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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1882.

No. 4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - - - MAIN STREET,
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The Veranda.

ROBINS HAVE COME AGAIN.

There's a call upon the housetop, an answer from the plain;
There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain;
And through my heart, at the sound of those
There comes a nameless thrill,
As sweet as odor to the rose,
Or verdure to the hill,
And all these joyous mornings
My heart pours forth this strain:
"God bless the dear old robins,
Who have come back again."

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy, luscious days,
Of king-cups in the meadow, making a golden haze;
A longing for the clover blooms,
For roses all aglow,
For fragrant orchards where the bees,
With droning murmurs go;
I dream of all the beauties
Of summer's golden reign,
And sing: "God keep the robins,
Who have come back again."

THE CARE OF TOOLS AND FARM IMPLEMENTS.

DOLLAR after dollar dwindles imperceptibly but surely away on many farms during the winter season, because reapers and mowers, seed-drills, plows and harrows, are left just where they were last employed to bear the injurious effects of pelting storms and dry winds. Tools worn or loosened and calling for simple repairs, are used until past mending, and yet it is the leisure season of the whole year.

A few hours spent each day by the farmer and his boys in the repair shop or barn, cleaning and oiling machines, painting wagon bodies and repairing wheels and axles, replacing rake teeth, tightening hoe handles, sharpening the knives to reaping machines, making rollers and stump-pullers, etc., would not only save unnecessary loss in actual dollars and cents, but a vast amount of time, anxiety and annoyance in the spring when the rush of work leaves little or no time in which to make repairs or supply the place of lost tools.

There are a variety of mixtures that may be applied to the iron parts of implements to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is grease that has not been salted. An excellent article for the protection of steel or iron may be prepared by melting lard and common rosin slowly together and stirring the mixture until it cools. When required in large quantities, it may be made in the proportion of about six pounds of lard to two of rosin. If only a small amount is desired, a piece of rosin the size of a hen's egg will suffice for one

pound of lard. This mixture can be applied with a cloth to the metal surface, giving it a thin coat. The rosin prevents the lard from becoming rancid, and the grease excludes the air and moisture.

Previous to applying any protective wash, machinery should be thoroughly cleaned, and the bearings wiped and oiled with castor oil or other lubricant. Castor oil, by the way, is counted among the best of oils for iron axles. A wheel well lubricated will not only revolve readily, but runs much longer than when oiled with a cheaper sort of grease.

It is also economy to look after the woodwork of tools and machinery. Alternate wetting and drying soon injures any wood, causing cracking and final decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. When woodwork, from exposure, has become cracked, it is advised to give it a wash of crude petroleum previous to an external coat of paint. Petroleum not only improves all wooden tools, but is alike valuable for rustic furniture, such as arbors, garden chairs and vases, that are exposed to the weather. Gas tar is sometimes employed as a paint for wagon wheels. A correspondent who has made use of it in this way, says that it forms a hard, durable black polish, somewhat like Japan on tin ware, and dries in the summer sun, on wood in one day, and on iron in two days. A good black paint for coarse iron work, according to the American Journal of Industry, may be made by mixing plumbago with hot coal tar. Equal parts of asphaltum and rosin dissolved in common turpentine, says the same authority, make also a good, cheap covering for heavy iron work.

To preserve harnesses, leather belting and the like, keep them in some dry, airy place; take them apart occasionally, and thoroughly clean and oil every portion. Never oil a harness, until it has first been relieved of all dirt; scrape off the thickest accumulation of mud, etc., with a dull knife, then remove the rest with a wet cloth. If oiled previous to cleaning, the oil soaking through the dirt into the leather carries with it fine particles into the pores of the leather, thereby rendering it hard and stiff. For harnesses common neat's-foot oil is excellent, but when mice and rats abound, castor oil is better, for these "varmints" do not like it. Apply the oil with an old woolen cloth, putting on as much as will rub in and dry readily. After oiling harnesses and belting, let them hang for two or three days in some warm, dry place, and expose to the sunshine when that is practicable. Never keep leather appliances of any sort in a dark, damp place.—*New York World.*

LARGE TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

Bishop Kingsley gives the following description of the trees of California:

"No description of the trees of California would be complete, which leaves out the big trees, as they are technically called. These are of a light, bright cin-

namon color, having a diameter at the ground of from twenty-five to forty feet, and a height of from three hundred to four hundred and fifty feet, and bark from one to two feet in thickness. The color of the foliage is of a light, bright green, more resembling the cedar than the pine. They bear a cone not more than an inch and a half in length, and a black pitch as bitter as aloes. One of these trees will make more than a thousand cords of four-foot wood, and has a hundred cords of bark. There are old trees lying on the ground, on which a stage-coach with four horses could easily be driven for two hundred feet. Only one of the trees has been felled by man. This was done by means of immense augurs. It took five men twenty-two days to fell the tree. On the stump of this tree stands a round house, thirty feet in diameter. It will give some idea of the size of the stump to say that the house on it contains room enough in square feet, though not of just the proper shape, being round, for a parlor twelve by sixteen, a dining room ten by fifteen, a kitchen ten by twelve, two bed rooms ten feet square each, a pantry four by eight feet, and two clothes-presses one and a half feet deep and four feet wide, and still have one square foot to spare."

AVERSION TO MANUAL LABOR.

The practice of educating boys for the professions, which are already overstocked, or for the mercantile business, in which statistics show that ninety-five in a hundred fail of success, is fearfully on the increase in this country. Americans are annually becoming more and more averse to manual labor, and to get a living by one's wits, even at the cost of independence and self-respect, and a fearful wear and tear of conscience, is the ambition of a large proportion of our young men. The result is that the mechanical professions are becoming a monopoly of foreigners, and the ownership of the finest farms, even in New England, is passing from Americans to Irishmen and Germans. Fifty years ago, a father was not ashamed to put his children to the plow or to a mechanical trade, but now they are "too feeble" for bodily labor. It seems never to occur to their foolish parents that moderate manual labor, in the pure and bracing air of the country is just what these lads need, and that to send them to the crowded and unhealthy city, is to send them to their graves. Let them follow the plow, swing the sledge, or shove the foreplane, and their nerves will be invigorated with their muscles, and when they shall have cast off their jackets, instead of being thin, pale, rapid coxcombs, they shall have spread out to the size and configuration of men. A lawyer's office, a counting room, or a grocery, is about the last place to which a sickly youth should be sent.

—One pound of guano in twenty gallons of water, with half a peck of soot, will form one of the best liquid manures known.

The Drawing Room.

HINTS FOR WATER-COLORING.

"I BELIEVE if I should be obliged to go through with the daily routine which most people have to, that I should go crazy," a good lady said to me the other day, in reply to a remark I made, that, judging by the looks of the spread table, which was covered with a miscellaneous lot of papers, letters, cards, pencils, paint boxes, etc., she must be either a literary person or an artist. "When I get tired of washing dishes, sewing, or get nervous over a piece of work, I throw it aside and paint or write. I get so absorbed in drawing fanciful designs, copying a flower, or in talking with absent friends through the medium of pen and paper, that I forget all of the weariness and vexations that I had with my work."

All very well for this lady, who had only a small family, and no little ones to care for. But tired mothers, can't you rest yourselves as well as amuse your little ones, sometimes, by using a paint brush, or, what is better still, get a number of colored pencils? When you were school-girls you gave some little attention to drawing, did you not? Don't drop all of the accomplishments, just because you are married. You can do very pretty work with Faber's colored pencils, in fact shade very nicely with them, and they are always ready for use without the dish of water, or bottle of oil.

Commence early to teach your children to love the beautiful, gather them around you and copy a flower, they will be interested and think every thing that mamma does "so pretty," or let them bus themselves with a pencil too.

If one has not an extended knowledge of water colors, or had much experience in using a brush, they can make quite pretty trifles, after a little practice. I do not propose to give lessons, only a few practical hints, which will be serviceable to those just commencing to learn the art. So you old, experienced painters will not find anything to interest you, and need not read any farther, but take the time and use your eyes and fingers to advantage, and produce something "so aesthetic," be it sunflowers, hollyhocks or storks, that all of the art world will pause in admiration, and make you a profound bow.

Water colors can be used on cardboard with a smooth or rough surface, on panels which come for the purpose, of different sizes, on silk or satin, also on white wood which comes in thin sheets, and can be sawed into many fanciful shapes, such as Japanese fans, palettes, horse-shoes, etc.

I would suggest that you select small flowers at first.

Winsor and Newton's make are standard colors, and come in dry and moist cakes and in tubes, and can be purchased

singly if one wishes, the prices varying according to the colors. The moist colors need but very little water from the brush, the dry cakes much more, though there comes a preparation of gum water for the purpose. Use camel's hair brushes, small size. The common colors, Chinese white, ivory black, chrome yellow, Hooker's green, Prussian blue and vermilion are among the cheapest, and with these, and crimson and purple lake, can be mixed a variety of colors. I will tell you a few combinations, but you will find there are many more. Black and white with blue for grey; black and vermilion for brown; vermilion and green for brown; purple lake, blue and white for violet; crimson lake and white for pink; purple lake and Prussian blue for purple. White can be used to lighten all colors. The different shades of green can be obtained by mixing yellow with any green, or adding a little blue to darken, or black.

It is better to have a palette or a plate near you to mix colors on. In using the dry paints, sometimes, when I want to use considerable at a time, I dip the cake in water and rub off some from one end on to the palette; again, when but little is required, I wet the brush and rub it on the cake. If any color becomes hard and breaks, save the pieces and dip your knife in water and grind them on your palette.

Sketch with your brush if you can, but if you use a pencil make the outline very light. Charge your brush well with paint and apply thickly. One color can be put on over another, if it does not suit. Wash your brush, wet it, and take off some of the color.

It is more work to paint on a rough than smooth surface. When finished, touch over very lightly with gum arabic water, which will give it a glossy appearance. When I gloss the green leaves I mix a little color with the gum arabic.

Use great care when painting on silk, or the edges will look dauby. Stretch the silk tight and tack the corners on to your board, unless you are making something which is to go over a smooth surface, such as lockets or panels, these you can cover before painting. I put on two, sometimes three coats of Chinese white, letting each one dry before going over it again, then put on the colors as on paper. Touch over with gum arabic if you like. Outline your design with your brush dipped in the Chinese white, even the small lines, then cover the whole with the coats of Chinese white previously mentioned. This is only necessary when painting on silk or satin. If you are not artist enough to sketch your design, you can use tissue or tracing paper, as mentioned in the articles on china painting. But the thought comes that perhaps all did not read them, so I will repeat. Place your paper over the copy, with a soft pencil trace the outline, then lay this, pencil mark down, upon your card-board, and again mark it over, remove, and you will have an exact impress.

A pretty design for an Easter card is a cross, with a vine around it, and a suggestive motto. Gild the letters and cross, and paint the vine. There are various makes of gilding, all ready for use, and it should be applied evenly and smoothly, with a brush which comes with each bottle, and can be used on wood, paper and shells. The greatest fault I find with it is that it dries down in the bottle. Sometimes all that is necessary to moisten it is gum arabic water, again it is necessary to use benzine and ammonia. If one only wants to use the gilding occasionally, it may be as well to get the dry powder. There are different shades, light and dark, also bronzes. These can be mixed in as small quantities as one chooses, with gum arabic water.

Eggs for Easter are pretty painted and

gilded. Landscapes are prettier than flowers on clam and other shells. I will describe one which I have. In the center is drawn a circle about as large as a quarter of a dollar, in which is painted a landscape. The remaining part of the shell is gilded.

I hope, with these helps, that many of you of THE HOUSEHOLD BAND, will be enabled to gratify your tastes, and beautify your homes.

Will some of the sisters who live at the sea-shore, on the New England coast, please send their address? to

Springfield, Mass.

RACHEL LEE.

GUSTAVE DORE AT HOME.

Dore's residence in Paris is at the lower end of that imaginary region called the Latin Quarter—not far from the palace of the *Corps Legislatif*, and at the corner of the handsome *rue Bellechasse*. He lives a comparatively retired life, using all that there is of profitable daylight in his immense studio in the *rue Bayard*. Once he tried the round of Paris folly and gayety, as every one does, but to-day he cares little for it. One never sees his name among those of the over-dressed rabble who always attend the rehearsals of new pieces at the crack theaters, or take champagne lunches in the *salons* of educated and witty *lorettes*. He is essentially so industrious that his plans are always laid several years ahead. He told me, one day, that he never expected to accomplish one-third of his program. He paints less and less for money, now-a-days, and devotes himself studiously to the execution of designs which he intends shall be his masterpieces. Money springs to his grasp whenever he chooses to wave his pencil, and that makes him indifferent. His apartments are singularly luxurious, and he is evidently more of a home animal than most Frenchmen. He has, for instance, a very queer taste in chairs: His rooms are literally encumbered with them, and not one is like another. Gorgeous in tapestries and quaint architectural design, they impress one with the idea that he has entered a museum. But presently enters a lithe, well-built, youthful-looking man, small in stature, cavalier in appearance, guiltless of any attempt at dress, and smoking a cigar stump. In one moment you are quite at your ease. He has touched on the cardinal points of art with an airy grace which is quite astonishing, and which has none of the smell of the "shop" about it; then he has veered around, and is ridiculing his work of ten years ago with the most picturesque epithets. He never has attained a remarkable social reputation in Paris, because he has been too profound a thinker to originate funny sayings, dependent on the hour for their value. The poetic element in his nature predominates to such an extent that he cannot condescend to airy trifles. As he grows older, there is a settled pathos underlying all his character strokes, which hints directly at genius. Even the paintings on the walls of his apartments have a weird character, with much more spirituality in them than most critics think him capable of.

He seems utterly unconscious of the extent of his reputation over-seas. In fact, he has that curiously disjointed and narrow idea of the outer world which marks the Parisian, and appears to consider the trip to the Rocky mountains as quite as severe an effort as exploring an Abyssinian range. It is said that he contemplates a visit to America, and a trip throughout the continent. The result, of course, of this magnificent journey, would be a series of engravings which would be an inestimable treasure to America, but which would cost more than any American publisher could pay, unless

they consolidate. What more fascinating subject could artist have? What pencil could illustrate the astonishing types of American civilization better than that of Dore?

—A merry heart makes sunshine. Everybody is warmed and lightened by it. It exhilarates a whole household. Its cultivation should be general. The world would be better for it and individuals vastly happier.

The Conservatory.

THE LILAC.

I feel too tired and too old
Long rambles in the woods to take,
To seek the cowslip's early gold,
And search for violets in the brake;
Nor can I, as I used to, bend
My little bed of flowers to tend;
Where grew my scented pinks, to-day
The creeping witch-grass has its way.

But when my door I open wide
To breathe the warm, sweet air of spring,
The fragrance comes in like a tide,
Great purple plumes before me swing;
For looking in, close by the door,
The lilac blossoms as of yore;
The earliest flower my childhood knew
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

Dear common tree that needs no care,
Whose root in any soil will live,
How many a dreary spot grows fair
With the spring charm thy clusters give!
The narrow court-yard in the town
Knows thy sweet fragrance, and the brown,
Low, hill-side farm-house hides its eaves
Beneath the gray-green of thy leaves.

Loosed by the south wind's gentle touch,
In perfumed showers thy blossoms fall;
Thou askest little, givest much;
Thy lavish bloom is free to all;
And even I, shut in, shut out,
From all the sunny world about,
Find the first flower my childhood knew,
Is to the gray, worn woman true.

—Marian Douglas

ROSES.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

I READ with much interest everything that comes to hand relating to roses, and I have been garnering materials for a long time, with the design of furnishing the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD some valuable facts respecting their culture. In looking over the lists of roses as given in our various catalogues, one does so much want to know just what to select, as with the most of us, our choice must be somewhat limited. We want, first, beauty of color; second, beauty of form; third, fragrance; fourth, profusion of bloom; fifth, vigor of growth. We feel that all these are essential, but how can we tell from the catalogue what roses combine all these traits? We cannot, so we select chiefly from color only.

Until last year we have been thus blindly groping, for we have for seven years cultivated hybrid perpetuals, teas, noisette and Bourbon roses. Some have proved very satisfactory, others, of little value. Last spring we procured from a well-known florist, a list of the best combining those qualities which go to make a perfect rose. Highest in rank is Alfred Colomb, crimson, next, Madame Victor Verdier, crimson, John Hopper, carmine, General Jacqueminot, dark crimson, Countess Cecile de Chabillant, pink, Abel Gand, glossy rose, Charles Lefebvre, crimson, La France, silvery rose, Marguerite de St. Amand, bright rose, Duke of Edinburgh, bright crimson, Barronne Prevost, rose, Louis Van Houtte, maroon, Paul Neyron, rose, Anne de Dierback, carmine, Madame Boll, carmine rose, Countess of Oxford, carmine red, Caroline de Sansel, rosy flesh, Mme. Alfred de Rougemont, white, Peach Blossom, pink, Coquette des Blanchés, white, General Washington, reddish crimson, Baroness Rothschild, silvery pink, La Reine, rose,

Mlle. Eugenie Verdier, silvery rose. These are the hardy hybrid perpetuals, falsely so called, as but few bloom in the autumn. We would add Madame Plantier which is a very hardy white, and a free bloomer, also Abel Carriere, a splendid great rose, deep crimson with bright red center. The requisites for a good bedding rose are freedom of bloom, healthy habit of growth, good form, pure, steadfast color, fragrance, and sufficient fullness of flower.

The best six are Gerard Desbois, bright red, one of the hardest teas, Homer, mottled salmon rose, Jean Pernet, a beautiful light yellow, not so well known as it should be, La France, the founder of the new race of hybrid teas, a constant bloomer, and the sweetest of them all, Maria Van Houtte, pale yellow, the edges of petals very often shaded with rose, producing a unique effect, a most charming sort, and M. Furtado. This and Jean Pernet are the most valuable pure yellow teas.

For the best twelve add Appoline, (Bourbon), not quite so full as some of the others, but beautiful rosy pink flowers of good cupped shape. If kept cut back, it is like La France, always in bloom, General Tartar, deep mottled rose, fine habit, good buds, Madame de Vetry, rose with a shade of salmon, Madame Lombard, reddish salmon, but of variable shade, very fine, we can testify to that, having one bloom last summer, it is a charming rose, Sombreuil, creamy white, a superb rose out of doors, and Triomphe de Luxemburg, coppery rose.

For the best eighteen, add Bougere, rosy bronze, Countess Riza du Pare, bronzed rose with a shade of carmine, La Princesse Vera, flesh shaded with yellow, outer petals bordered with coppery rose, Marie Ducher, salmon rose, Marie Guillot, creamy white, a lovely rose but unfortunately almost without fragrance, and Rubens, flesh shaded with pale rose.

For the best twenty-four, add Catherine Mermet, silvery pink, the most beautiful of all the teas, Comte de Sembui, salmon and rose, base of petals, coppery yellow, Hermosa (Bourbon), this well-known sort is constantly in flower, but is not equal in quality to others named, Jean Ducher, bronzed rose, Perle des Jardins, a beautiful straw color, and Queen of bedders (Bourbon), constant bloomer, but of rather poor growth, color, deep crimson.

We miss from the list some of our own favorites, Letty Coles, Bon Silene, Marie Sisley, and Marechal Niel. This last is the most superb yellow tea rose obtainable. It has been called a shy bloomer, but we read in the Gardener's Monthly that Mr. Pearson, an English florist, cut from one plant in 1879, two thousand flowers. In a few months, Mr. James W. Doherty, Newport, R. I., reported in the Monthly that he had a Marechal Niel rose forty-five feet long, trained to the roof of his greenhouse, from which he had cut several times, three hundred roses at once, and over four thousand in one year. One would well be content with that number or even less.

Perle des Jardins is taking the place of Marechal Niel in some establishments, it being a more continuous bloomer, and the flowers are nearly as large and more brilliant in color. Then it is not a climber, which is an advantage.

The roses that find the most sale are Niphetos, the latest white, which is supplanting Cornelia Cook, Safrano, Bon Silene, Douglas, and Isabella Sprunt, of the teas, hybrid perpetual, Jacqueminot, hybrid tea, Perle des Jardins. The popular rose of Boston is Bon Silene, of Philadelphia, Safrano or Sprunt. In the last-named city, the daily average sale of cut roses is fifteen thousand, in New York and Boston, it is nearly double. This does not include the extra occasions when the sale is simply enormous. At one of

the assembly balls last year at Philadelphia not less than twenty thousand tea roses, were used besides other kinds. At one affair in New York, over five thousand tea roses were used in the decorations.

Last year in France they tried to find out what was the best rose by vote. La France had seventy-nine votes, while Marie Van Houtte had but twenty-five. The old La Reine had forty-two, and General Jacqueminot, fifty-two.

A few years ago, Mr. Henry Bennett of Salisbury, England, commenced a series, of experiments in fertilization, making a cross between the teas and hybrid perpetuals, in order to combine the good qualities of the two. "He has in this way," says Mr. Ellwanger, "founded a new, and what will certainly prove to be a very valuable class of roses, the hybrid teas. Indeed, it is my opinion that this group of hybrid teas will, by the improvements which are certain to be made, soon constitute our most popular class of roses." The hybrid teas are now offered to the American public. Fourteen varieties we see in one list. They are priced at \$1.00 in last year's catalogues, fifty cents in the present. With one exception, their origin is dated 1879.

We must say a word for the lovely moss roses. There are the hardy sorts, capable of enduring our severe winters, and those specially adapted for house culture. There are but few varieties of the perpetual moss roses, and many catalogues do not embrace these in their lists. In Mr. C. E. Allen's we find mention made of two, James Veitch, large, very double, and exceedingly fragrant; bud, very mossy; color, bright rosy crimson changing to deep carnation red; blossoms the entire season; and perpetual white moss, the finest ever grown; blooms in large clusters. Deliciously sweet, perfectly hardy.

Our limits will not allow a mention of other kinds of roses, but we hope that many who have heretofore neglected the culture of those varieties to which we have called attention, will do so no longer. We would quite as soon omit adding new geraniums to our collection each spring, as to leave out of our order a few plants of roses.

SOME NATIVE CLIMBERS.

Among the many beautiful plants that adorn our world, none are more beautiful or interesting than the climbers or creepers.

The English ivy, *hedera helix*, is the one most celebrated in song and story. Though we cannot grow this wonderful plant as it is grown in the old world, we have our own American ivy, *ampelopsis quinquefolia*, to my eyes as beautiful, easy to transplant, growing in any soil, and clinging to any object, with a hold so tenacious as to defy the fiercest winds and storms. Nothing can be found more suitable for covering buildings, dead trees, or any unsightly object. Its growth is very rapid, its foliage dense, and a deep, dark green; but in autumn it is gorgeous, when its leaves turn to a brilliant crimson, brighter than any of the autumn leaves, excepting the sumach and maple. One of the most beautiful sights our forests present is when this vine has ascended to the top of some high tree, and then, not finding further support, hangs down, yards upon yards of living green, swaying back and forth in every breeze.

Those wishing to grow this vine should be careful not to mistake the poison ivy, *rhhus toxicodendron*, for it. They are easily distinguished, however, as the leaves of the former are composed of five oblong, lanceolate leaflets, and those of the latter of three rhombic-ovate leaflets. It is said that another way to distinguish

these plants is that the juice which the *R. toxicodendron* exudes is milky and makes an indelible black stain on linen, while the sap of *A. quinquefolia* is not milky, and does not produce the stain. If any intercourse with the poison ivy affects all as it does me, they will be satisfied with the former method without trying the latter.

Another fine old climber is the virgin's bower, *clematis virginiana*. It has little common white flowers, but the seeds terminate in long, feathery, curly tails, which are truly ornamental. If the vine be cut in proper season, stripped of its leaves and dried, it makes very pretty trimming to festoon over pictures and the like. Vick says of it, "among so many good things it is still a desirable climber." It is found near the banks of streams, climbing over tall bushes by the twisting of the leafstalks.

The ground nut or wild bean, *apios tuberosa*, is the modo, or wild potato, of the Sioux Indians, and is extensively used as an article of diet. It is said that when properly boiled it is by no means unpalatable, but should not be confounded with the ground nuts of the south. It grows on the banks of streams, and in alluvial bottoms, twining and climbing over bushes. The flowers are clustered in dense, short, and often branching racemes. I see no reason why this cannot be successfully transplanted, and perhaps improve with cultivation. This plant is easily distinguished by the tubers, which are produced a few inches apart, on underground shoots.

These are but three of the many beautiful vines which one can easily find and transplant, which will grow stronger and better each year.

The *wistaria frutescens*, another member of the pulse family, is found from Virginia to Illinois, and southward, and is cultivated for ornament.

Of the honeysuckles, *coniceras*, there are many that are beautiful and worthy of culture.

And thus I might go on and enumerate many more, but think out of the list given quite a nice collection can be made.

WALTER N. PIKE.

North Carmel, Maine.

HOW TO KEEP A PARROT.

To keep Polly in good health the diet question must be most carefully studied, and we preface our suggestions by stating that the diet we propose naming, as being suitable for them, has been tried, and is as near as possible similar to what they have fed themselves upon in their natural state. There may be many of our readers who have given their parrots other food than what we mention, but we maintain that the following bill of fare is the only suitable one to keep them in good health, and enable them to enjoy a happy old age.

Parrots in their wild state live upon ripe fruit, and tame ones also enjoy it. Sour or unripe fruit is very injurious to them. Seeds they also live upon when in their native land, and so destructive are they to the crops, that boys mounted on ponies are occupied in driving off the grey parrots, which, we understand, fly in flocks of 10,000 at a time; and from our own observations of what one bird can do in the way of destruction, (as an apple is soon entirely picked to pieces and thrown piecemeal away, the seeds only being eaten,) we can easily calculate what 10,000 birds can do in a short space of time. A whole orchard must become ruined in less than two hours if the birds are allowed to remain in it.

A tin of hemp seed or crushed Indian corn should be their daily diet. Alternate it by giving cold boiled rice, with a separate allowance of well-soaked bread,

with the water fairly squeezed out; bread is soaked thoroughly when boiling water is poured upon it. Never feed your bird with hot food; their beaks are very sensitive. By no means give your parrot any animal food, not even a bone to bite, as some people say, for amusement. Animal food renders the birds savage, ill and unhappy. It causes the bird to pluck out its feathers. What for? Why, to chew the quill to procure a taste of the animal food when his master or mistress is not inclined to give it any. The bird is taught to become a cannibal, and he becomes a veritable lover of flesh, which he is not particular in seizing hold of, whether it be upon the thumb or finger bone. The practice of giving the birds bones to bite is not at all a good one. It teaches them to destroy their perches, or tear anything they can lay hold of. The parrot requires no more amusement than to be taken notice of, spoken to, sang to, whistled to, and caressed by those whom he has a preference for; no one else should be allowed to touch him. A teaspoonful of water once a day he will enjoy, but no trough of water must be placed in his cage. Never give your parrot the least particle of butter, fat, milk, or greasy food of any description.

When you see your parrot continually pluming itself, you may be sure it is in good health. Parrots seem to possess a little of our vanity, for they love admiration, while ill health renders them, as it renders us, careless of it. Keep your bird out of draught. Cover it over at night time, then repeat several times any sentence you wish it to say. Very often they learn it after two or three night's practice. Its attention is not attracted by anything, save the sound of your voice, when it is covered over.—*Gardening Illustrated*.

HOUSE PLANTS.

It is of the utmost importance to make home attractive; and nothing conduces to its adornment more than the cultivation of flowers, whether in-doors or out, besides affording a pleasant occupation for leisure hours. Blooming plants in the windows render even the humblest cottage attractive, but we have seen a few "rough Sams," and "cross Isaacs," who declare they would "like to pitch the things out of the window." However, we believe as a general rule these "lords of creation" are fond of our window pets, and glad to lend us a helping hand. Most housewives could give them a window or two, and spare a few moments daily to attend to their wants, and find themselves and their families all the better for it. If you have a bay window on the south side your plants will be likely to prosper, and we have known them to bloom almost as nicely and look as healthy in an ordinary window, if situated so as to insure sufficient sunshine. They need the morning sunshine, therefore windows facing the east, south, south-east or south-west, are best for them, though some plants not requiring much sun, such as ferns, ivies, tradescantias, would do well in west or north-west windows. Nothing is prettier for the center of a flower stand or table than a pot of calla lilies. These lilies, when a few years old, will produce many blossoms. They should be watered with very warm water, have hot water turned into their saucers, and be given once a week a drink of "barnyard tea." The earth should be piled higher around the stalks than at the edge of the pot so that the hot water cannot injure them. With this treatment we have had our callas bloom as they never bloomed before. In June we plant them out in some out of the way place and pay them no further attention till September first; then re-pot

in soil composed of rotted sods, place in a sunny situation, and commence by the middle or last of October to give hot water, and they are often in bloom by Thanksgiving.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

If Walthamite will send me her address, I will send her some dried grasses.
Gilroy, Cal. JENNIE WARNER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me concerning the culture of the *eucharis amazonica*? Does it grow all the year, or does it require a period of rest?
W. G. KIMBALL.

My *cobaea scandens* does not bloom. Will some of the sisters please inform me what treatment it requires? Having heard somewhere that cactus could be grown with better success in old tins, I tried the experiment by putting mine in old mustard cans, and placing on the mantle-shelf behind a wood stove, and watering occasionally. They are growing as vigorously as any of my plants. I am in the same dilemma as Addie E. Will some of the sisters come to the rescue?
WILDWOOD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please give me some directions in regard to the climbing hydrangea, (*schizophragma hydrangeoides*.) I have had one for two years, and it has not grown two inches. As fast as new leaves appear they turn brown and drop off. I have been told that it is hardy, but think it cannot be in this country. I have tried every way to meet with success, but have failed in doing so. Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band give me the desired information, also directions as to rooting silver leaf geranium, (mountain of snow?) Is it not very difficult to raise? I am a great lover of flowers, and have many different kinds, but am very anxious to have the two last mentioned in a healthy condition.
NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Please tell M. Lute that the *calceolaria* is a spring blooming plant, requires a sandy soil, and prefers a shady place. I should think she would succeed better with cuttings of fuchsias than seed. The sunray is beautiful for its foliage, but the *speciosa* is the only one to be depended upon for winter blooming, although Carl Holt, Mrs. Marshall and lustre are all very good.

I find nothing as satisfactory as geraniums for the house, and the double white petunia is another valuable plant for winter. Start cuttings in June and keep all buds picked off. Never take up old roots for the house.

Will Mrs. M. D. Wellcome exchange a slip or rooted plant of Victor Hugo for other geraniums, fuchsias, oxalis bulbs, etc.?

I have an ever-blooming geranium that is constantly loaded with buds. I try to keep them cut off in the summer, but it would blossom all the time if I would allow it to. As soon as a cutting is rooted it begins to throw out buds.

I think the cause of Mrs. F.'s calla buds blighting is either not good drainage, or allowing the pot to set in the cold water after watering.
OXALIS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. E. H. Whitecomb, in December, 1881, asks for information as to geranium seeds. I planted some last February as soon as fully ripe, and had blossoms from them in the garden, in the following August and September. I also produced some very pretty new varieties, by carefully shaking the blossoms of one variety over another and letting them seed. Mine were all the single varieties. J. M. W.
Worcester, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—It is so hard to stop a grape vine from bleeding that some one may like to know of a sure way. This is one: Take a rubber cot, tie it over the grape vine, then tie a piece of stout cloth over that, or if one can't get the cot, take a rubber such as you put on a bottle for the pet lamb. If the cloth is not on, the rubber will stretch and burst. Sure cure, if done right. I forgot to say if the rubber is used, a pea must be put in the end where the holes are, and a string tied around tight, before putting it on.
FRIEND LU.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of your paper, Penobscot wants Florida moss. If she will send her address, and stamps to pay postage, I will send her all she wants.
MISS E. E. POGUE.

Box 87, Napa City, Cal.

MR. CROWELL:—Please to tell Lottie A. S., in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, to put a pinch of saffron blows in the bottom of the bird's drinking cup, change the water as usual daily, using care not to pour out the saffron, which will need to be renewed once in four or five days. Persevere in this treatment, and in a few weeks I think the bird will be as well as ever.
Binghamton, N. Y. MRS. A. B. CONGDON.

The Nursery.

GOLDING'S DUNCE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

IT WAS only the last of June, but the weather was as warm as if it had been mid-summer, and the sun poured down hotly upon everything, scorching and withering the grass, and drying up the little streams in the pastures. The six cows in Farmer Golding's big clover field had gathered under a large oak tree, and chewing the cud contentedly, their large, soft eyes half closed, seemed wholly indifferent to the movements of a small, but sturdy boy, who, despite the intense heat, was busily engaged with some very inferior tools, in making a groove in a board. He whistled while he worked, occasionally pausing to talk to himself.

"I wish I had a better saw," he muttered, "I'd show 'em all, work they wouldn't laugh at, if I am a dunce. And sister would be willing to use some of my inventions. I believe she'll like this churn arrangement if she'll only try it—"

He stopped short, and raising his head, listened intently. Faintly from over the fields came the sound of a bell. It was the bell of the district schoolhouse half a mile away. A worried, half-frightened look crossed the boy's face; he sprang to his feet, brushed the sawdust and shavings from his clothes, and gathering up his tools, turned with a reluctant air toward the large house which stood, surrounded by trees, a short distance away.

Within the kitchen his sister, a tall, gaunt woman, many years older than himself, moved rapidly from the kitchen table to the kitchen fire, for there were many to cook for, and no hands but her own to do it all. Her expression was hard and bitter; her every movement bespoke a spirit of rebellion and discontent. In the language of her few acquaintances she had had a "disappointment" in early life, and this, coupled with hard work, had embittered her to such a degree that those who had known her in her youth, when she had been a bright, happy-hearted girl, would not have recognized her now. The only creature on earth for whom she seemed to care at all was her brother Steve, a bright, handsome boy, who, however, made small returns for the affection lavished upon him, preferring the society of any one else to that of the sister who idolized him.

Mahala was not proud of Nathan, and had been the first to nickname him "Golding's Dunce," a name by which he was known every where now. She had no patience with him or his many labor-saving inventions. She laughed at his sausage chopper worked by dog power, at his dish washer, warranted to wash every dish in the house in ten minutes, and sneered at his peculiar mop, which wrung itself when a crank was turned. She would have worked her fingers to the bone sooner than use anything he made to save her in any way.

Nathan was hopelessly plain. Nature had bestowed on Steve dark blue eyes, golden, wavy hair, and regular features, but had given Nathan nothing whatever to boast of in the way of looks except an expression of remarkable sweetness and kindness, which served to redeem his face from positive ugliness. But his chief fault in Mahala's eyes was his lack of book knowledge. While Steve every year passed a creditable examination in a dozen different studies, Nathan proved woefully behind in everything save philosophy and mathematics. For these two studies he had a

positive love, but others which his brother learned so glibly, only distressed him.

It seemed to Nathan sometimes that his sister grieved that he had been born, for do what he would, he could never please her. And yet, strange as it may seem, he loved her dearly, and suffered acutely under her taunts and sneers.

He entered the kitchen now shrinkingly, in the full expectation of a scolding, for which he had not long to wait.

"Not gone to school yet?" cried Mahala, looking up from the stove. "At your everlasting tinkering again, I suppose. Another day wasted!"

"I forgot," answered Nathan, "but the bell has only just rung, sister."

"Just rung! Yes, for recess: it's half past ten. I declare, you're enough to aggravate a saint, Nathan. You'll never be anything but a discredit to us all. You'll be 'Golding's Dunce' to the end of the chapter. There! don't stand there like a dumb thing. You make me nervous. Take that bucket and fetch some water."

Nathan obeyed, a pained look on his young face. He was sensitive, and his sister's words cut deep.

"Is there anything else you want me to do, Mahala?" he asked as he brought the water in.

"Only to get out of my way," she answered.

So Nathan went out to his work-shop under the big tree again, but he did not work with the same spirit as before, for he could not forget his sister's words.

His father appreciated Nathan as no one else did, and prophesied a bright future for him, encouraging him to fresh efforts by every means in his power. He had no education, this kind-hearted old man, save that derived from experience in his narrow sphere, but his judgment was sound, and he was not blind to his younger son's talent.

"You may not think it, but I tell you the boy's got stuff in him," he said to his daughter one day, as he picked up Nathan's self-wringing mop.

"Mighty poor stuff it is, too!" was the answer, given with a jerk of the head that spoke volumes.

"He'll show you some time that it ain't as poor as you think," said the farmer. "He's got a master head for contrivin' has Nathan. You'll live to see him come out miles ahead o' Steve."

"Will he?" laughed Mahala, bitterly. "You'll live to see him miles behind Steve, in my opinion. He'll tinker his whole life away on little wheels and spouts."

But in spite of his sister's unbelief in his ability to accomplish anything of value, Nathan's love for machinery was so strong that he continued to devote himself to the study of it whenever he had a chance, and many were the ingenious contrivances he made to lighten his father's labors, feeling amply repaid if he received nothing more than a smile or a kindly word in return. But his greatest ambition was to do something that would win for him his sister's praise. He really hungered for a part of the love she lavished so generously on the unappreciative Steve.

Time passed, and Nathan began to spend every spare hour in the large printing establishment of Boone Brothers, situated in the county town two miles away. Steam power had a strange fascination for him, and he hovered tenderly about the big engine in the press room, learning to love it at last as if it had been a living thing. And he was never weary of studying its complicated machinery, soon understanding it so well that Boone Brothers asked him to take charge of it, offering him two dollars a week.

To Nathan, who had never earned a cent in his life, this sum seemed very

large, particularly as, in his opinion, the work was so light. He hastened home to tell the good news, and was considerably taken aback by Mahala's reception of it.

"Two dollars!" she exclaimed. "Is that all? Why, they pay their errand boy three, and he's only eleven years old! Two dollars won't pay me for the bread you eat."

Nathan looked at her a moment in silence. Then he turned and walked out of the house. Going to the barn, he climbed up into the loft, and lying down on the hay, burst into a perfect torrent of tears. He did not hear a step on the stairs. If he had, he might have looked up and seen his sister, who, troubled by the look on his face as he had turned from her, had followed him, and stood looking at him several moments, wondering at his display of grief. A sensation which was almost pity, rose in her heart as she stood there. She had long cultivated a feeling of antipathy towards him, and could not understand now the compunctions of conscience which disturbed her. Perhaps it was because he cried so bitterly that she felt so drawn towards him. Perhaps because it had never before struck her how terribly her words could wound. But she did not yield to the impulse to put her arms about him, and ask his pardon for her cruelty. She was still too stubborn and hard for that. And presently she walked quietly down stairs again.

Nathan, with his father's consent, took the place which Boone Brothers offered him, and soon made himself almost indispensable. His wages were raised to three dollars, and this sum he handed to his sister regularly every Saturday night. She never made any remark as she took the money, but once Nathan thought he saw her lip quiver.

"I wish you'd buy yourself a new dress, sister," he said one day.

"Out of your three dollars?" she asked. "You must think dresses come cheap. But perhaps you want me to buy a calico?"

"No," answered Nathan. "I'd like to see you with a dress on, such as Mrs. Boone wears to church. It's black, and shiny, and soft-looking."

"Satin," said Mahala, "and cost three dollars a yard, if it cost a cent. Don't be silly."

"I mean to get you one some day," said Nathan, "You just wait and see."

"I'll have to wait till the world turns into cheese, and money grows on bushes, I expect," said Mahala. "I shall not put off getting an alpaca, because of your promise, that's sure."

One day the establishment of Boone Brothers was closed, owing to a funeral in the family. Nathan, having nothing to do of any importance, and having long wanted to investigate the big engine in the woolen factory, seized this opportunity for a visit to the engineer, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

He found some commotion at the factory. The engineer was lying drunk in a wagon near the office door, and Mr. Sprague, the proprietor of the mills, was giving orders for his removal to his home.

"Drunken, worthless creature!" he said, "I'd discharge him this instant, if I could only get another engineer as good. And a really reliable one is out of the question, of course—not to be even dreamed of. Schaler is about the best I've ever had, I believe. They're a bad lot, in my opinion. And now I suppose I'll have to see to the engine myself the rest of the day, though I don't know a thing about it. Peters," to a man who was engaged in clearing the office counter of sundry rubbish, "go in and turn some water into the boiler, it must be kept full."

With these words he seated himself at

his desk, and began to look over some woolen samples which lay waiting his inspection. Peters dropped the brush he was using, and passed into the engine room. After a little hesitation, Nathan followed him, wondering if he understood engine work.

As he pushed open the door of the room a sound struck on his ear that chilled his blood, and for a moment almost paralyzed him with horror—the sound of a hoarse, angry rumbling from the great boiler, the hiss of escaping steam. He knew at once that the water was entirely out, the boiler perfectly dry, and that if the cold water valve was turned on, an explosion was certain. It would be like touching a match to a powder magazine. No time was to be lost. Peters, a stupid, thick-headed fellow, was already touching the valve. One instant only did Nathan pause; the next, he darted forward, and dealt the man a blow that sent him reeling backward.

"Pull the fire!" he cried in a clear, ringing voice that reached Mr. Sprague in his office. "Quick, I'll open the escape valve."

It was the work of an instant only to turn the escape valve, and the steam rushed out, in a great volume, filling the room completely in a moment. Faint and dizzy from the knowledge of the terrible danger that had been passed, Nathan staggered back, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Mr. Sprague, who had entered just in time, caught him in his arms.

"Brave boy!" he said tremulously as he dragged Nathan into the office, "how can I ever reward you for this?"

"Wasn't it lucky I came in when I did," said Nathan. "I was just in time."

"Lucky!" said Mr. Sprague. "That is not the word. It was providential. By your courage and promptness you saved the lives of nearly a hundred innocent people. An explosion of that great boiler would have blown half the building to pieces."

"I'll have to ask Peters' pardon for knocking him over," said Nathan, "but there was really no other way to stop him. I had no time to explain things."

"Explain! I guess not," said Mr. Sprague.

"Won't you let me attend to the engine the rest of the day?" asked Nathan.

"I understand every screw in it." Mr. Sprague was only too glad to accept this offer, and when at night Nathan was about to go home, the wealthy mill owner placed in his hands a fifty-dollar bill.

"Take this," he said. "You well deserve it, for your courage saved me thousands of dollars. And if you will also take the place of Schaler, you can have it at a salary of fifteen dollars a week."

Happy Nathan! He ran home like a deer, so light was his heart. Opening the kitchen door, he found his father and sister at tea.

"Sister," he said, trying to speak calmly, "I can give you that satin dress now," and with a beaming face he held out to her the fifty-dollar bill. Never for an instant had the thought of spending one penny of it upon himself, entered his mind.

"Nathan Golding," cried Mahala, in a shrill voice, "where did you get this? I hope you've not opened anybody's till! Oh, if that disgrace has come on us, it will be just too much!"

"I rob a till! O sister!"

It was all Nathan could say, there was such a choking in his throat, such a heavy weight upon his heart. He let the money fall to the table, and running out, took refuge in the barn again. He lay there with his face downward on the hay, great, gasping sobs tearing their way from his breast.

"Nathan!"

He heard his name called, but was too sad and hopeless to answer. Some one came up the stairs, and knelt down on the hay beside him.

"Nathan!"

He knew then that it was his sister who had come to him. He looked up, his eyes blood-shot, his face white, weary, and stained with tears.

"O Nathan! Nathan! My brother! my dear brother! Forgive me! Forgive your poor sister! She has had so much to make her hard, my boy!"

Nathan's arms were around his sister's neck in a moment, and he was kissing her wan, sallow cheek.

"Forgive you!" he cried. "Dear sister, I have nothing to forgive. You never meant anything, I know that. But if you will only let me love you as I would like, sister."

No matter what Mahala Golding answered. Sufficient be it that Nathan's hungry heart was satisfied at last.

Steve had come into the kitchen as Nathan had gone out, and had told the story of his brother's brave deed. He said it was the talk of the town, and that every one was praising Nathan.

For a long time Mahala Golding's heart had been softening toward her younger brother. That rigid exterior was but as the crust of ice that an intense cold has made over a deep stream, while the water still flows swift and strong beneath. The knowledge of the bitter injustice she had done Nathan, the cruel insult she had put upon him in return for his generosity, had broken the ice of that deep stream.

The name of "Golding's dunce" fell from Nathan at once. No one laughed at him now or recalled his failures in history, geography, or grammar. All united in his praise. He made steady progress onward and upward, and well did he fulfill his father's prophecy of success.

And often would the old man say as he heard of some new invention which was making his son's name famous among machinists, "I told Mahala there was stuff in him. It would be well for the world if there were more dunces like my Nathan."

MOLLIE'S PRAYER.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Never were there two prettier, sweeter little girls than Mollie Dutton and her fast friend and constant playmate, Angie Gordon. There was but little difference in their ages. Mollie was seven years old, and Angie seven and a half as they proudly informed all who inquired. They sat in the same seat at school, were in the same classes, and they often dressed alike as their mothers were so indulgent as to accede to their oft repeated requests that they might do so.

As often as their birthdays came round they started for the photographer's, dressed in their prettiest suits, to have their pictures taken together, sometimes sitting, at others standing, but always with clasped hands, and looks which plainly expressed their great affection.

Many were the nights they spent together, and at the time the incident which I am about to relate occurred, Mollie had gone over to stay with Angie. Before starting, she obtained permission of her mother to stay all the next day if it should be rainy, but if it was fair, she was to go home immediately after breakfast. You may be sure that no farmer with parched and suffering crops ever longed for rain more than did our two little friends.

In the evening they had a fine time, played with their dolls, had a school, and romped with the kittens; but the best game of all was when Angie's older sister, Agnes, dressed herself in a most grotesque costume, and played giant Blunderbore with them.

They played this game by imagining that the giant, who was ensconced in a grim castle formed of chairs, lived upon young and tender maidens. They would advance tremblingly to the very confines of his abode, when the giant, with a terrible roar, would rush out and try to seize them, and they had to exert themselves to the utmost to keep out of his clutches.

They went to bed completely tired out, and after praying to be kept from harm during the night, were soon sweetly sleeping. As you may suppose, when their eyes opened in the morning, their first thought was of rain. But on drawing the blind, they found much to their disappointment, that the sun never shone more brightly, and not a cloud was to be seen anywhere in the sky. They could hardly keep back the tears, they had counted so much on a good long day of play together, and you little people know how very much pleasure can be had in one long play day.

Sorrowfully they dressed themselves, but just then a bright thought popped into Mollie's head, and she said to Angie, "Let's pray for rain. You know they tell us to pray for whatever we want, and I'm sure we want rain."

"But," answered Angie, "what shall we say? I don't know how to ask for it."

Mollie said she had often heard the deacons and ministers pray that the rain might fall and water the earth. So they went to the foot of the bed, and kneeling by a chair, took turns in sending up this petition: "Please, Lord, let the rain fall and water the earth." And between their prayers they would run to the window and eagerly scan the sky, to see if their anxious pleadings were likely to be answered.

But no, the sky was still cloudless, the sun still shone with undiminished splendor. They were almost disheartened, but Mollie said she had often heard her father tell about asking seventy times seven times for things he wanted, and as they would not have time to pray so many times before breakfast, she proposed that they pray seven times seven times, which resolution was at once executed.

In spite of this faithful and persistent prayer, they could discern no sign of rain, though a small dark cloud had made its appearance in the east. Sad were their faces as they descended to breakfast, and still more sad were they as Mollie took her little sachel and went slowly home, accompanied to the half-way stone by Angie.

About noon the black cloud in the east increased in size, the wind rose, the sun was hid from view, and before long the rain fell in torrents. This continued till dark.

Next day, when the girls met, Mollie told Angie that the next time they prayed, they must ask for just what they wanted, for she had concluded that if they had asked for rain so that she need not go home, instead of for rain to water the earth, it would have come earlier in the day, and she could have stayed with her.

Sweet faith of childhood! may it never grow dim, and as they advance in life, may they ever, as now, go to the great Giver with all their trials and requests. And though all prayer may not at once receive its reward, let them ask on, having full faith that He who doeth all things well, will deal with them as is wisest and best.

—All great things are done by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I sat down this afternoon to write to Eddie, a blue-eyed, yellow-haired, little four-year-old, who enjoys a letter from auntie very much. Perhaps there are other little ones who would like to hear about my visit to Black Eyes, another little four-year-old who lives on a farm in New Hampshire, or about a trip down the Hudson, and a visit to the animals in Central Park, and Eddie will hardly think the letter complete unless I write of Brunette, the big Newfoundland dog, and Cherry and her three little kittens, but, dear me, I cannot write everything in one letter.

I know you would all like to visit the farm where Black Eyes lives, and he would like to have you, though it would be such a big party he would hardly know what to do with you all. He would take you to the barn first of all, to show you the little white pig. It's a new one, and it's very little. It got out of the pen one night and ran away. We hunted everywhere, but couldn't find it, and we thought we should never see it again, but the next morning it lay curled up on the doorstep close to the door. Wasn't he a smart little fellow—for a pig? Then you would visit the rabbits, such a lot of them, all colors and sizes. They look pretty in the green grass, and they run very fast. One day we went fishing with a real hook and live worms, but did not catch a fish. Black Eyes thought we should have caught one, sure, if his mother had not laughed.

I suppose many of you have seen the animals in Central Park. You would all enjoy watching them. A large, fierce lion, with yellow mane, walks up and down, up and down his cage, and roars till he shakes the building. He looked ugly and I was glad the bars of his cage were strong. There were a great many monkeys in large cages, and they chattered and played and eat nuts and were never still for an instant. There were dear little fawns, so tame you could stroke them with your hand, while they looked up at you with their beautiful soft eyes. There were splendid eagles and beautiful birds of all kinds. Some screeched, and some sang, and what a noise there was! Peacocks strutted in the grass, and two white storks with long legs marched about in such a dignified way we had to laugh at them. Two sea-lions lay sunning themselves beside a small pond. We watched a long while hoping they would roll over into it, but they were too sleepy.

We think Brunette the most knowing dog that ever lived. She understands every word we say to her. She is so large, and her four big feet bring in so much dirt that we do not allow her in the house very often, but she has many a good romp and race out-doors. She and Cherry are very good friends, and the kittens would like to roll round in her long, curly, black hair, but she treats them with lofty disdain. They are cunning kittens, but not handsome. Daisy and Buttercup are almost alike, white with dark spots. Little Tom is black and white, and a perfect little spit-fire. He spits and snarls at Brunette, but she does not mind it at all, though sometimes she gives him a little poke with her big nose which rolls him over and over and makes him more indignant than ever.

AUNT LORRAINE.

MY BIRDIES.

Perhaps you think I mean little canaries shut up in cages, don't you? Oh, no, indeed! I could never be so cruel to a dear little bird. It is about the chickadees of the green woods that I am writing, and my story is true.

About the time when you, dear little children of THE HOUSEHOLD, were wee babies in your mothers' arms, we had a

cold, hard winter. The snow came down and covered the ground very early in the season, a month or six weeks sooner than somebody that I know, wanted it to, and it made her feel unhappy.

Now this somebody was neither a little boy nor girl, but a grown up woman, ever and ever so much too big to slide down hill, but that wasn't what made her feel cross. It was because she had neglected to cover her flower beds with leaves and boughs until it was too late, and the beautiful little daisies, and the good-natured ansies lay with their faces right against the cold snow, and their toes sticking out of bed, and she was afraid they would catch cold and die, and they did, for Mr. Snow refused to leave town until spring.

The snow coming so early not only made it a hard winter for folks and flowers, but for the little chickadees too, for it covered up all the nice bugs and worms, and left them without a morsel of fresh meat for dinner, and so they came to our door to see what they could find that was nice to eat. I used to feed them every day with crumbs of bread and cookies, and bits of meat. I soon found out what they liked best. It was fresh fat meat, and that is how I came to know they must feel sorry to have all the worms covered up, so I told them not to worry a bit, for we had just killed a nice fat pig, and they could have all the meat they wanted, and that pig was ever so much nicer to eat than bugs and worms, don't you think so?

Well, in a short time we got to be very good friends. They did not seem to fear me at all, for they would eat from my hand, light on my head and shoulders, and some of the tamest would perch upon my finger and let me smooth their feathers while I called them all the pet names I could think of. Sometimes the little children of the neighborhood, yes, and grown up folks too, would come to see them, when apparently there were no birds to be seen. Then I would step out and call "Chickadee-dee! chickadee-dee!" and if they were within the sound of my voice, they would come as fast as their wings could carry them.

They were shy of strangers, or strange voices, but their greatest horror was of Jim, our pussy cat. Jim was a very intelligent cat, but I had to scold him real hard to make him understand that he mustn't catch my birds, nor run out to frighten them away when I opened the door to feed them. I told him it was very naughty for a great big cat to catch little birds, when there were plenty of mice, but after all I couldn't blame him so much, for that was the way his mother had brought him up.

My pets would sometimes come for their breakfast very early in the morning before I was ready to feed them, and then such a chirping as they would keep up about the door and windows. They would often light on the sash, and peck at the glass, as if trying to get in; but, there, I could never tell you how cunning they were, or how dearly I loved them.

It is evident that they appreciated my kindness, for they have returned to me every season. But this present winter, I have not been able to go out in the cold to feed them, so my little birdies have had to take care of themselves.

Dear little boys and girls, how would you like to have some pets like mine that would come at your call, and eat their dinner from your hand, and then fly away to their homes in the deep woods? If you live where the little chickadees come, I think you can have some, for they are easily tamed, and it is ever so much nicer than shutting innocent little birds in a cage. God made them to be free, and it seems wrong to deprive them of their liberty. Will you try and see if you can tame them next winter? AUNTIE FLANDERS.

The Library.

"THOU SWEETEST BIRD."

While cheering light
Of morning bright
On eastern hills is glowing,

And choicest flowers
In any bowers
Or any landscape growing

Their sweets exhale
To fill the gale
Soft on the valley blowing,

Thou sweetest bird
Mine ears have heard,
Whose liquid music flowing

Hath magic charms
To still alarms,
The sweetest peace bestowing,

On fleetest wing
Fly thou and sing,
To cheer a brave heart bearing

A load of grief
Beyond belief,
Beyond an angel's darning;

Though worn and faint
Giving no plaint,
But brave on life's road faring;

Through griefs discreet,
With spirit sweet,
Well worth an angel's sharing.

Sing, bird of cheer,
So he shall hear
Above earth's harshest blaring.

And sing again
To cheer him, when
Noon's fervid heats are burning;

Assure him well
That thou wilt tell,
Ere next the noon's returning,

In thy best tune,
That some sweet boon
Shall soothe the plaintive yearning

Of his sad heart,
As he, the art
Of grand endurance learning,

Seeks only joy
Which doth not cloy,
All vain enjoyment spurning.

Then, sweetest bird
Man's ear hath heard,
When sunset's wealth is streaming

In western skies,
To glad the eyes
And set the spirit dreaming

Of land of old
Or towers of gold
With heavenly splendors beaming,

Sing once again,
And tell him when,
Thy pledge in truth redeeming,

Thou bringest joy,
It shall not cloy
Nor be less than its seeming.

Springfield, Mass.

ABELLA GREENN.

LESSONS IN MUSIC.

Number Four.

THIS month I want to devote a little time to flats. They don't sound very well on paper, do they? but on a piano or organ, what a richness they lend to chord and scale! After playing an exercise in the beautiful keys of three and four flats, one would not willingly change or transpose it to sharps, although a piece of music written in sharps is often played in flats, especially a song.

Now, as a sharp raises the key one semitone, or half note, so the flat lowers it in the same way, for instance, take A natural; to change it to A sharp you touch the black key on the right, thus raising the note half a tone. For the flat you would touch the black key on the left, which you have known as G sharp, thus lowering the note half a tone.

To play the flat scales, you of course commence as you did in sharps, by playing the common scale of C natural. Then, instead of commencing a fifth above to play the second scale, as in sharps, you find the key note of the next, or first flat scale, a fourth above, which is F. Commence with the right hand, first finger on F, second on G, third on A, fourth on B flat, which, lowering B a semitone, is the black key on the left, which you have hitherto called A sharp. Pass the first finger

under to strike C, second on D, third on E, ending the octave with the fourth finger. Return to C, which will, of course, be struck with the first finger, throw the fourth over on B flat and play down to F. You will observe that the fifth finger is not used in this scale, which is something new, but which will help to fix the correct fingering in one's mind, and the fingering for flat scales as well as sharps is so important that, if correct, no other mistake can well be made, scales being merely finger exercises, and when thoroughly mastered, repay the player a thousand times over for the trouble and time and hard study one has devoted to them. So, have patience, you to whom practice is "drudgery," and console yourselves with thinking of the effect of scale passages which will be a perfect ripple of sweet sounds, possible to any one who is willing to practice.

But to return to our scales. The second flat scale in which there are the two flats B and E, commences on B flat with the second finger, the first finger striking every C and F. The scale in three flats containing B, E and A flats, commences on E flat with the third finger, the first finger touching every F and C. The scale in four flats, containing B, E, A and D flats, commences on A flat with the third finger, the first finger touching every C and F. The scale in five flats, containing B, E, A, D, and G flats, commences on D flat with the second finger, the first striking every F and C.

In the left hand the scale of F, or one flat, commences with the fifth finger, the first striking every C and F. In the scale of two flats commence with the third finger, the first striking every D and A. In the scale of three flats commence with the third finger, the first striking every G and D. In the scale of four flats commence with the third finger, the first striking every C and F. In the scale of five flats commence with the third finger, the first striking every F and C.

These rules should also be committed to memory, and will be found of great value. When the scales are well looked out for both hands separately, play them with both at once, slowly at first, then more rapidly, extending them to two and three octaves, as you have practiced the sharp scales.

These scales, comprising the five sharp and five flat scales, are nearly all that are used in most modern music, but in some old music, and in many of Beethoven's and Mozart's sonatas, the six and seven sharps and flats are used, and it is well to practice them occasionally in order to be able to play them easily when one happens to find them.

The sixth sharp is E sharp, which is, of course, F natural. Commence the scale with the second finger on F sharp, the first finger striking B and E sharp. The seventh sharp is B sharp, which of course is C natural. Commence the scale with the second finger on C sharp, the first finger striking each E and B.

In the left hand the first finger strikes B and E in the scale of six sharps, commencing with the fourth finger. In the scale of seven sharps the first finger strikes every E and B, commencing the scale with the third finger.

In flats the sixth flat is C flat, played on B natural. With the right hand strike every C and F with the first finger, commencing the scale with the second finger on G flat. The seventh flat is F flat, (E natural,) and the first finger should strike every C and F, commencing with the first finger on C flat.

There is also a double sharp not often used, and a double flat which is used still less, but it is necessary one should know them when it so happens that they are met with. The double sharp, of course, raises the note two half tones, for in-

stance, F double sharp would be played on G natural. The sign of the double sharp is a small cross, like the old sign for the thumb, having two little dots or a tiny line through the center. When the style of fingering was used which gave this sign for the thumb, mistakes often occurred through the similarity of the signs.

The double flat of course lowers the note in the same way, A double flat being played on G natural, the signs being two flats very close together or joined.

There is also another sign called the natural which is used when a flat or sharp is to be omitted. This is composed of two little perpendicular lines placed very near together, one nearly half way above the other, joined by two little nearly horizontal lines, much like a written figure four with two lines across it.

When these plain flat scales are well learned, try them in arpeggios as you did the sharp scales, slowly and carefully at first, as you did those, taking pains to remember the correct fingering, which will make it an easy thing to do, and—but I think I will not alarm you by giving any more to do this month.

It is never well to attempt too much in music any more than in anything else, and one scale well learned is better than a dozen run through with many blunders, ending by a great effort on the right note. Learn ever so little, but learn it thoroughly, and do not think you can "go back and learn it over" some other time. You will find that "catching up" on piano is almost harder than anything else.

I have received so many requests for a "first lesson" in music, that in my next lesson I will try to help the real beginners a little as well as the others.

EMILY HAYES.

HOW TO TALK.

There are plenty of good people in the world, neither weak nor foolish, who become almost insufferable in society from their tediousness in talking. They commence a sentence and pause, make a great account of a prolonged "and," use a word and then change it for another, and consume so much precious time that, the listener becoming impatient, what they say, is deemed small compensation for the time occupied.

Surrounded by bright spirits, all of whom have something to say well worth the hearing, it is insufferably annoying to be obliged to sit, outwardly calm and respectful, and listen to long-drawn sentences, the pith of whose meaning could have been expressed in a few well-chosen words.

It may be added in extenuation that all have not the power to "talk right on." This is admitted, but it is not for such as have conversational gifts, and good taste to use them, that this article is written. The habit of talking well, like any other habit, good or bad, can be acquired, and its attainment is well worth any effort.

In the first place, one must be sure he has something to say before monopolizing time which might otherwise be profitably and pleasantly employed; and then, in few, simple, well-adapted words, bear part in the general conversation.

The wiser and more educated the society in which one finds himself, the less the necessity of robbing the dictionary for its polysyllables. The best one has to say is best said in the simplest manner, for all love most that "talk" which seems the natural overflow of the mind.

It is not natural for all to select intuitively the choicest language, nor is it necessary to constitute one's self a good talker. Rather throw away all ambition to shine, be emulous only to please, and this one is certain to do, if sincerity gives depth to the tone, and affectations of all kinds be utterly discarded.

To exercise a nice tact on the subject of conversation, to discard all desire to shine, wishing simply to give utterance to well-digested thoughts, and to listen with respectful attention when others speak, is the secret of good companionship. Some watchful self-control is necessary to attain this end, but it is worth all it costs and lies within the scope of all.

BOOKS.

Books were never more plenty than now; never was care in the selection of them more necessary. Choice books are to the mind what food and raiment are to the body, and parents should no sooner allow bad books to be read by their children, than allow them to eat what is poisonous, or to put on an infected garment. Get books for your children; money expended therefor is a judicious investment, but take care that these be choice books.

Dr. James W. Alexander attributes his love for the British classics to the set he well remembers often climbing the bookshelf to reach—for the sake of the pictures at first—but afterwards he became familiar with their more solid contents. He says the daily converse of a child with such works, even if he finds many things above his apprehension, is more profitable and far more delightful than the perpetual reading of cheap volumes, written on the plan of making everything level to the meanest capacity. These first tastes of good letters diffuse their savor through a lifetime. Hence, it must be clear to every parent, that he cannot be too careful in the choice of books, meaning not merely such as are given to his children as their own but such also as form a part of the family stock.

As to novels, says Henry Rogers: "Read any novel, Hebrew-fashion, that is backward; go at once to the end of the third volume—and marry off the hero and heroine, or drown them, or hang the one, and break the heart of the other, as may be most meet to you and the writer. If after having thus secured your catastrophe, you cannot find heart to plod your weary way through the intervening desert of words, depend upon it you will lose nothing by throwing the book aside at once. And further, you may take this also for a rule; if you do not feel, as you read on, that what you read is worth reading for its own sake, that you could read it over again with pleasure, be sure the book is not worth sixpence."

READING ALOUD IN THE FAMILY.

Books and periodicals should be angels in every household. They are urns to bring us the golden fruit of thought and experience from other minds and other lands. As the fruits of the trees of the earth's soil are most enjoyed around the family board, so should those that grow upon mental and moral boughs be gathered around by the entire household. No home exercise could be more appropriate and pleasing than for one member to read aloud for the benefit of all. If parents would introduce this exercise into their families, they would soon see the levity and giddiness that make up the conversation of too many circles giving way to refinement and dignity.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I can answer Cliftonia's query in a late number in regard to the author of "Night draws her sable curtain round, And pins it with a star."

I do not know where the poem may be found. It was written by McDonald Clark, known as the "mad poet." He was a native of Connecticut, and for many years a conspicuous figure in New York city. It is said his madness was never violent, or easily detected by strangers, but was

more egotism than lunacy. He thought himself a great poet, and wrote a few good things amidst an ocean of trash. His death, which occurred in 1842, was very sad. He was arrested for vagrancy by a watchman who did not know him, and locked in a cell. In the morning he was found dead, having been drowned by an overflow of water caused by neglecting to shut off the faucet.

MRS. W. F. DECKER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to inform S. F. Pearson that I have a set of Pelton's outline maps, six in number, which I can send her, if she still wishes them.

MISS C. BARNES.

Cambria Mills, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Will some one tell me where I can get the geographical song commencing,

"Maine, Augusta, Casco Bay,"

giving all the New England States with capitals, and principal waters, mountains, etc.? By such information you will greatly oblige,

MRS. SUE THOMASON.

Covington, Hill Co., Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can procure a work on short-hand writing, by which it will be possible to learn the art without a teacher?

LIZZIE MC.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can obtain a piece of music entitled "That Pensive Old Piano," by P. P. Bliss? If any of the sisters have it, I will gladly send them anything of equal value for it.

MRS. L. B. BUTTE.

Franklin, Morgan Co., Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number, Mollie asks for the words of the poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray." If she will send her address to me, I will gladly copy it for her.

Can any one tell me where I can find the poem, by Sallie M. Bryan, containing the words,

"Fly through the sunset, dove, sweet dove,
To the fairy land beyond,
For the land beyond is the land of love,
The land of dreams and of peace, sweet dove,
Then fly through the sunset, fly."

DOLLY DORMOUSE.

Box 512, Claremont, N. H.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the January number of your paper, an inquiry was made for the poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night." It can be found in Arthur's Home Magazine, October number, 1874. If she wishes, and will send stamp, I will send it to her.

MRS. GILBERT THAYER.

Hartland Four Corners, Vt.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps some of your readers, as well as myself, may have been at a loss to understand this line, which occurs in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

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

It is given in this form in Whittier's "Songs of Three Centuries," Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," and other standard works. I have lately read that it is an error of the press, and that it has perplexed many. The true reading is,

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

There is allusion to an ancient legend, which may be familiar to some who are acquainted with the literature of the middle ages. There is a painting by Portraits which represents the holy family grouped in an eastern barge on the sea, with its prow towards the land of Egypt. The child Jesus is seen with a halo around his head, and his arms are on the neck of his mother. Joseph reclines behind them. A convoy of angels accompanies them, bearing in their hands palm branches and flowers. The boat is making its way through water lilies which blossom on the surface of the sea, and this is the point which the author of the poem has seized.

AGNES.

THE REVIEWER.

One of the popular books of the season, especially for young people, is Mrs. Alden's *HALL IN THE GROVE*, just published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. This pleasing writer of girls' books, who is so widely known as Pansy, has written many books touching the same subject, which reaches a fuller interest in this, the Chataqua educational movement, which has grown lately to be a matter of interest in many places. A great part of the book is devoted to a vivid description of summer life at Chataqua, and many real characters are introduced which give a touch of reality to the whole story. It has been the writer's endeavor to show the great and far-reaching influence of this society

for the promotion of self-education, and in the readable story which grows out of the exertions of one or two, anxious to reach a higher level, she gives a natural and enthusiastic history of the formation of a circle and the results, which is very attractive. The characters are well drawn, and the reader's interest is well sustained. The high moral tone which marks all Pansy's books is specially noticeable in this, and while it is not confined to youthful minds, it is one of the purest and best books for young people we have lately read.

Judge Tourgee's new book, *JOHN EAX*, gives a new picture of southern life and characteristics. Those who have admired the author's dramatic power, and graphic descriptions of men and events, so characteristic of his former books, will find them in this, freed from the terrors of "A Fool's Errand." Essentially a southern story, it gives the picture of a high-spirited youth, and the various romantic and picturesque circumstances, the opening of the story in the prison, the quaint mystery of John Eax, the wild freshet scene, and the varied and rapid succession of events, give an exciting and attractive view of life which will render the book as successful as the author's former works.

MAMELON, the second story embraced in the volume, is also a southern story, with, however, a dash of the northern element in it. The story, aside from its romantic interest, contains some interesting references to the relics of the ancient mound builders, found upon the estate from which the story takes its name. The interest following the fortunes of the hero and his northern partner in their new business enterprise, is held to the last page.

The book is dedicated to the "New South," which is indicative of its spirit, and will be a popular addition to the series of studies of American life, which are varied and interesting enough to form fit subjects for some of our first writers. Price, \$1.00. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

"RIP VAN WINKLE AND OTHER SKETCHES" is another little volume issued by the Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, which will be welcomed by the many admirers of Washington Irving. Being just the right size to put into one's pocket for a day out of doors, renders it particularly desirable. To bring really good reading matter before the public at a price within the reach of those who are deprived of many books, is an attempt which ought to result successfully. The above company are about to publish a series of encyclopedias, each volume containing over one thousand pages, at the low price of \$1.25 a volume.

The six lectures by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, published under the title of "THE DUTIES OF WOMEN," make one of the best books of the season. Full of the deepest and simplest moral principles, of helpfulness and common sense, and timely counsel and suggestions, it is worthy the careful perusal of the women of our day. The true position of women in society, in home and public duties, is treated with a force and breadth which shows the strong convictions and earnest purpose of the writer. Price, in cloth, \$1.00, in paper, 25 cents. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

"IRELAND OF TO-DAY," by M. F. Sullivan, gives a graphic account of the causes and aims of Irish agitation, now one of the important topics of the time. It discusses at length the subjects treated, the rise of the Land Leaguers, gives valuable statistics, tables showing the extent of emigration from Ireland, etc., and sketches of the lives and deeds of the men now prominently before the public as agitators for the freedom of Ireland

and its people. The author claims that the cause has been misjudged, and the aim of the book is to throw light on the subject which is of vital interest to its adherents. Published by J. M. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia.

Macaulay's "LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT," the first book published by the Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, is a well made little book of convenient size. People, who for 20 cents can give themselves a prettily bound volume of Macaulay, must feel that an opportunity to obtain good and useful reading is now given them, which is too valuable to lose. Should the following publications of the new company justify the favorable opinions won by this little volume we predict for them a well-deserved success.

In "MARRIAGE AND PARENTAGE," by a physician and sanitarian, we have a fairly given idea of what the writer considers a true marriage according to sanitary and physiological laws. While we do not adopt the author's idea that "there is nothing utopian in hoping for the time to come when men and women will consult a wise sanitarian before entering into the marriage relation," we think many of his ideas sensible and well founded. M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

The four sermons by W. C. Gannett, published in the dainty little volume, *A YEAR OF MIRACLE*, are full of beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The four chapters, "Treasures of the Snow," "Resurrection," "Flowers," and "The Harvest-Secret," typical of the four seasons of the year, make up one of the most charming of little books. Price, 50 cents. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH, SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH SYMPHONIES, outlined and explained form four little pamphlets written, with the exception of the Sixth, which is by G. A. Macfurren, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London, by Dr. Geo. Grove, author of "A Dictionary of Music and Musicians." These interesting little books are of great value to the student, to whom a knowledge of the ideas suggested by the different movements, is of great help in rightly interpreting the music. Price, 25 cents each. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

"TENDER AND TRUE," a collection of some of the sweetest love poems not only of the day, but embracing those of far away times, is one of the best of such collections published. Containing about two hundred poems, covering a wide range of style and authorship, this little volume in its handsome print and binding makes an attractive and desirable book. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March contains a large amount of entertaining and interesting matter. An article on Mexico fully illustrated, is one of the attractive features. Miss Woolson's long serial is approaching a conclusion, and Mrs. Lillie's "Prudence" grows in interest. There are several fine poems, and a readable short story, while the editorial department is unusually rich in good reading. Price, \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March presents a striking array of articles of great interest. Senator Edmunds contributes an article on "The Conduct of the Guiteau Trial." The following paper by ex-minister Noyes on "The Progress of the French Republic," gives his views on political affairs in France. Prof. Palmer writes on "The Fallacies of Homeopathy," and there are many articles of interest contributed by well-known and able writers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March is a most attractive number. The opening article by N. H. Egleston, "The Story of the Hoosac Tunnel" is a paper of great interest. Rev. E. E. Hale contributes a readable paper entitled "A Visit to Jerusalem," Elizabeth Robins has an interesting article on Scandinavian mythology. There are several fine short articles, the two serials are continued, and the number contains some fine poems aside from those by Whittier and Holmes.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March contains the usual amount of good things, among which

some of the most noticeable are the opening paper "On the Gulf Coast," which is full of interest and finely illustrated, "Some Curiosities of Superstition," and the long installment of the serial, "Stephen Guthrie." There are short articles and poems of merit, and the "Monthly Gossip" and "Literary Notices," contain much that is readable and entertaining. \$3.00 a year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE CENTURY for March gives its readers a treat in both good reading and illustrations. The articles are varied and able, and the poems of the number are fine. Mr. Howells' and Mrs. Burnett's serials are continued, the former reaching an exciting crisis. The editorial department is full of interest and entertainment. Price, \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

We have received a copy of THE HOME CIRCLE, a new magazine which promises to make its own welcome in the reading world. The contents embrace stories, and historical and scientific articles, and give sufficient attention to fancy and artistic work to please those interested in such. The children are not forgotten either as the juvenile department readily shows. Published monthly by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. \$1.50 a year.

BULLION, THE NEW YORK BANKER'S AND BROKER'S MANUAL, issued by the New York Banker and Broker Publishing Co., is a neat and compact little manual of stocks and bonds which would seem to be an indispensable volume to brokers and bankers, containing as it does a great variety and amount of information useful to all speculators and investors. Published monthly at 42 Broad St., New York. \$3.00 per year.

IN BEE KEEPING FOR PROFIT, a new system of bee management, the author, Mrs. Lizzie E. Cotton, gives a practical and interesting account of her methods and experience in bee keeping. The writer shows a thorough knowledge of the habits and instincts of bees, and the manner in which the little book is written, plain and easily understood by those unaccustomed to the culture of bees, will render it of great assistance to the inexperienced about to try the experiment, now being adopted by many, who find it both pleasant and profitable. Mrs. L. E. Cotton, West Gorham, Maine.

YORKTOWN, by J. H. Patton, A. M., is a concise and well-written account of the campaign of the allied French and American forces, resulting in the surrender of Cornwallis and the close of the American Revolution, and of the succeeding events to the treaty of peace, and the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown. There are numerous illustrations, and the recorded facts are those most worthy of preservation, and of great interest to the American people. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Brattleboro: Cheney & Clapp.

We have received from Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, HOW WE MADE A NINE-CENT DINNER, with some other economies, by the New Century Cooking School, of Philadelphia.

D. E. Hoxie's CATALOGUE OF SMALL FRUITS contains a tempting variety of strawberries, raspberries, grapes, etc., which he makes a specialty. His special offer to purchasers is well worth noticing. All orders sent to D. E. Hoxie, Northampton, Mass.

We have received from F. E. Fassett & Brother, Ashtabula, Ohio, one of their ILLUSTRATED PLANT CATALOGUES, which contains a full list of all things necessary to the flower or vegetable garden.

From J. J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass., comes his annual SEED CATALOGUE filled to overflowing, as usual, with the best and most desirable of vegetables and flowers. From the fact that Gregory's seeds are so generally cited as the standard of excellence, it is to be presumed that his "triple warrants" are well regarded by the gardening fraternity.

THE ANNUAL CATALOGUE of Forest City nurseries of Thomas Jackson, Portland, Maine, gives much valuable information, together with a full list of names and prices of the most popular varieties of shade and fruit trees and shrubs. The prices are very reasonable, and the variety will satisfy any reader.

Spalding and McGill's ANNUAL PLANT AND SEED CATALOGUE is at hand with a list of new and desirable varieties of plants. This firm guarantees the safe arrival of all goods sent out, and will, if promptly informed, replace all articles damaged in the mails, if satisfactorily assured of the fact.

IN THE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE and price list of the Cayuga Lake Nurseries sent to us by H. S. Anderson, Union Springs, N. Y., we find a fine list of flowers and fruits. Among the latter, which form a special feature, we find a most desirable variety of small fruits, of which the different strawberries and raspberries form an inviting part.

We have received a copy of the CONDENSED PRICE LIST of printing materials and ink specimens, a large and handsome catalogue fully illustrated. Published by Dodd's Newspaper Advertising Agency, Boston.

Kiss Waltz.

ARDITI.

FLUTE or VIOLIN.

PIANO.

FINE.

FINE.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

D.C.

The MAGAZINE OF ART for March brings a treat to the art student and those interested in fine illustrations, and sketches of the life and work of our best artists. The notes on American art—a new feature—render it doubly interesting to those who are aware of the long neglect of American artists, of whom there are many who have gained a wide celebrity abroad. We have rarely seen a finer number of this always well filled magazine. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

The numbers of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for March 4th and 11th contain much excellent reading. Beside the installments of the serials by Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Parr, are many articles of merit among which the papers on "The Authoress of 'Auld Robin Grey'" and "Marie, the Frenche Quene" are of unusual interest. Each number gives a liberal share of the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews, giving the reader a weekly installment of excellent reading at the reasonable price of \$8.00 a year. Littell & Co., Boston.

Mothers and teachers will find the AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE a text book of great value in teaching the little people many necessary things in the pleasing and attractive method of education which is rapidly gaining the popularity it deserves. \$1.00 a year. Am. Kindergarten Magazine, Room 70, Bible House, New York.

THE MUSICAL HARP, published by the Harp Publishing Co., Berea, Ohio, gives for the low price of \$1.00 a year an attractive list of contents. Several pages of vocal and instrumental music are given in each number, together with the usual amount of musical correspondence and gossip.

THE LITERARY NEWS for March is filled to overflowing with choice extracts, and criticisms of the best new literature of the day. The Prize Question Department and the lists of new books and other matters of literary interest make this little journal of great value to the general reader.

THE BOSTON POST as a daily or weekly, fully meets all the requirements of a first-class newspaper. The reliable reports of current events, the foreign and home correspondence, shipping and commercial intelligence combine to make it one of the best papers published, while its "All Sorts" column is sure to win a hearty laugh from the most serious reader.

THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR, published by The Watchman Publishing Co., Boston, is too well known as an excellent family religious newspaper to need the hearty endorsement all its readers can give it. Its large circulation is a sure sign of its well-deserved popularity. Price, \$2.50 a year.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for March fully sustains the reader's interest in this popular musical journal. The appropriate and really good music

which is furnished in every number, the reviews of concerts, editorial and foreign notes, questions and answers, and other reliable information on musical subjects, place it in the front rank of musical journalism. \$1.50 a year. Boston: Musical Herald Co.

The series of articles on the Christian Religion, by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Judge Jeremiah S. Black and Prof. George P. Fisher, which appeared recently in the North American Review, is now published in pamphlet form, in response to a very generally expressed demand. Readers of the Review will be pleased to see these remarkable papers collected into one handy volume, and the general public, who have learned of the articles through the comments of press and pulpit, will be gratified to learn that a reprint has been issued. The price of the volume is 50 cents, and it is for sale at all news-stands and bookstores.

We have received from C. E. Allen, Brattleboro, his SPRING CATALOGUE of vegetable and flower seeds, small fruits and choice plants. Mr. Allen's stock of seeds and plants is too well known to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to need commendation. Besides a full list of desirable plants the catalogue gives many hints as to the care of plants, nature of soil, etc., of value to the amateur gardener.

THE MUSICAL JOURNAL for February, aside from a pleasing selection of music, contains sev-

eral pages of interesting musical matter, and a pretty engraving. The Dramatic and Musical Notes are useful as well as interesting. The subscription price of \$1.00 brings it within the reach of all students. Published by Jas. H. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y.

Mr. B. F. De Costa, and Mr. Henry P. Johnston, both of whom have achieved national reputations as historical scholars and writers, are announced as the future editors of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The publishers are determined to place this magazine in the front rank of American periodicals, and to this end have enlisted the active co-operation of the best historical writers of the country. A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 Williams St., N. Y.

From Wm. Rennie, Toronto, Canada, comes his ANNUAL DESCRIPTIVE SEED CATALOGUE, for 1882. Mr. Rennie offers a large collection of seeds both for farm and garden, together with a variety of machines, implements, and tools for farmers use.

—A writer in the London Builder says that he has successfully prevented the formation of mildew upon books by lightly coating them with spirits of wine, applied with the feather of a goose quill.

The Dispensary.

THE SKIN.

LOOKING at the complicated mechanism of our bodies from a popular standpoint, we should say, perhaps, that the brain is the most important part of us; but that would be a mistake; not only the brain, but the stomach and kidneys are less necessary to life than our skin. Reflect upon this matter for a moment; you can go without food for several days, and not suffer serious injury; your liver may cease to act for a week, and you can attend to your business as usual; the brain can be paralyzed for months, and life goes on; but if the functions of the skin are suspended for two hours, death follows.

Take a dog or a cat, and dip the animal into melted paraffine or tallow, so that the excretions and secretions of the skin are suspended, and the animal will die almost as quickly as if ten grains of strychnine had been administered. The skin is a most important auxiliary to the lungs in the process of the aeration of the blood, and so intimate is the connection, or so similar and important are its functions that when death ensues from skin obstructions, all the conditions resemble those occasioned by cutting off air from the lungs. More deaths from consumption are caused primarily by skin obstructions than from any original weakness or disease in the lungs. The lungs are the first of the important organs to be influenced by derangements of the skin, and they often become congested or disorganized through secondary causes.

One is well to-day, all the high functions of life go on harmoniously, the machinery works without a jar. A ride is taken in the cold air with insufficient clothing, or a sudden storm occurs and the body is drenched with rain, a chill follows, the head aches, digestion ceases, animal warmth is increased to a high point, an alarming change has occurred. What occasions this sudden illness? Is it due to the lungs, the stomach, the liver, or the brain? All these organs suffer, but it is not due to derangements in any one, or all of them. The skin has ceased to perform its functions, the perspiratory process has been arrested, the millions of little orifices through which the waste products of the body find an outlet have collapsed, the open doors have closed.

The skin is like that little valve in the steam-engine, which controls the supply of steam. The wheels and levers and shafts move harmoniously and swiftly when it is open, but close it, and suddenly the hum of motion ceases, every part of the machinery comes to rest, and if the valve obstruction continues, there is a final end to its usefulness. So if the pores of the skin are not promptly opened when suddenly closed from any cause death must ensue.

It is with man, as respects the skin, as it is with many animals which have organs that are intended for protection, and placed under the control of instinct. The skin is the only organ of the body which is perfectly under our control—not indeed the control of instinct but of reason. The liver, lungs, stomach, ears, etc., may become diseased from circumstances beyond our control, or in other words, they are organs so situated that we cannot have them in special charge as we do the skin, and prevent disease by proper care and attention. The lesson to be learned from these considerations is, that we must keep the skin in an efficient state for the discharge of all its important functions, and it may be instructive to briefly describe the beautiful structure of the skin by which it is adapted to its uses.

The skin is composed of two layers, an outer, called the cuticle or scarf skin, or sometimes termed the epidermis, and an inner, called the *cutis*, or true skin, or sometimes the dermis. This latter rests upon a very fine interlaced or netted structure called the areolar tissue, out of which, if we may so express it, the granules and fibres of the skin are formed. Most of the popular descriptions of the skin describe a third layer, called the *rete mucosum*; but later researches have shown that there is no such distinct layer, and that the pigment cells to which the color of the skin of different races is due, are but a different stage in the development of the scarf skin. The cuticle at the surface consists of several layers of laminated scales, the laminated form being best marked at the very surface, where the scales are constantly falling off as a kind of scurf, and are as constantly being renewed from below. These scales are about 1-3000th of an inch in diameter.

Man is a "scaly" animal in more senses than one, for he is at all times as literally covered with scales as are the fishes and reptiles. The scales of these lower creatures are but modified forms of the epidermal scales which cover the human body, and so in this particular we are linked with the snakes and lizards. We differ in one important respect from these creatures, as we drop our scales gradually, while theirs are removed at one particular season, and come off *en masse*. Into the epidermis no nerves or blood vessels enter. It serves as a protective coating to the delicate true skin and areolar tissue below. No part of the body has a more exquisite nervous sensitiveness than the true skin, and this is necessary to give delicacy to the sense of touch.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

POISON AND ANTIDOTES.

The following list gives some of the more common poisons, and the remedies most likely to be at hand in case of need:

Acids; these cause great heat and sensation of burning pain from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies: Magnesia, soda, pearlash, or soap, dissolved in water; then use the stomach pump or an emetic.

Alkalies; the best remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia; remedy: Lemon juice or vinegar.

Alcohol; first, cleanse out the stomach by an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorn).

Arsenic; remedies: In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal, and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

Lead; white lead and sugar of lead; remedies: Alum, and a cathartic, such as castor oil, and epsom salts, especially.

Charcoal; in poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to the open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corrosive sublimate; give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Creosote; white of eggs and the emetics.

Belladonna; night henbane; give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, or lemonade.

Mushrooms; when poisonous; give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar, and doses of ether, if handy.

Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic); give a strong solution of common salt and then emetics.

Opium; first give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee

and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

Laudanum; same as opium.

Nux vomica; first emetics, then brandy.

Oxalic acid (frequently mistaken for epsom salts); remedies: Chalk, magnesia, or soap and water, and other soothing drinks.

Prussic acid; when there is time administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water, hartshorn, and turpentine, are also useful.

Snake bites, etc.; apply immediately strong hartshorn, and take it internally; also, give sweet oil and stimulants freely; apply a ligature tight above the part bitten, and then apply a cupping glass.

Tartaric emetic; give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian barks, or white oak bark.

Verdigris; plenty of white of eggs and water.

White vitriol; give the patient plenty of milk and water.

FOR SICK HEADACHE.

All ships sailing in hot climates carry a supply of limes, whose acid juice is a remedy for biliousness. Dr. Haire says he has cured many victims of sick headache with the following simple prescription: When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of lemon juice, clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms are past, taking no other medicines, and you will soon be freed from your periodical nuisance.

Sick headache is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids—that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. Lemonade without sugar, plain lemon juice and water, is a grateful and medicinal beverage for a person of bilious habit, allaying feverishness and promoting sleep and appetite. Some who cannot afford to be sick may be willing to make a conscientious trial of the above remedy, which is neither patented nor costly. To make it a sovereign remedy it will in most cases need the help of a reform in diet, or a let-up from work and care—one or both. In other words, the same causes will be apt to reproduce the effect—as the pinching boot will recreate corns where they have been removed.

FOOD VALUE OF FRUITS.

Dr. Cameron says fruits are used as a staple food in many warm countries; but in most parts of Europe they are regarded chiefly in the light of luxuries. Deprived of their stones and seeds, they contain often not more than five per cent. of solid matter. They are very poor in albuminoids, but they are usually rich in sugar and many of them contain much acid. There is the greatest variation in the relative amounts of pectose, sugar and acid in edible fruits. Berries contain, as a rule, more acid than stone fruit. The grape contains from thirteen to twenty per cent. soluble pectin and gum, while the gooseberry includes only two per cent. of these bodies.

In the common fruits the percentage of free acids varies from a mere trace to about three per cent. The pear is almost wholly free from acids, while the currant often contains three times as much free acid as sugar. The grape is probably the best fruit adapted for the sick. As heat and force producing food, five pounds and a half of grapes, six and two-thirds pounds of apples or cherries, ten and three-quarters pounds of currants, and twelve and one-third pounds of strawberries are equal to one pound of starch.

The dietetic value of the fruits is chiefly due to their fine flavor and their abundance of saline matter.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

C. E. P. In your review of the article on "Animal Food," in the October number, I think, in the main, you were correct. Individual cases may be cited which seem to prove the correctness of the position of that writer, and yet I can but think that most of his statements contained "false facts." The most robust nations are those who eat very sparingly of meats, or none, while it is true—aside from savage tribes—but little flesh is eaten in civilized countries, save in England—eaten there only by the few—and in the United States. I take the position that we may or may not eat flesh, in moderate quantities, and of the right kinds, and still enjoy good health. I base this on the fact that the ox has no element of nourishment in his flesh not obtained from the vegetable world. The gluten of the wheat is the chemical equivalent of the fibrine of the beef, and must yield the same amount of nutriment when eaten at "first hands," as when it has passed through the stomach of the ox, taking a part of his diseases, if he has them. No flesh eating nation on earth can show a harder race than the Highland Scotch, living on their oats, mainly. The English beef-eater (in excess) may have more abdomen, more waste-matter tissues, but not the amount of brain and muscle power. The carnivorous tiger—the most powerful of the cat family—in strength of endurance and power, is far inferior to the elephant, feeding like the ox. The one is active, fierce, treacherous, and short lived, the other, the very emblem of power, living four hundred years, or about fifteen times as long as the tiger. Not to take the ultra view, it is safe to say that most of us eat too much meat and are too careless about its quality, eating much that is positively diseased, particularly the hog, and cattle transported on the railroads, half-starved, half choked, and half-frightened to death, the remainder of the killing being done—if they do not save this labor by dying on the cars—almost as soon as they are removed from their cruel confinement. Such beef may do to feed a hog, but is totally unfit for the stomach of a decent human being. Bran bread would be preferable to such stuff—not food—while Dr. Hall says that one may live indefinitely on wheaten bread and water, though I do not suppose that it is needful to confine ourselves to so narrow a range of diet. In wholesomeness, I must regard fish as preferable to meats, having less disease, and is easier of digestion.

EARNEST INQUIRER. My own use of the preparations of opium has thoroughly disgusted me, proving, as often as otherwise, miserable failures. They do not, ordinarily, produce natural sleep, if sleep at all, and, of course, cannot refresh, the object of sleep. They stupefy, produce an unnatural condition, from which one cannot recover without unfavorable results. The dose, of which you ask, in my opinion, should not exceed one grain of the pure opium for a male adult—the less the better—or fifty drops of the laudanum, though I have secured as good results from fifteen drops. In my experience, there is nothing reliable in the use of any preparation of opium. No, I do not approve of taking anything of this kind "for every little pain and nervousness." For the pains it is best to ascertain the cause and remove it as the more sensible treatment, while for every grain of opium taken to remove one degree of nervousness, two will eventually be produced, rendering cure utterly impossible. Yes, I do think that the "reckless and indiscriminate recommendations of some physicians" is aiding in "filling the insane asylums." I will say still more, that I believe that the use of opium as medicine, like alcoholic drinks, tends to the formation of a habit not easily controlled—not as easily as the drinking habit—and that it makes no difference in either case whether we call them medicine or an indulgence, so far as the habit is concerned. I must believe that these asylums are recruited vastly from both of these causes, and that those who "indiscriminately" recommend either of these supposed remedies, incur a fearful responsibility. Habits of indulgence, in excess, as naturally grow out of the injudicious medicinal use, as rivers are formed by streamlets. I believe still more, that the use of strong tea and coffee, with these other articles, produces most of the nervousness, the "fidgets," etc., of our young ladies—and some older ones—as the legitimate fruits. If this medicinal dissipation could be avoided, "cereal coffee" substituted for that now in use, and cocoa and shells for tea, in one generation, I think that we might have a race of women comparatively free from "nervous prostration," who would not be terribly frightened at the sudden closing of a door or window, or allow the sight of a worm, a mouse, a harmless snake, to produce hysterics. I agree with you that the habit of using opium—as a dissipation—is fearfully on the increase in our country, especially among delicate females. We copied an Indian vice in the use of tobacco, and now we are aping the manners of the "heathen Chinese" in the use of opium.

The Dressing Room.

CHIT-CHATS ON FASHION.

Number Three.

BY MARJORIE MARCH.

RUSKIN says, "There are many reasons for thinking that we do not at present attach enough importance to beautiful dress as one of the means of influencing taste and character," and Bulwer says in one of his works, "Never, in your dress, altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius, in small things, folly."

Not that dress is a "small thing," for as "fine feathers make fine birds," so taste in dressing becomes an art, by the assistance of which we are enabled to make the most of our personal attractions, or cover our natural defects, and by a judicious selection of colors and styles, appear pleasing in the eyes of those with whom we are thrown.

Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Polonius this most excellent advice to his son Laertes:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

How often when people neglect dress because "superior" to it, do they show thereby that the assumed superiority is but a cloak for slovenliness, and a disregard for the conventionalities of society. Society places her ban on all those who disregard her laws, and no male member, no matter how careless of his own appearance he may be, would prefer a long *tete-a-tete* with the finest mind of the opposite sex, if the toilet was chosen without regard to the tone, or coloring, or becomingness of style to the wearer. No one can be insensible to the influences of dress, the whole effect is felt, even when the separate adjuncts of the toilet may not receive special attention.

The most important feature of the toilet is hair-dressing, and simplicity in the style of coiffure still predominates. Simple coils of hair, reaching generally from ear to ear, are mostly worn. If the face is round and full, a high coiffure is desirable, but if the shape of the face is long and narrow, a low coil or braid adds somewhat to the breadth without giving length. A little hair curled and falling over the forehead adds to the appearance of youthfulness, while the severe style of drawing all the hair back from the face is very trying. Bangs continue in favor for little girls. Round combs confine the remainder of the hair, and ribbon is no longer used in tying it.

"Mother Hubbard" collars are worn in all shades of satin, shirred deeply all around the neck, and finished by soft folds of creamy lace falling over the shirrs at the throat, and around the bottom of the little shoulder capes. These are very becoming to most people, and quite stylish. They are fastened by a scarf pin, or tied under the chin with a large bow of *moire* or satin ribbon. They are made of black satin, and finished with black Spanish lace, or of pink, blue, or cream satin, or all of white lace, and cost from \$2.00 to \$3.00. Children's "Mother Hubbard" collars can be bought for \$1.00, and the cloaks ranging in price from \$4.00 to \$6.00, are still very fashionable.

A lovely throat knot is a lace jabot, with a dash of color laid among the folds of falling lace, of *moire* or *ombre*. It adds greatly to any toilet, and is very becoming. Prices range from \$1 to \$2.75.

"Mother Hubbard" collarettes are worn in mourning, made of *crepe de Chine*, finished with mourning fringe, and costing \$3.00. White around the neck is

worn, even in the first months of mourning, but the linen collars are usually marked with bands of black. White, pleated, lie-down collars, with black borders sell for fifteen cents each.

Square shawls of India mull or embroidered muslin are still worn, and *crepe* neckerchiefs embroidered in white silk, have a quaintness and simplicity about them, which gives a charming effect to any suitable costume.

Mull ties and cravats, embroidered, are as popular as ever. Some are merely hemstitched, others trimmed with lace. They are worn simply passed around the neck and tied in a large bow under the chin, or arranged like a jabot, if the work or lace on them is deep.

Linen collars are worn in various shapes, the little choker, or standing collar turned over, flaring points or blocks of hemstitching on ends of pointed collars. Deep round collars are very becoming to some faces.

A very dressy sleeveless jacket crocheted of Shetland floss in a long, close stitch, and shaped very prettily, sells for \$3.00. Made of cream white floss with two rows of cherry ribbon, number five, run through openings or ladders left for the purpose down the front and around the bottom of the jacket, and fastened at the throat with long loops of wider cherry ribbon, it is a beautiful and stylish accessory to any toilet. White is especially lovely over white dresses or a summer silk, in the cool evenings of spring, or in a summer's sojourn among the mountains or at the seaside. The want of a light wrap is often felt, and a jacket of that description is both stylish and becoming, much more so than a shawl. Pink, blue, or scarlet jackets of Shetland floss are also in demand, and light up beautifully of a winter evening. White has the advantage of being worn over any color, and when soiled can be washed in flour and hung out in the air for a day or two, until all the flour has been blown away. Care must be taken not to lose the shape of the jackets in the washing, for they are delicately made. White jackets of this description can be worn in mourning with black *gros grain* ribbon run through the ladder, and also tied in a knot under the chin.

It is well to keep any article made of white floss or zephyr, when not in use, folded in indigo blue wrapping paper, as the blue in the paper will prevent the white from soiling or turning yellow. A sachet bag of Coudray's white rose laid among the folds will impart a delightful fragrance which will linger in the snowy, flossy shells, as long as the jacket is worn, and is so delicate that it cannot fail in being agreeable, even to those that object to a heavier perfume.

All communications will reach me addressed to 231 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia, and just here I would beg all those who favor me with their orders to be explicit in sending directions.

If shoes are desired, the number of the last must be given as well as the length of the foot. If finger rings are purchased, it must be remembered that all fingers are not the same size, and a definite measure must be sent. Ready made suits cannot be selected by bust measure alone, length of arm, skirt, and waist band, are also necessary. Numbers are not unimportant features of hosiery, gloves or collars. In selecting from samples, a second choice should always be made, for often the goods are sold by the time the samples reach us again.

In sending for goods, ribbons, or zephyrs to match a certain article, it will save trouble and delay to enclose a sample of the desired color. Not only the age of children must be sent, if suits or coats are to be purchased, but measures also; for boys the inner seam of pantaloons,

and outer seam of arm, waist band, and chest measure; for girls, waist band, chest measure, sleeve, and length of skirt.

The etiquette of business letters requires the enclosure of a postage stamp, if samples are to be sent, or if an answer by mail is desired. A three-cent stamp is but a small matter to the individual, but when mail accumulates as quickly as it does with us, three cents a letter is a considerable item.

When goods are to be sent by mail, unless distinctly stated otherwise by the purchaser, all packages will be registered, to secure their safe transit. No responsibility will be assumed, after the goods leave our hands.

I take great pleasure in thanking my customers for the many letters of appreciation and thanks I have received from them, and it shall be my constant study to deserve the great confidence they have shown in my taste and judgment.

A WARNING ON THE SUBJECT OF FANCY WORK.

Now I do not mean to say anything against fancy work itself, for I have done a good deal of it myself, but I do want to speak my mind on a few points in reference to such work.

First, I want to counsel moderation. If the work is fascinating, don't let it absorb too much time. There are too many better things to be done in the world. Time is more plenty with many ladies than money, and if they would give liberally of it to the charities and other good causes that are brought to their attention, they would find more real satisfaction than in filling their houses with pretty trifles. Then one may gain time for self-culture by curtailing the hours devoted to the fascinating painting, embroidery, crochet, etc. Another reason for moderation is, that many bright eyes are dimmed by too close attention to lace work, fine embroidery, or similar trying work. It is bad enough in all conscience to weary or injure one's self with any work, but there is no excuse for doing it by too steady application to unnecessary work.

Then never make a useless article, no matter how "lovely" it may be when completed. Do be strict with yourself on this point. You will find many things belong in the list of useless articles which claim to be serviceable. For instance, I have seen inquiries in THE HOUSEHOLD for directions for making a button-hook holder. What would be the real use of such a thing? The button-hooks in our part of the country are not large enough to require very extensive accommodations; we do not need packing boxes for their transportation, nor are they so delicate that we use embroidered covers for them as for musical instruments. Would it not take less time to find a suitable place for that button-hook in the house than to manufacture a holder expressly for it?

There is an infinite variety of wall pockets called by various names and meant for different uses, on which much time is wasted. Better put your letters in your writing desk and your cards in the card basket. The whole tribe of fancy trifles made to hang up somewhere in the way where they will tumble down on people's heads at the slightest provocation, and add to the daily task of dusting, deserves to be overhauled. How many of such things are really necessary?

I have seen rooms that were very curiosity shops, with all the wares hung around for exhibition; but what a task to take care of such a room! Would not a few good pictures on a well chosen background have really looked better than such a fussy array?

If you have concluded that the article

is really necessary, next consider whether it will be substantial. Don't waste time on any trifle of perforated cardboard. The frail things will soon be bent out of shape, and the colors will fade. Don't make a tidy for your lounge or a chair in common use which will not be fit to be seen after it is washed. Such flimsy pieces of fancy work use up a good deal of pocket money and give little satisfaction to the maker. It would be a better plan to buy a match box of carved wood, or Japanese ware, or of china, than to make some trifle of cardboard. The one can be washed as easily as a dish, the other, if in common use, will soon be soiled and good for nothing.

There are plenty of ways in which tidies can be made that will both wash and wear well. The same can be said of nearly all necessary articles. It only needs a little thought and the resolution not to waste time on unsubstantial work. Now if the thing you wish to make, is really useful, and will last well when made, and you have nothing more important to do, go ahead and make it as pretty as you can.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

SHELL PATCHWORK.

Use two knitting needles, and upon one cast fifty stitches. Use Dexter's cotton, number ten or twelve, three-ply.

1. Knit five, seam forty, knit five.
2. Knit across plain.
3. Same as first row.
4. Knit five, thread over, knit two together, and repeat to the last five, which knit.
5. Same as first row.
6. Plain.
7. Same as first row.
8. Knit five, narrow, knit plain to last seven, narrow, five plain.
9. Plain.
10. Knit five, narrow, seam thirty-four, narrow, five plain.
11. Plain.
12. Knit five, narrow, seam thirty-two, narrow, five plain.
13. Knit five, narrow, knit thirty, narrow, five plain.
14. Plain.
15. Knit five, narrow, seam twenty-eight, narrow, five plain.
16. Plain.
17. Knit five, narrow, seam twenty-six, narrow, five plain.
18. Plain.
19. Knit five, narrow, knit twenty-four, narrow, five plain.
20. Knit five, seam twenty-six, knit five.
21. Knit five, narrow, knit twenty-two, narrow, five plain.
22. Knit five, seam twenty-four, knit five.
23. Knit five, narrow, knit twenty, narrow, five plain.
24. Plain.
25. Knit five, narrow, seam eighteen, narrow, five plain.
26. Plain.
27. Knit five, narrow, seam sixteen, narrow, five plain.
28. Plain.
29. Knit five, narrow, knit fourteen, narrow, knit five.
30. Knit five, seam sixteen, knit five.
31. Knit five, narrow, knit twelve, narrow, knit five.
32. Knit five, seam fourteen, knit five.
33. Knit five, narrow, knit ten, narrow, knit five.
34. Plain.
35. Knit five, narrow, seam eight, narrow, knit five.
36. Plain.
37. Knit five, narrow, seam six, narrow, knit five.
38. Plain.
39. Knit five, narrow, knit four, narrow, knit five.

40. Knit five, seam six, knit five.
41. Knit five, narrow, knit two, narrow, five plain.
42. Knit five, seam four, knit five.
43. Knit five, narrow twice, knit five.
44. Plain.
45. Knit five, narrow, knit five.
46. Plain.
47. Knit four, knit three together, knit four.
48. Plain.
49. Knit three, knit three together, knit three.
50. Plain.
51. Knit two, knit three together, knit two.
52. Plain.
53. Knit one, knit three together, knit one.
54. Plain.
55. Knit three together.

This completes the pattern. I have kept no copy of these directions, but knit a shell from them after being written for publication, according to Mr. Crowell's request, which I send him, and I know they leave my hands correct.

NELLIE MAY.

PRETTY TABLE COVER.

How many of the Band have been making cretonne table covers this winter? Surely "a many," yet no one comes to the fore with directions for the benefit of the few who don't know about them. May I, Mr. Crowell? It is almost a year since I first saw directions for making them in the Christian Union, but thought they would look "common," and was not a convert until recently.

Buy as many quarter yards of cretonne as you choose—one quarter yard will make about three squares. (One clerk in a large dry goods house here told me the other day that some days they sold as much as a whole bolt in quarter yard pieces.) If you have some friend to make one at the same time you will each have a prettier cover, for you can have more variety. If every square is different so much the better.

The one I am making, for a large table, has squares nine inches each way, and thirty-six squares. These are all basted flat, each square overlapping its neighbor just enough to prevent fraying, on a lining—red silesia makes the best lining. Then you want a stripe of cretonne to go around each side. The joining of the squares is covered by black dress braid feather stitched with yellow crewel. Of course this braid is put on in long strips, the length of the cover. It also covers the joining of the stripe to the squares. The edge is finished with fringe. Very pretty fringe can be bought for twenty-five cents per yard, and that is almost the only expense about it, as the cretonne can be bought for about six cents per quarter yard, braid from five to seven cents per piece, and crewel for five cents per skein.

I wonder if I've made it plain. The squares must be cut very evenly, and the smaller the squares, if not too small, the prettier the cover—and the more trouble to make. Also a good deal depends on the taste with which the squares are arranged. A judicious mixture of light and dark is necessary. If any one wishes to try and has any difficulty in understanding my directions, I shall be glad to explain more fully if she will write to me in Mr. Crowell's care.

You will all like Riverside's secret when it is revealed. Riverside's pictured self came to see me this week. And I wish I could see all the Band in the same way, or more tangibly. She won't talk, that's the trouble.

Rosamond E., you owe me a letter, but I know the hindrances, and am thankful for past favors. I think Mr. Crowell ought to print a wood cut of you in the

paper for the benefit of the subscribers who don't believe in your identity. Now I dare say you think I am worse than the woman who wanted you to make a show of your children. But I don't "mean to," as my "next to baby" says.

I ought to have said that the feather stitching must be done before the braid is put on. It is then stitched on the cover by a machine. Have everything ready, braid stitched, squares cut, and then manage to give up an entire day to making it, is the best way to do.

ALICE H.

PRETTY KNIT EDGING.

In a late HOUSEHOLD I noticed some had tried the saw-tooth edge; so have I, and I have also experimented with it a little, and thought perhaps you would be interested in the result. The directions said, cast on seven stitches, instead of which I cast on eighteen stitches, knit across plain, then,

1. Slip the first stitch, thread over twice, purl (or seam) two together, knit two plain, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three plain, thread over once, narrow, thread over, knit one, purl one.

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

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five plain, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit one, purl one.

4. Knit nine, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit one, purl one.

6. Knit ten, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit one, purl one.

8. Knit eleven, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit eleven plain.

10. Slip one, knit one, pass slipped stitch over, knit another, pass the stitch on the left hand needle over, so on until you have cast off four stitches, then knit six plain, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

11. Slip one, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit seven.

12. Knit seven, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two. Repeat from beginning.

I think it very pretty when knit of linen or cotton thread. It is very handsome for pillow cases, and when knit of two threaded Saxony, either colored or white, it is suitable for flannel skirts.

R. A. D.

WHEEL EDGING.

Cast on nine stitches. Knit twice across plain.

1. * (Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together,) knit one,

thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, knit two.

2. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, rest plain.

4. Slip one, seven plain, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit nine, narrow.

8. Slip one, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

9. Slip one, knit, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

10. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit three, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

11. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit eight, narrow.

12. Slip one, knit one, bind off, knit one, bind off, knit one, bind off, knit four, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two, knit across twice plain, except the heading, and begin again at first row.

MARY M. WOODWARD.

Maplewood, Mass.

* Heading.

CROCHETED SLIPPERS.

Materials, one pair of cork soles, one skein of blue Germantown, one-half ounce of clouded blue worsted, one and two-thirds yards of shaded blue ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide, and one stick of blue braid.

Chain with a large crochet or tricot hook, ten stitches tricot across once and back, then take up five stitches and make two new ones between the fifth and sixth, then take up the remaining five and back again; proceed with each row the same, widening two stitches in the center each time across, until you have forty-two stitches in width, then take up ten and back, and tricot forty-six times across. This makes the strip for the heel. Then join to the other side, turn down the point in front, and take the blue Germantown, commence at one side, put thread over, crochet two stitches, then chain two, proceed around the top. This makes the loops. Then take the clouded blue, make scallops on the edge and around the point in front. Bind the soles with blue braid and sew the top on with thread, then run the ribbon through the loops and tie a pretty bow in front. This completes them, unless you choose to line with blue flannel, which makes them warmer. The above directions are for number three cork soles; larger ones would have to have a few more rows.

The tricot stitch is the same as afghan; a tricot hook is a crochet hook, the handle of which is the same size from hook to end, allowing the stitches to slip easily.

Laconia, N. H.

M. E. GOVE.

KNITTED TRIMMING.

Cast on twelve stitches.

1. Knit six, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two together.

2. This and every alternate row plain.

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

5. Knit four, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit five, thread over, knit one.

7. Knit three, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit seven, thread over, knit one.

9. Knit two, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit nine, thread over, knit one.

11. Knit one, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit eleven, thread over, knit one.

13. Knit three, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit seven, narrow, thread over, narrow.

15. Knit four, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit five, narrow, thread over, narrow.

17. Knit five, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit three, narrow, thread over, narrow.

19. Knit six, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit one, narrow, thread over, narrow.

21. Knit seven, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow three stitches together, thread over, narrow.

23. Knit eight, thread over, narrow three stitches together, thread over, narrow.

Knit across plain, and commence again at first row.

I think the laurel leaf tidy sent by E. D. M. is very pretty. I would like to know if she has the edging to go with it, and if so will she please send it? C. L.

New Ipswich, N. H.

HOOP EDGING.

Cast up nine stitches. Knit across twice plain.

1. * (Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together,) knit one, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, knit two.

2. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, * (four plain.)

3. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit eight.

4. Slip one, knit eleven.

5. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, narrow, knit two, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

6. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit four, seam one, knit five.

7. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit eight, narrow.

8. Slip one, knit three, narrow, knit seven.

9. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit three, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

10. Slip one, knit two, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit seven.

11. Slip one, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit eight, narrow.

12. Slip and bind off four, knit eight.

MARY M. WOODWARD.

Maplewood, Mass.

* Heading.

FANCY STRIPE IN KNITTING.

I send a very pretty pattern for backs of mittens, insteps of children's stockings, etc., made of Saxony yarn. For two rows you want nineteen stitches.

1. Purl one, knit one, throw thread forward, knit one, repeat five times, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, thread over, knit one, repeat five times, purl one.

2. Purl one, knit thirteen, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit thirteen, purl one.

3. Purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit nine, narrow, purl one, knit one, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit nine, narrow, purl one.

4. Purl one, slip one, knit one, pass

the slipped stitch over, knit seven, narrow, purl one, knit one, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit seven, narrow, purl one.

5. Purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit five, narrow, purl one, knit one, purl one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit five, narrow, purl one.

Repeat from first row. MRS. E. J. T.

FEATHER EDGED BRAID EDGING.

Have a crochet hook that is all the way of a size. Hold the braid in the left hand. Join the thread to the upper right hand loop in a short crochet. Make a chain of five, miss two loops, (on the upper edge of course,) and work three trebles into the next loop; this forms one group. Miss two loops, work three trebles into the next loop; this makes another group. Make two more groups in the same way, having four groups in all, and mark particularly the last stitch of the last group, which may be called the "hub," since from it as from a center, certain spokes are to proceed. Now make a chain of four, miss two loops of the braid, and join to the next loop by a single crochet, that is, the hook is put into the loop, and the thread is drawn through this loop and the one on the hook at the same time, then make a chain of four and join to the hub by a single crochet; this makes what we may call a spoke. Chain four, join to the third loop by a single crochet, chain four, join to the hub by a single crochet; this makes a second spoke. So continue to do till you make three more spokes, so there will be five in all. Miss two loops and work three trebles into the next loop of braid, and join the last treble of this group to the upper treble of the fourth group by a single crochet, miss two loops and work three trebles into the next loop, join the last treble of this group to the upper treble of the third group by a single crochet, make two more groups in the same way and join to second and first groups the same as you have joined to the fourth and third groups. Now make a chain of five, miss two loops, and join to the next loop by a single crochet. So far you have a U-shaped scallop; now bend the braid over towards you to where the last chain of five was joined to the left hand side of the U, so that the little loops will come opposite each other in a double row; put the hook through the first loop in front and the one behind it, and draw the thread through both loops on the braid, keeping the loop on the hook as in afghan or tricotee style, raise fourteen more stitches in the same way, putting the hook through both the front and back loops every stitch; draw the thread through two of the loops (that are on the hook) at a time, till you have only one loop on the hook. This has joined the left side of the first scallop to the right side of the second, and brought you back to the top of the bend, ready to commence the next scallop, which is made in precisely the same way as the one already made.

MRS. C. C.

CROCHET EDGING.

Make nine chain stitches, turn, make two double crochet in fourth chain stitch, two chain, two double crochet in same fourth stitch, one single crochet in same fourth stitch, five chain, two double crochet in next fourth chain stitch, two chain, two double crochet in same stitch, six chain, single crochet in same fourth stitch, two chain, eight double crochet in loop made by the six chain, * two chain, two double crochet in loop of shell made before, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, single crochet in the first stitch of the chain stitches made before, five chain, two double crochet in loop of next shell, two

chain, two double crochet in same loop, double crochet in end of shell, four chain, two double crochet in loop of last shell, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, single crochet in first of next chain, five chain, two double crochet in loop of next shell, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, two chain, one double crochet in next hole, one chain, one double crochet between each of the double crochets in that scallop, making one chain between each double crochet, turn, make five chain, single crochet in two chain, and so on in each one after single crocheting in last hole, four chain, two double crochet in loop of shell, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, single crochet in first stitch of chain of five, five chain, two double crochet in loop of next shell, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, double crochet in next hole, turn, make four chain, two double crochet in loop of shell last made, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, single crochet in first stitch of next chain of five, five chain, two double crochet in loop of next shell, two chain, two double crochet in same loop, six chain, single crochet in end of shell, two chain, eight double crochet in loop made by six chain; repeat from *.

I hope this will be plain. FLORENCE.

FEATHER EDGE BRAID LACE.

Take number naught feather edge braid, sixty thread, and a fine, slender crochet needle. Fasten thread into loop of braid, make * six chain, join into third loop of braid with a single crochet, repeat two times from *, thirteen chain, join into second loop, six chain, join in sixth stitch of preceding chain; this sixth stitch is to form the center of a wheel; * six chain, join in fourth loop of braid, six chain, join in center of wheel, repeat six times from *; there are nine points in wheel, five chain, join eleventh stitch of the thirteen chain, two chain, join in second loop, * three chain, join in middle of opposite chain of six stitches, three chain, join in third loop, repeat two times from *; make one double crochet into each of the next seven loops.

Second Part.—After making the required number of scallops, break off the thread, go back to the beginning and work on the upper edge of the braid, starting opposite first starting point. Make * six chain, join into third loop, repeat five times from *; * six chain, join in second loop, repeat six times from *; six chain, join in third loop, six chain, join in third loop, thirteen chain, join in second loop, six chain, join in sixth stitch of thirteen chain, * six chain, join in fourth loop, six chain, join in center of wheel, repeat six times from *; five chain, join in eleventh stitch of thirteen chain, two chain, join in second loop, * three chain, join in middle of opposite chain of six stitches, three chain, join in third loop, repeat once from *; six chain, join in second loop, etc.

In every other scallop there will be seven sevens, in the others six sevens.

The work is improved by working an additional row of seven stitches, joining into the middle of first row.

If any one does not understand my directions I will cheerfully send sample to any address on receipt of stamp for return postage. KATE L. COREY.

Pauling, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

OLD STOCKING RUG.

Last summer while on Cape Cod, I saw a rug, the like of which I never saw before, and as I inquired and found out how it was made, I will write the description for the benefit of any one who has old stockings that she don't know what to do with. I give it in the lady's own words.

"In the spring, when we lay aside our woolen stockings, which, by the way, I knit myself, I sort them over, putting those that need no mending in the bag first, then mend such as are worth mending, cutting off the feet of any that will do to put new feet to, and then put them with one ounce of camphor into the bag, which must be of cotton to keep the moths out. This done I cut all the mended places from the feet which have been cut off, and from the rejected ones. The pieces thus saved with no mended places in them, I put away for future use, and when I have a sufficient quantity for my purpose, I begin my work by, first, coloring any which I wish to. Next, cut the stockings lengthwise into strips one inch wide, and ravel out. Now take knitting cotton, and two large wire needles, or small ivory ones, cast on nineteen stitches and knit once or twice across plain, knit one stitch, take from three to six pieces of the raveled yarn according to the size of it, lay them across between the first and second stitch, leaving one-half on each side, knit one stitch, bring the ends of the ravelings on the back side to the front and knit another stitch, repeat this until you get to the end of the needle, knit three times across plain, then put in the ravelings as before, knit in this way until you have a strip as long as you want your rug. If you want a border, use black for the first three stitches, dark brown for the next three, and lighter for the last three. Now knit another strip like the first, then two more as long as the width you want the rug, knitting three times across each end of the last two strips with the black. Now mix all the rest of your colors, and knit strips enough to finish out the rug. Sew them together, sew on the border, and line with bedticking or something stiff, and if you have some bright colors to mix into the center, you will have a handsome rug to lay beside your bed or any where you want it."

PRISCILLA RANSOM.

OAK LEAF STOCKINGS.

Cast on one hundred forty-four stitches, or any number of stitches that will divide by twelve.

1. * Slip and bind, knit five, seam two, thread over, knit one, thread over, seam two; repeat from *.
2. * Slip and bind, knit four, seam two, knit three, seam two; repeat from *.
3. * Slip and bind, knit three, seam two, knit one, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit one, seam two; repeat from *.
4. * Slip and bind, knit two, seam two, knit five, seam two; repeat from *.
5. * Slip and bind, knit one, seam two, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two, seam two; repeat from *.
6. * Slip and bind, seam two, knit seven, seam two; repeat from *.

Now you have got finished one-half of a leaf and another leaf half done, you will commence by putting your thread over, knit one, thread over, seam two, repeat the same as at first, always remembering to knit the loops for stitches.

Will some one please send directions how to knit shell stockings?

A. W. HARRIMAN.

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.

MR. CROWELL:—Please allow me to ask if some one of the Band will send plain directions and sample of way of darning on bobbinet with linen floss; also small sample of herring-bone,

feather, satin, and coral stitches, and I will send in return sample and directions for spatter work, or patterns of fancy work and mantel lambrequin. Please send direct to MRS. J. P. H. Box 48, Sauk Centre, Stearns Co., Minn.

Will some sister of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me, through its columns, what number yarn to get for knitting a bed spread? also, how many pounds will it require? MAY.

Will some one inform me, by mail or through this paper, how to make transparencies for a window? I have seen some home-made ones that were handsome. Also give a knit lace stitch for back of mittens, mittens to be knit with four needles. MRS. A. R. NEWTON. Riverside, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

I will say to Jessie M., that if she will get blue, all wool, Java canvas, and work with white knitting cotton, she will have a toilet set that will wash well and look very pretty. Or make them of blue French cambric, and braid with white. Either will wash well. MONTANA MAY.

Will some one please give a recipe for cleaning white fur? ALAMEDA.

MR. CROWELL:—If Mrs. A. L. J. will send me her address on a postal card, I will give her the directions for knitting oak leaf stockings? Box 481, Keene, N. H. MRS. H. C. JOHNSON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of your readers can give me directions through THE HOUSEHOLD for making a ladies sack with sleeves, of German-town wool, I will return the favor in some way. SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to make some pretty lambrequins to put over lace curtains? L. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Ella will send me her address, I will send her a lovely pattern of trimming made from feather edged braid. It is easily made. F. LILY. Box 291, Haverhill, Mass.

What work on wax work and wax flowers can you recommend to an amateur? 1220 S. 6th St., Omaha, Neb. MARY ROGERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have not seen directions for knitting gentlemen's cardigan jackets. Did it appear in your columns for 1881? If not, will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send directions? MRS. GEO. H. WRIGHT.

I would like to ask if some of the Band could give instructions in oil paintings, mixing the paints, etc. I would like to know how to paint plaques, panels and little articles. M. G. F.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions through the paper for making a pretty Swiss lace morning or breakfast cap? LILLIE B.

Please send directions for lace work, darned netting, if you can. E. L. D.

Will not some of your readers give directions for cleaning and polishing horns for ornaments? Those from some of the Texas cattle or buffalo might be made very pretty. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send directions for infant's crocheted mittens? A SUBSCRIBER.

Can any one tell Riverside where the "easy-threading, open-eye, sewing machine needles, manufactured by the Supplee Needle Manufacturing Company, of San Francisco, Cal." can be obtained?

Will Elsie, formerly of Lander, W. T., please send post office address to Riverside?

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask Mrs. M. V. for further directions in regard to the knitted bands for infants she speaks of in February number, 1881. Ought they to be seamed, how many stitches around, and how long should they be? A YOUNG SISTER.

MR. CROWELL:—Can any of your readers inform me how to make a pretty air castle? also, how to color pampas grass? MRS. M. PERRY.

CORRECTION.—In the seventeenth row of "The Olive Leaf Pattern," in February number, 1882, there are two stitches left out. The first nine stitches are correct, then purl two, narrow, knit the seven, etc. This is the only mistake. NELLIE MAY.

MR. CROWELL:—In my quilt directions in the February number there is a mistake. It says: "There ought to be fifty-four stitches on each needle before binding." It ought to be forty-eight. SUNNYSIDE.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Twenty-One.

"A RULE? No, I never bother to make my things by rule. When I make cake I take what butter and sugar I think I shall need and eggs according to the number I have on hand, and I most always have good luck. Sometimes it isn't quite so good as usual, but if it isn't eatable I make a pudding. I wouldn't be tied to rules in my cooking."

So said a friend to whom I was giving a recipe for cake, which she had "wished she could make to taste just like it," but would not write it down, said she could "guess at it near enough," and you can imagine the quality of the cake.

There are many people who think it too much trouble to "cook by rule," as they call it, who will not measure ingredients for cake, etc., and even if they do measure the butter and sugar, will guess at the flour, stirring it in until it is "about as thick as usual." Consequently, the cake often falls or cracks open, from having too much flour in.

It is really necessary in order to make nice things, especially cake, for which the proper methods for mixing are as necessary as the exact quantities, in every recipe. I have had so many requests lately to tell the younger members of our family "just how to make cake," that I will try to help them a little in this line, knowing the importance of just such rules. In many cases cake is spoiled by carelessness in the mixing, many people thinking it a waste of time to beat the butter and sugar to a cream before adding anything else, or to beat the whites of the eggs separately, adding them to the cake after the flour is all stirred in. The plainer the cake, the fewer the eggs, the more necessity there is for making it as nice as possible. It may take five minutes longer, but is very little more trouble and it makes enough difference in the cake to more than repay one for the extra work. Flour should always be measured after it is sifted, and if baking powder is used, stir it into the flour and sift again. If soda and cream of tartar are used, mix the cream of tartar with the flour in the same way. The soda is dissolved in the milk, if milk is to be used in the cake, if not, dissolve in a teaspoonful of boiling water and stir into the cake before adding any of the flour.

The fruit, to be used in fruit cake, should be prepared, (that is, the raisins and currants,) the day before the cake is to be made. Currants should be washed in three or four waters, the first two warm, then spread on a soft, coarse cloth or towel, nothing nice, as they are apt to stain, and let them get thoroughly dry. The best way is to put another cloth in a dripping pan, pour the partially dried currants in, and place in a very slow oven, leaving the doors open. Stir occasionally, and when dry look over carefully, as there are often little stones among the fruit. Then dust with flour, a heaping tablespoonful to a pound is sufficient. Mix it well, so the currants are all floured. Shake in a colander to remove the surplus flour and any stray stems, and put away in a very dry place. It is a good plan to wash currants in this way when bought, keeping them in a glass fruit jar. It is a great convenience to have them all ready for use, and they are not nearly so apt to spoil.

Raisins are to be picked from the stems and washed, then dried and seeded, after which they are floured like the currants. When ready to mix the cake, mix the cur-

rants and raisins together, add the citron sliced and floured, and stir all together thoroughly, adding to the cake after the flour is all stirred in. When raisins are to be used in cup cake, or in any kind which does not require long baking, they should be steamed the day before using. Spread them on a plate which will fit in your steamer and cook for an hour. When cooked in this manner they are tender and wholesome, which is by no means the case when they are put, without previous cooking, into a cake which will bake in half or three-quarters of an hour. So with a cracker or any white plum pudding, which would require only a short time to cook, the raisins should be boiled slowly for an hour in just water enough to keep them from sticking to the basin, not enough to cover them. They should be closely watched, and when the pudding is ready pour them in, and stir till the small amount of water is well mixed with the pudding. Or, if more convenient the raisins can be steamed. Currants need no previous cooking, they will cook sufficiently in any pudding or cake.

In warm weather when making cake, set the whites of eggs in an ice chest, or in some cold place while mixing the cake. They will beat very light if so treated, it being impossible to beat them to a light, stiff froth if warm.

In cold weather let the butter stand in a warm room for perhaps half an hour before using. It will be much easier to stir, and will be far nicer than to partly melt or soften in the oven or a hot dish, which is apt to make it oily. Always use the same sized cup or spoon for measuring all ingredients, and remember that a tablespoon does not mean a kitchen mixing spoon, as I have seen people use in following a recipe.

In measuring baking powder the spoon should be just rounding full. In measuring soda and cream of tartar, fill the spoon even full and smooth it off with a knife. To get half a teaspoonful, measure a spoonful, and after smoothing off divide lengthwise. In this way one is sure of a correct measure. Care should be taken to have the soda free from lumps, as it is impossible to measure it properly if not fine. A good way when soda is bought, is to roll and sift it, and then put it in a box. In this way it is always ready for use with very little trouble.

Cake tins should be lined with thin brown paper, one thickness being sufficient for a cake which will bake quickly. A pan in which fruit cake is baked, should have three or four layers of thick, light brown paper at the bottom and two at the sides, covering with a thinner paper. For sponge cake, the paper should be buttered slightly all over. Cake in which butter is used, does not require buttered paper, unless very little is used, in which case it is well to butter the paper a little, so it will not adhere to the cake.

I have had very good success with a boiled frosting which I use considerably in the winter, when it is difficult to get fresh eggs. To one cup of sugar put four tablespoonfuls of water, stir till dissolved, and beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. After the sugar comes to a boil let it boil just four minutes, then pour in the beaten white, and stir rapidly one minute, remove from the fire and beat till thick and smooth and nearly cold. Spread while just warm on the cake. It will be very white and smooth, and is a nice frosting to spread between cakes, especially with grated cocoanut sprinkled thickly over it.

A favorite cake which is not rich though very nice and delicate, is made as follows: One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk, two cups of flour, three eggs, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of Cleve-

land's baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar together, and when smooth and creamy, add the yolks of the eggs, beat well, add the milk, and stir till well mixed. Add the flour, in which the baking powder has been thoroughly mixed, and stir till very smooth, then stir in the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth, beat well, and pour into two medium-sized cake tins. Bake in a rather moderate oven half an hour, or until when pricked with a broom corn, it will come out smooth and dry.

This makes a very handsome layer cake, baked in four plates, large size, and put together with frosting, either boiled or not, colored with the jelly for which I gave a recipe in the February HOUSEHOLD. Twice the quantity of frosting in the above recipe will be needed, as a generous layer is necessary.

Another plain cake which we make often is as follows: One heaping tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with lemon or almond and sprinkle the top with sugar before putting the cake in the oven. This makes one good-sized loaf, or is nice baked in little tins. Mix the same as the first recipe, which is a good method to follow in any cake, except sponge or fruit cake.

Another which is also a favorite, is very nice. Two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, four eggs, one and two-thirds cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix in the same way as the others. Sometimes I add a little sliced citron, which is very nice. It is also nice, as is the first recipe, baked in a dripping pan, (small-sized,) or in deep tin plates, frosted and cut in squares when served.

I had intended to give my fruit cake recipe with some others, but find I shall not have room this time, so I will leave it, promising to send it in time for the "fruit cake season."

All nice cookies and hard sugar gingerbread are mixed like cake, excepting that it is unnecessary to beat the eggs separately. Beat them well and stir in with the butter and sugar. In molasses cookies or gingerbread, melt the butter a little to soften it and stir in the molasses, then the eggs, milk, etc., as for cake.

For ginger snaps the best way is to boil the molasses five minutes, add the butter, ginger, and spice, stir well together, and remove from the fire. To a pint of molasses allow a generous half cup of butter, a heaping teaspoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful each of clove, cinnamon and salt, and a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Cool a little and stir in flour to make a stiff dough. Knead just enough to make it smooth, roll thin, —a small piece at a time—cut out and bake in a quick oven. When cold they should be crisp and very nice.

EMILY HAYES.

SCOTCH AND FRENCH COOKERY.

In almost every Scotch farm-house and kitchen is to be seen the big earthen pot, in which bits of mutton, pork, beef, every vegetable almost that can be named, together with a liberal allowance of barley, are thrown. This furnishes the nourishing and savory broth for which the Scotch are famous. With the less carnivorous French it is a more simple affair. A Parisian dame described it to me as follows: Any quantity of beef, from one to five pounds, must be put into an earthen jar or pan having a close fitting lid, with a little salt, and water in the proportion of a quart for each pound. Boil it so as to skim the grease off, and then add carrots, a parsnip, leeks in abundance, tur-

nips, celery, four ground cloves, and let it simmer on the top of the oven for from seven to ten hours,—only simmer, for a *bouillon* boiled is a *bouillon* spoiled. The meat and vegetables may be served on one dish, and the soup in another, with bread. The beef, when cold, next day can be eaten with shalot or tarragon vinegar. I was once sojourning at a very humble little *auberge* in the south of France, and saw a French gentleman empty his game bag, the contents of which hardly attained in value to the achievements of our school-days. There was certainly one quail, two or three jays, and what looked like a tame pigeon that had been starved; the rest were tom-tits, wrens, and I fear one or two robin-red-breasts. Nevertheless, our hostess joyfully announced her intentions of making a *salmis* therewith, and I watched the operation with real interest. The birds were first cleaned as carefully as fowls; they were then rolled in thin pieces of fat bacon, and roasted for about twelve minutes. Afterward the wings and breasts were cut off and put aside. The rest was cleared off the bones, and minced very fine with some shalots, garlic, cloves, salt. To this was added about half a bottle of white *vin du pays*,—*vieux Barsac*, I think, and a few truffles and small mushrooms. This was all simmered together for a quarter of an hour, the wings and the breasts in *réserve* were thrown in, and it was served up on dry toast. I was invited to partake of it, and can conscientiously affirm that I have never before or since tasted anything more delicious.

THE DESSERT.

—"There is no rest for the wigged," is what the bald-headed man said, when he chased his false hair up the street in a November gale.

—A man with a small salary and a large family says, if pride goes before a fall, he would like to see pride start on a little ahead of the price of coal and provisions.

—A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow" because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his own shadow.

—"The truth always pays in the end," is an old saying, and that is the reason, probably, why there is so little of it told at the beginning of any business transaction.

—Wanted—A modern young lady's forehead. The editor of this column, not having seen one for several years, is willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine old article. No banded or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted.

—An authority says, "It may be regarded as an established fact that apples will keep better in moist or damp cellars than in dry ones." But that depends altogether on how many small boys there are in the family. It isn't so much in the humidity of the cellar as in the gorgeability of the boy.

—"There," she exclaimed, thrusting the paper at him, and pointing to a paragraph which stated that the first thing the Marquis of Lorne did on meeting his wife was to kiss her, "what do you think of that?" "Poor fellow!" muttered the ill-natured husband, "I suppose it's one of the penalties of holding a public position."

—It requires no great stretch of conscience to explain why we have had such a vast excess of weather—such extremes of heat and cold, wet and dryness—this year, as compared with previous years. Formerly a large part of the appropriation for the weather bureau was embezzled; now it is all expended for weather. Hence the superfluity.

The Kitchen.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

MY SISTER'S maid, under her mistress' careful teaching, learned to be more economical, or "at least," said Jessie, in recounting her endeavors in that direction, "Nora is less wasteful." So it has happened that for several weeks we found no wasteful accumulations of cold pieces, and since the introduction of the new bread knife and platter, there has been no excuse for broken bread.

But last Thursday, after Nora had slammed herself out of the house, and Jessie and I had arranged the necessary preliminaries, and Teddy was perched in his high chair by the kitchen table, where he could have a finger in every pie, we went first to the cellar, and in the safe we found a plate heaped with cold meat. Two mutton chops, a bit of veal cutlet, two or three pieces of ham, and various ends of broiled beef steaks. On another plate was a shin bone with the meat that had been boiled for soup that noon.

Jessie's face was the picture of despair. "John won't eat hash."

The whole tale was told in those four words. And who could blame John? He had lived—no, existed in boarding houses for ten years before he persuaded my sister to take pity on his loneliness, and "altogether uncomfortableness," and to promise to take him "for better or for worse."

"What does 'for worse' mean, aunt Annis?" our six year-old nephew had inquired, pondering on the mystical words that made his fair young aunt and that tall, bearded man "one flesh."

"O Alex, how stupid you are!" answered his practical sister, Kathie. "It means when she has to stay home and wash dishes and sweep, when she don't want to."

I recalled the children's speeches to Jessie's memory, and she laughed as we picked up the plates and returned to the kitchen.

"There's just enough boiled meat for a salad," I said, remembering John's fondness for salads.

"Of boiled beef?" asked Jessie.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones showed me how to make it, when I was visiting her last week."

I took down the meat board, and while I chopped the meat, Jessie put some eggs on to boil, and washed and cut into quarter inch lengths some celery. The whites of the eggs were chopped and mixed with the beef, of the yolks, I made a dressing as for salad, mixed the dressing, meat and celery together, and when the salad was placed on a gilt edged platter, and garnished with clean, crisp celery leaves, it was a pretty and a palatable dish to set before the king of that small domain.

"Well," said Jessie, when the meat and dressing were set in the pantry to await the early supper time, salads being always better freshly mixed, "that disposes of a small part, but what shall we do with this heap?"

"I shall not exert my muscles to chop it," I answered lazily, "have Nora chop it very fine, and mix it with hot mashed potato, just enough potato to make it adhere, season it well, and fry it as old Chloe used to, in one large cake, but that is hard to turn without breaking, it would be easier to make cakes the size of fish-balls, and brown in hot lard."

The door bell rang, and Jessie ushered in Mrs. Ray. "I hoped I should find you in the kitchen," she said. "What are you going to do with that meat? I came to learn."

We told our plans, and she produced a little book half-filled with recipes, some written, and others scraps cut from papers.

"Here is one," she said, "that I wrote down at one of Miss Dod's lectures, in Philadelphia, two years ago. She prepared and cooked it on the stage, in her dainty, skillful way, without getting a spot on her frilled white apron, and explained everything as she worked. You cannot imagine what a fine art cooking becomes under her trained hands, with every appliance, and a clean gas stove!"

"With no need to count the cost of material," added Jessie, and it really does seem an important consideration. I copied the recipe from the notes taken at the lecture, and give it as another mode of utilizing cold meat.

Meat Rissoles.—Take a quarter of a pound of cold meat, a little pepper and salt, six ounces of flour, two ounces of clarified fat or butter, one egg, a gill of cold water, half a teaspoonful of yeast powder, and two or three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. First, chop the meat, which should be rather fat, very finely, put this upon a plate, and mix well with pepper and salt. Weigh out the flour, and put it in a bowl, add a pinch of salt and the fat or butter, mix and make very smooth, add the yeast powder, then the water, and knead firmly together. Roll it out very thin, cut from the dough, small round cakes, in each cake place some of the meat, and make into a turnover. Beat the egg light, roll the rissoles thoroughly in it, salt and pepper the bread crumbs, roll the rissoles in them, shaking off the excess, have ready enough hot fat to cover them, drop them in, and cook for three minutes. If the crust is thick, it will take more than three minutes, and it will not be so light. Put them on paper for a minute to remove the grease, and then they are ready for the table.

"I came to beg some advice," began Mrs. Ray.

"We do not keep it. It is too cheap a commodity," answered my sister, laughing, "I agree with Hamerton on the subject of advice."

"Nevertheless I shall ask it," continued Mrs. Ray. "Aunt Ray is coming to tea, Bridget is out, and I wish to know what I can prepare before aunt arrives. I want something approaching a luxury, for she is very dainty and particular, and yet it must not be extravagant, or she will prophesy that I will ruin Fred with my improvidence and lavishness."

"No, she will not eat oysters," in reply to a suggestion.

"I saw some nice halibut at the fish stand this morning," said Jessie.

"But I don't want to fry fish or any thing else in my best clothes," protested our caller, "and I should have aunt Ray lecturing me about 'over-carefulness for the things of this life.' I want something that I can have ready before she comes," she repeated.

"You can buy a can of fresh salmon at the grocer's for about fifteen cents, a head of lettuce will be eight or ten cents, and it of itself is a luxury so early in the spring. You have your own eggs. If you will get the lettuce and salmon, I will run in and make the dressing, and it will be out of the way before your visitor arrives."

This is the dish that graced Mrs. Ray's supper table that evening, and the way we made it:

First, I broke a hole in one end of the salmon can, and turned that end down in a bowl to drain the oil out. I chopped fine the whites of six hard boiled eggs. I mashed the yolks perfectly smooth with one raw yolk, and added mustard and salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and as much vinegar as I thought was needed.

This was stirred smooth, the whites mixed with it, and just before serving I added a large spoonful of rich cream.

All salad dressing is much improved by the addition of cream. A richer and prettier dressing is made by using only the yolks of eggs and sweet oil instead of butter. But most people do not have sweet oil in the house, and some do not like it. This dressing is the same I use for lettuce, though fewer eggs will answer.

The very best company platter was brought out, and the broad lettuce leaves carefully washed and dried without bruising, were laid two and two upon it. On each foundation thus formed, we placed dainty little heaps of the flaky, yellow salmon. The dressing was poured into a glass dish, and placed by the side of the platter on the table. When all was ready, we called Mr. Ray into the dining room, and instructed him in the art of conveying without accident, a green substratum of lettuce with its attendant salmon, into a deep dish or saucer, and thereon to pour carefully a ladleful of the dressing.

Aunt Ray was charmed, but was not quite sure that "niece Sarah was not wasting her husband's substance." But I knew it was the clear glass and pretty china and gleaming silver with the nice serving that produced the effect.

ROSAMONDE'S DIARY.

MARCH 3. Ichabod was away to-day at a funeral. The roads were so rough that he went on horseback, and I could scarcely have left the children any way, as they have severe colds, and two of them, sore throats. In these days, one is soon alarmed at the appearance of sore throats, as so much diphtheria is fatal. My good doctor tells me that every one should keep a few cents worth of chlorate of potash in the house, and dissolve a teaspoonful in a glass of water, with a spoonful of sweet spirits of niter too, if fever appears, to use every hour or two as a gargle, swallowing a little each time. We hold the crystals in the mouth, too, a good part of the time, allowing them to dissolve slowly, and with such prompt treatment, have never had a severe case of sore throat.

Once we had real diphtheria from the start, but used this treatment with a syrup, made from one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of boiling water, steep, strain, add a tablespoonful of chlorate of potash, and about three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar, stir till it is a smooth syrup. This is a specific in diphtheria, and if used in time, with mild purgatives has never been known to fail. So often neglected colds are beginnings of serious diseases that we cannot be too careful. For myself a fast and rest are the best medicines when indisposed, as dosing always sickens me. Dr. Hana-ford's medicines I took with ease, and was much benefited thereby, but have no homeopathic physician near enough for regular attendance.

I have been repairing the little boys' pants. They had been patched on both knees, and the patches were worn out too, so I ripped out the whole fronts of the pant legs at the seams, cut off the rags, and set in new fronts. It looks quite respectable, just the seam across the front shows, and they will wear as long again now. I like to have a good piece left from pants for this purpose, as it is much easier than making a new pair of pants, even if one must sew in a new seat too. Of ready made pants one can get pieces for patches only. When long pants get so very bad, I have seen them cut off just above the knee, and the pieces exchanged, putting the back parts front. This I never did, but it does not look

very badly. I know two ladies who fix their men's clothes to the last stage of preservation, and this is one of their ways.

Repairing old coats and vests too, I have had some experience at, and one can brush off, put in pockets, bind edges, work button holes, and line with partly worn alpaca or dark dress goods, darn up tears, and replace buttons, then brush again, and, if much soiled, wash through a couple of buckets of hot tea, made from five cents worth of soap tree bark, rinse through the same amount of second steeping of the same bark, then a clear or blue warm rinse. When nearly dry, press carefully, and have the reward of an aching back, and an approving conscience, at least.

This soap tree bark is a treasure for washing black cashmere, or any wool dress goods, or men's wear. I use no soap, but rub carefully every spot, and the goods are quite fresh looking again, quite as nice as when one sends them to be scoured at ten times the cost. Dyeing I do not succeed with so well, in fact, I have lost several very nice dresses in the process of my attempts at renewing them. My mother succeeded very well with brown, but not with other colors.

MARCH 16. There seems to be little to write but busy, busy. I took a day's rest yesterday, and paid a friendly visit to a neighbor. Rest? Well I rested in mind, but sewed at button holes and buttons, which I generally keep for visiting work, unless I have some sort of fancy work on hand. I have finished my crash towel tidy of Greenaway figures, in red marking cotton, outline stitch. I enjoyed doing it very much, but Ichabod thinks such employment very "unprofitable," so I probably do less than most ladies who are as fond of it as I am.

To-day has been a very busy day, when the stove would not get hot, and everything went askew, breakfast a little later than usual and everybody was a bit cross to begin with. How easy it is to preach patience, and how hard to practice it! I have a feeling to-night as if I could fly to the uttermost part of the earth. My failures seem so frequent that it is scarcely worth while to strive. So many adverse circumstances bear upon the spirits and temper and health that one would give up, and lie down, and sleep the last sleep for "rest."

There are many beautiful ideas of woman's devoted self-forgetfulness in the duties of wife and mother, and the dear creatures are canonized who possess the rare power of endurance to come up to the mark, while the mass are condemned scornfully, who may, with less powers of endurance, struggle against greater odds, sometimes conquering, sometimes conquered and no one the wiser. This battle is the most pitiful on earth, and there ought to be "Sympathy and Aid Societies for Young Housekeepers" in every part of the land, instead of "The Condemnation and Gossip Clubs" actually in existence, though not really so named. In how many instances my heart goes out to those who have always had "mother" to smooth the way, but must now be "mother" for others! How I love to speak kindly and tell jokingly of my own or some others' experience that may offer a suggestion in some irritating moment. Our HOUSEHOLD is a friend in need to many such who have no one to speak encouragement, or no one who knows they need it, for few tell of their failures, and it is best not to, at the time, at least.

MARCH 29. I have been real sick from a very prevalent malaria, so weak as to be unable to sit up or read or write. For a couple of days I have read a little, and replied to an accumulation of letters. I must darn the stockings that Midget finds

"too much" for her skill, as soon as possible. The little folks seem noisier than usual, but I try to be patient when I know they think they are trying to keep quiet, and I wish very often I had a sister, a single, unencumbered sister, to come sit with me, read to me, amuse the children, and do the many things I see sisters do under such circumstances for my friends. Alas! I have no one, and must be thankful for such absolutely necessary attentions as I can hinder the girls from their duties to perform.

USEFUL HINTS.

A knowledge of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, as the unwritten music of the songs of Shakespeare descends from actress to actress, is often more useful to the sorely bested young house-mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she learned at school can be. She may know how to play Beethoven's sonatas so as to hold a drawing room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poorly if while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing room carpet stares her in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soap-suds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot, and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her ready wit and repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flitting hats and napkins and adjectives against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known as much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her, living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent them being nibbled all over by ants by strewing the store-room shelves with a few cloves, occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good nature in a family.

If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black lace, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that the lace has? Or why should she have a costly bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air, or from peculiarly strong perfume? She will spend more presently in frequent repairs and re-dressings than the lace cost in the first place. She can afford possibly to wear gold embroidery, in an era of gilding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock alum; and she may be splendid and graceful in long, white ostrich plumes that would need as long a purse to provide frequently, if she had never seen them dipped and dipped again in the thick, warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled over a knitting needle before the fire. She may be the best of cooks, and know how to make twenty different omelets, but if she is not acquainted with the fact that a little salt rubbed on the discolored egg-spoon will restore its silver tint, she would better not serve the eggs in any

shape; and if they that had the care of her youth never let her see that hot water took peach stains out of the table-cloth, or that port and claret stains were rendered dull by an immediate handful of salt wet with sherry, she might as well buy gray and partly colored damask to begin with.

What right has she to be at the head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of herself and a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart? If she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg, when administered internally, will transform corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture in the simple salivation of blue mass? If she cannot distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case, if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must be loosened, and blisters applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach, and the back of the neck, and if she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen.—*Harper's Bazar.*

LEAFLETS.

Number Three.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I wish to preface the following article with a remark to all 1881 subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD. In the April number, page ninety-one, near the close of the article, "Leaflets, number two," is a typographical error; the word, distinguished, should read disquieted.

It is an earnest, loving message that this "Leaflet" wafts to you across the hills. I have somewhere read that it is not so much what we say, as the way in which we say it. My mind has lately been deeply impressed with this, but more especially with the thought that we should be most careful what we say.

I am very sure that none of us wish to wound the feelings of others, therefore, when we feel impelled to refer to anything that another member of our Band has written, let us be careful how we write, and take heed lest we wound a sensitive heart. To write cruel and ungenerous words, and deliberately send them to another, seems peculiarly unfeeling; if to be perpetuated in print, doubly so.

With those of hasty temper, though in the main they may be right-minded and "generous to a fault," it is possible sometimes to say cruel things—a defect far from commendable, and which should be overcome. This is often forgiven, but these pen-wounds—ah friends! only the noblest hearts would vouchsafe forgiveness, naught save the deepest contrition merit it.

I want to thank you all for the kind consideration ever manifested toward me. The cutting blade of sarcasm or unkind criticism would pierce me to the heart. If we must criticise or differ in opinion, let us do so in the kindest way, like E. M. C., in September number, 1880. I have loved her ever since. Some day I mean to reply.

There is a great deal in tact, which, after all, is little else than the natural outgrowth of kind-heartedness. When all one's words and acts are governed by the motive to avoid wounding the feelings of others—is not this delicacy true tact? Certainly tact is true delicacy.

I like to think of our Band as united in love and sympathy, and actuated toward each other only by noble, gener-

ous impulses. Why, dear sisters! we ought to feel supremely blest in having such a Band of sisterhood, where is always some heart to sympathize in every joy or sorrow. No one is so happy or so secure from sorrow, but that some day will dawn when from "the depths" their heart will cry out for sympathy, human and divine. Let us, then, make ourselves worthy the sympathy of all the Band. Let not ridicule or scorn or the spirit of intoleration find a place among us. Let us be above any petty jealousies or unpleasantnesses, just as we are striving to live above spite, ill-nature, tattle, and everything ignoble in our daily intercourse with our neighbors.

We might make heaven of earth if we would. Surely we shall never find a heaven unless we carry one within our heart. We will not, I think, go very far wrong in our written intercourse, if we possess an abiding sense of the solemn import of these words: "What I have written, I have written."

CARPET SHAKING VERSUS CARPET SWEEPING.

It has seemed to me for a long time that some one of the sisterhood ought to "come to the defence" in that carpet shaking discussion. So long as the conundrum, "Is Rosamond E. a myth?" was playfully proposed and given up by so many, I was satisfied to keep silent, reflecting that careful readers would perceive that she claims no more than most of us are capable of under similar circumstances. The woman who spends all her time over one child and usually spoils it, would, if she had nine, find them taking much better care of each other, and, if she is wise, she will find them the happiest and most willing little helpers imaginable.

But when even our good Dr. Hanaford feels called to utter a gentle warning, I rush single-handed, to the rescue. Of course, being a man, he has never once stayed in the sitting room when a woman was vigorously sweeping a rag carpet which had lain on the floor a long time unshaken. If he had done so, he would have remodeled his question, and asked "Shall female vital power be exhausted, and female lungs forced to inhale this suffocating dust, day after day, when Ichabod and his two strong hired men can so easily carry it to the outer air, and beat and shake it so much more thoroughly?"

Of course, every sensible woman keeps her rag carpet in strips, or separate breadths, and, of course, she would wash and dry the floor before the carpet was returned to its place. The task of doing this is so much less than when the carpet has been undisturbed for a year, and the danger from moths or other vermin so entirely avoided, particularly if a little turpentine, or still better, carbolic acid, be added to the scrub water, that no one who has ever tried the plan of taking up carpets frequently, would think of doing otherwise.

Of course, this does not refer to nice carpets on little-used rooms. The family sitting room, in which the children are wont to play, and the older ones to work or read, should be thoroughly renovated at least once a month, and I for one, will not have a sleeping room carpet remain unshaken for a longer time than that.

"A carpet is a dirty thing," said a lady upon whom I once called, while she was in the midst of house cleaning. Then, seeing my surprised look, (I was a novice in housekeeping then,) she reiterated, "A carpet is a dirty thing, I assure you, Mrs. C., a very dirty thing indeed."

Never, since then, have I swept a carpeted room, without thinking of her words. But as they seem to be necessary evils, we ought to try to mitigate them

by having them often cleaned, avoiding poisonous colors, and above all, by never keeping the sunshine and fresh air from our rooms through fear of injuring them.

As to the stove lifting, it is easily avoided by placing beneath the stove a piece of oil cloth which is easily cleaned, and allowing the carpet to come only to the edge of the oil cloth.

Next time I go "on the war path," I shall reverse my weapons, and attack that "shoticary pop." I have been hoping some one more able, would have done so a long time ago. JULIA A. CARNEY.

BORAX.

Lady readers who have not tested the magic properties of borax have been losing a great help and comfort. If once used, you will never be without a bottle on your toilet table. It removes stains and dirt from the hands better than soap, and at the same time softens and smooths the skin. It is splendid for washing the hair, and will, without injury, cleanse brushes and combs in a few moments. For washing purposes it saves both soap and labor. It will extract the dirt from articles of delicate texture without rubbing, it being only necessary to put the articles to soak in a solution of borax over night, and they need only to be rinsed in the morning. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax dissolved in a quart of water, to which water enough is added to cover a pair of blankets, will cleanse them beautifully. It also saves great labor in washing paint. It is said to drive away ants and roaches, if sprinkled on the shelves of safes and pantries.—*The Housekeeper.*

CLEARING MUDDY WATER WITH ALUM.

It is not universally known as it should be that muddy water may be cleared with a comparatively very small quantity of alum. It is a peculiar property of this substance that, when in solution, it will combine with the most foreign particles in suspension, or even in solution. In fact, on this property is founded the manufacture of the lakes used in painting, the dissolved coloring matter being precipitated by alum. In the same manner, all dirty coloring matter in a pailful of water may be precipitated by dissolving in it a piece of alum as small as a hickory nut or even smaller, according to the degree of impurity of the water. Simply dissolve the alum, stir up, and let it settle. Along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers this method is frequently employed. When no excess of alum is used this also is mostly carried down in the deposits.

ITEMS OF ECONOMY.

A strip of thick paper laid over the edge of each stair under the carpet will preserve a stair carpet from wearing through one-third longer than otherwise.

Clean brass kettles before using with salt and vinegar, to avoid being poisoned by the verdigris.

Gum tragacanth dissolved in water makes a good and cheap paste which will keep when it is sealed up.

The flavor of common molasses is much improved by boiling and skimming before using.

Damp tea leaves scattered over the carpet before sweeping, improve the colors, and give it a fresh, clean look.

When you want a dust pan, have it made to order, with the handle turning down instead of up, so as to rest on the floor, and tip the dust pan at the proper angle for receiving the dust. It is a great convenience, as you do not have to stoop and hold it while you are sweeping.

WASHING-DAY.

There is a very general prejudice existing against Friday. Ill-luck is prophesied by the superstitious, for those who start on a journey, or commence any undertaking on this ill-omened day. Possibly the origin of the idea may have been in the brain of some thrifty, systematic body, who disliked to see work begun at so late a period in the week, with the prospect of Saturday night finding it still unfinished. Criminals consider the inauspicious day especially unfortunate, inasmuch as it is usually recognized as hangman's day. Aside from this ignominious association, we see no reason why Friday should not hold its own in the calendar when compared with Monday and its accompanying discomforts. Second only to the woes of house-cleaning are those of washing-day. Where the former is a semi-annual scourge, the latter is sure to prove a weekly affliction, with its sudsy atmosphere and scrambly dinners, its over-taxed nerves, and tired-out bodies, its cloudy faces and snappy voices, made doubly so, if by chance, Dame Nature takes that occasion for an especial exhibition in the way of weather.

In the "good time coming," when co-operative laundries, and similar philanthropic institutions, shall render feasible the removal of the all-pervading suds, and its exasperating accompaniment to some remote location, we may be spared the infliction. Until such time—and may it come quickly—washing-day must unmistakably remain a domestic necessity; and soot, and dust, and treacherous clothes-lines will still have their mission, which is the disciplining of weak tempers, and the cultivation of the divine gift of patience. We follow in the beaten track which our mothers trod before us, never so much as questioning the choice of other than Monday for doing the family washing, but on the contrary feeling quite put out, and as though the week was all turned topsy-turvy, if by any chance Monday's particular duties are interfered with. We are creatures of habit, and it is natural to do as we have been taught, but probably, if there had been any day in all the week more suitable for this especial labor, sensible housekeepers would have discovered it long ago, and custom would not have so fully established Monday as washing-day.

Now and then we hear a few feeble voices, urging reasons for choosing Tuesday, or Wednesday, or Thursday, but their arguments, though weighty in their own estimation, fail to convince the multitude, and chaotic Monday still holds sway.

There have been many inventions in the way of washing machines, some of them requiring more labor and strength, and doing the work less satisfactorily than the old-fashioned way, while others, really what they are represented to be, are only locally known, or fail to receive their just deserts, because of the worthlessness of similar contrivances.

The labor of washing is very much augmented by having to use hard water. In a country where rain falls, and houses have roofs, men should be ashamed of themselves, who have not sufficient foresight and industry to construct cisterns, with pump and sink in the kitchen. Where hard water has to be used, it is best to "break" it with wood ashes. Scald the latter with a little boiling water, then fill up with cold water, and when settled dip off and strain through a cloth before using.

Many housekeepers have great prejudice against the use of soda for washing purposes, and very justly so, as its indiscriminate use will turn the clothes yellow, and in time will rot them. There are good washing compounds, which, if

used carefully, are less harmful than severe rubbing, and will at the same time save a deal of hard work.

In putting clothes to soak, they should be sorted, the finer things in one tub and the coarser and more soiled in others. If possible, the water should be lukewarm, but it is better to put no soap in it, as spots or stains are liable to be set by soaking in soapy water. Fruit stains should be removed from table linen before soaking, by pouring boiling water through the spot until the last trace of it disappears.

When the clothes are all out, the tubs and boiler should be well cleaned, dried and put away; the bluing, starch, and other et ceteras be deposited in their proper places, and the floor scrubbed with some nice hot suds. A little of the washing fluid is excellent for cleaning white wood, and stone, but must not be used on paint.

Washing blankets is a formidable task to many a housewife, but with the use of a good fluid it is rendered comparatively easy. Prepare the water the same as for boiling, and when it is as hot as can be borne by the hands, put in the blankets and let them remain an hour, then squeeze and draw them through the hands repeatedly so as to remove a portion of the water, then hang them up to dry, first pulling and stretching them well into shape. Do not rub soap on the blankets, and use no washboard or wringer in handling them, as it will render them less fleecy and soft. If very much soiled, they may require a rinsing water; be sure and have it of the same temperature, and put in a little soap and fluid, but much less than in the first water, and add also a few drops of bluing.

There is a diversity of opinions as to the best method of washing flannels. Some persons contending that boiling water should be used, others advocating cold water, while still others advise lukewarm. All agree that rubbing on a board, or tight wringing are injurious, and it is equally true that flannels should never be sprinkled, but ironed while still damp, with a moderately heated iron, as too much heat tends to render them harsh and stiff. If garments are very much soiled it may be necessary to use hot water, but it should never be too hot for the hands. Fine flannels, and those which are but slightly soiled, will keep whiter, and remain soft and fleecy if washed in cold or tepid water, in which is dissolved enough soap to make a good suds. However they are washed, be sure that the rinsing water is of the same temperature; put a very little soap and a few drops of bluing in it, or use enough of the washing fluid to make it soft. If hard water is used, it is absolutely necessary that something of the kind should be put in, or the flannels will be harsh and stiff. Rain water and soft soap will answer without anything further.

WHY SOME ARE POOR.

Cream is allowed to mould and spoil. Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. The scrubbing brush is left in the water. Nice-handled knives are thrown in hot water. Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled. Dishcloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Pie crust is left to sour instead of making a few tarts for tea. Dried fruit is not taken care of in season, and becomes wormy. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast. The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession. Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to

stand open and lose their strength. Pork spoils for the want of salt, from floating on the top of brine, and because the brine wants scalding.—*Cal. Farmer.*

HOW TO RENOVATE WORN OUT FILES AND RASPS.

Boil the file in a very strong solution of soda, or, what is still better, soap boilers' soap lees, which removes all the inherent dirt. It must then be allowed to remain for about half a minute in a solution composed of two parts of water and one part of nitric or muriatic acid; and after that, washed with water, and slightly brushed over with oil of turpentine. To show the efficiency of the dilute acid in producing a keen edge on instruments, dip therein a round pointed needle, or worn knife, and the result will be satisfactorily seen.

PAINTED FLOORS.—For kitchen and pantry floors there is nothing better than a coat of hard paint. The cracks should be filled with putty before it is applied, and the paint allowed to dry at least two weeks before using; and then it is easily kept clean by washing—not scrubbing—with milk and water. Soap should never be allowed to touch it. Red lead and yellow ochre are good for coloring; the former makes a hard paint that wears well.

Rancid lard may be purified by trying it over with a little water, adding a few sliced raw potatoes. The potatoes seem to remove the bad taste from the lard.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I join the Band? For one year I have read THE HOUSEHOLD, receiving it as a wedding present, and how eagerly do I look for it each month! Very often I have been tempted to write, either to seek information or extend it to others, but thinking some one else could answer the inquiries better than myself, I have held my peace.

I would like to thank all the sisters for their kind information given about many things. They have helped me very much the past year, and I could hardly get along without our paper now. Especially would I thank Emily Hayes for her Dining Room Notes. I have to read those the first thing, and they help a young housekeeper so much.

Rosamond E., is a perfect wonder to me. I can't believe she is a reality. If she is a human being made of flesh and blood, how can she do so much work? It takes me nearly all the time to care for us two, and I don't consider myself very lazy.

I would like to ask Dr. Hanaford what will cure dandruff? My husband's head troubles him much. He tries everything THE HOUSEHOLD prescribes for the hair, but in a short time it is as bad as ever. Is it a disease of the scalp, and if so can it be cured, and what will do it?

I have lots more to say and ask, but fear I have over-stepped the bounds.

DAISY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Having had experience in doing up shirts for twenty-five years, and having tried many different ways, I will tell you my best ways. During the cold season I manage thus: Monday evening, (if the clothes are dry,) I take a quart bowl, put in my starch, fill up with tepid water until about two-thirds full. I then see that the starch is dissolved thoroughly by a little stirring. I commence by starching collars and cuffs, then the white shirts, and lastly the colored ones. Roll each shirt up separately, and collars and cuffs in a towel, and place them in the basket with the rest of the clothes. Tuesday morning, as soon as I can, I go about the ironing.

After having ironed a while, which seems to smooth the irons after standing a week, I take a bowl of tepid water, and as I take each shirt from the basket to iron, I dip the bosom into the water to rinse off the starch that is to be seen on the surface. After having ironed the sleeves, the body of the shirt and the neck band, I place the bosom-board, spread a cloth over the bosom, take a hot flat and iron briskly two or three times, then remove the cloth and iron until dried through as quickly as possible, and hang out singly by the stove.

In the summer, when starched clothes grow limp by perspiration, I manage a little differently. In the first place I take in the clothes as soon as they are dry, then when I light my fire to get dinner I make a basin of starch by wetting dry starch with a little cold water, stir until smooth, then turn on boiling water, stirring constantly. Do not let it stand to cook, but place it on the ironing table. I then take a spermaceti candle and just stir the starch with it once or twice, and as soon as the starch has cooled a little I commence to starch the shirts, etc. If allowed to stand long there will be a scum form, and then it must be strained, and then again, the linen wets through easier if the starch is hot, and if the starch cools, the spermaceti, (which I use to make gloss,) cools, and will be in little specks. I hang the shirts on the reel, and by the time I usually fold the clothes they are ready for the second starching, exactly as above directed. Try it if you never have, and then criticise.

I hope the sisters will not think that I iron a few coarse clothes previous to ironing starched ones, to clean the irons. No, I have a sand paper, a knife, a folded paper, etc. A knife to take the starch from the irons, then rub them on the sand paper, and lastly on the folded paper. If you have no sand paper take salt and sprinkle it on a paper and it answers very well.

I tried starch made with soap and water as one of the sisters advised, but the shirts are so yellow that I have said nothing, but laid them in the drawer. When Johnnie puts his on all he will have to do is to trot out his "dirty shirt" necktie. They surely cover a multitude of sins.

MYRTLE WILDWOOD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number of our paper, there was, in my opinion, a very good letter signed Lucy Palmer, and I write to endorse her way of making bread as the easiest and best of any way I have tried yet, and I have been trying for twenty years. I have just taken from the oven the three most delicious smelling loaves I have had for a long time, and I am quite sure they will taste as good as they look. MRS. BABCOCK.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room for yet another? I am very much interested in you all, and I feel as though I ought to say, at least, I thank you, for the many little helps I receive in every paper. Every cooking recipe I have ever tried has been a success except the bread without kneading. That was a complete failure.

HELEN V.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For over two years I have been a silent member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, but I can keep silence no longer and I must make myself heard. I have so much to say to you all, but first let me say that I think ours is the best paper ever printed. I never saw a copy of it till it was sent to me as a bridal gift, and since I have learned its worth I cannot do without it. Every number brings new delights, and new helps for us who are inexperienced housekeepers. But oh! Lucy Palmer, how did you make that bread into three big loaves, laying aside all thought of biscuit? My experience

was so exactly like that of Suke that it is needless to recount its details. Like her, I tried twice, but with no better results. My bread was quite light, but so dark in color that my John said, "Nettie, where did you get such black flour as that?" Like Suke, I knead my bread as of old.

Rosamond E., I would like to shake hands with you. I should think your patience would be nearly exhausted with the cuts and criticisms which you receive from remorseless members of the Band. Occasionally I feel as if I could hurl imaginary brickbats at their offending heads.

Marjorie March, I like to hear from you. I used to be a schoolma'am myself before I met John.

Maude Meredith, here is the right hand of fellowship. I think your advice in the January number most sensible. Let others think as they please.

Sarah C. Vaughan, please try my recipe for graham bread. I am sure you will like it.

One quart of fresh buttermilk, (any sour milk will do,) one teaspoonful of soda, one-third cup of molasses, and graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Put it in a large basin well greased, and steam it two hours, then bake twenty minutes, and I think you will have delicious and wholesome bread. Please report.

Now will some kind sister send us recipes for plain cooking with which we can use baking powder? **NETTIE W.**

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a constant reader of your most excellent paper for four years, and will you allow me to congratulate you on its steady improvement? Many of its contributors seem like old friends, and I love to see their names, and read their communications, as I do the letters that come from my absent loved ones in their own handwriting. But there is Moses Fagus, since his series from Pickle Corners is complete, will we hear from him no more? I admire his style, and hope to hear from him again.

Rosamond E., have courage. I for one have always believed in your reality.

Emily Hayes, how do you find time to contribute so much to our paper. Thank you for your Lessons in Music.

There are many others that I kindly remember, but why write more until I find out that I am acknowledged one of the Band? **AUNT MATTIE.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I, a stranger, enter your Band? I see an encouraging smile from Patty Pitkin, and a vacant seat by her side, which, with her permission, I will occupy. I think her face indicates that she has recovered from whatever shock she may have received when Harry asked for that shirt. How merrily we laughed at the description she gave us of her experience in housekeeping. The letters from all the dear sisters were read with much pleasure, and were instructive as well as interesting. As each seems desirous of sending some bit of information, I wondered if I might add my mite also.

Sarah C. Vaughan asks for a recipe for graham bread. We have made it with yeast or without, having been obliged to keep it in the house for invalids. Mother thinks yeast bread better for dyspepsia. The following is a simple rule:

Set the bread in the evening, putting into a common milk-pan one quart of warm water, (same as for wheat bread,) one-half cup of good yeast, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, and one cup of New Orleans molasses. Stir in the graham flour until very stiff. In the morning, when light, stir the mixture, put it into buttered tins, and let it rise before baking.

If the dyspeptic will observe a few simple rules which I, from sad experience, have been obliged to follow, I think they will be beneficial. Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly, avoid rich food, and drinking at meals or directly after. Eating when tired is very hurtful.

Many thanks to Emily Hayes for Lessons in Music. Her instructions in fingerings are a great help.

Fearing I shall wear out my welcome by making a longer call, I will ask Patty for another letter and bid you all good morning. **GERTRUDE.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I chat with you a few minutes? Though a young member of the Band, many of you have grown dear to me through the medium of the pen and the columns of the ever welcome HOUSEHOLD.

Hope Harvey, how my heart aches for the gentle, young invalid, of whom you wrote in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD. If you will give her address through our paper, I will gladly send her a package of papers, with which she may while away the dreary, monotonous hours. Oh! ye sisters who are given health and strength, do not forget the suffering ones throughout our land.

Sis, I hope you will favor us with an account of your western trip.

Eva M. Barker, will you send me an amaryllis bulb in exchange for a calla lily?

E. H. D., you can obtain seeds and roots of the Chinese primrose, from D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Michigan, whose beautiful descriptive catalogue of seeds, plants, and bulbs, is sent free to all who apply for it.

Rose Budd, the Mason's charts simply teach the chords used in playing an accompaniment.

Rosamond E., I will make my mark on your crazy pillow. Will any of the sisters do the same for me? **CALLA.**

DEAR SISTERS:—Upon receiving my February number of THE HOUSEHOLD I settled myself for a good time, cut the leaves, and glanced through them, just to see what was before me, but I felt a lack of something, I could hardly tell what, until it flashed upon me that the diary was missing. It never occurred to me that Rosamond would revenge herself for our sniffs and sarcastic remarks by letting us alone, and it has fully proved to me that she is a human being. Of course we must all plead guilty and say we are sorry, with the exception of Pearl Van Horne, unless "unseen influences" will be responsible for having communicated to Rosamond the dose that Pearl was preparing for her. In that case she must take her place upon the repentance stool with the rest of us. Come back, Rosamond, we cannot spare you.

My December number is not at home, so I cannot refer to it, but I think some one in that paper scolds us a little because we do not eat more corn meal. I wish I knew how to make all the nice things she speaks of, for I am very partial to meal, but johnny-cake is the only thing I can make as yet, but I will send an excellent rule for jelly roll that never cracks when you roll it up.

Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water. Spread with jelly and roll up as soon as you take it from the oven.

I make yeast for graham bread by the invaluable rule Flo sent to THE HOUSEHOLD. I take a sufficient quantity of the yeast, sweeten to taste, stir in enough graham to make a very stiff dough, put it in the bake tin, let it rise, and then bake. It is the best graham bread with the least trouble that I ever ate. I do not know

how it would answer for a dyspeptic, but we all thrive on it.

Have any of the Band ever wished for something to fit into the teakettle to steam any little thing in? I have taken a tomato can and put it on the coals until the top comes off, then punched two holes, opposite each other, a quarter of an inch from the top, so I could pass a stick through to rest on the kettle, and I have a cute little steamer, just the right size to steam a pudding for a family of three, and saves getting out a large kettle.

My husband wishes to send his greeting to Gladdys Wayne, for the jelly pudding recipe in the October number. We all pronounced it delicious. There are other things that I should like to speak of but I will leave them till another time. **SIB.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reading the February number I see so many articles expressing the opinion that Rosamond E. is a creature of the mind, that I feel called upon to enter the Band in her defense. I am a firm believer in the lady, and my reason is that I have a dear little aunt who is her exact counterpart with one exception, viz., instead of the dear eleven she has only five, but she is a mother to all the needy in her vicinity. She cooks, washes, irons, sews, and still finds time for all kinds of fancy work, and the cultivation of flowers. She is never too busy to entertain visitors, and meets you with a bright smile and so tidy an attire you would never imagine she had just left the wash tub. Now bear in mind, dear sisters, she has not a servant to assist. Perhaps Pearl Van Horne will doubt this. If so, I will send her address, in order that she may call.

Some of the sisters have given good recipes for the use of crackers. I will add mine. Poach as many eggs as you desire, then place upon a large meat platter the same number of crackers, which have been previously dipped in boiling milk, (boiling water will answer,) then place upon each one an egg, season with salt and pepper, and a small piece of butter. This makes an excellent breakfast dish.

I would not be so ungrateful as to close without giving my heart-felt thanks to our editor for my wedding present of this guide to me, a beginner. I do not think our home will ever be without it, for my John enjoys it equally with me. **FRITZIE B.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I second the motion of our much esteemed sister, Emily Hayes, and straightway appear with my one new name, hoping, with Mr. Crowell's permission, you will grant me just a little corner among the Band of sisters, wherein I can thank you all for the valuable information I have received through the columns of our paper, during the past year. I have no sisters of my own, therefore, THE HOUSEHOLD is doubly welcome to me on account of the budget of sisterly letters, and I esteem it a great privilege to sit here in my home among the snow clad hills of New Hampshire, and be able to profit by the knowledge and experience of those so far away.

The courage and wisdom which Rosamond E., displays in all her sayings and doings is truly admirable, yet I fail to regard her in the light of a make-believe, as some of the Band seem to do, but rather as a noble hearted woman, faithfully performing, with God's help, her part in the great plan of life, which He had ordained in the beginning. Yet, amid all these pleasant and profitable experiences which she has given us from time to time, we must not suppose there have been no shadows intermingled, or that her moments of heart-ache never came. No doubt she may possess more fortitude than many of us, with which to quietly

meet the difficulties that come to every one in this life.

Clarissa Potter, your thoughts on heaven found an echoing voice in my heart, and I often wish I might see and know you.

There are many things I would like to mention, but fearing I have already taken too much of your valuable space, I will give Sarah C. Vaughan my recipe for graham bread and take my departure.

To one pint of milk (which has been previously scalded) add one tablespoonful of sugar, and sufficient Haxall flour (any good wheat flour will do) to make a batter, one scant half cup of yeast. Let this rise over night and in the morning add graham flour till it is as thick as you can well stir it, then knead into shape and let it rise again; when light, knead again and put in your bread tin; when just light enough, put in the oven and bake one hour. I do not know how to make good bread out of all graham flour, but if any of the Band do, I for one should be glad to hear from them.

SNOWBOUND.

MR. CROWELL:—I have looked over the paper in hopes to find a place to put myself, but finding none, I shall walk boldly in and expect you to seat me.

In a late number some one inquired how to re-color hair. I have seen no answer yet. Get one yard of seal brown or black common cambric. Put in cold water and boil till the color is well out, then add the switch and boil slowly two hours. Dry, and if not dark enough, repeat.

Let me tell the floral readers how I do up cuttings for mailing. Cut at the leaf joint, trim off the large leaves, put a little damp moss or cotton around them, pack in a tin spice box, being careful to wrap and tie it securely. My cuttings have gone from Massachusetts to California all right.

This is my way for caring for double white feverfew. Cover up the old plant with earth in the fall. Last fall I also put one in the cellar. I have taken some shoots from it, put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, taking care not to let the ends touch the sides of the bottle. Put the bottle in an east window, not changing the water. In two weeks time I now have eighteen healthy plants all rooted.

Has any one in this great Band a Queen Victoria or Lady Washington geranium, or any especially fine variety? If so, will she please send me a postal and she shall have ample reward, as I have a large variety of finest single and double geraniums. Of course I should not expect to exchange cuttings till spring opens, but I wished to know what to expect.

Lucy Palmer, your bread rule has helped me. I get along with much less kneading than formerly.

Patty Pitkin, just wax your flats and sail right into those shirts every week till you come off victorious. I fairly blistered my first shirts with tears. In a year's time my Tom wouldn't trust his own mother to do up a shirt for him.

MRS. A. F. WOODFIELD.

Worcester, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the December number I published my recipe for bread, and offered to send yeast cakes to those who wished for them at sixteen cents per dozen postpaid. I also said, to those who are "not able to pay, I will give them, and will send the recipe for making the yeast." Now I do not know how so many of the dear HOUSEHOLD Band could misunderstand such plain language, but I have received letters from almost every state in the Union, claiming that I promised to give the recipe to any who wished it. I started out on a mission of pure benevolence, but my time does not admit of my going so far as to write the recipe fifty times, for as I stated I am a busy mother and minister's wife and could not command the time it would require. To all who have written for yeast, I

have sent the cakes, and in several instances, where they were not able to pay, I have sent the cakes and recipe, and paid postage. Some have even written the second time, after trying the cakes, and only a few have sent stamp to pay postage. Now I have done the best I could with the time I can command, having devoted my hour for recreation to the business, and I hope the sisters will bear with me for not answering all their letters. Many have written asking questions on other subjects. It was not possible to reply to all, and I hope they will excuse my seeming indifference to their requests.

I alluded to Dr. Hanaford's books in the December letter, and several have made inquiries concerning them. It seems strange that any one should be a reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, and not be acquainted with our "Family Physician," but I will say here for their benefit, that "Mother and Child" is \$1.25, and "Home Girls," twenty-five cents, to be had by addressing Dr. J. H. Hanaford, Reading, Mass. I would advise every mother to read them. See his card in another column.

To all who have written for yeast or recipe, I would say they will find the answer to their requests in the advertising columns. I will still send yeast cakes to any who wish them at price above named. I received to-day, a letter from a sister in Arizona, the wife of a missionary, asking for yeast and recipe. She is one hundred and forty-five miles from her post-office, which is in New Mexico, and the mail is carried on horseback by an Indian. She shall have both. What a wonderful circulation our valuable paper has, and what a vast amount of good it does to its 54,000 "weary workers!" Blessings on our editor, who conceived the happy thought of ministering to this well-deserving class! I wonder if his better half did not inspire the thought!

Ridge, S. C.

PERSIS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In the first place, Suke, I am not a "hornet's nest," and in the second place, I am not "stirred up." But I'll tell you who were stirred up by your wall in the January HOUSEHOLD. A great many of the dear sisters were, and how the letters came pouring in upon me! I had already received a great many letters thanking me for my recipe, but you started the supply anew, and for a while the letters came daily, bearing such testimony as this:

"Seeing Suke's letter, I thought I would write and tell you that I have used your recipe since it was published, and that my bread is lighter, sweeter, more tender, and keeps longer than any I ever made, or saw made." Or, "Seeing a letter from Suke against your bread, I write to thank you for it. The recipe is invaluable to me." Or, "I have tried your recipes for yeast and bread and am delighted with the results." But I will not give more testimony. It all pleased me. I will only say, Suke, that I have received dozens of letters. Those who have tried the recipe all liked it, though one had to try it twice before she had real good luck. Others promise to try it soon.

Let me say to Emily Hayes, in passing, that while I thank her for her kind words, she mistakes me if she thinks I leave out the kneading merely to save strength and labor. It does that, to be sure, but my chief reason is that we think the bread so superior to kneaded bread. I honestly should hardly feel grateful for the gift of a Stanyan kneader.

I have lately found it advisable to get a girl. She was recommended to me as making excellent bread, but I found that to vigorously knead it, was part of her creed. She looked with such contempt on my method, that I let her try her way, thinking we might like it just as well. The results looked tempting, I will say. It would have been called good bread anywhere, but at the first mouthful my liege "smelled a mice," and at the second he suspiciously asked, "Is this your bread, my dear?"

"No," I said, "it's kneaded. Some folks might think it better than mine."

"I don't then," he said, and I privately agreed with him.

So you see, Emily, it's choice, not necessity.

But to return to Suke. So, poor dear, you had poor luck, and "henceforth" you knead your bread. Well, you say that as if you meant it, and I shall not try to change your stern resolve. But how I wish I could step into your kitchen, and make a batch for you! I pledge half my kingdom that, if I could, not even the delicate jaws of your saucy brother should suffer in the process of mastication. By the way, that young man is too irrepressible. I recommend a mild course of pinching.

But to reply to your counts in their order. As to the yeast, I use an ordinary teaspoon to measure by, and I fill it very full of the hops. You could, of course, put in more hops. I like only a little, but that is a matter of opinion. If the proof of the yeast is in the rising, I think mine must be good, for bread, buckwheats, muffins, rusks, and every thing else that yeast is used for, rise beautifully with this yeast. I will say one thing, however, that I ought to have emphasized in my first letter. My way of making bread does require a good degree of even heat, rather more, I think, than other bread. But if I have my room warm enough it never fails with me. You

need never worry about getting your bread too stiff. I make mine just as stiff as I can get it, and it isn't waxy, Marion Harland to the contrary.

Now about the size of those loaves. I really don't quite understand that. Another sister writes that she had the same experience of small loaves, though otherwise she thought the bread "splendid." As soon as I had read Suke's letter, I went out and measured one of my ordinary sized loaves. It was ten inches long, six inches wide, and five inches thick. It was not a specimen of my biggest loaves, but I called it big on the whole. Perhaps I was mistaken; perhaps it was "very, very small." "Three big loaves, and a pan of biscuits," is my baking, with the above the average size of the loaves. There is only one hypothesis on which I can explain the difference in the size of our loaves. My flour sieve is one of those patent arrangements, scoop, measure and sieve combined. I measure by that, and it purports to measure a quart, but I confess it seems to me a generous quart, though I never thought of it before. Perhaps this is the explanation, though it hardly seems to me that it accounts for the difference being so great as Suke says.

A friend was visiting me when Suke's doleful report arrived, and I read the letter aloud to my husband and this friend. When I came to the loaves being dark colored, my husband somewhat indignantly remarked, "Humph! I'd like to see bread any whiter than yours," while my friend laughed and said, "That proves to me she didn't use Haxall flour, that is always white."

Did you use "good Haxall flour," Suke? I mentioned that as one of the necessities, you remember. I never knew or heard of its making other than white bread. I don't suppose, by the way, that such highly refined flour makes the most nutritive bread, but I agree with Suke in liking to see white bread, so I supply the nutriment by piling brown bread as well as white on the plate. Which reminds me, do, some one, send me a real good recipe for graham bread. I don't like mine.

Well, Suke, I've said my say. Knead your bread, dear. But as for my recipe, so far, you are in a minority of one in regard to it, and I incline to agree with the three sisters who wrote me in substantially these words: "I did laugh when I read Suke's letter, for I am sure it must have been somehow her own fault."

I meant to have told you how the recipe first came into my possession, but my conscience won't allow me to lengthen this already too long letter. Some other time, perhaps. A sister, Mrs. Babcock, writes me that she has sent a commendatory note about my bread to THE HOUSEHOLD. As Mr. Crowell has printed Suke's report, I hope he will give the other side a hearing. Meanwhile, dear sisters, aren't you tired of bread? Good by. "Henceforth," I don't "knead my bread."

North Scituate, R. I.

LUCE PALMER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Beatrice Bee, in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, asks "Why may it not become a general custom to work while receiving calls?" and suggests that "something light" might be done, crocheting or knitting, for example.

I do not like the idea. I am the mother of seven children, four of whom died in infancy.

I never knew what hard work was till I came to California, in 1858, but I had ample chance to learn in the nine following years. Then I had to stop to take rest. I was worn out bodily and mentally. I had begun to forget the multiplication table, although I had been teaching a primary school for eighteen months before the enforced rest came. I can make no man, and but few women who have not had the same experience, know what I suffered from intense nervousness. And I look back to those years of hard work unrefreshed by look or word of sympathy or appreciation, and remember the oases, part of which were the times when I sat with my hands in my lap conversing with callers. For years they were all the resting times I found.

I believe that incessant occupation with the hands, even though part of it be purely mechanical, will bring on nervous complaints. Women may not feel it at the time, but let them wait till the climacteric period, when nature revenges herself for all the liberties taken with her, and then they will suffer. I know whereof I speak. I am just coming into the sunshine after years of darkness and pain, caused by toil and trouble. Only those who have lost health, know how to value it. Please God, I may yet see years of usefulness, but I will take care of my health, and I will have times of laziness, seasons when I can sit and look out of the window, with my hands folded restfully, because I have learned that it is the only way for me to keep well.

I notice another correspondent suggests fastening an infant's clothing with safety pins. May I say that I know a better method of securing them? I have tried three ways, common pins, safety pins and sewing, and much prefer the latter as being the easiest and safest. When collecting bath-tub or bowl, towels, powder box, etc. to dress baby, add a needle with a long thread of coarse cotton. Take two stitches in the top of the petticoat waist, two in the middle, and three or four at the bottom to fasten it se-

curely. Then at night, lay baby over on his stomach, and cut the threads with the scissors. I thought the sewing and ripping so constantly would wear out the waists, but I found it did not fret them any more than pins, and then when baby cried I knew the trouble was not pins, and I could leave him with Bridget feeling sure that as far as regarded his dress, he was as safe from torture as his predecessor was when his garments were fastened with buttons. (Those were in the old days before the dark ages. I had neither Bridget, nor Katrina, nor even a little dot of a John Chinaman to help me in the care of my California-born babies.) The threads need not be all picked out of the garment every day, but can remain till it is ready for the wash.

C. M. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Cold weather is near at hand, do make room for me by your kitchen fire for a few moments chat this morning, my sisters, one and all. And now I will tell you that I love you all from the oldest to the youngest, and I have enjoyed your letters more than I can tell you, and I have tried as many times to enter your circle as Connecticut, in a late number, said she had. I think we have the very best paper in the land, don't you? I don't wonder our editor is obliged to reject some of us, and it might as well be me as any one. However, I am determined to keep knocking, until he lets me in "to get rid of me."

I think Florence H. Birney has hit the "right nail on the head," at last. If I could talk as well as she can, it seems to me I would have said something about "man's duties" long ago. But "tis better late than never," so let us hope she has set a "stone rolling" that won't stop until Charity, Maude, Hazel, Wynde, Riverside, Sunnyside, and a host of others, have given it a shove in the right direction. I don't expect Rosamond E. to respond, because Ichabod is, of course, "right" already. But there are lots of men that do need a lecture on men's duties, and I long to have them get it.

Rosamond E., you raised quite a breeze when you told us about taking up that carpet once in four or five weeks. I don't wonder Ichabod left it as you say, in a late number, he did.

And, O Mr. Philbrick, don't you wish you had kept still about those doughnuts?

I want to say to Anna Holyoke Howard, though I am almost afraid to, that I admire her neatness and sympathize with her fully, and yet, if I had ever visited her, I should never dare to go again for fear she might have meant me.

Amateur, in The Mothers' Chair, I like your plan of training your little ones all but one thing. You say, "When a child breaks a dish, or any thing else, he or she has to pay wholly or in part for it." Oh sister, if you could know how utterly discouraged the poor things feel when they have to do that, as I happen to know, you would never do it again. I wish I could explain to you my meaning. If I could write you a private letter, I think I could. I hope no mother will ever follow your advice.

LOU.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Some have the idea that the Band includes only the writers. Not so. It means every subscriber. A large family, but united in every good word and work, and each can have a hearing. So on the strength of that I come again with my preachments and jottings by the way.

A friend calling on me spoke of Mrs. Lawyer B., and Mrs. Dr. G. Why not say Mrs. Schoolmaster K., or Mrs. Blacksmith H., or Mrs. Carpenter O.? Is labor more dignified in one case than in the other? Each supplies the wants of the family, and if dignity and glory predominate in any one calling, surely the carpenter can claim it, while working at the trade of his blessed Master. Better say Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Ogden, etc. Again, I wonder why married folks like to lose their identity so completely as to drop given names and assume the whole of their husband's. How much pleasanter to the ear is Mrs. Rosamond E., than Mrs. Ichabod E., or do the "lords of creation" demand it? I rise for information, and to declare if ever coaxed (?) into changing my last name, I'll be Beatrice to the end.

It is a good plan, also, when writing letters to sign the full address to each one. Prompt replies are more likely given, and stray letters returned. Also direct replies exactly as address is given. Neither omit an initial or add a prefix, and better use two sheets of paper, than crowd the contents of two into one. The reading is a weariness to the eye, and one turns with relief to the plainly written pages of another correspondent. I have been shut in by snows and cold so that only under April skies do I again meet you. Listen yet a moment for two items of general interest, then out to the porch if you will, while to our southern sisters I tell of northern snows and sports.

If sawdust can be obtained dampen (only) about half a peck and sprinkle on the carpet, before sweeping, and scarcely any dust will arise. It is the very best thing to use plentifully on the floor as you take up a dirty carpet; repeat a second time, rubbing slightly with a broom, and a clean floor will surprise you. When airing ironed clothes, put them on the clothes-horse near the fire, (an old-fashioned three-folded one

is the best), open them as much as possible, occasionally turning when you go for another iron, and as the room is needed. Those first put on will be perfectly dry, and can be folded, smoothed and ready to put away, so that when the last piece is ironed, very soon all are ready to be out of the way of steam, dust, flies, etc., and (not the least), from the men folks, who seem to consider a clothes-horse, full of ironed clothes, an annoyance second to house cleaning. Wait a bit. Emily Hayes, I want especially to thank you for those music lessons.

It seems a little out of season to talk of snow storms, though I have known the biggest one of the winter to occur in April. Short lived, but it bound us fast for the time. I have in mind now one that occurred the fifth of February, commencing gently the afternoon before, increasing through the night, and Sunday morning found us banked with snow, half-way up the doors on the level, while the drifts towered far above the fences. Ah! those drifts of pure snow. How longingly the neighbor's children looked out upon them, wishing, no doubt, that Sunday restrictions could be set aside for once on their account. And it seemed, as I looked on, as if they had brought over the mother to deem it an act of mercy to shovel a path from the front door, (sel-dom used), and, equipped for the work, how could the temptation to jump plump into the deepest drift be resisted? At least it was not. Monday morning found the drifts of snow assuming all manner of fantastic shapes: the Alps; a rigged ship with a currant bush for a foundation, the eddying snow making it a place; the leaning tower; the beach with waves of snow, perfect and pure, while close beside it a snow figure with dress artistically draped in perfect curves, resembling folds, and seemingly gathered into puffs each side. The dress was perfect, more so than the figure that was "clothed upon." The children made snow men, carrying out their idea of complete manhood by adding a snow cigar or pipe. The sport, however, which seems to give the most satisfaction for the labor, is building a snow house. With a large, light wooden shovel solid squares of snow are placed side by side for the four walls of a house, and piled one upon another, leaving spaces for doors, and blocks out for windows. Sometimes a gable shaped roof is made, though little boys cannot accomplish that. Each layer of snow blocks has water poured over, to freeze all together. I remember my brothers made such a one in our garden, with snow blocks for seats, table and lounge. Cool proceedings, but a delight to the builders. Perhaps a snow dog would guard the entrance. By pouring water over all at night, to make good what the sun took by day, the house referred to lasted nearly till spring. And then the skatings and the coastings, and the in-door sports, the candy pulls, and—but good by until another preachment is ready.

BEATRICE BEE.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask a few questions, with your permission.

Persis says she will sell us yeast cakes but does not give any address. I would like very much to get some if I knew her address.

Will Leslie Raynor tell the best and simplest books on botany for a new beginner? I have had several from the public library, but they were beyond my comprehension. It was like trying to read before learning the alphabet.

Long Island, please send more crochet edging patterns. I have made some by the directions in the January number, and think it is very pretty, and easy too. Your directions were very plain.

Reba Raymond, your rose leaf lace is beautiful. I advise all the sisters who knit, to try it. They will find the directions correct. (That is surely an inducement.)

To one and all let me say that you need not be afraid to try anything that Emily Hayes gives recipes for. Her Christmas pudding and egg sauce is just splendid. You will find it, I think, in the November number.

Don't be beguiled, young housekeepers, into making bread without kneading. You cannot make good bread without. Flo's way and "Mis' Farmer's" are easy, I know, but how any one could call it good bread, is more than I can understand. I have tried both, and my husband wanted to know if that was HOUSEHOLD bread. If it was he preferred my old way. He didn't think I could improve it.

Now, sisters, I will bid you good-by. I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD nearly ten years, and this is my first letter.

HILLSIDE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have received so much help from our paper that I come to ask a favor from some of the Band. I live in the southern part of California, which is subject to drouth. I would like to correspond with some sister living in the south-western part of Colorado, in view of changing our home for one in that locality, and will return postage on all letters sent.

E. A. CRAMER.

Portersville, Tulare Co., Cal.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have never written to you before, and you may think you don't care to hear from any one so sharp, but I am not cayenne, nor even black pepper, but the milder white

kind all good housekeepers are recommended to use by some cook-books I know of.

Rosamond E., I suppose I must begin with you, every one seems to think you the most important of all the sisters, at least, they generally address their remarks to, or write about you. It does not seem so impossible to me as it does to some that you do so much work. With health, ambition, and all the help and labor-saving machines you mention, it does not seem to me entirely out of the question that you can accomplish so much, but I must say that with as many children depending upon her as there are, I think it is wrong, yes, wicked, for her to do so much. I should rather live and care for them than do many of the things she tells of doing, and evidently thinks she is doing right. Any one else can see how she is killing herself, and it does not seem to be necessary even. Many women are obliged to work beyond their strength because they either cannot pay for, or cannot get help, but the things she tells of doing, are so many of them things she could get along without doing just as well as not. I have always worked hard for one with no more strength than I have. I am one of those pale, slender women who can out-work and out-live a half dozen strong, healthy women. I have not had so hard a time as thousands of women have, because I only have two children, both girls, and a good husband who is always ready and willing to do everything he can for the comfort of his wife and children, but I always find plenty to do and many times do things that make me sick because I don't feel able to pay for having them done. It seems as though it was wasted when there are so many things you want to get with your money for your children or yourself. But John says he had rather pay any other bill than a doctor's bill. Now I will return to my text and repeat that women have a hard time enough in the world without doing things there is no need of their doing.

We have been having an unusually pleasant winter, but for two days it has been dreadfully cold. The lake froze over last night so hard there is no danger of its breaking up, and I am sitting by the side of a roaring coal fire, and my hands are stiff with cold. The bottom of the thermometer must have dropped out. I have a great mind to sit up by the fire all night so that I won't have to get up in the morning in the cold.

I like THE HOUSEHOLD ever so much. I used to take it years ago, and when I commenced taking it again it seemed like an old friend, and I believe what I like best in the whole paper is the letters. I always read them, every word, and I wish I could write something you would like to read. I won't send any recipes for there are more now in THE HOUSEHOLD than any one can use, but in the February number there is an article by Theresa that I liked and could endorse. I have tried her plan for a dessert many a time. If I should tell the names of all the articles I read and liked, it would take up too much room.

One of my girls is having a cooking fit now. She has kept at it for over a week and the fever is as high as ever. She makes bread and pies, but cake is the staple article. We shall get so we won't want any more cake in a long while if she don't stop before long. She has made chocolate cake twice, cream, sponge, walnut, butter-nut cake and doughnuts, and this afternoon she made a couple of apple pies, and to-morrow she wants to make an extra grand loaf for the social circle, which meets in the evening. Every one of the ladies who belong to the society are expected to bring a loaf of cake to help provide the entertainment. She has always been either attending school or teaching until this winter, and she enjoys cooking more than she will when she is as old as we are. I can remember when I liked to cook.

PENELOPE PEPPER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long wanted to say a word to the childless ones among your number, childless, yet longing for an object upon which to bestow your care and affection. My husband and myself having no children, but being very fond of them, and thinking it a duty to provide a home for some little homeless one, adopted a little motherless girl only five weeks old. Not being accustomed to the care of children, many friends thought we little understood or appreciated the responsibility of our charge, but let me say, we took the little motherless thing to our hearts and home, and have always been able to care for it, and have always deemed it a pleasure, not an unwelcome duty, so to do. Our little one is now two years old, and seems as near and dear to us as one of our own. Do you say you could not love and take to your bosom the child of another? My dear sisters, you cannot tell until you have tried. There are many little lovable ones of respectable parentage, and perhaps the good Father has denied your mother love that you may be a mother in name and reality to some little one.

COM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Lucy Palmer, in the October HOUSEHOLD, says "Please report success in following her recipe for bread." As I try all the recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD till my husband calls me nothing but "Old Experiment," (pretty pet name, isn't it, sisters?) I tried that also, yeast and all, but my success was—well, Suke knows, perhaps. Materials were of the best, my own

cannot be bettered, but that bread was nowhere beside my usual bread, and I'm not fortunate enough to have a Stanyan mixer either, notwithstanding the hints I gave just before Christmas to the effect that I should like one.

I wish the next time Penelope Pepper goes on a "tour" she would coax John to put an extension on that vehicle and take me with her. I did enjoy reading her history of her little journey so much. Do you take hints easily, Penelope?

My temerity startles me, I never expected to write for the public; I only wanted to say to Suke that there is one more who "henceforth kneads her bread."

KITTY BROWN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DELICATE CAKE.—The whites of four eggs, the yolk of one egg, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar.

ROSE CAKE.—The whites of six eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two cups of sugar, three-fourths cup of corn starch, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with rose.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, one-third cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one grated orange, and four eggs. Reserve one-half of the grated orange and the whites of two of the eggs for an icing to spread between the layers. Bake in four layers.

LEMON PIE.—The yolks of two eggs and white of one well beaten with one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one and one-half cups of water, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Let it come to a boil. Bake the crust slightly before putting this in. When nearly done make an icing of the white of one egg, spread over the top, and bake a light brown.

LEOLA.

LEMON OR ORANGE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, two-thirds cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, add the strained juice and grated peel of one orange or lemon. Bake in jelly tins—three cakes.

Jelly.—The juice of two and the grated peel of one orange or lemon with sufficient powdered sugar to make it spread. Put together the same as Washington cake.

I would like to inquire for reliable, tested recipes for macaroons and meringues. In making the latter I am sometimes successful, but oftener not. I greatly prefer to be always successful, and think my rule must be at fault.

CLARI.

MEAT PIE.—Line your baking dish with baking powder or soda biscuit dough, one-fourth of an inch thick; cut up the meat into pieces about as large as a chestnut, season with salt and pepper, put in water to make considerable gravy, sprinkle in a little flour, and cover with dough with a hole in the center. We like it with the dough sweetened a little. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, being sure that the bottom is done thoroughly. I hope Glendale will like this.

ZAIDA.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Six large, ripe tomatoes, six okra pods, two quarts of water, one small onion, one ear of green corn, one good sized turnip, one small green pepper pod without seed, and one teaspoonful of rice. The vegetables should be chopped fine. It can be made on short notice, by frying the materials either in hot butter or fat; almost any kind of meat, chicken or fresh meat gives a better relish; or boil one hour. A greater or less variety of vegetables can be used. This is intended for the first course, but often answers for two.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, mix stiff with flour, then add one cup of boiling water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and stir to a proper consistency, adding one tablespoonful of ginger.

MRS. E. S. B.

SOLID WHITE CAKE.—One teacup of butter, three teacups of sugar, beat well together, three teacups of flour, one teacup of corn starch, one teacup of sweet milk, the whites of eight eggs, and one teaspoonful of yeast powder. Add the whites of the eggs last. Bake slowly.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

L. A. B.

CHICKEN PIE.—I will tell Emma how my mother makes chicken pie. Stew three small young chickens, having enough broth to cover when done. To make the crust take two cups of water, one cup of sour milk, one and one-half cups of shortening, equal parts lard and butter, one scant teaspoonful of soda, and one heaping teaspoonful of salt. Mix with flour to make a dough as stiff as biscuit. Roll out two-thirds for

under crust to line a four-quart pan. Place half the chicken evenly in the pan, season with pepper, one-half tablespoonful of butter, and dredge with flour; then put in the rest of the chicken and season the same. Fill the pan two-thirds full with the broth; roll out the rest of crust, cut four gashes in the center, and cover, pressing the edges firmly together. Bake from forty-five minutes to an hour, according to oven. I hope Emma will practice so she will have a good one for next Thanksgiving dinner. Would like to hear how she succeeds.

LOTTIE A. LOVETT.

TO COOK CODFISH.—Codfish should not boil; boiling makes it hard. It should be soaked over night. Put cold water sufficient to cover it and when the water becomes scalding hot, let it remain in that scalding state two or three hours. For gravy, use melted butter and a little pepper.

ANOTHER WAY.—Take scalded codfish and shred in fine pieces, add to it twice its quantity of boiled potatoes, knead all well together, make in small cakes and fry in butter.

H. W. P.

EGGLESS CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, three level cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and grated nutmeg, and one cup of chopped and well floured raisins. Beat the butter and sugar very light, and in stirring in the flour beat very thoroughly.

BETH.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Place in a dish designed for the table, one dozen coconut cakes, over which pour a custard made of three eggs and one and one-half pints of milk. Bake in a moderate oven till the custard is set.

ENGLISH WALNUT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one pound of English walnuts put in halves over the top of the cake. Bake in a quick oven.

S. P. COOK.

Newburyport, Mass.

ROSE CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, flavor with lemon, sprinkle red sugar sand between layers of dough, as you fill it into your cake pan.

HELEN V.

RAISED GRAHAM BREAD.—Take one pint each of graham and wheat flour, one teacup of light sponge such as is used for wheat bread, one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, stir in warm water to make a stiff batter, set it in a warm place to rise, when light, stir it down and put into a well greased baking pan and let it rise again, but not very light this time. Bake the same as white bread.

ONE OF THE BAND.

HOW TO COOK OATMEAL.—Many dislike oatmeal because too often it has a bitter taste; this is caused by rapid cooking by which it is apt to be burnt. When cooked by this recipe it is a delicate, delicious and most healthy food. One cup of oatmeal, one teaspoonful of salt put in one pint of cold water in a covered vessel, immerse the pail in a kettle of boiling water, and cook one hour. Do not stir it. We cook it the day before and steam it over for breakfast, as it saves time.

MINUTE LOAF CAKE.—Three cups of flour, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one-half cup of raisins, nutmeg, (for spice,) two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder may be used instead. Add an egg if you like, though it is good without.

MAY GILLETTE.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve the corn starch in a little of the milk; dissolve the chocolate in a little boiling water; heat the remainder of the milk to boiling and stir in the corn starch and sugar, and before it thickens add the chocolate. When served use cream and sugar, or any sauce preferred.

CHOCOLATE PUFFS.—Two ounces of grated chocolate, one-half pound of granulated sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth before adding the sugar; add the chocolate last. Flavor with vanilla. Drop on buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven.

IRENE LUNT.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Tell Mammie S. to make peach leaf yeast, the best in the world, as follows: Four one quart of water on a big handful of leaves, let it boil, pour off the water, thicken into a batter with corn meal, when tepid add some

yeast and let it rise well, stirring occasionally. When risen, stiffen with corn meal, cut in cakes or crumb it, dry quickly. This is the best, simplest and cheapest. I will send her a sample if she doubts it.

MRS. DR. F. YOUNG.

Sherman, Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of the sisters of the Band for recipes for making pine apple pies? and oblige,

K. F. II.

I see that M. M. K., in January number, wishes a recipe for cider jelly. I send one I know to be good. One-half a package of gelatine, one pint of sugar, and one quart of cider. Dissolve the gelatine in one cup of water. Boil the cider and sugar together, then pour in the gelatine. Let all boil together, then pour into molds.

MRS. WHITNEY.

Will some one please inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to kalsomine old walls that have been whitewashed with lime for several years?

A SUBSCRIBER.

I would like to inquire how to make store-melasses candy, through your paper.

MRS. J. R. J.

What do the sisters mean by whipped cream? I want to try some.

JENNIE.

Please tell the sisters, if they cannot make the blacking stick on their cooking stoves, to wet the blacking with common tea that has just a bit of sugar in it. I discovered it by accident after using vinegar, alum, and spirits of turpentine vain. A little turpentine is splendid to use or sitting room stove as it gives a high polish, and will not rub off easily.

NELLIE B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Mrs. McN. to clean the iron works of her sewing machine with kerosene. First, let it remain on the work a little while, then rub off, and then wash in copers water, say about a tablespoonful of copers to a pint of hot water. Then wipe dry, an oil with the best machine oil. Never use another. Tank covers may be cleaned in the same way.

To clean an iron teakettle, fill your kettle full of potatoes with the peels on, let them boil for two hours, keeping the lid tight. After removing them the lime will all flake off, and become soft to a knife.

AUNT GU.

MR. CROWELL:—May I ask through the columns of our paper, if any of the sisters can give an ignorant young housekeeper, some idea of what kinds of food are proper for lunches, and what for dinners, also what vegetables are suitable with different meats, also what desserts are proper together? I find a great many housekeepers are perfectly ignorant concerning this subject. Now as there is a right way and a wrong to everything, I wish to find out the right way. Will some one write about it? and oblige,

YOUNG I. E. KEEPER.

Will Rosamond E. please give full directions for making hard soap with potash balls, as spoken of in a late number? and oblige,

INQUIRER.

MR. CROWELL:—Could any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to get rid of carpet bugs, or what will prevent their coming? They are very destructive to clothing as well as carpets. Any information for the extermination of these pests would be thankfully received by,

A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one in the city tell me what it is that makes the chalk firm so that it will not crumble, and also give me the secret of making different colored chalk?

PRO. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Auntie Ann that if she places her naphtha-cleaned gloves on a plate in a warm oven for half an hour, the heat will remove all the unpleasant odor.

C. A. J.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have seconded Emily Hayes' motion, by sending one new subscription with my own, and I wish it were five.

Will Rosella Rice tell us where we can get a gossamer cloak for \$2.50? She says, in the city, but that is too indefinite for

A COUNTRY SISTER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any sister tell me of any thing that will make the eyelashes grow?

MRS. BEN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters tell me how to clean isinglass on stoves?

A. E. LAKE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one give me a good recipe for preparing bay rum?

A SUBSCRIBER.

The Parlor.

SEA-WEED.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the Equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:
From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;
From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.
So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness
In its vastness
Floats some fragment of a song;
From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of youth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of youth;
From the strong will, and the endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of fate;
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered
Floating waste and desolate;—
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart,
Till at length in books recorded
They like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HOW RALPH WILCOX WAS SAVED.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

IT WAS a dismal night. The rain came down in torrents, and a chill, dreary north-east wind seemed determined to pierce one through and through. The streets were nearly deserted, indeed, nothing but stern necessity could tempt one from one's comfortable fireside. Alas for those who had no comfortable firesides to sit by.

The outward bound express was not very heavily loaded. In one car there were but four passengers; a stout, well-to-do business man, nodding over his "Times;" several seats beyond him, a lady and little girl; and opposite them, crouched down in the corner of the seat, hat pulled low on his face, and coat collar turned up, shame, misery and dejection written so plainly in his very attitude, that not even his most intimate friend would recognize him, was Ralph Wilcox.

Everybody liked him. Everybody always had, from his childhood up. How could they help it? He was so bright, cheery, and winning in his ways; so generous and open-hearted, with always a gay word or smile for every one. There was no respecting of persons with him. Of course he had faults. Who has not? But he repented so bitterly of his misdeeds—then, too, in some way he always gave one the impression that after all he was more sinned against than sinning, so that, nine times out of ten, your censure was changed to pity.

"If only he had more stability of character," his friends would say, with an ominous shake of the head, "he would make a fine man." And indeed he would. He reminded one of the servant to whom his lord gave ten talents, for not only was he gracious and winning in his manners,

but he was also rarely gifted, both mentally and physically. There was not his equal at school on the play-ground, and he easily held the first place in his classes. But of him, as of one ages ago, it could be said, "one thing thou lackest," and that one thing which brought such misery to him, was his utter incapability to say "no."

So he grew up into young manhood, careless, easy, full of life and buoyancy, the favorite of his little world. Would he prove faithful to the trust given him? Would he, with his five talents, gain yet other five? He started well in his manly career. He had an excellent situation in a mercantile house with the promise of speedy advancement, even into the firm if all went well. He wooed and won a fair maid, as pure and true as she was fair. Surely with such incentives he cannot but do well, said all.

For a time he did, but in an evil hour he fell in with bad companions, who speedily saw in him a brilliant addition to their set. They invited him to clubs and to social dinners, where the wine cup was freely passed. They told him how fortunes were made in a day. Yielding to their entreaties Ralph commenced his downward career. His conscience often smote him severely, he loved his wife devotedly, and her pale, sorrow stricken face filled his heart with anguish. He would promise vehemently never to grieve her again, and the very next time his so-called friends invited him to go with them, he went.

It went from bad to worse rapidly. He came to love the liquor, to crave it, and it soon became a frequent occurrence for him to be obliged to be assisted home, oftentimes by those in not much better condition than himself. That, however, bad as it was, was not all. Led on by hopes of making his fortune, he neglected his business, and soon had gambled away what little property he had.

Then came the temptation to "borrow" a little of his employer—only a little, a very little at first, then more. He could repay it soon with interest. But that day did not come, either sooner or later. Instead the time came when concealment was no longer possible. To-morrow, or the day after, at the latest, it would be known that he had "borrowed" from his employers, that he had forged their names for thousands, and was not to be found. He wondered vaguely, as he sat there, peering out into the rain, how Nellie would take it. Poor girl, it would be hard on her! How little she had looked forward to this on that bright day, when she had plighted her troth, so trustingly, to him.

But, then, neither had he. He had not intentionally brought her to this, and he too, was a sufferer, he pleaded, trying in the old way to excuse himself, and lull his troubled conscience to rest. He did not succeed, however. His burden of sin, shame and misery was too heavy to be lifted by his flimsy excuses, it settled heavily and more heavily upon him. His whole life went before him, with all its possibilities and its failures. He saw, as never before, what he might have made of it, saw, now it was too late, how he had weakly and miserably thrown away his chances.

At last his agony of remorse becoming almost unendurable, he shook himself impatiently, as though to shake off all unpleasantness, and turned his attention across the way to his neighbors.

"Mamma," the little girl was saying, "Uncle Phil told me such a pretty thing to-day, don't you want me to tell you?"

"Yes, dear," her mother said, drawing her closer to herself.

Ralph roused himself to listen. Something about the child reminded him of his own little one, that had gone from

him. She would have been about her size, he thought, dashing a tear from his eyes.

"Well, then," she continued, in a sweet, childish voice, which, though low, was distinctly audible all over the car, "He said that every morning God gave us a fresh white page to write on, white and clean all over, you know. But uncle Philip said we made great big spots on it sometimes, and wrote naughty, cross words on it, and sometimes we do very wicked things, and it all has to go down on our nice, white pages. How bad they must look, mustn't they? But at night, if we are sorry and ask Him, uncle Phil said God would forgive us, and blot it all out and make it white again. Then He gives us another new one the next day, and we must be more careful of that. And oh, mamma, I have been trying so hard to keep mine white and clean to-day, because uncle Phil says God is so sorry when we do not. Do you think I have?"

There were tears in the mother's eyes as she bent and kissed the wistful, up-turned face. The reader of the "Times" had ceased both his reading and nodding long ago, remembering, with a twinge, a little transaction that very afternoon that would not look well on a clean, white page. "I'll make it all right to-morrow," he said to himself. "It will be a good deal out of my pocket, but it will leave a whiter page."

The newsboy, over in the corner by the stove, trying to dry himself and papers, shuffled his feet uneasily. "A fellow wants to look out a little if it's all goin' down in black and white," he soliloquized. "Reckon I'd better throw that nickel away instead of trying to shove it on to any one else."

Up came the window and out into the darkness whizzed the counterfeit coin, followed with a sigh. The little newsboy had not many pennies to throw away.

Ralph Wilcox pulled his hat lower yet, and peered out of the window into the rain. What a record he had made on the pages given him! How he had blotted and defaced their whiteness! Could it be God would cleanse them? Could his past, his miserable, wretched failure of the past, be blotted out? and his heart beat quickly. He had not supposed in his misery and shame, that it ever would so quickly again. Were there in store for him fresh, clean pages? Great sobs of anguished hope shook his frame.

They were nearing a station, and the lights of a returning train glimmered through the darkness. Ralph sat upright in his seat.

"I'll go back," he said to himself, "and, God helping me, I'll do better this time. If I can have another white page I'll try to keep it white."

Once having decided, it seemed to him he could not go fast enough, but at last he stood once more at his own door. There was a light in the window for him, and there was Nellie.

He could see traces of tears, and the smile, with which she met him, was wan and weary, but not one word of reproach did she utter.

"The tea has been waiting so long I'm afraid it's cold," she said.

"No matter," replied Ralph. "Come and sit down by me. I want to talk with you."

And then he told her the whole, miserable story of the great and terrible blot on his pages.

"Now, Nellie, shall I try to escape or shall I confess it, and will you help me try in God's strength again?"

He listened, almost breathless, for her answer. Was her love great enough to stand the test?

"Oh, Ralph!" she sobbed. "You know I'll help you all I can, but if you try in His strength you will overcome."

Two hours later Ralph Wilcox stood before his employer, and to him he also confessed.

"I place myself in your hands, sir, and when I have served out my sentence, I will do my best to pay you back every cent I have taken, with interest."

"But suppose I do not choose to execute the full penalty of the law upon you, but prefer to forgive and blot out?"

There was a flutter of paper into the open grate, and a second later the evidence of Ralph's guilt was ashes.

Twice, thrice he tried to speak, but failed each time. He could only grasp the outstretched hand of his friend in silence. And so once more he took up the battle of life, and nobly did he strive to retrieve the past. It was a long, hard struggle. Oftentimes he was sorely tempted to relinquish it, but he resisted bravely, and fought on, and every night he prayed "God bless uncle Phil and my dear little preacher." And they, though all unconscious of Ralph and the helping hand they had lent him, must still, it seems to me, have felt an added richness in their lives for his prayers. And though they may never know, in this life, from whence it came, perhaps, in the world to come, they may meet Ralph, and receive his earnest, heart-felt thanks.

MY FORTUNE'S MADE.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a bandbox. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of those was a young man named Edward Douglas, who was the very "pink" of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and particular in his observance of the proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglas pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest, and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other!" I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either in the more intimate associations, that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically, for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"O! certainly. Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking, but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the married state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers, and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I, "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh! well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I. "I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I'm aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now, for didn't I just say," replied Cora, "that my fortune's made? I've got a husband." Beneath an air of jesting was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly, I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith, do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora; but remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do, and, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him day after day in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go out or into company, to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home and for the eyes of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event! Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball room attire is one thing, Cora, and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to believe that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were not only confirming themselves, but becoming apparent abroad. "Her fortune was made," and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglas, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen annoyed him seriously; and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that "her fortune was made," and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglas did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently. Next morning he appeared at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly; "it's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglas.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied her husband. Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglas next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slipshod feet and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know, I am just as well off to-day as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well, and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglas appeared, not only with a long beard but with a shirt front and collar that were both soiled and crumpled.

"Why Edward! how you do look!" said Cora. "You have neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently as he did so, "It is no matter, I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is waste of time, and I am getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglas went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present, and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me, "You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in

these matters. It is a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were engaged in pleasant conversation the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglas. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff spikes in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for three or four days, and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled, his boots unblackened, and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" said my husband, frankly, for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter; and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglas looked grave.

"Well may he ask what is the matter?" broke in Cora energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and ran his fingers through his hair. "What is the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you had just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and came off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner, "I have been extremely hurried of late, and only left business a few hours ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress; I knew we were all friends here. Besides, as my fortune is made, (and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken toward his wife), I do not feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it's of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few minutes she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us pretty soon. He found his wife in tears and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglas," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I in return. In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves I never inquired. But one thing is certain—I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterward, at home or abroad. She was cured.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HOME.

Number Three.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Into the past I am looking to-night, and memory, whose vigils tire not, whose dial-plate points with sure and steadfast fingers, calls to mind the old home of a generation ago. I believe I have mentioned the Pilgrim reverence here. So great was it, one of the sons was christened Peregrine White, shortened to Perry, for the first English-born child after the Mayflower's arrival; but as that uncle died young, our story will not have so much to do with him as another, whose early life was that of a sailor.

He used to go to the Mediterranean seaports, and his return from a long voyage was hailed with joy. We children all loved him, and delighted to hear the stories, he so well knew how to relate, of those far away lands, their people and their customs; then we knew oranges, figs, raisins, pots of honey, and such, were sure to follow, besides more lasting tokens. I thought those countries must be enchanted fairy lands to yield such fruits. If I had not been well remembered in the distribution of "things brought home," there would not now be this after-time remembrance, or at least this pleasant remembrance to put upon paper.

We are so constantly and tirelessly sowing, and the reaping times are so inevitable they cannot be escaped. If any doubt, let them experiment with a few generous deeds and unselfish acts, and if the harvest of reward fails, then this statement is wrong. I may as well mention this rule is one that works both ways; such is the compensation in life, if one person wrongs another his dues are not withheld. But to my subject.

I remember the very first pair of kid gloves I ever possessed. They were not purchased at the country store, but hundreds and hundreds of miles away, and brought across the Atlantic by this uncle. They were a lovely purple color, with a small bouquet of roses embroidered on the back. As a child how I admired them! These gloves reign supreme over all others I have since possessed. Then a curious little ivory box, with blue and red flowers under the glass top, was another cherished gift. Books, my childhood's library, came from the same source, written in English of course, but brought from other lands. The first I received was about Ruth Lee. The stories they contained are as fresh to mind as though read yesterday. They were the literary treasures of my early years, and read and re-read till the morals they inculcated and truths they taught were firmly fixed; but the most wonderful of all was the representation of an Italian maiden confined to a cave for adherence to the faith, and here, in this lonely spot, so the story runs, she died. The principal figure was of wax, dressed in the long, black robe of a Catholic nun. In her right hand she held a wax crucifix, while bending above her were angels, seemingly hovering near to fill her mind with holy and peaceful thoughts. It was under glass, and simple in its construction, but considered by me a great work of art. The wax has crumbled and the colors faded, but the lesson it taught remains.

In our own time, in the enlightened republic of America, where free speech and thought are universally tolerated, with no fear of prison cells, it is not always an easy matter to hold unflinchingly to conscientious duty, to press boldly forward in what we believe to be right when public opinion, that powerful lever, frowns, but

"Under the cross, lies the crown."

whether in Italy's caves or the pleasant homes of our own loved country; and he who clings to his own convictions of duty, and steadfastly sets his face against the wrong, must in the end come off conqueror; like the knight of old, "his strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure." Thus I say the lesson of the little memento perishes not, although its materials fade, and that other lesson also, that we are remembered by what we have done, for if I had not received these little tokens, I should not now have these bright recollections connected with the one who gave them.

The influence of the past, how it colors the present! Link by link are they united, shading and tingeing the future. The sunny clime of early years lingers restfully upon these later days, the bright recollections of the past throw a halo of joy around the present. The old home belongs to vanished years, but the present hour feels its thrill. Its occupants were not wealthy; they held not great possessions, power nor fame, but far above these shines out the light of strict integrity, and unwavering faith. The principles they taught, by precept and example, are more enduring, and shed greater luster upon their names than splendors of earth can give. The petty ambitions and triumphs of men are but for an hour, then fade and are forgotten, but the everlasting beams of truth are eternal.

The winters, forty years ago, were not as mild in our latitude as at present, else modern invention has found a way of decreasing the quantity of snow, for surely we do not get the heavy snow storms, where men and boys turn out and dig paths all day only to find them filled during the night, as then. Great drifts above the fences, snow piled on snow, obliterating all trace of a public highway, and rendering strange the familiar doorway objects; winds whistling and howling through the winter nights, making the trees moan and snap, and the very house tremble; the chimney, broad, square and deep, held its place. Unlike our modern ones, it was never known to topple, or be hurled from its moorings, however strong the gale, or fierce the midwinter storm.

The house was situated about two miles from the village where were the church and school-house, and I sometimes went there from school to pass the night. It was a great treat to me, for I liked the place, for all a Sabbath-like stillness prevailed there in contrast with our lively family at home.

The fire-place was deep, wide and high. Our house was more modern, and its fire-place not half as large, with a fire frame, Franklin heater, "set in." But this was different and of great interest to me. The big, strong andirons were placed first, then the huge back-log and stout forestick; these formed the ground plan for the fire. No one was expected to build it but the head of the house, if by any chance it went out, for it was considered a particular job. When fairly started, how the flames would crackle and sparkle, sending out great shafts of light and billowy waves of fire! It was so large there was ample room each side for a bench, where children could quietly watch the fire, and be out of the way of their elders at the same time. On one of these benches in the cosy chimney corner, with the big, black dog, Spring, beside me, have I passed many happy hours. I could look up to the sky and behold the stars winking and blinking above me; shining, oh, so very bright, on these clear, cold winter nights. These old-fashioned heaters were excellent ventilators as well, and when I enter our poorly ventilated, coal-heated rooms, I find myself wondering, if, after all, modern invention has not over-reached itself?

I sometimes parched corn, Indian corn, like what Chatty Brooks tells us about, on the hot coals, but the process was generally short, as my face received a good share of the parching. Green wood was used for fuel, it being thought a great extravagance and waste of time to burn dry. Green wood was rather hard to "catch," but once thoroughly afire it sizzled and sputtered, and burned through and through, sending forth a ruddy glow and cheerful warmth.

In the morning, if a snow-storm had not "set in," I returned to school, not till well on toward noon, however, for the work of preparing breakfast by the fire I have described was a slow process. The "baking kettle" must be heated top and bottom to bake the bread, the teakettle hung over the fire on the long, black crane, the coffee-pot nestled on some bright coals, and all the while the fire tended and watched sharp. One's back might be shivering while his face was nearly blistered, still the days were filled with a large measure of comfort. At that time neither kerosene oil or illuminating gas were needed, for the long, bright flames gave abundant light for the plain knitting, or corn shelling, usually carried on at evening time, while a tall dip served on extra occasions.

The farmer's almanac hung on one side of the mantle, a handsomely embroidered holder on the other. The interior of that kitchen, as I behold it now through the twilight of years, is distinct and minute. In one corner stood the spinning-wheel. Ah! memories strong and swift are stirring now, for the spinning-wheel, like the cradle, brings many, many recollections; and beside the wheel stood the reel and distaff, for, in these primitive days people spun and wove the materials for their clothing. The looms were so large and cumbersome they were usually kept in the porch chamber, and used more in summer than in winter, but used, don't lose sight of that fact. Plain, simple, frugal and industrious, the inmates of this home served their day and generation. With little of the restless hurry and whirlwind life of the present, they passed on the way of all the earth; and although we do not wish to return to the days of cranes and pot hooks, mails once a week and stage coach travel, has modern invention given a substitute for the child-like trust and humble confidence which marked these early days, compared with the doubt of the present?

It seems to me modern science, modern investigation, modern discoveries, and I had almost said a modern earth, have in a measure removed the old-time faith, and left but an unsatisfying portion, and while reviewing their life and way of life, I can but again allude to their simple, unaltering faith, and ask what is gained, if this be lost?

FAMILY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

DEMONSTRATIVE PEOPLE.

Cousin Robert and I were talking over this subject one day, when he said oracularly:

"There are three kinds of folks in the world. One kind say a good deal more than they mean, are over-poweringly polite, are all gush and sentiment, and are always ready not only to thank you for any favor done them, but seemingly, for the privilege of living upon the footstool at the same time with yourself. The second class express just about what they feel, are polite and appreciative when occasion requires, and impress you with their sincerity and truthfulness. The third class shut themselves up like a clam shell. Whether they swing high or swing low is all one and the same to

them, as far as any expression of their feeling is concerned. They speak neither of their joys nor their sorrows, and you might as well look for expression in a barn door as to try to read their moods in their faces, for they have schooled themselves so that their faces tell no tales. I suppose I am too much that way myself. I can't, for the life of me, seem to express what I do feel. I suppose any quantity of people have done me favors, and have never had the least idea how grateful I really was, because I couldn't tell them," and he added the last almost with the air of one who had not been fairly treated.

"Bless the absurd man," I cried, "how can people know how you feel if you never tell them? Nobody knows your own heart but yourself, and how are people to know you have one at all if you never show it?"

A slightly startled look crossed his face which would be handsome if he would allow his emotions to play over it, but which, from its fixedness, is in danger of losing all beauty of expression.

Now I have known cousin Robert long and well, and know that he is highly emotional, so do all his best and nearest friends, but a stranger would think him totally indifferent. I have regretted this exceedingly, for I know he is not aware how deep a hold this habit has upon him, and that he would be much happier if he would act his real self, and be much more beloved and respected. Then I can plainly see his influence on his young children, and I know his wife, Jane, keenly feels his manner, though she has such a bright, sunny, transparent nature, that it seems impossible that she could ever be made over into a cold, indifferent, reticent woman. I suppose I showed something of my thoughts in my face, for Robert is keen at reading other people's feelings, even if he does conceal his own.

"The fact is," he broke forth, "I wasn't brought up right. You know father was a hard, stern man, who didn't believe in sentiment or emotion. Mother was just the contrary. The smiles or the tears came very easy. I inherited all my mother's tenderness, with just enough of my father's hardness to make me think it unmanly to show my real feelings, especially as father always poohed at us when we manifested any unusual emotion. It's bad for children to be brought up so!"

"Yes," I answered, "it is very bad. Your boy Fred was in here Christmas day, and I gave him a pair of bright wristers I had been knitting for him, and what do you think the little fellow did? After one short look of surprise and delight, which I had to watch sharp to catch, he thrust them into his pocket, cocked his head on one side, fixed his eyes on the farthest point in the ceiling, and uttered the simple word, 'Thanks.' After a little he said, indifferently, 'Guess I'll be going,' jumbled slowly out, and walked down the street with his hands in his pockets, whistling. During the day Frank came in, and I produced a similar pair of wristers for him. His face lighted up as he put them on, and said: 'Thank you, they are just what I wanted. All the school boys have them. But ain't they beauties, though? I must run home and show them to mother.' But he stopped in front of the window to hold up both wrists to me significantly, then threw me a kiss and ran away."

"Yes," said Robert, with a little chuckle, "Fred is just like me. It's his misfortune, and Frank is just like his mother. You wouldn't think they were born on the same continent, much less were brothers. I never thought so much about it as I have lately, but I do think Jane's way is the best, though I have sometimes laughed at her. 'Twas only a few days ago that Ed Shorey was in the

yard talking to me. You know the Shoreys haven't an idea in common with Jane, as you may say, yet she came to the door and asked him how his family was, sent her love to his wife, and a pocketful of apples to the children. I asked her afterwards if she was not the least bit hypocritical. 'Why, no indeed!' she said, 'I am sure I feel kindly towards them, and I have got love enough left for all my friends. I haven't impoverished myself a bit, and those apples will do the children more good than a dozen lectures. Sometime, when I want to do them good and reach their hearts, I can do it twice as easy for my little entering wedges. When I ask the children, next summer, to come into my Sunday school class, I shall get them.'"

"Of course Jane's is the best way," I replied, "and since we are on the subject I may as well say my say. If Fred's manner is his misfortune it is certainly your fault. You are not to blame for what you inherited from your father, nor for your bringing up. You had no control over those things. But now that you are brought up and realize your deficiency, you should set yourself at work to remedy these defects by the use of your common sense. Neither could you help it that Fred should take on your nature, but you are to blame if you do not do your very best, by example and precept, to eradicate this misfortune inheritance in yourself and your boy."

"Well, but Charity, I am not so very bad as you make me. I feel as much as any one, and Fred is just as warm hearted and affectionate as Frank, only he don't show it."

"That may all be true, and more's the pity, to spoil a fine nature by an unfortunate manner. Most people take one for what he appears to be. It is like a person with a handsome face wearing an ugly mask continually. People don't see beneath it. Beauty amounts to but little when it is concealed. You have no right to cover every good quality of mind and heart under a false mask, and you do your boy a grievous wrong if you allow him to go through the world doomed likewise. It is my belief that we should make of ourselves the best and the most that we may. Cultivate the good and uproot the bad. We owe it to ourselves, our race, and our God. All the little kindly courtesies in the family and elsewhere should be made much of. There should be sympathy for all with whom we meet, either in their joys or in their sorrows. We should have a healthy interest in the affairs of others, an unselfishness which seeks not every good for one's self, but which pays us back many fold for all our sacrifices, in the soul growth which comes to us."

"I know you are right, Charity, I must try to make a change. I'll go home and talk it over with Jane. Thank you for your plain talk. Faithful are the wounds of a friend."

So he went away. I felt greatly encouraged, for he had said much for him, and I knew him to be too conscientious and persistent to ever get back on the old ground again. Jane came over the next day, jubilant, and I knew the moment I saw her tell-tale face that she had good news for me. As soon as she was seated in her favorite chair before our open wood fire, I looked into her eyes and said, "Well?"

She looked back and began: "After the children had gone to bed last night Robert told me about your conversation yesterday, and we had a long talk about our different traits and our duties in general, especially towards our children. I thought I knew Robert before, but he revealed depths of tenderness, love and appreciation which astonished even me, who knew him better, perhaps, than any

one else does. I think he has taken a long stride forward, and I shall have to use my small feet pretty lively to keep up with him. I hate to acknowledge it even to myself, but it has been the one dark spot in my married life. Robert's reticence and repression. There are so many great things and little things in every-day life where I have so missed the hearty and frank appreciation which I have always been accustomed to in my father's family. And while I have reason to know that Robert's brothers and sisters esteem and love me, I have been chilled by their manners. They are all alike except sister Lizzie, who is as open as the day. To illustrate: Last Christmas I gave her a set of embroidery. I had made it myself, and wrought much love in with the dainty stitches. The next time I saw her she put her arms round my neck and gave me a kiss, saying, 'I thank you so much for my Christmas gift. It was just what I wanted. You were so good to make it for me.' I gave sister Laura a similar set. Her thanks came in this way. She had occasion to write me a business note, and at the close she added, 'Thanks for the embroidery.' Now I have a way of knowing that she was just as pleased as Lizzie was, and her 'thanks' probably meant as much to her as Lizzie's tender acknowledgment did to her. Yet I can never take quite the pleasure in gifts to Laura that I can to Lizzie. Is it a weakness in my make-up? Don't we all crave the expression of love and appreciation, and ought we not to have it? Should not this heart want of ours be met and fed? Are the loving expressions wholly nature's gifts, or is it one of the 'family rights' that children be taught the necessity of a better way, until it is theirs by habit if not by nature? Write about it for THE HOUSEHOLD, Charity."

So I can do no better than to tell you this little story, and let you find and apply the moral for yourselves, dear readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Go with niggardly words no longer,
For those who toll by your side,
Waiting without commendation,
Till the tired toilers have died.

Meet and greet them frankly,
Encourage them while they are here,
And see the face, sad and thoughtful,
Break into a smile of cheer.

Wait not till hope is banished,
Till hearts from neglect have bled;
Wait not till earth is dreary,
Till gloom gathers overhead:

Wait not till feet worn and weary,
By the hand of fate are led,
Sad and mutely, despairing,
Down into the rest of the dead.

Then wait no longer—life passes,
Its hours will soon have sped,
Delay not your heart's kind prompting,
Don't wait till your friends are dead."

—L. S. Coan.

IN ALASKA.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

There are comparatively few persons who visit Alaska from choice. The majority of those who go there are sent in the interests of the government, and start on their long and tedious journey with slight anticipations of pleasure. But a vast amount of useful knowledge can be derived from a few months' personal experience in the territory, and on the two islands which lie about one hundred and eighty miles from the mainland.

The soil of these islands is covered with a green verdure only about four months of the year, yet the climate is not so severe as most people who have never tried it, imagine. The natives are very cleanly in their habits and exceedingly neat, but yet they consider it of vital importance that the poultry, in order to be protected from the cold, should roost under their beds every night. The native fowls do very well in Alaska, but those

brought by the vessels seldom thrive. When they first arrive they crow and cackle, but after a few weeks their feathers begin to drop out, they droop visibly, and are never heard to give the most humble crow or the faintest cackle.

The homes of the natives are built of logs, and one room answers all purposes for living, sleeping, and every kind of work. The floor is of earth, which is sometimes covered with straw, and with spruce boughs, and mats woven from long grass. The beds consist usually of deer and rabbit skins sewed together, and rolled up and put out of the way when not in use. But often rude and narrow bunks are made, and the skins thrown upon them. It is safe to say that an Alaska native never slept between sheets, or laid his well oiled head on a pillow boasting of a case. In these houses they sit as contented as possible, busy with the manufacture of their dog harnesses and stout snow shoes, their traps and fish lines, and apparently are not in the least envious of the conveniences of civilized life, as shown to them by American traders and sailors. They are very fond of cats, and every house gives shelter and food to six, eight, or perhaps a dozen feline favorites, which are regarded as property, and are bartered and sold as we sell dogs and rabbits. The Alaska native considers the addition to his family of a basketful of kittens a matter for great rejoicing.

In appearance the natives resemble negroes, and they are very polite to each other, as well as to strangers who come among them. They live principally on the flesh of the seal, regarding it with high favor, and wondering that it should be despised by the white settlers, who can never be induced to taste it unless far from home, and where no other food can be procured. The natives use the blubber of the seal for fuel, and as food for the chickens. The flesh itself has very little taste. It cannot be said to be either good or bad.

The seals are easily caught, and are confined until slaughtered in a pen which is made of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle, in the ground. Light ropes are stretched from one to the other, and these are decked with strips of white cotton cloth. The seals might escape without much difficulty, but they never make any effort to do so. They content themselves with expressing their unhappiness in deafening roars, and in writhing and twisting about the pen with little or no cessation. Both the rifle and the lance are used on slaughter day, and the spectacle is a cruel and bloody one.

The sea lion has no fur, only a coat of thick, coarse hair, longest over the mane, straight and quite stiff, and varying in color greatly with the season of the year. The skin has no value outside of Alaska. The fur seal has far more intelligence and sagacity than the sea lion, in spite of the latter's superior size and strength.

Liquor, of which the natives of Alaska are extremely fond, is never allowed on the islands, and therefore a kind of beer, composed of half a dozen different things, among them rice, sugar and water, is manufactured, and on this ill-tasting decoction both men and women manage to get very drunk.

A gentleman who was exploring Alaska for the purpose of collecting specimens of all kinds, rented a small room, in which he stored his bottles. One night the natives broke into it, and not only drank all the alcohol in a large jug, but also that from the bottles in which toads, lizards, beetles and spiders were preserved. Apparently every specimen had been faithfully squeezed dry.

The clothing worn by the natives consists of a shirt of deer skin, dressed with the hair on, reaching to the knees, and

ornamented with a strip of white deer skin or wolf skin. Their boots are made of the skin of reindeer's legs, with a seal skin sole. Their short breeches are of deer skin, as are their mittens. They wear ornaments of various kinds made of porcupine quills, wolf ears, bears' claws, etc., and they carve exceedingly well in shell, wood and bone.

Alaska is the dreariest of all places in winter. The desolate aspect of the islands can scarcely be imagined by those who have not been there to see for themselves. Once in every two years a bishop comes to marry all those who have concluded to try wedded life. There are so few people on the islands that he does not consider it worth while to come more frequently.

I have been able to touch on only a few of the peculiarities of life in that far north-western region, but there are many more which are quite as full of interest.

HINTS ON ENTERTAINMENT.

To know how to entertain well is a fine art, and therefore worthy of the most careful cultivation. Let us look at some of the details. When a visitor is expected, the first thing to be done is to prepare the room set aside for her. Try and make it as home-like as possible. A vase of flowers on the mantle, a few interesting books upon the table, an easy chair in the pleasant corner, are little touches which will show your guest that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure. If your visitor is a stranger, try to meet her at the station or boat landing. Young people, especially, tired and travel-worn, are apt to feel homesick in the midst of a strange crowd, and the sight of a familiar face is refreshing and reassuring. Let your welcome be cordial, so that she may feel comfortable while she stays. Having established your guest in the room assigned her, remember it is as much her own as though it were her own home. Do not run in and out too familiarly, but wait occasionally for an invitation. Do not get the impression that good dinners are the most attractive things to your friend. It is a mistaken idea, and a low grade of hospitality which depends upon this to make a visit pleasant. Choose pleasures for your guest that you think she may like, and do not insist upon taking her somewhere that may please you, but be distasteful to her; and do not feel that you must be constantly on the go, in order to make her visit a pleasant one. Find out, by a little ingenuity, what your friend's tastes may be. If she is fond of books, leave her in peace for a quiet reading time, and bear in mind that the truest hospitality lies in letting your guests enjoy themselves at times in their own way, rather than insisting that they shall enjoy themselves in yours.

Be careful not to question your friend too closely about her personal affairs, for, being your guest, she will feel obliged to answer. Avoid talking of people and things before her which are not interesting and which she does not understand. Remember that you are responsible to a degree for the happiness of your visitor while she remains in your house. Some girls realize this, but do not know how to make their visitor feel at ease, and are therefore uncomfortable all the time they stay. They feel that they ought to do a thing, but do not know exactly how or where to begin, and their great fear is that their friend may not be having a good time.

Make up little parties among your girl friends, have afternoon teas, go in a company of three or four to visit some art room or other place of interest. In this way your friend will not feel as though she were among strangers. Do not in-

dulge in expensive pleasures, that you cannot really afford. There are many things to be seen and many places to go to that are of interest and that will come within your means.

Do not insist upon your guest extending her visit beyond the time she has set for her departure. Show by your manner that you regret parting with her, but let the matter drop there. These suggestions, if followed carefully, cannot fail to make the visitor and hostess comfortable and at ease, while the visit from both sides will be looked back upon with pleasure and profit. Of course this question of entertainment covers a wide field. There are many more ways of giving pleasure than those specified in this, but we pass them over, knowing that our girls, acting upon the rules given here, will find out in time the subtle charm of true hospitality.—Selected.

WHAT THE BLIND HAVE DONE.

A newspaper writer sums up the great works accomplished by blind men. He says:

The long list of names of the blind who have been eminent in the various branches of learning from the time of Diodatus, who lived fifty years before the Christian era, to the present time, has no parallel in either of the other three classes named. The following are some of those to whom I refer:

Diodatus, of Asia Minor, celebrated for his learning in philosophy, geometry and music.

Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 340 of the Christian era; became blind at five years of age; died at twenty-five. And yet, during so short a lifetime, this blind man, by his theological writings, has come to us, and will go down to posterity as one of the fathers of Christianity.

Henry, the minstrel of Scotland, author of the poetic life of Wallace, born blind in 1361.

Margaret, of Ravenna, born in 1505, blind at three months, celebrated for her writings on theology and morals.

Hermann Torrentine, of Switzerland, born in 1540, author of history and poetical history.

Nicholas Sanderson, of Yorkshire, England, born in 1682, learned in mathematics and astronomy, and author of a work on algebra.

Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Scotland, born in 1721, blind at six months, celebrated for his learning in poetry, divinity and music.

Francais Huser, of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1750, wrote on natural science, bees and ants, and on education.

John Milton, born in 1608, in London, author of "Paradise Lost."

John Metcalf, born in 1717, in England, road surveyor and contractor.

John Gough, born in 1757, in England, blind at three years, wrote on botany, natural philosophy, etc.

David Macbeath, born in 1792, in Scotland, learned in music and mathematics, and inventor of the string alphabet for the blind.

M. Focault, born in Paris in 1797, invented a writing apparatus for the blind.

M. Knie, of Prussia, born blind, was director of an institution for the blind, and writer on the education of the blind.

Alexander Rodenback, of Belgium, born in 1786, member of the Belgian congress, wrote several works on the blind and the deaf mute.

Wm. H. Churchman, formerly superintendent of the institution for the blind at Indianapolis, Ind., and author of architectural designs and reports of the institution. The writer of this once had occasion to correspond with him, and received much finer specimens of autograph

penmanship from him than were sent in return.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, born in 1823, now in New York; father and brothers reside in Illinois; celebrated preacher and lecturer.

THE PLAY-HOUSE OF AN EMPRESS.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

Far away in Russia reigned the empress Anne Ivanovitch, granddaughter of the great czar Peter. She was young, beautiful, and fond of pleasure and festivity. Her court was the gayest in the world. Her reign was all one holiday. She delighted in extravagant shows and costly festivals, and took no thought of her starving subjects so long as she could gratify her own vain and exorbitant desires. A bad, foolish woman, a worse sovereign, was Anne, the empress.

One of her freaks was to build a play-house for herself and her court. She hit upon a novel way of building it. Other monarchs had reared monuments of brick and stone and marble, but the empress Anne determined to build her play-house of more perishable material. She did not wish, perhaps, that the monument of her folly should stand to be the laughing stock of another generation, so she built it of ice from the river Neva.

The winter of 1739-40 was a very severe one over all Europe. The rivers froze nearly solid, and snow lay many feet deep upon the land. In many villages the people starved or froze to death, and wolves entered and devoured the dead bodies. It was a dreadful time. But it mattered little to vain, luxurious Anne Ivanovitch. While her poor subjects were freezing and starving, she and her architect, a man with a long name, Alexis Danilovitch Tatischev, were devising the splendid ice palace.

This monster play-house was erected on the banks of the Neva in close vicinity to the winter residence of the empress. It was begun in December and finished in January. Several thousand men were employed in its construction, and some of the finest artists in Europe exercised their skill upon its ornamentation. Its estimated cost was ten millions of dollars.

The manner of building was very simple. The purest and most transparent ice was selected; it was cut from the Neva in large blocks, which were then squared with rule and compass, and carved with all the regular architectural embellishments. When each block was ready, it was raised to its destined place by machinery, and an instant before letting it down upon the block which was to support it, water was thrown between the two, the upper block was immediately lowered, the water froze, and the two became literally one. The whole building in fact appeared to be, and really was of one single piece, producing an effect infinitely more beautiful than if it had been built of the most costly marble, its transparency and bluish tint giving it rather the effect of a precious stone. The dimensions of this imperial play-house were, length fifty-six feet, width twenty feet, and height including the roof twenty-one feet. The building seemed larger on account of the palisading which extended around it, eighty-seven feet long, and thirty-six feet wide. A large space was left for a promenade between the balustrade and the palace.

The facade of the building was plain, being merely divided into compartments by pilasters. In each division there was a window, the frame work of which was painted to represent green marble. The panes were formed of slabs of ice as smooth and transparent as plate glass. In the night time these windows were

generally lighted, and grotesque transparencies painted on canvas were placed on the inside. The effect of the illumination is said to have been peculiarly fine, as the light appeared not only at the windows, but from the transparency of the material, the whole palace was filled with a delicate, pearly light.

There was no door on the front side, but there were two entrances at the rear, with gates handsomely ornamented with orange trees in leaf and flower, and birds perched on the branches, all of ice. An ornamental balustrade surmounted the facade of the palace, and behind was the sloping roof with chimneys, in the usual style of Russian architecture.

Wonderful as was the outside of this great play-house, the interior went beyond it. There were three rooms, the vestibule ten feet wide which extended through the middle, and a large square room on each side. The one on the left was the empress' bed room. In it was a bedstead, with bed, pillows, and counterpane, finely wrought curtains, and other furniture, all of ice. Near by was a dressing table fully set out with a looking-glass, and all sorts of powder and essence boxes, jars, bottles, a watch, a pair of candlesticks, and candles, also of ice. Occasionally the candles were smeared with naphtha and set in a blaze without melting. There was a fireplace in the room, elegantly carved, and within were logs of ice, which were sometimes smeared with naphtha and set fire to.

The other apartment was the empress' dining or drawing room. A large table was set in the middle of the room, which was spread with dishes of transparent ice. On each side were settees or sofas handsomely carved. In opposite corners of the room, two large frozen statues regarded each other with not unfriendly guise. On the wall was an elegant time piece, provided with wheels of ice, which were visible through the transparent ice.

In front of the palace stood an ice elephant of the natural size, and on his back was a Persian holding a battle ax in his hand; two other Persians, one of whom held a spear, stood by the elephant's head. The elephant was hollow, and was made to throw water through his trunk to the height of twenty-five feet. This was done by means of tubes leading from the fosse of the admiralty near which it stood. At night burning naphtha was substituted for water, and the effect is said to have been very singular, the appearance, being like that of a stream of fire. To make this part of the exhibition more remarkable, a man was placed within the figure, who from time to time blew through certain pipes so as to make a noise like the roaring of an elephant.

In the back yard there was a bath made of round logs of ice, like the log baths used in Russia, and this bath was more than once actually heated and used. Six cannon regularly bored and turned, with their wheels and carriages, stood by one of the gateways, three on each side. The caliber of these was such as usually receives three pounds of powder, but being of so fragile a material, it was not considered prudent to put in more than a quarter of a pound. Several times iron balls were fired from these cannon without bursting them. The experiment was tried in the presence of the court, and the ball pierced a strong plank two inches thick at a distance of sixty paces.

Of the shows and festivities celebrated in this play-house, we have no time to speak. Day and night the palace was prepared as if for a banquet. The beautiful empress and her ladies and nobles held high festival under its roof from January to April. At that time this remarkable edifice began to give way toward the southern side, and soon it gradually melted away. Its glories were transient.

It was not altogether useless in its destruction, it is said, for the large blocks of the walls were taken to fill the ice cellars of the imperial palace; a very inadequate return for an enormous outlay.

THE MEMORY OF OLD SONGS.

BY A. P. REED.

Nothing brings so pleasantly to my mind the scenes of the past, as the recalling of old songs. Perhaps others can find more inspiration and recall the past better by using some other medium, but to me there is something vivifying as well as mollifying in the recollection of old songs, especially those connected with my earlier days. Scenes not vivid in my mind come at once before me, portrayed, in colors glowing like the original, as old songs or hymns, connected inseparably with their history, are resurrected.

I have a collection of these old songs, which I bought a short time ago, advertised under the heading of "Songs for one cent each," and which I have put in book form and prize very highly on account of their retrospective value. I love to take this little book once in a while and hum over the old songs. Many an old, familiar air seems sweeter to me, as I recall it, than anything modern I can think of. Some of them, perhaps, I have partially lost the air to, but as I look it over and dwell upon its words, the air is almost sure to return in pieces until I have the whole, and with it some scene of my childhood, those days of tranquil joy, with skies unclouded, days that to us who have reached riper years, will never return in reality, but many times in memory and fancy. And far sweeter and dearer seem those days to us as we look back upon them now, than they did when in our innocence we were enjoying them. The fact is, we did not comprehend the circumstances then, we had no capacity for doing so. Now, in maturer years, these circumstances are, at times, painfully apparent, and decked in the glowing colors of an ever-active fancy, these days, as they are presented to us, perhaps in a slightly exaggerative manner, seem indeed to be elysian in nature.

It is not the sentiment of the words but of the air as related to the past, that I wish to keep the old songs ever fresh in memory for. The tunes are oftentimes far more suggestive to me than the words, although of course the words help along as a guide in my wanderings of memory. Some of the old songs in my collection, are "The Old Cabin Home," "Old Folks at Home," "Whip-poor-will's Song," "Gypsy's Warning," "I'm lonely since my Mother Died," "Molly Bawn," "Nellie Gray," "I've no Mother, now I'm Weeping," etc.

Some of these songs have very beautiful words, words that I much admire, but they made but little impression on my earlier days, falling as they did, meaningless, upon my ears. But the tunes, it was these old tunes that carried with them the sentiment of childhood. They were the best calculated to absorb childish fancies, to sweeten the memory of later years. There are other songs still older than some of these that I would give quite a sum for if I could get them. Nothing is any more effective in arousing the finer sensibilities of my nature than music, which perhaps does something to account for the importance of old songs to me.

To those who are like me in this respect, I would say, let us resurrect the old songs and keep them fresh in our memories, to inspire our hearts every now and then, with something akin to the buoyancy of youth. And to those who have no taste for music, I have nothing to say, because I cannot conceive the situation.

It seems to me that such persons lose a great deal of comfort, and I don't know how to suggest any way for them to make up for the loss.

ENGLISH MOTHERS.

It is a marked feature of social life in England, and certainly one of its especial charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly seen together at home. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but the mistress of the ceremonies throughout; not only does she preside at the dinner table, but in the evening party she sits as queen. Whatever may be your first impressions of such an arrangement—if it happens that your sympathies are with the younger ladies—you will very soon learn to think that the mother's absence would be very sincerely regretted by the daughters. As a picture, all must admit the arrangement to be perfect. The portly form and matronly dignity of the mother are an exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and maiden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint.

Between her and the daughters you will mark the most joyous, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifice of a little of parental dignity and authority, on the one hand, or of sweet and graceful filial duty, on the other. It may be said of English families generally, that these two things are eminently characteristic; namely, uniform parental authority, and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

As we grow in years, and become the fellows, companions, and servants, and masters of a new generation, straightway to the cares that come upon us from the generation that gave us birth, there are added the cares of this world's business and government, which our fathers resign into our hands; and a little further onward in the journey of this mortal life, we become authors to ourselves of the cares of another generation, sprung from our loins; and so it fareth with us from generation to generation, that we are burdened with the care not of ourselves, but of many others, from which we cannot escape by any act of stern resolution, or stoical pride, or sinking in the depths of indifference and apathy toward our kind, unless, indeed, which is the only cure, we are enabled by faith to enter into the mystery of God's fatherly providence, and repose our souls with security upon His care.—Edward Irving.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

There is use in beauty. It makes home attractive, its interior more respectable, our lives happier, our dispositions sweeter, and our social and domestic intercourse more refined. By all means plant some little thing of grace to temper the rugged surroundings of the front yard. Its silent though eloquent language will speak to the visitor or the passer-by a word of eulogy for you. The least flower or shrub will be some attraction; a curved path winding between trees to the house, a mound of stones and shells, with ivy trailing over them, the flowering shrub or the tuft of fern, all such things are attractive, and form a pleasant object for the eye of even the most indifferent beholder.

—Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

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.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—My wife wished me to write and give our opinion of Dobbins' Soap. Before I married her, my folks always used Proctor & Gamble's soap, and would have no other, so when I went to housekeeping last August, I, in ordering groceries and other necessary articles for the house, put down a box of Proctor & Gamble's soap, and when she came to look over the list, she struck it off. I asked her what she did that for, when she told me to put down ten bars of Dobbins' Soap. I laughed at her and said our folks always used P. & G.'s soap and I saw no reason to change as it always did the business required of it, but she made the remark, "Yes, and they always had to boil the clothes, and I don't with Dobbins' Soap."

Again I laughed, and she only said, "Do as I say, and if I don't convince you, you can go and get all the P. & G.'s soap you can get."

Well you know a newly married man always tries to please his wife, and I got her ten bars of Dobbins' soap, and when wash day came I laughed to see her cut it up and put it into a pan to melt, and when it was done, she poured it on the clothes in the tub, and her washing was all done and out by ten A. M., and no boiling either, and they looked whiter than when our folks used to boil them, and from this out I will give in to her knowledge of the soap question.

E. E. GILBERT.

Englewood, Cook Co., Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—I received from Messrs. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and was so well pleased with it that I ordered a box from Sloan, Johnson & Co., Peoria, Ill., at once, and now, after using it in every way for several weeks, I can honestly say it is the best soap I ever used, and I believe it is the best in the world. I have let several of my friends try it, and they all like it as well as I do, and three of them will have their own next week. We all use it according to directions. I am sure there will soon be many who will call for it in our neighborhood, and in all other places when it is once rightly known. MRS. LIZZIE B. HUGHES.

Mt. Zion, Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—For years I have read of Dobbins' Soap in THE HOUSEHOLD, but had never thought of trying it until it became a necessity, as the clothes boiler leaked so I could not use it, and we had no water in the well, so I was obliged to get along with just as small a quantity as possible. I had sent for a sample bar of Dobbins' which came in due time. It did three good, large washings for a family of four, and it gave perfect satisfaction every time. Several garments which I had promised a place in the rag-bag, came out so white and clear that they are doing duty as wearing apparel.

MRS. CHAS. WILLIAMS.

Westchester, New London Co., Conn.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been using Dobbins' Soap for a long time and like it very much. It does all it is recommended to do, and I would recommend it to all who have any washing to do, as it saves time and strength. MRS. E. A. WOOD.

Amenia, Dakota.

OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

MR. CROWELL:—Hill's Magnetic Brush is in my case a success, and I feel assured it will relieve many of my suffering sisters. I purchased this brush and like it and want others to profit by my experience. M. A. RILEY.

Dixon, Kansas.

Mary E. Curtis, Ashland, Ohio, answered the advertisement of J. D. Henry, who offers \$10.00 of goods for fifty names and forty cents. She received a box containing six packages of ink powder, which she thinks is worth considerably less than \$10.00, and advises others not to go and do likewise.

Mrs. E. H. Scott, Ocean Grove, N. J., had a similar experience with the firm of Haynes & Co., who advertised "Ladies' Lightning Stove Polish."

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have worn the Improved Comfort Corset, manufactured by the Boston Comfort Corset Co., for several years, and would like to recommend all the sisters to try them. I have worn several reform corsets, so-called, and find none of them comfortable but this.

Stonewall, Cal.

MRS. E. H. DAY, JR.

A REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT.

A merchant residing in Nashville, Tenn., gives, Oct. 26th, 1881, the following account of the great and surprising improvement which, in the case of his wife, attended the use of Compound Oxygen. It is only another proof that in this new chemical substance there has been developed a subtle curative or revitalizing agent which, the moment it is introduced into a diseased system, gives a higher vitality to all the nervous centers, and acts immediately and steadily in the direction of health:

"It is now more than three weeks since my wife commenced your Oxygen Treatment. She felt the effect from the first time she used the Treatment. It would, and does now, cause a profuse perspiration to break out all over her body, and makes her feel very tired and drowsy and a disposition to sleep and rest immediately after the inhalation. Her appetite commenced to improve in a short time and is now better than it has been in six or eight months past. She can scarcely take enough food to satisfy her hunger, as her stomach will not bear it. After a hearty breakfast she gets very hungry before dinner, but does not allow herself to eat much supper.

She has lost to a degree that dull, dead, listless feeling which oppressed her before she commenced the Treatment, and the skin on her limbs and arms, which was as dry and yellow almost as parchment and clinging to the bones, has now a warm glow, and the flesh, or skin, (for she has very little flesh) is very tender to the touch and easily hurt. Her condition has been alternating for the past three weeks. A little better for a day or two, and worse again for several days; but in all these fluctuations she must have been gradually gaining some strength, for she has been unquestionably stronger during the past three or four days than for several months past, besides suffering less pain. She has a strong, cool mind, so far as danger is concerned, and while knowing that she has been very sick, is very hopeful, and determined to get well with the help of your Treatment, if possible. She has read your books carefully, and is trying to follow your directions strictly, as regards diet as well as the Treatment. Our

family physician has not been to see her since she commenced your Treatment, wishing to give it a thorough test. He recommended her to try the Oxygen Treatment, feeling satisfied that she could not live long at best in her condition. * * She has for the past three days dressed herself without help, and gone to the dining room for her meals, a thing she has not done in a long time before."

A sufferer from Nervous Exhaustion a year and a half after he began to use Compound Oxygen thus writes of the great benefit received, under date of Oct. 1, 1881:

"I am happy to be able to inform you that I am now enjoying very good health and have met with considerable improvement since my last letter to you (Oct. 8th, 1880). When I commenced using the Compound Oxygen in March, 1880, I was unable to sit up over five hours a day, and had been in about the same condition for two years. I had no pain but was suffering from nervous exhaustion, brought on at first (as is usually the case) by successive colds. In three months I was able to give considerable attention to business, and now I can scarcely realize that my strength has returned, and that I am able to do a fair day's work."

A treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving a history of its discovery, and containing a large record of the remarkable cures already made by its use, will be sent free by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 & 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.

J. P. Clough, Junction, Lemhi Co., Idaho, has Idaho minerals (many varieties), to exchange for such bound books, stereoscopic views, curiosities, etc., as wanted. Write before sending.

Mrs. O. M. Cook, Cumberland Hill, R. I., will exchange Peterson's magazine, commencing with January, 1882, for something of equal value. Will send each number as fast as read.

Mrs. Jos. Crocker, Marengo, Iowa Co., Iowa, has boxes of Chinese starch polish to exchange for shells, sea mosses, minerals, petrified wood, etc., also a work basket pattern for any other fancy work or pattern.

Miss Eunice McCann, box 226, Hilliard, Franklin Co., Ohio, will exchange three varieties of flower seeds, for nine skeins of silk embroidery floss of any color or of shaded colors.

Reba Raymond, Beallsville, Pa., will exchange beautiful pressed ferns for pressed sea mosses or pretty silk scraps size of a postal card.

Laura B. Phelps, 24 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I., will exchange Dr. Jayne album series for other cards. She has "The Talking Well," "Can't You Talk," "Paul and Virginia," etc.

Katie Harkin, West Newton, Nicollet Co., Minn., will exchange patterns and directions for knitting and crocheting or packages of print, for cabinet specimens of any kind.

Mrs. F. Hansen, Saratoga, Cal., will give directions for transferring to glass, engravings, prints, photographs, etc., for anything useful for self or little boy.

Alice Hastings, Ingraham, Clay Co., Ill., has patterns of doll's wardrobe to exchange for shrubs, bulbs, or flowering plants.

Mrs. G. N. Crockett, Hancock, N. H., has a small water color painting and articles of fret saw work to exchange for anything useful or ornamental, materials for fancy work, or good flower seeds. Write first.

Mrs. J. H. Moore, Loyal Oak, Summit Co., Ohio, would like to exchange petrified moss and leaves and fancy work, for cabinet specimens.

Mrs. Annie Mason, Vienna, Ga., will exchange southern moss, sea beans and alligators' teeth, for mineral ore, sea shells and fancy work.

Mrs. J. B. Garland, 174 Chandler St., Worcester, Mass., will exchange fancy work or house plant slips, for a nice collection of fancy advertising cards.

Mrs. John Paine, West Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., has house plants, calla and amaryllis bulbs and phlox seeds to exchange for cabinet specimens or ferns, mosses or sea shells.

Mrs. J. W. Allen, St. Clair Station, Churchill Co., Nevada, will exchange steel engravings, magazine size, for a nice lamp mat made of red zephyr. Please write first.

Mary Lamborn, Neosho Falls, Kan., has a Java canvas tidy, and some splint work patterns to exchange for a steel engraving or lithograph of the wife of ex-president Hayes.

Mrs. Pope Williams, Starkville, Oktibbeha Co., Miss., wishes to correspond with a sister who has a pair of canaries for sale or exchange.

Mrs. E. H. King, St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal., will exchange an oil painting, either landscape or flowers, for The Century, Atlantic, or Lippincott's Magazine, for 1882, the numbers to be sent her as soon as read.

Myrtle A. Powers, Wooleyville, Mass., has patterns of fancy work, cupids and silhouettes, to exchange for choice poems, pattern for bracket lambrequin, and California grass. Please write first.

Miss Ella Cubbins, 2586 Woodland Hills Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, will exchange fancy work or darned net patterns, for pressed ferns, Florida moss, darned net patterns, and fancy work.

Miss I. Boyd, box 546, La Crosse, Wis., will exchange gladiolus bulbs, also canna lily seed, for cabinet specimens, shells, fancy work patterns, or house plants. State which is wanted.

Mrs. Frost, 1826 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa., has a pair of window lambrequins to exchange for something of equal value. Description and sample of lambrequins furnished to any lady who wishes to exchange.

Mrs. Horace Dewy, box 27, Athol Centre, Mass., will exchange pieces of print for letter H pattern. Please state what size is wanted.

Mrs. S. K. Tanner, Monterey, Allegan Co., Mich., has spatter work or curiosity stand patterns, and directions for making, to exchange for sea shells, star fish, sea moss, minerals, or cabinet specimens.

Mrs. E. Doncaster, Seabeck, Kitsap Co., Washington Ter., would like small pieces of silk, and will send in exchange, patterns for fancy work, aprons, or combination waist and skirt.

Mrs. K. M. Piper, Ashby, Mass., will exchange Kensington and crochet tidies or fancy holders in Kensington stitch, for packages containing fifty fancy advertising cards each. Please state which you prefer.

Mrs. F. E. Van Eps, Batavia, N. Y., has a few volumes of old Peterson's to exchange for fancy work, brush broom holder, wall pocket, or tidy, cotton, knit or crocheted, preferred.

Mrs. H. T. Hale, N. Sanbornton, N. H., would like to exchange sheet music, and will correspond with those having exchanges to make.

Mrs. B. F. Moore, Morgan, Orleans Co., Vt., will exchange materials and patterns for fancy work, pieces of print, or knit linen edging, for rooted slips of house plants. Please write first.

Neva Elwood, box 43, De Kalb Junction, St. Law. Co., New York, will exchange minerals, magazines, patterns of animals, and fancy work, for shells, books, magazines, curiosities, or fancy work.

Mrs. Thos. White, Fountain Creek, Maury Co., Tenn., wishes to exchange bulbs, roots, seeds, confederate bills and postage stamps, for other bulbs, stuffed birds, cabinet curiosities, coteaus, etc.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

CARPETS.

J. H. PRAY, SONS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

WILTONS,

BRUSSELS,

MOQUETTES,

AXMINSTERS,

ORIENTAL RUGS,

And every grade and variety of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting, Oil Cloth and Matting.

558 and 560 Washington St.,

BOSTON.

Mothers, subscribe for THE GOLDEN RULE for your family! Each number furnishes attractive and wholesome reading for a week. It will do more good than you can estimate. Only fifty cents to Jan. 1, 1882. See further notice on page 124.



selection, should send for Catalogue, where price and description of single plants are given. I forward free of postage to every State and Canada, and offer liberal inducements to clubs of \$5 or \$10.

20 VERBENAS, 20 VARIETIES. \$1.

Varie- ties.	\$1	Varie- ties.	\$1	Varie- ties.	\$1
12 Ageratum,	1	12 Pelargoniums,	12	12 Petunia, double,	4
12 Alternantheras,	4	12 Geraniums, single,	12	20 " single,	4
12 Basket Plants,	12	12 " double,	12	mixed	1
12 Begonias,	12	12 " Golden Bronze,	8		
12 Bouvardia,	3	12 " Sweet Scented,	12		
12 Carnations,	12	12 " Ivy Leaf,	6		
12 Centaurea,	4	12 Gladioli,	mixed		
15 Coleus,	12	12 Heliotrope,	6		
12 Chrysanthemum,	12	12 Lilies, English,	1		
12 Cigar Plant,	1	12 Lantanas,	12		
8 Cyclamen,	1	12 Smilax,	1		
12 Daisy, double,	1	12 Oxalis,	3		
12 Feverfew,	3	15 Pansy, choice strain,	mixed		
12 Fuchsia,	12	8 Primrose, single,	mixed		

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; of those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. 6 \$1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties,) may be selected from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Olin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberose, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (8 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalia, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Calis.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Stevia, Eupatorium, Calla, Bouvardia, Canna, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Philox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lilies, 1 Paeonia, and one hardy Philox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, and Abutilon.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Fern, Ornamental Grass, Abutilon, Cobaea, Hydrangea, and Gloxinia.

When ordered by express will send 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75, or 7 \$1 packages for \$5. All labeled.

ROSES! 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 beautiful 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.

Collections for Bedding Out.

For convenience of those unable to select best bedding varieties, I offer below a list selected with my best judgment, only the most distinct and free blooming sorts among our best old and new varieties, and the purchaser is sure to be pleased with the result. Large, strong plants, ready for immediate bloom, by mail or express.

Six Best Sorts	\$1.00	Six Best Sorts	\$1.00	Six Best Sorts	\$1.00
Carnations,	1.00	Geraniums, Single,	1.00	Pansies,	0.40
Coleus,	.75	" Double,	1.00	Petunia, Double,	1.00
Dahlias,	1.00	" Golden Bronze,	1.00	Pelargoniums,	1.00
Fuchsias,	1.00	" Silver and Golden	1.00	Roses, Everblooming,	1.00
Gladioli,	.50	" Tri-color,	1.00	Summer Blooming Bulbs,	1.00
Heliotropes,	.75	" Ivy Leaf,	1.00	Verbenas,	.40
		" Sweet scented,	1.00	Lantanas,	1.00

Four \$1 packages, by express, \$3; 6 \$1 packages, by express, \$4.50; 15 \$1 packages, by express, \$10. For larger quantities, \$4 to \$12 per 100. If sent by mail add 10 cents on each \$1 worth.

For New, Choice and Rare Plants and Seed, see March number of Household.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Bedford, Manchester, Jersey Queen, President Lincoln, Sharpless, Mt. Vernon. All other leading varieties.

GRAPE VINES. Pocklington, Duchesse, Printiss, Vergennes, Moore's Early, and other leading sorts.

I offer a large collection of over 1500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seed, Plants, &c. Catalogue, describing many new and rare plants, beautifully illustrated, 70 pages, mailed to customers free.

SEED; SPECIALTIES FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS. Blood Turnip and Egyptian Beet, Mangel Wurtzel and Sugar Beet, Early and Late Cabbage, Danvers and Intermediate Carrot, Early and Late Sweet Corn, Boston Market Celery, Yellow Globe Danvers and Early Red Globe Onion, American Wonder, Improved Dan O'Rourke, Gem, Advance, Champion and Marrowfat Peas, Hubbard, Marrow and Turban Squash, Early and Late Turnips, White Russian Onions, Manchester Strawberry, Pocklington Grape, Fay's Prolific Currant. All true, fresh, and grown from best stock. Prices reasonable.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

INGALLS' MANUAL OF FANCY WORK.

A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS AND PATTERNS for Artistic Needle Work, Kensington Embroidery, Worsted Cross Stitch Embroidery, Directions for making numerous kinds of Crochet and Knitted Work. It contains a List and Explanation of the Fabrics and Working Materials used in Embroidering Fancy Articles, Hangings, Coverings, Ties, etc., Patterns for Darned Nets, Patterns and Instructions for making Ladies' Hand Bag, Scrap Basket, Fan Pin Cushion and Whisk Broom Holder, Splasher to fasten back of wash-stand, Banner Lamp Shade, Tidy, Mat, Oak Leaf Lace, Cross Stitch, Persian, South Kensington, Outline, Tapestry, Irish, Tent, Star, Satin, Hem and Feather Stitches. Designs for Piano Cover, Cat's Head in South Kensington Stitch, etc., etc. We will send this Book by mail for 12 three-cent stamps; 4 Books for \$1.00. Send \$1.00 for 4 Books, sell 3, and get yours free!

WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS.

A BOOK of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc. Borders, Corners, Flowers, Birds, Animals, Pantries, Stork, Deer, Roses, Elephant, Comic Designs, 8 Alphabets, etc. Price 25 cts.; 3 Books \$1. 4 large Tidy Patterns, 10 cts. Special Offer—All for 18 Three-Cent Stamps. J. F. INGALLS, Box T, Lynn, Mass.

THE IMPROVED COMFORT CORSET.

—NO BONES TO BREAK.—

Ladies who have not worn the Comfort Corset cannot realize its superiority to any other Corset.

It has a variety of shoulder sizes for each waist size, adjusting them to a tapering waist, or a straight form.

No other Corset has more than one size at the top, for any one waist size.

Stylish and tasty as a French Corset, combining ease and comfort with elegance and shape.

Instead of bones, rows of very stiff cord are inserted, giving all the support of bones and still yielding to every movement of the form, and of being washed without injury to the corset in any particular.

The whole burden of the clothes is transferred to that portion of the shoulders best adapted to sustain their weight, supporting everything without inconvenience, and almost without the wearer's consciousness, making this garment in truth, A Comfort Corset.

Two measures required. Send for our circular, with rule for measurement and Price List. Waists for children on same principle.

MANUFACTURED AND FOR SALE BY THE

BOSTON COMFORT CORSET COMPANY,

76 CHAUNCEY STREET, Boston, Mass.

Also for sale by the Leading Dry-Goods Houses throughout the Country.

Tilden Ladies' Seminary.

Have you daughters to educate? Send for our new tri-annual catalogue and report of the late 25th anniversary, to

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M., Principal.

West Lebanon, N. H., July 15, 1880.

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.

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Those unacquainted with varieties, these collections enable the purchaser to select 12 Plants at very low rates. They are not culled plants, but good, healthy, and well rooted, many of them of the best new varieties. The plants are labeled, printed directions sent with each package for their treatment, and guaranteed to reach the purchaser in good order. My aim is to satisfy all who favor me with their orders, but can forward no order at these low rates for less than \$1, the choice of variety always left with me. Those who prefer less than \$1 worth, and wish to make their own selection, should send for Catalogue, where price and description of single plants are given. I forward free of postage to every State and Canada, and offer liberal inducements to clubs of \$5 or \$10.

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Varie- ties.	\$1	Varie- ties.	\$1	Varie- ties.	\$1
12 Ageratum,	1	12 Pelargoniums,	12	12 Petunia, double,	4
12 Alternantheras,	4	12 Geraniums, single,	12	20 " single,	4
12 Basket Plants,	12	12 " double,	12	mixed	1
12 Begonias,	12	12 " Golden Bronze,	8		
12 Bouvardia,	3	12 " Sweet Scented,	12		
12 Carnations,	12	12 " Ivy Leaf,	6		
12 Centaurea,	4	12 Gladioli,	mixed		
15 Coleus,	12	12 Heliotrope,	6		
12 Chrysanthemum,	12	12 Lilies, English,	1		
12 Cigar Plant,	1	12 Lantanas,	12		
8 Cyclamen,	1	12 Smilax,	1		
12 Daisy, double,	1	12 Oxalis,	3		
12 Feverfew,	3	15 Pansy, choice strain,	mixed		
12 Fuchsia,	12	8 Primrose, single,	mixed		

Purchasers can select 12 plants, 1 of a kind, from above list for \$1, except Moss Rose, Primrose, bronze Geranium, and Cyclamen; of those 8 plants may be selected for \$1, not including Moss Rose. 6 \$1 packages for \$5; 13 \$1 packages for \$10. 15 plants, (15 varieties,) may be selected from above list for \$1. 8 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, J. Olin, Distinction, Crystal Gem, Exquisite, Goldfinch, Richard Thornton, and Model, for \$1.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Primrose, Tuberose, Moss, Tea, Bourbon, Hardy, Climbing, and China Roses, fine, strong plants, (8 in all.)

For \$1 will send 1 each, Camellia, Azalia, Wax Plant, Bouvardia, and Calis.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Stevia, Eupatorium, Calla, Bouvardia, Canna, and Caladium.

For \$1 will send 2 Dahlias, 2 Cannas, 1 Calladium, and one hardy Philox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Japan Lilies, 1 Paeonia, and one hardy Philox.

For \$1 will send 3 varieties Climbing Honeysuckle, and 3 varieties Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Century Plant, Echeveria, Cactus, Artillery Plant, and Abutilon.

For \$1 will send 1 each, Fern, Ornamental Grass, Abutilon, Cobaea, Hydrangea, and Gloxinia.

When ordered by express will send 4 \$1 packages for \$3; 5 \$1 packages for \$3.75, or 7 \$1 packages for \$5. All labeled.

ROSES! 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 beautiful 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.

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For convenience of those unable to select best bedding varieties, I offer below a list selected with my best judgment, only the most distinct and free blooming sorts among our best old and new varieties, and the purchaser is sure to be pleased with the result. Large, strong plants, ready for immediate bloom, by mail or express.

Six Best Sorts	\$1.00	Six Best Sorts	\$1.00	Six Best Sorts	\$1.00
Carnations,	1.00	Geraniums, Single,	1.00	Pansies,	0.40
Coleus,	.75	" Double,	1.00	Petunia, Double,	1.00
Dahlias,	1.00	" Golden Bronze,	1.00	Pelargoniums,	1.00
Fuchsias,	1.00	" Silver and Golden	1.00	Roses, Everblooming,	1.00
Gladioli,	.50	" Tri-color,	1.00	Summer Blooming Bulbs,	1.00
Heliotropes,	.75	" Ivy Leaf,	1.00	Verbenas,	.40
		" Sweet scented,	1.00	Lantanas,	1.00

Four \$1 packages, by express, \$3; 6 \$1 packages, by express, \$4.50; 15 \$1 packages, by express, \$10. For larger quantities, \$4 to \$12 per 100. If sent by mail add 10 cents on each \$1 worth.

For New, Choice and Rare Plants and Seed, see March number of Household.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Bedford, Manchester, Jersey Queen, President Lincoln, Sharpless, Mt. Vernon. All other leading varieties.

GRAPE VINES. Pocklington, Duchesse, Printiss, Vergennes, Moore's Early, and other leading sorts.

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Beats the whites of the Eggs thoroughly in 10 seconds.

The Beating Florets revolve on two centers, one inch apart,

BEATTY'S BEETHOVEN ORGAN NOVELLO

Walnut or Ebonized (Gold Laid) Case as desired. 5 Octaves, 10 Sets Reeds, 27 Stops.

PRICE, delivered on board cars here, with Stool, Book and Music (a complete musical outfit) for ONLY **\$90.00**

The Beethoven Organ can be shipped in 5 minutes notice, (now shipping over 50 a day, demand increasing.) Working nights by Edison's Electric Light to fill orders for this style promptly. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or by Express Prepaid.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED If the Beethoven Organ, after one year's use, does not give you entire satisfaction, kindly return it at my expense and I will promptly refund you the \$90 with interest. Nothing can be fairer. My object in placing this organ at \$90, is to have it introduced into every home in this country. Every one sold is sure to sell another. Often 50 sales can be traced from the first one introduced. All that is asked of the purchaser after giving the instrument a fair trial, kindly bring friends to see it and hear its musical effects, having no agents, no warehouse, no traveling salesman (selling direct only), I rely solely on the merits of the Beethoven to speak for itself and kind words from satisfied purchasers, which I am proud to say are many.

THE BEETHOVEN CASE.

[Height, 75 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.] Is, as the cut shows, the most magnificent ever made. The view is of a walnut case, highly polished, and ornamented with gold, but when preferred, you can order an ebonized case in pure black, inlay ornaments in gold, which produce a fine effect, now very fashionable, and is furnished at the same price. When ordering, specify definitely which case is wanted. The designs are alike and no case as beautiful was ever put upon the market for any such money, even when ordinary music—as used by other builders—was put in them. Read the following description of Reeds and Stop Combinations carefully, and then give this more than liberal offer a trial by ordering one. The World can not equal this Beautiful Organ for anything like the money asked.

Ten (10) Full Sets Golden Tongue Reeds.

It contains 5 Octaves, 10 full sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, as follows: (1) Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone; (2) Diapason, 8 feet tone; (3) Dulciana, 8 feet tone; (4) Cello, 8 feet tone; (5) French Horn, 8 feet tone; (6) Saxophone, 8 feet tone; (7) Voix Celeste, 8 feet tone; (8) Viola Dolce, 4 feet tone; (9) Violina, 4 feet tone; (10) Piccolo, 4 feet tone; also, Coupler Harmonique, Harp Aeoline, Grand Expression, Vox Humana, Vox Jubilant and other grand accessory effects.

27 STOPS! (NO DUMMIES, ALL OF PRACTICAL USE.)

There are no Reed Organs made in this country, but what when the stops are used wrong, some will give no sound, hence are then dummies. If used as directed every stop in the Beethoven is of practical use. Don't be deceived by misrepresentations of Monopolists or their agents. There are 14 perfect combinations on this organ, equal to 14 common organs usually sold by agents combined, and the full effect cannot be produced with less than 27 Stops and not then, without my Stop Action (applied to my Reedboard) which is fully covered by patents, and can be used by no other manufacturer.

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK, 27 IN ALL.

(1) Cello, (2) Melodia, (3) Clarabella, (4) Manual Sub-Bass, (5) Bourdon, (6) Saxophone, (7) Viol di Gamba, (8) Diapason, (9) Viola Dolce, (10) Grand Expression, (11) French Horn, (12) Harp Aeoline, (13) Vox Humana, (14) Echo, (15) Dulciana, (16) Clarinet, (17) Voix Celeste, (18) Violina, (19) Vox Jubilant, (20) Piccolo, (21) Coupler Harmonique, (22) Orchestral Forte, (23) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (24) Right Knee Stop, (25) Automatic Valve Stop, (26) Right Duplex Damper, (27) Left Duplex Damper.

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On September 19th, 1881, my factory was entirely destroyed by fire, nothing but ashes remaining where was one of the largest factories of the kind in the world. Three days afterwards, with my own hands I lifted out the first RE-BUILT relic where it stood, and by the aid of vast capital, perfect knowledge of what was wanted, and kind words of cheer from thousands, I was enabled in 120 days to put on steam and start more machinery, in a larger and better equipped factory than ever on the same ground. The present establishment covers nearly 4 acres of space, and is now turning out a large number of better instruments daily than ever before. This achievement is unsurpassed in the history of enterprise.

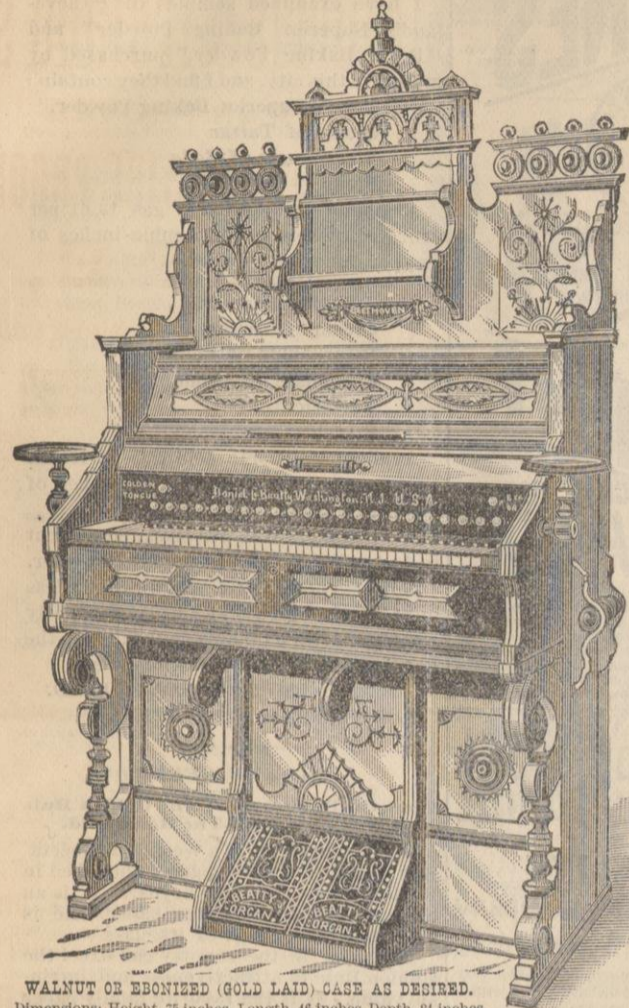
I am now receiving orders for the BEETHOVEN (price \$90 at the rate of over 1,000 per month, and as I run my great works far into the night by the use of \$20

EDISON'S ELECTRIC LIGHTS,

the only Organ and Piano Factory in the world that uses it. I can fill all orders promptly for this style as I have now with a 200-horse power engine, driving over 100 wood-working machines in their construction.

REMEMBER! By the addition of the very latest approved wood-working machinery, (which no old establishment has), vast capital, and after long experience of the wants to do work well and economical, and the addition of private switches and railroad tracks to the various doors of the factories, I am now enabled to build better instruments for less money than ever before, and my patrons have all the advantages of these facilities.

My factory is open to visitors always. (Five) \$5 allowed for your traveling expenses if you purchase. Come anyway. A polite attendant, if you call, will show you the organ on trial, as you can save nothing from this price by correspondence, and I know you will be delighted with the instrument. If you do not wish to buy yourself, will you kindly call the attention of your friends to this advertisement, you will be doing them a real service. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.



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Dimensions: Height, 75 inches, Length, 46 inches, Depth, 24 inches.

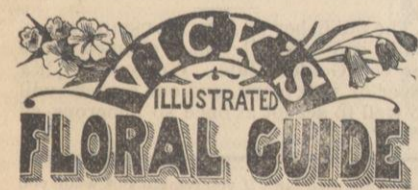
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50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS. new & artistic designs, acknowledged best packages. Album of 50 pictures. **E. W. Austin, Baltimore, Md.**

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1882.

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Persons **ACTING** as our **AGENTS** are not authorized to take subscriptions to **THE HOUSEHOLD** at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY may be sent at our risk by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons desiring to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

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CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OUR FRIENDS are desired upon any and all subjects within the province of **THE HOUSEHOLD**. We particularly desire short, practical articles and suggestions from experienced housekeepers; everywhere, who have passed through the trials and perplexities which to a greater or less degree, are the lot of every new pupil in the school of domestic life. Ladies, write for your paper.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of **THE HOUSEHOLD** without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send **THE HOUSEHOLD** two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive **THE HOUSEHOLD** as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions **ENTIRELY** separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

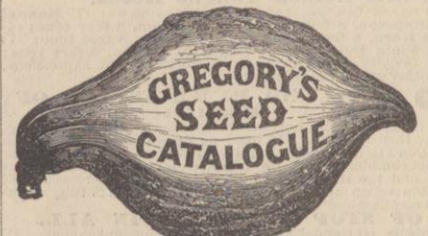
AN **ESTEE COTTAGE ORGAN** FREE to any subscriber of **THE HOUSEHOLD**, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to **THE HOUSEHOLD**? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

OUR **WEDDING PRESENT** of a free copy of **THE HOUSEHOLD** for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to

THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

E. R. KELSEY of Everett, is sole agent for **THE HOUSEHOLD** for Suffolk County, Mass., to whom all persons wishing agencies in that county should apply.

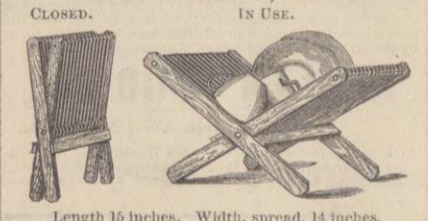


Thirty-Six Varieties of Cabbage; 26 of Corn; 28 of Cucumber; 41 of Melon; 33 of Peas; 28 of Beans; 17 of Squash; 23 of Beet and 40 of Tomato, with other varieties in proportion; a large portion of which were grown on my five seed farms, will be found in my **Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1882**. Sent free to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. All Seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should it prove otherwise, I will refund the order gratis. The original introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. New Vegetables a specialty.

James J. H. Gregory, Marblehead, Mass.

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HAS BEEN PROVED
by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the **SUREST CURE** ever discovered for all
KIDNEY DISEASES.
Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use **Kidney-Wort** at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.
Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or rosy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.
PRICE \$1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
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Wood Dish Drainers.
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Length 15 inches. Width, spread, 14 inches.
Stands in the sink. Receives and drains the dishes. Does not break them. Does not rust. Takes no available room in the sink. Costs less than wire drainers. Closes compactly to put away. Lasts a life-time. Fifty cents obtains one by mail, postage paid.

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FOR walls of Churches, Chapels and Homes. Velve Paper Letters, forming the words
HAVE FAITH IN GOD,
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WANTED to solicit orders for our Nursery Stock. Any wide awake man 25 years of age, or more, can succeed. **EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY.** Address, stating age,
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60 CHROMO or 30 Gold-Edge Cards, name on, 10c. Sample Book 25c. F. M. Shaw & Co., Jersey City, N.J.

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PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc., a specialty. **C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.**

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SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.
AN UNFAILING REMEDY SUCH AS FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES.
TEETER, ITCH, SORES, PIMPLES, RING WORM, ERYSIPELAS, SLOTTES, &c.
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THE GREAT CURE FOR
ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night. "Suffered with Itching Piles; used many remedies, but no permanent cure until I used Swayne's Ointment. GEO. SIMPSON, New Haven, Conn." As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, **SWAYNE'S OINTMENT** is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-c. Stamps. 2 Boxes, \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Gold & Silver Mining Company
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CAMBRIC Children's, 80c. Ladies', \$1.20. Best Quality, 4.75.
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Direct from the manufacturers. Samples post free. Fortnightly shipments. Carriage paid to New York.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Manufacturers of Linens, Handkerchiefs to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse, BELFAST, IRELAND.

WHERE WILL THE DONKEY GO!
A Puzzle to test your judgment. Price 35c. or 12 patterns to any one wishing to make them to sell, 25c. 25 new Scroll Saw Designs, 25c. Nos. 1 and 2 Donkey Puzzles, 75c. A valuable prize given to the first person in any place doing these puzzles before 1883. Salesmen wanted.
J. L. HYDE, Pomfret Landing, Conn.

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The New System of Bee-Keeping.
Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan with good Profit. I have invented a hive and New System of Bee Management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received One Hundred Dollars Profit, from sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. Illustrated Circular of Full Particulars Free. Address
MRS. LIZZIE E. COTTON, West Gorham, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfits free. Address **H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.**

GARFIELD, WIFE AND MOTHER, three new album pictures, photographed in oil colors, for 10c.; 3 sets, 25c. **M. C. BURR, Solville, N.Y.**

50 HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, New & Artistic designs, name on. In case 10c. Acknowledged best sold. Album of Samples 25c. **F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Conn.**

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking Powder," purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

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.

A RARE OFFER

From the Publishers of **The Golden Rule** to the Readers of **The Household**.

The Golden Rule is a weekly non-sectarian, religious family paper, published in Boston at two dollars a year. It is an elegantly printed 8-page paper, and is rated one of the best of its class.

No paper in the country can excel the **Golden Rule** in attractiveness and intrinsic value. It is the favorite family paper wherever introduced. It has something for every member of the family, and is always pure, bright, helpful, entertaining and pre-eminently readable. Whenever a fair trial has been given to the **Golden Rule** it has almost always secured a permanent subscriber. It is on this ground that a new departure is made in the history of newspaper enterprise. Read the following offer:

To any reader of **The Household**, not now a subscriber to the **Golden Rule**, sending fifty cents in stamps or otherwise, (coin preferred,) the **Golden Rule** will be sent from the time the subscription is received until January 1, 1883.

Although this sum does not nearly cover the actual expense of paper thus sent, we know that it will be a good investment in the end, as experience has shown that when the paper has once gained a foothold in a family, it is almost sure to become a constant guest. Newspapers are like people; it takes time to get acquainted with them, but when once an attachment is formed, it is hard to break.

Write at once, enclosing fifty cents, and mention **The Household**. You are sure of four times your money's worth, at least. Address "The Golden Rule, Boston, Mass."

The publisher of **THE HOUSEHOLD** cordially endorses all that is claimed above for the **Golden Rule**. We consider it a paper of rare merit, and our readers will do well to accept at once so generous an offer.

All your own fault if you remain sick when you can get **Hop Bitters** that never fail.

We advise Agents and Teachers to send to **Horace King, 373 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.**, for circulars of his encyclopaedia, complete in one volume, also for America.

—A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man, come to take the meter," was the reply. "Oh!" said the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."

Ponder on These Truths.
Torpid kidneys, and constipated bowels, are the great causes of chronic diseases. **Kidney-Wort** has cured thousands. Try it and you will add one more to their number. Habitual costiveness afflicts millions of the American people. **Kidney-Wort** will cure it. **Kidney-Wort** has cured kidney complaints of thirty years standing. Try it. See adv.

The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in Hop Bitters.

—“Smith,” said Brown, “there’s a fortune in that mine.” “I know,” said Smith, “I’ve put my fortune in it.”

The profit on the Orange Butter Color is so small that very little advertising can be afforded.

See Dr. Hanaford’s Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

—A game cock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say, “The bravest are the tenderest?”

Violin outfits cheap. Send for circular and read an advertisement of C. W. Story, 26 Central street, Boston, Mass.

—Oscar Wilde has been invited to visit Boston. Picture a man who dines on a glass of water and a lily, sitting down to a dinner of pork and beans!

Any of our readers wanting a situation with a reliable house are referred to advertisement in our columns headed LIVE MEN wanted.

Honey Bees.

We call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Cotton in another column under this head. Mrs. Cotton’s New System is a great success.—Exchange.

—Conundrum for amateur violinist: What is the most important point in amateur violin playing? Stopping!

SUBLIMELY SUPERB.

A pair of beautiful sun-flowers on easels will be mailed free to any lady who will send a three-cent postage stamp to Dr. C. W. Benson, 106 No. Eutaw street, Baltimore, Md.

—Gent to the waiter: “Bring me some grammatical and typographical errors.” Waiter, looking puzzled at first, but recovering in a moment his usual serenity: “We are just out of them, sir.” “Then what do you mean by keeping them on your bill of fare?”

Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

1000 merchants warranted every bottle of Thatcher’s Orange Butter Color last spring, and only one was returned.

—It is often said “you cannot eat your cake and have it too.” To the ordinary comprehension, no surer way of “having” one’s cake could be devised than by eating it, for if one doesn’t have a thing when it is in his stomach, when does he? And how else can anybody have stomach ache?

Horsford’s Acid Phosphate After Smoking or Chewing.

Rinse the mouth with about a wineglassful of water into which five or six drops of Horsford’s Acid Phosphate have been put, after smoking or chewing; it will purify and sweeten your breath.

Why be sick and ailing when Hop Bitters will surely cure you?

—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, “Bird’s-nest,” and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, “What is that for?” After a short pause a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, “Plaze, ma’am, for the bird to roosht on.”

Nature’s Sluice-Way.

The kidney’s are nature’s sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it faithfully. It will clean the sluice-way of sand, gravel or slime, and purify the whole system. Druggists sell it, both liquid and dry, and it is equally efficient in either form.—Independent.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford’s new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass. 2tf

Truth is mighty and has prevailed. See its triumph in Hop Bitters.

TWO PAPERS FOR ONE YEAR SIX VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE!

FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! Grand Special Offer



sign on cover—a neat and serviceable book. No. 6.—Pair of Rubber Bracelets. These bracelets are of best black rubber, 3/4 of an inch wide, and finely finished. For those who cannot afford to pay \$50 for a pair of gold bracelets there is nothing so desirable as rubber. Remember, we send packed in a box, all the above named premiums to every one who sends one dollar for a year’s subscription to THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH and COTTAGE AND FARM. We will guarantee that this is the most valuable premium combination ever offered by any publisher in the world. All who have ever dealt with us know that we do not deal in articles of a cheap or worthless character. The regular price of a year’s subscription (four papers) is \$1.50, whereas we now offer a year’s subscription for only \$1.00, and give six magnificent premiums free. We guarantee every one twice the value of money sent, and to all who are not perfectly satisfied, the money will be cheerfully returned. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, or the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long in business, are well-known, and have an established reputation. Now is the time to secure this unparalleled bargain! To any one who will show this advertisement and get up a club of five, we will send an extra subscription, with the premiums, free! Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 3 Park Place, New York.

NEW STYLES
—IN—
Dress Reform Garments.
Bates Waist,
(a perfect substitute for corsets.) \$1.75; made to order, \$2.75. Send for Catalogue.

MISS C. BATES, 129 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

LACE CLEANSING; FEATHER DYEING;
KID GLOVES Cleansed 10c, Dyed 25c.
PRICE 1ST FREE.

LEWANDO’S FRENCH DYE HOUSE,
17 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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Everywhere, either male or female, to solicit orders for portraits painted from all kinds of small pictures. Old established and reliable house. Liberal inducements offered and constant employment given. Exclusive territory. For full particulars enclose 3c stamp and address

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25, 27, 29 and 31 East 3d St.,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

BIDWELL, MANCHESTER,
and other leading varieties of Strawberry Plants. New catalogue free. JOSEPH D. FITTS, Providence, R. I.

20 Choice Greenhouse Plants
for \$1. Your Choice.

12 packets vegetable seeds, 50 cts., or 12 packets flower seeds, 25 cts. Send for catalogue, F. E. FASSETT & BRO., Florists and Seedsmen, Ashabula, Ohio.

FRESH, choice Flower Seeds, 6 pkts. for 10c. In silver. Address FRANCES BELDEN, Box 126, West Branch, Ogemaw Co., Mich.

EGGS From all the leading varieties of pure bred Poultry. Send for Illustrated Circular.
T. SMITH, P. M.,
Fresh Pond, N. Y.

WORK. We are now prepared to start persons of either sex in a good business, legitimate and honorable, and entirely free from anything of a humbug or catch-penny nature.

You can earn from 50c. to \$2 per hour. Any person sending us a silver dime or four 3-cent stamps will receive 10 samples which will do to commence work on. Don’t fail to write at once and address plainly,
H. G. FAY & CO., Burlington, Vermont.

LADIES ONLY think, we will send 1 dozen Elegant Fringed Table Napkins; 1 Autograph Album; 100 Album Vases; 5 Papers Assorted Needles; 1 Specie Purse, and large illustrated Family Story Paper 3 months, post paid, to any one who will cut this out and return to us with 44 cents: this appears but once. MISCELLANY PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address
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SIMPLY AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

THAT WE OFFER
\$60.00 IN CASH PRIZES
for the three largest Boss Water Melons grown from our seed



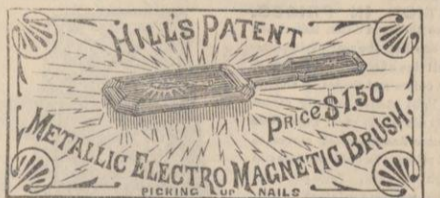
This new melon combines all the good qualities. The flesh is of a deep scarlet, rich in sugar, and is always crystalline and melting. It is among the earliest, heaviest, and the most productive. Per package, 25 cents, 5 packages for \$1.00.

We also offer **\$400.00 IN CASH PRIZES** for the finest vegetables grown from our seeds, among which is **\$75.00 for the best 5 heads Cabbage,** **\$50.00 for the best 3 Squashes,** and **\$75.00 for the best 3 Peppers.**

We offer **\$100.00 in Cash** for the four largest Club orders for our Seeds and Plants. We send safely by mail, prepaid, labeled, 12 Roses for \$1, 12 Geraniums for \$1, 12 Carnations for \$1, 12 Fuchsias for \$1, and 12 assorted Plants from above \$1. Liberal premiums to persons ordering. Handsome illustrated Floral Catalogue of Plants and Seeds, 50 pages, free. **Innisfallen Greenhouses, Springfield, Ohio.**

BALL’S HEALTH PRESERVING CORSET.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. By a novel arrangement of fine coiled wire springs, which yield readily to every movement of the wearer, the most PERFECT FITTING and comfortable corset ever made is secured. Is Approved by the Best Physicians. For sale by all leading dealers. Lady Agents wanted. PRICE BY MAIL, \$1.50. Manufactured only by
OR CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.
And
FOY, HARMON & CO., New Haven, Ct.



When we say that the free use of this brush will prevent the hair from falling out and encourage the natural growth and color, and remove DANDRUFF, and POSITIVELY CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE, NEURALGIA and RHEUMATISM, we say just what we are receiving positive proof of every day, and NOT A FAILURE, and we feel anxious that all suffering from these troubles should have the benefit of them, as every brush sells more. The cure of a single brush has been the cause of selling nearly 300 at retail, and the sales are still going on. We make two styles. One like the cut at the head, at \$1.50; the other without handle and smaller, designed for the pocket or satchel at \$1.00. Both are charged to the same test, and both are used for the hair and flesh—though the smaller one is especially designed for the flesh; is easily used under the clothing; many never retire at night without it. In case of wakefulness the gentle application puts one to sleep before they know it. Dr. Hanaford uses it, and his testimonial may be found in the January and February numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD. Send postal for further testimonials and state the troubles, &c. Securely packed and mailed and postage prepaid on receipt of price, for either or both, by registered letter or Post Office order on Boston. Address
HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

ALYON & HEALY
61 and 63 Monroe St., Chicago
Will send prepaid to any address their
BAND CATALOGUE.
for 1881, 190 pages, 260 Engravings of Instruments, Suits, Caps, Belts, Pumps, Epaullets, Cap Lamps, Stands, Drum Major’s Sticks and Hats, Sundry Band Outfits, Repairing Materials; also includes Instruction and exercises for amateur Bands, and a catalogue of choice Band Music.

THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them that we are anxious that all who are in need of anything of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS OF THESE SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO’ UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.
Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL, Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the Hots’ hold sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL, Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with “Fairbanks,” is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.
Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH

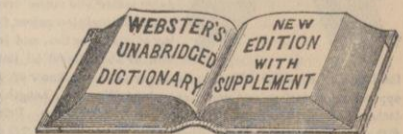
The HOUSEHOLD

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each, and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

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1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings.
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings.
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THE BEST GIFT
For all times,
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BEATTY'S PARLOR ORGANS!

A NEW AND EFFECTIVE ACTION IN A VERY POPULAR CASE.

—5 Octaves, 22 Stops, 6 Sets Reeds,—

As follows: 2 Sets of 2 1/2 Octaves each, regulars. 1 Set powerful 16 ft. tone Sub-Bass. 1 Set of French Horn. 1 Set of Voix Celeste. 1 Set Piccolo. These are all of the celebrated GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, whose pure limpid tone is producing such a revolution among Cabinet Organs.

STOP SPECIFICATIONS.

(1) Diapason Forte, (2) Sub-Bass, (3) Principal Forte, (4) Dulcet, (5) Diapason, (6) Orchestral Forte, (7) Vox Humana, (8) Piccolo, (9) Violina, (10) Vox Jubilante, (11) Vox Argentina, (12) Eolian, (13) Echo, (14) Dulciana, (15) Clarinet, (16) Vox Celeste, (17) Coupler Harmonique, (18) Flute Forte, (19) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (20) French Horn Solo, (21) Right Knee Stop, (22) Grand Organ Knee Swell.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

or Money Refunded and all freight charges paid by me both ways if in any way unsatisfactory after one year's use.

Very truly yours,
DANIEL F. BEATTY.

THIS ORGAN IS ENTIRELY NEW AND NOVEL, and produces charming orchestral effects with great beauty of tone and variety. The Vox Jubilante, Vox Argentina, Piccolo, French Horn and other Solo effects are grand and effective and cannot be duplicated at anywhere near the money asked by any other manufacturer. The case is an extremely popular style and is solid and rich, and very stylish.

My Price, to introduce with **ONLY \$50.00**

Warranted 6 Years, sent on Test Trial, Satisfaction Guaranteed, Money Refunded if unsatisfactory. Thousands now in use. ORDER NOW. Nothing Saved by Correspondence.

REMIT by Money Order, Express Prepaid, Bank Draft, or Registered Letters. Money refunded and all freight charges paid if not as represented. Visitors are always welcome. Free coach with polite attendance meets all trains. Illustrations Catalogue Free.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

FINE IMPORTED LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

We have just purchased 25,000 ladies' and gentlemen's linen handkerchiefs of superior quality, which we now offer at about one-half the usual retail prices. We guarantee every handkerchief to be all pure linen, full size, and of superior quality. Our prices are as follows: Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 13 cents each, 3 for 48 cents, 6 for 84 cents, 1 dozen (assorted borders, if desired), \$1.50. Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, 21 cents each, 3 for 57 cents, 6 for \$1.05, 1 dozen, \$2.00. We also have 15,000 ladies' and gentlemen's all linen Handkerchiefs, coarser quality, at just one-half above prices, viz., Ladies' Handkerchiefs, 9 cents each, or 75 cents per dozen. Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, 11 cents each, or \$1.00 per dozen. In ordering state which quality is desired.

LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

We have just received a large invoice of these handsome goods direct from Paris. The handkerchiefs are hem-stitched, and have beautiful designs on the corners, heavily embroidered in silk, representing leaves of various kinds, wreaths, flowers, and other modest and artistic designs. These handkerchiefs are something entirely new, and we expect to sell thousands of them during the spring and summer months. Price 15 cents each, 3 for 39 cents, 6 for 72 cents, 1 dozen, assorted designs, \$1.20. We send all our handkerchiefs by mail, postpaid. For amounts less than \$1.00 send clean postage stamps of any denomination, as they are the same as cash to us.

Address all orders to
EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., 87 Warren St., New York.

\$1.15 SEEDS FOR 50 CTS.
81 LBS.
CUBAN QUEEN
WATER MELON.

THE CUBAN QUEEN is certainly the Largest and Finest Variety in the world. Flesh, bright red, remarkably solid, luscious, crisp and sugary—far surpassing all others, and on a Melon of enormous size there is barely half an inch rind! The first prize Melon the past dry season weighed 81 Pounds. We offer \$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR 1882 for the three largest Melons grown from our Seed. Do not fail to try it. Pure Seed, 50 Cts. per oz.; 1/4 lb., \$1.50.

OTHER SPECIALTIES FOR 1882.—Burpee's Nettle Gem Musk-Melon, earliest, sweet as honey, and a gem indeed! Burpee's Stretched Cabbage, the very best, all head and always sure to head. Lemon Pod Wax Beans, marvelous for great beauty, fine quality and immense productiveness. Livingston's Perfection Tomato, bright red, smooth as an apple. Giant Koen Onion, grown from our Seed to weigh 1 1/2 lbs. each. Burpee's Long Orange Carrot, finest. Peerless Cucumber, best for table or pickling. Red Top Globe Turnip, very handsome. Philadelphia Butter Lettuce and Bassano Beet. Illustrations and full directions for culture printed on each packet.

A REMARKABLE OFFER! The above 12 of the choicest and New Vegetables are worth \$1.15, but we will send the entire collection, by mail, post-paid, to any address, for ONLY 50 CENTS, or 5 collections for \$2.00. Our Seeds are all Warranted First-Class, unrivalled in quality, and this remarkable offer is made to induce thousands of new customers to give them a fair trial.

THE FINE COLLECTION of Aster, Balsam, Pansy, Verbena, Zinnia, &c.—in all Both Collections, of Flower and Vegetable Seeds—in all 22 packets—will be mailed for 75 Cents.

We will mail all the above and ALSO one packet each of the delicious New Amber Cream Vegetable and Flower Garden for only One Dollar, which at usual retail prices would cost \$2.50! Postage stamps received same as cash. ORDER NOW and ask for Burpee's Farm Annual for 1882, beautifully illustrated and sent free to all.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seedsmen, 219 & 221 Church St., Philadelphia, Pa.

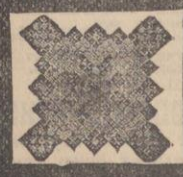
IMPORTED KID GLOVES AND LACE TIES.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES.

We have just purchased one thousand dozen ladies' and misses' kid gloves at less than one half the cost of importation. Our stock embraces a full line of sizes from 5 1/4 to 8, also a complete assortment of colors and shades, including white and black, cream and light shades, usually styled opera. Our lady friends should not fail to avail themselves of this rare opportunity to secure fine imported gloves at about one-half the usual retail prices. In ordering state size and color desired, whether light or dark. Price per pair, 60 cents, or 20 three-cent postage stamps; 3 pair for \$1.50; 6 pair, \$2.75; 1 dozen pair, assorted sizes and colors, if desired, \$5.00 by mail, postpaid. Dealers can readily retail these gloves at from 75 cents to \$1.00 per pair.

NOTTINGHAM LACE TIES.

We have just secured (at a great sacrifice to the manufacturers) an entire consignment, consisting of two thousand dozen ladies' and misses' cream lace ties, which we now offer at astonishingly low prices. Our illustration is a photo-engraving of one of the ties, and is therefore an exact representation of these beautiful imported goods. They are very fashionable for spring and summer wear, and we know of nothing else in ladies' wearing apparel so attractive and pretty at such a trifling cost. Length of ladies' ties 46 inches, width 6 inches. Length of misses' ties 39 inches, width 4 inches. Price of ladies' ties, 24 cents; 3 for 60 cents; 1 dozen, \$2.00. Misses' ties, 12 cents; 3 for 30 cents; 1 dozen, \$1.00 by mail, postpaid. Postage stamps accepted the same as cash. For 10 cents extra, we will send goods by registered mail. Address all orders to

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ONLY, FOR 75 BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

A very beautiful collection of designs for Borders, Corners, and Centres in Needlework, etc., on Java Canvas, Holbein Work, Worsted Work, Burlap Work, etc. These designs are new and remarkably pretty. Every lady should have them. No. 1 contains nearly 95 Designs for Worsted Work, Canvas Work, Crochet Work, etc. No. 2 contains nearly 95 Designs for Holbein Work, Honeycomb Canvas, etc. No. 3 contains Designs for Burlap Work, Mats, Small Carpets, etc. Send 15 cents for the three books. Send also for our catalogue of 1,500 useful articles and Christmas gifts.

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Near Beattystown, New Jersey.

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I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE A PERFECT CURE for all the worst forms of PILES, 2 to 4 in all the worst cases of LEPROUSY, SCROFULA, PSORIASIS, CANCER, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD. \$1 a bottle. Sold everywhere. Send for 32-page pamphlets free, showing its wonderful cures. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, 14 Central Wharf, Boston, Mass. Sent by Express.

70 CARDS with name on, 10c. All entirely new styles. Beautiful designs, Horse Shoes, Hands Holding Flowers, Birds, Mottoes, Sea Views, etc. For an order for 12 packs (12 names) and 6c. extra to pay postage, we will send free 6 extra Silver Plate Tea Spoons. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents' samples 6c. CARD WORKS Birmingham, Et.

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In order to circulate our paper through hundreds of thousands of homes all over this land, we offer as a free gift, with three months of The Ladies' Floral Cabinet, a paper which a lady is worth double the money—a paper that no lady should be without as it gives information that ladies find it difficult to get elsewhere, and that every lady should have. Information about beauty, pleasure, recreation, and everything pertaining to bodily and mental welfare. A large 16 page journal, beautifully illustrated. Mention where you see this, if not as represented, we will refund the money.

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70 ELEGANT CARDS. [Extra fine Stock] Gilt-Ivory Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses. Agents make 40 per cent. Best of 80 Styles for 1882. 25c. or free with \$1.00 order. CAXTON PRINTING Co. Northford Ct.

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This is a true bone superphosphate, and may be used on any crop, in the hill or drill or broadcast, either with or without manure, and will produce a much earlier and larger crop. In the Report of the Mass. Inspector of Fertilizers, its valuation is from \$3 to \$10 per ton higher than other Phosphates which sell at the same price. The past year over 3000 tons were sold against 100 tons three years ago, showing that it is liked by the farmers. If there is no local agent near you, send to us.

Also for sale STOCKBRIDGE MANURES. BOWKER FERTILIZER CO. BOSTON & NEW YORK

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Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains five colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for sowing 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

READER! If you love Rare Flowers, choice-ERS, Keene, N. H. I will astonish and please. FREE.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

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5 SLENDID VARIETIES, all labeled, your CHOICE \$1. 12 for \$2., 19 for \$3., 25 " 4., 35 " 5., 75 " 10., 100 " 15. Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail post-paid to all points.

WE GIVE AWAY In Premiums and EXTRAS more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Over 50 Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 100 pages, elegantly illustrated, sent FREE.

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A Sure relief for Asthma. KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 35 cts. by mail, STOWELL & CO. Charleston, Mass.

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LOW PRICES: LONG TIME: REBATE FOR IMPROVEMENT: REDUCED FARE AND FREIGHT TO SETTLERS.

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AND NUMBERS, in which the newly-discovered "Ballman Luminous Paint" is used as the background of the stenciled letters, giving out in the darkness the light which has been absorbed during the day, resulting in a clear and brilliant name, seen as well at night as by day. A DOOR PLATE; or the number of your house or store, all complete, ready to be applied, sent post free for one dollar each; that is, either name or number. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Sole Proprietors, AMERICAN BUREAU OF AGENCIES, 5 Pemberton Sq., Boston. A. B. KEITH, Manager.

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

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FLORIDA MOSS.—Sample package, 10c.; 1 lb. package, 35c. by mail, post-paid. Larger packages by Ex. or F.T., very cheap. Address C. H. WARD, Orange Park, Florida.

FANCY CARDS—2 sets (10 cards) and catalogue new styles, 6c.; 5 sets, 15c. G. P. Brown, Beverly, Mass.

\$5 a day easily made with my splendid outfit of picture frames. M. B. WARDWELL, Auburn, Maine.

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Wild Cherry and Sarsaparilla
TROCHES!

THE MAGICAL REMEDY

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,
and All Throat and Bronchial Affec-
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Seventy Clergymen During the Last
Two Months as Superior to Any Other
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Read the Following Names of Mass. and N.
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Rev. John Duncan, D. D., pastor Baptist church, Mans-
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Member Massachusetts House
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Afflicted for More Than Ten Years With
"Throat Trouble," and Dr. Warren's
Troches are the Only Ones that
ever Benefited Him.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
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I have been afflicted for more than ten years with
"throat trouble." Have used many kinds of Troches,
but have found none so good as yours. Indeed, they are
the only thing of the kind that has benefited me. Please
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REV. J. SCOTT,
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To the American Medicine Co., Manchester, N. H.

Price 25c. a box, or four boxes for \$1.00. Sent
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HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat,"
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Most Popular, Most Durable,
Simple, Strong, Swift, and Sure.
All its wearing parts are made of steel, carefully
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automatic tension. It has the easiest thread-
ed shuttle. It has a self-setting needle. It has
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MORE POINTS OF EXCELLENCE than all other ma-
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GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time
offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary
curative virtues have been handed down from generation
to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have
been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for
making it was obtained in the last century from the In-
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cians, and used by him during his life with wonderful
success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we
now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and
curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and
Stings, Chilblains, Chapped
Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully
appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally
beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no
harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put
up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of
the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cents.
Liberal discount to the trade.

THOMPSON & CO.,
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We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this
Ointment. It has been used in our family for several
years and always with the most satisfactory results.
No Household.

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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
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strings for all instruments a specialty. C. J. DORN, 592
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THE GREAT CURE

FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS,
LIVER AND BOWELS,
It cleanses the system of the acid poison
that causes the dreadful suffering which
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THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease
have been quickly relieved, in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.

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Can be sent by mail. Burlington, Vt.

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Woman can Sympathize with Woman.
Gives for Health
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Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses
so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Com-
plaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulcera-
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Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in
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cerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes fatness, flatulency, destroys all craving
for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration,
General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indi-
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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight
and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in
harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this
Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COM-
POUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue,
Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail
in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on
receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham
freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pam-
phlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness,
and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.

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10 CENTS
FOR ANY COLOR.
The Simplest, Cheapest,
Strongest and most brilliant
Dyes ever made. One 10 cent
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goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular
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Skill and fidelity in manufacture,
Tasteful and excellent improvements.
Elegant variety of designs,
Yielding unrivaled tones.

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50 all New Style Chromo Cards
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Sample Book 25c. NEWTON & CO., Northford, Ct.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly
outfit free. Address THE S. Co., Augusta, Maine.

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We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to
those who are disposed to aid in extending the circula-
tion of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of
each article, we have given its cash price and the num-
ber of subscribers for one year each, required to obtain
it free:

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationary,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's,)	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	80	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1 10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 50	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,)	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,)	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection,)	5 00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5 50	12
47	Syrup Cup,	6 00	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,)	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
59	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
71	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
72	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
73	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,)	12 00	24
74	Cash,	6 25	25
75	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
76	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
77	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
78	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14 00	30
79	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
80	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
81	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
82	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
83	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
84	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	60 00	60
85	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
86	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
87	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50 00	100
88	Sewing Machine, (Weed,)	100 00	100
89	Cash,	35 00	100
90	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
91	Cottage Organ, (Estey,)	150 00	150
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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only ($\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. and lb.), labeled.

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THE BEST OFFER FOR RELIABLE SEEDS EVER MADE. New Hardy Perpetual blooming, Double White Chrysanthemum. The most beautiful new plant introduced for years. Verbenas named, 50c. per doz. Roses and Bedding Plants. Catalogues from D. C. McGRATH, Riverside Gardens, Binghamton, N. Y.

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Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases that it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system: there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for \$1, or six boxes for \$2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the

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All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package. CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton St., New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

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The price has been made very low. Sent postpaid for 20 cts. each; 3 for 50 cts.; 7 Albums, (all different,) for \$1.00. Address,

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FLAVORING EXTRACTS**
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are preferable to all others.
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300 Different Varieties.
Buy the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.



2-Ton Wagon Scales (Platform 6x12) - - - \$40
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Sold by dealers everywhere. Send for price-list.



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From an experiment in 1877 this branch of our business has grown to be a decided success, we having sent out in 1881 over 10,000 different Club Orders, going to nearly every State in the Union. We carry the largest Stock of any Tea Store in Boston, import the most of our Premium Tea and Dinner Sets, and pay Cash for everything, and have abundant Capital to do with. We have a large list of Premiums for from \$5 to \$60 orders, including Silver-Plated Ware, Gold-Band Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Majolica Ware, Japanese Goods, &c. fully described in our Price and Premium List. Send us Postal for one.

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THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR.



WHAT ABOUT IT.

1. It contains no acid or alkali.
2. It does not color the buttermilk.
3. It cannot be rinsed away by washing the butter with water.
4. It is a natural straw color.
5. It will not give butter a reddish shade.
6. Only the butter globules take up the color, so that none is wasted.
7. The color is permanent; 6 months keeping does not change the butter.
8. The color given by it is exactly like June butter.
9. It is purely Vegetable.
10. It is neat, tidy and wholesome.
11. It is a liquid.
12. It can be taken internally in any quantity with impunity.
13. If you can find any FAULT with it please tell us what it is.
14. A 25c. bottle will color 500 lbs. of winter butter.
15. A 50c. bottle will color 1250 lbs. of winter butter.
16. A 1 Gal. Can will color 12,500 lbs. winter butter.

At the Racket Valley and St. Regis Valley Agricultural Society Fair, held in Potsdam, N. Y., in 1880, there were on exhibition for First Premium over 80 tubs of butter. The three tubs that took the \$15 Sweepstakes First Premium, and the three tubs that took both the \$10 Dairy First Premium and \$16 Plow, were every one of them brought to their beautiful shade with THATCHER'S ORANGE BUTTER COLOR.

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