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March.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. B. RICHARDS, ENO. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 17.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1884.

No. 4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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The Veranda.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Wild March winds fiercely blow. Its robe of ice and snow

The mourning earth still solemnly doth keep.
No leaf is on the bough, and not a blossom now
Hath waked from its long, dreary winter sleep.

But list! A voice I hear, a bird song blithe and clear,
Above the wailing of the wintry blast,
And on yon leafless tree, brave robin red-breast see!
The spring's sweet harbinger has come at last!

O bird with ruby breast, bare boughs nor empty nest,
Nor frost nor snow, have power thy song to chill;
By some sweet prophecy dost thou all joy foresee
That summer in thy heart abideth still?

Ah, listening thus to thee, I also seem to see
The life and beauty of the summer hours,
The roses bloom again against the window pane,
The soft wind whispers low o'er beds of flowers.

I catch the sweet perfume of orchards white with bloom
In dreamy skies the soft clouds come and go;
The brooks, rejoicing, free, run laughing to the sea,
And song and sunshine all the world o'erflow.

Thanks, warbler, brave, to thee for thy sweet minstrelsy
That by its magic power can so restore
The charms of summer fled, the roses scattered, dead,
And promise us they soon shall bloom once more.

Sweet herald of the spring, teach me, like thee, to sing
Amid the winter that environs me;
Thy faith to me impart, speak to my fainting heart,
Of the eternal summer yet to be.

Northfield, Vt.

L. L.

GRAPES.

THE question is often asked what kind of soil is best for the grape and how to cultivate it. All who have ground to grow grapes, should plant at least enough for their own family use. The grape subject embraces a wide territory, therefore a few simple ways of culture are all that are practicable or really necessary. Many varieties are not particular about location, while others of a more delicate nature require the best soil in sheltered locations. If you wish to plant largely, choose a free, airy section, selecting the most hardy varieties that will withstand cold and heat, like the Concord and Moore's Early. Those who wish to study the grape, and cultivate on a large scale, would do well to consult any work on the cultivation of grapes, where they will find all the information required. If you wish but a few varieties, select some of the most hardy, with the choice, delicate varieties, that you may have a variety for flavor, time of ripening, and good keeping qualities.

Hillsides along large rivers and lakes, sloping east or south, fully exposed to the sun and warm winds, are favorable locations, being more free from frost in spring and fall. Positions along small creeks are more subject to frost, being

damp and moist, and would be best to avoid. If the soil is dry naturally, and a little sandy and deep, it will be favorable; if a mixture of decomposed stone and leaf mould, feeling soft to the feet, the location will be a good one. Prepare the ground by removing all stones and roots. If your soil can be worked deep, fifteen or twenty inches, it will be beneficial against drouth, acting as drainage in wet weather. It is not a good plan to manure heavily as it causes a rank, unhealthy growth, injuring the quality and flavor. When manure is applied, use it well decomposed, or wood ashes and bone, applying yearly a light top-dressing in autumn.

To recommend any particular variety, I do not consider advisable as the climate, soil and location, have more to do towards growing good grapes than any other variety of small fruit, and as there are so many new varieties introduced each year which prove valuable, it would be advisable to try one or two standard varieties, and experiment with one or two new varieties. At the present time, among the newer varieties tested, the following have proved valuable in most sections: Golden Pocklington, Prentiss, Jefferson, Early Victor, Moore's Early, and Brighton. Among the older varieties, Concord, Delaware, Hartford, Salem, some of Roger's hybrids, Isabella, and Norton's Virginia.

Choose good one or two-year old vines, planting six to eight feet apart, depending on growth of variety. They can be planted in fall or spring; if in spring, the earlier they are planted the better growth they will make. Dig holes eight to twelve inches deep, spreading the roots that they may lay straight and not cramped. Nothing is necessary the first summer, only to keep the ground free from weeds, stirring often to keep mellow, and encourage rapid growth. Train to one vine, tying it to a stake. Should it make a few feet of growth, (four or five feet in one season is a fair growth of the strong-growing varieties,) cut back in the fall, when the leaves have dropped, to about three eyes. It would be well to make a trellis the second year, or it can be kept tied to a stake for two years, but on a trellis better care can be given the vine. Lay down in the fall by covering a little soil or litter on the ends of the vine to hold it in position for the winter.

C. E. ALLEN.

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT TREES.

The following from an exchange is worth the attention of amateur fruit growers: "Instead of trimming up trees, according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug and symmetrical. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface, especially where the ends of the roots can get it. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the

whole surface broadcast. Prefer a well pulverized, clean surface in an orchard with a moderately rich soil to a heavy manuring and a surface covered with a hard crust and weeds and grass. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing fruit trees rapidly of small vermin. Fruit evaporators are comparatively inexpensive, they are very easily operated and properly dried fruit is always salable. If your farm is near a railroad you will be able to sell every bushel of fruit for city consumption that you may happen to raise, and you will realize satisfactory prices for it."—*Ex.*

FEEDING HORSES.

Do not wait until you begin work in the spring to feed your horses. Do not starve them all winter and then expect a week or two of extra feeding to bring them up to the working point. Begin now. Keep them in regular health. They will enjoy the food now and assimilate it. They will retain its results. Do not accuse your horse of being lazy because he stands in the stable and eats his regular meals. He rests as you do, and likes to go out once in a while as you do. It is a mistake to suppose that he does not need a little enjoyment, even if it is a drive on a strange road. Do not leave him long under cold sheds without decent covering. The horse that has trodden in the furrow, and has known nothing but the old barn door, likes a change. Let him hear the jingle of the bells comfortably. Do not let him stand uncovered for hours while you sit by the village store stove. Do not kick him because this plow horse does not trot as well as he pulls a hay wagon. When you go home at night and give him drink, temper his water a little, just as some of your neighbors temper their water, but not with the same stuff. And give him a bite, if he is in condition for it, just as you take your piece of pie. The farmers' best friends are the dumb, patient animals around him.—*Herald.*

CURRENT CULTURE.—Currants are not only healthful and refreshing in midsummer, but are always a profitable crop if properly cared for. John H. Hale, in the Connecticut Farmer, truly says that there is money in this crop if it can be disposed of at six cents per quart, and the price is rarely less than ten cents. Every farmer should go through the neglected rows of old bushes next spring, cut out at least one-half of the old wood, shorten in the remainder, plow in a good coat of manure, dust with powdered hellebore when the worms appear, and the increased size and yield of bunch and berry will make him think he has one of the new varieties which show so gorgeously in the colored pictures of the nurseryman's catalogues.

The Drawing Room.

COURTESY IN PUBLIC PLACES.

IT IS a lamentable fact that one can hardly enter a horse-car, or go to any public place without seeing flagrant disregard of the rules of good manners, and that, too, not only in people who are not expected to know better, but often in the behaviour of richly dressed women, who doubtless call themselves ladies. The errors and vulgarisms alluded to are frequently committed through thoughtlessness or ignorance, and those who are guilty of these improprieties, would, doubtless, be surprised and shocked if they were aware of the estimate placed upon them and their breeding by people who formed their opinion from some little act, tone or movement which had wholly escaped their attention. For example, a richly dressed woman enters a crowded car. A gentleman rises and offers her his seat. She takes it without the slightest sign of gracious acknowledgement. We immediately say mentally, "She has no manners, no courtesy." She places a small coin between her teeth or lips, showing her want of delicacy, refinement and neatness; but without enumerating the disagreeable things often seen, let us, for the benefit of those who may wish to improve, mention a few common rules of good breeding which are, alas! too often ignored by those who should know better.

It is vulgar to do or say any thing that attracts attention. Loud laughing is in very bad taste. Loud conversation while walking with a friend in the street, shopping, or riding in a horse-car displays a great want of refinement and of good sense. Besides the odiousness of making one's self conspicuous in this way, it is really dangerous as no one knows what foul germs of disease concealed in the dust of the streets may blow into the mouth, and lodging in the warm, moist throat, germinate, giving rise to disease, if not to death. For the sake of health as well as decency, therefore, it is better to keep the mouth shut as much as possible. The same considerations will lead a lady to wear a veil. Never talk of personal or private affairs in public places, no one knows who may be your listeners. To speak of your own affairs in public, is imprudent and vulgar; to speak of your friends' affairs in public, is rude and impertinent. The same remark applies to postal cards.

It seems almost superfluous to say, never put a coin in the mouth or between the teeth, yet, strange to say, we frequently see well-dressed men and women do this. What can be more disgusting? Think how many dirty pockets and hands have held it!

Do not hold long conversations at the door of a friend's house, at the risk of giving some one a severe cold. Say all you have to say inside, and when you are

How to attract friends to your house

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ready to go, bid good bye and go at once, without delay.

It is rude to make too long a call. Remember other people may be busy. "Short visits make long friends."

Return a call soon after it is made, if you wish to keep up the acquaintance, especially a first call, which, according to strict etiquette should be returned within a week. After the first call has been promptly returned, the second need not be returned so soon. Take time to call upon all your friends at least once or twice a year. Common courtesy demands this, to say nothing of friendship.

If you chance to meet an acquaintance in shopping or walking, let the conversation be brief, and only upon general subjects. The greeting may be as cordial as you please, but it is in bad taste to kiss in public. Kissing should be confined to private places and to near friends and relatives. In the early days of Christianity, Christians always kissed one another at the close of public worship, thereby fulfilling the law of Christian love, and also the command of Paul, "Greet ye one another with a holy kiss," "Be courteous," and even strangers were forced to exclaim, "Behold how these Christians love one another!"

Alas! what a contrast to this do we see in the churches of to-day, when the same worshippers go in and out, month after month, and year after year, passing each other coldly and without the slightest sign of recognition. Both courtesy and Christianity demand of us a friendly greeting to all who are near us, in passing out of church, without waiting for any formal introduction. Do not wait for others to speak or bow first. They may be waiting for you. It is more humble to be the first to bow. The inferior ought to bow first, and we must always, in courtesy, make ourselves of less importance than those around us.

Children and young people should for this reason bow to their elders in token of respect and deference and not wait to be addressed. But after the salutation is over, wait for the other to begin a conversation. Obtrusiveness is odious, but a respectful, kind salute is never obtrusive. The courtly and Christian knight, Sir Philip Sidney, says, "Deference is the most delicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments." Goethe says, "There is a courtesy of the heart, it is allied to love, from it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior."

Shaking hands is a modern invention, not introduced till some centuries after the time of Christ. It is not necessary to shake hands with one to whom you have just been introduced, but if the other offers to do so, it is very rude to draw back or refuse.

Always acknowledge every act of courtesy towards you. A smile and inclination of the head is the least return one can make for even the smallest favor.

Pronounce distinctly the full name and title of the person who salutes you, or whom you salute; as for example, "Good morning, Dr. Brown." "How do you do, Miss Jones." To use the title without the name, or the name without the title, or to omit both, is in bad taste.

True courtesy requires us to respect the feelings of others too much to do any thing that can give pain or even annoyance. ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

PLEASANT HOMES AT SMALL COST.

Many of us think, had we the means, we would do so and so, or get this and that, but the expense is so much we cannot afford it. But let us economize in some other things, that we may save a little money. Let us dispense with a

piece of jewelry, or perhaps a new dress also, if your husband will deny himself a few costly cigars that he thinks so necessary, you could save in a few months enough to buy a tasteful piece of statuary.

Money, after all, is not the most important thing to make home beautiful, good taste does much more. A few dollars will cover your walls with good prints from Raphael, Rubens, Ary Scheffer, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others, or buy a pretty statuette. The rich man pays thousands for a marble figure of Nydia as the Greek slave, but it is not the material, it is the idea, that gives value in art. We have seen costly statues that were less beautiful than a plaster bust or cast, because the sentiment of the latter shone through even the cheap material, while in the former there was no sentiment at all. There are thousands of parlors in the United States where more money is put in costly furniture, than would cover your walls with the works of great masters of all times, and would fill the book case with the works of the greatest writers.

It is not true that only the rich can surround themselves with beautiful homes for even if you cannot afford a good engraving, you can have trailing vines growing from some bracket or in your windows, or a bit of a fern and a few plants, or a photograph of some rare picture, neither of which cost much, will lift what otherwise, would be a common room into the regions of the beautiful, as for a very trifling sum, a miniature conservatory may be built. You have to tack a small angular projection, with a sloping roof, consisting of glass panes in a wooden frame, to a window looking south, and you have what, while seeming as a refuge for plants in winter, will transform your plain little parlor into an Arcadia. It is gratifying to see the plants and vines grow and twine around the lattice and creep up the walls. And there are still other things, that make home beautiful. That is pleasant faces, and happy dispositions, and one trying to contribute to the comfort and happiness of the others. Home is the haven of rest, from the day's toil and routine of domestic duty, and we should make it as attractive as we can. HATTIE D. TAFT.

—Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past. As the beauty of the finest landscape is sometimes marred on actual inspection, by a nauseous weed at your feet, or painful headache, or many little things, which detract from a loveliness only fully felt in the recollection when those trifles are forgotten; so our chief happiness is too often in recollections of the past, or anticipation of the future. Now, it is knowing what the past really was, which we now recall with so much pleasure, and over which there seems to be "a light which never was on sea or land," that we are able to estimate the amount of happiness and value of the present. And I think he who does this will seldom be discontented; for the miseries of life are few, and its blessings are new to us every morning and evening.—Norman Macleod.

—We are unwilling walkers. We are not innocent and simple-hearted enough to enjoy a walk. We have fallen from that state of grace which capacity to enjoy a walk implies. It cannot be said, that as a people we are so positively sad or morose or melancholic as that we are vacant of that sportiveness and surplusage of animal spirits that characterized our ancestors, and that springs from full and harmonious life,—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand, and in common things, and be content with a steady

and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart, and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. This is a lesson the American has yet to learn,—capability of amusement on a low key.—John Burroughs.

The Conservatory.

A SPRING SONG.

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Wake, robin. Wake, my love, and sing,
For tidings glad to thee I bring,
That spring is coming, witching spring!
Clear must be the strain to greet her!
Pure should be the heart to meet her!

Birds, fling your chorus on the air,
The soft, mild air, so fresh, so fair,
For spring is coming, witching spring!
Full of love then come to greet her!
Full of joyous haste to meet her!

Where fairy footsteps tread the glade,
Gay blossoms in their path are laid,
For spring is coming, witching spring!
Sweetly will the violets greet her—
Brightly cowslips spring to meet her.

All tiny insect voices raise
Their portion of the song of praise
To welcome spring, the witching spring!
Glad are they at last to greet her,
On dainty wing they come to meet her.

A thousand colors paint the hill—
Fierce, angry wind, at once be still!
Thou canst not check the witching spring;
Nature's hosts have come to greet her,
All with welcome glad to meet her.

SOME CHOICE PLANTS AND SHRUBS.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

HAVING just come in from mulching my rhododendrons, I thought I would speak a word in their praise as many have found them unsatisfactory as respects their blooming. Mine, the *catavbiense*, were sent me four years ago or more. They were budded and bloomed finely. They have bloomed each year, but this year more profusely, and they have developed in beauty very much during the past few months. As I looked at their rich, green, waxy leaves, and the large leaf buds crowning the ends of the branches and the main stalk, I could not but admire the beauty of these evergreen shrubs. I mulch with leaves, and cover those with spruce boughs, but the tops of the shrubs are exposed. I give a top dressing of manure once a year, spring or fall. Much has been said about giving them partial shade. Mine are in a sunny position. The roots and stalks are shaded by low-growing plants, and they are slightly under the over-reaching branches of a large *hydrangea grandiflora* which is growing on the north side of it.

Turf peat is the best soil, but a mixture of leaf-mold, rotten wood, and sharp sand is nearly as good. Chalk lime and clay, it is said, they dislike. The former, I presume, would be specially objectionable, but in my own case clay forms quite a strong proportion of the material as the original soil was pure clay, and the various ingredients worked in at intervals during the past ten years have not expurgated it, though in the beds devoted to the choice plants and tender annuals I have very slight trace of it. There is in clay an element of strength when incorporated with mellow soil from an old pasture, sand and well-rotted manure, which I find admirable for shrubs, but specially for the hardy roses.

The *rhododendron catavbiense* is a native of North Carolina, and from this species a great number of beautiful varieties have been derived, ordinarily hardy in most parts of the country. *R. penticum*, a native of the Himalaya mountains in Asia, has produced a great number of beautiful varieties, but they are tender and will not endure the open air of our

winters. In purchasing, therefore, care should be exercised in the selection of hardy varieties, if desired for out-door culture, and it is better to procure those in the spring which are budded. For New England, May and the early part of June is the best time for setting out.

Hypericum patulum.—This hardy shrub received from Washington bloomed the first season in August. Last year it began to bloom in July, and continued until severe frosts killed the leaves and blooms. It is an evergreen, and its flowers are produced in bunches at the extremity of its drooping branches. They are pale yellow, and closely resemble the beautiful *gardenia javanica*.

Among my newer shrubs which have not yet bloomed are the following: *Abelia rupestris*, a dwarf, compact shrub which bears long racemes of pure white flowers during summer and fall; *Andromeda arborea*, sorrel tree, a small tree known in Europe as the lily-of-the-valley tree, from the resemblance of its bloom to that lovely flower, rare in this country; *carpentaria Californica*, a very rare shrub even in its native habitat, and only recently introduced to this country; it is described as being very handsome; the flowers are large, pure white, with yellow tipped stamens; the leaves are broadly lance-shaped, of thick texture, with recurved margins; it grows to a height of ten and fifteen feet, and is very bushy; it is thought to be one of the most valuable shrubs introduced for years; the London Garden calls it "a great acquisition;" it needs protection during winter, though considered hardy; *styrax japonica*, a fine, hardy shrub of quite recent introduction, blooms early and profusely, the branches being sheets of pure white flowers; fine for cemeteries.

I value very highly the hardy shrubs, and am adding each year to my collection a few rare sorts. I confess to an ambition to have some that are not commonly grown, it is so interesting to watch their development, and see for the first time some new and beautiful flower. They are not expensive; twenty-five and fifty cents each is the average price for mailing plants, \$1.00 for the more rare. When once established they grow and thrive with very little care, each year adding to their charms. Had I understood ten years ago, as I now do, the permanent value of shrubs, herbaceous plants, and the numerous hardy bulbs which of themselves alone grace the garden with beauty from the first springing forth of the little snow-drop to the autumn-blooming anemone and lilies, I would never have given so much time and money for those tender plants which endure only for a brief period and are gone.

Of course, we want a few varieties of these, and they can be obtained at a trifling cost, and are easily cultured, but as we are every year more deeply impressed with the value of the permanent and hardy, we wish much to awaken, increase and intensify an interest in this direction. How vast are the resources from which to select! What beautiful varieties now of those plants of which thirty years ago, yes, and less time than that, we knew only two or three sorts. In my childhood I never saw more than two varieties of peonies, the scarlet and the white, only three of perennial phlox, and a double hollyhock was a thing unknown.

Now look at the peonies, especially the Belgium varieties. *Comte de Cressy*, exterior of petals clear purple, center of petals white tinted with carnation; *Faust*, deep flesh color with creamy white center; *Faubert*, reddish purple, almost black; *magnifica*, white, tinted with rose; *Madame Leonie*, white, tinted with carnation; *Madame Dhour*, bright rose, bordered with white; *Madame Crousse*, pure white. All these are very large and full.

And the phloxes, what a charming variety! More than twenty years ago, I brought to my present home my roots of violet-hued phlox. I have them still, or at least their descendants, and among the more recent and more beautiful varieties they are of little account. Blooming early and late, a collection of perennial phloxes, from pure white to rich, purplish crimson, scarlet crimson, rosy crimson, salmon hue, vermillion, and carmine, with eyes of varied colors, and some striped, these alone would make a very attractive bed all through the season. The new suffructicose dwarfs are specially beautiful. Much has been said in favor of the *phlox Drummondii*, and we would not be without this beautiful annual, but we think the perennial ought to be more generally cultivated. Of course, its place is not in the foreground, nor with the delicate plants of the border, but in the rear, or interspersed with the shrubs, or beside a wall or fence. After they have multiplied sufficiently, the roots should be separated and thinned, as a large and compact clump does not yield such fine blooms as a small one. They are not at all dainty about soil, any good garden soil is suitable.

The York and Lancaster phlox is very fine, white, striped with violet. *Croix d'honneur* has immense spikes; each petal is distinctly margined with white, thus giving the flower the appearance of a cross, hence its name. *A. Munzoni*, grand panicles of delicate rose with purple center. *M. Martin*, large, color soldierino, with purple eye. *Gloria victis*, enormous flowers, rose lilac, carmine center. Mrs. H. Hope, pure white, pink eye. Duchess of Athole, white with crimson eye. Beauty of Edinburgh, white with violet eye, very fine. Of the best pure white, are Miss Robinson, Pearl, and Queen of Whites. These are only a few of the numerous varieties offered by florists.

Yarmouth, Me.

A WINTER GARDEN.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Huge, fleecy snow drifts cover the lawn, the white, feathery crystals are flying like shuttle cocks against the window panes, and every twig on the hawthorne hedge is "edged inch deep with pearl." It is the day after Christmas, and all the beauties of summer and autumn are past. The trees are all bare of green foliage, save the evergreens alone. Where are the glories of the May forest—a vision that would be phenomenal in its loveliness only that each returning spring brings it to pass? Dead are all the flowers and leaves, nay not dead, but sleeping, like the princess in fairy tales, waiting the first warm kiss of the sun god.

While all is drear on the lap of mother earth and the bleak east winds are blowing, let us enter our winter garden, where there is summer warmth and summer beauty all the year round. When we were young we sometimes caught butterflies and fireflies and put them under a glass tumbler. Our little green house makes me think of it—a beautiful bit of tropic life caught and kept under a crystal cover.

It is not costly and large like the big green houses in the city, this little conservatory of ours. It is a small room scarcely twelve feet by six, on the east side of the house, opening from the sitting room. In fact, it is a continuation of the piazza, and is framed on its two ends and side by glass. Its cost was considerably less than fifty dollars. My husband grumbled a great deal about the expense, which we could ill afford at the time; but we have since received double the outlay in the orders I have filled for my neighbors and customers. Yet it was

by no means designed as a business enterprise, but simply as an object of art and pleasure, and it has repaid me a hundred fold for that alone.

It is charming this winter morning as I swing open the door and enter the warm atmosphere, heated by steam pipes that connect with the furnace. What a bright array of colors are reflected in these dainty flower cups; almost every hue of the rainbow is noticed here. There are green leaves of every shape and shade, orange amanticas, blue forget-me-nots, violet pansies, yellow cassias, indigo convolvuli, and bright red cacti, geraniums and abutilons to finish up the grand spectrum of color.

The cacti flourish wonderfully in this winter garden. There are several species so that one is in bloom nearly the whole season through. Two or three lobster cacti with their showy scarlet blossoms, stand beside a cactus grandiflorus, and beyond are two pots of *C. flagelliformis*, a more delicate species than the preceding, with a great number of small pink flowers which keep open three or four days; its slender trailing branches require support.

Several pots of callas, the most beautiful of aroidous plants, occupy places opposite from the cacti. These grow with great vigor, and blossom all the winter. The large spathe is pure white, surrounding a spadix which is colored deeply yellow by its antheriferous flowers. Some people persist in calling this plant a lily, but it is not, as it belongs to the arum family.

That which I think quite as much of as any thing in the whole garden is a great, thrifty, luxuriant wax plant, which climbs one of the pillars to the very rafters. Its odorous blossoms overpower every thing else in the room. You have read of the prince who was smothered in flowers. It always seemed to me a very improbable story; but to-day when a single branch of the fragrant hoyo swung across my face and nearly took my breath away, I could easily understand how a person might be stifled under thousands of wax plant flowers. And while I lift a long branch for you to step under, I wish you to notice how prettily it grows, this graceful, high bred lady of the well known milkweed family (*asclepiadaceæ*). The plant has twining stems which throw aerial rootlets, thick and fleshy opposite leaves, very smooth and of a real emerald color, and flowers in dense umbels; carolla is wheel shaped, five-lobed, the upper surface covered with minute papillæ. In the center is a crown composed of five thick appendages to the stamens and presenting the form of a star. The pollen is in masses as in the milkweeds. The flowers of mine are flesh colored and have a wax-like appearance, which with their very regular shape makes them closely resemble artificial flowers.

In the East Indies the hoyo *carnosa* grows out of doors often to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and Thomas Hoy, the English gardener from whom the shrub takes its botanical name, describes one which had a thousand blossoms upon it at one time. It is one of the few plants that do well in window culture, its fleshy leaves resisting the drying effects of a furnace heated atmosphere.

We have roses also in this winter garden, delicate tea roses, and moss roses as bright and as fragrant as the same summer flower queens. The first tea roses, I believe there were two, a blush tea and a yellow tea, were brought to England from China one hundred years ago. The many varieties that we see to-day are descendants of those first great-grand-parents that crossed the ocean in the days of the Revolution. They give a more poetical origin to the moss rose. One night the queen of the fairies sheltered herself in

the heart of a rose, and in the morning she gave in return for this hospitality, this delicate veil of moss, as the only thing that could possibly increase the perfect beauty of the perfect rose.

How many of these stories about roses come to me this Christmas morning, as I stand beside the brilliant buds of my winter pets. Venus pricking her white feet on a thorn and dyeing the rose leaves to a crimson stain; Pausanius and his colleagues carrying on their plot in the Brazer House, the roof of which was a bower of roses, so that ever since the rose has been the symbol of secrecy, and strictly confidential conversation is called *sub rosa*, or, under the rose; dark-eyed Persian girls scattering roses on festal days, and Roman emperors banqueting upon couches filled with rose leaves—all these and many others about the "queen of flowers" come to my mind as the snow flakes come falling down through the chilly atmosphere.

There are quantities and quantities of ferns and trailing ivies in our little hot house, all as green and flourishing as though it was the middle of summer and not of winter. And this reminds me that a friend of mine who has not the conveniences for a flower room has got a winter garden of her own right in her parlor. It is a large wardian or fern case, filled with every variety of moss and fern which she transplanted in September and October. The case is two by one and a half feet, and cost about twelve dollars. For this small sum she enjoys a thing of beauty the whole winter long. Right against the whiteness of the snow gleams this emerald mass of verdure, reminding one, even when chilly winds blow, of the summery walks in leafy June and the fragrant breezes of midsummer's glories. It is a cheap expense for a pure, healthy, rejuvenating joy.

To any one who loves the green wood and the summer time, winter is a dreary season at best. We long for green leaves and gay blossoms, and walks in fragrant woods. And what a place a green wood is as it wakes up from its long winter sleep! Any one who sees it then might well believe in those gentle deities whom the old singers used to fancy as dwelling there. It is a place where miracles are wrought, wondrous and mystic as those performed by Arabian necromancers, as the dry branches become transformed into green leafage. Something of it you can, if you choose, bring right into your own daily life, and have in your home in midwinter, a bit of the spring time.

CARE OF CANARIES.

May I tell the lady who asks how to care for her birds, to give them bathing water every day? They will not bathe unless they wish to. Give every day, if convenient, something green. I take the waste seed, sow in a place by itself, and water well, and it will grow rapidly. Feed that, also, give sour apple, lettuce and chickweed. I sow bird seed in a jar for winter use. Give cracker, bread and milk occasionally, and hard boiled eggs, shell and all. They should have fine sand in the cage every now and then. Do not give potatoes, cookies, nor sugar, nor feed too much hemp seed as that is fattening. For loss of voice, give soaked rape seed, (watch the bird as some will not eat it,) also give lettuce seed, and salt fat pork in red pepper. Do not hang the cage out too early, nor leave them out for the dew to fall on them, nor expose them to drafts of air. I always cover mine cold nights, even with a good coal fire. I talk to mine; they like to be noticed as well as a child. I have had one over a year, and he has never ceased singing only while mating. MRS. A. S.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

M. E. A., I would not disturb that lily. I set my pots in a dark cellar until spring, then if they need fresh soil I lift them carefully so as not to disturb the bulb, crumble off the outside soil, and replant in a larger pot, filling up with good sweet soil, and keep in a cool room, well lighted, until the weather is warm enough to set them outside.

Mrs. D. N. Ware, the euonymus is an evergreen. It is one of those good-natured plants that is not particular about its situation, it will thrive in sunshine or shade; but slow and sure is its motto, you cannot hurry it, so don't try. The plain-leaved and variegated are both fine for house culture, or they will do equally well in the garden. I know of no shrub that will stand the uneven temperature of living rooms better than the euonymus.

No, you should not brush that "sand" from the achania, it is nature's ornamentation. These fine particles flash in the sunshine like tiny diamonds.

The azalea is a plant that should never be allowed to get too dry, neither should it be water-soaked. In its growing season and when in bud it should have a liberal supply of water, but when standing still, keep the soil moist, but never wet, else the plant will be greatly injured. Perhaps your room is too warm and dry. They will do well in a temperature of sixty-five during the day, and forty-five degrees during the night. I would suggest that you pot your plant in fresh soil, and as soon as the weather is warm enough in the spring set it out doors in a sheltered, half shady place, and let it remain until September, bearing in mind the caution about watering, but be sure there is good drainage to the pot.

And if you will put your laurestinus out doors through the summer months, but not in full exposure to the hot sun, I don't believe you will have any reason to complain of its not flowering another winter. Try it please.

Mrs. Geo. L. Hutchinson, John Lewis Childs says the *amaryllis Treatae* should be potted in clean sand and garden loam, mixed half and half, no manure nor fertilizers should in any case be used, for it will ruin them. Fresh soil should always be used, for they will not thrive in a compost that has become sour by use, they should have a sunny situation and be kept well watered, but not in mud. The bulbs should be covered entirely with soil, and five or six can be planted in a five inch pot which should have good drainage. They usually bloom in two or three weeks after potting, and sometimes in less time even.

Are you sure your little gloxinias are dead? They are very tenacious of life, and will often loose their leaves if disturbed in their infancy, but if you keep the soil slightly moist after their rest, they will start into growth again and will bloom next summer. They usually rest until February or March.

The hardest ivy is the *hedera helix* or English ivy. It will bear quite a hard freeze without injury, but will not survive our northern winters planted out. In warmer climates, however, I presume it is used for covering buildings.

The leaves of your cacti will harden up and grow thicker as they grow older. It will not hinder their blooming, for the flowers will put out from the oldest leaves. The cacti usually come to maturity when three years old. They will sometimes blossom sooner when rooted from a mature leaf. The variety that I have heard called Rainbow has bright, rose-colored flowers.

You will not be likely to succeed with trailing arbutus, unless you can give it a cool room only just above freezing point, and the clumps should be taken up with enough of its native woods soil to grow them in. In this way they have been made to blossom in the house in the winter season. MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

If Rex will write to me I will send her the seed of black-eyed Susan. I don't know whether it is ox-eye daisy or not. It is a cream-colored flower with maroon center and is very prolific and hardy, seeding itself when once it gets started. MRS. S. L. THOMAS.

Lock box 728, Portsmouth, Cass Co., Neb.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what treatment to give *cyperus alternifolius*, or umbrella plant, in order to have it blossom in April? Will Mrs. D. N. Ware please inform the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD how she treats her callas "to have two dozen blossoms from three roots?" M. E. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. D. N. Ware please tell me how she treats her calla lilies summers as well as winters? Does she have more than one in a pot? MRS. J. N. H.

Will some HOUSEHOLD sister tell why the leaves of the heliotrope turn dark on the edge, and finally die? Otherwise the plant looks well. Also, what is the quickest and surest remedy for the red spider and green lice which delight in working ruin among our favorite fuchsias, and how can we prevent them? Mrs. J. A. B.

The Nursery.

THE SUMMONS.

Door-keeper of the year—
April, the opener—hear!
We wait without, and cry to thee;
With the sunshine's golden key
Open to us straight
The grim and guarded gate,
Whose frowning barriers rise
'Twixt us and softer skies.

We wait without and call;
Myriads we of creatures small,
Multitudes of living things,
Sheathed blades and folded wings,
Baby germs in close-coiled rings,
Frozen earth-clods hold us down,
Sullen skies above us frown;
Thou alone canst liberate—
April, free us from our strait!

We stand without and wait,
We call and cry together—
All in the wild March weather.
Shrill and importunate
Our summons thrills the air
And pierces everywhere;
And they who do not know—
Who lack the finer sense
Of nature-love intense—
Crouch closer to the fire,
Stirred till it blazes higher,
And, shivering, mutter low,
"How drearily the March winds blow!"
—*Arts Gray, in St. Nicholas.*

A WONDERFUL BOY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

IT HAS been now almost three hundred years since James Crichton, called the "admirable" for his learning and genius and marvelous accomplishments, died. He was then a young man of only twenty-three, and for seven years he had been the wonder and delight or envy of all Europe. There had been boys before he lived who were considered prodigies, as there have been since his time, but he surpassed them all in varied accomplishments. He was probably the most wonderful boy who ever lived.

James Crichton was a Scotchman by birth, and was born in 1560 at the castle of Cluny in Argyleshire. His father, Robert Crichton, was a distinguished lawyer, who held for many years the office of Lord Advocate of Scotland. His mother was a Stuart of the lineage of the reigning family. So the boy had the advantage of high birth to begin with, and we may also believe that he was a handsome, vigorous, engaging, and singularly forward youth. At the age of ten he entered the university of St. Andrews, then reputed the first school of philosophy in Scotland.

The lad was an apt student, for at the age of twelve he took the degree of bachelor of arts, and at fourteen, that of master of arts. He graduated third in a class of thirty-six, though the youngest by far of all. Before his seventeenth year he had mastered the whole circle of science and of physical accomplishments. Some modern writers in their attempts to belittle Crichton's acquirements sneer at the learning of the time as trivial and unimportant. It certainly must be acknowledged that we have improved in many respects since that day, but there was some knowledge in the world even then. There were many wise and learned men living in 1580. Shakespeare was a contemporary of Crichton's, and I don't suppose that the wise men of our day could write any thing equal to his dramas—even if they tried.

Crichton had a captivating presence, and he was probably endowed with a remarkable fluency of speech. He could sing songs like a troubadour. He had a smattering of every language known, was skilled in logic, versed in science, and in horsemanship, fencing, rowing, dancing and leaping, could have beaten any of the old Greek athletes. In intellectual and physical attainments he never found an equal in his life.

When he was seventeen, he went to Paris, which was the center as it is now, of civilized art and learning. There he distinguished himself in a peculiar way. Knight errantry had then gone out of fashion, but there were other kinds of combats than jousts and tournaments, showing that the spirit of the system still remained. There were forensic and literary contests, and the test of merit was skill in argument. He who could overthrow his opponent in disputation was crowned with the laurel. From the twelfth to the eighteenth century these disputations were very fashionable among the schools and schoolmen. Scholars went from university to university challenging other students and professors to a bout at argument, sometimes winning the victory, at other times meeting defeat.

Crichton now became one of these scholars errant. He posted in the most frequented places of the city a challenge inviting all the scholars of Paris to meet him six weeks after date and contend for the mastery in argument. "I shall be ready to answer," proclaimed this precocious boy of seventeen, "to whatever shall be propounded to me concerning any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theological nor jurisprudential habits, and that in any of these twelve languages: Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish and Scandinavian, in either verse or prose, at the discretion of the disputant."

His audacious and rather bombastic challenge being announced, Crichton did not shut himself up to prepare for the struggle, but kept on hawking, and hunting, dancing and playing on musical instruments as if he had been nothing more than an ordinary gallant, with no knowledge of Aristotle, Euclid, Homer, and St. Augustine in his precocious head. He knew his power and so was confident.

On the appointed day he met the gravest philosophers and divines of France in the presence of over three thousand auditors, acquitting himself with the most marvelous distinction and learning. The contest lasted over nine hours, and not once was he puzzled or confounded. He answered every question, refuted every argument, parried every objection, and at last reduced his opponents to silence. The rector of the university publicly complimented him upon his victory, and amid the acclamations of the assembly presented the young conqueror with a diamond ring and a purse full of gold. From this time he was known by the epithet of the "Admirable."

The next day after his victory over the savants in the university Crichton entered a tilting match at the Louvre, where he bore off the ring from all the competitors. Nothing seemed too difficult for him to undertake. Skilled in feats of strength, as well as in the arts of disputation he hesitated not to meet any adversary. He served for a while as a soldier in the civil wars of France, and during the time, it is said, met many noted duellists and always disarmed them.

In 1580 we find Crichton in Rome where he gave another demonstration of his talents and knowledge in a disputation before the pope and all the highest dignitaries of the church and universities. At Venice he was presented to the Doge and the Senate, and delivered before them an oration which received high applause for its eloquence and grace. He also disputed on questions of divinity, philosophy, and mathematics, with so much ability that Imperiali says, "He was esteemed a prodigy of nature."

From Venice he found his way to Padua, the fame of whose university was then spread throughout Europe. Here a

meeting of learned men was convened in his honor, and he gave them a splendid exhibition of his powers and his learning. He began his performances with an extempore poem in praise of Padua, then held a public disputation for six hours on science in which he exposed many of the errors of Aristotle, and concluded with an oration in praise of ignorance.

The most admirable persons have their enemies, and the success of the "admirable Scot" gained him detractors. They charged him with being a mere charlatan and "pooh poohed" at all his accomplishments. In order to silence his enemies forever, he challenged all the world to meet him at Venice and put his talents to another proof; offering to answer his questioners in any one of a hundred kinds of verse. The trial came off, and for three days Crichton stood up and met every question of his antagonists with the greatest ease. It was a "miraculous encounter," and ended as might have been expected in the utter discomfiture of his detractors.

Mantua, the superb, where the Gonzagas held their luxurious and enlightened court, next attracted Crichton's wandering steps. There he won distinction in another field. A famous duelist, who had foiled the ablest masters of fence in Europe and had recently slain the best swordsman in that city, challenged our hero. Crichton accepted his challenge, and need I say that he slew his man? He not only killed him, but in doing so he made a most admirable display of swordsmanship. One of his biographers assures us, that if lines were drawn from Crichton's right hand to the three wounds in the Italian's body, namely, in his stomach, heart and throat, those lines "would represent a perfect isosceles triangle, with a perpendicular from the top angle cutting the basis in the middle."

Duke Frederigo took a fancy to the accomplished youth and made him the preceptor of his son, a riotous and passionate youth. For the amusement of his patron he composed a comedy, and to display his dramatic talents acted it before the whole court of Mantua, taking on himself to represent fifteen different characters in five hours, which he succeeded in doing with consummate ability.

This was the last of the admirable Scotchman's exploits. The carnival opened soon afterwards, at which Crichton was one of the most prominent actors. One evening as he was walking in the streets with a lute in his hand he was suddenly assailed by three armed persons in masks. Crichton threw away his lute and drawing his sword defended himself so gallantly that he disarmed his principal aggressor. It proved to be his own pupil, the duke's son. Appalled at the discovery, Crichton fell upon his knees and presented his sword to the prince, who, with unparalleled baseness pierced him through the body. The prodigy fell dead instantly. This occurred July 3d, 1583, when Crichton had not yet completed his twenty-third year.

A TALK ABOUT PAPER.

At the time when the people fastened their clothes with pins eight or nine inches long, few of them had such a thing as a book in their house, unless they were very rich or happened to be a king. Books were scarce, and what they had were written by scribes—persons, usually priests, who were employed by the rich to write their books for them. These scribes being the only persons who knew how to write, and having no paper, wrote either on clay or stone tablets, talipot palm leaves, bronze, wood or parchment. Parchment is made from the skins of animals, and is still used by us for important writings, as wills, deeds, etc. The

first paper was probably made by the Egyptians from a reed-like plant called papyrus. This plant, we are told, was used for many purposes; its graceful plumes crowned the statues of their gods; its pith was eaten as food; boats, boxes and baskets were made from its stalk; its bark was made into sails, cloth, mats, and sandals for the priests; it was used as a medicine; it furnished material for candles and torches; its roots served for fuel, and were also used for making household utensils. And besides all these various uses, material for paper was obtained from it by cutting very thin layers from the stalk between the pith and the bark, which laid side by side with overlapping edges and pressed, adhered, forming sheets.

The first paper mill of which we have any account was built by John Spilman, jeweler to queen Elizabeth, and was celebrated in a poem written on paper of the date of 1588. In 1719, Reaumur, a Frenchman, observing a wasp building his nest, conceived the idea of making paper out of wood. Though the wasp seems a good-for-nothing kind of fellow, yet we must agree that he has rendered man great assistance; and this little paper-maker shows us that nothing has been created in vain, and that we may gain knowledge even from insects.

But while my pen has been strictly confined to paper, my thoughts have run away from my subject. To return, the principal materials now used for making paper are cotton and linen rags, waste paper, straw, wood and cane. The first thing to be done is to reduce the materials to pulp. When rags are to be used, they are first put into a machine and tossed about by long teeth. This is called "thrashing" them. They are then sorted according to color and texture; after this they are put through cutting, dusting and cleansing machines; then bleached and beaten. This pulpy substance is now ready for the sizing, a kind of weak glue which must be put in, also the coloring matter; after which it is put into the paper-making machine, and is pressed into sheets of paper.

I have only space to tell you of the process through which they take the cane, as it seems to me the most curious. The cane mostly used grows in the Dismal Swamp, which, you know, is in Virginia. First the cane is stripped and cleaned; then put into large hollow tubes, which are called "guns," and after covering both ends of the tubes steam is introduced into them until there is a pressure of one hundred and eighty-four pounds on every square inch of the cane. This pressure is maintained for about twelve minutes; then the trigger is pulled, the covers are suddenly unfastened, the steam rushes out with a tremendous explosion, and the cane is thrown into a receptacle placed as a target, some thirty feet distant. When the cane comes out of the "guns" it is reduced to a mass of brown, sugary-smelling substance. The report of these "guns" is equal to that of a large cannon, and can be heard many miles. The concussion of air is so great in the gun-room that it is impossible to stand without support, while the "guns" are being discharged.

The "water-mark" is produced by a wire stamp pressed on the damp paper, the effect is to make the paper thinner; when you hold paper between your eye and the light the water-mark is more readily perceived. Some of the old makers used odd designs for their water-marks. One was that of a fool's cap and bells, and though the mark has long passed away, yet we still have the name in our foolscap. Often these water-marks cleared the innocent and convicted the guilty by showing whether wills or deeds were forged. The design of the water-

mark showed at what period it was used, and if the date of the paper did not coincide with the date of the will or deed, they knew some one was guilty of wrong.

Great improvements have been made in the last few years in the art of paper making. In England they have water pipes made of paper, and they do not burst as readily from water freezing in them as do the lead ones. Buckets, tubs, barrels, car-wheels and boats are also made of this same material. The Japanese make hats, shoes, umbrellas, handkerchiefs and napkins of paper. Their napkins are quite pretty, but they have to be thrown away when used but once.

The first paper mill in America was established in 1690, by William Rittenhouse, in company with William Bradford, the printer. It was at Roxborough, near Philadelphia, on Paper-mill Run, a branch of the Wissahickon.—*Ex.*

BERTIE'S BAD HABIT.

BY ANSTICE BELL.

"Bertie! B-e-r-t-i-e! Get up right away! Are you awake?"

That is what Bertie Martin heard his mother calling to him from the foot of the stairs one cold morning lately, and he answered as he cuddled down still further into the warm bed—

"Yes'm, in a minute."

And that was what Bertie always said, no matter what you asked him—"In a minute."

So this morning when breakfast was ready there was, as usual, no Bertie and as he did not come one of his sisters was sent to call him again. And when his mother was ready to clear the table she must wait till the lazy boy had eaten his breakfast.

"Bertie," said the dear old grandma, "please run up to my room and fetch me the ball of red yarn that is on the table."

"In a minute," answered Bertie.

But his minute was so long that grandma, who was waiting for the yarn, had to toil up the stairs herself and get it.

"Come Bertie!" called Jennie, who was tying on her hood, "it's nearly school time."

"I'll be ready in a minute." And Bertie commenced to fly around for books and cap.

"I'm not going to wait for any of your old minutes," replied Jennie, marching off to school, but Bertie nearly ran his legs off to reach the door in time.

"Bertie," said his father, "I want you to mail this letter for me immediately."

"In a minute, papa," said Bertie, but his father saw to it that he started right off. But before he reached the post office he stopped at Willie Dean's house to invite him to spend the next afternoon with him, and by the time he had looked at Willie's rabbits and climbed up to the pigeon loft, it was four o'clock and too late for the important letter to go that afternoon.

That was the way all Bertie's days were spent, in putting each thing off till the wrong time, to the trouble and annoyance of every one around him. But one morning things were turned round.

"Bertie! Bertie! get up," called his mother that morning.

"Yes'm, in a minute."

But in exactly a minute his big brother Tom came into the room.

"What! not up, you're not keeping your word to mamma!" And Tom tugged at the bed clothes.

"Oh! Ow! let me a-l-o-n-e! oh, I say, it's cold!" and Bertie clung with all his might to the covers.

"O-o-o-w!" he squealed as Tom with a jerk landed him, covers and all, in the middle of the floor.

"Now," said Tom, "if you don't get dressed it will be the worse for you."

And Bertie was too wretched and surprised at such treatment to say, "in a minute." He only shivered.

"Bertie, come to breakfast," called Sue presently.

"In a minute," answered Bertie who was in bed again by this time. When he came loitering down after breakfast was over, what was his surprise to find everything cleared away and Sue washing the dishes.

"I want my breakfast," he said.

"Then you must come in time for it," replied his mother. "Boys who never do any thing at the right time may expect people to grow tired of their ways, and to-day I am going to let you see for yourself just how this bad habit of yours seems to others."

An hour later Bertie came running in.

"O mamma, may I go coasting on Fire-hill with the boys?"

Mrs. Martin was running a noisy machine.

"Wait a minute," she answered, "I want to finish this seam." And she rattled away, while Bertie screamed in vain, that the boys were going right away. His mother finished her seam, smoothed it out, looked at the stitches, at last she said, "What is it?"

Bertie told her again.

"I'm afraid it's too cold," answered Mrs. Martin, "But I will look at the thermometer in a minute and if it is above 20° you may go."

So in about a quarter of an hour when Mrs. Martin had finished her sewing she looked at the thermometer and gave Bertie the promised permission, but by that time the other boys had gone and poor Bertie must trudge through the snow alone. At dinner time he rushed in hungry as a hawk and in a great hurry to eat and be off.

"Dinner will be ready in a minute," said Sue.

But it wasn't ready for nearly an hour. And so it was all day long, whatever he asked the answer was—"In a minute." Whatever he wanted, he must wait a very long minute, just as he had kept other people waiting. I think Bertie learned a lesson of prompt obedience from that uncomfortable day, and I never heard him say, "In a minute," afterward.

SMUT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Do you want to play 'smut'?" asked Dick, coming into the room where his little brother Arthur was building card houses.

Arthur jumped up at once. He was always ready to play any thing, and thought Dick a wonderful boy to think of so many games.

"Is 'smut' a nice game?" he asked.

"Splendid," answered Dick. "Stay here while I get something."

Going into the next room he took two dinner plates out of the china closet. He lighted the gas, and held the bottom of one of the plates over the flame until it was jet black.

"Now," he said, as he went back to Arthur, "shut your eyes tight."

Arthur shut his eyes, and Dick put in one of his hands the blacked plate. But he turned the clean side toward Arthur's face.

"Now open your eyes," he said, "and do just as I do."

Then Dick drew his finger over the back of the clean plate he had, and ran it over his face half a dozen times. Of course Arthur did the same, and did not know that wherever his finger touched his face it left a black mark.

Dick burst out laughing at last. "Look in the glass," he said. "Oh, Arthur, you

are just like Aunt Dinah's little pickaninny."

Arthur looked in the glass over the mantel and began to cry. The tears made little streaks down his black face, and when his mamma came in a few moments later, she hardly knew her little boy.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"We've only been playing 'smut,'" said Dick, "it is a real nice game."

"I shouldn't call it very nice," said mamma, as she took Arthur on her lap, and began to wipe away his tears with her pocket handkerchief.

Just then Count, Dick's big dog, ran in. He had been down cellar, hunting a rat in the coal bin, and he was covered with coal dust. But he did not care for that. He was very fond of Dick, and as soon as he saw him, he rushed to him, and jumping up, put both fore paws on Dick's shoulders, and rubbed his dirty black nose all over Dick's face.

"Get down, sir," said Dick. "Oh, mamma, as he saw his face in the glass, 'just look what that bad dog has done.'"

"He was only playing 'smut,'" said mamma, laughing.

But Dick didn't laugh a bit. He went out of the room and up stairs to wash his dirty face, and as he filled the basin with water he came to the conclusion that "smut" wasn't such a nice game after all.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.

What does it mean, this responsibility that comes with the children to the mother—the list of solemn accountabilities that come with the sweet, sacred mission of motherhood? We all readily comprehend one part of it—the little bodies. We never forget that the little helpless things look to us for food, for clothing, and the hundred little cares and anxieties that have to do with their bodily comfort and health. We watch ever so carefully for the least sign of physical ailment—"pine if a thorn but mar its tender skin; but mind not so watchfully the briers and thorns that are marring the soul." The food we prepare with so much care goes to nourish and develop the bodies. But the mind grows too and feeds most voraciously on every thing around. If the surroundings be pure and good the mind fabric grows well formed and shapely and is the foundation of a noble, useful life. If on the other hand the surroundings be unholy and impure then the helpless little mind, that must feed on something, takes in the poison that permeates the whole life with its ruinous influence.

I believe in the innocence of childhood, that is, the innocence of unaccountability; but we, the mothers, are accountable, most solemnly so, for every thing they do and are. If we allow, through carelessness or over-indulgence, weeds of sin to take root and grow in their hearts, when by watching and thinking and acting we might keep them out, then are we answerable for our neglect, to the child, to the world, to heaven. We get to thinking of our children as babies, subject only to baby treatment, instead of tiny boys and girls, and of the older ones only as mere boys and girls instead of little men and women.

When baby lips utter a lie we think "it's only a baby, it don't know any better; by and by we will teach it to tell the truth." We let the seed drop in the fertile soil and repeating itself add leaf by leaf, bud by bud, until it gets a stubborn plant before we begin to think of getting it out. We pull tenderly after awhile at the top and succeed perhaps in breaking off a few leaves, but the roots are strengthening and spreading themselves in the fertile soil and the mothers tender heart will not allow her easily to dig beneath it.

So seeds of selfishness, deceit, cruelty,

theft, all the long catalogue of evils are sown and nourished, and we are too prone to let them take root and grow unmolested. Yet we are responsible for these things; and the love we bear our offspring should make us more jealous and watchful. We should not be content to fold the dear things in our arms, happy in the possession of our darlings, and let love cast a glamour over their failings and wrong tendencies.

We should watch the first bud of mind that unfolds. Strengthen the good and pure and mould out or guard out the bad. We should try to understand their natural disposition as traits of character one by one develop. Think what evils they are by nature going to be most open to, then look out for these. We should watch our own conversation and actions, the conversation and actions of those they hear and see. Do all we can to keep them out of the way of influences that are likely to develop evil until you strengthen and fortify the young heart against them. Be sure the longer we keep bad things from taking root, and the more good and pure things we can get in the soil, the less chance there is for weeds. If the evil is already rooted we must not sit down in despair and let it grow, but be the more wide awake and in earnest. We must consider the matter thoroughly, the real nature of the fault, its growth in the heart, and just the best means to arrest and eradicate it.

There is a common list of evils that beset the human heart. In some natures one kind is ascendant, in others another class, but there is "no new thing under the sun," and human nature is one of the oldest of old-fashioned things. But hearts are different and have held their individuality since Adam's time. The difference lies not in the elements of character but in their combination.

So no rule will successfully meet the same evil in different natures. The way one mother successfully meets an evil in her child is not necessarily the best way to deal with another. So every mother, who understands best her own child, is the best judge of how to deal with it. We can learn much from the experience of judicious and successful mothers, but we must apply our knowledge according to our own judgment. We can follow out mentally the natural result of this or that method of treating the evil in our child and decide which is the most likely to accomplish the object we desire. We must notice and think and act each for our own. The most solemn responsibility life holds, is that of motherhood; sweetly solemn but earnestly so. When we take into our trust a little, weak, helpless human soul to mold and color and stamp for its divine destiny, is it a sad possibility for us in our carelessness to nourish ever tenderly the precious casket of an orphan soul?

Let us who are mothers join heart to heart in a prayer to the great source of all wisdom for direction and understanding in guiding and guarding our children's characters, in developing the good, in checking and eradicating the evil. And then let us devote ourselves to the work with a steady purpose and an unwavering perseverance, sure of success so long as we keep ever before us our most important life trust—our children.

MRS. J. R. B.

—There is infinite talk of the dissipated illusions of youth, the paling of bright young dreams. Life, it is said, turns out to be different from what it was pictured. The rosy-hued morning fades away into the gray evening. I do not believe this is the general experience. It surely should not be—it need not be. I have found things a great deal better than I expected.—*Ex.*

The Library.

SWEET AND BITTER.

There is no life so dreary and so lonely
It has no happy hours;
There is no path so thorny and so stony
It yields no fragrant flowers.

There is no grief from which the weak heart shrinketh
But God gives strength to meet;
No bitter cup the soul in sorrow drinketh
But hath some drops of sweet.

There is no stroke our loving Father dealeth
That has no tender touch;
No wound so deep but that his goodness healeth
Before one pain too much.

There is no heart so cruel and sin-shaken
It prompts no kindly word;
No wood so dark and utterly forsaken
It hath no song of bird.

No tree so gnarled but that some vine is twining
Around it green and fair;
No night so black but somewhere stars are shining
Until the dawn be there.

Then think not while the years go by with fleetness,
Upon life's bitter part;
Save nothing but the gladness and the sweetness
To treasure in the heart.

RENA ROSS.

HINTS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

Number Four.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

IN ADDITION to the qualifications already mentioned in previous letters, we must add a real live interest in imparting knowledge, and a talent for doing it. Pleasing manners, sociability, good government, etc., all these are but your servants in the grand work of teaching, and by teaching I mean here, the ability to impart what you yourself know. There is a great difference in teachers in this respect. Many who are well educated, who thoroughly understand the various branches of study, have not a good faculty of making it seem plain to others, while there are those who are comparatively superficial in knowledge, yet in a wordy, animated way will tell all they know, and sometimes more, and impress their scholars as oracles of wisdom.

One of this class was once called upon to explain to a class, a knotty question in mathematics. He quaked inwardly, yet took his place at the blackboard with the air that there was no pleasure in life equal to the working and explaining of that particular question. He knew how it was done, so much he was sure of, but of the whys and wherefores of several points he was as totally ignorant as the dullest scholar in the class. But he made his figures promptly and rapidly, he kept up a running explanation all the way along, and when he had finished went over the whole ground again, with the greatest show of interest and animation, turning at the last a brightly questioning look, and a "Now do you understand it? Because if you don't, I'll go right over it again." And every one of those dozen deluded boys and girls declared that they understood it perfectly, with relieved and satisfied faces. "Well," said he laughing, "I'm amazing glad you do understand it for I'm sure I don't!" Now, if with that man's "gift of gab," as we call it here in New England, had been combined thorough knowledge, what a glorious teacher he would have made.

The point to be made here, is, make yourself thorough, then use the best words you can command to impart your ideas. If one set of words does not convey the idea, try another. Your vocabulary ought to be large enough to allow you to express the same thought in different language. Meantime practice will improve your forms of expression, sharpen your wits, and give you new ideas.

Sometimes a teacher has a certain class

in which seems concentrated the dullness and obstinacy of the school. They either can't or won't learn the lesson. In either case it is owing to a lack of interest. Try some new way. Select the most interesting questions and write them upon the blackboard. Tell them to hunt up the answers before next lesson. Allow them as a great favor to go to the board, without special permission, and write their answers. Be sure not to tell them they must.

Suppose the study is geography. You will see a great turning of leaves, and consulting of maps, and some show of general interest. By ones and twos they will march to the blackboard with an air of shy importance. Of course they will blunder, and whisper, and misspell their words, and shuffle their feet and drop their crayon; but never mind. It is a change from utter stupidity and ignorance and in this or other ways you can start an interest. If this way don't work, try some other, keep trying. You will find ample scope here for drawing upon your own versatility of talent.

Be sure to find out whether a child knows how to get a lesson before reproving or punishing him. The little A, B, C boy represents a large class of even older scholars. He mastered quite a number of the letters, and could tell them off quite glibly, but when the teacher pointed to W, he cocked his head first on one side and then on the other, looked at it out of either eye, with the air of one who would not only be willing but glad to understand the mysteries of science but he was finally obliged to confess with a refreshing air of innocence, "Well, I declare, teacher, I don't know what them is!" Now, be sure all your scholars know what "them is," if not, proceed to put them in the way of finding out. One of the best mathematicians I ever have known has told me that she "went through" the four simple rules of arithmetic in one term and never performed a question. She would arrange her figures as she saw others do, and then with care set down the answer given in the book, with never a thought but that she was doing right. I think the teacher must have been very unfitted for her place to never have known or cared how the little girl got her answers.

You can often make a study more interesting by simplifying it, leaving out the dull, uninteresting details, bringing out the main points with simple but pertinent questions. Write these upon the board or upon slips of paper. It is a wonderfully good way to brighten up a class. It makes more work for you, but you are rewarded by the result. I remember once of taking a whole school through a course in physiology. It was not one of the regular school studies. I had a simple but comprehensive little text book, without questions. Every day I would read aloud a certain portion, then ask questions and those who could would answer from memory. Then every one transferred these questions and answers to paper, learning them before the next lesson, when they were recited, and a new portion taken up in the same way. Once a week there would be a general review. It is simply astonishing how much more interested a class will be in a study taken up in this way than in the regular way. We finished the book in one term, and on examination day I was very proud of my class, and the members were very proud of themselves. If your school is not graded—mine was in this case—you could not take in your whole school, only the oldest members, and some more simple exercise must be devised for the little ones.

A nice way to vary a reading exercise is to allow the members of the class to correct mistakes, the reader to stop when

corrected. This insures attention on the part of reader and listeners. I would not recommend this as the usual method, only as a variation. "Variety is the spice of life," and nowhere is this truer than in the school room.

In these days, when so many new ways of conducting a spelling exercise are introduced, I suppose I shall be pronounced decidedly old foggy if I should advocate the good, old-fashioned way of standing in a line in the floor, and taking places. I can hardly conceive of any literary triumph in mature years, which would begin to equal the feelings of mingled pride, pleasure and triumph which I used to feel, when I could spell correctly a word missed above me, and the teacher would say, "Right. Take your place!" I remember the roguish toes big boys would slyly put out to impede my progress, and the any thing but sweet glances which would follow me in my all conquering march. But what cared I! It was honor justly my due. Then the delight of leaving off at the head at night, having it recorded in the teacher's blank book, beginning at the foot of the class again, to work my way up, sometimes slowly, but always surely, to the head, which was to me, the height of fame. Sometimes there was a prize to the most successful competitor, but the system was an incentive, prize or no prize.

If I could go to school now, grown woman that I am, I should want to stand in a line and take places. I always practiced this in my teaching with good effect, especially with young classes. The older ones enjoy writing or choosing sides. That was another red letter day in my youth, when an hour or two could be given for the whole school to choose sides and have a spelling match. May it be long before this time honored custom goes out of date.

And while I am speaking of old-fashioned methods of teaching, let me put in a plea for parsing, which is so rapidly going out of date, at least, in the region where I live. Analyzing is the present rage, which is good as far as it goes. Scholars will rapidly and learnedly tell you of compound, complex and simple sentences, subjects and predicates, modified adjectively, adverbially, adjunctly and participially. But ask them to go through a sentence and tell every part of speech, giving all its properties, and often these glib-tongued pupils can't tell a passive from an active verb, or a regular from an irregular, etc.

I might go on and give my ideas upon other branches of study taught in our common schools, but it is not specific directions you want, so much as general hints. Methods must vary according to age and ability, and other circumstances, which come into life in the school room. The main point is, these young people must be interested. It is your place to do it. It need not necessarily be in my way or any stereotyped way. If it is a way original with yourself, so much the better—only that it is done.

Let every young teacher make it a study to do his or her level best to secure and hold the interest of the school.

Next month I shall take up the subject of general exercises, which will probably close the series.

HOW TO READ.

The act of learning to read is the key which unlocks to us the vast fields of knowledge, and the thoughts of men of all ages. It remains with ourselves to make it beneficial or injurious to us. Bad habits are as easily formed in reading as in any thing else, therefore it is of the greatest importance to early cultivate a taste for reading good and improving books. Reading is to the mind what food

is to the body, and may be made to develop and strengthen the mind, or the reverse, according as we give it healthy or poisonous food.

No prescribed course of reading can be laid out, which will suit every person. The Esquimaux and the Hottentot would not thrive at all upon the same diet, neither would a lawyer and an architect enjoy the same books. There are some authors with whom every one should be familiar, still, after that every one should read what pertains to his profession, or what is best suited to his individual needs. Every one should have some central aim in all that he reads, just as a great painter makes every stroke for some purpose. Edmund Burke said that he read every book as if he were never going to see it again.

A hundred years ago when books were not so cheap and plentiful as they are now, the library of a good many families consisted of ten or a dozen such books as Shakespeare, Young's Night Thoughts, Milton's Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, and Fox's Book of Martyrs. And these were read and re-read until pages of them could be repeated. Then when a new book was added, it was read as carefully as the others had been.

Daniel Webster early formed the habit of attention, and it proved of great service to him in later years. He said that when he was in college he was often four hours in preparing a lesson when it took some others one or two, but at the end of the year his knowledge was as fresh as when he first acquired it, while theirs had almost entirely left them, and had to be hastily crammed in again.

One of the great dangers to be avoided is inattention or passive reading. The eye passes over the words while the thoughts are often many miles distant. It is generally caused by lack of interest in the book, and the habit when once acquired is not easily broken off. Various remedies have been prescribed by different people for its cure. One person says:

"Read each sentence through with one breath." Another suggests making an analysis. Still another, something else, but the principal thing is to create an interest in the subject, as what awakens the interest commands the attention.

We should read often, and learn to be interested. It is better to read one book or one poem thoroughly, though it takes a year to do it, than to read any number of books inattentively. More can be accomplished in one hour by thoughtful, attentive reading, than in a day, hastily glancing through a great number of volumes without having a clear idea of any one.

Of course there are exceptions in the case of novels and some other books which only require a cursory reading, but in general, "What is worth reading at all is worth reading well."

Rufus Choate was a great reader, and made a specialty of reading the dictionary. He kept Webster's Unabridged always in a particular place and when he had a few moments to spare invariably occupied them in reading this entertaining volume. The result was that he acquired such a command over the English language that he became one of the first orators of the day.

"It is not so much what we read as what we remember that makes us wise," and to remember we must read with attention.

M. C. HOWARD.

HEBREW LANGUAGE.

When you say that no word can be formed without a vowel what would you think of a language that has no vowels? This is true of Hebrew in so far as the alphabet is concerned. The letters of the alphabet are all consonants, and vowels

els are expressed, as you can see on the signs of the Jewish butchers if you have no Hebrew books, by means of small points placed above and below the letters. Libraries have been written, and scholars for generations have been vexed over these vowel points. Indeed, outside of the matters pertaining to civil rights, foreign conquests and internecine struggles, few purely literary subjects have engaged so much time and heat and verbal warfare as the discussion of the antiquity and introduction of Hebrew points. Some have maintained that the points are as old as the letters themselves, and that both letters and points were taught to Moses by God. But it seems now to eminent scholars almost beyond cavil or doubt that the Hebrew letters were first written without points. They are not found, for example, in ancient Jewish coins and inscriptions. It is supposed that many errors of translation in the old testament are due to versions made from Hebrew manuscripts without points.

For a long time, perhaps a thousand years, the Hebrew language was supposed to be the primitive language of man. This was the assumption made by the fathers of the church. Vast amounts of time, learning, and labor, were expended as late even as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to show that this was the tongue spoken in the Garden of Eden, for philology, or the science of language, is this year only one hundred years old.

ARTHUR DENSMORE.

ABOUT READING CLUBS.

We have such a club in our district, and it has proved very successful. The idea was to have something going on in our neighborhood once a week, to keep the older boys and girls within the influence of the home circle. Most young people who live in the country think they must go to the village whenever they want any kind of amusement, and very often they acquire the habit of going nearly every night in the week. The question is, how can our country neighborhoods be made attractive enough to induce them to stay away from the villages a part of the time during these long evenings. We have taken up the study of poetry and poets principally. Our organization is very simple—a president and committee of three to look after the general interests of the club. Every week three readers are appointed, each to read half an hour. Three wide-awake boys or girls are also appointed to get up some kind of amusement, such as games, pantomimes, charades, tableaux, etc. We also have singing from familiar song books. The hour of meeting is seven o'clock, and we adjourn promptly at ten. After a little while spent in exchanging greetings with friends and talking over matters of general interest, the meeting is called to order and opened by singing. Then reading, and between each reading exercise we spend a few moments in music and amusements, if the committee have some charade or game ready. By this order of exercises, we spend our evenings very agreeably together; it sets the young folks thinking, and will, I think, cultivate a desire for pure and good literature. History could be taken up thus or general reading.—Country Gentleman.

"THE IDEA."

What idea? Ah, yes, who can tell? The mystery has not yet been solved, although from the familiarity with which it is bandied about from tongue to ear, one might suppose that its signification was clear and generally understood.

"The weather wise predict a cool summer," remarks one person to another.

"The idea!" responds the one addressed. But the "idea" escapes on the "wings of the wind," and who shall catch it?

An idea is defined as an object of thought, and there is certainly requisite considerable cogitation before important conclusions can be arrived at in any matter. But where or what is "the idea" which is so common an object of thought? Why ask what no one can answer? The idea!

"Cecilia Brackenshaw had two feathers on her new hat, yesterday, one pink and the other green, did you notice?"

"Yes! The idea! What dreadful taste!"

Now, ignoring the taste, it would be satisfactory (?) to know where "the idea" was, whether in either or both of the feathers, or whether it were lodged underneath both hat and feathers, in the fanciful brain of Miss Cecilia.

"Of course," one may tell you, "she desires to be more showy than others, that's the idea!"

And still you are not quite clear as to wherein lies "the idea," in the desire of being showy, or in the sensation which the feathers may produce. Yet what matters it, if the understanding is a trifle befogged? "The idea" is a popular and time-honored one, and perhaps serves its purpose well enough. It would be impossible to wholly banish any thing favored with such signal popularity. Were any to attempt it, there would cry out innumerable tongues, "The idea! The idea! The idea!"

Shall an expletive so convenient and well befriended be ignored or laughed to scorn? The idea! —HAZEL WYLDE.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of your readers please send me the words to the song in which this line occurs:

"You ask what makes this darky weep?"

I will repay the favor if I can.

RETTA MERRITT.

Olive Center, Ottawa Co., Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your readers send me the poem commencing,

"We wander down in the valleys,
Where the dews lie damp and cold,
Where the mists and chilling vapors,
Our shivering forms enfold."

It was printed in THE HOUSEHOLD about six years ago. I will return the favor if I can.

LULA C. BOYCE.

Box 92, West Gardener, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me a copy of a poem in which this line occurs:

"Dollars and dimes, an empty pocket is the worst of crimes,"

or tell me who wrote it or where I can get it?

MRS. M. M. EASTHAM.

Waverly, Morgan Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will any of the sisters send me the words of the song called "Gathering up the Shells from the Shore," also, the words of the song, "I Have no Mother now?" I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. LAURA A. CARTWRIGHT.

Richmond Hill, N. C.

If any of the Band can send me the words of "Bessie, the Drunkard's Lone Child," or any other temperance pieces, I will be glad to return the favor.

MRS. R. B. GEORGE.

Lee's Summit, Missouri.

THE REVIEWER.

DUE WEST, is the modest title of a most interesting account of a journey around the world in ten months by Maturin M. Ballou. Leaving Boston, Mr. Ballou crossed our continent, sailing from San Francisco for Japan, thence traveling through China, India, Egypt, Spain, France, and home again, giving the reader a somewhat condensed though clear and pleasing sketch of the strange countries through which he passed, and the stranger people who inhabit them. Some of the descriptions are remarkably fine, bringing before the reader like a series of pictures, the wonderful beauty of

these far away scenes, some of them decidedly the reverse, making the reader perfectly willing to derive information through the medium of a book, especially one as interesting as this. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIFE AT PUGET SOUND by Caroline C. Leighton is a pleasantly written sketch of life in this comparatively unknown part of our country. Living among the people of the northwest for sixteen years, Mrs. Leighton had sufficient material with which to construct a volume giving a faithful representation of the customs of the people, mostly Indians, of whom we have hitherto read little. The description of the country with its mild climate and snow-capped mountains, and the grandeur of the scenery, lends great interest to the little book which is altogether, one of the best sketches of travel we have lately read. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

A BACHELOR'S TALKS ABOUT MARRIED LIFE, by Rev. Wm. Aikman, is a pleasant example of administering advice in an acceptable manner. The chapters touching upon the "small sweet courtesies" of home life are particularly sensible and worthy of application in all households. The real home—perhaps a little idealized, but it should not be impossible—is pictured in a most attractive light, and the book should be read, and profitably not only by young people but by fathers and mothers. \$1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells.

FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS, is the title of a new book by Mrs. E. G. Cook, M. D., which discusses the importance of physical culture, proper care and education of growing girls and many other subjects, in a clear, practical and simple manner new to writers of such works. It contains much sensible advice and is well adapted to be a helpful assistant to mothers in the care of their young daughters. \$1.50. New York: Fowler & Wells.

We have received a copy of Mr. Froude's excellent work, LUTHER: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY, which will be read with interest by many, at this time when the life of the great German reformer is attracting the attention of all Christian people. Price 30 cents. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON, by Susan W. Fletcher. Price \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

We have received a copy of WENDELL PHILLIPS: A COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE, by Henry Ward Beecher. Price 10 cents. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

We have received a copy of Dr. William Alcott's Treatise on TEA AND COFFEE: Their Physical, Intellectual and Moral effects on the Human System. Price 25 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March has many notable features, one of the best of which is Mr. Rideing's fine sketch of "The Yorkshire Coast," rendered still more pleasing by its beautiful illustrations. The profusely illustrated paper on "St. Louis," and Mr. Higginson's sketch of "The Early American Presidents," are excellent and interesting, while Mr. Black's serial loses none of the interest excited by the first installments. "Nature's Serial Story" promises to be one of the best of Mr. Roe's always readable books. A most interesting article entitled "The Poetry of the Deaf," is contributed by Dr. Gallaudet, and a sketch, with portrait, of Will Carlton, will please that writer's many admirers. Two excellent short stories, by Wm. M. Baker and Charles Reade, are given and the poetry of the number is by Walt Whitman, James Lane Allen, Frances L. Mace, and Chas. F. Richardson. The Easy Chair has a flavor of the old time charm and the remainder of the contents make up a brilliant number. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for March is an unusually fine number as regards both reading and illustration. Especially attractive are the arti-

cles on "Algiers" and "Venetian Glass," the latter exquisitely illustrated. "The Institute," a sketch of the first art exhibition in the New Institute (English), is full of interest to all artists; the engravings from four of the more prominent pictures are fine. "The Inns of Court" is a most interesting sketch of old London, by W. J. Loftie, beautifully illustrated. Three fine full page engravings add much to the beauty of the number. The Chronicle of Art and American Art Notes are full of interesting matter to all artists and art lovers. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

The March WIDE AWAKE offers the usual attractions to its hosts of little readers. "The Stampede in the Second Dormitory" points a moral which by no means interferes with the fun, and all the children will be glad to read of the school for Indian pupils which forms the following sketch. Miss Phelps' "Brave Girl" will lose none of her admirers, and the girls who growl over their studies, will think themselves fortunate in not being school girls like Queen Elizabeth. Many other pleasing stories and several pretty poems are given, while the Supplement contains much interesting and instructive matter. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN for March, has a touch of the charm of spring about it, despite its wintry frontispiece; premature, perhaps, but none the less pleasant. The opening paper "Beside the Tennis Court," by Arlo Bates, is a bright little story, although without the deeper interest of "Le Masq' Allonge Benedicite" of which only the first part is given. "Pixie and I in England," by Geo. F. Fiske will interest even those who are not wheelmen, as will also A. H. Chadbourne's clever sketch "Leaves from a Wheelman's Journal," the story of a naturalist's holiday, with many illustrations. Other papers, of considerable interest follow, the serial "Summer Sweethearts" is continued, and several pretty poems are given, while the editorial departments are by no means the least readable pages of the magazine. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Wheelman Co.

NOTES AND QUERIES, with answers, is well adapted to be helpful to others than the teachers and pupils for whom the little journal is especially prepared. To those who have not an encyclopedia at hand, this publication is of great value, giving a great deal of useful and instructive matter, of interest to all readers. \$1.00 for ten numbers. Manchester, N. H.: S. C. & L. M. Gould.

We have received a copy of THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE for January, containing much information for all those interested in this pleasing method of instructing children. \$1.00 a year. New York: Emily M. Coe, 70 Bible House.

We have received a copy of HORSES: THEIR FEED AND THEIR FEET. A manual of horse hygiene, by Dr. C. E. Page, discussing fully the best means for "putting horses in condition, and keeping them so," according to the author's somewhat radical, though often sensible ideas. Price, 50 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells.

C. E. Allen's CATALOGUE OF SEEDS, PLANTS, AND SMALL FRUITS, for 1884, is at hand, enlarged from the first issue of sixteen pages, in 1870, to a handsome pamphlet of ninety-six pages, filled with a most complete and attractive list of seeds and plants for farm and garden. Brattleboro, Vt.: C. E. Allen.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL. \$3.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell, Madison St.

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

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

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

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

THE INDUSTRIAL NEWS. \$1.50 a year. The Instructors' Institute, Cooper Union.

THE LITERARY NEWS for February. \$1.00 a year. F. Leyboldt, 31 Park Row.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March. \$2.50 a year. New York: Fowler & Wells.

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

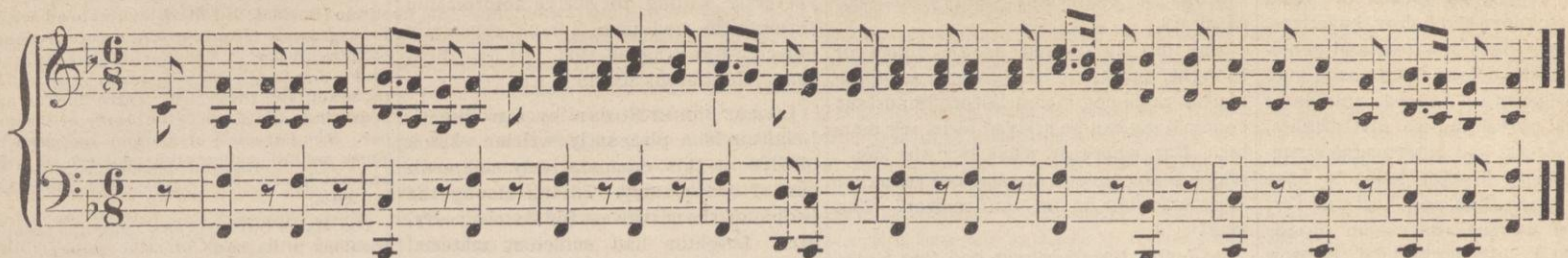
THE ART UNION for February. \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. New York: The American Art Union.

CATALOGUE OF PLANTS AND SMALL FRUITS for 1884. S. Glastonbury, Conn.: Hale Brothers.

CATALOGUE OF HARDY GRAPE VINES AND SMALL FRUITS for 1884. Delaware, O.: Geo. W. Campbell.

Words by H. H. CLARK.

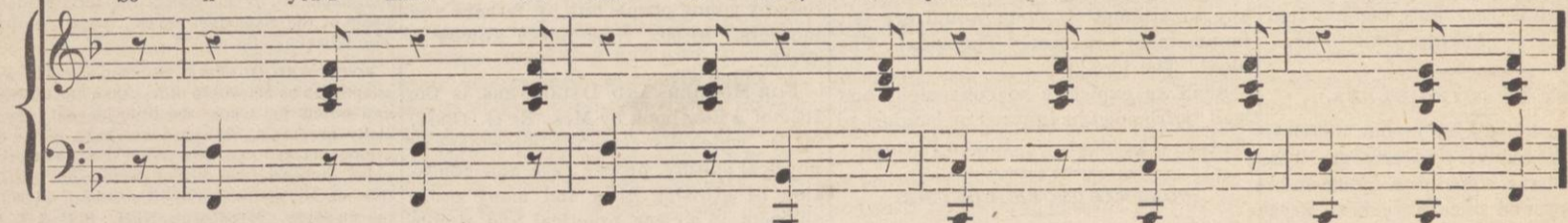
THE FARMER'S SONG.

Written and arranged by
D. A. FRENCH.

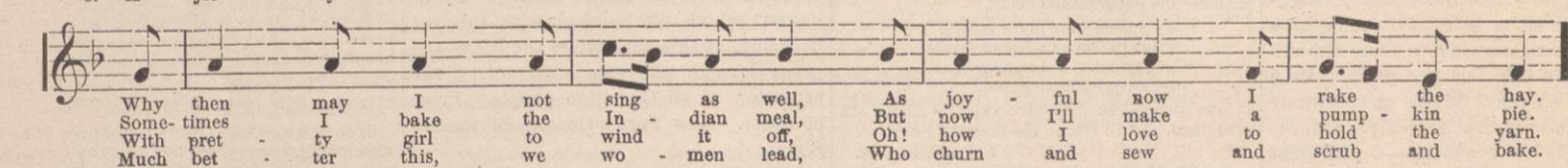
1. The farm - er's life I love so well, I nev - er can its joys fore - go;
 2. The farm - er's wife, I do de - clare, With ev - ery tron con - tend;
 3. A jol - ly life, I is do this we - lead, We men but - er who laugh and sing
 4. You must not live by bread a - lone, For but - ter's good, as you will learn;



Though ev - 'ry part its pleas - ure brings, Yet best I love my bon - ny hoe.
 Her hus - band's vict - uals to jol - pre - pare, And all his tat - ter'd cloth - ing mend.
 So how if you'd know how that is made, You please to push, look and then see me churn.



5. Thro' sum - mer time in ev - 'ry grove, The hap - py birds sing all the day,
 6. Some - times I scrub, in some - times it scour, be, Some - times the nuts fry,
 7. I love all toil, what - e'er it is, There's pleas - ant work in y in house and barn;
 8. A jol - ly life is this we lead, We men who saw and hoe and rake;



Why then may I not sing as well, As joy - ful now I rake the hay.
 Some - times I bake the to wind - dian meal, But now I'll make a pump - kin pie.
 With pret - ty girl this, we wo - men lead, Who churn I love and sew and hold the yarn.
 Much bet - ter, we wo - men lead, Who churn I love and sew and scrub and bake.

CHORUS to be sung after the last verse.



'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, whate'er our lot, To find a joy in ev - 'ry care; For heav'n is won by ear - nest toil, And ev - 'ry toil is but a pray'r.



DIRECTIONS RESPECTING FARMER'S SONG.—In singing this song, during the Prelude the first actor comes on the stage, carrying a hoe upon his shoulder. At the conclusion of the verse, he commences hoeing—keeping the motions with the musical accent of the Prelude, (which should be repeated after each verse.) During the playing of the Prelude the second time, the second singer comes in, bringing some clothing to mend; and at the conclusion of the Prelude, sings the second verse, and at the conclusion of it commences sewing, keeping time with the Prelude. During the singing of each verse, those who are working make the motions of their work, without noise. The same directions are to be observed during the singing of seven verses. The first half of the 8th verse is sung by the gentlemen, and the last half, by the ladies; then, after the Prelude, (during which they all continue their work,) they sing the chorus, (keeping time with their work.)

In singing each verse, the melody should be used. The third actor comes upon the stage with a saw-horse, saw and a stick of wood. The fourth actor comes on with a dash-churn. The fifth with a rake. The sixth, with a moulding-board and rolling-pin, and a piece of dough. In the 7th verse, a lady and gentleman come in together.—the gentleman holding a skein of yarn upon his wrists, and the lady having a ball of yarn to wind.

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The Dispensary.

HEALTH ALPHABET.

The Ladies' Sanitary Association of London, gives the following simple rules for keeping health:

A—s soon as you are up, shake blanket and sheet;
B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
C—hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
E—at slowly and always chew your food well;
F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell;
G—arments must never be made too tight;
H—omes should be healthy, airy and light;
I—f you wish to be well, as you do I've no doubt,
J—ust open the windows before you go out;
K—eep the rooms always tidy and clean;
L—et dust on the furniture never be seen;
M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air,
N—ow, to open the windows be ever your care;
O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
P—eople should see that their floors are well swept;
Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;
R—emember the young cannot thrive without light;
S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
V—ery sad are the fevers that come in its train;
W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
X—erxes could walk full many a league.
Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Z—eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

PAROTITIS OR MUMPS.

THE disease technically termed parotitis and familiarly known as mumps, is a swelling of the parotid glands. It is a contagious disease, more common among children than among grown people, and yet grown people who have never had it are liable to take it. The swelling is usually on both sides, but sometimes confined to one side.

As is well known by every student of physiology the first stage of digestion, viz., mastication, takes place in the mouth, where the food is ground by the teeth and moistened with saliva, from the salivary glands.

These glands, which discharge the saliva, are six in number, viz., the sublingual, situated at the base of the tongue in the front of the mouth; the submaxillary, under the cheeks; and the parotid, which are at the back part of the mouth and jaw, nearest to the ears. These last are the glands that are inflamed in this disease.

Dr. J. W. Draper, professor in the University of New York, says, "The parotid saliva is thin and watery, limpid and colorless, inodorous and tasteless." It is not, however, as might at first appear from this description, pure water, for he goes on to say that it contains various alkaline substances, which aid in digestion, such as sulpho-cyanide of potassium, albuminate of soda, and a great deal of lime.

The saliva discharged by the parotid glands is much more abundant than that from the other salivary glands, so that when these glands are out of order there is a dryness in the mouth, and both because of this and on account of the swelling and soreness, the patient can only take food in a liquid form. Indeed, the patient often finds it difficult to open the mouth or to swallow. There is usually a good deal of headache and more or less fever, and yet not enough to prevent the sufferer from wishing to be up and dressed.

The important point in this disease is to keep the patient from taking cold, and to keep him as cheerful and comfortable as possible in doors. When the peculiar swelling first makes its appearance, wrap the face in flannel, or in warmed cotton batting, carefully avoid all chills and exposure and let the diet be hot gruel, warm teas, that made from sage and catmint being preferable to that made from the Chinese herb. Every thing should be done to induce and promote perspiration. If, as is frequently the case, the bowels

are constipated, this difficulty must be overcome by suitable means.

In short, all the eliminatory organs must be set to work, that the system may be freed from all impurities, and if this can be accomplished without the aid of medicine, so much the better. This will tend to relieve the fever and headache. And the next thing to be done is to remove as far as possible all sources of anxiety and keep the sufferer in as cheerful a state of mind as is practicable.

It is a fact that anxiety or grief arrests the flow of saliva, and as we are only hungry when the saliva and gastric juices are flowing, this is the reason why people who suffer mentally lose their appetite. The digestion is dependent to a great degree upon the state of the mind. Anxiety of mind, therefore, by checking the flow of saliva, may be one of the primary or indirect causes of this disease, and the secondary cause is usually taking cold by such exposure as throws a current of cold or damp air upon the jaw. This is on the supposition that the patient has not been exposed to take the disease from another person. For example, a school-boy is over anxious about his examinations or his lessons (with the present mischievous, forcing hot-bed system practiced in many of our city schools, it is a wonder so many children live at all) then he is exposed to cold air, being obliged to stand in a current for some minutes causing the perspiration to be suddenly checked. Next morning his face is swollen at the angle of the jaw, and he has much pain and some fever, yet still feels well enough to go out as usual and probably wants to go to school.

Well will it be if his mother forbids this, and keeps him at home warm and happy for a few days following the advice just given. In this case the disease will probably pass off in about a week or less, without much medicine, if any. But if he goes out as usual, and takes more cold, the chances are that the attack will be very severe.

This remark or prudent caution will also apply to most childish diseases of which I have formerly treated in THE HOUSEHOLD, such as scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, croup, etc. Not that all these will pass off as harmlessly or as quickly as mumps; but their severity will in all cases be very much mitigated by prudent care at the outset, during the disease and for some time afterwards. In fighting all diseases we must always remember the old motto of the ancients, "discretion is the better part of valor."

In parotitis or mumps, exposure to cold may cause the brain to be so affected as to cause delirium, indeed, in even mild cases the head is very hot and the patient is apt to talk in his sleep in a wandering way. But imprudent exposure to cold often causes the disease to go to some other part of the body, and a skillful physician must be called in to save life. How many doctors' bills might be saved by care and prudence. The "ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure," always.

The approved homeopathic treatment for mumps given by Dr. Froeligh is as follows: "Aconite at first every three hours, till the fever subsides, then mercurius every three or four hours. If the patient complains of wandering pain, with occasional chills, use pulsatilla in alternation with the mercurius. Should the swelling suddenly disappear and the patient become stupid, or comatose, use opium every two hours, and apply some hot application to the cheek and jaw. But should it affect the brain and the patient become delirious, use belladonna and hyosciamus in alternation every hour until he is relieved."

Dr. Warren recommends rye hasty pudding as an article of diet in mumps.

Oatmeal gruel or Indian meal gruel eaten with milk and sugar, may be more palatable and perhaps as beneficial. As the swelling begins to subside the diet may be pleasantly varied by giving oyster broth, soft milk toast, sweet baked apples, etc., in short, any soft food easy of digestion that is not acid. In this disease the patient cannot take acids; probably on account of the want of alkaline saliva from the parotid glands to neutralize it. Aversion to acids is one of the symptoms by which one may know that it is not a swelled face arising from some other cause. This disease like many others requires for its cure, not so much medicine, as warmth, attention to diet, in short, careful nursing and prudence.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

FINGER NAILS.

Our finger nails grow out about three times a year; they should be trimmed with scissors once a week, not so close as to leave no room for the dirt to gather, for then they do not protect the ends of the fingers, as was designed by nature; besides, if trimmed too close at the corners, there is danger of their growing into the flesh, causing inconvenience, and sometimes great pain. The collection under the ends of the nails should not be removed by any thing harder than a brush or a soft piece of wood, nor should the nails be scraped with a penknife or other metallic substance, as it destroys the delicacy of their structure, and will at length give them an unnatural thickness. We are not favorably impressed as to the cleanliness of a person who keeps his nails trimmed to the quick, as it is often done to prevent dirt gathering there; whereas, if a margin were allowed, it would be an index to the cleanliness of the hands from which the collections under the finger nails are made. Leave a margin then, and the moment you observe that these collections need removal, you may know that the hands need washing, when they and the nails are both cleaned together.

Most persons are familiar with those troublesome bits of skin which loosen at the root of the finger nails; it is caused by the adhering to the nail, which, growing outward, drags the skin along with it, stretching it until one end gives way. To prevent this, the skin should be loosened from the nail once a week, not with a knife or scissors, but with something blunt, such as the end of an ivory paper cutter; this is best done after soaking the fingers in warm water, then pushing the skin back gently and slowly; the white specks on the nails are made by scraping the nail with a knife at a point where it emerges from the skin.

Biting off the finger nails is an uncleanly practice, for thus the unsightly collections at the ends are kept eaten clean! Children may be broken of such a filthy habit by causing them to dip the ends of their fingers several times a day in wormwood, without letting them know the object; if this is not sufficient, cause them to wear a cap on each finger until the practice is discontinued.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. It will

cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

—The habit of sleeping well is one, which, if broken up for any length of time is not easily regained.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

Mrs. A. M. G. Fish. No, I should not recommend you to use either salmon or mackerel, not because they are not sufficiently nutritious, but because they are too oily for a weak stomach. All of the animal oils are difficult of digestion, more so than the vegetable oils. Under the circumstances, I should recommend fish in preference to all meats, particularly pork, which is totally unfit for you, suffering as you do, from indigestion. A prominent reason for this is that I regard fish as purer food than meats, from the fact that those most used, from the ocean, are less affected by heat, which is a source of rapid decomposition. (It is true that oysters, clams, lobsters, etc., are scavengers, feeding on filth, like many of the land animals, in consequence of which the flesh must partake of the same character to a greater or less extent.) "What fish do you advise?" While I believe that the purest foods are found among the grains, fruits, and vegetables, free from the necessary waste, decay and reconstruction, like that constantly proceeding in the animal body, I give the preference to those of the ocean wholly devoid of fat, save in the livers, such as the cod, plaice, turbot, haddock, whiting, sole, flounder, etc., with the trout, pike, pickerel, and perch of fresh water—no shell fish under any circumstances—these are not only less stimulating than others, but are easy of digestion. The whiting and haddock are regarded as the most delicate and tender, though mere tenderness is not a valuable element, since it is often but a form of flabbiness from decomposition, or an evidence of a want of firmness of texture. The whiting is often called "the chicken of the sea," on account of its delicacy. All things considered, the cod included, the cod and haddock, probably, are as valuable as any found on the average table, containing nearly as much nutriment as beef. All of these, however, if kept any length of time without some preservative, in a warm place, will readily become tainted, partially decomposed, semi putrid, like specially tender meats, the tenderness depending largely on the falling apart of the tissues in the process of decay. The skin of fish, when particularly gelatinous, is particularly obnoxious to dyspeptics, and may be avoided by those who would escape this fashionable disease. A standard author says, "salmons, eels, herrings, pilchards and sprats, abound in oils, and are, in consequence, difficult of digestion, very apt to disturb the stomach, and exceedingly injurious to the dyspeptic."

LILLY GRAY. Your mother's difficulties are caused, I think, by impeded circulation of the blood, with its general impurity. The "raw spot," probably, was caused by a temporary clogging of the blood, allowing a portion to remain in that place till diseased action followed, which may result in a sore, as the surest way of permitting the escape of the non-vitalized matters. That she is "fleshy" may account for a part of the disturbed circulation of the blood. I suspect that she makes too free a use of the oils, butter, and the sweets, with pork and lard, producing a part of the surplus fat, and the "humors." If not immodest, I should recommend my pamphlet, "Anti-fat," that she may be free from a part of the cause of her difficulties, with which I send my "Health Rules," which will aid her much in the care of her health, a very important matter at her age, while "fleshy." In reference to yourself, I will say that I would not advise wearing the plaster, when it "annoys so much." I know of no good effects from plasters which do not result from their irritating influences. I know of none which are "strengthening" of themselves, the irritation diverting a disease from a particular spot, being the most important consideration. (I do not ask a fee from the proprietors of plasters for this information.) Since the plasters "annoy," and cannot be easily removed at pleasure, I recommend wetting a cloth, sprinkling on a little cayenne pepper or mustard, and wearing it for an hour for several days, covering it sufficiently to promote comfort. This will irritate sufficiently, doing all the good of a plaster, and more comfortably.

The Dressing Room.

SCREENS.

THESE are articles of household utility, not commonly found in families, and yet so useful in various ways that once introduced they seem almost indispensable to those accustomed to them. In a dressing room or a bed room occupied by two persons, a screen, even if it be only a small one, gives a certain amount of privacy to the occupants when desirable, and at the same time proves a convenience in various ways in a room.

If a lady uses her chamber both as sitting room and bed room, a screen will be found just the thing to partially separate the room, and to shut from general view any articles of convenience, and save the trouble oftentimes of re-arranging things, which naturally get disturbed from time to time.

With a screen moved close to a stove or register, the heat may be concentrated, or it is agreeable placed between the person and the fire if too warm. It is equally useful in protecting from draught from window or open door, and if it is placed between the bed and window at night, one may get fresh air without feeling the draught as otherwise is the case. The use in this way is very beneficial.

Where the same room serves both as kitchen and dining room, a plain screen serves an excellent purpose in shutting from sight the sink, and the cooking utensils that necessarily accumulate in getting a meal, and this gives a pleasant aspect to the room. And where the family sitting room is also the sewing room, and is, as is often the case, a receiving room also, a screen to place in front of the sewing machine or work table when the door bell rings, serves the double purpose of hiding your work from view and giving a more tidy appearance to the apartment. One does not always wish neighbors and friends to see what is being made, or how we may be making over two old dresses into a stylish new suit—till it is done.

In sitting room or parlor, a screen may be highly ornamental as well as useful, and is convenient to place between the sofa and window to hide the light from the eyes when lying down in the day time, or, in fact, to use in various ways, as one becomes accustomed to their very great convenience. The children may have a play house and playthings behind a screen and they not only enjoy the privacy it gives them, but it keeps the room from having a disorderly appearance.

Of what and how to make screens, depends something on the use to which they are to be applied as well as to the circumstances and tastes of the owners. In large places they can be purchased at furnishing houses, or made to order, while in smaller towns, if not to be purchased, there is no trouble in any mechanic putting together a frame of the size and style desired. If a large room is to be separated, the screen may be as large as a pair of folding doors, though not as high, and with hinges so as to fold or turn as one likes, and with feet to keep it from falling. Old clothes frames may be converted into screens, having them properly stained or painted, and covered as desired.

Small screens, two, three, or four feet wide, are more convenient in a small room, or to be carried from one place to another than large ones, and are pleasant to have in any dressing room, or to place before the window or open door when desired. As for covering, cambric, cretonne, or fancy coverings, as taste suggests, may be had; while these articles

may be embroidered, painted, or made with ornamental borders as one prefers. Indeed, it is a wonder, that in the rage for fancy work, this branch does not become more common, for here would be use and beauty combined, which is not always the case with ornamental work.

A frame may be covered with common cambric or muslin, and pictures cut from illustrated papers, colored pictures, fancy cards, in fact most any thing pasted upon the cloth, provided some degree of taste is used in arrangement. Children can find pleasant employment for rainy days at home in cutting and pasting pictures, while the father or big brother may fashion frames which will do nicely for the purpose, and thus help furnish useful articles for the home at a trifling cost.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHEAP WINDOW ADORNMENTS.

BY KESIAH SHELTON.

In almost every New England home, semi-annually is agitated the old question, "What shall we do now for curtains for this room? These surely will never do to put up again." In the homes of the small mechanic or shopman, as also in the small farm houses, the homely question of saving a dollar, and yet losing naught of beauty or taste thereby, is one that is most often heard. "To discuss prices is vulgar," is an axiom not applicable to the working classes; privately they must do it, or fail to make both ends meet at the end of the year.

The mechanic handles most money, and when the "shop runs," his wife outshines his mother and sister who are but poor farmers' wives; yet when the "shop shuts down," who has not seen the mechanic with his wife and children and their cheap velvets and silks, retreating to these same farm homes, their shabby plumes drooping, glad to accept as a gift, a share in the homely fare until the "shop opens?" The farmer's wife rarely sees a flush time, neither does she feel so bitter a pinch as her shop friends, but with her it is one steady struggle how to keep house and wardrobe tasteful with so little ready money. Presuming that she and the girls have skillful fingers and an eye for effect, we will suggest that graceful drapery can be made and put up by ingenious fingers much cheaper than equally good curtains and rollers can be bought. If you already have rollers buy heavy, richly colored cretonne of tasteful design. It will cost about forty cents a window. It is much cheaper than good Holland, wears nicely, looks warm, hangs well, and if carefully rolled up closely when you sweep, and now and then brushed judiciously, need never be "done up." Drapery of lighter weight, chintz finished, or glossy cretonne, is charmingly adapted to bed room or sewing room use. A dining room, too, looks well with colored drapery, unless the room has to serve as kitchen and wash room, also. Steam, smoke and grease require plainly furnished rooms.

An extra bed slat or a clapboard sawed off to the width of the window casing and nailed on to the top of same, projecting into the room as much as is practicable, allowing for it to be nailed firmly serves as cornice if extreme simplicity is desired. Make a flounce a foot deep of chintz drapery, with a standing ruffle two inches deep. Gathering the flounce two inches from the edge makes this. Gather the curtain, baste flounce on, and tack the two together on the edge of the board with plain or brass headed tacks.

Little hooks can be got at any paper hanger's, and small brass rings. Drive the hooks in the under side of this board, sew the rings on the top edge of the curtain, and hang the curtain. Then make a

more or less elaborate lambrequin for this board, and you can take your curtain down at will, and put up common curtains of white on the same hooks without disturbing the lambrequin. This last can be a band of crazy patchwork of bright bits of woolen cloths, finished with some old but tasty dress fringe, or you can make a fringe of your odds and ends of zephyrs and fancy yarns. A band of java canvas, seven inches wide, two inches raveled for fringe, with a Greek or vine border worked in worsted is pretty, simple and inexpensive. One width of grey cotton canvas makes three bands wide enough to be pretty. A lambrequin of chintz, cretonne, or spotted muslin over pink or crimson, cut by the regulation pattern, hangs safely and prettily on this same simple slat.

Curtains of cheese cloth, of unbleached cotton brocades, or of the bleached, make very simple and effective drapery, both trimmed and untrimmed. Unbleached or cream cotton satines are now woven very fine and make up richly. The colored satines, either plain or figured, are really rich. They hang gracefully and look as well as damask, while damask, if the wife could obtain it, would look out of place, too pretentious in a farm house. Cheese cloth looks well with its edges feather stitched in color on the hems.

A tiny brass knob or hook on the edge of the window casing, will do to hold back the knot of ribbon or the tiny home-made cord of zephyr that shall loop back the sides at will. If you have canvas bands at the top, embroider narrow ones, putting worsted loops on each end to hold the curtain back. Five worsted cords of different colors braided in a band would also be pretty.

For winter use in the parlor or sitting room, it would be "following the fashion" of richer drapery, to hang richly-hued satine drapery, over the cheese cloth which has so airily served its purpose for summer.

Fancy flannels or twilled woollens can be tastefully embroidered or fancy stitched in leisure hours by the girls who have exchanged the farm house kitchen for the district school house, for the sake of the shorter hours, long vacations, and greater monied recompense. These girls often make acquaintances they are ashamed to take to the barren, unattractive home of their fathers. When such girls first get their freedom, as they call it, they generally "run" to fancy work. Let us hope we have given them some suggestions that will furnish them with work, and help furnish the bare or shabby places in the old rooms at home.

NETS FOR HORSES' EARS.

With knitting cotton, number twenty, make a chain of forty-two stitches, miss six chain, and make one treble crochet in the seventh chain, * make three chain, miss two, and make one treble crochet. Repeat from * to the end of the chain.

There are now thirteen treble crochets on the foundation chain. Now make six chain and turn the work, make one treble crochet between the last and next to the last treble crochet of the preceding row, make three chain and one treble crochet between the next two; repeat to the end of the row.

Make twenty-six rows like the former row. This makes a long strip that reaches between the ears.

At the end of the last row do not break off the cotton, but make a chain of sixty-nine stitches and join to the opposite corner. This is the foundation chain that goes around the ear.

Now make six chain and one treble crochet on the third chain from where it is joined, * make three chain, miss two and

make one treble crochet; repeat from * around the chain and across the end of the piece; join to the center of the six chain with a single crochet. Then make six chain and work as before. Each row must be joined in this manner. There are now thirty-six treble crochet around it. Make three more rows like the preceding.

5. Narrow about opposite the center of the chain by missing one square.

6. Plain.

7. Narrow one opposite the former narrowing.

8. and every alternate row, plain.

9. Narrow one.

11. Narrow one.

13. Narrow one.

15. Narrow one.

16. Narrow one.

17. Narrow one.

18. Narrow one.

19. Narrow two about the eighth and twenty-second treble crochets.

20. Narrow four about an even number of treble crochets apart.

21. Narrow every third treble crochet.

22. Plain.

23. Narrow every treble crochet, making about nine treble crochets around.

24. Narrow every treble crochet.

25. Narrow and bind off.

Make opposite ear the same way, then join the yarn at the corner of the long strip, and work a row around both ears and the sides. Make four rows like the preceding.

Now join the cotton in the center of the three chain with a single crochet, raise the loop that is on the hook loosely to the height of one inch, catch the cotton and raise that to the same height. Now put the needle under the chain, catch the cotton, draw it through and raise that. Now catch the cotton, draw it through the first two, catch again and draw through last two, repeat this three times in the same place, putting the needle under the chain, instead of through it. Now make two chain, miss one square and make shell like the preceding. Make three rows of shells all around. Now make three rows of shells to reach only across the back, making the back three rows deeper than the front. Now make a row of deep scallops around the whole, with a tassel on each scallop; also put a tassel at the tip of each ear. Some make the tassels of red.

These directions were sent me by a lady in Oregon, and I shall be glad if they prove as acceptable to some other one of the Band, as they did to me.

Pine River, Wis.

LIDA BROWN.

CROCHETED LACE.

Make a chain of fifteen stitches.

1. Three trebles, (thread over once,) one chain, three trebles into fourth stitch of foundation chain, fasten with a tight crochet in fifth stitch of foundation chain, chain four, three trebles, one chain, three trebles in tenth stitch, chain two, make one treble in each of last three stitches of foundation chain.

2. Chain three, make two trebles between last two trebles in first row, chain two, three trebles in first chain of two in first row, chain two, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in first eyelet (formed by the one chain between the sets of three trebles), fasten with a tight crochet in first stitch of chain of four, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in next eyelet, fasten with a tight crochet.

3. Chain five, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in first eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in next eyelet, chain two, three trebles in first chain of two, chain two, three trebles in next chain of two.

4. Chain three, two trebles in last two trebles of fourth row, chain two, three trebles in first chain of two, chain two,

three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in first eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, fasten.

5. Chain five, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two.

6. Chain three, two trebles in last two trebles of fifth row, chain two, three trebles in first chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in first eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, fasten.

7. Chain five, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in first eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two, chain two, three trebles in chain of two.

8. Chain three, three trebles in last two trebles of last row, fasten by a tight crochet in first chain of two, chain three, three trebles in first chain of two, fasten in second chain of two, chain three, three trebles in second chain of two, fasten in third chain of two, chain three, three trebles in third chain of two, fasten in fourth chain of two, chain three, three trebles in fourth chain of two, chain two, three trebles, one chain, three trebles in eyelet, fasten, chain four, three trebles, chain one, three trebles in eyelet, fasten. Repeat from first row.

In this as in other patterns it is preferable to fasten round instead of in a chain where practicable. This lace has a deep point, is suitable for Saxony or cotton. Crocheted of number sixteen tidy cotton it makes a pretty finish for the lower edge of white muslin or Holland window shades.

M. A. BROWN.

PRETTY AND USEFUL ARTICLES.

Cushion.—A pretty cushion can be made by embroidering a spray of old-fashioned pinks on a ground of blue. Around the edge of the cushion put a full puff of pale blue satin. Where the puff is joined to the blue satin sew a good sized pink cord. The cushion when completed should be about a half-yard long, but not quite so wide.

Fireplace Curtains.—Fireplace curtains can be hung upon invisible wires, or if preferred upon visible brass rods beneath the mantelpiece, and made to draw before the grate. If it is desirable to hide the mantelpiece, they will serve this purpose also, as they may be drawn aside just enough to reveal the fire.

A handsome little lambrequin for a bracket is made of black satin cut in points. The edge around the points is trimmed with short and fine silk or chenille fringe. Across the top a vine with green leaves and red berries, and on each point a rosebud or tiny spray of forget-me-nots or heliotropes are painted.

A very pretty and inexpensive table-scarf is made of dark green felt. It should be about half a yard wide. Have it pinked at the edge, and on each end put a strip of silk patchwork—crazy patchwork. The strip should be one-quarter of a yard deep. Make fringe of the felt cut in very narrow strips and six inches deep. The edges of the patchwork should be feather-stitched.

Very handsome wall-pockets to hold papers are made of plush. Two boards are required for this. The one intended for the back must be a size larger than for the front. Gilt-head nails may be put

in at the sides, or rings of brass, and the boards be held together by ribbons laced back and forth.

An easily made bracket for a corner is made of a strip of black satin about ten inches deep. On this embroider or paint a vine with green leaves and red berries. Line the satin with some stiff material and ornament the lower edge with crescents attached to it by small cords of black silk. The upper edge may be fastened to the shelf by tiny silver-headed nails, or it may be tacked on the wrong side and turned over so that no heading is necessary.

A pretty scrap-bag for a bedroom is made of white linen. Cut a piece fifteen inches square. Across the top and bottom put on a piece of Canton flannel three inches wide, sew this to the linen with fancy stitches, then draw three circles at equal distances apart and about the size of a half dollar. Work these, commencing at the center and going up in straight lines to the circumference, with three or four shades of yellow embroidery silk. This bag is suspended by two blue strings at the corners. The bottom may be trimmed or left plain.

B. ATHOL.

KNIT OAK-LEAF STOCKINGS.

Not having noticed any reply to the question of a sister, for directions for knitting stockings of oak-leaf pattern, after much time and labor in trying to recall that long ago fashion, I send results, hoping that I may make myself understood by all the sisters.

The stocking should be narrowed in shape high up before the pattern is commenced, and the leaves should be at least ten stitches apart to show well, and the rows around should alternate, with at least the fourth of an inch between each row of leaves; I mean the second row of leaves should be commenced between the bases of the upper row to show well.

Commence by narrowing two, thread over needle twice, and narrow again, and so on until around the stocking, then around plain, making two stitches of the windings around the needles. Second row of eyelets, narrow two stitches, make two, that is, thread over needle twice, narrow the two stitches made, thread over needle twice, narrow. When around the stocking knit around plain, always making two stitches out of the two windings around the needle.

Third row, narrow one from the stocking and one of the made stitches of the eyelet, thread over twice, slip one, knit two, bind, thread over twice, narrow. Repeat the third row three times, knitting around plain between each row, which finishes the leaf.

Keep an account of the number of stitches you had on your needles when you commenced the leaf, and count after the leaf is done. If the stitches have increased, narrow at the base of the leaf where the center is, which gives the leaves a natural shape.

It is some trouble to start the first row of leaves, but after finishing that it will be easier to knit the rest of the leaves in the stocking.

Hoping the sisters will succeed as I did after many trials, I must say they are the best directions I can give of the oak-leaf pattern in knitted stockings.

MRS. MARTHA CRANDALL.

Oconomowoc, Wis.

SWISS LACE.

Cast on twenty-four stitches. Knit across plain.

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

2. Knit two, over, narrow, knit fifteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

4. Knit four, over, narrow, knit thirteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

6. Knit two, over twice, knit three, over, narrow, knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

7. Knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, purl one in the loop, knit two.

8. Bind off two, knit two, narrow, over, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

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

EYELET LACE.

Cast on fifteen stitches. Knit across plain.

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

2. Knit three, purl one, knit eight, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

4. Knit twelve, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

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

6. Bind off two, knit nine, over twice, purl two together, knit three.

7. Knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit ten.

8. Knit ten, over twice, purl two together, knit three. SUBSCRIBER.

TISSUE-PAPER MATS.

Get two sheets of tissue paper of contrasting colors. Cut each sheet across where it is folded. Cut each of these pieces in two, making eight pieces in all. Fold each piece across the longest way four times, making it eight double, and an inch or more in width, according to the size of the paper. Place four of the pieces, alternate colors, and "weave" the other four across them. The braided, or woven part to be in the center of the strips. Fasten the braid with a needle and thread, then cut the ends into fine strips, the smaller the strips the prettier the fringe. After cutting the fringe lay the mat on a table, take a damp cloth (merely damp) over your hand and rub the fringe round and round, then rub it round between your hands. This makes it crinkle up. Paste a piece of stiff paper under the mat and they are lasting and beautiful. The moths do not eat them, and a shake will dislodge the dust.

TEXAS STAR.

PRETTY FRINGE.

First cut your thread one-half inch longer than you want your fringe, as the fringe must be trimmed after it is knit.

Cast on sixteen stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip first stitch, thread over and narrow. Repeat twice more, then put two of the cut threads over left hand needle and knit in with next stitch, knit three stitches, put the threads back of the needle and knit one, bring forward, and knit remaining four.

2. Knit first ten stitches, knit next

loop and stitch together, also next two loops and stitches together in same way.

3. Slip first stitch, thread over and narrow, three times, knit one and put in threads as in first row, knit three, put threads back, knit one, bring threads forward, knit three.

4. Same as second row.

5. Same as first row, except putting threads in one stitch lower.

6. Same as second row.

7. Same as first row, except threads in one stitch lower.

This forms bottom of point. Go back in same way except putting in threads one stitch higher. It can be knit straight by casting on fewer stitches and putting the threads all in the same number of stitches from the heading.

AUNT EMILY.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE GRASSES.

N. G., in the January number, asks how to crystallize grasses for a bouquet. Take one pound of alum to one quart of water and set on the back of the stove to dissolve, but do not boil, and when thoroughly dissolved pour in a pitcher or tall jar. Have your bouquet arranged and tied, now suspend from the top of your pitcher or jar, stems up, and the grasses well covered with the water, now set aside and do not disturb for twenty-four hours, when you may take out, and behold the beautiful crystals formed there.

L. M. WELLS.

A PRETTY HAND-BAG.

Mark the center of a silk handkerchief or square of silk with a pin, then fold over each corner toward the center, fastening them down with a stitch or two.

Next gather all around, leaving a narrow heading. Two rows of gathers a little way apart make a place for the drawing strings, which must be drawn in. Then take out the stitches which held the corners. White lace pleated around the top looks pretty, or fringed out ribbon instead of lace. Put tassels or bows of narrow ribbon on the four corners that hang loose.

DIXIE.

SHELL PATTERN FOR MITTENS.

Cast on nine stitches for shell stripe. Knit around plain three times. Slip one, knit two together and draw first stitch over, (this makes one stitch out of three,) thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, slip one, knit two together, and draw last stitch over. This will leave nine stitches on the needle. Knit around three times plain, then make shell again.

Will some one please give directions for crocheting the tufted tricot stitch?

Morrow, Ohio. OLLIE K. SHORT.

KNITTED RUGS.

One of your correspondents wished to know what could be done with red (knit) woolen shirts. Cut them in strips as wide as ordinary dress braid, and knit them on needles the size of a lead pencil. The rugs can be made very beautiful by making a center piece, then knit strips of six or seven stitches long enough to go around them. The material is in every household, old veils of any color, bindings, etc.

SUBSCRIBER.

SASH WASH-STAND COVER.

These wash-stand cover are merely wide, long towels. Some of them are embroidered very deeply on the ends with silk and crewels, with a narrow border at either side and a heavy knotted fringe. The colors in the embroidery are duplicated in the splasher at the back of the wash-stand.

AUNT ADDIE.

DIAMOND SHELL LACE.

1. Cast on thirty-five stitches, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit six, narrow, thread over twice, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit six, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together.

2. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit seven, purl one, two plain, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit six, make one stitch of the loops, knit one, make one stitch of the loops, knit seven, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

8. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit five, narrow, thread over twice, knit three, thread over twice, narrow, knit five, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit nine, thread over twice, purl two together.

4. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit ten, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit five, make one stitch of the loops, knit three, make one stitch of the loops, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

5. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit four, narrow, thread over twice, knit five, thread over twice, narrow, knit four, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, repeat, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together.

6. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit four, make one stitch of the loops, knit five, make one stitch of the loops, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

7. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit three, narrow, thread over twice, knit seven, over twice, narrow, knit three, thread over, slip one, knit one, slip the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit eleven, thread over twice, purl two together.

8. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit three, make one stitch of the loops, knit seven, make one stitch of the loops, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

9. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit two, narrow, thread over twice, knit nine, thread over twice, narrow, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, repeat twice, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together.

10. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit two, make one stitch of the loops, knit nine, make one stitch of the loops, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

11. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit one, narrow, thread over twice, knit eleven, thread over twice, narrow, knit one, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit fourteen, thread over twice, purl two together.

12. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, pass six stitches of those already knit over, knit ten, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, make one stitch of the loops, knit eleven, make one stitch of the loops, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

13. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit seventeen, thread

over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit five, over twice, purl two together.

14. Thread over twice, purl two together, knit seven, purl one, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit seventeen, over twice, purl two together, repeat.

15. Over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit three, over twice, narrow, knit seven, narrow, over twice, knit three, over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit nine, thread over twice, purl two together.

16. Over twice, purl two together, knit ten, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit two, make one stitch of the loops, knit nine, make one stitch of the loops, knit three, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

17. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit four, over twice, narrow, knit five, narrow, over twice, knit four, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, over twice, purl two together.

18. Over twice, purl two together, knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit three, make one stitch of the loops, knit seven, make one stitch of the loops, knit four, over twice, purl two together, repeat.

19. Over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit five, over twice, narrow, knit three, narrow, over twice, knit five, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit eleven, over twice, purl two together.

20. Over twice, purl two together, knit twelve, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit four, make one stitch of the loops, knit five, make one stitch of the loops, knit five, over twice, purl two together, repeat.

21. Thread over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit six, over twice, narrow, knit one, narrow, over twice, knit six, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit one, over twice, narrow, repeat twice, knit four, over twice, purl two together.

22. Over twice, purl two together, knit six, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit five, make one stitch of the loops, knit three, make one stitch of the loops, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together, repeat.

23. Over twice, purl two together, repeat, knit seven, over twice, narrow three together, over twice, knit seven, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit fourteen, over twice, purl two together.

24. Over twice, purl two together, knit five, pass six stitches knit over the seventh, knit ten, thread over, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, repeat, knit six, make one stitch of the loops, knit one, make one stitch of the loops, knit seven, over twice, purl two together, repeat. ELIZA B. MOORE.

East Weare, N. H.

HANDKERCHIEF BOX.

Does your John buy his cigars in boxes—the long flat kind? If not, buy, beg or borrow from your nearest cigar-man or apothecary, generally they are only too glad to give them away to get rid of them. Take it apart very carefully so as not to split it, then cover with any pretty color of silesia, putting a layer of wadding on the inside of box before covering. Be careful to remember the bottom of the

original box will be the top of yours, wad this on both side. Sew the bottom and sides together and put a plaiting of muslin or lace round it just as wide as the sides, cover where this is sewed round the top edge with very narrow lace, (you can get this for two or three cents a yard,) standing in. Now take your cover, remember this is the original bottom of the box, you will see the reason why, baste a row of insertion around the edge of the top of it, and across the middle both ways, then put two ribbon bows to match silesia on each end to cover the two holes of silesia, sew the narrow lace round the edge to fall over where it opens, and a loop of ribbon under this lace on middle of front. Sew the cover in two places at back of box, and you will have one of the prettiest handkerchief or glove boxes you ever saw. They are pretty to take along, one for a glove box and a shorter one for a handkerchief box, and make them to match. Remember to get the low, flat kind. FRANK E.

A CARD ALBUM.

In a late number Snowflake asked how to use fancy advertising cards, and I thought I would tell her what I did with mine. Many of the ladies here buy scrap-books at the book-store and paste the cards in them, but for my sixteen months old baby I got eight colors of silesia, cut it the size and shape best suited to the material and cards, pinked the edges to finish them, and stitched six or eight rows through the middle and folded it at the stitching, thus forming the book. Then I took a pasteboard a little smaller than the leaves of the book, after it was stitched, and pasted it between the two outside leaves on either side to make stiff backs. A large, bright picture on each one finishes the outside and makes it look pretty.

To put the pictures in I made a stiff flour paste, as the leaves will not curl as with mucilage. The pictures may be put in some pretty designs, or the page covered entire. I left a small space between the pictures, and think the bright color around the picture looks prettier than to put them close. After I filled the page I covered it with a clean cloth and dried it with a warm iron. I like this kind of a book for children, as it will not tear like paper. MRS. W. M. WILSON.

Dakota.

LAMP MATS FOR PIANO.

I should like to tell Mayflower how to make some piano mats that I think are very pretty. Take single zephyr and crochet a piece in plain stitch, the size you want your mat. Next take rather coarse knitting needles and cast on about forty-five stitches. Knit like heel of stocking a little more than long enough to go around the crocheted piece. Dampen very damp and press quite dry. Clip the edges the whole length of strip. Ravel from both edges to the middle, leaving about four stitches without raveling. Sew this around the edge of the foundation and it is done. Shaded green is the prettiest color to use, as it gives the effect of moss. GRETTA.

A PRETTY CARD BASKET.

I would say to H. G. one way to make a card basket is to crochet as for a round tidy of very coarse twine, finish with shell scallops, then starch in good warm starch and press over a pail or block the size you prefer, leaving the scalloped edge pressed out for a rim. Then line from the inside of the scallops with silk or satin to suit taste.

MRS. W. H. WILSON.

YARN RUGS.

I will send directions for making a very pretty rug, with not much if any expense. Save yarns ravelled from old stockings, etc. Then take a piece of burlap canvas, or coffee sack, the size you wish for the foundation of your rug. Have a lead pencil, or smooth round stick, over which draw the yarn through the canvas with a darning needle. Fill the entire surface in this way. You can mark any design on the canvas and fill it out as you choose. I made one with a kitten for the center design, which was very pretty. LELLA.

COVER FOR LAMP SHADE.

One yard of five-inch ribbon, one yard of antique lace about two inches wide, and two balls of knitting silk. Sew the ribbon very neatly together, then sew the lace on the bottom. Tie the knitting silk, which should be the same shade as the ribbon, in the lowest row of holes in the lace as a fringe. I take four threads. Run a gathering thread of the knitting silk about a half-inch from the top of ribbon and draw up as tightly as you wish. FRANK E.

A PAPER HOLDER.

Take a fan, remove the wire from the bottom and spread it out straight. For end pieces use two fans partly spread. For the back use two fans opened so that the back of the holder shall be rounding. Fasten the fans firmly together with bright ribbons or with cord and tassels. OAKDALE, NEB. BLANCH LEACH.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send directions for making antique lace? NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one of the Band please send directions for knitting an infant's sack? ADDIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Not long ago there was an inquiry about the pattern of a quilt called Garfield's monument. Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please give directions how it is made? C. E. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Pittsburg Subscriber explain about the knitting lace for lambrequins? I find it incorrect. MRS. T. CRANE. Bridgeport, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please give directions for a collar from feather edge braid? also directions for knitting mittens in fancy stitch? BELL R.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish if any of the sisters know how to make leather picture frames they would give directions in THE HOUSEHOLD. ATTIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters of the Band if they will come to my assistance. I want to make my husband and two brothers each a scarf, and do not want them at all alike. Will some one tell me what colors will be pretty, and how to arrange the colors? If some one will write directly to me I will return postage, and repay them any way I can. MRS. F. H. THOMPSON. Waterbury, Conn., Box 1291.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. P. B. W. will procure a small tube of zinc white, and mix with boiled oil to the consistency of cream she will have a preparation for stamping on dark cloths. It can be put on with a brush or by simply dipping the finger in and rubbing over the pattern. Do not press it, but let it dry. The pattern must be cleaned at once by dipping a cloth in a little spirits of turpentine and rubbing thoroughly both sides. C. H.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Thirty-seven.

THESE early spring days, unless one lives in or near a large city, where many delicious and healthful varieties in the shape of early vegetables and fruit may be procured, make more difficult than at any other time of the year the task of the housekeeper who desires to put upon her table the wholesome, appetizing food which the system at this season demands. The feeling of lassitude and little appetite which affects most of us at this season seems to call for a more varied and lighter diet than that which we required during the cold days of winter, when almost any thing tasted good, we were so hungry, and we urge the importance of understanding the necessity of a change from the standard dishes of the winter.

Happy is the housekeeper who has on hand a goodly supply of canned fruits, green corn and tomatoes. At no season in the year are such foods more necessary and healthful. Those who have a garden could easily have a small hot-bed in which lettuce and early radishes could be grown, and nearly all can supply themselves with carrots, beets, winter squash and apples.

Too much meat should not be eaten at this season, once a day being sufficient for all, perhaps, excepting those who have much out of door labor. Children should eat very little of it at any time, but less now, making up any deficiency in such food by plenty of oranges and apples, at proper times in the day, coarse food such as our favorite "coarse granulated wheat" and "brain food" mush, with bread made from the "C. B. D." (or whole wheat) flour, or "crude gluten," and what vegetables properly cooked, we are able to provide.

A well-known physician said to us once. "Let children eat one or two oranges every morning before breakfast throughout the spring season, and they will need no medicine during the rest of the year." If good for children why not for older people as well?

Beef and mutton are preferable to other kinds of meat at any time, but especially so at this season, with an occasional fricassee or roast fowl to vary the monotony, and fish, whenever one can get it fresh. Those who are tired of roasts and steaks—the latter broiled over a clear coal fire and not too rare, or a mutton chop cooked in the same manner, are the most wholesome meats—may vary the cooking in many ways.

We often roast a nice piece of beef and when cold slice from it a sufficient amount for dinner. Put this in a stew pan with water to cover well. Slice two onions, if liked, three carrots and six or eight potatoes, and add to the meat; if there is not sufficient water to cover all, add more, stir in a teaspoonful of salt and cover closely. Boil or simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, taking care that the water does not boil out. Then mix a teaspoonful of butter with two of flour and stir in gently, shaking the stew pan or kettle is sometimes a surer way to prevent breaking the potatoes. Add more salt if necessary and pour out on a warmed platter. A medium sized bunch of celery cut in small pieces is a favorite addition to this stew, and one which many would prefer to the onion, or both may be used at the same time.

These stews are favorites with us, and we think any who try it will think the flavor improved by making it from the roast meat. Of course it isn't necessary to use the fresh roast for this stew, but

when tired of roast we often use them in this way.

The remainder of the meat may be used in many ways, chopped and heated in a stew pan with cream, or milk and butter to soften, but not enough for a gravy, seasoning with salt, and pepper if liked—but we think it no improvement, using little black pepper at any time, and serving on slices of hot, crisp toast. Or, it may be prepared in this manner:

Put a generous teaspoonful of butter and a cupful of water in a stew pan or frying pan, chop one small onion fine and stir in, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and let it cook for ten minutes. Then add the chopped meat, about two teacupfuls to one onion and the cupful of water. Stir well, cover, and simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes. Served with baked, or steamed and mashed potatoes this makes a "picked up" dinner which most people will like. Half a teacupful of canned tomatoes, leaving out half the water makes this hash very nice, the onion may be omitted if preferred. Of the last of the roast we usually make a shortcake or dumplings, recipes for which have been given in former Notes.

Cold chicken or veal is very nice to use in these cakes, but the less veal one eats the better. Especially is this the case with children, or those whose digestive powers are not of the strongest.

Another favorite method of preparing meat is as follows: Take four pounds of the round or shoulder of beef with a little fat, but free from stringy pieces, gristle, etc. Chop fine, or better still, put it through a meat chopper. Mix with it two tablespoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and a heaping tablespoonful of sifted sage. Stir till well mixed. Make a bag from a piece of coarse strong muslin about twelve inches long and nine or ten in width, dip it into boiling water then in cold, wring dry and fill with the chopped meat pressing it in as closely as possible. Tie closely and hang in a cold place, not sufficiently cold to freeze it however, until next day, at least, two days is better. Then put it in a kettle of boiling water with a tablespoonful of salt, and cover closely. Cook for four hours, removing any scum which rises during the first hour. When done, set aside until cold, then remove the bag from the kettle and put it on a plate with a heavy weight upon it and keep in a cool place until next day.

Cut in thin slices from the end, using a very sharp knife, and removing but a little of the cloth at a time. This will keep one or two weeks and is very nice, and although the recipe takes a good deal of room, it isn't a great deal of trouble to prepare it. This is a nice dish for summer and an excellent addition to the list of picnic dishes.

The vegetables which may be a little wilted now were so thoroughly treated in these Notes last spring as to leave little to be said as to the various methods of preparing them. We wish we could impress upon our great sisterhood the necessity of using more fruit and vegetables. If one or two kinds of the latter, besides potatoes, were used every day at dinner, the "patent medicine man" would not be able to spend two hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising.

Many people do not like carrots, but they are among the most valuable of our vegetables. They may be boiled, sliced and pickled, like beets; cut in thick slices and lightly browned in a buttered frying pan; chopped and heated with a little cream, salt and pepper, or milk or water, seasoning with butter; or cut in halves lengthwise and browned on the gridiron; or, cut in the same manner and dipped first into beaten egg then into rolled cracker, or bread crumbs, and browned in butter. It isn't much trouble

to prepare these vegetables of which enough may be boiled at once to last two or three days, in cool weather, and one can soon cultivate a taste for them.

One should can as many apples for spring and summer use as possible, either in the fall when they are generally cheap and plenty, or in the spring when it will be found a very convenient manner of disposing of the barrel of choice greenings or baldwins which show an aggravating and depraved disposition to keep no longer. At this time, too, most of us have a quantity of empty fruit jars which have been emptied of their contents during the winter. The apples should be cooked thoroughly and yet as quickly as possible, slow cooking giving them a dark color.

Sometimes we can them without sugar, it is a good plan to put up several cans in this manner if the apples are good. They often retain their delicious fresh flavor, but unless very sound and nice they will not keep so well without sugar, one pound of which to four pounds of fruit is a good rule. Water (boiling) to just cook the fruit should be used, if the apples are very juicy there should not be enough water used to cover while cooking. Can hot and screw on the tops immediately. Keep in a cool, dry closet, wrapped in paper. Sometimes we open a jar of quinces and mix with sufficient apple to fill four or five jars, putting it in the kettle to boil with the apple. It gives a nice flavor and makes a little variety.

For those who have little other fruit these canned apples will prove a valuable addition to their daily fare. Pies and shortcakes, the latter preferable, are easily prepared for desserts. A dish of wholesome and delicious sauce is always at hand for the tea table and the expense is slight, almost nothing, compared with the prices asked for the "canned fruits" in market, to say nothing of the deleterious effects which follow the use of fruits—or any thing else, in fact—preserved in the poisonous tin cans.

EMILY HAYES.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS IN THE OVEN.

In the exhumation of Pompeii one house was discovered which was evidently in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters, decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like inflictions surely entail. Painters' pots and brushes, and workmen's tools, were scattered all over the house. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was *non est*.

Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot sat simmering, if it ever did simmer, on the stove. All the concomitants of a banquet were in progress. There was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years. They had been cooking ever since the 2d of November, A. D. 79. There were twenty-one of them, rather crusty, of course, and rather dark colored, but perfectly preserved.

F. M. C.

—However one may economize in household labor, good taste and much painstaking should govern the appointments of the table and dining room. An

attractive table is a good appetizer and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded; children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given over to disorder, fretfulness and flurry. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far as possible all vexations, cares and worries.

THE DESSERT.

—An Irishman, eating his first green corn, handed the cob to the waiter and asked, "Will ye plaze put some more banes upon me sthick?"

—Six months after marriage: "Weel, weel, Sandie, how d'ye like the little led-dy?" "Ah, weel, Derry, I'll na deny that she ha' fine conversational powers."

—"I've seen that face somewhere before," said Mr. Short-sighted Clubman as he passed a lady on State street. "Why, that's your wife, isn't it, Mr. Clubman?" "So it is, so it is."

—"My dear," said a sentimental wife, "home, you know, is the dearest spot on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical husband, "it does cost about twice as much as any other spot."

—"My dear," said a fond wife, "when we were engaged I always slept with your last letter under my pillow." "And I," murmured her husband, "I often went to sleep over your letters."

—A teacher said to a little girl in school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she responded, "if I couldn't catch her."

—A New York paper, describing a boat race, alludes to "the flashing of ten thousand eyes and the plaudits of twice as many fair hands." Well, if that wasn't a remarkable company of one-eyed women!

—"No, sah," excitedly exclaimed a southern darkey dominie, "dat white-wash on de sleeks ob my coat nebbber come from de roost of a chicken house. Dem marks, sah, am de badge of my perfeshun, sah."

—"Ma," said Miss Parvenu, "Jennie Jones has been presented at court in London." "That's nothing," replied ma. "Why I was in court two whole weeks when my sister was getting her divorce. We are just as good as the Joneses."

—An old farmer found himself by chance in a London eating house one day. The waiter asked him what he would take. Hodge didn't know. "Shall I bring you a bill of fare, sir?" "Well," said the farmer, "I'd as lief have a plate o' that as of any thing."

—Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., is credited with telling the following story at his own expense: "While studying in Virginia, he was in the habit of holding service at a neighboring chapel. A friendly old darkey used to pass his church, and trudge a mile beyond to a Methodist meeting house. When asked why he did not go to hear Massa Tyng, he made this shrewd reply: 'Ah, no; don't catch dis nigger lettin' de students practice on him.'"

—In a certain clergyman's family the conversation turned upon the character of the baby. Why he was so naughty? The brother, who had reached the age of twelve and was studying the steam-engine in the interval of catechism, gave vent to his authority in the following suggestive reply: "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch on the baby than on the rest of us?"

The Kitchen.

"FIXING" FOR COMPANY.

BY E. B.

SEVERAL years ago, tired of the monotony of housework, which, like Penelope's web, is completed each day only to be commenced again, I determined on visiting for a short time the home of my childhood. For years my visits there have become as angels', "few and far between," but they are looked forward to with great delight.

My childhood's home, how many tender associations cluster around that hallowed place! As I revert to it memory plays an old tune on my heart, and with it comes a rush of feeling so keen and sweet that my eyes fill with tears while I write. In fancy I see again the wide-spread, hospitable-looking house, with its quaint, dormer windows, its gable roof, and the large forest trees which threw their grateful shade about the doorway. I can see the latticed porch where the woodbine and eglantine twined their graceful tendrils, and almost smell their fragrance. There, near the front door grew the pink and white roses, and the Queen of the Prairie peeped and nodded mischievously into the up-stairs windows. Snowdrops and crocus, daffodils and pansies, grew along the path to the front gate. It was there my sister and myself gathered the flowers with which to deck our hair, and my brothers culled their button-hole bouquets as they started for a ride in a certain direction, and there we plucked the pale roses to place in the hands and about the paler face of our dead baby sister.

Father and mother have left the home roof, and it has fallen into the hands of strangers. My stalwart young brothers are bravely fighting the battle of life in far distant lands, and my only sister presides over a home of her own in another state. The old house resounds to the tread of strangers' feet, and other children's romp and play, awakening familiar echoes in the old rooms. Other fair girls listen to words softly spoken under the climbing roses, and pluck and wear the flowers we loved so well.

But I must tell how I "fixed" for company. Every thing was arranged. I was to start early the next morning, and *patrifamilias* was going to experiment in housekeeping and family government.

"Wife," said John as he laid aside his napkin after dinner, "here is a note for you. Will C. gave it to me day before yesterday, and upon my word I forgot to give it to you."

I glanced over the note anxiously. It was from Will's sister, and informed me that she and another lady from a distance would be at our house the following day.

"Oh, Mr. B. how could you be so careless?" I exclaimed. "The girls will be here to-morrow, and the house will be in no condition to receive them. I don't see how in the world I am to get ready to receive them now," and I gave him a look which I fear was far from a loving one. "This breaks into all my arrangements, too. I can't go home now." I called it home, reader, although I had left it almost twenty years before. "But," I continued, as conscience gave me a thrust for my selfishness, and I leaned over to kiss the baby and hide the tears of disappointment that would flow. "I shall be delighted to see the girls. I haven't seen them for years."

"Oh, yes," said John, looking very much relieved. "You can fix up something, and the house looks well enough, I am sure."

"Humph!" I retorted. "You never

know when the house is clean or otherwise. "Sallie, tell Mag to bring in the dishwater, put some water on to heat, and be quick."

"Girls," said I, turning to the two older girls, "you must make two extra nice cakes this afternoon, and Mag must clean the spare chamber."

"What for?" said Mag, who at that moment entered the room, dish pan in hand.

"Oh," answered one of the younger children, "ma's going to have company, ladies from town."

"Whoee!" whistled Mag, "den ebry thing 'bout dis house is got to shine 'cept Miss Betsey's face, dat isn't a gwine to shine tell de company comes."

"Do hush your foolishness, Mag," said I, "hurry, there are a hundred things to be done this afternoon."

The table was cleared as expeditiously as possible, and by two o'clock the dining room and kitchen were in order.

"Mag," said I, "take a pail of hot water, some soap and the washing cloths up stairs and go to work. I will be up there just as soon as I can get the baby to sleep."

"Miss Betsey," exclaimed Mag, "I declar' fore goodness I scrubbed ebry plank up thim stairs last Saturday, and I lay thar isn't a thimbleful of dirt up thar this blessed minit."

"Well, no matter if you did," I rejoined, "it must be cleaned again, so do make haste."

Mag is a character in her way. We took her out of the quarters when in her seventh year, a shy little ignorant thing, who had never more than peeped into her master's house. She came to me in the early years of married life, when all things wore the color of the rose. She grew up with the children, and took liberties with us customary among old family servants. She rocked my first-born to sleep upon her dusky bosom, and had watched by his cradle night after night when life and death held fearful combat over him, and the angels whispered to him of a brighter and a better home than earth can give, and all loved Mag. Although she has been free for years, she sometimes returns to her old home, and remains for months, falling into her old place in the household as naturally as though she had only been on a few days' visit to "mammy's."

At last the baby slept. Two nice-looking cakes stood on the dining table awaiting a coat of icing. The girls were in the parlor. They had arranged every thing to their satisfaction, and called me to see the result.

"Ma," said one of them, "we washed the windows and paint, swept the carpet three times, and dusted every picture, book and ornament in the room."

I gave them a few words of encouragement, told them to rub the furniture with linseed oil, and went up stairs to see how Mag's work was progressing. It was with conscious pride that I spread the lavender-scented sheets over the company beds, and smoothed the embroidered pillow cases and bolster shams over the snowy surface. I rubbed the windows and mirror until they shone like diamonds.

Mag was busy scrubbing the base board. Suddenly she stopped. "Miss Betsey," said she, "I always knew the darkies was going to be free, dat is, if the bible is true."

"Why so?" I queried.

"Well, you see, the bible says everybody has got to make their own living by the sweat of their own brow, and precious little sweating of dis kind did you and Mars John do before the war."

I made no answer, and Mag continued: "There is another thing I want to ax you about. What makes some white

folks talk so much about the freedman's bureau? It appears to me that if a nigger has the money to buy a bureau, and the clothes to put in it, white folks ought not to say a word agin it."

I turned my face aside to conceal a smile, and replied, "I am perfectly willing and satisfied for the darkies to be free if it was God's will, and hope that every thrifty darkey in the land will soon be able to own a bureau, rosewood if they like, but do let us get along with the work. Take some clean hot water and wash the front door and transom. Make it bright."

"Well, um."

I swept the upper passages and stairways two or three times over. While thus employed, I heard Mag groan as if in awful distress of mind or body.

"Oh! Oh! Mercy! Mercy!" moaned Mag.

My heart gave one great throb and then seemed to stand still. The baby! I knew she was awake, I had heard but a moment before the merry patter of her little feet in the room above. What if she had fallen out of the window! I leaned out of the window, and asked in as strong a voice as I could command "What is the matter, Mag?"

"Oh, Miss Betsey, I do believe I done broke that machine that you tell when the weather gets cold by." (The thermometer.)

"Well, never mind," I said, "let the thermometer go, we can get another one when fortune favors us. If you are through there, take the broom and dust pan, go down cellar and sweep the walls and floor as clean as hands can make them."

"Why, Miss Betsey! you aren't going to take the company down there, is you?"

"Yes, I am going to take them there, and everywhere about the house and garden."

Mag showed the whites of her eyes all around in astonishment, but said nothing.

Never before did my house undergo such furious renovation. I carried a pail of hot water into the pantry, and we t to work so vigorously upon the window that I broke two panes of glass, and in washing the upper shelves, I upset and broke a glass jar which contained the prince of all preserves, quinces. I could have cried with vexation.

When at last the pantry was in order, it was so dark that I could scarcely see my way into the cheerful dining room where the family was gathered about the supper table. When I was seated, John, seeing that I ate nothing said kindly, "Wife, if I were you, I would not go to all this trouble."

"I hardly think you would," I replied tartly.

He gave me a look from beneath his dark lashes which seemed to ask, "Are you keeping your heart with all diligence to-day, dear wife?"

The clock was striking eleven before I could listen to the wooings of the drowsy god Somnus. John had been sleeping the sleep of industry and of a clear conscience for two hours. How tired and weary I felt! Too tired and excited to sleep. Oh, why, I wondered, must we go to all this toil and trouble to entertain our friends? But it is customary among all my acquaintances, and "when in Rome, we must do as the Romans." At last I fell into a troubled slumber, broken by dreams of the company coming, the house in confusion, and no dinner prepared.

Five o'clock found me engaged for another day's conflict. The chickens were dressed, vegetables prepared, ham boiling, and pies baking, and I, with flushed face and weary limbs, was hurrying here and there, seeing to a dozen things at once.

"Mag," said I, "take the broom and sweep before the kitchen door, the hen house and meat house doors, and take the litter off into the orchard."

Mag complied with a bad grace. I heard her mutter as she went out of the door, "Miss Betsey's done lost her seven senses, I do believe, but I'll jest let her know I am not gwine to work my fingers to de bone for nobody."

I pretended deafness, and went into the house to take a last survey of every thing before the company came.

It was in June. Two delicious bouquets filled the parlor vases, the fragrance of woodbine and roses greeted me as I opened the bed room door, and the wide, old-fashioned fire-place in the sitting room had been transformed into a bower of beauty. Several children in company clothes and manners were looking out of the window expectantly, while two small children were disobediently swinging on the front gate.

I had just put the finishing touches to my toilet, when one of the children exclaimed, "They are coming, I see the carriage!"

I hastened out to meet them, and welcomed them with sincere pleasure, feeling that for once in my history, I was ready to receive company.

They remained some time, and frequently expressed pleasure at seeing me in my comfortable home, surrounded by my merry children. I did all in my power to render their visit pleasant, and when at leisure would escort them over the house and grounds, feeling a secret complacency that every thing was in exquisite order. On the last day of their visit, as I was in a closet which opened near the parlor door, I heard Miss P. say to Josie C., "Mrs. B. is a good housekeeper, but do you suppose she ever takes time to read any of those books there?"

"I was ashamed to listen but unconsciously held my breath while Josie replied:

"Well, I really don't know, but if she does, her conversation does not betray it, for her constant theme is the housework and the babies."

How crestfallen and mean I felt! I had labored so hard to make one good impression, and at the same time had destroyed another of which I was by no means careless. They think me a perfect Martha, thought I, with a mind free from intellectual aspirations, and as empty as last year's birds' nests, and I determined from that time forward, to never, never go to so much extra trouble to entertain my friends, but would endeavor to keep the house presentable, a ready plate and a hearty welcome for all guests, expected or otherwise, and with our HOUSEHOLD oracle, Rosamond E., practice the golden rule for all etiquette.

Missouri.

YEAST.

Sister Mary Ann has been much exercised of late, upon subjects connected with yeast. Yeast, in our family, has been from time immemorial, of home manufacture. To keep a supply of this article on hand for a family of three or four has never been considered by us one of the greater burdens of housekeeping, although the making of each jar full takes time. The process of yeast making is one that differs with different cooks, but that handed down to Sister Mary Ann from our mother, who is an acknowledged authority in such matters, is as follows:

Half a dozen potatoes are pared and put into four quarts of cold water, together with a handful of hops tied up in an impromptu bag. These are boiled until the potatoes are soft, when the hop bag and its contents are thrown into the fire and the potatoes are taken into a col-

ander, through which they are forced by means of a masher, into a large, shallow pan. To the potatoes thus prepared are then added sugar, salt, and flour, two tablespoonfuls of each, the flour having been previously smoothed out in a little water. Then the water in which the potatoes were boiled, and which has been kept at boiling heat, is poured upon these ingredients in such a way as to thoroughly scald all, particularly the flour. The whole is then strained through a sieve or gravy strainer, and as soon as it is cool enough—that is, milk warm—a pint of yeast is stirred in. Two or three yeast cakes will answer the latter purpose, when liquid yeast is not procurable. In about an hour, rather longer if yeast cakes are used, the four quarts of yeast will be ready to bottle. It is very fine and smooth, and has a fine, snow-white bead upon its surface.

It was not long after we moved into the block, alluded to in a former article, before Sister Mary Ann's yeast became, in some mysterious way, famous. It was a fame that spread rapidly; it soon became the popular thing to have some of Mary Ann Browne's yeast. Mary Ann did not disdain the compliment implied, but as her yeast became more and more famous, and applications became more frequent, she began to realize that the days for making yeast were becoming more frequent also. The fact began to impress itself upon her mind that four quarts of yeast will bear only a certain number of divisions into cupfuls before becoming exhausted.

At first the requests for the loan of a cupful had been modestly preferred, and had been accompanied usually, by the apologetic statement that the applicant had accidentally lost her yeast, and would be grateful for just a cupful to start anew with; or that "mother had been having poor luck with her bread lately, and she thought if she could start afresh with a little of Mrs. Browne's yeast, her luck might 'turn.'" These neighborly requests were always cheerfully complied with, but, after a time, as pitchers began to appear more frequently than cups, with perhaps the remark.

"I thought I'd like enough to start my yeast and make a batch of bread, too." Or, "You may let me have enough for two batches of bread, if you will, I can't very well bother with making yeast just now."

Sister Mary Ann's patience began to show signs of flagging. Compliments ceased to have the intended effect. Finally, several peculiarly aggravating little incidents—"Enough to aggravate the stones in the street," Mary Ann declared—following each other quickly, brought things to a crisis.

To be told that, "Mrs. B. would like this quart bowl full of yeast, and she would like to come to you for what yeast she needs for a while, for she wants to get lots of time to sew," or that, "We don't intend to depend upon you for yeast all summer; after house cleaning is over, and mother gets back from Portland, we are going to see about making our own." Or, perhaps, as happened once, "I am not going to use this yeast myself, but a friend who was visiting me yesterday spoke of a neighbor of hers who wanted some, and I thought I'd get some of you and send it to her." Or, still worse: "I've come for some more yeast. I swapped off that you gave me yesterday, for some home made beer."

These were some of the last straws that broke the back of poor Mary Ann's patience.

"I must begin to protest," said she, "against being considered yeast maker to the whole community." And acting upon a sudden thought she sat down to reckon up the number of housewives

who had gradually come to depend upon her for yeast. It will scarcely be credited, that in a few minutes she had enumerated thirty-two.

Is it to be wondered at that Sister Mary Ann declared for independence on the spot?

"This thing must be brought to a sudden and not untimely end," she said. "I, too, have house cleaning to attend to. I should like 'lots of time to sew.' But I shall never have it while I continue to make yeast for other people to swap off for beer."

And Sister Mary Ann's mouth took on a look of resolution that argued ill for future borrowers (or beggars) of yeast. I fear my Sister Mary Ann will never make what most country parishes would consider a model minister's wife. She is gentleness itself, and her mouth was undoubtedly "made for smiles and kisses;" but the sweetly-curved lips can, upon occasion, press each other very firmly, and in any question that might arise involving principle, or requiring, for peaceable settlement, the relinquishing of any one's rights in favor of wrong, her own opinion will never be meekly set aside for that of any deacon's wife.

"But you will never have the courage to refuse everybody," ventured some one, "and how can you accommodate one and not all?"

"True," replied Mary Ann. "I have thought of that, and I see that we must sacrifice ourselves a little. From this time forward, indefinitely, there is no more yeast made in this house."

"O, Mary Ann!" and "Why, Mary Ann!" and "Keep house without mother's yeast, Mary Ann!" were some of the exclamations of surprise that greeted this most unexpected putting down of Mary Ann's foot.

"Well," she continued, calmly pulling a hassock toward her tired feet, and tipping back luxuriously in her rocking chair. "I shall be happy to receive suggestions from superior intellects, but I myself see no other way out of this predicament, into which I have, I confess, weakly drifted. It will be hard to do without that which we have been so long accustomed to use, and I am sure it will go to my heart to refuse Mrs. A. or Mrs. B., for instance, when through sickness or absence from home they 'lose' their yeast."

"But keep a little on hand—" some one began, but,

"No," said Mary Ann, firmly, "if I keep it for myself and to accommodate a few friends, I must have it for all who demand it, or there'll be a neighborhood breeze of uncomfortable coolness. I 'can't tell a lie, pa,' if I have even half a pint on hand, I cannot say I am 'out,' so I humbly submit that, for the present, the only thing for us is yeast cakes."

And yeast cakes it was, for many weeks, for it took time to break entirely off in our neighbors, the habit of running to "Mrs. Browne's" for yeast. Great was the surprise manifested in more than one quarter at Mary Ann's calm announcement.

"I do not make yeast now, I am using cake yeast."

"But why, why have you left off making it?" persisted one of the most inveterate of former borrowers.

"Simply because it is so much work to make it," was the reply.

"I shouldn't think it could be a great deal of work to make enough for your small family," rejoined our neighbor.

Sister Mary Ann confessed afterward, that she ached to reply by hinting at the difference between a family of four, and forty families of half a dozen. But she prudently held her peace, and if our neighbor swung her pitcher somewhat discontentedly, as she took her home-

ward way across the fields, it was not because of any disagreeable thing that Mary Ann had said.

Ill news travels fast, it is said, but somehow the fact of Mrs. Browne's yeast jar having become permanently empty was much longer in becoming generally known than had been the fame of an inexhaustible supply. One after the other, nearly all the old "customers" came, to go away with empty pitchers, amazed "that Mary Ann Browne, such a smart young woman as she is, should use yeast cakes to save work!"

Mary Ann refused them all with grace, not seldom offering assistance, in the form of oral or written directions for using or making yeast. But even this failed to temper the seeming harshness of refusal, many went away much hurt.

It was nearly a year before we ceased entirely to expect "little pitchers" at the back door, bearing mother's big pitcher to be filled from Mary Ann's supposed store, and now that we can hear a knock—or a ring, for not a few pitchers affected the front entrance—without saying, one to the other, almost involuntarily:

"Yeast!"

We realize more fully than ever that in Sister Mary Ann, who has so quietly brought about this better state of things, this family has indeed a treasure. For it is an actual fact that, since this revolution in one department of "affairs," the time saved, and therefore gained, is appreciable from week to week.

A peace having been thus peaceably conquered, Sister Mary Ann has returned to her first love, home-made yeast, greatly to the satisfaction of those who daily gather about the table graced by her tender, cream-white bread.

It must not be inferred that Mary Ann is of an unaccommodating or selfish disposition. On the contrary, she is one of the most truly neighborly of women, always ready to do a neighborly kindness, ever seeking opportunities for conferring favors upon her friends. But at the same time, she is not one who deems it a Christian grace to be willingly imposed upon, and she could not with dignity or self-respect submit longer to what was fast becoming an imposition upon good nature.

NELLY BROWNE.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

I wonder if all the sisters know about laying feather beds on the snow to cleanse and renovate them. I only heard of it a few years ago, and I was so pleased after giving it a trial that I have practiced it ever since. Leave them out a few days if the weather is fine, and turn them over every day. The stains and soiled places will be faithfully transferred to the snow beneath. A moist snow is better for the purpose than when dry. I presume all of you do not use feather beds, but I am old-fashioned enough to prefer them to any thing else for winter use. A nice husk bed is preferable for summer, with a cotton mattress made by taking two pieces of colored ticking the size of the bed, and placing several layers of cotton between, and tying the same as for comforts.

We are eating such nice hams this winter that I want to give our method of curing them. Last year we followed directions given by a HOUSEHOLD sister and made a complete failure of twelve hams. This winter I hunted up all the old agricultural papers, recipe books, etc., and selected one which I thought the most sensible and tried that, and we pronounce it a success. Here it is:

To Cure Hams.—One ounce of saltpeter to each ham. One pint of molasses to one pound of saltpeter. One-quarter pound of salt to every pint of molasses.

Heat the mixture until it nearly boils, and while hot rub it into the meat well, especially around the bones. Let the hams lie one week. Then place them in strong salt brine three weeks, brine that will bear up an egg. Remove, and soak eight hours in fresh water. Hang, and dry two weeks. Smoke from three to five days, according to size. Then wrap up in tar paper and tie close, then tie in cotton cloth bags. Separate the paper from the cloth by stuffing in shavings. Hang near the roof. I have given the whole formula, though I shall just tie each one up in a paper flour sack before flies come, and hang away. I made myself a great deal of fuss and worry last year, sewing up each ham in canvas and then whitewashing them, but found they kept no better than by simply tying them up in paper sacks.

Right here I want to give Alice my way of making rye and Indian bread. It is the way my mother used to make it and leave it in the big brick oven off the fireplace over night. Put the Indian meal in your bread pan, sprinkle a little salt in it, and wet it thoroughly with scalding water when it is cool. Put in an equal quantity of rye flour, add two gills of lively yeast, and mix it with water as stiff as you can knead it. Let it stand an hour and a half to rise, on the hearth in winter. It should be put into a very hot oven and baked two or three hours. This brown bread is very healthful and palatable, when the flour is good. Rye flour is very apt to be musty or grown.

The following baking powder will suit D. G. Six ounces of bicarbonate of soda and eight ounces of cream of tartar; first dry them from all dampness by putting them on a paper, and placing them in the oven for a short time, then mix and keep dry in bottles or tin boxes. Use as other baking powders. It is easily made, and does not cost over half so much as to buy them already made. The trouble is to get the pure cream of tartar, it is apt to be adulterated.

In these days of forty-five-cent eggs, I frequently use a large spoonful of snow stirred in the batter for cakes, johnnycakes, gingerbread, etc., the last thing before putting in the oven, and find it does wonders. I also use snow in gridle cakes, stirred in the last thing before baking.

FANNY FLETCHER.

HOUSE BUILDING.

Your article on the above subject in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD, sister Hope, interested me so much that I feel moved to tell you what I know of the reality of house building on a small scale. I would like to prove to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD that people can be healthy and happy in a small house. Our house cost \$475 when lumber sold at twelve dollars per thousand feet. Remember we paid for every inch of lumber, every brick, (and there is a solid foundation under the main part, six feet high) and every bit of labor in any way connected with it.

The main part is 16x26 and nearly one and one-half stories in height. This gives a sitting room 12½x15, a bed room 8x12, a closet under the stairway, and a pantry 3½x7½. The sitting room is well lighted by three windows, 2½x6, the bed room by two. The wing is 12x12. The stairway opens into the wing, and forms a right angle in its ascent. A small fruit closet is opened under the landing, and accessible from the pantry. The pantry has the further end taken up by a cupboard containing two shelves for food and two drawers, in one of which I keep towels, napkins, and table cloths, in the other, cutlery, spices, etc. On the side and above the cupboard are five shelves nine inches wide. Under the shelves is a

flour chest, holding a quarter of a barrel of flour, and a meal chest about half as large. Adjoining the flour chest is my moulding board, attached to a nine-inch shelf by hinges, and folding back when not in use, like the lid of an escritoire. When used for moulding, it is supported like the leaf of a table. My moulding board is 13x22 in., and has a rim nailed round it to keep the flour from sifting off. Under the moulding board is a water bench. My canned fruit has not frozen in my fruit closet, although the thermometer has stood 31 degrees below zero once this winter. Up stairs we have two chambers corresponding to our sitting room and bed room down stairs, and a closet over the pantry, and this, until recently when we added a summer kitchen 8x12, is our home. We find it sufficient for our comfort, (a family of four,) and it especially stimulates one to habits of orderliness, for an article cannot have but one place, and that lost it is homeless. Of course one can have no room of state, but it is easier to do without that than to be the slave of debt. Our house is exceedingly convenient, and always sweet and wholesome. We have plenty of sunlight, and should fortune bestow on us no greater luxury, we shall doubtless live happily and reach a good old age.

Since writing the above, I find that a sister desires some plans in house building, and I am glad that I was moved to speak. I hope what I have said may be of some use to her. Only let me add emphatically, do not let any carpenter or set of carpenters plan your house or overrule your own plans. Any woman with average gumption can plan a better house than any disinterested architect be he never so learned in architectural designs, better suited, I mean, to her purposes and tastes, and that is what a house is for after all. Therefore, plan, and arrange and re-arrange, until you are suited, and then fight every carpenter, mason, or painter, until he allows you to have your way.

MAGNA RUSSEL.

Ohio.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Number Twelve.

BY THERESA.

I was pleased to read "Our Rights," in the January number. Sunnyside does not often speak, but it is something good whenever she does, and right to the point every time. I thought what if her John should be the first man to read it, and wondered how she would defend herself. Leave her alone for that! No offence. Sunnyside and Theresa understand each other.

Having a large wash on hand, and nothing but hard water, what should we do? The sal soda was all gone, and the ammonia bottle nearly empty. We used what there was, but there was not enough to do any good. Just then we happened to think of spirits of turpentine, as we had used it in former years with good success. It was no sooner thought of than tried, so we poured some into a bowl of soft soap, not stopping to measure it, but it steamed up pretty strong, and another time should not put in quite as much, not over two or three spoonfuls. At any rate, it was a great help, and we never did the rubbing in a shorter time, nor more easily, besides being a saving of soap, not using much over one-half the usual amount. Scalding and rinsing in plenty of clear water, with the hard freezing made them very satisfactory. We have since tried the same with soft water, on the clothing most soiled, and found it a help. We think inhaling it in the steam of the hot suds, might be beneficial to weak lungs. Does any one

think it would be, or is it injurious in any way?

I was reading in some late paper, what a lady said about making a pair of cotton flannel mittens to wear when hanging out the clothes in the winter, and keep them in the bag with the clothes pins. I thought it a good idea, and intended to make some, but have not had time yet. It would also be another way of utilizing the pieces that accumulate. For a pattern, I thought of experimenting with old cloth, and when one fitted, rip and cut by it, making a seam larger all around, as the flannel takes up, then stitch up on the machine.

Old almanacs and pamphlets cut into strips and folded, worn-out paper collars, and used postal cards, are all useful as lamp-lighters. For a receptacle, use a tumbler, a cracked one will do, or baking powder can, and decorate as prettily as you please with decalcomanie pictures, and set by the match box, or, if you choose, crochet a cover for them, and hang in a convenient place. We have used them for years, and those who never did, cannot imagine what a saving in matches it is.

We tried the recipe for "Baked Indian Pudding," in the January number, by Mrs. J. L. Raymond, and found it so good that I have made a number.

I think if Old Subscriber, in the same number, would try the following recipe for cookies, she would have them as "tender and coarse grained," as she would like:

Cream Cookies.—One cup of thick, sour cream, one cup of coffee sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, (if the cream is very sour, and measured in an extra large cup, use more,) dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water, a level teaspoonful of salt, and flavor to taste, or they are nice without. Mix soft, and to do this, mix in carefully a little flour at a time, as one is apt to get in too much and make them hard. Roll middling thin, cut out, and bake quickly in an oven which is "just right." Will she please let us know how she succeeds?

Kate A. M. speaks of an economical way of making skirts of ribbed socks for a child, and I think it a good plan. Long stocking legs either ribbed or plain, would do for a larger child, and the skirt could be made still longer if necessary by piecing up the top with something else. No matter if there are two or three colors in the skirt, "combination suits" are fashionable. She did not tell us what to do with the feet. Cut out the best pieces and save for patches, or to cut into strips, and string on carpet warp with other bits, for the "chenille" or "caterpillar" rugs that are made by carpet weavers nowadays. Instead of being woven I saw one coiled and sewed into a large round mat, but it cannot be as durable as woven ones.

Save all nice buff wrapping paper that comes around goods from the stores, and make account and note books of it, and it will be found quite a saving to those who have much writing to do, and whose means are small. The books can be paged, and one can exercise skill in fashioning as fanciful a cover as they wish, made of the same or pasteboard, and paste on embossed pictures, if they are plenty. Plain ones are just as serviceable, however.

Some one advocated the washing of bed clothes as often in winter as in summer, as they need it the same. Granting this to be true, I think the hard work would do the housekeeper more harm than the clean clothes would good. Our practice is to take them to the door in a clear day, one at a time, to shake and air, and it sweetens them wonderfully.

Hand knit socks often pay for footing, by lasting as long as new ones. After

cutting off the feet for that purpose, save all the good pieces that come from the top, for patching sock heels and mittens.

One lady told a very good way to sew on buttons over a knitting needle, and new to me. We keep all blunted needles by themselves to sew them on with, which answer just as well, and the good ones are saved, which would have become blunt.

Will those who have frozen beef, try this method of cooking? It is delicious. With a sharp knife, shave off thin shavings, put in a spider, cover tight, and cook, which it will do sufficiently in its own moisture. When the water is all done out, add butter and a little salt, and let fry a moment, stirring constantly with a knife. If butter is scarce, "fried meat fat," lard, or sausage gravy will do.

Formerly we hardly knew what to do with the latter. Grandmother used to put it into the soap grease, but that seems a waste, and we now find several uses for it, such as mixing some with the lard for frying doughnuts, some with pie crust shortening, for seasoning warmed over potatoes, greasing the pancake griddle, etc.

After all that is said or done about not allowing the men to have any thing to say in our paper, the editor does admit an occasional one to its columns, and probably will again as he has a right, and in that case, all must submit, gracefully or otherwise, whether they would or not. Connecticut Boy certainly talks well, and I cannot see as the paper is any the worse for it. We are amazed, and hardly know what to say, but must confess, if he has not misrepresented, and of all classes "reporters" should not be guilty of that, that he is "one of a thousand," if not one of ten thousand. Can we do any better, sisters, than to invite him to call again, upon condition that he behave as well as before, and with this, leave him to the tender (?) mercies of Susan and Lenore?

ODDS AND ENDS.

I think many of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters will be glad to hear of a way to whiten piano keys which have turned yellow and dark. Mix together prepared white chalk, a little sweet oil and sal volatile into a paste, rub on while wet with a piece of wash leather or chamois skin; let it remain on until dry, and then remove the powder with a large camel's hair brush. I have good authority for these directions, but have not yet tried them. Will those who make the trial please report results?

To Carrie, who asks what will remove fly-specks from gilded frames, I would say that prevention is better and surer than cure. Frames and other gilded articles may be varnished, when bought, with good, clear varnish. Any dealer in such articles will do it if requested, and usually without extra charge. This does not hurt the appearance of the frame, and as with this protection fly-specks and other soil touch the varnish only, not the gilding, they can be washed off with a little milk and water as easily as from varnished wood-work.

But if this precaution has not been taken, and the disfiguring black spots have already made their appearance on the frames, wash them carefully with a soft cloth and clean, soft water into which a little milk has been put. The washing should be done very gently and very slowly that the specks may soak a little, and at last come off without bringing the gilding also, as they will be sure to do if rubbed hard before they are softened by the water. With the greatest care, little spots are sometimes left, but they are not black spots—on the contrary rather whitish, and consequently not very noticeable. Gilded frames may be

cleaned in this way several times with good results. But without the armor of varnish they will inevitably succumb at last to their persistent enemies, and find an ignominious sepulchre in the attic. If varnished at the time of purchase, they may be cleaned when necessary, without harm to their appearance, and with careful usage will last a lifetime.

A pretty and æsthetic contrivance for lighting a tea table is a Japanese umbrella hung from the ceiling the full length of the handle, top down of course. About the handle arrange simple tin sockets for holding candles, half a dozen in all, in such a way that the spread umbrella will hide them from the view of those sitting at the table. This takes the place of a chandelier, and is a very cheap and pretty device, the candles shedding a soft and agreeable light, in effect like stained glass, through the richly tinted paper.

I will give Eva A. a good recipe for roll jelly cake. Take two eggs, a cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of sifted flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through it. Flavor to taste. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk, then the eggs well beaten separately. Bake in thin layers on square biscuit tins. When done, turn the cakes bottom upward on a clean cloth, spread on the jelly, then begin at one end and roll up carefully. This brings the top of the cake outside, which is better, as it is a little larger.

I am happy to respond to the request of Old Subscriber, with a recipe for cookies which we like so well, and which are so uniformly good when the directions are exactly followed, that we make no other. In a cool, dry place—out of the reach of children and servants—these cookies will keep good, weeks, almost months, and consequently are, as all housekeepers will see, "a handy thing to have in the house," as a provision for sudden company, and like emergencies. We find a stock of them very conducive to peace of mind.

Take six eggs, leave out the whites of four, three-fourths of a pound (two cups) of white sugar, one-half pound (one full cup) of butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a large tablespoonful of vinegar. We sometimes dissolve the soda in a bit of hot water before putting it in the vinegar, because, while it should be thoroughly dissolved, the mixture should be stirred into the other ingredients before the effervescence ceases. Care should be taken not to get the dough too hard with flour. It is, and should be, very brittle and very soft; but if there is great trouble about sticking, etc., while rolling out, this might be avoided another time by adding a third or scant half cup of sweet milk. We do this at times, and some think it an improvement, though the recipe does not call for milk.

It will be remembered that while the cookies call for six eggs, the whites of four are left out. With these four whites a delicate white cake may be made, for which I give the recipe.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds, or nearly two cups of flour with two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with it, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and added last. Flavor with almond, or lemon, if preferred.

Hans Dorcomb will find lemon juice a good and harmless remedy for ink stains on the fingers. Tartaric acid is also good, but must be used with care, as much of it will roughen the skin. I do not think ink stains can be removed from the fingers without acid of some sort; but if Hans Dorcomb has a strong objection to the above mentioned remedies,

she can try sweet milk. Hold the finger in it until the objectionable dark spots are well soaked, then wash in warm water with a little good soap.

Viola, sage tea rubbed on the scalp is called very good for falling hair. Washing the head with salt water, not only keeps the hair from falling out but makes it soft. But as it dries, it gives the hair a dusty appearance, making much brushing necessary, and so is not altogether pleasant to use. A physician's prescription given to a patient who was losing her hair after a fever is this:

Put into a few ounces of alcohol a few drops of cantharides and a little castor oil, only a little, just enough to keep the hair soft. Rub into the scalp two or three times a week. Castor oil is best for this purpose, as it is the only oil which will mix thoroughly with the alcohol, not leaving a cloudy appearance.

HELEN HERBERT.

—To tapioca users let me say, grind your tapioca in the coffee mill, and you will find it cooks much more evenly and quickly. Canned plums are good with tapioca, and plums are much better if the skin is removed before canning.

If you add a teaspoonful of baking soda to your cabbage while boiling, even dyspeptics can eat it without tasting it for hours after.

GRETCHEN.

REMOVING INK.—“How can I take ink out of a carpet?” asks a correspondent. If freshly spilled, sponge up all you can, and put on cold water repeatedly, taking up with the sponge as much as possible. Then rub the spot with a little wet oxalic acid, or salt of sorrel, and wash off at once with cold water, and rub on some hartshorn.

—Cod-fish should be purchased in small quantities, as it is unpleasant about the house. If put in a dry place it will get too dry, if too damp it will spoil; it must be changed from garret to cellar.

—Smoked beef should be kept in a bag and hung up. While using ham put in a bag and hang up.

WASH FOR ROOFS AND BUILDINGS.—Slake lime in a close box to prevent the escape of steam, and when slaked, pass it through a sieve. To every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock salt and one gallon of water. After this, boil and skim clean. To every five gallons of this, add, by slow degrees, three-quarters of a pound of potash and four quarts of fine sand. Coloring matter may be added if desired. Apply with a paint or whitewash brush.—*Ex.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Katie Stuart asks what to do with her figs. We make very nice marmalade of ours in the following manner: Pick the fruit when so ripe that the skin is cracked. To one pound of fruit take three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and flavor with lemon or not as preferred. Put the sugar in a porcelain kettle with as little water as possible to dissolve it, and when hot add the fruit, which has been peeled, mashing it with the spoon; cook until it is smooth and very thick, but be very careful not to burn it. Cover with a paper dipped in alcohol with sugar sprinkled over it, to keep it from moulding.

Katie, are you a young maiden living in Downey, Los Angeles Co., Cal., and have you been to the San Juan hot springs, camping for the past two summers?

Amethyst, of Riverside, Florida, how do you make orange marmalade? We have a good many windfalls and green oranges, and we would like to know how to utilize them.

Some one asks how to make raisins. The business of raisin making is carried

on quite extensively here, they being made of the Muscat, Sultana and a few other varieties of grapes. The fruit ripens in August and September, is carefully gathered so as not to injure the beautiful clusters, and is laid on shallow wooden trays, which are placed in rows on the ground in the vineyard, being covered at nightfall by cloth. Here it remains for three or four weeks according to the weather, only needing to be turned over once during the curing process. Then it is put into large boxes for a while to sweat as the stems are now very brittle, and during this latter process they become tough, allowing the fruit to be handled without breaking, after which it is packed in boxes and shipped. The story of the spies returning from Canaan to the children of Israel carrying one cluster of grapes between them upon a staff does not seem so wonderful now after seeing a cluster weighing nine and one-half pounds, but this is an exceptional one, though those of three to five are common.

Thank you, Helen Herbert, we should be pleased to have you spend the winter with us, but you might find it rather rougher living than you may be accustomed to, as these old houses are not built for convenience, and if it were not for the almost perpetual sunshine, they would be quite uncomfortably cold. Even now I hear the rain dripping through the roof into the pantry, on to the kitchen stove, and through the stove pipe hole down on to the dining room floor. But we are among the many who live in the future, hoping for better times, and as there are six or eight months in the year when it never rains we don't mind it much.

I have wanted to try some of the knit laces, etc., but what is an amateur to do when she don't know the meaning of the terms, as purl, etc.? In my present state of ignorance, I am totally at a loss how to begin any work of the kind.

IDINA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although I am a stranger to most of you I don't mean to be any longer. This is not my first attempt at visiting you. I have written a good many letters, but my courage failed me, so I destroyed the letters. I have known you only a short time, still you all seem like old friends to me, and I wish I might see and talk with you all. I enjoy Rosamond E.'s letters very much. I wonder why we don't hear from her oftener.

I pity you, Jean, in your lonely hours, and I hope ere this you have found some pleasant way of spending your time. Can't you knit? If you have no one in particular to knit for, why not knit for the poor? I found myself getting blue and discouraged one winter, so I knit a lot of mittens. Our paper boy got a pair, also the little boy who shoveled the snow for us. I knit for a good many poor children that winter, and I never shall forget how pleased they were, but now I have four little girls to knit for, so the poor won't fare so well by me.

I have just knit my John a very pretty pair of mittens. I will tell you how I knit them. Some of you may want to knit your Johns a pair. I knit them of brown Scotch iron yarn, and took up twenty-two stitches on a needle. First, I knit a good long wrist of one and one seam, then two rows of plain, two of one and one seam, then plain again, and so on. It makes a very pretty mitten. Shape it as you would any mitten. I take it for granted you all know how that is done. You may have trouble about the thumb gore, for when you widen, of course it changes the seams. But make it come as near right as you can. It takes a little more than one skein of yarn.

I want to tell you how I make brown bread. I have seen a good many recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD, but none I like so well as my own. Two and one-half cups of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one dessert spoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and one cup each of Indian, rye, and Graham meal. Steam all the afternoon, and bake about half an hour. I think you will like it. I often soak my hard pieces of white bread and put in. I think it improves it very much.

We went to visit “our grandpa” a short time ago. The first thing the children did, was to run to the barn to see the cows and “bossys,” about twenty-four in all, quite a sight for older ones.

I was looking over some papers on the table one day, and in one of them I noticed Clarissa Potter's name. She had written an article on the amusement of children, and it was good. I think we neglect our children some in that respect, at least I do. To-day my children have had beads to string. That did very well for a while, but they soon got tired, then “What can I do now, mamma?” If any of you know of any nice games, or any thing to amuse the children, please let us know.

Please, Mr. Crowell, let the gentlemen write for our paper.

PATTY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. J. Lyon asks in a late number of this paper, how to clean the nickel plating on stoves and ranges. Having used the following recipe for cleaning nickel-plated flat-irons with success, I think she will find it to be equally effectual for her purpose: One-half ounce of prepared chalk, two ounces of alcohol, and two ounces of aqua ammonia. Keep in a close bottle and shake frequently while using. My flat-irons were very badly discolored, having been carelessly put upon hot coals. They were also very rough, but this preparation restored them to nearly their original smoothness.

Hans Dorcomb, while preparing a cooling drink for an invalid, I made the discovery that the small quantity of juice of limes remaining upon the cork of a bottle had taken several deep ink stains from my fingers. Probably lemon juice would be to some degree efficacious, but the juice of limes, as prepared for market is a much more powerful acid. Oxalic and other strong acids so freely recommended are very harmful to the skin, to say nothing of the danger of having such powerful chemicals about the house.

Hans Dorcomb truly says there is no better remedy for a cold than hot lemonade, but I wonder if it is generally known that the juice of limes mentioned above is an excellent substitute for lemons when the latter are scarce. To some tastes the drink prepared from it is even more agreeable than lemonade. It is said to be an excellent remedy for rheumatism, and from what we know of the causes of rheumatism and of the effects of the lime juice on the system, we should be quite ready to make a trial of it were we so unhappily afflicted.

NELLIE BROWNE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You graciously “opened the ring and let me in” once, so I have the audacity to try for admittance again, this time to add my “mite,” or in other words to tell the little that I know.

I wish to tell “Peggy” that I cleanse lard jars that have become rancid, by filling them with good wood ashes, and covering with water, the suds left from washing, and let them stand several days or weeks. I cleansed one in this way last summer and put apple butter in it this fall, and it is just as sweet and devoid of taste and smell as a new jar.

A sister in a recent number asked how

to cleanse porcelain lined kettles that have become blackened by use. I cleanse mine by boiling in water in which a spoonful of soda has been thrown. If not cleansed frequently it will probably take more soda and longer boiling. I accidentally discovered it by putting soda in beans when cooking.

Some one asked some time ago for directions for crystallizing grasses. I never adhered very closely to any prescribed rules, but I think I usually get about ten cents' worth of alum, dissolving it in a half-gallon or more of water, by boiling it, and when cool, lay in your crock or jar the grasses tied in bunches, and pour the water on, allowing it to remain a day or two, or till they are covered with crystals. It is sometimes necessary to lay a light weight on the grasses to keep them under the water.

And to the lady who asked how to make worsted balls, I will give my method. Take a silver fork, or have one made of wood, which is better only the trouble of making, with only two prongs, as the inside ones are not needed and are only in the way. Wrap your zephyr round the fork all in a heap till you have quite a bunch, then sew through the center back and forth from all sides drawing it very tightly till all the threads of zephyr are securely fastened, then draw a sharp knife across the threads where they pass round the fork, thus cutting it loose, then take a clean fine comb and comb the ends out till it stands out like down, then trim with a sharp pair of shears till it is even and smooth. I neglected to say that it is necessary to fasten the cord by which it is to be suspended to the ball before it is cut from the fork. It is important that they should be very full or they will look ragged. Instead of making a fork, I often just wrap a string around one blade of my scissors about an inch from the point. This prevents them from closing entirely. Wind the yarn around the points, sewing through the opening. By moving the string up or down you can vary the size of the balls, which is an advantage over the fork.

Fort Lyon, Mo.

SNOWFLAKE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The January number has just come, and looking from beginning to end I see nothing yet from the Cape Cod sisters. I have friends on this end of the cape who make a companion of THE HOUSEHOLD, and others who would not do without it. Isn't it strange, letters from Maine to California, but not a word from us? “Why don't you write yourself?” suggests my husband. I can say it is appreciated and hailed with delight by us all. I cannot tell in what department we are most interested, I find so much that helps in every part of the home.

The Mothers' Chair always has some good word of advice or encouragement. I'd like to ask some sister what amusement or employment there is for boys of eight? My two girls I manage nicely, but my one boy gets uneasy, or worse, unhappy, if confined to the house.

Can't something be done for these sad Johns? I don't know them. Like Estelle, with the time extended to two times six years, our “honeymoon has never waned.” Wouldn't a page given to such husbands, influence the others?

I have tried many of the recipes, and find them perfectly satisfactory. I would like to specify if I had time. I will send my recipe for dark chocolate cake which has never failed me. One and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, with two scant tea spoonfuls of yeast powder. Scrape three squares of chocolate in a small dish, add five tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, place it over the teakettle, stir until smooth,

add to the other ingredients, and flavor. I always use vanilla and bake in a biscuit pan.

Thanking the many sisters for their help to me and mine, I am happy to sign myself,
ONE OF THE SISTERS.
Provincetown, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have noticed quite a number of inquiries in THE HOUSEHOLD in regard to putting up butter for winter. I will tell my way. I scald my milk summer and winter by putting it over a kettle or frying pan of boiling water. Just scald the milk, not boil. The cream rises before it sours in summer, and before it gets bitter in winter. I let the milk stand from one milking till the next before scalding unless the weather is warm enough to sour the milk in that time, then I scald it while fresh. Never let the cream stand after it is turned sour before churning it for keeping. After churning I work my butter in a wooden tray with a wooden paddle, and salt to taste. I never wash my butter if it comes hard, if not, it is not fit to pack. In ten or twelve hours, or perhaps the next morning, I take a large towel or cloth, rub it thoroughly in hot water, then in a pan of cold water, wring out, and spread several thicknesses on a table or board for the purpose, and work the butter on that cloth. Wring the cloth out in cold water as it absorbs the milk and brine. This leaves the butter without a particle of moisture in or outside your butter balls. With a pound or two pounds in a ball wrapped in thin cloths and packed in clean jars or kegs, with brine made as strong as salt will make it, and about an ounce of saltpeter to brine enough for a ten gallon keg of butter, my butter keeps good till it is used up in the spring. That is the verdict of people that use it. Try it and report.

MRS. A. M. KING.

Corvallis, Benton Co., Oregon.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think I am entitled to a membership in the Band. My first HOUSEHOLD is dated July, 1868. I have every number except two or three which were loaned and never returned. What a fund of knowledge I ought to have after reading such an instructive paper so many years. During all these years my pen has been silent, not because I have not profited by the many useful things I have read, but because so many have expressed just what I would have said.

But among the many helpful articles written about and advertised, I have never seen the Champion Steam Cooker mentioned. I purchased one last summer of an agent and it has more than met my expectation. With a good oil stove and the cooker, cooking last summer was far from being a burden. This winter I find the cooker just as desirable. We all know how unpleasant the steam from a boiling kettle is on a cold day, not only injuring paint and paper, but causing the windows to frost, making the house seem dreary. To-day I have cooked a boiled dinner, and though it has been very cold there was no steam, consequently no frost. When we take into consideration the improved quality of food, meats retaining all their juices, the number of different articles cooked at the same time, and the great saving of fuel, I consider it a household necessity. Sisters, if an opportunity offers, purchase one, and I think you will agree with me that they are all they are recommended to be.

Farmington, N. H.

SISTER C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Although but a recent subscriber, I have been so interested and cheered as well as instructed by the perusal of your pages, that I would like to add my mite for the general good. I

have been especially interested in the letters from young housekeepers, and remembering the many trials and vexations through which I passed when I was a young housekeeper, one of which was the trouble I had with kerosene lamp burners becoming gummed up so the wick would not move, and I know not how many I have thrown away as useless, which, if I had known how to cleanse them, would have been as good as new. I want to tell the sisters how to cleanse them by a process so simple that all may easily profit by the information. Take any old kettle, pail or dish which does not leak, and put a quart of water and a pint of wood ashes into it, and put it on the stove. Put in the burners and let them boil half or three-quarters of an hour, stirring them around in the lye occasionally. Take them out and wash them, and be sure to dry them thoroughly before putting the wicks in again, as the least bit of water on the wick will make the blaze sputter and snap. This method is so simple that when I first heard of it, which was but recently, I was vexed that I had not known it before, but was delighted with the result of the trial.

I want to thank the sister who recommended copperas to make fuchsias bloom. I have a beautiful, large plant which has refused to bloom all winter, and now, after applying copperas, it has six buds, which give promise of blossoms in the near future.

I am so thankful for house plants, for with a family of nine, with four children attending school, I have so little time to enjoy the beauties out of doors, that I am grateful for those which will thrive in doors.

EMMA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As we have just finished one of those California houses which are plastered with thin cotton cloth, I thought it would be well to give some hints about papering, hints which I should have been glad to have read three months ago, as John and I were novices in beginning we know a great deal more now than we did at first. For the paste, to a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of soda and a tablespoonful of salt. Mix it smooth with hot water, then add boiling water till it is the consistency of thick cream. Keep it on the stove only long enough to boil. Set aside till nearly cold, then strain through a colander, adding hot water if too thick. Use the paste cold. It can be made the day before using just as well.

For the papering, have a board the exact width of the paper, and as long as your wall is high. Lay the paper on the board and cut it off. Spread the paste on evenly with a new whitewash brush. Turn the bottom of the paper back two or three feet to make it easier to handle, then lift the paper at the top to the ceiling, and when you have it matched, press it to the wall, then let the helper turn back the bottom, and press the whole piece to the wall with a soft brush broom. Do not use any rags as it is almost impossible to keep the paste off the right side of the paper. Do not have a fire in the room till your paper has been thoroughly dry for a week, longer if possible. Where we have followed this plan our paper is neither wrinkled nor cracked.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to clean or brighten zinc?

I have looked in vain for the answer to some sister who asks for directions for crocheting a deep border for a square shawl. I also am in need of them.

MRS. JOHN.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come "to the fore" and say a word in commendation of A Connecticut Boy? I was brought up in a family where *paterfamilias* did not consider it beneath his dignity to stir up a "hoe cake" when the mistress of the household was ailing, (as was not infrequently the case,) albeit he was a professional man of no small note. Candor compels me to say, he was somewhat puffed up with his varied accomplishments, and was not infrequently heard to say, "I could have cooked that steak better myself," or, "It is a misfortune to have good food spoiled by such wretched cooking; why, I could have taught them better." These utterances were usually heard when he had been forced to take some meal away from his own dining room.

He especially prided himself on his oyster stews, and I think never thoroughly enjoyed one over which he did not preside, from the straining of the juicy bivalves to the final blending of cream and oyster juice. I do not propose to furnish a list of his capabilities in the culinary line. But many an accomplished home mother might have "sat at his feet," and learned wisdom in more ways than one. Withal, he was, (or is,) no Mr. Bettyman, with a prying nose for every thing that might "gang agley" in the kitchen department, and never, unless the exigencies of the case demanded, made his appearance in the kitchen. But when he did, how we girls stood around with admiring eyes, to witness the deftly handled sauce pans, the skill and rapidity with which eggs and corn meal, that very prosaic and commonplace grain, were transmuted with the golden muffins which had so appetizing a flavor for us youngsters. We meekly handed things from the pantry or the store closet, buttered the patty pans, (we had no stone puff cups or iron gem pans then,) and were then graciously allowed to wash the cooking dishes.

We revered our father in his professional capacity. We thought he had no equal. But in the kitchen—he rose to a dignity that was sublime. We grew older, and were permitted to try our hands at these mighty mysteries of evolution, and no praise was so grateful to our ears as one word of satisfaction from the paternal head of the house. It was well to have our dear, kind mother's praise, she who taught us our deft-handedness, and had patience with our innumerable failures, but she was a creature of like mould with ourselves. That our father, who was at home with Hebrew and revealed in Greek roots, and for all we knew, wrote his essays and sermons in Sanscrit, should understand the practical details of the kitchen economy, never ceased to be a wonder and mystery to us, until we were beyond the bounds of childhood. In later years, we ventured to ask him where he learned so much that had been helpful in the family, and how he had the opportunity of so doing?

The boys of our own family were not permitted to be drones in the family hive, but none of them possessed the talent of their papa; or they very cautiously repressed it. On being questioned, he would reply, "I had an ailing mother, and for some time in my boyhood, my father and older brothers were away from home, often for days at a time. Father's business took him to Boston and New York, and traveling in those days was not accomplished with the rapidity of the present day. I saved my mother's steps, and I learned to do many things for her in cooking, that she might rest. I have never been sorry; many times our home would have been very uncomfortable had I not possessed some knowledge in the combination of flour and eggs, or had been unable to toss up an omelet or cook a mutton chop. You all know whether I can make a cup of coffee."

He would generally finish with a word of admonition to the boys. "I have always made it a rule whenever I have had an opportunity to see any thing done to learn all I could about it, in the time I had. Sometime I might find that knowledge useful. Remember this boys, and act upon it, never lose an opportunity of learning any thing. Be sure there will come a time when you can use it."

It is just so with gentlemen and housework, sometimes the ready hands and tired feet of the mother must droop; then who is to take up her distaff? Will any right thinking person call the husband and father a betty, a "Miss Nancy," because hero-like, he puts himself in the breach, and finds (to his amazement sometimes) that he is equal to the emergency? Is it an honest or an honorable young man who can sit idly by while the mother or sister brings coal from the cellar, or water from the well? No gentleman at heart, can do it.

It is a man's work to do all in his power to lift the loads from mother, sister or wife, which are imposed by the cares of a household. Let mothers bring up their sons to a true manhood, to be Christian gentlemen. Then will they feel it as honorable a duty to lighten the burden of care which rests on wife or mother; in fact, as imperative a duty, as did the knights of old to succor any distressed maiden or wife "even unto death."

I am proud to say, I brought up my sons, as I did my daughters; to help themselves and to help each other, and to consider no honest effort for their own support or another's assistance, at all degrading. "Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow." Alas, that the "want of it" is so frequently met with in these degenerate days!

I shake hands with Connecticut Boy across the pages of THE HOUSEHOLD and for one, welcome him to its pages. He can add two gentlemen for me to his rank and file, in the persons of sons, who are never "too busy" or "too weary" to take steps for mother. ONLY WAITING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have just finished a piece of work and am so proud of it, that I hasten to tell you of it, to see if any have done better. Out of three-fourths of a yard of navy blue flannel, twenty-eight inches wide, I have made a dress pretty enough for any child five and a half years old.

First, I looked at the flannel, and it seemed discouraging to think of making a dress, but it had to be done, so I went up attic and looked over my rags, and found a child's dress skirt of cardinal red cashmere, old and worn, but decided it would do. This I washed and pressed. Then I folded my flannel, edges together, and laid on it a pattern of a sack dress, the back edge on the selvege of the flannel, and the front on the fold. The seams of the pattern were pinned together under the arm. Then I cut out the neck, shoulders and arm holes, and measuring the length of dress, cut it off straight across the bottom. I then cut six slits ten inches long, up from the bottom, at equal distances apart, after turning over a hem at the back.

Now I took a bit of cambric, ten and a half inches long, four and a half inches wide at one end and tapering to a point at the other. I cut six of these, and six of cashmere, two inches wider and a little longer. I gathered this cashmere six times across, and sewed on the cambric in little puffs. I run these gores in the flannel dress, stitched it on the right side, finished the bottom of the dress with a narrow ruffle an inch wide, of the cashmere.

As there was not enough flannel to make whole sleeves, I put a puff of four inches deep on top of sleeves, and a blinding of red on the bottom. I was a day and a half making the whole dress, (including my housework,) and I think any one would call the dress very pretty and think it was made that way purposely. The gores could have been made of plaid and it would be pretty and less work. I hope these directions are plain if any other mother has to do such work.

Looking over the last HOUSEHOLD, and reading the bit from Connecticut Boy, I wonder how that boy happened to grow up. Such boys generally die young. This is not sarcasm, but in sober earnest. I brought up a boy to help me, that same way, but as soon as he became a man (or large enough to be no longer a boy) he dropped all those helpful ways as easily as (shall I say?) a duck sheds water. OLD MRS. CARRIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to drop in to the circle for a moment just to offer a New Year's greeting to all, and welcome the new correspondents, who, I think, ought to be made to feel at home among us.

The brides who begin their housekeeping with THE HOUSEHOLD for a wedding present are favored beyond many of their sisters, and surely will be saved many mistakes by the opportunity thus gained of supplementing their own stock of wisdom with that of so many older, and more experienced "house mothers," as the Germans phrase it.

While extending a hand to young Farmer's Wife, I will say that if every thing in her home goes on systematically, leaving plenty of time to read and sew and ride and walk and entertain company, she may well be merry and cheerful. But she is not quite justified in concluding that the accounts of less fortunate sisters are necessarily overdrawn because she has not found in farm life serious obstacles to surmount. It is most true, as she sagely concludes, that "husbands have considerable to do toward making it endurable;" and she should remember that husbands are very "various," and some of them sometimes have considerable to do toward making the life unendurable.

Honolulu, I have found, like you, how well suited to its possessor is the name of Sweet Alyssum. I am sure many will join me in wishing that life may prove as sweet to her as she is to her friends.

But oh, Honolulu! with "three dear, good brothers and a husband who do every thing but find fault," you are too exceptionally favored to be a fair judge whether it is or is not cruel that men in general should be excluded from the sacred circle of our HOUSEHOLD. Not that I have any thing to say against their admission. Far from it. I should be glad to find them sufficiently interested in our thoughts, aspirations and occupations to like to walk in among us with question, comment, or helpful suggestion. But if they condescend to come and talk to us, let them also condescend, for that short space of time, at least, to look upon us as in some measure reasonable beings, who may understand, and sometimes, perhaps, even be convinced by arguments which do not "take the shape of a new dress or bonnet."

And, Connecticut Boy, I must stop just here and bid you a hearty welcome. I should like to shake hands with you. You are an honor to yourself and to society. If there are other boys in this large family who can show a record like

that, I for one, hope we may hear from them. I think I can safely promise, in the name of all, that they will meet with no black looks or sharp words, not even from the shrews among us; but, on the contrary, the choicest praise and appreciation in our power to bestow.

By all means let those come forward, whether men or women, who understand household work, its importance and its difficulties, and so may have a just appreciation of both the failures and the successes the worker may meet with in carrying it on.

HELEN HERBERT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A sister acquaintance who shall be nameless, has been requested to give her mode of dressing, especially her experience with the divided skirt, by our dear friend, Helen Herbert. Being rather modest, she wishes me to write for her, and as Huldah Keith wishes for patterns, I offer them in the Exchange Column.

I will first tell you her former mode of dressing; and then show you how the divided skirt lightened the weight of clothing and number of garments. First was worn a combination suit, high-necked and long-sleeved, and reaching to the ankles, of merino. Having tried both flannel and merino, contrary to Helen, she prefers the merino. Next was worn a comfort corset with the long front steels replaced by very small ones. (If you must wear the usual style of corset, pray sew straps over the shoulders, about two inches each side of the middle of the back, over to the outside of the bust.) Over the corset, answering both for corset cover and chemise, was worn a high-necked, sleeveless, French chemise of gray flannel. For the benefit of those who have not seen these, I will explain that they are cut like a polonaise, an extra skirt breadth being fulled in at the back, where a basque would end. These are very pretty and convenient either in flannel or muslin. Gray flannel drawers were also worn, then a short flannel skirt, then a long flannel skirt, and finally the dress.

On reading Helen's first article on the divided skirt, she determined to try it, but not having sufficient courage to wear it as a dress, devised the plan of having it replace other undergarments. After several experiments with old material, she perfected her pattern, and now rejoices in a great deal more freedom. At first the long flannel skirt was discarded. Finding herself uncomfortably warm, the short flannel went next, and then the flannel drawers. The divided skirt being of flannel replaced all these, and being attached to the corset by five buttons, gave a delightful sense of light-footedness that she wishes all the sisters might experience. In the summer the flannel is replaced by the usual two white skirts, but cut after the same pattern as one divided skirt, and answering the purpose of fullness equally well, while saving a large amount of soiling from contact with the heels, the forward foot not disturbing the other skirt and soiling it by dragging it against the other heel. Those whose tired backs are exercised on ironing day over innumerable white skirts, will appreciate this. Hoping this will satisfy Huldah and interest many others, I remain

A VOTARY OF HELEN HERBERT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell the sisters of the Band what we did for our year-old baby when she was badly scalded. Haven't we read time after time what was good for burns? Of course we have, but we neglected to "stick a pin there," and oh! how helpless we did feel as we held the screaming little one in our arms, and couldn't remember any of the many things we had read about that were good. But my good angel came to my relief, and suggested that somewhere in THE HOUSEHOLD we had read that a paste of flour and water would ease the pain. Hastily preparing some, we covered the whole raw surface with it. The result was magical. To our intense relief and astonishment, in fifteen minutes or less, the convulsive sobbing and twitching had ceased, and soon our little patient was asleep. When she awoke she was ready to sit on her mother's lap, and laugh and play, and she slept nearly all the first night, when we had feared none of us would sleep at all. The next day or two we applied a simple poultice as the burn was a deep one, to take out the swelling and inflammation, and afterwards we dressed it with carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and lime water, which is, I believe, the best dressing known for soothing and healing burns and scalds. The little one got along very nicely, not suffering much except when the burn was being dressed, and although the place was six weeks or more in healing, she did not take cold in it, nor have any drawback. You who have little ones, write this on the "blackboard of your memory." Raw flour paste, then sweet oil and lime. During my stay in a western sanitarium, a dozen people who were scalded in a railway accident, were brought there for treatment, and the carron oil was the chief healing agent relied on there. Perhaps sometime I may tell you something of sanitarium life.

Emilly, those cooky recipes were just in time for us. At the very time the November number was received, we had on hand a lot of "specimens," the kind that lasts you know,

tough and hard as brick bats, of which the good man mildly wondered what was the matter. I did not tell him, though I knew well enough, but when the paper came, I quietly read aloud your little note of "sympathy," you would have laughed to see the comical look he gave me. Yesterday I made some "Emily Hayes cookies" just the sight and smell of which made him smile beautifully. Many thanks for the recipes.

I wonder if Rena Ross has tried the wire potato mashers, price ten cents. We think they do their work as well as a fork, and so much easier. In haste, as letter writers always are,

CAYUGA.

DEAR CONNECTICUT BOY:—Where in the state can I find you? I am a Connecticut girl, and often read the letters in THE HOUSEHOLD with much interest, yours of January in particular. It was just to the point. I often think why should not a man assist us in some of the drudgery of housework, filling water pails, coal scuttles, etc. I just hate a man in the kitchen unless he is of some use, this kicking open stove doors, peeping into pots and kettles, lifting the stove lids to see if coal is needed without any idea of putting it on did it require any. I have a brother similar to the one you write about, and I have often thought I have been impatient and cross to him, when he would not do some little work for me, but your letter has changed my mind completely. I have been a martyr in the past, but in the future I shall endeavor with the aid of your letter pinned in my dusting cap where my torment of a brother can see it at every turn of his head to train him to be more like this Connecticut Boy, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever." I am delighted to find in the world, in the same state, a person who thinks such females abused, and that person a man! Congratulate your mother, and wife if you have one; if you have not the latter, beware! It's leap year, and such a heart's ease should not "lose its sweetness on the desert air."

CONNECTICUT GIRL.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

TO MAKE GLUE.—A good glue is made of two parts gum tragacanth, one part gum arabic, and a drop or two of carbolic acid to keep it from souring or getting musty.

MRS. VICTOR.

CARROT PIE.—To the sister who wished for a recipe for cooking carrots, I would say they make excellent pies treated the same as squash. They taste very much like squash. Scrape, slice, boil tender, and rub through sieve or colander. Take one tablespoonful of carrot, one egg, and one cup of milk to each pie, and sugar, salt and spices to taste. I prefer ginger and cinnamon, or ginger and nutmeg. Don't omit a pinch of salt to each pie.

M. E. W.

TART SHELLS.—One cup of lard, white of one egg, one large spoonful of white sugar, three large spoonfuls of water, and a little salt.

MRS. A. E. STANNARD.

MOCK LEMON PIE.—One-half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk and one-half cup of water; beat the eggs, add the rest, beat all together, and place in a crust the same as for a custard pie. When done, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of extract of lemon, spread over the pie, return to the oven and brown. This makes a small pie.

KATRINA.

TO PREPARE SPINACH.—One Who Wants to Know, asks how to prepare spinach for the table. The following is my way of doing it: Strip the leaves from the stems, wash them thoroughly, and boil twenty minutes in water to which salt has been added. Drain through a colander. Mix together a tablespoonful of flour, one-half cup or one cup of sour cream, and a little black pepper. Put the spinach back into the pot, stir the gravy into it thoroughly, and serve. We generally cover the spinach in the bowl with fried eggs, and think it an excellent dish.

TO COOK CARROTS.—V. P. will find carrots cut into pieces of from two to three inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick, very nice, if boiled as the spinach, leaving out the eggs. They are also good laid in vinegar the same as beet pickles.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one pint of canned tomatoes, or four large raw ones cut up fine, add one quart of boiling water and let them boil, then add one teaspoonful of soda, immediately add one pint of sweet milk with salt, pepper and plenty of butter. When this boils, add eight small crackers rolled fine and serve. It makes enough for a family of six or eight.

MRS. E. TRELEN.

SPONGE DROPS.—Three eggs—beat the whites to a stiff froth—add yolks, one cup of

sugar, and one heaping coffee cup of flour into which a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda are thoroughly mixed, flavor with lemon, and drop with a teaspoon on buttered tin sheets three inches apart. Bake instantly. They are very nice.

FRIEND OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD CORN BREAD.—Mrs. S. asks for a good corn bread recipe. This is excellent: One pint each of wheat and Indian meal, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda, and one quart of milk or cold water. Bake two hours.

GRETCHEN.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR CAKE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of butter, beat sugar and butter to a cream, four eggs beaten, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, a small teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one and one-half cups of raisins, and flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four eggs, four cups of flour, a small teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon.

NUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, one cup of cold water, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and two cups of hickory nuts carefully picked out and added last of all.

VINEGAR PIE.—One-half cup of water, one-half cup of molasses, one cracker, a little salt and nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of vinegar.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Peel and core with a scoop enough apples to cover the bottom of your dish, and fill up the holes with sugar, sprinkle one ounce of sugar over them, add a little lemon peel and nutmeg, cover the whole with water and bake an hour. If eaten hot let it stand five minutes.

CUSTARD CORN CAKE.—One-half cup of sour milk, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, and about four small handfuls of Indian meal. This will seem thin, but when baked twenty minutes in a hot oven it is very much like a thick custard. It is very nice.

MRS. J. M. S.

PLUM PUDDING.—Five cups of stale bread, two cups of beef suet, eight eggs beaten light with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one blade of mace, one nutmeg, one-half in the pudding one-half in the sauce, three pounds of raisins, stoned, two pounds of currants, one-half pound of citron, and one teaspoonful of salt. Wet the bread with milk, rather soft, then add the eggs, suet, and flour enough to hold together, and tie it tight in a strong drilling cloth. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, in the bottom of which is an earthen plate. Cook for six hours without allowing the water to stop boiling.

E. J. P.

BAKING POWDER.—Ed. Household:—D. G. asks for a recipe for baking powder. Take fourteen ounces of cream of tartar, six ounces of bicarbonate of soda, and one ounce of corn starch. Mix them thoroughly. This is equal to any in the market, and much superior to many brands of powder, and costs less than forty cents per pound full weight.

BAY RUM.—Mrs. H. P. asks for recipe for bay rum. The ingredients can be had at any drug store. Take a pint bottle, and drop seventy-five drops of oil of bay, five drops of oil of orange, and five drops of oil of allspice into it, and pour on it nine fluid ounces of ninety-five per cent alcohol, and shake the bottle well to cut the oils. Fill the bottle with water and put a pinch of cleavers into the bottle to color the liquid, cork it securely, and digest for eight days, shaking frequently. Filter or strain and you will have a most excellent article of bay rum.

HAIR WASH.—If Viola will try the following for her hair I think she will be pleased with the result: Two fluid ounces of glycerine, two and one-half fluid drachms of tincture of Spanish fly, two fluid drachms of water of ammonia, one fluid drachm of rose water, and one-half pint of bay rum. Mix thoroughly and bathe the scalp frequently.

ANITA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—A lady of our Band wanted a little information in coloring black. For five pounds of goods, sumac, wood and bark together, three pounds. Boil one-half hour, and let the goods steep twelve hours, then dip in lime water one-half hour, then take out the goods and let them drip an hour, add to the sumac liquor eight ounces of copperas, and dip another hour; run them through the tub of lime water for fifteen minutes. Make a new dye with two and one-half

pounds of logwood, by boiling one hour, dip again three hours; add bichromate of potash, two ounces, to the logwood dye and dip one hour. Wash in clear cold water and dry in the shade. You may say this is doing too much, but I assure you a good color.

ELSA JONES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one inform me through your columns what will cure the chilblains? Have tried so many different cures, but all have failed.

I would also like to say I can't imagine why so many find so much fault with the lace directions. I have tried a great number and have found them all correct.

MRS. M. HOWARD.

Bloomington, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I should like to ask how to make candied orange peel, also chocolate creams? I can never get the chocolate on right. Also a recipe for stopping hair from falling out.

X. Y. Z.

Will Dr. Hanaford explain the symptoms by which inflammation may be distinguished from congestion—inflammation of the brain from congestion of the brain, inflammation of the lungs from congestion of the lungs, etc? Also, can a boy be cured of walking "pigeon toed," or turning his toes in in walking, and how?

MAYNA RUSSEL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the southern sisters inform me how to make rice griddle cakes? Also, how to use conserve of roses.

F. M. W. P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please say to Mrs. J. Lyons that ammonia and whiting will clean nickel plating nicely. Make into a paste and apply, then rub until bright with another cloth. IDA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters how to stew and can apples at this time of year when they are decaying, for the months of June and July, when fruit is scarce.

FRIEND OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell a subscriber how to make soft soap?

A FOREIGNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I send Alice my recipe for steamed brown bread. One quart of rye meal, one pint of corn meal, one teacupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt; mix soft enough with tepid water to pour into your buttered dish, steam four hours, then put the bread in the oven, and bake slowly twenty minutes.

To Ora, I will say I think it must be colored sugar that was used in the cake she thinks looks so nice. I have eaten layer cake, the middle layer having a dark pink shade of sugar in it.

F. A. WOOD.

To renovate alpacas or black cashmere dress goods, rip the dress and fold the pieces ready to place into a preparation made as follows: Two ounces of borax, one ounce of gum arabic, dissolved before adding to the mixture enough hot rain water to cover the goods, which should be made very blue with bluing, such as is used in rinsing white clothes. Stand until cold, or over night. If needed, one tablespoonful of the extract of logwood can be added, mix well before adding the goods. Press on the wrong side, very wet, with hot irons.

E. I. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Ora will get five cents' worth of cochineal at the druggists' and mix with a little of the white batter, she can shade it as she desires and make a beautiful cake.

Mrs. Francisco can bleach hair by using baking soda in the water. (I have done it.) Repeat every day.

A good liniment is, one part ammonia and two parts sweet oil. This will invigorate the scalp, and I think Viola will find her hair growing thick.

IDALIA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If M. H. E. will take the advice of one who has tried the letting alone principle in the case of discharge from a child's ear, caused by scarlet fever, she will not delay one-half hour to take her little girl to the best aurist within her reach. It is a most serious matter and should not be tampered with by any unskilled hand.

M. C. B.

To M. H. E. Three years ago, my daughter, aged nine, had the scarlet fever and measles combined. It left her with a discharge from one ear. I tried many things without benefit, till this was recommended for trial by the attending physician: Take the petals of the flower of the common mullein, put them in a bottle, cork tight and hang in the sun for a week or more; there will be a fragrant dark colored liquid, which draw off, and drop a drop or two into the ear occasionally. Three applications cured my daughter, who had been troubled for several months.

MRS. M. E. MYERS.

The Parlor.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest hour is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

—Mrs. Hemans.

TOM KINKLE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Story of Backwoods Life.

BY M. L. LEACH, (MOSES FAGUS.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WHY can't we have a sugar party?" asked Mrs. Kinkle, one day, in early spring as they were reclining at ease around their mid-day meal.

Will looked up with a sudden manifestation of interest.

"And invite old Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Whiston, and Jane and Emma," said John.

"Particularly Jane and Emma," said Ruth, looking mischievously at John. The latter blushed, and immediately became absorbed in the important business of spreading a generous amount of sugar on a slice of johnnycake.

"And Mr. Mullein," said Will demurely. Mrs. Kinkle smiled, as she glanced furtively at Ruth, and saw by the sudden deepening of the color on her cheeks that Will's apparently innocent suggestion had hit its intended victim.

"I'll make up a whole lot of wooden spoons," said Teddy.

The reader is not prepared to fully appreciate Teddy's remark, if he has not been himself a boy in a sugar-bush, and therefore does not know that a backwoods boy's highest conception of a sugar party is a huge kettle of bubbling, hot sugar with the privilege of standing by and helping himself to the delicious white scum, (skimmings Teddy called it,) that rises copiously to the surface, toward the close of the season, with a wooden spoon manufactured by himself with his dull jack-knife.

"We might invite the Johnstown folks, and have a sort of reunion," said Ruth.

"There are Mr. and Mrs. Tarboot," said Mrs. Kinkle. "I have had a strong desire to be acquainted with Mrs. Tarboot ever since I listened to Mr. Mullein's enthusiastic account of her, on his return from the land office. I believe he more than half fell in love with her. And there is our friend the old hunter. I remember you said he had lived in Johnstown. I have often wondered if he and I had ever met there. I have no recollection of any one of the name of Frank."

"That may not be his surname," remarked Tom. "He is generally known as Old Frank, but what his other name is, if he has any, nobody seems to know."

Ruth had religiously kept the old hunter's secret. Now, however, she ventured to remark that Mrs. Kinkle must have lived in Johnstown when he was there, and that she believed he taught school there twenty-five or twenty-six years ago.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Kinkle; "yes, I think it was twenty-six years ago that Mr. Rockfellow, a young man, taught the school. I do not remember his given name. There was a bit of romance connected with his stay there, which terminated sadly. He was secretly married to one of his pupils, Malva Sylvester. Ed-

na Cliff and I were witnesses, under the most solemn pledge of secrecy. After so long a lapse of time, and as no one can be affected by it now, I suppose I may mention it. Malva's father took her away, and she died in childbirth a few months afterward. The baby also died. I don't know what became of Mr. Rockfellow. Now, for the first time, it occurs to me that there is some personal resemblance between Mr. Rockfellow and Mr. Frank, making due allowance for changes wrought by time, and perhaps by sorrow and suffering. As I was younger at the time, it is probable that I have changed more than he. He would not be likely to recognize in me one of his old pupils."

Ruth's interest in this unexpected revelation came near causing her to betray her knowledge of the old hunter's history, but she checked herself in time. She resolved, however, to bring him and Mrs. Kinkle together at the earliest possible opportunity. When she could control her emotion, she remarked that she had recently felt some uneasiness on his account, as none of them had seen him during the winter, and she had not heard of his being in the settlement. He might sicken and die, alone there in his camp, and nobody know it.

"O, he is all right," said Tom. "He came out of the woods yesterday, with a pack of furs, and is stopping at Smith's."

After some further discussion, it was decided to invite their friends to a sugar party for the next Tuesday afternoon. Tom didn't believe that Mr. and Mrs. Tarboot would come. The distance was considerable, the roads at that season were none of the best, and probably they were busy in their own sugar-bush. Nevertheless it was arranged that Will should carry to Mrs. Tarboot a note from Mrs. Kinkle, stopping on his way at Smith's to deliver one from Ruth to the old hunter. Tom thought he could manage to get word to Mr. Mullein, and John and Teddy were commissioned to carry invitations to a few of their friends in the immediate neighborhood.

Mrs. Kinkle's note to Mrs. Tarboot ran as follows:

DEAR MADAM:—We want you and your husband to come over to a little party of our friends, to be given in our sugar-bush, next Tuesday afternoon. As the distance is considerable, we shall expect you to remain over night. Mr. Mullein informs me that you are from Johnstown. That was my home twenty years ago and more. I wonder if we have ever been acquainted. ELVIRA KINKLE.

Ruth wrote to the old hunter:

DEAR SIR:—We are going to have a party of friends to help sugar off, in Mr. Kinkle's sugar-bush, next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Kinkle joins me in saying do not fail to come. I have a surprise for you. RUTH WINTERDALE.

P. S. I have never mentioned to any one the events in your personal history you were kind enough to relate to me the night I found shelter in your cabin. R. W.

When Will returned from the execution of his errand, he was enthusiastic in his account of Mrs. Tarboot's reception of the note. "Why, mother," he said, "when she had read your letter, she stood and thought, and repeated your name over to herself, and said she wondered if you were Elvira Brown; and when I told her that your name was Brown before you were married, she just laughed, and clapped her hands, and ran out to tell Mr. Tarboot that she had found an old friend, one of the best friends she ever had."

"But who is she?"

"Well, she wouldn't tell, but said she would see if you would know her when she came."

"Then she is coming?"

"She said she wouldn't miss it for any thing. But she wouldn't write an answer, lest you should recognize her hand."

"And how about Mr. Frank?" asked Ruth.

"He said, 'Thank you, and it would give him great pleasure to be present.'"

"What are you going to treat your company with?" asked Tom, who had been listening to the conversation, and had been all along a quiet but interested observer of plans and arrangements.

"We have invited them to 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul,'" said Ruth.

"With sugar hot from the kettle," quickly added Mrs. Kinkle.

Tom said he was not authorized to speak for any body but himself, but he was inclined to the opinion that something more substantial wouldn't come amiss.

"Seriously," said Mrs. Kinkle, "we ought to have some wheaten bread, but I scraped the bottom of the flour barrel a month ago."

"They will scarcely expect it," said Ruth.

Tom said Giles Brown told him yesterday that Smith had brought in from Hokyville part of a load of flour, a portion of which, for the accommodation of his neighbors, he was willing to exchange for maple sugar.

"Just the thing," said Mrs. Kinkle.

"With good, light bread, we shall do very well."

"There is some tartaric acid and soda in that old brown earthen tea pot, on the upper shelf," said Ruth. "I saw it the other day, when I was rummaging for salve for Teddy's finger. With that we can make some light biscuit. We can bring the bake-kettle to the camp, and bake them there, so as to have them hot with the hot sugar."

So it was arranged that Tom should carry a few cakes of sugar over to Smith's and bring back their equivalent value in flour.

Tuesday morning came, bright and pleasant. The flow of sap had nearly ceased. There would be little more, Tom said, till freezing nights should start it anew. Tom and the boys were in the sugar-bush, boiling in the last of the last run. There was a large amount of syrup in the settling tubs, ready for sugaring off.

It was only ten o'clock when, as Mrs. Kinkle and Ruth were busy with the housework, a man's voice was heard giving commands to his team. Looking out, they saw that a wagon, drawn by a yoke of oxen, had stopped at the farther side of the yard, and a man was helping a woman to alight. "It must be Mr. and Mrs. Tarboot," exclaimed both women at once. Mrs. Kinkle, closely followed by Ruth, advanced to meet the strangers.

"Mrs. Kinkle, I presume," said the man.

"That is my name," replied Mrs. Kinkle.

"My name is Tarboot," continued the man, "and this is my wife."

The women glanced sharply at each other.

"My school-girl friend, Elvira Brown," said Mrs. Tarboot, as she took Mrs. Kinkle's proffered hand.

"And you?" said Mrs. Kinkle. "Yes, I believe—I can I be mistaken? Is this Edna Cliff?"

Immediately the old friends were locked in a loving embrace. Mr. Tarboot looked happy. There were tears in Ruth's eyes. "I shall have a double surprise for Mr. Frank," she thought to herself, "in presenting his old pupils and the witnesses of his marriage with Malva. And they will be no less surprised, when I introduce him as Mr. Rockfellow."

Mrs. Kinkle introduced Ruth, remark-

ing that she, too, was a Johnstown girl.

"And we expect another friend here who has lived in that village," she added, "Mr. Frank, the old hunter." Mr. Tarboot said he had heard of him. Mr. Tarboot then excused himself, saying he must return immediately, as the work in his own sugar-bush was driving him. They had started early, that he might get back as quickly as possible. He would come for Mrs. Tarboot the following day. Mrs. Kinkle pressed him to remain long enough to partake of a lunch, but he courteously declined, and bidding the ladies good morning, turned his team homeward.

When the women had entered the cabin, and Mrs. Tarboot had been assisted to lay aside her wraps, and had been seated in the easiest chair, Mrs. Kinkle and Ruth went on with their work; but it did not hinder the three from carrying on a lively conversation about Johnstown, and the people they had known there, and the events they had been interested in. And about how fortuitous circumstances had separated Mrs. Kinkle and Mrs. Tarboot and broken off their correspondence, and how Mrs. Tarboot remembered to have seen Ruth when the latter was a young girl, but, having herself been several years absent from the place, had known her only from occasional reports since she had grown up.

After Mrs. Kinkle and Ruth had finished their task of morning work and completed the necessary preparation for the afternoon party, and Mrs. Tarboot had been refreshed with a lunch, the three repaired to the sugar-bush, and Mrs. Tarboot and Tom were made acquainted. The boys had spread a new carpet of freshly gathered aromatic twigs of the hemlock in the shanty, and had made across one end a convenient seat, of a board laid on inverted sap troughs. Tom had got the sap all converted into syrup, and was vigorously scraping and scouring the caldron, with the intention of using it for the sugaring off, as no one of the smaller kettles would hold the quantity of syrup on hand. Teddy proudly displayed his stock of newly made wooden spoons, and insisted that the party should inspect a store of ice he had, with great labor, brought from the neighboring swamp, and covered up with sheets of moss, behind the shanty, to be used for cooling sugar quickly, if any of their guests should desire to convert some of it into wax.

In the afternoon, the old hunter was the first to arrive. He was plainly but cleanly clad in a suit of strong gray cloth, and carried his constant companion, an old-fashioned western rifle, on his shoulder. Ruth went to meet him, and led him directly to the shanty where the women were sitting, and presented him as if he had been a stranger: "Mrs. Kinkle and Mrs. Tarboot, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Rockfellow, who was once teacher in the village school at Johnstown, where you were pupils. Mrs. Kinkle was Elvira Brown, and Mrs. Tarboot was Edna Cliff." For a moment astonishment held the party mute. Then they heartily shook hands, and expressions of surprise and pleasure broke forth from all at once, while Ruth, from whose eyes shone out mischief and mirth, and genuine happiness, looked on in keen enjoyment of the scene.

"It seems strange, Mr. Rockfellow," said Mrs. Kinkle, "that, having met several times, you and I had not made this discovery before."

"It seems still more remarkable that Ruth should somehow have found out all about it. I doubt if any body else in the settlement, Mr. Frank, knew that your name was Rockfellow," said Tom, who had been an interested witness of the scene.

"For reasons that would not be interesting to you, I have never given any name but Frank, even to Ruth," replied the hunter.

"Perhaps," said Tom, addressing the hunter, "you prefer still to be known only as Mr. Frank. In that case, I think I can assume that the present company is discreet, and that your wishes will be respected."

"Though I have hitherto given only my Christian name, I have no reason to be ashamed of my surname," replied the hunter. "Henceforth my friends are at liberty to address me by either."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of other guests. First came old Mr. Jones, who was better of his rheumatism, and Mrs. Whiston, and Jane and Emma. Next appeared Giles Brown and his wife and baby. With them was old Mrs. Woodman. The old lady had been able to get out to meeting only a few times during the winter, but the day was pleasant, and, as she said, she "did want to come to Mrs. Kinkle's sugar party most prodigiously, and Giles had been kind enough to walk slowly on her account." Mrs. Kinkle whispered to Ruth to see that the dear old creature had a good cup of tea before she set out to return. Then came Ruth's friends, Luna Lockwood, Jane Curtis, Mary Spicer, Paul Blackman, and Ed. Sykes, and, last of all, Jim Snicker and Mr. Mullein.

When Jim and Mr. Mullein arrived, the kettle of sugar was well under way. Ruth had baked the second batch of biscuit, and there was light bread for those who preferred it. Provided with dishes and spoons, (some accepted Teddy's wooden spoons to please the maker,) the company helped themselves from the kettle at pleasure, and ate standing in groups, or sitting in the shanty or on logs taken from the wood pile. Some, with Teddy and Emma, preferred the skimmings; some converted the sugar into wax by dropping it while hot on cakes of ice, and thus cooling it so quickly as to prevent its graining; others stirred it in their dishes till the grain began to form, and ate it warm, either alone or with a bit of bread or biscuit. Ruth accepted Mary Spicer's proffered assistance, and commissioned her to make tea for the old folks—Mrs. Woodman and Mr. Jones.

The growing hilarity was suddenly checked. Mr. Cuthbert was standing among them, bowing with the ease and assurance of a polished man of the world. Advancing to Mrs. Kinkle, he apologized for the intrusion, saying that he had some important business with one of her guests which would not admit of delay, and therefore he had taken the liberty to come among them. Mrs. Kinkle said no apology was necessary. On the contrary, he was quite welcome; but she would not allow any mention of business till he had tasted their warm sugar. So saying, she filled a dish from the kettle, which Mr. Cuthbert gracefully accepted. Ruth offered him a biscuit, and then went and stood by the old hunter, who was seated on an inverted pail, at a corner of the shanty, and resumed the conversation that had been interrupted by Mr. Cuthbert's arrival. She noticed that the two men appeared to be closely observing each other, yet carefully avoiding such open scrutiny as might be construed as offensive.

The temporary constraint occasioned by Mr. Cuthbert's arrival was beginning to wear off, when Mother Hudgen was seen coming rapidly along the path leading from the dwelling to the camp. Walking briskly up to the company, she greeted jocosely several of the young folks, and said to Mrs. Kinkle that she needn't think she could have such a nice sugar party and keep it hidden from Mother Hudgen. "I declare," she con-

tinued, looking round, and fixing her piercing eyes for a moment first on Mrs. Tarboot, then on the old hunter, and lastly on Mr. Cuthbert, "you have quite a select company. Quite a reunion, too, of friends from down east. You see I was bound not to be cheated out of the enjoyment of this love feast, and, as Johnstown is so fully represented, I thought it would be no more than fair for me to represent Hollyhockville."

"Who are you?" demanded the old hunter, almost fiercely, springing to his feet.

"Mr. Rockfellow," she replied, speaking now slowly, soberly, and with great distinctness, "I am a person whom you have no reason to love. In this settlement I am Mother Hudgen. In Hollyhockville I was Mrs. Cartridge."

"What in the world is up now?" exclaimed Tom in a low voice, partly to himself and partly to Jim. Both left the kettle of sugar, at the imminent risk of its boiling over, and quietly came nearer the speaker.

Mother Hudgen continued, in the same deliberate manner. "But I suspect that some of the old and loving friends who are here present do not recognize each other. I shall have to introduce them. Mr. Rockfellow, this gentleman, whom I have the honor to present, is Mr. Cuthbert Kelton, whom doubtless you will remember."

For a moment the old hunter seemed paralyzed by emotion. Then suddenly he reached for his rifle. Tom divined the meaning of the movement, and stepped quickly forward to prevent mischief. Ruth laid her hand gently on his arm, and he quietly put down the weapon.

"And now," said Mother Hudgen, calmly and deliberately as before, "here is another person to be introduced. This young woman, hitherto known as Ruth Winterdale, is Ruth Rockfellow, the daughter of our friend the old hunter and his wife Malva."

"Mrs. Cartridge," exclaimed the hunter, "if you tell a syllable that is not strictly true, you must answer for it to me."

Mother Hudgen went on unmoved. "First hear me through, Mr. Rockfellow, and then I shall be at your service. Malva's baby was born in my house, as you already know. Mrs. Sylvester, Mr. Kelton's mother, paid me well for taking care of Malva, and I was well paid for putting the baby where it would never appear as an heir to the Sylvester estate. A poor woman's baby died the same night. She consented to make an exchange, and I paid her well with Mr. Cuthbert Kelton's money for consenting. Mrs. Winterdale's child was buried in the churchyard as Malva's, and Malva's was adopted by Mrs. Winterdale as her own. Malva had a chain and locket that her husband had given her. In the locket was her picture and a lock of her hair. At the commencement of her sickness she exacted from me a promise that I would under no circumstances allow them to fall into the hands of her relatives, but would, if possible, put them into the possession of her child, if it should live, when it was old enough to appreciate their value. I exacted the same promise from Mrs. Winterdale. I see you have them on now," addressing Ruth. "If you will allow them to be examined, perhaps they may serve to confirm my statement."

"There is no picture," said Ruth sadly, as she removed the articles from her neck and gave them to the old hunter.

He received them with trembling hands, and opening the locket, displayed a delicate curl of dark, silky hair. Then, to the surprise of Ruth, he pressed a secret spring, of the existence of which she had hitherto known nothing, and

opened a second apartment, containing a small picture. It was a delicately executed miniature, but whether it represented a young girl or a mature woman one could scarcely decide, so skillfully had the artist blended the characters of the two.

"It is Malva," said the old hunter softly.

"My mother," whispered Ruth, and immediately added, "and my father," as she threw her arms around the old hunter's neck, and laid her cheek against his. The old hunter clasped her in his arms and held her tightly to his breast. Then, the first that anybody knew, all the women were kissing Ruth, and everybody was shaking hands with her father. Mr. Cuthbert and Mother Hudgen alone remained unmoved.

When the excitement had in some measure subsided, Mr. Cuthbert spoke. "Mr. Rockfellow and Miss Ruth, it still remains for me to perform the duty for which I came here. So far as Mrs. Cartridge's statement implicates myself, it is mainly correct. I was a party to an arrangement by which Malva's child was to be placed where it would never appear as my step-father's heir, the object being to finally secure the estate for myself. The plan so far succeeded that I came into possession of the property. That and my own lawful patrimony, however, gradually melted away till but a comparatively small sum was left. The remnant I invested in wild lands in this vicinity. I do not come to you with any whining pretense of repentance. Perhaps I should never have come at all, had not my plans been frustrated and my way hedged up by providence, or fate, or chance—call it what you will. I have made out and duly executed title deeds, conveying to Ruth Rockfellow, *alias* Ruth Winterdale, all the lands of which I am possessed. They make her the owner of all that remains of the Sylvester and Kelton estates. To present them was my only business here to-day."

So saying, Mr. Cuthbert handed Ruth a package of papers. Then bowing, he turned on his heel and strode away. It may not be amiss to record here that he left Smith's the next morning, and was never heard of in the settlement again.

Mr. Cuthbert had been gone some time, when Ruth noticed that the company seemed to keep aloof from Mother Hudgen, who was sitting apart in silence. She could find in her heart no feeling of resentment for the evil she had done her. Going to her side, she drew her arm within her own, saying, "You and I shall be friends," and led her toward her father. She would have held back, but the old hunter advanced to meet them and cordially offered his hand, saying, "You were not unkind to Malva, and, since my daughter has been restored to me, mainly through your influence, I freely forgive, as I doubt not she does, the evil you have done her and me."

"I am not worthy of this leniency," replied the old woman, as she burst into a flood of tears.

The sun was sinking out of sight behind the western forest. The company had all departed, except Mrs. Tarboot, Mr. Mullein and the old hunter. The old hunter was assisting Tom to put the camp in good shape to be left for a day or two, as it was evident there would be no more sap to boil or gather till there should be another freezing night. Mrs. Tarboot was looking for winter ferns, on a low hill back of the camp. Mr. Mullein and Ruth had for some time been engaged in close conversation, seated on a moss-covered log, at no great distance from the shanty. Though Mrs. Kinkle could hear nothing that was said, she could not help observing that Mr. Mullein seemed to do nearly all the talking, while Ruth, with

eyes cast down and an unusual flush on her cheeks, played the part of an attentive and interested listener. When, finally, Mr. Mullein went to join Tom at his work, and Ruth came slowly into the shanty, there was a glow of happiness visible in her countenance that suggested to Mrs. Kinkle another origin than the clearing up of the mystery of her birth and the finding of her living parent.

"Now that you have found your father," she remarked, "and have become the owner of some property, I fear we shall be in danger of losing you. Of course your plan of life will be somewhat modified."

"My first object will be to care for my father," said Ruth.

"But you will scarcely go to keep house for him in his bark cabin."

"Probably not. I shall try to persuade him to live with me." As Ruth spoke she dropped her eyes to the ground, and the hot blood suffused her face and neck as she added, "Mr. Mullein has asked me to live with him, at the Narrows."

Mrs. Kinkle kissed her friend, as a tear of sympathetic happiness rolled down her own cheek.

The End.

TIDINGS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Far away from four of the territories and several of the northern states have come various sorts of letters requesting me to detail what the writers of these letters wish to ascertain respecting this portion of the south. As none of these correspondents are in haste to immigrate here or elsewhere, in case they decide to abandon their present places of abode, I shall adopt for my motto, while answering their numerous queries, the trite old aphorism, "There's luck in leisure," and acting in accordance with the tenet expressed therein, I shall not answer too hastily any of the epistolary interrogations propounded by these seekers for information.

"What kind of weather do you have in Mississippi? Do you have much ice and snow there? How does your country look during your coldest weather, and how do you live there in cold weather? How does your country look in spring, in summer, and in autumn? Is your state a good place for consumptives, or for those predisposed to consumption to inhabit? How do you work, what do you wear, what do you eat, what does it cost, and what do you raise?"

All of these and many more questions too numerous by far to mention now, await my candid answers. I am expected in the first place to write minutely the prosaic details of our every-day life, so that those who think they would like to come here to reside, may know exactly to what they may look forward; that they may behold the clearness of practical light shining athwart the dimness of vague impressions; that things familiar to us may not be enigmas to them.

Although ready and willing, yea, even anxious, to plead the cause of this my native state, I do not propose, in this the initial number, or in any of the numbers which will succeed this number, to make rosy-hued statements. According to my way of thinking, picturing things too favorably is the worst style a writer can adopt. It is far easier to arouse bright hopes than to fulfill them. It is an easy task, I ween, to describe all things bright and fair, while "distance lends enchantment to the view," but when these roseate hues shall have been dimmed by the microscopic lenses of experience and observation, when a scrutinizing view shall have revealed the many thorns amid our flowers, the first impulse of the disappointed will be to cry out in revulsion of feeling, "Let me talk no more of great

expectations. Lo! how great is the fall thereof!" Human nature is prone to expect too much, and failing to find the thing desired, to close the eyes obstinately to the good that really exists amidst the evil. In many temperaments a mean between two extremes is not discoverable, but I hope that those whom I am now, through the media of my pen and these columns, addressing, are so fortunately constituted as to belong to that class of individuals who are neither too hopeful nor too despondent, *i. e.*, that they are not too much discouraged by the disadvantages surrounding them in their present places of abode, and will not allow themselves to become too highly elated with the prospect of bettering their fortunes by immigrating southward.

Sapient scientists have always spoken of Mississippi's climate afar from the miasmata of the swamps as salubrious. On account of its variability it may not be considered conducive to the healthfulness of those who unfortunately have premonitory symptoms of that fatal disease, consumption, although I recall an instance of a consumptive who after going to Florida and elsewhere in quest of relief, concluded that the climatic variations here agreed quite as well with him as did the balmy air and more genial climate of lands located in a semitropical latitude nearer than this to the equator.

Hereafter I may depict this country as it looks in spring, in summer, and in autumn. At present my feeble pen must attempt to portray the aspect here during the coldest weather we experience. Neither ice nor snow are universally prevalent here. Their prevalence constitutes an anomaly, commented upon by those worthy personages, the oldest inhabitants. Three years ago the winter was unprecedented for severity, in this region. The freezing ordeal through which we passed in January ultimo furnishes another epoch in the data of our coldest spells.

"How does your country look, and how do you live during your coldest weather?"

If you still wish to know, be kind enough to read the suffixed paragraphs which I wrote expressly to form a component of this article:

JAN. 8, 1884. Looking from my window, what do I behold? The ground, the trees, and the housetops covered with ice; icicles hanging from the extremities of the evergreen foliage, and defoliated branches, as well as from the eaves of the outhouses in our yard; snowflakes falling, falling, falling in spotless purity, from the murky dome to the frozen earth. During the past four days we have experienced unusually cold weather, the mercury in the thermometer registering at freezing degrees, and water, milk, oil, butter, ink, shoe polish, etc., remaining frozen so hard that the sight of them makes me think of the barrels of frozen oil out of which Dr. Kane and his sailors are said to have chipped pieces with a sledge hammer, during their cruise in the Arctic ocean.

Now the snow has ceased falling, and a sparse covering of it remains upon the frozen ground, while tiny snow drifts rest at the rugged base of a hill which looks so forlorn and so bleak that if the immense white stones underlying its exterior of clay were exposed, I could now say of it as a tourist said of the Matterhorn, "How bare and stern, how like a petrified decree of judgment it looks!"

Our few hot-house plants are frozen although we protected them in our warm bed room, and the turnips in our garden are frozen so firmly in the frozen ground that their removal from it is almost a Herculean task. Our cows, oxen, horses, sheep, and hogs, are obliged to be so well fed now that every thing is coated

with ice that their consumption of provender is making heavy inroads upon our granary, fodder shocks, and cotton seed tons, while the three large, warm fires which we now keep constantly burning are so rapidly decreasing the contents of our enormous wood-house that, contrary to our expectations, it will need replenishing before the expiration of a month. Thankful am I that we live in a country where wood is plentiful. Here in my well-heated room, I forget how bitter cold this weather is, but if I venture out of doors, or enter a room in which there is no fire, I shiver just as if I were suddenly transported to Labrador or Alaska. The truth to tell, I always become so satiated with cold weather that if I were a lady of means and of leisure I should hie me away to Florida in December and return not home until April. Is not this assertion *prima facie* evidence that it is human nature to long for something better than we have known? Yes, while the denizens of the cold north think this climate will be warm enough to suit them, many who reside here, are yearning during cold weather to dwell in the Italy of America, in the peninsula state where verdure, flowers and tropical fruits are seldom harmed by frost.

Now that the monarch of icy-land is ruling tyrannically over our temperature, flocks of wild geese pass daily far above us, presenting the appearance of a long, narrow, dark line, as they wing their flight to a more southerly clime than this. Wild ducks following in the wake of the wild geese pause in their onward course, and unwarily poise themselves upon the icy waters of our ponds and creeks, thereby furnishing a target at which the negro sportsmen upon this plantation "take aim and fire." Sometimes these blackmoors are successful, and when such is the case we are sure to have wild duck added to the fresh pork, turnips, potatoes, etc., which constitute our every-day bill of fare, for these black hunters are glad to receive ammunition in lieu of cash for the ducks which they have just shot. We consider my trio of juvenile nephews (their ages vary from six to eleven years) too young to tamper with firearms, consequently they are not allowed to touch a loaded gun. They act as agents for the dusky ex-hunters when they are ready to barter freshly killed game for powder and shot, etc. In fact the *agenda* in which a limited supply of game is the sole article of traffic are transacted entirely by proxy, our trio of little boys being the media of communication, in proof of which fact note the following quotations: "Mamma, Uncle Ben says, please, ma'am, give him some tobacco for these ducks," were the words which fell from the sweet, rosy lips of my pet Tommie, as he held a brace of fowls for us to inspect the day before yesterday.

"Grandpa, Uncle Jack made us a present of these ducks, and he says we can make him a present of some powder and shot," simultaneously said Jesse and Howard this morning.

Our children consider these wild ducks delicious after Aunt Tilda, the black cook who has served us for fourteen years, has broiled, baked or stewed them nicely. She is fond of our children, and to express her treatment according to their diction, "Does not make a fuss, and drive us out of the kitchen even if we do dress our birds and rabbits in there these cold days."

These rabbits are driven from their coverts by hunger, and while scampering over the frozen ground in search of food become so chilled that their wonted activity vanishes, and they are easily captured by my young nephews and their pretty little black and white dog Frisk. You should see the triumphant excitement manifested at such times by this

diminutive canine Frisk, and these three epitomes of men, Jesse, Howard and Tommie, each is so elated that he fancies their entire success is attributable to his individual dexterity in having secured the furry quadrupeds, and if he knew aught of the name and exploits of the ancient hunter, would, no doubt, dub himself the Nimrod of these "rabbit chases."

And what a lot of home-made traps our boys set, with baits of tid-bits to ensnare migratory birds when they halt in their migration, poise their lithe forms upon the ice-covered branches, then flutter downward and hop over the frozen ground, seeking food to fill their well-nigh empty craws. By hunger these birds are rendered so tame—no, that last word is an improper adjective, so you will please consider that expression nullified by the statement that hunger imbues these feathered visitors with such temerity that they seem actually to court danger. They come in front of our door, and there pick up the crumbs remaining upon the ground where sister's chickens have been eating. Perhaps the instinct of these half-famished birds enables them to know that we will not harm them. Perhaps He who notes even "the fall of a sparrow," guides them where they can procure food without molestation; perhaps He sends them to our door that we may by their appearance be more forcibly impressed with the desire to bestow charity upon, and extend mercy to the most insignificant of His harmless creatures. If so we interpret the meaning aright, for we do not allow the innocent birds to be molested either beside our door or after they have been removed from the traps into which they had been ensnared. We consent for none except the pernicious to be slaughtered.

We do not eat rabbits ourselves, but our children are fond of them, and we are willing to have them killed because they make predatory incursions upon our young vegetables and fruit trees.

We feed our calves upon cotton seed, turnips and fodder, give them tepid dish-water, and leave three-fourths of the milk for them this freezing weather.

JAN. 10. O joyful sight! There comes the sunshine, sweeping like a flood tide of brightness over icy peak, frozen plateau, snow-covered vale, and scraggy ravine. Now the earth will thaw, also the icicles that hang like pendants of white, transparent glass from the trees, eaves of houses, and even from the long wooden conductors which convey rain water from the roof of our dwelling house to the two cisterns in our yard. In vain do I ransack my vocabulary in quest of words adequate to do justice to the loveliness of this wintry scene. No artist, be he as gifted as a Raphael or a Titian, can paint the beautiful effect now produced by the luminous sunshine upon this ice-covered land.

The monotonous sound of drop, drop, drop, which now falls upon my tympanum, apprises me that the ice upon the trees and house tops is being converted into fluid droplets which are dropping upon the ground so rapidly thawing now that a portion of our back yard is already a mass of slush.

Patter, patter, tramp, tramp! fresh from our muddy yard come six boyish feet, racing upon our front gallery, never pausing to think of the muddy footprints they are leaving upon the floor, scrubbed so clean by Frances a few days ago. It is impossible to keep these "young hopefuls" within doors. In spite of their mother's vigilance they will run around in the cold and the mud.

Well protected by surtfoot and overshoes, father has just started to our post-office in Fayette, the village six miles distant from our home.

JAN. 11. What a pleasant morning this is. It is so warm that fires, which are dispensed with, would be uncomfortable. The birds are chirping as if this were the fourth instead of the first month in 1884. All of a sudden the sunshine disappears, clouds appear, and a slow rain, warm and gentle as an April shower begins to fall.

"I'd rather have such rainy weather as this here, now than arter a while when we'll all be hard at work in our crops," I hear one of father's tenants, a reliable, industrious black man, who has cultivated a portion of this land during the past twenty years, say as he stands, hat in hand, at our door, and respectfully asks for bagging and ties to put upon several bales of cotton which he has just ginned and is now ready to pack in father's gin house.

JAN. 12. Sitting in my room where the atmosphere is still quite warm enough without a fire, I give a cursory glance at the contents of a late paper lying upon the table beside me. This is what this paper states in regard to the freeze which extended even to the everglades of the Italy of America:

"Advices from New Orleans, La., say the late cold snap caused immense damage in that section. The loss to orange groves is estimated at nearly \$1,000,000, and the value of the vegetables killed in Alabama alone will reach the same sum. Great damage was also done to orange groves in Florida, but many orange growers profited by the signal service warning, and built fires in their groves, and thus saved their trees."

JAN. 19. Rain, rain, rain! We've had nothing but rain during the past nine days. So heartily tired are we of it that if that fabulous creature, the clerk of the weather, were a reality instead of a myth, we should now petition his honor to grant us a cessation of rain. As it is, we trust implicitly in the goodness of Him who "doeth all things well," believing with Christian faith that He will send us not what we in our blindness long for, but what He in His wisdom knows will best serve the end He has in view.

This wet spell is worse for the laboring classes who depend upon performing manual labor out of doors than for those who earn a livelihood by toiling within doors. This chilly, rainy weather will doubtless be productive of sickness. My thoughts wander now to a poor lady who is now dangerously ill with pneumonia. A fortnight ago, her son, a youth of fourteen summers, fell a victim to meningitis, and while the earth was covered with ice and snow, sympathetic friends consigned his corpse to the grave. Now she, poor woman, lies so ill in her cottage home that the physician who is attending her, and the friends who are nursing her, fear that Atropos will speedily sever her frail lease upon this life, thereby leaving her husband and her four children desolate.

I think the denizens of towns not supplied with fuel will pay dearly for wood purchased now. I am told the highways leading into the quiet little borough of Fayette, Miss., are now so like a morass that wagons laden with firewood make slow and difficult progress because the mud is so deep, and, in some instances, the teams drawing these wagons are poor and weak. Teamsters who drive through this rain, and venders of wood who allow their teams to be driven over such bad roads as we have at present, are certainly entitled to ample remuneration.

FEB. 8th. The weather has been so delightfully warm that we have dispensed entirely with fire except in our kitchen for several weeks past. We hope this mild weather prognosticates an early spring. The warmth we have been enjoying of late has coaxed into bloom the early spring flowers, snowdrop and jonquill.

Visiting a friend in Fayette a few days ago I saw in her parlor an epergne filled with beautiful snowdrops. This pure flower has ever been a favorite with me. Years ago Snowdrop was my *nom de plume* when as a mere school girl I contributed to *The Wreath*, a periodical edited in the institute in which I received my diploma. My favorite teacher—the one who animadverted and corrected the essays which constituted my efforts in writing for publication—often called me her dear little snowdrop, and since I arrived at years of discretion I have never looked at a snowdrop without thinking of her with feelings of gratitude for the kindly criticisms which wounded my sensitive girlish nature.

Our farmers, or I should say their tenants, are now repairing or rebuilding fences preparatory to beginning "to break up the ground" as the untutored agriculturists here call preparing the fallow for cultivation. We sowed cabbage, radish, and other early vegetable seeds to-day. We have already planted onion sets as we call the small white onions which we imbed annually. We intend to plant Irish potatoes to-morrow. Our gladioli, lilies and hyacinths are raising their green tips above the dungeon of cold earth in which their bulbs are imprisoned, and volunteer convolvuli are springing up here, there and everywhere in our flower garden, while in our yard tiny specks so small that they are not noticeable to casual observers, upon the branches of elm and oak trees are precursors of coming foliage. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Let this warm, pleasant weather continue a while longer, and all things will begin to look so bright that we'll forget how desolate and dilapidated the prospect is now.

Thanks to the wind, the sun, and the road overseers, the road between here and Fayette is now in moderately good condition, and we do not feel that every vehicle passing over it is in danger of sustaining breakage or damage.

Fayette Miss. LINDA WALTON.

A HIRED GIRL'S SUNDAY WORK.

"Sammy, Samuel Knowlton, I say! Let alone those lambs. Do you hear? Stop racing those lambs round or I'll give you a racing that you'll remember one while."

The loud, coarse voice of Caleb Knowlton rung out through the damp April air. He stood in the porch door-way overlooking the great, square sheep yard south of the barns, where his youngest son for lack of any thing else to do, was amusing himself by chasing a flock of frightened lambs up and down the yard.

It was the very sloppiest of Sunday afternoons. Since day-light a steady rain had been falling. Drip, drip, drip, from off the dozen roofs that comprised the farm buildings of the hard-spoken, money-grasping, old farmer, Caleb Knowlton.

Drip, drip, from the warped, unpainted window ledges and from the bare trees that scratched on the house roof and against its upper windows with their swaying, leafless branches. An April rain, an April wind, and quantities of April mud. No wonder Mrs. Knowlton's hired girl, Hannah Pierce, who sat crouching on a low stool by her little chamber window, watching the dreary outlook through that long, Sunday afternoon, was so miserably homesick as to wish for Monday morning to come with its scolding, bustling activity, its enormous wash and inevitable back ache, rather than these cheerless, unoccupied hours, knowing by past experience that work is an excellent antidote for homesickness.

She had been an inmate of Mr. Knowlton's family for several weeks and was

engaged to help them "till the heavy fall jobs were done." This was the sixth Sabbath she had passed in her bare, comfortless chamber, fleeing to it as soon as the morning work was cleared away, to escape sitting with the family down stairs who were continually having unpleasant family jars and lengthy disputes.

Little Sammy was the youngest, nearly seven years old and so noisily mischievous that he went stubbing from house to shed, from shed to barn and from there back to his mother's kitchen again, driven by some loud-voiced authority, which having no patience with his provoking pranks harshly ordered him "out of here, quick."

Hannah watched the little fellow as he darted under the sheep shed, when surprised by his father's voice forbidding him to race the lambs.

"I wonder what new mischief he will be up to next," she thought. "Something hateful I am sure. He is the first little child I ever saw that seemed to have nothing lovable about him. Always cross and whining or else screaming with glee in tormenting some person or animal."

"Rat-tat-tat," came a low, drubbing sound from the sheep barn.

Hannah heard it and noiselessly pushing up the window sash with its little seven by nine-inch lights, listened to discover what the noise was.

Under the barn eaves was a long row of swallows' nests, resting on cleats which were nailed against the barn for the especial benefit of these birds. Through a large knot hole in the barn just under their nests, an old rake handle was being thrust, by some unseen person, who had climbed on to the scaffold inside of the barn and was now trying to knock down the empty, but strong and comfortable nests.

"It's that hateful little Sam. What mean thing won't he think of to do? He is pounding those nests all to pieces and what will the swallows do next month when they come and find their warm houses gone? I shall tell Mr. Knowlton of this caper and see if he won't make Sammy stop. The child won't mind any one else."

Hannah hurried down the back stairs and found Mr. Knowlton in the sitting room snoring on the lounge, taking one of his Sunday afternoon naps.

"He has just dropped off to sleep," Mrs. Knowlton answered after hearing Hannah's timid complaint of Sammy's cruelty, "and he will be crosser than a bear if we wake him up. Let the nests go. Who cares? The swallows can build more or move somewhere else. They are a nuisance to have round, anyway, and nobody but just such an old poky, chicken-hearted do-little as Caleb's father was, would ever have bothered to nail up strips of boards for the barn swallows to build on. I am glad Sammy has got his grit up and is knocking their nests down." And she turned again to the exciting story she was reading in the New York Ledger.

Hannah softly closed the sitting room door and creeping back up the dark stair way, threw herself, face downward, on the ragged patchwork counterpane that covered her bed and gave way to the long, hard cry that only homesick, exasperated, ill-used work girls can understand.

"What is the use of trying to be a Christian in this coarse, disagreeable family?" she sobbed, sitting upright after a long time, with very red eyes and swollen lids. "They are not one bit like the dear folks at home, and I can't feel very much interest in their souls, any way. I wonder what mother would tell me to do in trying to win them to Christ."

"Rather, what would God have you do," the spirit of love seemed to whisper

and she reached out for her little testament that lay by her bedside, hoping the book would open to some truth that would comfort and guide her.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might."

This was the verse her eye caught first.

"Do with all my might," but what is there for me to do this long, rainy Sunday? There is no supper for me to get, here, on Sunday. I have cleaned the lamps and made the boys' beds. Surely, there is no work for me to do with or without 'all my might.'"

"Hannah Eliza Pierce you know that is not the kind of work God means for you to-day," conscience loudly clamored, "is there nothing you can do in this family to show your love to your Saviour?"

"I can hear the rain dripping through the roof on to the garret floor. I will go up and put old dishes underneath the leaks as Mrs. Knowlton once told me. I will do it as unto the Lord, and, perhaps, even so small an offering will please Him."

She mounted the garret stairs and dragged from under the eaves, old rusty kettles and pans that had been used in previous rains to catch the water dripping from many leaks. At the north end of the attic a large puddle had accumulated on the floor and if not mopped, would soon be trickling through the floor and plastering into Mrs. Knowlton's spare chamber.

"Let it go," human nature quickly suggested, "if she were not so fiercely interested in that silly Ledger story, she would think of these leaks and look out for her chamber, herself."

But Christ's nature, that had taken strong root in this young girl's heart, conquered, and softly whispering, "for His sake," she ran down stairs into the back porch and getting the mop and pail, neatly wiped the wet boards of the attic floor.

Two narrow windows, curtained with dust and cob webs, stared grimly from either end of the long, dusky garret. Standing by one of them, listening to the sleepy patter of the rain on the roof, she looked down and saw Sammy had torn from the eaves nearly half of the swallows' nests, all he could reach with the rake handle on either side of the knot hole. He was now standing in an open shed, his grimy little hands thrust into his pants pockets, his cap set back side ways on his head, a trick he had copied from village roughs, and he was chewing at straws, rolling the tasteless wad in his cheek and then spitting it out as though it were tobacco.

"What a disagreeable child you are, and what a disagreeable young man you will surely make if you live. I am glad my little brother is not like you," were Hannah's comments from her outlook in the garret.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," etc. The verse was beginning to be uncomfortably plain to her. "What can I do for that little ignorant, impudent Sammy? Nothing that I want to do, for the less I have to do with him, the easier I find it is for me to get along in this family. But, if it is the work God has laid out for me to do this day, do it I will."

Pushing up the garret window, Hannah tapped loudly on its sash to attract Sammy's attention, knowing if she called his name first, his sneaking, under-handed nature would lead him to quickly dodge from sight, before he looked up to see who called him.

"Tap, tap, tap," not appearing to notice the child, whose curiosity was aroused seeing Hannah in the attic on Sunday.

"What you doing up there, Han? After some butternuts? They're hid. Moth-

er said she knew you'd be for gitting them."

"You down there, Sammy? I am here wiping up the rain slops. Come up into my chamber and I will peel you some beech nuts I have got in my trunk. Pull your boots off in the porch else you will muddy the stairs."

The little fellow surprised Hannah by swiftly darting through the gate to come at her bidding, and she felt warm, kindly interest springing up towards the untaught, unlovable little child from that instant.

She had scarcely reached her chamber before he was there, tip-toeing softly into her room in his stocking feet and grinning suspiciously at her.

"Where be your beech nuts? I want 'em right off." His training had been such, he felt no compunctions in demanding the nuts without any ceremony.

Hannah placed him on a low seat by her chair while she peeled the nuts for him, and without asking him if he would like a story, to avoid his blunt refusal, commenced telling him of the day when she and her little brother had gathered those beech nuts. In spite of himself he grew interested, and leaning over a little, watching her face with bright, keen eyes as she talked, she gradually drew him into her lap and for an hour sat rocking him, while he lay contentedly back in her arms, listening to a long, touching story of some little robins who starved to death because a cruel little girl purposely threw a stone that killed the mother bird. She made no allusion to the swallows' nests nor to any of his misdemeanors. She made the story as pathetic as she could, hoping, but not expecting to waken a little feeling in the boy's unchildish heart.

He constantly interrupted her with eager questions, some foolish, and some that showed the boy could reason well.

Mrs. Knowlton's loud voice calling, "Come down and strain the milk, Hannah," finished the story telling for that day.

When she was setting the pans away in the milk room, she chanced to glance from its window and with a thrill of pleasure saw Sammy's hand reaching through the knot hole in the sheep barn, trying to fit a broken nest back into its place under the eaves.

"Surely, there is good in that boy's heart, after all, and it shall be my Sunday work this summer to encourage him to be more loving and truthful," Hannah resolved, as she rinsed out the pails and wiped them.

She kept her word faithfully. Each Sabbath while she worked for Mrs. Knowlton, Sammy claimed the privilege of staying part of the afternoon in Hannah's room, listening to interesting bible stories and learning truths, which, we doubt not, had much influence on his after life, for, as all the old neighbors will tell you, "Sammy was the only one of Knowlton's boys that turned out well."

CLARISSA POTTER.

A SKETCH OF OIL CITY.

BY AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Oil City, the "hub" of the oil regions of western Pennsylvania is prettily located on that part of the Alleghany river where it is joined by Oil creek. The hills about the city are beautiful and picturesque, and were the structures of a more classic style of architecture, with a less smoky atmosphere pervading the whole region, one could almost imagine himself in ancient Rome. Every thing is black and smoky, streets, houses, and people.

I have heard the city and surrounding country described as a place where oil is the dominant feature. "It floats down

the river in large quantities from the refinery, it seems to fall with the dew and rain, it rises from the ground in vapor, is in every thing, around every thing, over every thing and under every thing." This may be a trifling exaggeration however.

The hills about the city are covered with oil derricks, which rise from every point like church steeples, but far more numerous. Cottage Hill is one of the prettiest elevations of the city. The cottages are unique in structure, nestled in among trees and shrubs and affording a picturesque view of the surrounding hills and the city. From Grove Avenue one can look down into the very center of the town and watch the surging mass of humanity that daily throng its streets in its business career.

The finest view can be obtained from Clark's Summit, an elevation directly opposite Cottage Hill. The Alleghany, winding in and out among the hills is not unlike the beautiful winding Connecticut, and Clark's Summit itself, bears a striking resemblance to old Ashuelot.

About a mile up the river from this point can be seen the imperial refinery. This refinery, the largest in the United States, having a capacity to refine 2,000 barrels, was burned on the 10th of September, 1875. A receiving tank holding about 25,000 barrels was struck by lightning and the fire, which was the result, was communicated to the refinery. For two days the conflagration raged. No description can convey an idea of the awful grandeur. "The dense black smoke which rolled from it, towering aloft in the air and darkening the country for miles, the glare of the flame, the frequent explosions, the jets and bursts of fiery spray, and the intense heat distinctly felt several miles from the spot, render it unsurpassable in the region of the oil country."

In the opposite direction, down Oil creek, can be seen the boiler works, and the cottages of Palace Hill. At our very feet, at the base of the summit, runs Seneca street, the scene of the devastating floods of last winter and the winter of 1872.

The smoky, black aspect of the business portion of the city is heightened by the dark colors with which the houses are painted and by the plank side walks throughout the city, which seem to be thoroughly saturated with soft coal dust and cinders.

The south side is the aristocratic portion. Many of the buildings there are of brick, and many handsome residences have lately been erected.

Oil City has churches of every denomination except the Congregational. In point of comfort and cosiness the Methodist and First Presbyterian excel many of our eastern churches. The Oil City schools are the pride and darling of the Oil citizens' hearts, and in themselves testify of the true-hearted generosity and high aspirations of the people.

The outward appearance of the business part of the city has few attractions for the stranger, but let him step into the Oil Exchange for a brief space of time and life will at once assume new charms. His first impression will be that a full grown bedlam has burst forth if business is brisk. His keen interest is soon excited and he watches the fluctuations of the market until he is drawn into the Charybdis of speculation, from which he issues, if only a small speculator, "a sadder and a wiser man." In this Exchange the vast amount of oil that exchanges hands, the fortunes lost and won, are almost incredible.

—Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.—*Jerrold.*

THIMBLES.

The thimble is a Dutch invention, that was first brought to England, in 1695, by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington, near London, gaining thereby both honor and profit. Its name was derived from the words thumb and bell, being for a long time called thumble, and only lately thimble. Old records say that thimbles were first worn on the thumbs; but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, silver, gold, horn, ivory, and even pearl and glass have all been used for making thimbles. I saw some very beautiful ones in China that were exquisitely carved, of pearl, and bound with gold, and the end also of gold. These pearl thimbles are quite as costly and far prettier than those made entirely of gold. Usually there is a pearl sheath for the scissors, and a dainty needle-book of pearl edged with gold to accompany the thimble, and the whole is inclosed in an exquisite little pocket case shaped like a book and bound in satin and pearl.

A thimble owned by a queen-consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus bud, this being the royal flower of that country. And almost every thing about the court bearing, in a greater or less degree, some impress of the lotus. This thimble is of gold, thickly studded with diamonds, that are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her marriage. It was a bridal gift from the king, who, having seen the English and American ladies at his court using thimbles, took this method of introducing them among his own people.

In Naples, very pretty thimbles composed of lava from Mount Vesuvius are occasionally sold, but rather as curiosities than for real utility, being, from the extreme brittleness of the lava, very easily broken. I have heard also of thimbles made of asphaltum from the Dead sea, and of one composed of a fragment of the old elm tree at Cambridge, Mass., under which Gen. Washington stood when taking command of the United States army in July, 1775; but I do not suppose that any of these were ever intended to be used in sewing.

In the ordinary manufacture of gold and silver thimbles thin plates of the metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. But in Paris the French have a way of their own, quite different from ours, for making gold thimbles that are said to be much more durable than those made in the usual way. Pieces of very thin sheet iron are cut into discs of about two inches diameter. These, after being heated to redness, are stuck by means of a punch, into a succession of holes of gradually increasing depth to give the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with tiny holes. It is next converted into steel by a process called cementation then tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. After all this is completed a thin sheet of gold is introduced into the interior and fastened to steel by a mandrel, while gold leaf is attached firmly by pressure to the outside the edges being seamed in a small groove made to receive them. This completes the operation, and turns out a very beautiful thimble that will last for years. The steel used in its construction will scarcely wear out in a long life-time, and the gold, if worn away, is easily replaced.—*Ex.*

—An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings. You catch sight of it just as it flies away from you, and gets buried again.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

KITCHEN LOTTERY SWINDLES.

We are glad to learn that the authorities in this city have commenced criminal proceedings against the most insidious and dangerous form of the lottery business yet devised for the purpose of swindling honest country people. We refer to the scheme adopted by several manufacturers of cheap and inferior goods by which prizes or tickets are given entitling purchasers to "a gift" if they chance to get a lucky number with the package bought. It is somewhat refreshing, however, to learn that recently the manufacturer of a laundry soap, and also a spice dealer, who in this way offered gifts to purchasers of their packages, have been arrested upon indictments of the the United States Grand Jury for lottery swindling and are now awaiting trial in this city. The latest candidate for criminal prosecution in this direction is the manufacturer of a baking powder, who is endeavoring by a similar lottery trick, to palm off upon servant girls and unsuspecting housekeepers an article called baking powder, but which really is an alum compound of a corrosive nature and detrimental to health. It is, therefore, really a source of congratulation that the authorities have taken the matter in hand; for while all forms of lotteries are iniquitous, they are infinitely more so when made the aids to swindling, which profits at the expense of the health of the poor and unwary. We are informed that this form of lottery is being not only peddled from house to house, but that, under the promise of larger percentages or profits than can be realized from the standard goods, the swindlers are entrenching themselves behind the counters of many grocers, by getting them to offer the objectionable goods with the prize tickets inclosed, thereby shifting the liability to prosecution in a large measure, upon other, and perhaps innocent parties. Every grocer or dealer, for instance, who sells or offers for sale any of this gift baking powder is a criminal in the eye of the law, and upon conviction is liable to fine and imprisonment. This is a predicament in which we do not believe our grocers will care to place themselves when aware of the fact, more especially now that the attention of the criminal authorities has been drawn to the matter.

Aside, however, from the criminal liability thus incurred, the immoral tendency of such a business is so great that it should be most severely denounced and discouraged by every one having the best welfare of the community at heart. The purchase of an article of food with a gift ticket inclosed in this way is made to appear as a trifling affair; but it is no less immoral and an offense against law than are the big lottery swindles which the Government is trying to suppress. Besides, as every teacher of morality knows, it is the apparently trifling sins which are winked at where large ones would daze, that form the entering wedge to undermine the conscience and harden it for greater ones. We cannot believe that our business men will care to aid in any such swindles, nor that the people on their second thought will expect to benefit by purchasing baking powders, or what not, which may be offered under such suspicious circumstances.—*New York Independent.*

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

Though Confucius is greatly revered as the founder of a religion that is popular and very conducive to morality and devotion, it is a great mistake to suppose that he is worshipped as a god or godman. This sage, who lived in the sixth century before our era, did not claim to

be inspired in any way. His teachings have the merit of being so comprehensive and simple as to leave scant room for sectarian disputations and subdivisions. Every sentence has a bearing upon the duties of daily life, and his books contain nothing abstruse or theological. Our most admired Christian precepts are in full accord with all his teachings.

In their home life the Chinese are cleanly, moral and frugal. Rice is, in Pekin at least, far from being the principal article of diet. Meat enters largely into consumption, and pork has the same preference among laborers that we see in San Francisco. All our grains grow in China. Wheat yields to their fine cultivation thirty bushels to the acre. Barley, Indian corn, buckwheat and millet are cultivated. Wages are about forty cents a day for laborers. Teachers get one dollar a month per scholar.

Though opium is smoked and spirits are used in large quantities in China, reliable persons state that in a long residence at Pekin they never saw an intoxicated person nor a brawl in that city. The Chinese are great tea drinkers, but the tea is taken very weak. A quick infusion is made that gives only the finest blush aroma. This is entirely lost in our way of making it which gives us the coarsest flavor of the leaf. Rats are not eaten unless to avert starvation.

Small feet after the deformed fashion of China, are not a general fashion in Pekin and the larger cities, and it is not as supposed, a fashion that distinguishes the highest race. Manchoes do not dwarf the feet, but a class next below them adheres, and only to a limited extent, to the practice. Killing female infants is a slander upon the Chinese, infanticide is no more common in Pekin than in New York. Nor do they worship idols in China. They use images exactly as some Christian sects use the cross and statues of the virgin and the saints. No people venerate the tombs of their ancestors as do the Chinese. It is a sentiment that we would do well to cultivate.

In their system of civil service reform the Celestials are far ahead of us. Every man reads and knows the excellent maxims of Confucius by heart. Every three years several thousand scholars go to Pekin to be examined as to qualifications for public offices. The examinations are so conducted that the student has no chance to get help from without. And the rewards are just. They take rank in the great book of candidates strictly in the order of their merit for competency. This system seems superior to our way of selecting for political considerations, and it conduces to a greater permanency of the government.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

—Cheerfulness in large doses is the best medicine one can take along in his out-door tramps.—*J. T. Fields.*

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and judge for yourself of its superiority.

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

-OF-

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, Kolting, 75
Turkish Patrol Revellé, - - - - - Krug,	35
Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert,	50
Siren's Waltzes, - - - - - Waldteufel,	75
Fatinitza, Suppe, Potpourri, - - - - - Moelling,	1 00
Mascotte, Audran, Potpourri, - - - - - Roconini,	1 00
Il Trovatore, Verdi, Potpourri, - - - - - Dorn,	75
Night on the Water, Idyl, op. 93, Wilson,	60
Bustling 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, - - - - - Melinger,	40
Requited Love, (4 part Song,) Archer,	35
Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) - - - - - Bishop,	35
In the Gloaming, - - - - - Harrison,	30
Only be True, - - - - - Vickers,	35
Under the Eaves, - - - - - Winner,	35
Free Lunch Cadets, - - - - - Sousa,	35

If the music selected amounts to just \$1.00, nothing need be sent us but the fifteen pictures, your name, address, and selection of music. If the music selected comes to over \$1.00, the excess can be enclosed in postage stamps.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after such trial, they continue to use the Soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers. The music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Foggy, can select music to the amount of \$4.50. This soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you can use every week. I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

HUDSON, Mass., May 5th, '83.

GENTS:—I beg to hand you copy of a postal just sent to office of The Frank Siddall's Soap, 1019 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

I have faithfully tried your soap and I can truly say that I still prefer the Dobbins' Electric. Yours truly,

Mrs. ALICE E. PHILLIPS, P. O. box 407.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges, as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 60,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

Will the ladies who are interested in "THE HOUSEHOLD badge" suggested in a late number, send us as soon as possible, original designs for the same?

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—To any lady sending me one or more magazines of any date or kind, providing they are whole, I will send the pattern of a very useful and pretty clothes-pin apron.

MRS. HERMAN KRUEGER.

Fulton, Clay Co., Minn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send me the address of any person who has skeleton leaves and ferns in any shape and form? I will gladly return postage.

Littleton, N. H.

LILLA E. BARNARD.

PERMANENT RESULT IN A CASE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

The following report of the case of a gentleman whose physicians had ordered him to leave England on account of Tuberculosis, and seek a climate more favorable for the disease from which he was suffering, is a very remarkable one. He made his way to Colorado but found that the air of that high region did not suit him. Hearing of the Oxygen Treatment, he wrote to Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia, and obtained a supply. In January, 1883, two months after commencing its use, he reported the result as highly favorable. We make an extract from his letter:

"Almost from the first your Oxygen did me perceptible good. I slept better, appetite increased, digestion improved. I felt more hopeful and life seemed brighter. There were times, however, when the Oxygen did not seem to be of any service at all, but having been warned in your pamphlet of these times, I was not afraid. I persevered with your Treatment and have been rewarded."

"After some six weeks' Treatment, I began to improve with marvelous rapidity. I seemed to bound forward into new life. My color returned, I gained flesh and strength, my spirits rose, the effect of ten years' overwork disappeared, and I was awake—alive again."

"And these pleasant sensations are warranted by the physician's recent examination. He says the chest is filling out, particularly under the shoulder-blades—a good sign. Respecting the lung, he says there is just one little spot that does not sound quite well, but the difference is so slight that it can only be detected by a very quick ear. The Doctor added that he knew of a number of cases where Oxygen had been a signal benefit, and he believed Starkey & Palen were doing much good."

"How thankful I am for this happy change in my condition cannot be expressed. I shall ever acknowledge my indebtedness to you, and do my best to spread the knowledge of your Treatment. It has given me a Merry Christmas and made me look hopefully for a happy New Year."

In February, two months after the above was written, came another report, in which he says:

"This morning I saw my doctor, and hasten to give you the gratifying result of his examination:

"First, for the heart: The valvular disturbance has been quite removed, but there is a slight unsteadiness. Pulse, full and strong."

"The lung has quite cleared, with the exception of a small spot at the apex, which has shrunk a little. I said, 'Well, Doctor, suppose I was examined by a stranger, could he, excepting the shrunk spot, tell whether I had been ill?' The answer was firm and unhesitating, 'No, and he might easily overlook that spot."

The only difference is that the right breast is not yet as full as the other; that might be detected by laying on the hands. Can anything be more satisfactory?"

This great improvement, it is gratifying to know, has been permanent, as will be seen from the following letter received from him under date of October 12th, 1883, a year after he began the Compound Oxygen Treatment:

"It is interesting to me that a year has just elapsed since I began using Compound Oxygen. Ill as I was, the first Treatment effected a cure of the lung. I have taken two other Treatments to make assurance doubly sure, and for the sake of the throat, which, indeed, was progressing nicely until the hot weather threw me down."

"One of its most noteworthy qualities is the protection it affords from cold. Since before last Christmas I have had but one cold, and that recently, when I had no Oxygen to take on the first symptoms appearing. The sweet sleep it gives is also noteworthy, and then the improved breathing!"

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the results which have followed the use of Compound Oxygen in this case.

A Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

A. S. Day, 101 Ranch, Catalpa, N. M., will exchange divided skirt pattern for one bank of seal brown German yarn, or 3 oz. of chinchilla Saxony, navy, seal, or garnet single or double zephyr.

Mrs. Annie Williams, Slick Rock, Barren Co., Ky., will exchange silk worm eggs for "Quits," or "At Odds," Harper's '82 or '83, ad. cards, or landscape chromos. Write first.

Miss C. E. Williams, Box 23, Ruckersville, Greene Co., Va., will exchange 50 varieties of flower seeds for reading matter, or for any thing useful or ornamental.

Mrs. L. H. Bickford, North San Juan, Nevada Co., Cal., will exchange agates, moss agates, opal, milk and moss opal, and other minerals for something useful. Write first.

Mrs. H. B. Acuff, Putnamville, Ind., will exchange silk worm eggs for any thing useful or ornamental. Sea shells, Japan lily or gladiolus bulbs, or choice flower seeds.

E. A. Brouillet, Roxton Pond, Que., will exchange Pope's poetical works and "Fair Play," by Mrs. Southworth for fancy work, also, sheet music for same. Write first.

Mrs. Harry R. Bacon, Toledo, Ohio, will exchange sheet music for squares of cretonne, eight inches square, or pretty room decorations in dark blue. Write first.

Mrs. Hattie Revell, Willmette, Cook Co., Ill., will exchange rick-rack, knit edgings, point lace, or darned work, for Peterson's, for 1884, to be sent as soon as read. Write first.

Emma D. Carlisle, Hampshire, Kane Co., Ill., will exchange sheet music for old magazines, Ballou's or Peterson's preferred, also petrified wood for minerals or curiosities.

Mrs. Nelson Dean, Sutton, Vt., will exchange advertising cards for advertising cards.

MELLIN'S FOOD, the only genuine substitute for mother's milk, is recommended by our most prominent physicians as the best and safest food for infants. It contains no farinaceous matter, which so often produces disorders of the stomach. For sale by druggists.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton in another column under the head of Honey Bees.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 250 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

If you have a listless, discouraged feeling, and get weary with but slight exertion, very likely your liver is torpid. Take Ayer's Pills and they will cure you.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also prevent and cure Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Also furnished in large cans, for breeders' use, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.20. Circulars sent FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

When the blood is impure, or when it is thin and cold, good health is impossible. Under such conditions, boils, pimples, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and one disease after another is developed. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it will make the blood pure, rich, and warm.

LIVING A NEW LIFE.

Rheumatism loves to riot in a body weighted with years. Until the discovery of ATHLOPHOROS, there was but little hope for the aged who were victims of the disease. But now Mr. Wesley Iliff, Cedarville, Ohio, writes: "Took ATHLOPHOROS as directed and find I am well of Rheumatism. I am 65 years old and was getting stiff in my joints and limbs. Now I am as clear of Rheumatism and stiffness as I ever was in my life. Consider ATHLOPHOROS the greatest and best medicine I ever heard of."

The mind depends for its health very largely on bodily conditions. The gloomy fears, the depressing views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a certain remedy for removing dandruff, making the scalp white and clean, and restoring gray hair to its youthful color. It imparts a fine gloss and freshness to the hair, and is highly recommended by physicians, clergymen and scientists as a preparation accomplishing wonderful results.



ESTABLISHED 1817.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.
WILTONS,
BRUSSELS,
MOQUETTES,
AXMINSTERS,
SAXONY RUGS,
ART INGRAINS,
CHINA MATTINGS,
WOODSTOCK SQUARES

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Mattings, or Oriental Rugs, for sale at

REASONABLE PRICES

558 & 560 Washington St.,
BOSTON.

THE HUSBAND'S DUTIES.

The first duties of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying, and try the patience and the strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. Frequently they are morose and peevish, and give their attention to the newspaper, or leave the house, and seek the companionship of men at the club or the hotel, while their wives are left alone and sad, borne down with family cares, and longing for sympathy and affection. A single kindly word or look that tells his thought of her and her troubles, would lift half the weight of care from her heart.

Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their business plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness, and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare.

Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and a cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and "never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor."—*Ex.*

—Peck's Sun says that a young Portage (Wis.) route agent had a mean trick played on him by a friend the other day. He got leave of absence and went to Cambria to visit a young lady that he was acquainted with. A friend went to the telegraph office and sent a message to the village marshal of Cambria that a young man was on the way to that place who had been boarding in a house where there were three cases of small-pox, and that he had better be looked after. His dress and appearance were described minutely, and when the train arrived the visitor was fastened to by the marshal, who would not let him enter a house while he was in town, but kept him walking until the train went back to Portage when he was allowed to depart, as hungry and tired a young fellow as ever was seen. He says he will probably submit to that joke without trying to pay it back with 11 per cent. interest, though he don't believe he will.

—There are no times in life when opportunity, the chance to be and do, gathers so richly about the soul as when it has to suffer. Then every thing depends on whether the man turns to the lower or the higher helps. If he resorts to mere expedients and tricks, the opportunity is lost. He comes out no richer nor greater; nay, he comes out harder, poorer, smaller, for his pain. But, if he turns to God, the hour of suffering is the turning-hour of his life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

—Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of "good stories."—*De Quincey.*

—Misers take as much care of their money as if they owned it, and use it as little as if they didn't.

—Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

A DANGEROUS AMBUSCADE.

DISCOVERED BARELY IN TIME—THE MOST DECEPTIVE AND LURING OF MODERN EVILS GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

(Syracuse Journal.)

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Dr. S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth, some fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I inquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being instead of a spirit. I have passed through one of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be varied by a soreness of the muscles and cramps in my arms and legs. I thought, as most people would think, that it was only a cold and so paid as little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do so? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once, and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for, and with large interest. Men cannot draw drafts on their constitution without honoring them sometime. These minor symptoms I have described, grew until they were giants of agony. I became more nervous, had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath, and an occasional numbness that was terribly suggestive of paralysis. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant, I cannot imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1879, I went to Kansas and Colorado, and while in Denver, I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs, and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I was taken with a terrible chill and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water, and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks, in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried every thing that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make an exhaustive chemical and microscopical examination of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I must die!

It seemed as though their assertion was true, for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes wore a fixed,

glassy stare, my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the finale?"

"Came at last. My wife, aroused to desperation, began to administer a remedy upon her own responsibility, and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no trace of the terrible Bright's disease from which I was dying, and am a perfectly well man. This may sound like a romance, but it is true, and my life, health, and what I am, are due to Warner's Safe Cure, which I wish was known to and used by the thousands who, I believe, are suffering this minute as I was originally. Does not such an experience as this justify me in making a public statement?"

"It certainly does. But then Bright's disease is not a common complaint, doctor."

"Not common! On the contrary, it is one of the most common. The trouble is, few people know they have it. It has so few marked symptoms until its final stages that a person may have it for years, each year getting more and more in its power and not suspect it. It is quite natural I should feel enthusiastic over this remedy, while my wife is even more so than I am. She knows of its being used with surprising results by many ladies for their own peculiar ailments, over which it has singular power."

The statement drawn out by the above interview is amply confirmed by very many of our most prominent citizens, among them being Judge Reigel, and Col. James S. Goodrich of the Times, while Gen. Dwight H. Bruce and Rev. Prof. W. P. Coddington, D. D., give the remedy their heartiest endorsement. In this age of wonders, surprising things are quite common, but an experience so unusual as that of Dr. Martin's and occurring here in our midst, may well cause comment and teach a lesson. It shows the necessity of guarding the slightest approach of physical disorder, and by the means which have been proven the most reliable and efficient. It shows the depth to which one can sink and yet be rescued, and it proves that few people need suffer if these truths are observed.



NATURE'S remedy applied through our Magnetic Shields. A soft, energetic current of vitalizing magnetic power passes directly into the nerve centers, imparting warmth, life and health. If you are tired of old failures and antiquated methods of regaining health, get a Belt or Jacket and know what real comfort and enjoyment are. Magnetism scientifically applied, is the most powerful element within the reach of mortals for curing disease and restoring health. Do not be foolish and doubt "Shields." Our Magnetic Shields are your best friend on earth. They will make you well and strong; able to battle against the storms of life.

Our statements are true. Do not doubt. Read our New Book. But do not judge us by our writings only, but try our "Shields," and then judge from experience. Science and truth must win the victory.

Magnetic currents imparted by our Shields pass through the body and stimulate every corporeal to its normal action, just as sunshine warms the plants and flowers into life in spring.

Magnetic Insoles keep your feet warm in coldest weather. \$1 buys a pair to any address; 3 pairs for \$2. Send for book, "Plain Road to Health."

This book costs you nothing and will tell the cause of disease, the law of cure by a new method without the use of drugs. Reader, send for this new book entitled A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH. It is one of the most entertaining, instructive books of modern times.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,

No. 6 Central Music Hall, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. Manufacturing, 279 W. Madison street.

Richardson's Sure Relief for Piles.

A word to the wise is sufficient. If you contemplate a surgical operation, first send Two Dollars and get a package of SURE RELIEF, manufactured and sold only by L. T. RICHARDSON, 81 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y., and sent to any part of the United States and Canada, prepaid, on receipt of price.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT

DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincey Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men, address H. H. KANE, A. M., M. D., 160 Fulton St., New York City.

40 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS, large size, Imported floral gems. They are beauties; try them. Name on, 10c. Anna Printing Co. Northford, Ct.

GAIN Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live." Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Philip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (4 bottles) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth \$10 a box." Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

PRUSSIAN REMEDY FOR GARGET IN COWS.

MAMMISTINE

An article of intrinsic value, which will meet a want long felt by all dairymen and farmers for its entire cure. It is safe and reliable. Will reduce swelling in udders, remove bunches, cure bloody and stringy milk, &c. In fact, GARGET in every form has been cured by this remedy. If taken in time—before the cow comes in—it will many times restore blind teats to their full extent. It is prepared expressly to relieve certain glands that are always inflamed when a cow is suffering from this cause. CURE WARRANTED.

Sample packages (for 12 doses) sent on receipt of \$1.00, or will send C. O. D., Express paid.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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"The Oldest and Best Cough Medicine in the World."
1826—1885.

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CAUTION.—Be careful to get the genuine and take no other article said to be "just as good."

WALLINGFORD'S GARGET CURE!

Cures Garget in Cattle in 3 or 4 Days. Farmers and Herdsmen: Your attention is called to this valuable medicine. Warranted to cure the worst case of Garget, Kernels in Teats or Udder, Stringy Substances, Bunches in Bag, Blood or Sediment in Milk, and all other diseases of Cattle. For sale by Druggists and Country Stores. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure you get WALLINGFORD'S, which is patented. W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Proprietors, Portland, Me. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Agents, Burlington, Vt.

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CATARRH ALL-NIGHT INHALATION!

A positive revolution in the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs. An absolute cure for CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and kindred ailments.

This wonderful invention is curing "hopeless cases" of CATARRH and CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES. It applies medicated and curative air to the mucous lining of the nose, throat, and lungs all night, whilst sleeping as usual. If inhalation for a few minutes a day will sometimes cure and relieve catarrh, consumption, etc. (which experience has proved beyond a doubt), inhaling continuously for eight hours out of the twenty-four, will reach cases which physicians have given up to die.

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Manufacturers Farmers' Favorite Grain Drill,
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THE PILLOW-INHALER CO. Gentlemen:—The immense benefit my wife has received from the steady use of your Pillow-Inhaler, has gone beyond all that you promised. For years she was a constant sufferer from pain and soreness in her throat, inflammation of larynx and vocal chords, and for a year at one time had scarcely spoken a loud word. She had been treated by eminent specialists with much benefit, but the few months' use of the Pillow-Inhaler has done more in the way of real improvement and adding

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S. N. GALLUP.

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BEST CORSETS IN THE WORLD.
Dressmakers Delight in Fitting over Them!
They combine Durability, Comfort, Healthfulness and Elegance of form, and being made in various styles and lengths are adapted to all. Physicians recommend them. They are not sold by merchants. Exclusive territory given. Ladies make this a profitable and permanent business. Price \$1.50, and upwards. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for circulars and terms to agents to
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100 BEAUTIFUL SONGS 10c.

100 of the best songs ever sung — the most popular songs of the day. *We Never Speak as we Pass By*, *Over the Garden Wall*, *Kerry Dance*, *Warrior Bold*, *Blue Abandon Mountains*, *Only a Blossom from her Grave*, *Three Old Maids of Lee*, *Flirting in the Starlight*, *Grandmother's Old Easy Chair*, *Don't Drink, my Boy, To-night*, and 90 others. Home Songs, Comic Songs, Sentimental, Children's Songs, etc. The entire collection of 100 songs for only 10c. 300 for 25c. 700 for 50c. 1,500 for \$1.00. CHASE BROTHERS, DEDHAM, MASS.

YOUR NAME

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This elegant SOLID RING made of Heavy 18 K. Rolled Gold, warranted for 5 years. Each ring packed in an elegant Velvet Casket. We will send post-paid one Ring and Casket for 45c., also give sample case of our Beautiful Cards, (you'll be more than pleased) also our New Illustrated Premium List, Price \$1.00 and this gold Ring free. Agents wanted. Sample Book 25c. Stamps taken. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

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50 Satin Gloss Chromo Cards, no two alike same on 10c. Brilliant artistic designs, 11 pks \$1 & this Stem winding Musical Watch Free, 12 Gold wreath. Finest Sample Album in America, 25c. 150 Embossed Pictures 20 cts. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

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We want 50,000 new subscribers, at once, for our well-known literary and family paper, **BACKLOG SKETCHES**, and knowing that all who once read it will become regular subscribers, we make this great offer: For only 56 cents we will send Backlog Sketches on TRIAL three months, and will also send free, post-paid, FOUR valuable premiums as follows: 1. This elegant 18k. Rolled Gold Wedding Ring, equal in weight and appearance to a \$10 ring. Will wear for years as well as a solid gold ring, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. 2. Ladies' Rolled Gold Pin, an elegant new pattern, with a sparkling Parisian Diamond in the center. A perfect beauty. 3. Ladies' Brillant Ear Jewels, each having a small French Diamond in the center, with a setting of fine Roman Gold; very rich and elegant. 4. Nickel Silver Sleeve Buttons. Will wear for years and not tarnish. Very fashionable and unique designs, suitable for lady or gentleman, and sure to please. Bear in mind we send the four premiums named above, post-paid, and Backlog Sketches three months, for only 56 cts. Backlog Sketches is now issued every two weeks, is filled with choicest reading matter and freely illustrated. Think of it! 4 large, 8-page, semi-monthly, illustrated paper, three months and four valuable premiums, for only 56 cents! Either of the premiums is worth double the subscription price. For \$1.00 we send Backlog Sketches a year and a beautiful ring, warranted Solid Gold. Sample paper for agents. Agents Wanted. Address Publishers **BACKLOG SKETCHES**, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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Each Watch is finely made, silver plated, and the greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. It is a COMPLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, size and shape of a watch, with Music Box attachment concealed within, so arranged that when wound at the stem it plays one of the following tunes: "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Swanee River," "Carnival of Venice," "Grandfather's Clock," and a Waltz. The notes, time, and tones are correct. It instructs and entertains both old and young. On receipt of 36 cts. will send it by mail, post-paid. Just think of it! Music Box for 36 cents. You will be delighted with it. Address **WESSON MANUFACTURING CO.** Providence, R. I. Postage Stamps taken.



50 Satin finished Golden Beauties, Souvenirs of Friendship, Pen Script Mottoes, Bird Mottoes, and Verse Cards, with name, 10c. 6 pks. & this genuine rolled gold seal ring, 50c. Apt's complete album 25c. 100 imported embossed scrap pictures, 20c. Alling Bros., Northford, Ct.

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Northern grown stock is most hardy and will give best results. Try it.

\$1.00 COLLECTIONS.

12 Plants \$1. by mail. Purchaser's choice of kinds my choice of varieties. Prepaid, with directions for treatment. These collections have been sent to all parts of U. S. from California to Maine and Canada to Florida for the past six years, with our packing, in excellent condition. Liberal inducements to Clubs of \$5 or \$10, with Cash Premium. For \$1 you may select 12 plants, one or 12 of a kind, viz., 3 to 12 varieties, Aceratum, Alternanthera, Basket Plants, Begonias, Bouvardias, Carnations, Centaureas, Chrysanthemum, Cigar Plants, Double Daisy, Golden or Double Feverfew, Fuchsia, Pelargoniums, Single Geraniums, Double Geraniums, Sweet Scented or Ivy Leaved Geraniums, Heliotrope, English Ivy, Lantanas, Sunlax, Oxalis, Double or Single Petunia, Climbing, Hardy Perpetual, or EVERBLOOMING ROSES, 12, \$1. Salvia, Lemon Verbena, Abutilon, Amaranthus, Alyssum, Calceolarias, Eupatorium, Stevia, Lobelia, Ornamental Grass, Veronica, Gladiola, Coleus, Pansy, Tuberosa, Verbena. Remember it is 12 plants from above list for \$1.00. You select 12 of one kind and state if 3, 6 or 12 varieties are wanted of one kind, or 12 plants 12 kinds, from above, \$1, or 15 plants (15 varieties) my choice, one of a kind, \$1. 8 Cyclamen, \$1. 8 Primrose, \$1. 8 Bronze Geranium, 8 varieties, \$1. 8 Ferns, \$1, or make your selection of 8 from the 4 kinds for \$1. 18 Pansy, choice, \$1. 20 Gladiola, \$1. 20 Verbenas, \$1. 20 Single Petunias, \$1. 16 Tuberosa, pearl blooming bulbs, \$1. 5 Moss Rose, \$1. One each Primrose, Tuberosa, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, China, Hardy, Climbing Roses, 8 strong plants, \$1. One each Camellia, Azalea, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, Calla, \$1. Two Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, 1 Hardy Phlox, 1 Rose, 7 for \$1. Three Honeysuckles, (3 varieties), 3 varieties Hardy Shrubs, \$1. One each Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, Abutilon, and Hardy Rose, \$1. One each Fern, Variegated Grass, Abutilon, Cobea, Hydrangea, Gloxinia, Cyclamen, \$1. Six \$1 packages by mail for \$5; 13 \$1 packages by mail \$10; or if ordered by express, 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75; 7 \$1 packages for \$5; 15 \$1 packages for \$10; all labeled, express paid by purchaser, with Cash Premiums. See below.

I deliver to any part of the U. S. or Canada, free of postage, strong pot grown plants of Everblooming Roses that will give abundance of flowers during the summer and guarantee them to arrive safely. 6 varieties for \$1; 13 varieties for \$2; 20 varieties for \$3; 27 varieties for \$4; 36 for \$5; your choice, all labeled. I will also forward 12 roses, my choice of varieties, not labeled, by mail, prepaid, for \$1; 25 for \$2. See mailing list above. The roses are all wintered in cold houses, and are in condition to produce the very best results for summer blooming, with proper treatment.

PLANT COLLECTIONS FOR BEDDING, or immediate Blooming, the best bloomers and most distinct in color, selected from new and standard varieties. Six best sorts Carnations, Dahlias, Fuchsias, Single Geraniums, Double Geraniums, Golden Bronze, Ivy Leaved or Sweet Scented Geraniums, Double Petunias, Pelargoniums, Everblooming Roses or Lantanas, 6 best sorts 6 strong plants, \$1. Six best Coleus, 75c. Six best Gladiola, 75c. Six best Heliotrope, 75c. Six best Pansies, 40c. Six best Verbenas, 40c. Four \$1 pkgs., \$3, by express; 6 for \$4.50; 15 \$1 pkgs. for \$10. \$30 CASH PREMIUM to the 3 parties sending the largest club orders for the season to July 1st, 1884, \$15 to second, \$10 to third. It includes all collections of plants, seeds, bulbs, offered in catalogue of 1884 in Club Orders only.

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I devote special attention to this branch. To Florists and others in search of choice seed, reliable, fresh and true to name, you should give them a trial.

PANSIES—Improved Large Flowering. My strain has gained a wide reputation for rich colorings and size of flower; mixed packets, 15c. **BALSAM**—Improved large flowering, extra double, separate colors or mixed packet, 15c. **ASTERS**—I offer the choicest strains in great variety, mixed packet, 10c.; separate colors, 15c. **PETUNIA**—My strain of Double and Single Fringed are unequalled; Single Fringed, packet, 25c.; Double Fringed, 50c. packet. **PHLOX**—**BEUMONDI**—Of superior quality, choicest mixed, packet, 10c. **STOCK TEN WEEKS**—For doubleness and contrast in colors are graded the best; packet, 10c. mixed colors. **PRIMROSE**—The seed are saved from the very choicest single and double sorts, and considered of superior strain; many colors, mixed, single, 25c.; double, 50c. per packet. **CARNATION**—Saved from the choicest named sorts, mixed, packet, 25c. **GLOXINIA**—Best French Hybrids, choice collections, packet 25c. **GERANIUM**—Saved from over 100 of my best single and double varieties, 15c. **CYCLAMEN**—These are grown from the choicest named sorts, 25c. **VERBENA**—Seed saved from 50 best named varieties, 15c. **HOLLYHOCK**, Double—Unsurpassed excellence as to size, colors, contrast in colors, mixed, packet 15c. One trial packet seed of each above 13 varieties, \$1.50.

VEGETABLE SEED

offered are grown from the best selected specimens and can be classed with the very best grades grown. If you want good seed for good gardens, try them. As to freshness, purity, are number one. **BEET**—Eclipse, Egyptian, Bastians, Early Blood Turnip. **CABBAGE**—Wakefield (true), Excelsior Flat Dutch, Fottler's Early Drumhead, New Red Early Pickler, Blood Red Erfurt, Royal Drumhead, Perfection Savoy. **CORN**—Early Marblehead, Minnesota, Excelsior, Tuscarora, Mexican, all fresh, northern grown, true to name. **ONION**—True Globe Danvers from selected stock from choice hand picked onions, and none will produce better results. **MELONS**—Golden Gem, Nutmeg Improved, The Boss, Iceberg, Cuban Queen, Bay View, Vick's Early, all grown from the finest melons. **PEAS**—Excelsior, A. Wonder, Telephone, Stratagem, Abundance, Everbearing, Rival, Perpetual Bearer, Emperor, and many others. **TOMATO**—Favorite, Acme, Essex Hybrid Mayflower of our own growth. **POTATOES**—**MEN**—These are the best early potatoes ever introduced: E. Sunnyside, Vick's Early, Early Hebron, Early Vermont, Clark's No. 1, E. Gem, White Elephant, Improved Peachblow, Mammoth, E. Rose, Chicago Market. **STRAWBERRIES**—James Vick, Manchester, Garfield, Atlantic, Bidwell, Sharpless, 20 other leading sorts. **GRAPES**—Moore's Early, Prentiss, Vergennes, Early Victor, Pocklington, other leading sorts. **FAY'S NEW PRO-LIFIC CURBANT**, other sorts. **Raspberries, Blackberries**, etc., etc. New Catalogue, 80 pages, about 200 illustrations, describing many novelties in Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc., mailed free to all, ready about 15th Feb. Do not give your order elsewhere until you have examined my list.

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Also other Small Fruits, and all other varieties Grapes, Extra quality. Warranted true. Cheap by mail. Low Rates to Dealers.

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ESS, LADY WASH-
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PRENTISS LARGEST STOCK IN AMERICA.
Prices reduced. Illus. Catalogue free.
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PRIZES OFFERED.

The proprietors of the Diamond Dyes, (Messrs. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.,) have authorized THE HOUSEHOLD to offer two prizes for the best essays on the uses of Diamond Dyes, a first prize of twenty dollars, and a second prize of ten dollars. The essays are to give the results of actual experience in the use of the Dyes, with plain statement of methods, and to cover as many different uses as practicable. They must be written in an interesting and practical manner, and are subject to the following conditions:

The persons competing for the prizes must be subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD, and have already contributed something to its columns.

To any such person applying to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., and in their application agreeing to make a faithful trial of the Dyes, and to submit an essay by May 15, a quantity of the Dyes of from one to three dozen will be furnished at one dollar per dozen. When the essay is received the money will be refunded.

This method is adopted to avoid imposition from persons who would send for dyes, but would not write. The essays must not exceed sufficient matter to make a page of THE HOUSEHOLD when printed. They are to be sent to the Editor who will act as judge and award the prizes.

The first prize article will be published in an early number of THE HOUSEHOLD. The prizes will be paid as soon as the decisions are made. We trust our best contributors will compete for these prizes as in doing so they will be surprised to learn for what a great variety of purposes the Dyes are adapted, and how perfect the results are.

We hear much in these days of dress reform undergarments, and, doubtless, many of us associate them with all that is uncouth and uncomfortable, but one has only to see the beautifully made and neatly fitting garments sent out by Miss Bates, whose advertisement appears in another column, to have this impression at once dispelled. For growing girls nothing can be better than her Bates' waists, for surely the time has come when no sensible mother would think of allowing her young daughter to wear the corsets, against which war has been waged so long. We do not mean to say that the garments are adapted only to girls, for they are alike desirable for mothers as well. And for dainty infants' garments, from the silken shirts for the first weeks of babyhood to the neatly tucked and thoroughly made slips and comfortable petticoats, we know of no one who can furnish a more satisfactory outfit than Miss Bates.

House Cleaning made Easy and Complete by the use of JAMES PYLE'S Pearline.

In these days when hand-painting is almost as common as pasting pictures on old jugs and jars was a few years ago, and, alas! much of it possessing about as much beauty as the numerous lizards and storks of that period, doubtless, many of the sisters who have more money than artistic talent, and yet who fully appreciate the beautiful, will be glad to know where they can send an order for a plaque, screen, or any thing else that can be painted, and feel sure of being able to recognize the ferns and flowers they have ordered when they see them. To all such it gives us pleasure to refer to Miss Susie Lee, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose advertisement appears in another column. We feel sure that any one sending an order to her will be satisfied with the work they receive, and we speak from personal knowledge.

The whole physical mechanism becomes impaired by the heavy winter diet and lack of open air exercise. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the system.

Among the thousands of brides who are availing themselves of our "Offer to Brides," perhaps there may be some who wish they knew what kind of soap would be the best for them to purchase. To such we would say we know of nothing more welcome in our kitchen than a box of Welcome soap. For all kinds of kitchen soap, we know of nothing better, and would advise all householders to give it a trial before deciding what kind to use, feeling sure that if once tried, it will not readily be given up.

We wish to call the attention of all our house-keeping readers to the Meat Chopper advertised in another column. It is an article which we have tested thoroughly, and have no hesitancy in recommending heartily. Nothing could be nicer for a wedding present to any pair who are about to start a "household" of their own, and we are sure any sensible bride would greatly prefer it to a half-dozen silver-plated pickle jars, or three or four butter dishes, all of which are very pretty to be sure, but oh dear! the work of taking care of them, and keeping them bright just to look at.

MONARCH HORSE HOE

AND CULTIVATOR COMBINED

For Hoeing & Hilling Potatoes, Corn, Onions, Beets, Cabbages, Turnips, &c.



SENT ON 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.

An immense saving of labor and money. We guarantee a boy can cultivate and hoe and hill potatoes, corn, etc., 15 times as easy and fast as one man can the old way. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address

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ADVANTAGES
DO NOT BURN THE HAND.
DETACHABLE WALNUT HANDLE.
DOUBLE POINTED, IRON BOTH WAYS.
BEST IN USE AND CHEAP.
— THREE IRONS —
ONE HANDLE AND A STAND TO A SET.
FOR SALE BY THE HARDWARE TRADE.

STRACHAUER'S CHURCH MUSIC

For Quartet and Octet Choirs.

MR. HERMANN STRACHAUER, whose pure and elevated taste, and decided talent as a composer well fit him for the task, has here given us, in an octavo book of 170 pages, 26 very beautiful quartets, in the form of the higher church music. Half are his own, and half arrangements from the great masters. Choir leaders will find this a treasure. Price in Boards, \$1.00.

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READING FOR THE MUSICAL MILLION is found in Ditson & Co's most interesting BOOKS OF MUSICAL LITERATURE, every year more popular, and worthy of purchase for Public Libraries, and by all students of music. Lives of Beethoven, (\$1.50); Gottschalk, (\$1.25); Chopin, (\$1.25); Handel, (\$2.); Mendelssohn, (\$1.25); Rossini, (\$1.50); Schumann, (\$1.25); Mozart, (\$1.50); Von Weber, (2 Vols., each \$1.25), and many others. Send for lists.

WAR SONGS 50 cents. Everybody is singing them. Immensely popular book.

GUITAR AT HOME. (\$2.) New, large and fine collection of bright and popular music.

Lists furnished. Any book mailed for retail price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

CROCHET AND KNITTED LACE.

LADIES! IT'S ALL THE RAGE to make Tidies and Lambrequins with twine and ribbons. Our new book of Crochet and Knitted Lace contains 40 Patterns for Tidies, Lambrequins, Edgings, etc., with Directions for Making. Price, 30 cts. 5 COLORED Cross-Stitch Patterns for 20 cts. All for 50 2-c. stamps. J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

50 Embossed Chromo Cards, bouquets of flowers, hand holding bouquet, Ancient and Modern Views, &c., (every card embossed) something just out only 10 cents. As an inducement for you to get up a club we will send you a Handsome Four Bladed Pearl Handle Knife free with a \$1.00 order. HUB CARD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

YOU Can now Grasp a Fortune Write to us at once and we will send you Free our New Illustrated Guide to Rapid Wealth, containing 300 sure ways to make money anywhere. Absolute certainty guaranteed to you. Address J. LYNN & CO., 769 Broadway, New York.

Assorted Silks and Satins for CRAZY PATCHWORK in \$1 and \$2 packages. Embroidery Silk all colors, 20c. per package. Any one sending us a \$2 order will receive a lovely block all pieced and embroidered free. Block alone 30c. Ludington & Woodward, New Haven, Conn.

A Sure Relief for Asthma. KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, DETROIT, MICH.

40 (1884) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. 12 pkts., \$1. GEO. I. REED & CO., NASSAU, N. Y.

POCKET KNIVES BY MAIL, POST-PAID, THURSTONE & BRIGHAM, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ladies' Knife, ivory handle, two blades, 85 cents. pattern, but much die, three blades, die, \$1.25. Boys' two-blade, 35c. Heavy, one-blade, 60c.; two-blade, 75c. A Wade & Butcher Razor for \$1.00. Remember, if you are not satisfied we will refund your money. We warrant all our goods. Give us a trial, we know you will be pleased. Send for catalogue. Stamps taken.

NEW Vegetables A Specialty.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE

1854-1884

All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill orders gratis. A large part of the great collection of Seed I offer is of my own growing. As the original introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement. Catalogues FREE to all. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, SEED GROWER, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

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Beautiful and Choice Flower Seeds, Plants and Vines.

Novelties and Choicest Vegetable Seeds.

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

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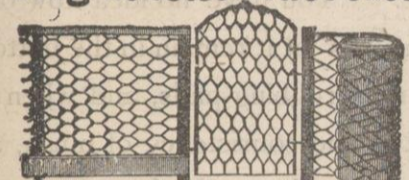
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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
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56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
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58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8 50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
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72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
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74	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
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78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
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Right to the point

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New Haven, July 24, 1882. "Mr. Searles: Dear Sir.—I wish to say for the benefit of all who are suffering with Inflammatory Rheumatism, that your medicine is infallible. I suffered for two months the most excruciating torture; lost 35 pounds of flesh, and was not out of my house for a month; I heard of your remedy, and was almost instantly relieved by it. If there is a specific for diseases of any kind, yours most certainly is for Inflammatory Rheumatism in its severest form."

Yours most respectfully, Wm. P. CORBIT,

Pastor George St. M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn.

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Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1884, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Government Chemist Analyzes
two of the Leading Baking Powders,
and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

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Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."

Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per ounce of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per ounce of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale College; Dr. Genth of the University of Pennsylvania; President Morton of the Stevens Institute; Wm. M. Habirshaw, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, and other eminent chemists, all of whom pronounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address postage paid, a pound can.
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Time and money will be saved by keeping Kidney-Wort in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and for all diseases arising from obstructions of these organs. It has cured many obstinate cases after hundreds of dollars had been paid to physicians without obtaining relief. It cures Constipation, Piles, Biliousness and all kindred disorders. Keep it by you.

The Voice of the People. No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

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Absolutely Pure.

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PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Sands' Triple Motion White Mountain
Ice Cream Freezers.

The only Freezer in the world having three distinct motions inside the can, thereby, of course, producing finer, smoother cream than any other Freezer on the market. Machinery easily adjusted and operated. Tubs water proof. Over 300,000 in use. Send for catalogue and price list.

Mention "The Household."

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.

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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.

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The "IVORY SOAP" floats! Oil will float; and, as the "IVORY SOAP" is made of oils, and is 99 44-100 per cent. pure, as a matter of course it will float.

If your grocer does not keep the Ivory Soap, send six two-cent stamps, to pay postage, to Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, and they will send you, free, a large cake of Ivory Soap. (Please mention this paper.)



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All clothing made by TUCKER, CALDER & CO., of Utica, N. Y., is characterized by an elegance of design and perfection of fit that completely relieves it of the usual "ready-made" appearance.

Their "Box Suits" are made from the finest fabrics, in a manner rivaling the best custom work, and are sold at about half the price. If your dealer does not sell their clothing, send them your name and address on a postal card and you will be informed where it may be had. They make all sizes and prices for men and boys.

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CRAZY PATCHWORK Send to the YALE SILK WORKS New Haven, Ct. (the originators of the Silk Patchwork) for a dollar package of beautiful Silks for Patchwork, 6 packages \$5. Embroidery Silk, assorted colors 20c. a package, 6 packages \$1.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free, TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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