Catskill, and it is reputed a very hospitable city where strangers are always welcomed. That is Athens opposite. The river has names of every variety.

Leaving Hudson, Stockport is seen on the east, and Coxsackie on the west, besides many other places.

The remainder of our sail will take more than two hours, but the scenery along will be dreamily pleasant until nearing Albany. Instead of gazing so eagerly, we can now recline and look about at ease, and we can take some lessons in human nature besides. You have found that our stranger companions are, for the most part, very courteous, and yet there are many phases of character here, without doubt. You can make that inference from the varying casts of countenance. There are many invalids on board, and there are a few who appear exceedingly weary of the many hours' sail. But I think you must acknowledge that the interest has been almost general, even participated in by those who seem to have been over the river many times and to know its places well. As said the pilots once to me, "It is an old story, but always interesting."

We are due at Albany at 6.10. How peaceful the sunlit scenes on either hand. The day has been a perfect one. And now the lowering orb paints the hillsides

and the river in glowing colors, and beyond you can descry the gilded spires of the city. The young moon is visible, promising a summer evening of delight. Our sail is nearly ended. An "all bony" sail it has been, and the city now looks beautiful. There is the convent of the Sacred Heart to the south, and the cathedral, the state house, and the city hall to the north. Opposite lies Greenbush. It is connected with Albany by two fine bridges, and by ferries also. On the east bank is Troy. West Troy is opposite. Now we will go below, and be ready for our final landing. And we must see about the hand luggage that we left in charge of the officer of the coat and shawl room. Have all of you your belongings? Very well. The crowd is pushing for the departure.

"Land forward! land forward!" is the cry. Keep together, if possible, for we must get into the Saratoga train. Move along steadily and carefully. There, we are on *terra firma*. "Round lake, and Saratoga"—that is the train in waiting. Now hasten for seats. How pleasant to be so near together! Now we shall have a moonlight ride for many miles. We will not go to Saratoga direct, but to the salubrious town immediately before it, by name Ballston Spa. The train moves. How do you like the change from boat to cars? Now we are speeding along at a very rapid rate. A swift, panoramic view we have of city and country. At the many stations few are stopping you observe. So the most of the passengers who did not remain at Albany, are probably going to Saratoga Springs. We shall have this same ride by daylight in returning, and then we can see all the way places, and beautiful country.

"Ballston!" We are at our destination. Ballston Spa was a popular resort before Saratoga Springs was so widely patronized, and even now, each summer numbers many visitors here, who prefer the quiet to the bustle at the Springs. It is only a few miles from the Springs, and the ride is a very pleasant one, either in a carriage or by rail. There are numerous rises of ground in Ballston Spa, (spa means spring,) and Saratoga county is more or less hilly.

Here we stop at the brow of the long hill just ascended. By daylight you will see what a fine location this is. My friend here you will find a hospitable hostess. The house is airy, commanding beautiful outlooks. It has broad piazzas, and a large orchard and well kept lawn and flower garden surrounding it. From the orchard in the rear, the Green Mountain range is visible. And northwestward may be seen the Greenfield hills. The valley of Ballston Spa lies just beneath this very ascent, opposite my friend's residence, and the Kayaderraseras creek runs smoothly along between green banks well strewn with summer flowers. We are glad to linger awhile in this tranquil abode, visiting Saratoga Springs, the Lake, and other points of interest on our program.

ARCADIAN CHATS.

It is but a step from our back porch to Arcadia, not the child of Longfellow's brain, only a namesake, a cool, shady summer retreat, where the hammock is swung under some great, wide-spreading trees, and the rustic seats in their outspread arms give us the rest and quiet found nowhere else. Away up in the dim, dusky shadows, the birds twitter and coo lovingly, quite regardless of our presence, and the bee hums dreamily, as we read and sew and chat and loaf—yes actually loaf, if lying underneath the leafy screen, and peeping out at the floating clouds, the dancing sunbeams, and the fast ripening fruit, can be called so.

All around us are rosy apples and golden pears, rich, juicy, and tempting, that come tumbling down to your very feet. The eye wanders down winding paths and broad drives, overarched by bending trees, and bordered by flowers. Fragrant honeysuckles curtain the porch, and fill the air with their sweetness, while close beside us is Alice's wild garden, a tiny spot devoted to a little of everything planted promiscuously. It's like filling your apron with flowers all in a jumble, a chapter of surprises. Madeira vines and morning glories lock arms and climb skyward together, and a rustic vase is brimming over with ivy geraniums, and coleus, one mass of gorgeous color.

Alice takes kindly to the hammock, where she swings lazily, Grace leans back in her tree perch and scribbles, while John enjoys his paper, and forgets for a time the all-absorbing question of dollars and cents. Happy-go-lucky Louise smiles audibly as she leans back in the apple tree arms, and enters into the spirit of the place at once. While even grim Mrs. Granger's face relaxes a little, and the ghost of a smile creeps over it. She is one of the worrying kind,

Who take to-day in the dreariest way,
And sadly borrow some grief from to-morrow,
a regular wet blanket that would put a
damper on paradise.

"You manage to get some enjoyment out of every thing," she said thoughtfully.

"Well, why not?" I queried. "Every thing was given us to be enjoyed, and it seems like ingratitude not to make the most of it."

"Well, I don't know," she returned, giving her work a savage little jerk. "Some folks have it easy, and some don't. Now, I tell Josiah there's Mrs. Weed, the sun always shines on her."

"But they say life is what we make it," returned Grace, "and Mrs. Weed is a perfect sunbeam herself."

"Yes," I added, "life does take its hue from one's own temperament in a measure. It's easy to magnify evil, and then we forget that God is over all, and whatever is, must be best. When we once learn that, we have the whole secret of happiness. But there are circumstances beyond our own control that shut out sunshine."

"Well," said Louise, "I don't see any use in keeping up a continual worry over what can't be helped."

"Not the least in the world," I replied, "but there are some women wearing themselves out with hard work, mere slaves to their families, and they really cannot rise above the clouds. A treadmill is not the most favorable place for enjoying sunshine if one has it."

"It's the greatest wonder to me," declared Grace, "how some women live at all, they work, and they work, sometimes with a sick baby on their hands, and always with a burden of care."

"Yes," said Louise, "I don't see the use in killing one's self for the sake of getting a living, as Pat would say."

"There is Mrs. Barnes," declared Alice, "with as many children as John Rogers, and she is always making either bread or breeches, besides you have to look twice to see her she is so thin."

"Yes," continued Grace, "speaking of John Rogers, I have my doubts as to which was the greater martyr of the two, but it seems to me he had the best of it decidedly."

"That's what I say," chimed in Mrs.

Granger, "it isn't much use to tell such folks to take things easy. Just think of

Fourth of July with its gunpowder plots," added Louise, "not saying anything about muddy boots, and noise generally."

"Besides, there's the thousand and one war whoops, and the slamming of doors, and the questions, it makes my head ache to think of it," cried Grace.

"Oh, I don't wonder," said Alice, "that grandma used to stow her boys away early on rainy days, papa often tells about the sun's coming out after they were in bed."

"There is only one way to manage boys," I said, "and that is to keep them busy, but most of all, to teach them to wait upon themselves. Mrs. Ware has Neddie and Frank fold their clothes nicely, when they take them off, and put them where they can be found easily in the dark. They are taught to keep their things in perfect order, to air and make their own bed, to fold their towel and put it upon the rack, and make themselves useful generally. They never come into the house like street Arabs, but are gentlemanly and polite. When they leave the table, they ask to be excused, and go out quietly."

"Don't they ever quarrel and shout, or tantalize one another?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Very likely they do, but it's all kept out of doors. They have their workshop and their pets, and their mother interests herself in them all, and helps and advises about everything, in fact, teaches them to help her and themselves."

"She is a model woman," declared Grace, "and reminds me of 'patience on a monument smiling at grief.' They go to her with all their little grievances, and who ever saw a boy without a grievance, I'd like to know?"

"But how on earth does she get the time?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Oh, her husband insists on keeping a servant, and buying ready made clothing, besides getting all sorts of conveniences in the house, and as she is a capital manager, she really doesn't seem overworked."

"She must have what Mrs. Stowe calls faculty," cried Grace, "for with all her cares she is as calm and serene as a summer's morning."

"One needs good health, and a certain amount of executive ability, to keep the good ship, home, in fine sailing order."

"Yes, but even then, think of the snags," laughed Louise, "teething babies will cry, and John will fret when things go contrary, as they have a fashion of doing at times, and then if poverty creeps in—oh dear!"

"But, my dear, said I, "that's where the 'for better, for worse' comes in. A woman must make up her mind when she marries to meet the storms, and be prepared to be a helpmeet. You know I never did think much of helpless women."

"Yes, mamma, we do know," remarked Grace, "ten years' steady preaching tells."

A glance at John revealed the fact that he was smiling, and his paper was upside down. Query: Was he listening?

EULA LEE.

SEPTEMBER.

This is the month when there is pure joy in idleness, with nature for companionship. What do we care what is the latest fashion from Paris, or who is president, or who is going to be? The sky is clear, the air cool, and the woods full of beautiful things, the treasures of autumn. Come, let us away, and not come home till dewy eve. Is ever any sky more brilliantly beautiful than the September sky? The clouds are sharper in outline, and more rotund in shape, and move across the sky leisurely, as if they, like all else

in nature, had accomplished their laborious work, and were resting. I lie in the sunshine, and watch them poised in mid air far above me, and clearly defined against the brilliant azure of the sky, and it seems to me they are basking in the sun, and enjoying his warmth and brightness as much as the human atom so far beneath them. Now that their summer work is done, and they have no longer any need to bring up a shower to relieve the intense heat, they linger in the west at nightfall, surrounding the departing day-god with regal splendor, and giving us those glorious September sunsets which are a delight to look upon and a joy to remember.

Anon, comes a change in the atmosphere. The clear sky and bright clouds which we admired yesterday, are gone, and a hazy veil seems to be drawn across the sky, dimming its luster, and giving a dreamy, sleepy appearance to the landscape, as if the earth were hushed in repose, and taking a nap with its curtains drawn. The sun shines with diminished brilliancy, as if it too was napping, and keeping only one eye open to the affairs of this mundane sphere. The wind blows from the southwest quietly and softly, as if it was too tired to make exertion enough to stir the foliage. The waves come down the lake slowly, as if heavy with care, or wearied with a long and toilsome journey. O, what a sleepy day it is!

It is mid afternoon. The cumulus clouds are piled up in the southeastern sky, like great drifts of amber snow, while the mild southern breeze scarcely ripples the surface of the lake. Come, friend, step into my little boat, and we will take a row. Take a seat in the stern, for you will have naught to do but look and listen, while I ply the oar.

How the water rolls in long waves away from us, and pauses not till it reaches the shore, there to communicate to all whom it may concern that a great moving object has passed through it. Ah! there is a late pond lily, closed, of course, as the sun has long since passed the meridian. I will row gently that way that you may gather it. Press open its snowy petals, and let us have a look and sniff at the fragrant golden heart within. Surely, we are in luck to meet the queen of the lilies on our voyage.

Do you note that one small tree so intensely red amid the unvaried green of its fellows? I wonder why it should turn so much sooner than the others. Possibly some defect in its organization. Let us go ashore, and gather some of its leaves for pressing, if we find them free from blemish. The afternoon sun strikes through them, lighting them up, and causing them to glow blood red. And here we find the sumach with foliage of all shades of red from a deep dun to a fiery scarlet. How it clings to and overshadows the old pasture, concealing all its defects, beneath its deep-hued robes. It and the graceful woodbine are loyal servants of King Autumn, and the first to don his royal livery. Here are some new checkerberries, green and strong and pungent. What a hardy little plant it is to blossom and set its fruit so late for the next year to bring to maturity. It believes in taking time by the forelock, and getting ahead with its work. How the taste of it carries us back to the spring days, when we came to this very place for the large, ripe berry, not so strongly flavored as these, but more pulpy and palatable. Here too are blackberries, rather inferior in quality, perhaps, but quite welcome to us. Nature, ever beneficent to those who love her, reserves her best gifts for those who seek them in her secret places, and gives us the best and spiciest blackberries half-concealed under the pine trees, and with the odor of the

pines condensed in them, in places accessible to those only who are clad in the stout armor of perseverance, and shod with a berry-picker's zeal.

The sun is fast sinking behind masses of gold-tinged clouds, exactly mirrored in the now calm surface of the lake. Come take your seat, comrade, and give us your sweetest boat song, while I row homeward as through an enchanted land.

But before we go, we will gather some of these gentians, loveliest of September's gifts to us; the fringed ones looking up to heaven with starry blue eyes, and others with corollas tightly closed, as if guarding some precious secret. The ferns, too, we must not overlook, as they are mature now, and in the proper state for pressing. And very beautiful they are, fringing the dusty roadways, or waving gracefully, in the deep shadows of the woodlands, which seem to be their natural abiding-place.

Pleasant as our cruise has been, and peaceful as all nature is to-night, we may arise to-morrow morning, and find the sky o'ercast, and the wind easterly, and during the rainy day or days which follow, we shall realize that this is the better side of the sweet September weather. We shall try to content ourselves in-doors, but ever with longing thoughts for the beauty which has been, and will be again.

LUCY CARTER.

A COUNTRY HOME IN MISSISSIPPI.

I like pen pictures. Here is one of my birth-place and present home, Oak Grove, near Fayette, Mississippi.

Fields of cotton and corn and gigantic forest trees form the back-ground of my picture. A commodious frame house containing eight rooms is located upon a large plantation. In juxtaposition to the residence is a flower garden, bright with scarlet amaryllis, gladiolus, lilies, jessamine, and other hardy annuals. Near the old homestead is an enormous garden filled with vegetables, fruit trees, and pecan trees. All such essential appurtenances as a fowl-house, a wood-house, a cow pen, a pig sty, a kitchen, a store room, a barn and a stable are also near the house. Two happy little nieces, and a dear young cousin are promenading upon the long front gallery. A dear silver-haired father is walking upon the front pavement. The blessed face of a loved mother, "whose hands are folded in confined rest," seems to beam from her vacant rocking-chair, which still occupies its accustomed place near the window. A widowed sister is sewing busily, to assist in supporting her five fatherless children. A fun-loving brother is rollicking through the house. Two brown-eyed nephews are playing marbles. One blue-eyed nephew (who is the quintessence of sweetness and badness) is asking for a glass of butter-milk and a "buttered biscuit." An irascible Aunt Linda (who is so delicate and feels so cross that she ought to be considered the ogress of the establishment) is sitting upon the front gallery steps. The tutelary divinity of the kitchen is protruding her dusky face from the window of the kitchen; the milk-woman, or rather the factotum, is milking the cows; the hostler is carrying provender to the horses. All this, yea, much more, is what I see this lovely sunset hour. Would that I could transfer copies of all around me to my canvas—a sheet of letter paper. Would that I could paint the rosy clouds bathed in the departing glory of the orb of day. Would that I could find inspiration to depict the golden-breasted, the bright red, the dark mottled brown, the pale blue birds that are beginning to seek their downy nests. Would that I could make my readers appreciate the gush of melody that is being poured forth by a mocking-bird near me. Shadows wane,

and twilight's misty hue is stealing over the earth. 'Tis a time for memory—perchance for tears. As dew begins to fill the blossoms "the past floats up before me, and the lost comes stealing back." A fair young girl interrupts my reverie. Her ruby lips are wreathed in smiles, her grey eyes wear an eager look. The world stretches before her like a beautiful panorama, and she wonders how cynics can call it cold and heartless. God keep you, darling, as pure and happy as you are now through all years to come. Do not long to enter the world too soon. After you make your debut the tidal wave of deception will perchance surge against your heart until it aches, and moans in Aeolian strains, while blasting siroccos wither its every oasis. You will be so weary that you will long to sob out your grief, but you will be too stoical to do so.

There is one more face I must bring upon my canvas. Alas! I cannot paint her Madonna countenance with its dove-like eyes, and as I gaze upon her I can only wonder what will be her future. It is well we cannot raise the veil which screens futurity; it is well we cannot foresee the destinies of those we love; it is well we must wait patiently while the warp of life is woven upon the loom of fate. The great Weaver works the treadles, quickly fly the shuttles, out comes the warp with a jagged filling of our own misdeeds, or a smooth filling of such words and actions as shall be placed to our credit in the book of life.

This home is endeared to me by ten thousand fond associations. A halo of sweet recollections encircles it, and beautifies its every nook. It is an asylum for the weary and heart-broken. It is like the mansion with many rooms, and there is ever a welcome awaiting all who cross its threshold. It has been the rendezvous of many dear ones whose hands are still forever, whose faces are resting under the sod. Ah! why mourn I for them? They are mine still. Earth is but the ante-chamber to the great beyond. Here are the doubts, the toil, the disappointments, the weary waiting. There—O, I cannot, dare not say what will be there. Love will be the countersign, peace will be the burden of heavenly music, and glory the triumphant chorus. Our darlings' arms will encircle us, baby fingers that we shall go through life missing will cling to ours, golden heads will be pillow'd upon our no longer desolate hearts.

There we will paint the pictures we could not finish here, and perfect the thoughts that are in embryo here. There will our wishes be consummated; there we will know neither toil, nor pain, nor partings, "for the end of life is its glory."

Fayette, Miss. LINDA WALTON.

THE GLEN COUNTRY.

As many of you are now planning your summer "outing," let me give you a brief account of one which I found extremely pleasant.

It does not matter from what point we started, but suffice it to say that a party of five, we embarked on a Seneca lake steamer, at Geneva, New York, one lovely summer morning. This sheet of water is about forty miles long, and surrounded with fine farming country sloping gently to the shore, so that you are gliding by the loveliest of landscapes from the beginning to the end of your journey.

Several landings are made by the steamers, the most interesting one that day being at North Hector, where in a beautiful grove, the camp meeting of the M. E. church was being held. It was a pretty sight, the tents and cabins, and the merry groups of children and young people, the older people moving quietly about, or sitting under the trees. But there were

only a few moments to look at all this, and then we were steaming on to our destination, which was the famous Watkin's Glen. We had glimpses of some smaller and less noted ravines by the way, which gave us a faint idea of what we were to see.

Reaching Watkin's, we were met by a line of vociferous hotel porters, almost leading us to believe we had mistaken the route, and landed in a city instead of a country village. Our trusty leader, however, had been here often before, and we were soon domiciled, in the very heart of the glen I almost said, but, at least, where the plashing of the waters could be plainly heard, leading us to make a hasty toilet, in order to catch one glimpse of the loveliness before dinner.

After dinner we began our exploration in earnest, and now my pen fails me. Here the water came crashing over the rocks to be dashed into a foam below; there it frothed, and panted, and struggled to be free from the narrow stone chamber through which it must pass. Here was a rainbow, there a crystal sheet falling over a precipice, here we were far above the waters, finding the stout railing a needed protection, there we were at the foot of a fall, and so on and on we went, never heeding our weariness until the banks grew less wild, and the gradual slopes were covered with bushes and moss. At the upper end a handsome iron bridge of the S. G. & C. railroad crosses the ravine, and from that point we made our return.

The next morning a carriage was at the door, and we entered it for a ride of three miles to the Havana glen. The road is level and very pleasant, bounded on one side by a marsh, and on the other by rocks. In some places they have the appearance of having been laid up by the hand of man, they are so even and square. This sister glen, although not so great in extent, in some respects excels that of Watkin's. One interesting point is called the Senecas' council chamber, if my memory is correct. Here the water makes a square turn, and the channel instead of being worn, as one would suppose, by the action of the waters, is as square as if laid up by masonry. At the upper part are wells, or pools, said to be six or eight feet deep, sunken into the rocky bottom of the stream. At the entrance of this glen is a small park, used as a fair and picnic ground.

There are a number of smaller glens in the vicinity, which we did not have time to visit, but any one will be well repaid for the two days required for such a trip as ours. From the hills on either side of the villages can be had a beautiful view of the valley, through which runs the inlet of the lake, and the lake beyond. The villages themselves are quite pretty, much of Watkin's lying on the hillside.

Our return over the lake was equally pleasant, and we count the visit to the glen country among our white stone days.

CONSTANCE GREGORY.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

One cold, stormy night about twenty-five years ago, a tremendous ringing was heard at the door of the good Dr. J., just as he had composed himself to sleep after an unusually busy and fatiguing day.

On opening the door, a man appeared outside evidently greatly agitated in mind.

"Doctor," said he, "I want you to come to our house just as quick as you can. Our little gal is awful sick. I dunno but she'll die. She has swallowed a brass thimble, at least we think that is what is the matter. The thimble is lost and she is dreadful sick. You'll come right off, won't you, doctor?"

"Where do you live?" queried Dr. J.

"Land! I s'posed you knew me," was the reply. "I live over on the hill beyond 'Squire Benton's. It's about four miles over there."

The kind doctor hastily dressed, and ordering his horse, prepared to face the storm. The road to Tim Jones' was a very bad one, and the horse, already tired, seemed little disposed to enter upon the journey with spirit. A dismal and tedious hour passed before the doctor, benumbed with cold and almost exhausted, drove into Tim Jones' dooryard. There was no friendly light at any of the windows. All was darkness and silence. With some difficulty the doctor succeeded in fastening his horse in a shed, and making his way to the door through the muddy dooryard, hoping to find a comfortable fire inside, by which he might prepare himself to endure the jaunt home.

No answer was given to his knock, and while he waited in the blustering wind and sleet upon the door-step, he began to think there might be some mistake about the house, when suddenly a window opened over his head, and a voice said:

"Oh, doctor, is that you? Wall, they found the thimble afore I got home, and the gal seems well enough now. She's asleep and it's a pity to wake her. I guess she's all right. I 'spose there isn't no use in yer comin' in. The fire's out and we've all just gone to bed."

The doctor turned to unfasten his horse and take his weary way home. Just as he was driving from the yard the window opened again and Tim's voice was heard shouting: "Haloo, doctor! see here, you won't charge me nothin' will yer, seein' yer didn't come in?"

The reflections of the doctor as he drove home may be imagined, for I am sorry to say this is a true story. Certainly it is bad enough to imagine disease where it does not exist, without making others the victims of our imagination.

ANNA HOLYOKE.

UNSEEN INFLUENCES.

Number Four.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Various instances have been given in former articles, showing that impressions are conveyed from mind to mind, even when far apart. Mind acts upon mind, soul upon soul, heart speaks to heart, though hundreds of miles intervene. Many writers, both ancient and modern, take cognizance of this truth.

The esteemed and lamented Charlotte Bronte, in her famous novel "Jane Eyre," recognizes this fact when she so effectively makes her heroine so distinctly hear the voice of her lover, Rochester, calling "Jane, Jane," though she is so far away, and be so strongly impressed with its reality, that she leaves all and goes to him, and finds him blind and suffering, needing her love and sympathy, and really calling her with his spiritual nature, or by what has been termed mental telegraphing.

The Rev. W. J. Evans says in his book, "The Mental Cure," "It is a fact as well established as any principle of chemistry that one mind can impress its thoughts and feelings upon another without the intervention of spoken words," and the same writer says elsewhere, "It is a law of our being, and we cannot escape from its operation, that every time we think of an absent person, we affect him for good or evil." How careful then should we be to think of the absent kindly, charitably, prayerfully, lovingly, and cheerfully. For if we are sad and despondent we may make them depressed in spirit through unconscious sympathy; if our thoughts of them are coupled with prayer, they may be cheered and strengthened, they know not how; and who knows but

our helpful prayer of love and sympathy may be the last straw that breaks down the burden of temptation and trial sent, perhaps, by malicious spirits, that gives them new strength and nerve and carries them safely through the trials and conflicts of life. What a vast field of usefulness is here opened to us. There is no one of whom we may not think kindly and prayerfully, even if we cannot see or speak to him. We may help our greatest enemies by our love and prayers, much more our friends who are in sympathy with us, and more ready to receive good impressions.

Let us be careful how we harbor unkind or uncharitable thoughts, for fear the one of whom we think may be sensitive enough to feel it, and be made worse, and besides, every time we cherish an unloving thought, we invite to our side hosts of malicious spirits, while every loving, kind, forgiving, charitable thought brings to our help the best spirits, who pour into our hearts with double measure all the good we have wished or sought for others. How true it is that charity is greater than all virtues! (1 Cor. xiii.)

Swedenborg says that in the other world there is no need of language for thoughts are understood. Another writer says, "Thought in the spiritual world is as distinctly heard as words are in our social intercourse here." Even here we may learn to use our spiritual ears as well as our bodily ones. Dr. Brittan says of the unwritten, unspoken language that "It is not unfrequently the means—little as it is practiced and understood—of revealing thoughts and impulses to which a vocal utterance has been denied."

The saintly Madame Guyon, of France, tells in her autobiography, that she often held prolonged conversations with her father confessor without the use of spoken words, employing only the *cogitatio loquens*, or inner language, and this too sometimes when they were miles apart.

Does all this seem more incredible than the telephone, the telegraph, and other modern wonders? Some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have requested me by letter to consider this subject from a scientific point of view. So for their benefit I have been reading the opinions and theories of some learned writers on the subject, reading about etherology, which means the laws of etherium, and about etherium, which is the imponderable body or medium which goes out in waves from each of us, and by means of which messages are conveyed, and about induction, which seems to mean the putting one's self or some one else in a state to receive spiritual influences or mental telegrams or impressions. I must confess that all this study and investigation is not at all to my taste.

It is enough for me that I can enjoy a beautiful sunset, without stopping to consider or think about the wonderful apparatus of vision which enables me to see it, or the philosophical laws of light which produce such admirable effects. It is enough for me to hear and enjoy a fine strain of music, without giving my attention to the laws of sound that enable me to hear it. And so it is enough for me to know and feel the truth and blessing of sympathy and help from kindred minds and hearts, however far removed by distance, without knowing why or how it comes to me. But for the benefit of those of an inquiring, practical turn of mind, I will quote from a few writers on the subject.

Prof. J. Stanley Grimes, in a book called "Etherology," issued in 1845, says, "One thing cannot influence another with which it is not in contact, unless there is some material substance existing or passing between every portion of the space which separates them; that is, no motion can be communicated from one body to an-

other, unless there is a material connection; therefore, when one does influence another, there is necessarily a material connection, through the medium of which motion is communicated.

Fact. The plants influence each other and the earth.

Fact. Philosophers agree that the so-called ponderable matter of the atmosphere does not extend more than eighty miles above the earth's surface.

Fact. Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and gravitation, operate in an ex-haudited receiver as well as elsewhere.

Fact. One mind sometimes influences another independently of ordinary sensation or muscular motion, without contact or perceptible connection.

Inference. There is a material substance occupying space, which connects the planets and the earth, and which communicates light, heat, electricity, gravitation, and mental emotion, from one body to another, and from one mind to another."

This substance he calls etherium, and he goes on in a book of about 350 pages to explain the laws of etherology. In a book published by the same author in 1881, called "Mysteries of the Head and the Heart," he gives nothing new on the subject that I can find, except that he attributes various mental influences to credulity, and seems to think that people of a reverent, poetic, and literary turn are most apt to receive these impressions, and that they are, in a great measure, the result of their own imagination, and they generally are found with a bad state of health.

I do not like this at all. The etherium which comes from this writer to me, to use his own modes of expression, affects me unpleasantly. I turn again to the book of Rev. Mr. Evans, (Mental Cure, page 271.) He says:

"When a message is telegraphed from New York to London, no imponderable fluid shoots along the wire, but there is only the transmission of force, a vibratory wave in an elastic medium called the ether. So when one mind acts upon another mind, and influences its thoughts and feelings, when the bodies they animate are separated by hundreds of leagues, the effect is produced in a similar way. There is only a transmission of mental force, and the action and reaction of one spirit upon another. This vibratory movement takes place in an all-pervading, everywhere present element, far more refined, elastic and subtle than the ether. It is a semi-spiritual essence that fills all space, which has been denominated the aura, the atmosphere of the inner world. It is the medium through which mind acts upon mind, and also upon matter. By means of it mental and vital force is transmissible to unlimited distances."

Again he says farther on:

"To think of another interiorly and abstractly, occasions a spiritual presence, and his image seems to stand before us. When the thought is grounded in love and good will, it causes an interior conjunction, a mental sympathy, a state of rapport. By it they come into a living communication as real as it would be, if they reached through the intervening space, and grasped each other by the hand. The feelings of each are communicated to the other. The mental state of the one who is the most positive will predominate and take possession of the other, for the stronger force will prevail over the weaker. Thus a healthy mental state will be induced upon the patient. His spirit-magnetic influence can be transmitted independently of spatial distance."

He then proceeds to say that quiet, tranquillity, and darkness, are favorable for the producing or receiving of these

spiritual impressions, and to show that this power has been used successfully in curing diseases of mind and body. And in a later work of his called "Mental Medicine, or Medical Psychology," he gives the particulars and much interesting information. I should perhaps mention that in order to effect such cures, we must seek and obtain help from on high, so that amounts to something similar to what is known as the prayer cure or prosencopathy. But it is not effected by ordinary praying, but by sympathy and love combined with prayer. He says:

"A genuine sympathy, arising from a benevolent disposition, for a person in suffering actually relieves him of his pain. There is, by means of it, an interchange of states. We enter, as it were, into his body, and become, in some measure, the same person with him, and take upon us his feelings, and impart ours to him. We bear a part of his burden, and in proportion as we take upon ourselves his painful sensations and unhappy mental states is he relieved of them. * * * *

The power to cure disease by spiritual forces is found in the divine principle of love. Just so far as any one receives into himself the pure, unselfish love of God, a love that in him is an irrepressible desire to communicate good, so far is there in him a power to impart life and health and peace to others."

But is there not danger of receiving wrong impressions and being injured by an influence exerted over us by other minds, and how may we avoid such injurious and deceptive impressions, for we cannot doubt that here is a power that may be used for good or evil? As grave thoughts passed through my mind just now, with a prayer for guidance and help, I opened my copy of the Testament and Psalms, and the first words I saw seemed an appropriate answer. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. * * * The Lord heareth and delivereth. * * * The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart. * * * None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." (Ps. xxxiv.)

BEARING TROUBLE.

There is a class of Christians, so called, who are groaning and fearful, or snapping and snarling, over all the temporal ills of life; grieving at their poverty and grumbling at their pain, blaming Providence because they suffer, and using such suffering as an excuse for making no effort to accomplish any good work, and offering their pain and poverty as a reasonable ground for not endeavoring to benefit others; while, at the same time, they lay claim to God's promises, because they are poor and do suffer.

Poverty brought upon ourselves by an over-indulgence in the trappings of fashionable life, those gilded fetters that bind us to the things of time and sense, and the pain which springs from the reckless indulgence of the appetites and passions, borne in a fault-finding, irritable spirit, will certainly lead us away from Christ and heaven's rest rather than to it.

Pain is a penalty for sin, and follows the disobedience of both moral and physical law. God has never promised freedom from suffering to those who violate the laws of health, nor does He promise a holy frame of mind to those who will not walk in the straight and narrow way. If suffering is to be spiritualized to us, it must be that suffering which is caused by devotion to God, and not by the soul's idolatry to the fashions and vanities of this world.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

—As the best-tempered sword is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.

A TRIP TO NANTUCKET.

It had been very hot in the city for over a week, and we were longing for fresh air and fresh life, so we started out early one sultry morning in search of the purest and freshest within reach; we found it before we reached Nantucket; purer than we had dreamed of and fresher than we cared for.

It was very warm indeed when we took the train at 7.30, and we began to fear we had made a mistake. We dreaded the dust and heat of a two-hours journey by rail, but we found as we went rushing out into the country that the breeze was deliciously cool and sweet, and we could have the windows open without fear of cinders, so we settled down to a comfortable reading of the morning papers, till we began to smell the sea, and found we were running through a country that was new to us, Buzzard's Bay, Onset Bay, Pocasset, where the religious fanatic lived who murdered his little child, and through many pretty places. We admired everything; the level, smiling fields, the "green things growing," the little houses sunning themselves on Monument Beach, looking so very new and so very neat, the unpainted, picturesque little farm-houses—but most of all, the glimpses of blue sea dotted with white sails.

Wood's Hole was quite a surprise; we expected to see only a small settlement in the midst of sand, but it stretches away, green and lovely, with handsome villas, and with a lovely view of the Atlantic. The little steamer, the "River Queen," which waited for us at the pier, seemed small and untidy to me, but perhaps, because the remembrance of the stately Hudson river steamers is still so vivid. It rolled like a tub, but as we sailed out into the ocean we forgot the ship and could only think of the tossing, tumbling water and the lovely views; Wood's Hole behind us and Martha's Vineyard, with its bluffs and hotels and cottages, before.

Perhaps we ought not to form an opinion of Cottage City, for certainly we could not get a very good idea of it, seeing it only from the steamer as we stopped at the landing, but we had read so much of its beauty and size, we were a little disappointed.

Martha's Vineyard is twenty miles long and ten miles wide at the widest part; is seventy-eight miles from Boston.

Nantucket is two hours sail from Oak Bluffs; lonely and remote, far out in the ocean; I had always wished to go there; had pictured it to myself, but had formed a wrong idea. A lady on board, an old resident, to whom I had been airing my ignorance, said, "You will be surprised when you see Nantucket," and indeed I was. I exclaimed, "Why, it's a city!" It is quaint and yet modern. Everything except what they raise has to be carried from the main land. Sometimes, in stormy weather, they have no mail for days; but the pure air and the sea atone for all disadvantages.

We had only an hour to spend there, so could not see much of the town, but wandered through some of the shady streets. We mean to go again, to visit 'Sconset and Surf-side.

The homeward sail was delightful, but we wished we had heavy shawls; it was very cold. The sea was at its brightest and best, restless, never still for an instant, sparkling, tossing white caps, fascinating in its changeful beauty. Far out on the horizon, dim, shadowy, white sails glided by. As we neared the city, it grew hotter and hotter, and we were glad to lay aside our wraps. The people along the way seemed to be living mostly out of doors, and we caught many glimpses of family groups gathered under trees, or on the steps, or in arbors and

cozy nooks. We wished as we steamed into the hot and dusty city, at 8.30, that our whole summer could be spent at Nantucket.

LORAINE.

LETTER FROM COLORADO ZEPHYR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I can readily understand the feelings of those of the Band who say, "I can keep silence no longer." I have resisted as long as possible. The letters from those in the newer parts of the west interest me rather more than from the cities, as I have had an experience of log houses, mud roofs, pine bough beds, packing boxes for bureaus, soap boxes for chairs, etc. Still it is astonishing with all the foregoing, how many organs and sewing machines you may find, yes, and even canaries, so you see we have home comforts if some are rough. Of course, I am not speaking so particularly of Leadville as of some smaller camps, although there are very many homes right here, just such as I have described and—there, I had almost forgotten one of our particular comforts, as I am sure it is classed in many a home, we have THE HOUSEHOLD, and in our home when a new dish appears for supper, etc., my "Ichabod" says, "Um-m, ah-h, and where may that recipe have come from?"

and also that I have come to keep house by the same paper. The recipes are not always suitable for our altitude and climate, for instance, when a cup of butter is called for, we find one-half the quantity quite enough, and the same with soda.

I should like to know who it is signs herself Long Island as that is my native place, and until the past few years my home.

I have considerable done on a raveled stocking rug. It is much admired by all who see it. I shall feel proud of it when completed. I am also making one of cuttings of such stockings as are too fine to ravel, and of scraps of fine cloth. The strips are from an inch and a half to two inches long, and in width like a narrow tape. It makes fast and looks well. I knit it in the same way as the raveled rug with twine.

I wish some of the Band would send an old-fashioned recipe for suet pudding, without molasses or fruit.

I do not think Rosamond E. a myth, for I used to live neighbor to a woman who, the other neighbors used to say, would rather have lost her life than not had her clothes line filled before any one else. They began in rivalry to see if some one could not beat her. Finally, by getting up at two o'clock, one did manage to be ahead, but she said, "Mrs. — was quite welcome to her character of the smartest woman in the place. She had the honor of beating her once, but she rather thought health was the greatest object with her, and she did not care to stay awake all night for the sake of three sheets in the wind at daylight." So, sisters, do not try too hard to be Rosamonds, as in most cases it will not pay.

Some one asks how to keep stoves from rusting, while standing away through the warm weather. Our folks used to grease well with mutton tallow, and before putting them up in the fall, stand them out in the yard, build a fire in them, which would burn off all the tallow, wash them with soap suds while still warm, and then black them. It is troublesome, but I believe effectual.

I presume you all think that for a new comer I have considerable imprudence to stay so long. I sincerely wish I could answer some of the queries put by the sisters, but as the wind is blowing eyes, nose and mouth full of dust, I will close with hearty good wishes.

COLORADO ZEPHYR.

—The man who sits down on the road to success and waits for a free ride, will get left.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

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

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH

—OR—

FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE.

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

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

INSTRUMENTAL.

Artists' Life, (Kunster Leben,) waltzes, Price op. 316, Strauss, 75

Ever or Never, (Toujours ou Jamais,) Waltzes, Waldteufel, 75

Chasse Infernale, Grand Galop, Brilliant, op. 23, Kolling, 75

Turkish Patrol Reveille, Krug, 35

Pirates of Penzance, (Lanciers,) D'Albert, 50

Siren's Waltzes, Waldteufel, 75

Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, Moelling, 100

Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, Rocchini, 100

Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, Dorn, 75

Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson, 60

Rustling Leaves, op. 68, Lange, 60

VOCAL.

Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Price Sullivan, 35

Olivette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran, 40

When I am Near Thee, English and German words, Abt, 40

Who's at my Window, Osborne, 35

Lost Chord, Sullivan, 40

My Dearest Heart, Sullivan, 35

Life's Best Hopes, Meining, 40

Required Love, (4 part Song,) Archer, 35

Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) Bishop, 35

In the Gloaming, Harrison, 30

Only be True, Vickers, 35

Under the Eaves, Winner, 35

Free Lunch Cadets, Sousa, 35

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

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

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

116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

This is one of the most generous offers ever made by any reliable firm for the introduction of their goods, when one considers that in addition to the above choice selection of music, Messrs. Cragin & Co. send the full money's worth of their Electric Soap, which thousands of the best housekeepers in the land insist is the best soap manufactured, the combined offer appears truly wonderful. Nevertheless, they will do as they agree.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising column*. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for *exchanges*.

Mrs. F. H. Stickney, Brattleboro, Vt., has pressed maiden hair ferns and Vermont copper ore to exchange for pampas plumes, fancy work or pieces of bright skein worsteds.

Mrs. J. M. Sherk, Routhwaite, Manitoba, will exchange Peterson's Magazine for Godey's Magazine as soon as read.

Mrs. W. E. Gleason, Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal., would like a few heads of all kinds of grain, and dried grasses, from every state, for grain from California, children's dress patterns, or pieces of print.

Miss Mattie Phillips, Sandy Mountain, Llano Co., Texas, will exchange seed of the Texas star and golden wonder for ever-blooming geranium, also pillow sham and yoke patterns for sea shore curiosities.

Bertha S. Stacy, Anamosa, Iowa, will exchange advertising cards for the same.

W. H. Phillips, Brattleboro, Vt., has Indian pottery, copper, quartz crystals (small), magnetite, iron pyrites, foreign stamps, etc., to exchange for staurolites, beryl, mica, spinel, lithophytes, arrow heads, etc. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Estep, Carpentersville, Kane Co., Ill., has nice wall brackets, put together with screws, to exchange for pumpas plumes, shells, minerals, crystallized quartz, or cabinet curiosities.

John Jones, box 495, Blue Hill, Maine, has 25 kinds of minerals, sea mosses, shells, Canada balsam, cones, other Maine curiosities, and books, to exchange for books, philosophical instruments, microscope, etc.

Miss Minnie Dean, North Bergen, N. Y., has white lilies and ferns to exchange for scraps of silk or worsted, any size, or fancy work, also a handsome double rose bush to exchange for a chair tidy.

Mrs. L. D. Harrington, Parsons, Kansas, has fancy advertising cards to exchange, also applique tidy on black broadcloth, for good specimens of minerals and ores for cabinet, also cards.

Mrs. M. E. Marston, Gilroy, Santa Clara Co., Cal., has raspberry plants to exchange for azaleas, gloxinias, carnations, etc., also campanula plants for roots of blue and white anemones. Write first.

Mrs. E. L. Wilcox, Berlin, Wis., will exchange books, Florida moss and ferns for rooted slips of New Life and Happy Thought geraniums, winter blooming plants and bulbs.

Chas. A. Shafer, box 61, Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal., has a small printing press and outfit in good order, and a stamping outfit to exchange for a foot power scroll saw.

D. L. Lincoln, Greenville, Mich., has Michigan butterflies and sphinx moths properly named and mounted for cabinet to exchange for those in other localities west or south. Write first.

Mrs. J. S. Platt, Alta, Iowa, will paint pictures to order in exchange for Harper's or Scribner's Magazines, house plants, seeds, patchwork, curiosities for cabinet, rugs, or other decorations for house.

Clara V. Creter, Newcomerstown, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio, will exchange white Shetland collars trimmed with gold silk floss, fine linen knit mitts and hair-pin edging for choice shells, curiosities or fancy work.

C. W. Colburn, Hollis, N. H., has specimens of birds' eggs which he would like to exchange for other specimens.

Mrs. Anna E. Reed, Como, Wyoming Ter., wishes to exchange geological specimens, minerals, fossils, etc., peculiar to Wyoming Territory for bound books and sea shells.

Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Mount Vernon, N. Y., will exchange cards, for other fancy advertising cards.

Mollie Eubank, Newton, Mo., will exchange quilt patterns, The Tangled Skein and Pine Burr, for print pieces or sea shells, or something useful or ornamental. Would also like to exchange reading matter.

Mrs. L. T. Byers, Altona, Ill., has a few bulbs of the bottle plant, or onion lily, for a pink primrose or an agapanthus, and two volumes of the Floral Cabinet for other reading, Christian Union preferred.

Carrie F. Holton, Collins Centre, Erie Co., N. Y., will exchange music, Mason's Chart, seeds, bulbs, slips, or tidy patterns, for music, transfer pictures, stereoscopic views or bulbs and flower seeds. Write first.

Mrs. J. W. Gibbs, Westfield, Mass., has a good toned 5-octave melodeon to exchange for some article of household furniture, also, magazines to exchange for other magazines, ad. cards, etc. Write first.

Carrie H. Hayden, 535 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has several pieces of vocal and instrumental music to exchange for fancy work or reading matter.

Mrs. E. J. Elder, Woodville, Miss., will exchange seeds or roots of Texas four o'clock and red and white lilies for clematis, jackmanii, Hartford or maiden hair ferns, dahlias or gladiolus.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

Intelligent Assistant Wanted.

A MOTHER desires the assistance of a young woman in the care of a bright little boy 3½ years old, in the family sewing, and in light household duties. The hope is that in some one of the many excellent families into which THE HOUSEHOLD enters, there may be an intelligent, cultivated daughter who wishes to be self-supporting, and who would gladly be useful in a refined home where she would be treated in all respects as one of the family, and receive compensation for her services.

Address HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York City.

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.09.

A talent of silver was \$538.82.

A talent of gold was \$13,869.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A gerah was one cent.

A mite was one cent.

An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

A SENTIMENTAL PUZZLE.

The Chicago Tribune thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness, and says it ruins him. He talks about economy and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women, and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women and marries them if he can. He abuses silks and laces and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical lords desire?

FOUR GOOD HABITS.

There were four good habits a wise man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and which he considered to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; and these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

It is hard to believe that that noisy boy, whose hands are always on the most intimate terms with all manner of grime and dirt; whose hair is never combed, save on compulsion; whose clothing samples everything it comes near, till "it is a sight to behold;" whose hooting and yelling are constant reminders of aboriginal memoirs, and whose whistling is an aggravation of three steam bands and a brace of locomotives—it is hard to believe that he will ever become transmogrified into the amiable and tractable young gentleman so particular in the fit of his coat, the shade of his kids and the immaculate whiteness of his shirt front, so excruciatingly clean of person and so eminently proper in word, act and deed. But he will be. The answer to this enigma is—calico.

An exchange says that the Welsh language contains only eighteen thousand words, but after you have tried to pronounce four or five of the easiest and shortest, you will wonder how a Welshman ever keeps his feet while talking.

GRATEFUL COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply by boiling water or milk. Sold in this only (1/2 lb. and lb.), labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists,

LONDON ENGLAND

SHOPPING BY MAIL!

MISS MARJORIE MARCH, 231 N. Twelfth St., Phila., Pa., makes purchases of every description for ladies and gentlemen, with discrimination and taste. Orders by mail, from all parts of the country, promptly executed. Samples sent free. For references and information send for circular. Address as above.

FANCY WORK A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS FOR ARTISTIC NEEDLE WORK, Kensington Embroidery, directions for making, numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted Work, Patterns for Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf Lace, Piano Cover, &c. Tells how to make South Kensington, Outline, Persian, Tent, Star, Satin and Feather Stitches, etc. Price 36 cts., or twelve three-cent stamps; 4 Books, \$1.

WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.

A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc. Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Patterns, Stork, Deer, Roses, Elephant, Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cts.; 8 Books \$1. 4 large Tidy Patterns, 10 cts. Special Offer—All for 18 Three-Cent Stamps

J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass., box T.



The Brooklyn Eagle says: "The young and the old should rise up and thank HELEN CAMPBELL for her admirable book devoted to the education of women in

THE EASIEST WAY
In Housekeeping and Cooking.

"By all odds the completest 'Cook-book' that has come under our notice."—*N. Y. Examiner & Chronicle*.

"More than a cook-book, and nothing less than a treatise on the art of sound living."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

"Once read this book and you will purchase it, and you will never regret the cost."—*Detroit Chronicle*.

Adapted to town, village and country.

* Nut-Brown Cloth, \$1.00. Mailed post-paid by

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, New York.

AGENTS WANTED. Send for Circular.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.

Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

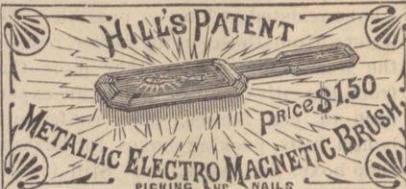
Unrivalled Among Books.

MISS COLBRATH'S
WHAT TO GET FOR BREAKFAST

Miss Colbrath has successfully kept in view the influence of this meal on the entire day, in her plans, multitude of complete breakfasts, with full directions, recipes, etc. No recent book will bring such relief to the housewife and delight to the morning meal.

* Beautiful binding. Interleaved. \$1.

JAMES H. EARLE, Publisher, Boston.



Though simple to look at there never was an instrument of the kind offered to the public with healing, curative powers which could compare favorably with HILL'S PATENT METALLIC ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BRUSH. This fact is shown by daily reports of wonderful cures. First class physicians use and recommend them to others. Dr. Hanford's testimonial can be seen in the January to March numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD in our advertisement.

The small profit we charge our patrons will not pay for extravagant advertising space. Therefore we send circulars and testimonials, giving full particulars, on request by postal. For thin hair, or the flesh, either brush will do. If for heavy hair, say so, as a stiff brush is needed. One brush will not do, so well, for the hair and flesh—both are needed.

Price, \$1.50—Pocket Companion, \$1.00. Either or both mailed, postage prepaid by us, on receipt of price by P. O. order on Boston or registered letter. Make the 50 cts. in small postage stamps.

Agents and the trade allowed liberal discount, by us, or Stoddard & Long, 128 and 130 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill., and Porter Bros. & Co., 78 and 80 Worth St., New York, and 58 Summer St., Boston.

Address, HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

If you wish to restore your gray hair to the natural color and prevent its falling out, or want to cure Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, etc., read what Dr. Hanford and others who have used these brushes say of them in THE HOUSEHOLD, commencing with the January number. They are sure to remove pain at once.

ESPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.—To the person who will get orders for four brushes and send us \$6.00 in M. O. on Boston, or in registered letter, we will send postpaid the four brushes and one Pocket Companion. Or for \$5.00 we will send postpaid six Pocket Companions. Address HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

WOMAN AT WORK

A LITERARY MONTHLY

Devoted to the Record and Encouragement of Woman's Work.

This excellent magazine contains thirty-two large pages, filled with choice original and well selected matter of interest to every woman.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Send ten cents for specimen copy. Address,

WOMAN AT WORK,
Brattleboro, Vt.

We are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a good business, legitimate and honorable, and entirely free from anything of a humbug or catch-penny nature.

You can earn from \$50. to \$2 per hour. Any person sending us a silver dime or four 3-cent stamps will receive 10 samples which will do to commence work on. Don't fail to write at once and address plainly,

H. G. FAY & CO., BURLINGTON, Vermont.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

LABOR SAVING ARTICLES

Indispensable in Every Family.

BREAD MIXER AND KNEADER.

Dutcher Temple Co., Hopedale, Mass.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP.

I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOVER EGG BEATER.

Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass.

PEA AND BEAN SHELLER.

E. H. Whitney, Providence, R. I.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

100 Bristol, name on 10 cts. Other cards cheap. UNION CARD CO., Chepachet, R. I.

NEW STYLES

—IN—

Dress Reform

Garments.

Bates Waist,

(a perfect substitute for corsets,) \$1.75;

made to order, \$2.75;

Send for Catalogue.

MISS C. BATES, 429 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

30 Fine White Gold Edge Cards, name on. 10c. Sam-

ple Book 25c. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

Wait for the Best!

To our readers and their friends who are in want of sewing machines, we earnestly advise waiting a few weeks for a new and greatly improved machine, nearly ready to be put upon the market, combining all the best fea-

THE HICBY

tures of other sewing machines with several desirable additions peculiar to itself. This machine is first-class in every respect, handsome in appearance, in point of workmanship unexcelled by any now in the market, large, roomy, noiseless, and by all odds

The Easiest Running
Double Thread

Machine Ever Built.

In addition to its many good qualities as a really SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINE, the price at which it will be sold will bring it within the means of thousands who have long needed a good machine but have been unable to

THE HICBY

pay the exorbitant prices heretofore asked for a first-class article. In this machine we have simplicity, durability and efficiency combined with reasonable prices, making it most emphatically

THE MACHINE

FOR THE

Household!

Being thoroughly convinced of its merits, and desirous that our readers should have the chance of benefiting themselves by getting a superior article at a reasonable price, we make this announcement, and close

THE HICBY

as we began, by earnestly advising one and all if you are in need of a good sewing machine, one that will be sure to give you perfect satisfaction, you will never regret it if you

Wait for the Best!!



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

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1882.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE CAN no longer supply January numbers to our subscribers. Agents and others forwarding subscriptions will please bear this in mind.

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

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

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS 1's and 3's—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do NOT send any larger ones.

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.

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.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of THE HOUSEHOLD. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers, everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

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

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 3's, and put them into the letters *loosely*. Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

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

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

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

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

given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions *rally*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof.

Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other *witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *any body*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must* do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in *paper*—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for THE HOUSEHOLD for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

PERSONALITIES.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Reba L. Raymond speaks of making a postal card autograph album. Simply send her a card with your name and place of residence, with any verse you would write in an album. I should like to get such an album, and will she and the many other contributors send me a card? I will send her one, also M. P. Fairman.

West Andover, N. H. ROSE BUDD.

What can I give I. P. B. for some of those trawling stones? sea shells, mosses, or anything I can get for her? I will amply repay her. Please write.

FRANCES A. FEELY.

Patchen, Santa Clara Co., Cal.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If some one of the southern sisters will send me a nice large bunch of Florida moss, I will send in return some bulbs of double tulips.

IDA I. BEALS.

Winchendon, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one living in California who has nice pampas plumes to exchange please write me saying what she wishes in return? also, some one who has large shells and star-fish for exchange?

Will some one please communicate with me who has "The Golden Circle," or "The Golden Chord," or any other choice music books to exchange for nice fancy work?

Goodison, Mich. MRS. W. BREWSTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. E. S. Warner, of Palma Solo, Florida, please tell me what she wishes in return for Florida moss? I should like some very much.

MRS. ALICE HESTER.

Denver, Col.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any lady has an elephant pattern, also one for letter H bedquilt, and will send it to me, I will return stamps, or whatever she prefers.

MRS. H. M. DOLLIVER.

N. E. Village, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Is there a sister that would like a jar of *pot-pourri*, and has not got the roses? I have the roses but cannot paint my jar, and would like to exchange with some one who can.

GRACIE CARLTON.

Box 1125, Ogdensburg, St. Law. Co., N.Y.

An infallible remedy for Fever and Ague is Ayer's Ague Cure. Wholly vegetable and containing no quinine, it is harmless and sure.

LACES In the finest manner. Price List Free.

CLEANSED Lewando's French Dye House,

17 Temple Pl., Boston.

LETTER FROM MRS. MOORE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Since stepping into the exchange list with my chop sticks, etc., I have received many letters asking questions relative to the Chinese in California, their habits, customs, etc.

It is very difficult to get at the true inwardness of a Chinaman's life, they are so clannish, living entirely to and for themselves. Everything that is for their physical comfort of any importance comes from China. Their clothing, furniture, and table ware are all manufactured by Chinese workmen. Their homes are small, dark rooms with rude tables and benches. The beds are bunks or shelf-like places covered with matting. The table furniture is limited to cups and spoons, chop sticks taking the place of knives and forks. The spoons are of earthen ware.

Milk and sugar have no place on the Chinese table, tea being drank from the tiny cups without either. They neither make, buy nor use bread. Rice and pork are the staple articles on their bill of fare. Beef is eaten to a limited extent, but veal and mutton are not eaten by them at all. They are very fond of fruit, and will steal it whenever they can. Chickens are also considered by them legitimate plunder.

New Year's is the great holiday of the year. Weeks previously, preparations begin for its celebration. This can be accounted for by the fact that the festivities last two weeks. This time is spent in worship, feasting and visiting. Nothing would tempt a Celestial to forego his right to enjoy at least the first three days of this festival, and many a housekeeper has bewailed a missing cook, and sighed over a deserted kitchen at this time.

The better class keep open house, and dispense refreshments with a liberal hand. Tables are set out, loaded with sweetmeats, oranges, and watermelon seeds, and decorated with paper flowers, painted candles, and a very fragrant flower called *suey-sing*, which is brought into bloom expressly for this occasion.

They seem to be a necessity in the due celebration of the New Year, as they are to be found in every place in Chinatown, from the temple where they are the principal ornament of the altar to the hovel of the scavenger, which they brighten by their beauty. The bulbs are brought fresh from China every year. About six weeks before they are wanted to bloom, they are placed in shallow dishes, which are filled with small, clean stones and pebbles, and then water is poured in. The only attention they require after this is a supply of fresh water. They bloom profusely, and remain in bloom during the two weeks of the festival. The bulb can then be dried and set in the ground. They will thrive nicely in a moderately warm room. I had them in bloom about a week before Christmas, and the white, fragrant flowers were a pretty addition to the dinner table.

The legend connected with the *suey-sing* is as follows: A Chinese gentleman of great wealth had two sons. The older was a crafty, treacherous man, while the younger one was the personification of goodness. But through the wiles of the wicked brother, the old gentleman was induced to leave his vast possessions to him. The disinherited son had by some means become possessed of a small bit of rocky ground just outside the city. The bad brother advised him to retire to his property, and commit *hari kari*, or suicide, in some shape. Good advice the young man thought it, and straightway took the preliminary steps by bidding his few friends adieu, and proceeded to his rocky property.

After praying to the gods he lay down to reflect on his position, and fell asleep. He dreamed that his deceased mother ap-peared to him, and told him to gather the flowers by which he was surrounded, and sell them in the city. He awoke to find a miracle had been performed for him. His stony property had been transformed into a parterre of lovely flowers, the bulbs nowhere touching earth. The young man full of hope returned to the city laden with flowers which he quickly disposed of, as the New Year was about to be celebrated. The story of the miraculous growth was soon known, and the fortunate youth soon became very wealthy, as he had a monopoly of the flower trade that year. And ever since that time the *suey-sing* has been an important adjunct to the celebration of the New Year.

The Chinese are firm believers in miracles.

I have an almanac published in Pekin that is a quaint specimen of literature. It is printed on rice paper, and the leaves are all double. It is illustrated in the highest style of Chinese art, each illustration representing a scene in a legend. The first page in a Chinese book would be the last in ours. The rice paper is made from the stem of a leguminous plant which grows in China. It is first cut in pieces eight or ten inches in length. These are then cut into spiral films, which being spread out and pressed form thin sheets. Paper is also made from bamboo. Red paper is much used, especially on occasions of ceremonial writing.

If any of the Band would like a bulb of the *suey-sing*, if they will send their names and what they will send in exchange by the first of November, I will send a bulb to each one so doing. If they are intended for Christmas blooming they must be placed for growing by the fifteenth of November.

My correspondence with the sisters has been very enjoyable to me, but owing to the many demands on my time I have not been able to answer many dear letters. If any to whom I promised petrified wood or Chinese spoons have not received them, if they will notify me I will attend to it immediately. I did not intend to neglect any one who had asked for either, but I may have done so.

Persis, if you will send me yeast cakes that will make good bread, I will compensate you if it is the half of my kingdom you demand, for "yeast" has a worse effect on me than "gravy" had on Mrs. Todgers.

MRS. L. M. MOORE.

North San Juan, Cal.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, if there are any contemplating the purchase of an organ, to get one of Mr. Daniel F. Beatty. I have one of his Beethoven organs, and it is all that he claims. The case is handsome and well made, the tone is rich and sweet. It has been tested by competent judges and pronounced first class.

MRS. E. S. MESSINGER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I sent to Mr. Allen of your place for some plants. He is a total stranger, and therefore with all the more pleasure I add that the plants for which I sent were all just as set forth in his advertisement, and were most thoroughly and neatly packed. Each one has gone right on living and rejoicing in life as if to do honor to the firm that sent them forth. I feel as if it were due to Mr. Allen "to add," as our good friends sometimes say, "my testimony" to our honest dealing. Yours respectfully,

A. E. PORTER.

BOOKS.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

"Books," says Cicero, "are the food of youth, the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, and the comfort and refuge of adversity." And to this is borne the testimony of all who have ever loved books. Harriet Martineau said her entrance upon the intellectual life opened to her a world of happiness that she had never known of otherwise; and yet there are many that are strangers to the companionship of a book, and fail to realize the influence one mind exerts upon another through the pages that are written.

There is no excuse for ignorance in this nineteenth century, when literature of all kinds abounds. The only care necessary is to select that which will prove profitable, and discard the unworthy. Some contend that it is even better to read that which is not worth reading than not to read at all, for if a taste for literature be once formed, there is hope for growth and improvement, and that which would satisfy the appetite at one time and be read with delight would nauseate the same reader at a later date. This may be true to a certain degree if the taste once formed is not a vitiated one, for books are our companions, and if we choose the depraved and vicious, or the sentimental and emotional, their indelible trace is stamped upon our character, and our mental caliber is rapidly fixed.

Frivolous and unsuitable books are no more a stepping stone to elevated and solid literature than weak or foolish companionships are stepping stones to friends of a higher order.

And as we can choose the intimate companionship of holy minds to help us in our daily living, so for instruction, amusement, friendship, and intellectual growth we have Shakespeare, George Mac Donald, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Longfellow, Whittier, and a score of others.

For condensed biographies of great men, also for general information on every subject, botany, geology and all the sciences, I prefer Zell's revised encyclopedia, 1124 Arch Street, Philadelphia, which I have seen advertised in this paper. It is not so cumbersome as other such works, being complete in two volumes.

I have spent nearly a whole morning, highly entertained and instructed by examining the wood cuts alone, and yet with the encyclopedia in hand, and the one thought of gaining information on a single point, it is like taking a walk through a mountainous country. Beautiful and grand are the views that burst upon one's sight at almost every step. There is endless variety and endless store and one soon becomes fascinated with the knowledge and research that are found upon its pages.

One pleasing feature of the work is its biographies of men yet living, and reading of their lives and homes, a reference to the maps adds to the interest, and keeps us up in point of geography, for this work combines an atlas of the world, besides every country enlarged, and a gazetteer, which makes it an invaluable companion to every teacher.

It brings a vividness to the painful picture of poor, ill-fated De Long and his brave companions to trace their journeys through the dreary track of Siberia, along the river Lena, and as we lament the useless waste of human life, with its prolonged torturing of cold and hunger, to discover a northwest passage, which will be of but small use when found, we cannot help but wonder that a stop has not been put to these endeavors long ago.

And so with every work we read and paper we glance over, Zell comes to our aid to supply a thousand wants with illustrations, maps, and information.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH

more than doubles the stiffening qualities of STARCH, Ironing is done with half the labor, Linen made proof against dampness, and with a good Polishing Iron any amount of shine you like.

Those who have become disgusted with worthless stuff mis-called Starch Polish, will find the

DOBBINS' POLISH a Delight!

Its composition is the best in the world for giving extra body to Linen, and producing a first-class laundry finish—and then it only costs 6 cents a week for a competent housekeeper to produce that beautiful finish for which laundries are paid \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Those who know how to do things nicely are always delighted with

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH.
BEWARE OF CHEAP AND WORTHLESS COMPOUNDS MISCALLED STARCH POLISH.

ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

The GENUINE has the signature of J. B. DOBBINS on the label.

HOW TO GET THE GENUINE DOBBINS' STARCH POLISH.

As a rule by asking your grocer for it; but in some cases grocers will try to push off their stock of inferior makes before purchasing ours. In such cases send 25 cents—in money or postage stamps—and state that you saw the advertisement in Brattleboro HOUSEHOLD, and the Polish will be sent by return mail.

Address all letters to office of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH, Nos. 132 & 134 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW TO BE SOMEBODY.

Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every object in the way of your success flying like leaves before a whirlwind. A milk-and-water way of doing business leaves a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not the go-aheaditiveness to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, or at best, on the very low rounds. Never say I can't; never admit there is such a word; it has dragged its tens of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language; but carry a whole lexicon of I cans and I wills with you, and thus armed, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish. Never envy your neighbor his success, but try and become like him, and as much better as you can. If at first you don't succeed, don't wilt down with despondency and I can't, but gird on the armor of I can, and my word for it, you will.

—A religious body having resolved to build a new church, the pastor went about begging very zealously, accepting not only the widow's but the child's mite. In the Sunday school a few days afterwards, while instructing the children, he compared himself to a shepherd, and then inquired what the latter did with his flock. One bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, "He shears them."

Ladies should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical dressing. It has become an indispensable article for the toilet.

—In charity, it may be better to give than to receive; but in kissing it is about equal.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
makes a cooling drink, with water and sugar only. TRY IT.

—That's a fine strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman who sat near, "but if he strains much more, he'll burst."

Revitalizing the blood is absolutely necessary for the cure of general debility, weakness, lassitude, etc. The best enricher of the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

Dobbins' Starch Polish.

HOW DA SHINE

An important discovery by which every family may give their linen that beautiful finish peculiar to fine laundry work. Ask your Grocer.

J. B. DOBBINS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC STARCH POLISH.

BEWARE OF CHEAP AND WORTHLESS COMPOUNDS MISCALLED STARCH POLISH.

ASK FOR DOBBINS'.

The GENUINE has the signature of J. B. DOBBINS on the label.

REWARD TO ENTERPRISE.

Four years ago, James Pyle, of New York, first introduced his celebrated Pearline to the public, and now the name of Pearline is everywhere a household word, and millions upon millions of packages are annually consumed by our intelligent housekeepers.

—Don't you think Miss Brown is a sweet girl?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes, very sweet," replied James; "that is to say, she is well preserved."

The notice of our readers is called to the advertisement of Ridge's Food in another column. At this season, when so many little ones are suffering from insufficient food and the various diseases incident to the heated term, it is with pleasure we call attention to an article which is not a medicine, and which, by 15 years of use here and 25 in England, has justly merited the rank it holds with the public. All interested are invited to send to Woolrich & Co., Palmer, Mass., for pamphlet treating of Care of Infants, Composition of the Food, etc.

—I have no objection to a man's parting his hair in the middle, but I shall always insist upon his finishing up the job by wearing a short gown and petticoat.—Josh Billings.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dobbins' "How da shine," and can conscientiously recommend it as a valuable addition to the list of "labor savers." Those young housekeepers to whom the weekly ironing of "John's" shirts is a trial from which they would gladly escape, may now triumph over all obstacles by the use of this timely assistant which robs ironing day of its terrors.

—The question as to who shall be speaker of the house has to be settled after every marriage.

We would commend to the attention of our readers the advertisement sent us by the Health Food Co. from the lady desiring assistance in pleasant home duties, feeling that we can cordially recommend to any young girl fitted for the position, this unusual opportunity of obtaining a home which is at the same time pleasant and independent.

—The transit of Venus is going to occur next December; but if you want to take a little prelude as a sort of preparation, go and sit on the pier and watch "Venus rising from the sea" in a blue flannel bathing suit with a hideous shade hat strapped down over her ears.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is an elegant, safe, and reliable article, cheap and convenient for use; will not rub off. Try it.

—Nothing but pure politeness makes a bald-headed man lift his hat on meeting with a young lady.

Ladies' Solid Gold Watches.

The attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement in another column of J. A. Vail, importer and manufacturing jeweler. He is offering wonderful bargains in ladies' gold watches.

The liver is the organ most speedily disordered by malarial poisons. Ayer's Ague Cure expels these poisons from the system, and is a most excellent remedy for liver complaints.

—In addressing a Sunday school awhile ago, a speaker said to the boys, "Always be kind to your little sisters. Now, I never had a little sister, and I once tried to be kind to some other fellow's sister, but she had a cruel father, and he hurt me helping me off the front stoop."

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

—Servant girls in New York are forming a protective league. It is supposed their object is to have eight afternoons a week out and twenty-four hours on Sunday, and be permitted to entertain their numerous male cousin in the parlor.

Debilitated persons, and sufferers from wasting diseases such as consumption, scrofula, kidney affections, will be greatly benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

—The president has developed the highest qualities of constitutional statesmanship," were the words that little Miltiades Marrowfat read from the paper he was holding, and then added, "What does that mean, pop?" "It means, my boy," explained Mr. Marrowfat, "that the editor is probably a postmaster and feels agreeably disappointed that he hasn't been turned out."

Ayer's Ague Cure should be in every household in regions where Fever and Ague prevail. It should be taken as a preventive by every resident and traveler in malarial districts.

—When an Austin schoolmaster entered his temple of learning a few mornings ago he read on the blackboard the touching legend, "Our teacher is a donkey." The pupils expected there would be a combined cyclone and earthquake, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" to the legend, and opened the school with prayer as usual.

A COTTAGE ORGAN

worth \$200 will be sent to any person who will send us Two Hundred yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD, and at the same rate for a cheaper or more costly instrument. These organs will be new, sent from the well known manufacturer of J. Estey & Co., and fully warranted to give the most perfect satisfaction, both as regards beauty of workmanship and clearness of tone.

This offer places one of the most desirable organs for the family or society room within reach of thousands of our readers. Many have already availed themselves of our previous similar offers and many others will we trust do so this season.

THE

Little Detective

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS

OF THESE

S C A L E S

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited

Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir.—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir.—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks." It is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufacturer at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD,
Brattleboro, Vt.

CHICAGO SCALE CO.,
147, 149 & 151 Jefferson St., Chicago.
MANUFACTURE MORE THAN
300 Different Varieties.
Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) - \$40
3-Ton, 7x13, - \$50 | 4-Ton, 8x14, - \$60
All other sizes in proportion. All Scales perfect.
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Beam, Beam-Box
and building directions with each Scale.

The "Little Detective," for Family or Office, \$3.
Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.

HEALTH FOODS.

Send your address on postal card, and we will send you valuable pamphlets. Our products are known and enjoyed by many of the regular writers for THE HOUSEHOLD. Good Mr. Crowell, the editor, is one of our best customers. Dr. Hanaford, Emily Hayes, and others, say that they find strength, health and comfort in our Foods. Professor R. H. Thurston of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who has been greatly benefited by them, has taken the trouble to secure analyses of all the wheat-products, from his colleague, Prof. Leeds, State Analyst for New Jersey, and the result is given below.

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, HOBOKEN, N. J., May 23, 1882.

At the request of my colleague, Prof. Robert H. Thurston, I have thoroughly examined the various food substances prepared from wheat by the Health Food Co. The examination was both microscopic and chemical. Finding, after the most careful trial, that no trustworthy determinations of the relative percentages of the starch, gluten, etc., could be made by the aid of the microscope, I submitted all these food substances to chemical analysis as the only accurate test. The result has been to show that the relative percentage of the albuminoids (gluten, albumen, etc.) as compared with the starch, is greater in these food-substances, than it is in ordinary commercial wheat flour. In some of them the relative percentage of albuminoids is very much greater than in ordinary flour, whether European or American.

ALBERT R. LEEDS, PH. D., Prof. of Chemistry in the Stevens Inst. of Technology.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 & 76 4th Ave. & 69, 71 & 73 E 10th St., New York City.

WHEEL CHAIRS

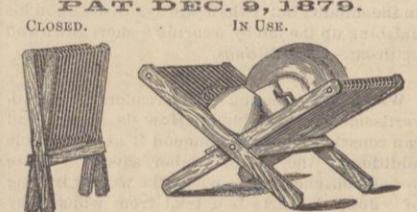
Exclusively.—ALL Styles and Sizes
for use of

Invalids and Cripples.

Self and secondary hand propulsion, in-doors and out. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement unequalled. Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue send stamp and mention *The Household*. SMITH WHEEL CHAIR CONCERN, 162 William St., New York.

Wood Dish Drainers.

PAT. DEC. 9, 1879.



Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.

stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtain one by mail, postage paid.

DOVER STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

DOVER EGG BEATER.

Beats the whites of the Eggs thoroughly in 10 seconds. The Beating Floats revolve on two centers, one inch apart, and curiously interlace each other—
"DOVER EGG BEATER" in large letters on the wheel.



Equally valuable for eggs, cake, or
sauces, cream, or
jellies or
rivets to get loose.
Cleaned instantly.
Money refunded if you are not delighted
with it.
A woman and her "Dover Beater" cannot be separated.

The "DOVER EGG BEATER" is the only article in the wide world that is **Warranted to DELIGHT the Purchaser**. There NEVER has been, and is not now, another article made that men DARE to support with such a warrant. For 50 cts. one is sent by mail, postpaid.

Dover Stamping Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

BIDWELL, MANCHESTER,

Jersey Queen, Seneca Queen, and other new varieties of Strawberry Plants. All the leading standard varieties. **Grown in Pots.** Also Fay's Prolific Red Currant. Send for Catalogue.

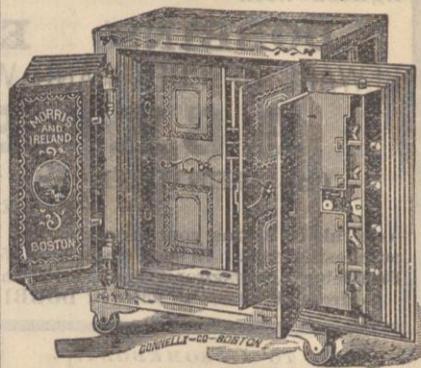
JOSEPH D. FITTS, Providence, R. I.

50 ALL Chromos, new designs, with name 10c. Free present with each pack. We give the best premiums ever offered Agents. Tuttle Bros., No. Haven, Ct.

Morris & Ireland's

NEW IMPROVED
EIGHT FLANGE FIRE-PROOF
S A F E.

CHAMPION RECORD IN THE
Great Boston Fire, 1872;
Great Haverhill Fire, 1882;
Great Hopkinton Fire, 1882;
Great Attleboro Fire, 1882.



THE ONLY EIGHT FLANGE SAFE MADE IN THE WORLD,
AND CONTAINING

Patent Inside Bolt Work,
Patent Hinged Cap,
Four-Wheel Locks,
Inside Iron Linings,
Solid Angle Corners.

Send for Prices and Descriptive Circulars to

MORRIS & IRELAND,
64 Sudbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

WARNER BROTHERS
CORALINE CORSETS.

WARNER BRO'S 372 Broadway, N. Y.

ESTEY ORGAN

Everywhere known and prized for
Skill and fidelity in manufacture,
Tasteful and excellent improvements,
Elegant variety of designs,
Yielding unrivaled tones.

Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.
J. ESTEY & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

CANVASSING AGENTS
WANTED!

Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old established and reliable house. Liberal inducements offered and constant employment given. Exclusive territory. For full particulars enclose 3c. stamp and address.

North American Photo-Copying Co.,
25, 27, 29 and 31 East 3d St.,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name
on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged best pack sold.
Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name,
10c. Postpaid. G. L. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, \$90. Pianos \$297.50.
Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address D. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

The sick, who give a careful description of condition, symptoms, temperament, employments, etc., will receive medicine for six weeks, with carefully prepared directions. Fee \$3, sent with the order.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Indicated for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving the treatment of prospective mothers, and of the infant, treating of food, clothing, bathing, air and sunlight—all needed by both—will be sent by mail, free, for \$1.25.

OUR HOME GIRLS, a pamphlet treating of the management of the girl, her recreations, dress, education, proper food, etc. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, a small treatise treating of the means of restoring both the fat and lean to their normal condition, the former without medicine, or mainly by food, and the latter by food and medicine. Price 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND.—This is intended to meet the wants of a large class of the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Indigestion, etc. The principles are clearly and plainly given in the language of the people. A pamphlet of 60 pages, 20 cents.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT.—This pamphlet of 26 pages contains the principles of bread making, with much other important matter for the housekeeper. Price 12 cents.

HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat," etc., and medicine. All sent free by mail.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

LA WOOD'S HAIR PRODUCER. A purely vegetable compound that contains nothing injurious and will positively make the hair grow if the roots are not entirely destroyed. A few applications will stop the hair from falling out. \$1.00 per bottle. TOILET LOTION removes sunburn and tan; renders the skin soft and white. \$1.00 per bottle. ELEGANT TOILET POWDER, 50 cts. per box, sent on receipt of price. MRS. D. A. INWOOD, 31 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

CONVENIENT ARTICLES

Mailed for the prices given, and worth the money:

Toilet Box, containing 200 ne plus Pins, 6 white Toilet Pins, 6 black Toilet Pins, 25 satin finished Hair Pins, and 12 shoe buttons; price 10 cents.

Pocket Nail Cutter and Cleaner, the best thing for the purpose ever invented, and indispensable where neat, well kept nails are desired; 20 cents.

Combined Pocket Tape Measure, Mirror and Pin Cushion, nickel plated; 25 cents.

Pocket Drinking Cup, of polished metal, telescoping together, and enclosed in a tin box; 30 cents.

Vest Pocket Scale, weighing half ounce to eight pounds, suitable for fishermen, and adapted to other purposes; handsomely nickel plated; 35 cents.

Elegant Birthday Cards: 5, 10, 15 and 25c. each.

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CHENEY & CLAPP Booksellers and Stationers,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.



WALTHAM WATCHES

A full and complete stock of these celebrated Watches, in all grades, at very low prices.

STEM WINDERS,

In Gold and Silver Cases, both plain and ornamental, for Ladies, Gentlemen and

BIGELOW, KENNARD & CO.,
511 Washington Street,
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We are winning a great success with Mail Orders. If you need clothing, ready made or to order, for men or boys, send your address, and we will mail you our Summer Book for 1882.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

Oak Hall,
The Largest Retail Clothing House,
Sixth and Market Streets,
Philadelphia.

Mention THE HOUSEHOLD.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

Game of the STATES.

PUBLISHED BY HENRY G. FIELD, CHEAP EDITION, 25 CENTS.

PRICE 50 CENTS. BRATTLEBORO, Vt.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of a company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

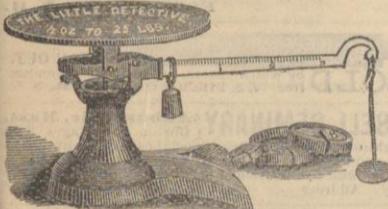
Cheap Edition, 25 Cents.
Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 "

If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Gastin's Ointment See the ad't.

THE "LITTLE DETECTIVE."
No More Short Weights.
\$10 SCALE FOR \$3.



Weighs from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than from \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any Store.

We will send one of the above Scales, on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address, THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE FLORENCE OIL STOVE
FOR

Cooking, Heating and Manufacturer's use,

advertised in the June number of this magazine, is an article well worthy of the consideration of every housekeeper, especially those who from choice or necessity desire to

Economize Fuel and Strength. Send for circular, mentioning THE HOUSEHOLD. Direct to

J. F. PAGE,
Southern Office of Florence Machine Co., 1301 F Street, Washington, D. C.

GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians, by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canadas on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results.

ED HOUSEHOLD.

The New GRAPES Prentiss,

Supply LARGEST STOCK in AMERICA. Cheap by mail.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be BOOK taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing 25 Cts. of other valuable horse information.

Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

A Sure relief for Asthma.
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 25 cts. by mail.
STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

NEW Practical Life. The Key to Fortune BOOK. In all Avenues of Life 600 pp. Clear type, finest binding and Illustrations. AGENTS WANTED. \$75 to \$150 per Month. For Terms, address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

See the ad't.

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00
One "	6.00	11.50	16.50	21.50	30.00	50.00
Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	50.00	90.00
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00
Eight "	37.50	64.50	90.00	118.00	170.00	300.00
One column,	50.00	90.00	130.00	170.00	235.00	400.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1882, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar

Bicarbonate of Soda

Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar

Bicarbonate of Soda

Carbonate of Ammonia

Tartaric Acid

Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JANY 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Gent of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habershaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.—*Hall's Journal of Health* for April, 1882.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure*
Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

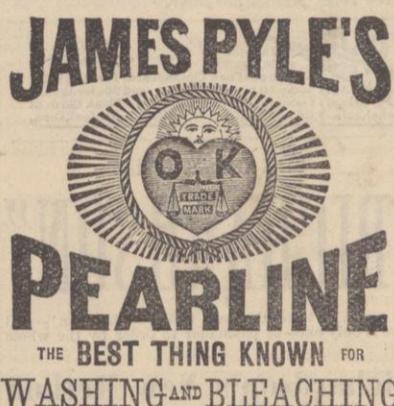
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated stands. Works of character; great variety: Books & Bibles low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in Cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.



SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

BARRETT'S Goods by Mail or Express. DYE HOUSE. Send for Price List.

3 WEST STREET, BOSTON.



AGENTS Are making \$10 a day selling our goods. Send for circular and terms. Great English Cut Co., Box 1632, Boston, Mass.

Texas Flower Seed. Several varieties of the most beautiful wild flowers of Texas for 25 cents per package; 5 packages for \$1, by mail. Also small plants of various Cacti, native to Texas, 25 cents each. Address, MISS S. SAMBAIN, BOX 145, Waco, Texas.



A choice selection of Holland Bulbs, direct. Among the finest yet offered. Catalogue mailed free.

12 choice named Hyacinths for forcing.	by mail, \$2.50
12 " mixed " " the garden, " " 1.25	
12 " " forcing, " " 1.50	
8 " " " " " " 1.00	
12 " Hyacinths, in special colors, for forcing, " " 1.75	
12 " mixed Tulips for forcing or garden, per 100, \$2.50, " " .50	
12 " Tulips, in special colors, for forcing or bedding out, double or single, " " .75	
12 choice mixed Crocus for forcing or garden, per 100, \$1.25, " " .20	
12 " " " " " " 1.80	
10 Tea and Bourbon Roses, strong plants for winter flowering, " " 2.00	
12 Distinct varieties Geraniums, " " 1.00	
24 of the following: 2 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 12 Crocus, 2 Tea Roses, 2 Geraniums, new and old varieties, " " 1.00	
30 of the following: 3 Hyacinths, 6 Tulips, 6 Crocus, 6 Snowdrops, 2 Jonquils, 2 Anemone, 2 Ranunculus, 1 Japan Lily, " " 1.00	
10 Winter Blooming Plants: 1 Primrose, 1 Tea Rose, 1 Calla, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Smilax, 1 Begonia, 1 Hellotrope, 1 Fuchsia, 2 Hyacinths, " " 1.00	
10 Hardy Perpetual Roses, " by mail, \$1.00 12 English Ivies, 6 Begonias, winter bloomers, 50c. 6 Carnations, strong plants for winter blooming, \$1.00, or 20c. each. 12 Pansies, choice strain, \$1.00, for forcing or open ground. Fall is a good season for planting pansies.	

ROSES, specially prepared for winter blooming, strong plants, 6 for \$1; 13 for \$2.

50,000 Pot Grown STRAWBERRY PLANTS, 1,000,000 LAYERS

Address, C. E. ALLEN, Florist and Seedsman, Brattleboro, Vt.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.



The Gentle Way is Best. In dyspepsia, liver complaint and constipation the diseased organs are preternaturally sensitive and tender. Do not use them roughly. An alterative like TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT, that tones, corrects and purifies the system without unduly exciting or irritating either the stomach, the liver, or the bowels, is the true specific in such cases. Reason teaches this, and experience confirms it.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PEDDIE INSTITUTE, Hightstown, N. J. Fits for College, Business, Teaching, Music, Drawing and Painting. Full force of Teachers. Healthy location, mild climate, and pleasant surroundings. Both sexes. A safe home for your sons and daughters. Next year begins September 6th, 1882. Send for Catalogue. REV. JOHN GREENE, A. M., PRINCIPAL.

Mt. Cardigan Silver Polish. Will send by mail, postpaid, 1 set 4 fancy cards and 1 large box of Polish, on receipt of 25 cts. The Polish is the production of an insect in the waters of a lakelet at the base of Mt. Cardigan, the only deposit of the kind known in the United States. It has been in use for the past 20 years, and pronounced superior to any manufactured article for cleaning and polishing Silver and Plated Ware, Nickel and Jewelry. Full directions with each box. Address, J. F. BRYANT, P. M., Enfield Centre, N. H.

A KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH. AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circular free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Day St., N. Y.

LASELL SEMINARY, Auburndale, Mass. Boston advantages with delightful suburban home. Special care of health, manners and morals of growing girls. Good board. Teaches cooking and like household arts. To secure place apply early. Address C. C. BRAGDON, PRINCIPAL.

LADIES Are you aware that most of the SPOON COTTON is either short in length, or only two-cord, and possibly both?

Much that is labelled 200 yards does not contain over 130 yards. Dealers sell it because they can buy it cheap, and do not expect the cheat to be discovered.

You should insist upon having HOLYOKE THREAD, every spool of which is warranted three-cord, and to contain 200 yards.

It is cheaper for you at three cents a spool than most makers are at two cents.

See that a poorer article, on most of which the manufacturers are, properly, ashamed to affix their names, is not imposed on you instead of it, from interested motives.

The Golden Rule. Best \$2.00 Religious Weekly ever published. Sent to readers of THE HOUSEHOLD from now to Jan. 1, 1883, for Only 25 Cents.

Endorsed by the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD. Address, GOLDEN RULE, BOSTON, MASS. Enclose a silver 25-cent piece in an envelope and the thing is done.

Elegant Illustrations, Sound Editorials, Able Sermons, Bright Stories, Unsectarian, Evangelical, Published Weekly, None Better.

Father likes the Editorials, mother likes the Sermons, grandmother likes the clear type, the children like the stories, everybody likes THE GOLDEN RULE!

Every Family needs it. The moral effect of it is always good.

Every Family can have it (provided they are not now subscribers) on trial from now to January, 1883, for Only 25 Cents.

STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT

Office 5 & 7 John St., New York.

Branch 1197 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y., 279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

Offices: 47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia, 110 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and Refinish Dress Goods and Garments.

Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robs, etc., of all fabrics, and the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully without ripping.

Gentlemen's Garments cleaned or dyed whole.

Curtains, Window-shades, Table-covers, Carpets, etc., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill, and most improved appliances, and having systemized anew, every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results and unusually prompt return of goods.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO. 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.