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June.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 20.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1887.

No. 7.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

JULY.

The sun hangs calm at summer's poise;
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,
At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heart strings silently in tune.

The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,
And the full leafage of the year
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush!

The clouds that fleck the warm, blue deep,
Like shoals of tinted fishes float;
From breathless groves the birds asleep
Send now and then a dreaming note.

—Lucy Larcom.

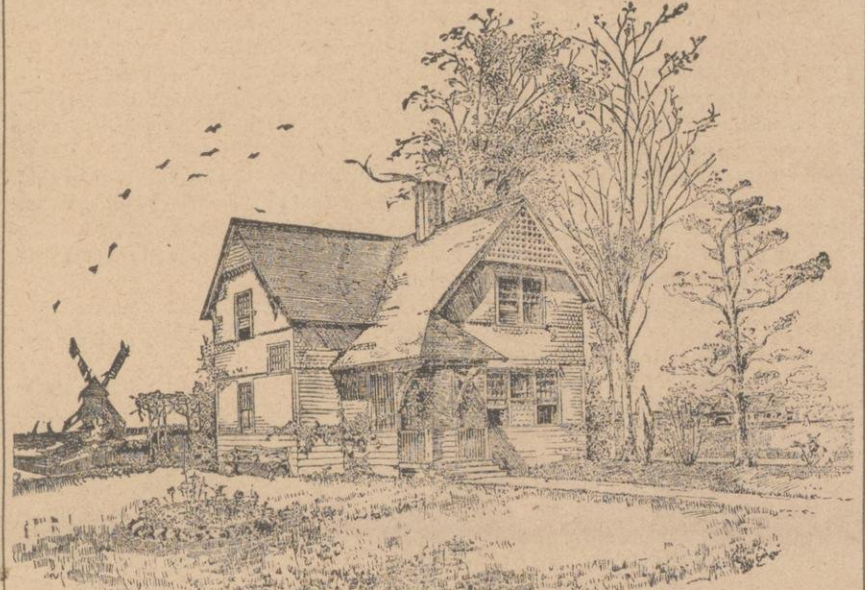
SOMETHING ABOUT DRAINAGE.

ONE great desideratum in all drainage is the outlet. Be sure and have a good outlet first. Most all writers on drainage advocate the system of a main drain and laterals coming in on both sides; this is a good system and drains the land perfectly, but the system that I have always thought practical, is to have as few laterals as possible, but have all your drains as far as practicable run straight to the outlet or near the outlet, and have a very large tile for a few rods at the outlet. By this system a larger amount of water can be taken off in a shorter time at a less expense; while the water would be running across the field in the laterals to the main drain, by this system it would be at the outlet, as the distance would be little further, and the fall by this system would be enough greater to make up for the distance in the drains. By this system it is certainly the cheapest, as you dispense with a long string of large tile, but a great deal depends on the lay of the land. If the land is rolling in some cases only the lateral system can be used. But always keep in your mind the one idea of getting the water off as quickly as possible, at the least expense.

It is now admitted by all that tile-drainage is the best paying investment that a farmer can have; therefore, do not slight your work to save a little money. Tile drains, if perfectly made, will not only last a few hundred years, but will last for all time to come. Round tile is the best, and about the only kind used at present. It is economy to make your tile drains just as they should be in the first place, and save the expense of making them over. It makes no difference at which end you begin to lay your tile. I have laid them both ways, but I consider it the best to commence at the outlet and lay

the tile as fast as the ditch is dug, covering the tile a few inches with clay from near the bottom of the ditch, keeping the upper end covered as you leave it. Any debris that may be washed in the tile, will surely be washed out if you have graded your drain properly, and this is one of the

most important points in making drains, to have a perfect grade. It is a very good way to have your drains leveled by an engineer, but I would never lay tile in a drain until it was leveled by water. I consider water the best leveler that can be had in a tile drain. It is very often

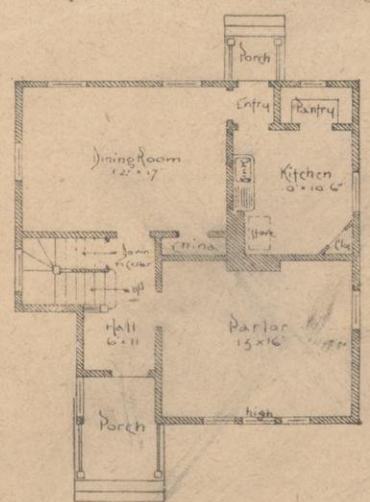


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

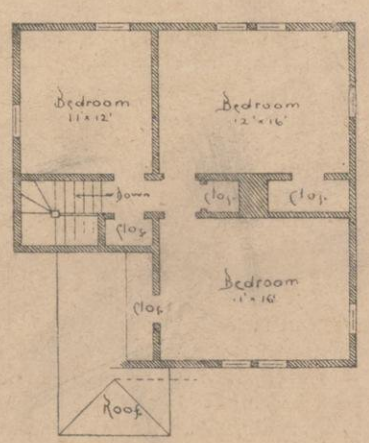
the case that you have a large stone to take out of the bottom of the drain. In this case never fill the hole with clay, but with stone and pebbles, and pound them in, and your tile will not sink.

Persons that have not drained any, and are not posted themselves on drainage,

are almost sure to commence wrong. In commencing they think that they will only drain their wet lands, but after draining the swales, it has paid so well, they will drain the high lands if they need it, there is plenty of land that needs no draining,) but if your land is clay, it cer-



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

tainly needs draining, and it will pay to do it, therefore, it is best to take this into consideration when you commence to drain.

The depth of drains should run from four to six feet. You have the use of your land as deep as you drain, and no deeper; if you drain it twenty inches deep, your crop roots will go no deeper; if the drains are six feet deep, your crop roots will go that deep, for the reason that tile drains do nearly as much good of a dry as they do of a wet season. If land is drained deep, the surplus water runs off, and the land becomes more po-

rous, and the air and frosts get deep down, and seem to raise the land up and make it porous, so the plants can send their rootlets down deep, and suck up sufficient moisture during a severe drouth. In regard to the distance that drains should be apart, that depends upon the depth of your drains and the nature of your lands.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHECK REIN.

We are glad to note that this article of torture is becoming less. As a rule, a horse should never wear a check rein nor

blinds, or blinkers, as they are sometimes called. Once in a while a horse will do better by having the head held in place by a check rein. If it is a puller and nothing else will do, let it pull against the check. If it will keep throwing its head and jerking the reins, then put on a check. For the horse free from these defects, we prefer to have the head unincumbered and let it be carried naturally. The horse will not tire so quickly, and the convenience at watering-troughs is a great deal. A horse looks just as well with its head in a natural position if we only think so. And when we know it is far more comfortable, we should think so. A horse with its head free can draw a load more easily and increase the leverage by lowering its head. A tight check will almost bring on paralysis in the neck, and it must be exceedingly painful to keep the muscles and cords strained to one tension all of the time. It is cruel. If people are fools enough to torture themselves at the caprice of fashions, for the sake of humanity, don't torture the animals put in your care. It is not any the less a sin because a dumb beast is the victim. Cruelty is cruelty anywhere.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Size of structure: 28 ft., 6 in., extreme width. Side, 28 ft., 6 in.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 ft., 6 in.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft.

Materials: Foundation, brick; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles, gables, shingles and panels; roof, shingles.

Cost: \$1,150 to \$1,300 complete.

Special features: Parlor and dining room are of good size. As the dining room in a small house is generally used as a sitting or living room, it is important that it be made not too small.

Three good bed rooms on the second floor.

Cellar under the rear portion of house.

The parlor is thoroughly separated from the other parts of the house and can be easily kept very exclusive for the reception of callers and guests.

Properly painted (which the specifications minutely describe) this house presents a very attractive appearance.

It is unwise to attempt to build this house, or, indeed, any modern house, without the working plans and specifications. Without them the workmen are very apt, in fact almost certain, to make changes of details that will take away from the unity and beauty of the design. Besides they guard against mistakes and facilitate the progress of the work. For this design the working plans, specifications, estimate and color sheet are furnished by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, Architects, 63 Broadway, New York, for \$20. This entitles the owner to full and constant consultation during the progress of the work.

—Trees grafted last year will need attention. All suckers should be removed.

The Drawing Room.

"GONE TO SEED."

I WAS calling on my friend, Mrs. Renfrew, where I found an old acquaintance, Mrs. Bennett, from California. As is usually the custom with friends, meeting for the first time after many years of separation, they were recalling the events of their youthful lives, and the situations and fortunes of their schoolmates.

"There is one," said Mrs. Bennett, "whom you have not mentioned. Mary Lemington. I remember her as a very bright, promising girl. I had some delightful letters from her when I first went west, but they came at long intervals and finally ceased altogether. From her rank as a scholar, and her deep interest in all ethical, literary, and scientific subjects, I expected to find her an active force in her family and in society."

"I fear that she 'has gone to seed,'" answered Mrs. Renfrew with a sigh.

"What can you mean? I do not understand."

"I mean that she is like our choicest plants, the sweet pea and pansy, when you allow them to 'go to seed.' They then bear smaller and inferior flowers, and finally cease to grow. Engrossed by family cares, and still more by fashionable society, Mary Lemington, now Mrs. Wood, has given up the special studies in which she used to take such a deep interest, and has lost all enthusiasm in the living questions of the day."

As I listened to this conversation, I thought of my beautiful perennial nasturtiums which have been growing and blossoming for two years, kept thus strong and healthy by not allowing them to "go to seed." Then I was reminded of my former friends, and particularly of my schoolmates, and found sad proof in many instances of the truth of the comparison, "They have gone to seed." I found, also, many noble exceptions, middle aged, and even those termed "old women," as if the mind could grow old if not allowed "to go to seed."

These exceptional women continue to grow and expand like our majestic shade and orchard trees. With them there is no neglect of "good housekeeping," or of any family duties. Ever watchful in the training of their children, loving and tender as wives, and loyal to their friends, they yet find time to read, think and write. At all gatherings for social enjoyment they are, as a recent writer has said all women should be, "Aspasia without Aspasia's reproach."

It has been too much the fashion to think that after school days, marriage, or the advent of middle age the time for improvement was *passed*. In these days of recognition of woman, as a being equally responsible with man for the cultivation of every attribute of her being, never should she allow it to be said of her, "she has gone to seed."

Does the man of business, the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, or the artist give up his special work at middle age, or when he takes upon himself the care and responsibility of a wife and family? Certainly not, neither should a woman. So much more for her own and the sake of those who look to her for guidance and direction does she need to keep spiritually and intellectually awake, to allow no faculty "to go to seed."

Side by side with her husband, her children, and those friends who are with her in the same path, should she advance, ever happy in the thought that new avenues of truth will open before her, that "those who seek will always find, to those who knock the door will be opened."

Never should she allow her interest in whatever concerns humanity to flag. Ever ought she to weave with the threads of domestic duties those which reach out beyond and above, that, when the web of her life is completed, the beautiful and strong fabric of her spiritual being shall contain no imperfection in all its texture.

R. F. BAXTER.

THE Gobelins.

The art of tapestry came to us from the east, and dates from the oldest times. In Pergamus, Tyre, Sidon, and Babylon they made tapestries embroidered with gold and silver threads. Pergamus in Italy was especially renowned for this industry, and its works were in great demand. This art began to be known in France at the time of the Crusades, but in the middle ages tapestries were used only in churches and kings' palaces. A few wealthy lords decorated their castles with them, but their high price prevented the custom from becoming general, and ladies with their maids commenced to make those beautiful and elaborate works which we still admire, wondering at the taste and patience they display, for they are indeed historical and biblical pictures of no mean merit. We have a very celebrated one left, dating from the eleventh century, known as the Tapestry of Bayeux, and representing the conquest of England by the Normans. It is said to be the work of Queen Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. Several specimens of a coarser work, belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, can be seen in the Louvre and in many churches, especially in the south of France.

No document gives us the history of tapestry in France, from the time it was imported there, until it obtained a royal protection, and the manufacture of the Gobelins was founded in Paris by the great Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., in 1667. The name of Gobelins is that of some dyers who lived in the time of Francis the First, and had their establishment where the manufacture stands now. Later, a Flemish artisan came and began the fabrication of tapestry there. So, when Colbert, having restored the royal residences of the Louvre and Tuileries, wished to furnish them with worthy magnificence, he called the best artists of every kind he could find, and desiring to have them all in the same building, he decided the king to buy the old Gobelins' place, to which Louis XIV. gave the name of "Royal Manufacture of Furniture for the Crown," and Lebrun, the first painter to the king, was placed at the head of it.

The manufacture has, from its creation, reproduced in tapestry all the paintings of the most celebrated contemporary artists. Now they copy pictures from the Louvre and Luxembourg museums. The works of the Gobelins have reached almost perfection. It is, so to say, a new style of painting, and nearly all the men there are true artists. There are one hundred and thirty workmen, one hundred of whom live in the factory buildings; the others receive a certain sum for the rent of their lodgings. The government pays all the employees of the manufactory by the year, and two silver medals are given yearly to the artist-workmen who have shown the most talent and zeal.

There are connected with the Gobelins a primary school, and schools for drawing, upholstery and tapestry. Apprentices for the works are chosen out of the pupils of these schools, who are examined every other month, medals being distributed at the end of the year. The school for tapestry is in one of the work-rooms of the manufactory, the professor being one of the artist-workmen. The

pupils learn there all the branches of the art, from the matching of colors and shades and imitation of ornaments and flowers to the reproduction of historical paintings. An artist can make yearly, on an average, one square metre of tapestry (a little over a yard.) The price of a metre of Gobelins tapestry is valued at 3000f (\$600.)

The dyeing processes of the Gobelins are not less renowned than its works; and the director of the dyeing works is now M. Chevreul, the celebrated chemist. Every year on the 15th of October, M. Chevreul gives a public lecture on "Chemistry Applied to the Art of Dyeing." One has only to visit the store-rooms of the Gobelins and see the beauty and gradation of shades in the tapestries and carpets to appreciate the skill of the dyers.

The products of the Gobelins used to be exhibited at the Louvre every other year; but finding that it takes five or six years, and often more, to make a large-size tapestry, these exhibitions have been stopped. When a piece is finished, it is placed in the exhibition hall of the factory. There can be seen copies of the most celebrated paintings, rendering with the greatest fidelity the beauties of the original.

The works of the Gobelins are not sold, they are used in the palaces and chateaux belonging to the state, or given in presents by the chief of the government.—M. M.

HANGING PICTURES PROPERLY.

No picture ought to be hung higher than the height of the average human eye when the owner of the eye is standing. It is the most universal rule in our houses to hang pictures much above this level, and they cannot be enjoyed there. If the picture is a portrait or it has human faces in it, its eyes should look as nearly into ours as possible; and if there be no such simple guide perhaps a good rule will be to have the line that divides the picture horizontally into equal parts level with the eye. If one starts to hang pictures with the determination to place them so that they can be easily seen and enjoyed without stretching the neck in the least, or stooping the body, he will be pretty sure to do well.

In remote farm houses and country taverns we often see pictures, particularly portraits, skyed as high as if their owners had been academy hangers, and the painters young rivals of a new school. I suppose that the reason is that the owners think a picture such a precious thing it cannot be hung too securely out of the reach of meddling hands. They are often not clear in their minds as to what the picture is meant for, and not finding it in any particular relation to human life or society they treat it with reverence and put it where it will disturb them as little as possible. But as people come to enjoy pictures and to get some intellectual, spiritual nourishment out of them, they want them as they want their books, where they can see them and use them.—Exchange.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

Seated at a country fireside, the other day, I saw a fire kindle, blaze and go out; and I gathered up from the hearth enough for many reflections. Our mortal life is just like the fire on that hearth. We put on fresh fagots, and the flame bursts through and up and out, gay of sparkle, gay of flash, gay of crackle—emblems of boyhood. Then the fire reddens into coals. The heat is fiercer, and the more it is stirred the more it reddens. With sweep of flame it clears its way till all the hearth glows with the intensity—emblems

of full manhood. Then comes a whiteness in the coals. The heat lessens. The flickering shadows have died along the walls. The fagots drop apart. The household hover over the expiring embers. The last breath of smoke has been lost in the chimney. Fire is out. Shovel up the white remains. Ashes!

The Conservatory.

JULY.

"Seedtime and harvest, * * * summer and winter shall not cease."

Thou art, methinks the queen of summer days,
O fair July!
In thy sun's fervid rays
All nature moves and grows
In rhythmic harmony.

The songsters of the wood
Already teach their tender young to fly;
There is no solitude,
For all the air with insect life is rife,
And heavy with perfume
From lavish bloom
Of thousand flowers whene'er the breeze goes by.

The rapid pulse coursing July's firm hand
Thrills through the quickened land;
Wide-chested fields
Wear bristling breastplates of the bearded grain—
"Fat kidneys of the wheat,"
In copious yields;
"The valleys stand so thick with corn,
They laugh and sing;"
While morn by morn,
We cult at will, and bring
The varied fruit of garden, field and plain,
For present joy and future comfort meet.

Yet wear thine honors humbly, O July,
Month of delight!
Since others share them also, as I write—
The sower first, then skies which need must weep;
And shining sun, bringing the seeds to life and health—
All these, ere thou couldst "reap
In joy" and wealth! —Churchman.

A TALK ABOUT ROSES.

IN THE May number, R. B. W. inquires if some of your readers who are successful in growing roses will tell us just how they manage in order to have healthy, free-blooming plants. Having had two hundred and fifty plants of all sorts, choice teas, etc., and had abundance of blooms, I think some of my experience may possibly induce others to try my ways. I am sure I wish them success. My plants are thrifty, thick trees, sometimes sixteen to eighteen shoots as thick as a man's thumb in stem.

First lay out your beds for roses only. My patch was about twenty feet wide, by perhaps twenty-five or thirty long. This I had divided into first a narrow bed all around the three or fence sides, the fourth side making the main garden walk. Then the beds were divided into two large circles, and the corners thus thrown off cut into large triangular beds by intersecting cross walks, which gave me two large circular, four large and four small triangular beds. The circles I reserved for tea or tender, the larger for hardy or hybrid perpetuals.

Now have the beds heavily manured. Let them be dug three or four feet deep, regular holes. Dump into these holes manure (horse stable I find the best), then cover with six to eight inches of soil, or even a foot of earth on top of that is not too much, level, and into this you set the young plants, after having allowed them to stand in water two or three hours, or even over night if they are droopy when received.

I always prefer the teas alone and the hardy roses alone, because after two years the latter need little or no winter protection here, latitude of Philadelphia. In Vermont I should always protect roses.

They want plenty of food and abundance of water is agreeable to them. They thrive in a rainy summer wonderfully. After the young plants are set out, and in planting do not fail to firm the soil well around the little rootlets with your hand

or foot, water well. Every week, or as soon as they begin to show the ground needs stirring, fork around, not enough to disturb the roots, but to stimulate growth. They ought to make a good start the first year, and of hardy plants pinch off all the buds the first summer.

When fall comes—wait until the cold weather has set in—have the ground firmed around the roots, if possible a couple of shovels full of manure to each bush, and lay brush over the plants on the side from which your storms come. Protection from frost is not so much what we need here, as the frost alternating with warm sunny days, when a partial thaw sets in.

Early in spring I watch for the slugs, which I pepper with hellebore powder from a pepper duster, and, taken in time, slugs need not trouble. The rose bugs are only to be caught, there is no other way of managing them.

In spring, when the weather becomes somewhat settled, I gradually uncover. On a cloudy day is best. Dig up around the roots. Tie the stems, after having cut them back to the height I prefer them, about three feet, to a stake, frequently stirring the soil around the roots. The teas I treat the same way, only they will need less pruning, and you may lose them, unless you box up the bed, and put a sash on top, though I have kept some of the hardier kinds, like Louis Philippe, Safrano, Hermosa—they belong to a class not strictly teas, like the Bengal and Bourbon varieties—still they are not quite hardy here, and are safer, protected.

What roses must have is abundance of food. The experience of all here has been thin, little, spindling plants, unless well nourished. My plan was adopted at the suggestion of an elderly friend, who for years had been most successful in raising the handsomest and most vigorous trees, with shoots, as mine often are, six or eight or more feet high in one season. I cut as many as ten to twelve very large bouquets a day for nearly two weeks in June. I have now about seventy plants left. Through lack of care last winter I lost some. If you will write to me, I will give you a list of some I have found desirable, or if you wish further information I shall be happy to furnish it. This will be too long for publication, I know, but it is hard to cut short when so much can be said.

Should you wish climbers, they must not be pruned so closely, as they bloom on the old wood. The others bloom on the new shoots, and do not be afraid to prune or cut off the roses as fast as they flower into half open buds. They will bloom more freely the more you cut them.

MRS. L. E. B. CLAUDE.

Bethlehem, Northampton Co., Pa.

MY ROCKERY.

My garden flowers are beautiful, and I enjoy their loveliness most thoroughly; but I cannot forget that, day by day, in the shelter of yonder woods, "beautiful children of the glen and dell" are wasting their sweetness unseen—cared for only by nature's hand, visited only by bee and bird. It is not to be expected that I can leave my household cares whenever the inclination prompts, and so, as "the mountain would not come to Mahomet," etc.—that is to say, I brought the woods to my own door.

Three years ago I chartered a wagon, and superintended the loading thereupon or some green-mossed stones, which had certainly refrained from rolling, judging by their coats. These I piled to suit myself, in the northern angle formed by the projection of the steps leading to our west piazza. Between and among the stones I set all the ferns or brakes that I

thought would flourish, their delicate roots well covered with moss, which, to retain the moisture more perfectly was underlaid with broken crockery. These give abundance of leafage the year round. Was it not Thoreau who said "Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line?" I put plenty of flowers with my ferns, a few bits of old wood for the lichens which they nourished in their decay, a bird's nest or two, and some pine and hemlock cones. I watered them frequently during the first summer they were planted out, but less often since the plants have grown accustomed to their new home.

It has been a complete success. The famous Babylonian queen could not have been more intensely pleased with her hanging gardens than I with my "stone heap," as Mr. H. unpoetically terms it. Let me show you its beauty to-day. Those tall ferns in the rear are the sensitive and cinnamon ferns. Next the lattice work is the delicate maidenhair, and two of the *Polypodium* family lurk in their shade. Here are my Indian turnips, which never fail to unroll their striped spathes in the spring, or to bear bright clusters of berries in the autumn; the spring beauties, adder's tongues and liverwort, faded long ago; for the first warm breath of spring sets them to budding and blooming; the latter improve in size and color each year.

The squirrel corn, or *dielytra*, makes itself very much at home, and blossoms freely; so does the bellwort, or *Uvularia*, and the *medeola*, an elegant little plant but little known. Here's my Solomon's seal, the tall variety, and its little sister, the *bifolia*—my mitrewort and the bishop's cap, which is very beautiful with its delicate white flowers, and my violets, white and yellow and blue. This rattlesnake fern is one of my pets, and these lycopodiums that creep over and through the mosses, with the partridge berry vines. Later on, these pyrola and pipissewa plants will bloom, and my ladies' slippers—for I have actually wheedled one of the shy beauties into a permanent residence with the rest of my happy family. I have the wild columbine, you see, and as for mosses, you cannot count their number.

It didn't take much time or trouble to make my rockery, and it's an unfailing source of pleasure to us all, from the time that the first bud peeps out of its downy cradle, till the broad fern fronds bend under the winter's snow.—*Exchange*.

MY WILD GARDEN: ITS BULBS.

You would not think one could find enough native bulbs to stock a garden, but every year I find some new ones, and have high hopes for future researches. The first thing that opens in my wild garden is the iris. Our mountain sides are covered with it in the spring, and I got my first root when a little girl, on a trout-fishing expedition. The flower stalks on the mountain side are seldom more than seven or eight inches high, but mine are much taller, and the purple flowers very much larger.

Erythronium Americanum opens next. It has been nicknamed "dog tooth violet," and is one of my prime favorites. I departed from my usual rule, and planted the bulbs in a large jar, which was sunk in the earth and filled with a rich soil of creek loam, leaf mold and fertilizer from the barn. The flowers are much larger than those I found growing under a great beech, by a little brook, two years ago. The leaves are a very handsome, rich, dark green, mottled curiously with dark brown and white, and the flower is a clear lemon yellow tint, with recurved petals about two inches long and dark brown stamens.

Besides white and yellow water lilies, I have two others that are natives, one a delicate little white beauty that I call the "fairy lily," the other larger, blooming in early spring and sending up a leafless flower stalk. It is also white in color. My wake robins and cypripediums also come on early—colors, pink, white, pale yellow and rich purple.

Oxalis violacea, or violet wood sorrel, is quite as pretty as its haughty greenhouse kinsfolk, and mine resembles very much a variety sent me by a HOUSEHOLD friend not long ago, only its flowers are a deep violet color, instead of reddish purple, and its leaves are dark green with a deep chocolate zone.

I have succeeded sometimes in getting anemone to grow, but only *thalictum clavatum* likes me well enough to live through the winter. Buttercups grow for me without any trouble, and I have some queer little bulbs, not found in botanical gardens that the darkies call "Adam and Eve." They have no bloom, but the dark green leaves with maroon linings, are very pretty. The bulbs are pearly white and look as if they might be good to eat! If you put the bulbs in water, those that float are Adams and those that sink Eves.

Over in his damp, dark den of a corner, covered with wild clematis and wild passion flower, looms up a giant Jack-in-the-pulpit. He scorns to be called Indian turnip, and much prefers that you should note the resemblance between his purplish black and yellow striped spathe and the queenly calla. In the late autumn, when the clematis festoons his pulpit with fluffy, cream-colored sprays, the spathe will be gone and in its place will flame a spike of scarlet berries.

KATE ELLICOTT.

FUCHSIA.

This plant deserves the attention of all interested in the culture of one of the most graceful of all cultivated house plants, the flowers being very regular, of tube shape, ranging in colors from rich purple to light blue, deep carmine, pure white, light and deep rose.

We are told the first fuchsia was introduced into England in the latter part of the seventeenth century by a sailor, afterwards disposing of it to a nurseryman who in the course of the following season made a profit of three hundred guineas or about fifteen hundred dollars, although history informs us the first specimen was discovered about 1703, by Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist, by whom it was named. All the species belong to the central and southern regions of America, growing in shady, moist places, in forests or on the mountains of Mexico, Peru and Chili. The variety most prized dates from about 1837, giving hybridizers the opportunity of producing results which have annually brought out new varieties.

From the first known variety the flowers were small, about the size of small peas. To-day we have them nearly the size of teacups, like the favorite Storm King, which is, no doubt, the largest variety known at the present time.

In cultivating the fuchsia, plants can be started in autumn, after resting during summer, by re-potting and placing in a warm house. After they have made a few inches of new growth, cuttings can be taken two or three inches long, and placed in sand, soil or water. Being of soft wood, they will show roots in about two weeks, when they can be potted in small pots, where they will make rapid growth, if attention is given to proper temperature, light and water. If you wish large, showy plants they should be shifted into larger pots often, being careful to avoid letting them get pot bound or too dry. It can be staked and trained

to a leading shoot, and the plant will throw out side shoots in a symmetrical, graceful form. When grown in this way they will fill a large ten or twelve-inch pot by July or August, by adding once a week, any weak liquid manure. It is a benefit to plunge the pot in moss or soil to the rim, to avoid the intense heat from rapidly drying out the soil on the side of the pots. I have grown fuchsias in this way to contain from two hundred to five hundred buds and blooms at one time from two to four feet high.

Brattleboro, Vt.

C. E. ALLEN.

FERN CULTURE.

Ferns are easily cultivated if a few practical details are observed. Growing in their native habitats, they are, for the most part, found in shady positions, where during their growing period they have an abundance of moisture at their roots; therefore, under cultivation, a shady window is for most kinds more suitable than a sunny one, and during their season of growth a good supply of water at the roots is demanded. While it is necessary for their success to have an abundance of water, they are at the same time very impatient of a stagnant soil, and to prevent any thing of the kind occurring, perfect drainage is indispensable. Not only is drainage a necessity in the cultivation of ferns, but it is also needed in the cultivation of all kinds of window and greenhouse plants after they have attained a certain size. No plants do I know, except aquatics, that succeed in a soil from which the water does not pass off freely. Plants growing in pots six inches in diameter and over, should have good drainage. This may be done by placing over the hole in the bottom of the pot, a piece of broken pot, over this place more of the same material in small pieces. Instead of this pieces of charcoal answer very well. Fill about one-fourth of the pot in this manner, and over the top place some moss or other rough material, to prevent the soil from mixing with the drainage, and thereby preventing the water from passing freely off.

The most suitable soil for ferns is a mixture of garden loam and the black soil found in the woods, about equal parts of each, then with a good sprinkling of sharp sand through the whole, giving more if the loam is clayey and less if sandy.—*Vick's Magazine*.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band tell me what to do for canaries that seem to be lousy? Have never discovered any on mine, but they act like it. One is sitting now, and she is more troubled, apparently, than her mate. Please give me some remedy. MYSTIC.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Olive Lee will send me her address I will send her some roots of akelia, that I think very pretty for graves.

If Mrs. F. A. Robinson will put a little carbolic acid in the water she waters her plants with, I think it will kill the little white worms in the earth. VILLA M. WEST.

Upton, Me.

I think Olive Lee will find the feverfew just what she desires. If she will send me her address I will mail her a root. MRS. E. THELEW.

Risings, Neb.

Will you please ask the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD through its columns what I shall do for my canary? He stopped singing and began shedding feathers a year ago, and continues to do so still, does not seem sick. If some one can tell what to do will be greatly obliged.

Warren, Ohio.

MRS. G. A. GEARBART.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I was much interested in the article published in the January number on "Canary Birds and Other Pets." Please ask the writer, Santa Cruz, if five or six canaries, all singers, can be kept together in one cage and have them all sing as well as if caged separately? M. T.

The Nursery.

MEADOW TALK.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumble-Bee!
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully hunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
I follow the trade for which I was made;
We all can't be wise, bumble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad,
And a time to be glad;
A time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—St. Nicholas.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE FAIRIES.

Part II.

BY HELEN HERBERT

NOW by the side of the king stood a fairy of rather a pert and jaunty appearance, whose airy spirits seemed not in the least weighted by the gravity of the occasion. He grinned as he glanced out upon the woe-begone throng. He grinned as he cast his eyes downward upon his own splashed and tattered attire. At the last remark of the queen, he stretched his mouth from ear to ear, and winked—I am sorry to record such a thing, but he actually winked—at a saucy, little fairy who stood opposite, at the queen's right hand. I am still sorrier to record that she did not resent his impertinence as she should. She only laughed, tossed her pretty chin up in the air, and looked wise.

"My dear," smiled King Berry, who had observed this little pantomime, "here are a worthy pair who, perhaps, might dispute the truth of your last assertion. Mischief can hardly be lacking where they abide."

"Yes, I know," said the queen, with dignity, "Mab and Robin are never so well pleased as when they are at some mad-cap frolic, turning things upside down, and setting everybody by the ears. But I was speaking of real harm. Whatever mischief they may have done has always been amply atoned for. It is only the gnomes and kobolds, the trolls and ogres who do real harm. Many a time when that wicked Jack o' Lantern has led children into bogs, have I sent Robin or Cobwebs to put out his light for him, and lead the poor, frightened little things safe home. Once they thanked us for it; but now they give all the credit to somebody or something else—usually to their own wisdom. Their own wisdom indeed!"

"Ah, yes," said Lady Grizzel Brownie. "There's many a house where I used to set my servants to work. Good work they did, too; and all for a poor, little pot of cream. But now when I go to the kitchens, it's never a drop of cream that I see. They think they can do without us."

"Worse than that," said Queen Tita, solemnly. "They don't believe in us. They actually deny our existence, which is the next thing to destroying it. Other things might be borne; but this—this is too cruel."

A glittering teardrop fell upon her cheek, and again there was a rose-leaf flutter throughout the assembly.

"All this," said King Berry, choking

down an obstruction in his throat, "all this only brings us back to the question we have to decide. Shall we stay here among an ungrateful people who not only vouchsafe us no consideration, but deny our existence that they may have the better excuse for all the outrages committed against us—shall we stay here, living as best we may in the poor little thickets and coverts they may think not worth destroying? Or shall we go away? You heard at the beginning of our conference what our explorers say of this far western country which they have visited. There, perhaps, we might live after our own old fashion unmolested. What do you say, friends? Shall we go or stay?"

"Let us go!" cried a multitude of voices. But dissenting murmurs were also heard. "Do not decide too hastily, good people," said the queen. "Look at both sides of the question. We have many hardships to endure here; but are we sure we should have none there? This new country is a long way off. I am told that in many parts of it, there are vast stretches of arid sand where no bush or flower can grow. The best of it is inhabited by a race of dark-skinned savages. They might do us no more harm than the white ones. But they must be extremely ugly and disagreeable."

"Awfully," said Mab, tilting her little nose to an acute angle. Robin grinned, and made a face which set all the foolish young fairies laughing in a way that threatened to quite destroy the dignity of the meeting. But at a tap of the silver mace the tumult subsided.

"This is no laughing matter," said King Berry, in some displeasure. "We must decide what we are to do—and that very soon."

"This wood is pretty, and still large," said Lady Honeysuckle, timidly. "We might live here together for a little while."

"True," said the Duke of Brunnen. "There are fine springs above, in the highlands, and with this brook, our people would do very well."

"But nobody cares for us here," moaned the poor little countess of Pussy-willow Hollow. "Even the children lay waste my fields, and never say so much as 'By your leave.'"

"The children are as bad as the rest—most of them," said Lady Grizzel Brownie. "But I think I know one who really loves us and believes in us."

"Where? Who?" cried the court in a chorus.

"Her parents live on the edge of the wood," answered Lady Grizzel. "They are hard-working people, and I have tried to make friends with them, and help them a little; but all to no purpose. The girl is ten or eleven years old, I believe, and they call her Ellie. She is a good girl, obeys her parents, and is kind to her blind old grandmother. I have heard the grandmother tell her stories about us; and I know Ellie believes them."

"Has she big, brown eyes, and curly, brown hair; and does she wear a broad hat and a little scarlet jacket?" asked Queen Tita, eagerly.

"Yes, your majesty; and she dances all over the woods and meadows. I have kept her from harm many a time when Jack o' Lantern and the Troll who live on Hemlock Knoll were out with their evil crews."

"Robin knows her too," said Mab, with a saucy laugh. "He has led her many a chase, just for the chance of taking her safe home again."

"I am sure I saw her once last summer," went on the queen. "She was lying under a tree by the brook. I crept up and looked over her shoulder, and I saw she was reading a history of deeds per-

formed by certain illustrious spirits of our race. I had a mind to take off my invisible cloak, and speak to her; but, well, that was after the strike, you know. I could not let a mortal see me in such shabby guise."

"Of course not," they murmured, sympathetically.

"But now—Berry, dear, I really think we had better not emigrate just yet. If this child believes in us, she may bring others to believe in us also; and after a time we may be restored to our rightful position in the country."

"My love," said the king, "you are visionary. Do not mislead our faithful subjects. One child cannot change the character of a whole people."

But at last it was decided that they should stay where they were for a time.

"Only one thing will make it possible," the king had said. "We must all go to work at once. No more frolicking and dancing, except on state occasions. Work is the order of the day."

A deep solemnity settled upon the assembly. Even Robin's serenity forsook him for a moment while he caught his breath.

"Of course, this does not include the ladies," His Majesty went on, gallantly. "But for the rest there is no other way. We ourselves," heroically, "shall take our place in the ranks, and shall not be found remiss."

"I, also," said Queen Tita. "I can work for my husband and people as well as another."

At this a clamor arose. Every fairy there was ashamed of his former reluctance, and wished to make amends for it.

"No, no!" they cried. "We will all work for you—all."

"Yes, all," said Mab. "You need not except the ladies, Your Majesty."

Soon all was arranged, and for a time the fairies lived a happy, busy life within their narrow boundaries. Work was not so exacting but that they still found time for an occasional frolic, or a bit of airy mischief.

HOW TWO GIRLS CELEBRATED INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

The hens cackled drowsily in the barnyard of the old lighthouse; in the blue July afternoon sky sported great sailing islands of clouds, whose white, glistening heads looked in and out through the green apertures of maple and fruit-laden apple boughs.

The shadows of the trees were already slanting to the south-east, and the waters of the little harbor of Scituate, off the Rhode Island coast, glistened like a mirror.

Here and there upon the sheeny surface, long, tapering shadows were reflected. These were cast from the tall masts of several British ships-of-war, which, all through the spring time, had kept the little sea-washed town in close leaguer.

The lighthouse was a stone structure, four stories high, occupying a little rocky promontory westward of the village. At high tide, the promontory was entirely cut off from the mainland by the intruding waves, but when the water was low there was a wide stretch of green land, which afforded easy communication between the town and the lighthouse. The distance intervening was about half a mile.

Abel Rutherford the keeper of the lighthouse, was an old Revolutionary soldier, who bore the wounds of Monmouth and of Brandywine upon his person, and loved to tell of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, when he had shaken hands with Lafayette, Count Rocham-

beau, and all "them foreign fellers," as he was wont to say.

Mrs. Rutherford had died a few years previous to the date of our story, and the household cares devolved upon two girls—Dorothy and Elizabeth Rutherford—who were aged respectively nineteen and seventeen years.

Dolly and Lizzie, as they were familiarly called, were the two smartest girls in Scituate. Mrs. Rutherford had been a woman of remarkable faculty and was a belle in her younger days. Her daughters had inherited her ability and good looks, together with much of the spirit and heroism of their Revolutionary sire.

Dolly, the eldest, was a blonde, blue-eyed, fair-haired, but with plenty of animation, and quite as good looking as her tall, straight, black-eyed sister, with eyebrows drawn true as a bow, and a little hand which never saw the thing it could not do.

Perhaps Lizzie was the most positive and the quickest of speech withal, but in readiness of wit and shrewdness of judgment, she was her sister's inferior.

But, as we have said, they were each smarter than girls in general. Both could harness a chaise or row a boat; they could saddle and ride any horse in the neighborhood, they could cut out any garment that was ever seen or thought of, make cake and jelly, load and fire a musket like old veterans, and play on the drum, fife, and violin with a skill that was enough to arouse the jealousy of any one of the young fellows in the home guards.

On this July afternoon of the long ago—year of 1812, the two girls were alone in the lighthouse. Their father had gone that morning to Newport, and would not return until the next day noon at the soonest. So, for the time being, the care of the old stone building devolved solely upon the young sisters.

There was lots of room in the queer structure. The two front rooms on the first floor, either side the long, narrow hall, were called respectively the parlor and "keeping room," and were furnished after the manner of the times. The parlor was hardly ever opened except at a wedding or a funeral, or occasionally for an evening party, when every thing was conducted with great propriety.

In the keeping room, a home spun carpet, woven of rags, was upon the floor, and the walls were dadoed with oak. A huge fire-place was at one end, and in the opposite corner stood the eight-day clock, that told off the hours and the phases of the moon with great regularity. Great beams were visible on every side of the room, and across the center overhead ran another, which was called a "summer tree." On each side of the fire-place stood the flax wheels, which were supposed to be quite as ornamental as pianos now-a-days.

The kitchen, a great, roomy apartment was at the rear end of the lighthouse. In it was a larger fire-place than the one in the parlor or the keeping-room. The white floors were kept well sanded, and a dresser on one side of the room was filled with vessels of pewter and brass, scoured to great brilliancy by the fair hands and sturdy arms of the two girl housekeepers.

Up stairs were four large chambers, with oaken floors, and tall, carved bedsteads ornamented with curtains trimmed with fringe and lace. The girl's sleeping room was in the third story, and another flight of stairs led to the smaller chamber where the great lamps were lighted. In each dwelling room up stairs and down, were heavily carved oaken mantels, with tall brass candlesticks upon them.

Pretty Dolly and Lizzie Rutherford looking fresh and rosy despite their morning's labor, and dressed in their best

bare dresses, cut high in the waists and short in the skirts, with cunning muslin caps over their fair and dark locks, and the long wristed mitts then in vogue covering their arms to the elbow, sat in the keeping room, waiting, perchance, for a call from a couple of those tall, straight soldiers in the home guards. But it happened that those very redoubtable fellows, every one of them, had gone to a shooting match two miles inland, not apprehending any danger to the place which was supposed to be under their protection.

It was rather an unlucky circumstance that they should thus have left the town undefended, for as it chanced to occur, their presence might have stood in good need. Still, had these brave men been at their post like good soldiers, this story would not have been written, for in that case there would have been no girl heroines of Scituate.

In the late summer afternoon, two American vessels laden with flour, coming in from New York, broke through the blockade and sailed into the harbor. The water of the haven was shallow, and the men-at-war were afraid to venture after them, but several boats were speedily manned with troops and sent in pursuit.

It was almost sunset, and Dolly, going out to pick up chips to boil the tea-kettle for the evening meal, perceived the pursuit and the danger which threatened the American ships, she at once hastened to the house, and very flurriedly related the circumstances to her sister.

"Why, they are the very cruisers that have been expected at Elnathan Popplewait's wharf these three weeks," exclaimed Lizzie. "Part of the cargo belongs to father, and we cannot afford to lose it. Besides, the enemy will impress every seaman they capture on their crafts. Where do you suppose the home guards are? They must see the necessity of action it seems to me."

"You forget, Lizzie, that the soldiers are away celebrating the Fourth. Don't you remember what Henry said?"

And the elder girl, with a soft flush on her cheek, threw down her knitting and went to the window.

"But there should be something done nevertheless. Don't you think, Dolly, that I should have time to run to the village?" asked Lizzie, catching her bonnet from a peg.

"You must not do that, Lizzie. The British would see you, and might fire at you. Besides, there is no time. Don't you see that the boats are nearing the vessels?"

"Then let us hasten to help them," cried the younger sister, her black eyes flashing. "I am sure I am good for one of the Britishers."

She looked like a young Joan of Arc as she took a musket from its stack and examined the priming.

"Foolish sister o' mine! What could we do with weapons of war?" said Dolly, in her calm slow way. "They are fifty to our one. We should but throw our lives away."

"Then let us throw them away! I should not be content to live and know we had not done our duty."

"I am as brave as you, Lizzie, but I have a better plan than that. We can do better service with more peaceful instruments than the musket you hold."

"I do not read your plan," said Lizzie. "Quick, Dolly, what is it?"

"The British would only laugh at us if we should face them with rifles and gunpowder. But perchance we may frighten them by a little stratagem. Brave as you are, Lizzie, I think even you could use a fife better than musket or pistol."

"I am dull as an owl, Dolly. How can we frighten them with fife and drum?"

"Why, can't you see, Lizzie?" explained her sister. "We'll take our station behind the house, and one of us will call the roll as though the guards were present; and then we will strike up upon the fife and drum. It may be that the British will think an armed force is ready to meet them, and so retreat to their ships."

Lizzie clapped her hands, delightedly. "Capital! capital!" she cried. "You may drum and I will fife. But who will call the roll?"

"I will do the best I can," answered Dolly.

The two girls went out of doors. A purplish haze lay upon the sea and the land. The last rays of the setting sun illumined the scene. The two ships had dropped anchor, and the crews could be observed making preparations for defence. But they could have been estimated only by a forlorn hope. The British on board the boats raised a shout. Only a dozen rods separated them from their expected prizes. There was no time to spare.

Suddenly upon the air rose a stentorian voice calling the roll, and immediately after a fife struck up a martial note, supplemented by the lusty beat of a drum. The British ceased their rowing as the warlike music saluted their ears. It was evident that they were not prepared to meet the land force that might be sent against them.

While they hesitated a flag was hoisted on board one of the men-of-war. At this signal the boats turned about. In the act a seaman fell overboard. A cry of consternation rose from the crew, but the unlucky sailor was speedily seized neck and heels as he arose to the surface, and pulled aboard more scared than hurt.

The two girls continued playing upon the drum and fife until the boats had returned to the men-of-war, only changing from a war-like air to the more triumphant notes of "Yankee Doodle."

Just as the British were clambering up the ship's sides, the guards, alarmed by the music, returned to the village. They raised a tumultuous cheer as they noticed the retreat of the enemy, and guessed at the cause which had sent them ignominiously to their ships.

The crews on board the American vessels also showed their appreciation of the *ruse de guerre* by firing several guns in succession.

"Pretty fellows you are!" observed the sprightly Elizabeth, that evening, after tea, as two strapping, handsome soldiers entered the cosy keeping room. "You should have been at your posts this afternoon; there was need of it."

The young men laughed.

"We fail to see the truth of that," replied Henry Martin. "In fact, I think the home guards had better disband at once. While there are two brave girls like you to defend Scituate and its harbor, there is no need of our services, as I see. We are proud of you, it's a Fourth of July celebration that is worth something."

"We did nothing remarkable," said Dolly, humbly. "It was only a fife and drum victory at the best."

"It hurt old John Bull just the same," said Elnathan Popplewait when he heard of the exploit, "and it saved me a handsome pile of money. Tell the girls that when they marry I am good for a silk dress for both of them. They deserve it."

That Fourth of July exploit has passed into history, and as you ring the bells, fire cannon and shoot sky rockets and Pharaoh's serpents on Independence day, I hope you will not forget how two girls celebrated the same anniversary, which was not a very bad way after all.

SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Cries of distress come from a distant part of the garden where Maggie and Jack are busily at work. Auntie hurriedly leaves her gardening and runs to see what new misfortune has befallen them. Maggie sobs and howls, and auntie wonders whether some dreadful bruise is hidden beneath the ground her dirty fingers are so industriously smearing over her tear stained face. But Jack soon explains matters, and relieves auntie's mind of that fear at last.

"Why, there's nothing the matter, auntie, but Maggie is such a cry baby. I was angry with her because she would not let me have the spade, and I just gave her the wee-est box on the ear—nothing to hurt her at all, I'm sure!"

Auntie took Maggie in her arms, and kissed the injured ear, when she bade both children follow her back to her interrupted gardening. "Now, Jack," she said, "look at these tiny plants. What are they?"

"They have grown from those seeds I helped you sow, and you are taking them out of the box, that they may grow into lovely flowers by and by."

"And what is this little plant I have thrown in a corner of the box? Can you find out?"

"Why, auntie, it is a tiny nettle! Too small to sting, though, is it not?"

"I thought so until just now, when my finger rubbed against it. Do you see that little white spot it has left? It is quite painful still. Now, Jack, try to understand what I am going to say. All we do—all our actions, all our words—are just like that seed we sowed the other day. Weeds or flowers are sure to spring from them. Which would you rather have?"

"Flowers, auntie, of course."

"What sort of seed did you sow just now?"

Jack did not answer, but looked ashamed.

"I'm afraid it was an ugly little nettle. You did not think it would sting, but Maggie thought differently, did she not? Will you both try to remember how even a tiny nettle stings?"

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—For years I have been a silent reader of the many excellent articles written for the Mothers' Chair. While I have felt to indorse much that has been said on the subject, the impulse has been strong within me, to contribute my mite to that department. I have had some experience in the pleasant but arduous duties of rearing a family of children, and I trust I shall be forgiven if I touch upon one point that in some of the many articles written has been entirely omitted, and that is obedience. I fancy I hear some tender, devoted mother exclaim, "What! teach the baby upon its mother's knee obedience?" Certainly. If your child is old enough to get into a passion and kick, and strike with its tiny hand, and shriek at the top of its lungs, because some favorite plaything is denied it, it is old enough to be taught obedience. A child, though he may be unable to talk, and yet able to strike with his hands or feet, needs a lesson of repression taught him, and the mother who neglects to correct these little outbursts of temper, increases the chances of that child becoming a tyrant, who will eventually rule the whole household.

I hear a timid young mother ask "How shall I correct him?" For such freaks of temper I used to spank mine, lightly at first, and if this did not have the desired effect, the next time, still harder. Now, dear fond mother, this may seem to you a harsh measure, but your first duty to the child God has entrusted to your keep-

ing, is to teach it obedience, obedience to parental authority, to household law, unquestioning obedience in the family, and obedience in the school. In my long experience as a teacher in schools, I always found that children who were taught obedience at their mother's knee, very rarely showed traits of disobedience in the school room. When your child shows a hasty temper, repress it in any way which appears best, providing you do repress it, for many an episode that has ended behind prison bars, has had its beginning on a mother's lap. An unchecked, violent temper, a hasty word, a fatal blow, then prison bars! From the first glimmerings of intelligence teach your child obedience, for it is the only road to virtue and good citizenship. A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This time I'm coming right into the nursery for a few minutes, and sit down in The Mother's Chair until I catch my breath. There! I want to say my little say, too, for haven't I some right to talk about those babies when over a hundred have worn the patterns I offered in a rash moment to Philo?

I am glad to read Mrs. G. E. M.'s ideas on cow's *versus* mother's milk. I believe one-half, yes, two-thirds of the mothers are not fit physically to nurse their babies. Of course, if, as Mrs. G. E. M. says, the mother is perfectly free from humors, and able to devote her time to her child and the care of herself, and has plenty of good milk, then I consider it her duty to nurse her child. But I feel that nine-tenths of the fretfulness of babies is due to food that is not nourishing. It is all very well to say our mothers and grandmothers always nursed their babies, did their own work, and sometimes helped their husbands in the fields besides. Yes, I agree to that, but I also say that I believe that very reason is the cause of the back aches and general weakness of the present generation. They used up their strength in work and handed down their weakness to their children, and if this is not stopped the generations to come will be weaker still.

I have three dear healthy children, and they were all brought up on the bottle. With my first I used one cow's milk reduced with one-third water, (sometimes at the very first reduce to one-half), a little sugar, and a tiny wee bit of salt. I tried to get a cow with a calf near the age of baby. With my other two, I used one of the foods of to-day, ordered by my physician, and I do not believe there are three healthier children living.

For a baby powder, I use fuller's earth. Ten cents' worth is enough to start with.

For a cut or sore, a split, roasted raisin bound on is good to draw out the "badness."

For whooping cough I found an infusion of chestnut leaves relieved the paroxysms and shortened the six weeks' run with two of my children, but did not help the third. Perhaps I gave it too soon, before she whooped, and so it lost its virtue before really needed.

One more word, don't use the old-fashioned cotton bands to your babies' skirts, pinning blankets, etc., they can't be comfortable. I never use any but the one little flannel band. All the rest have little waists cut on. So in quoting my old saying of Marian Harland's I will stop. "Plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel are sure to make a good baby." FRANK E.

Box 207, Hyde Park, Mass.

—Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

The Library.

THE DRYAD.

Within these dells
A dryad dwells
Amid the wind-blown plimberns;
Yet none have seen
Her trip between
The glimmering vistas' silvery green,
Though many feel her mystic spells.

May it be mine
Some morn divine
To see her fluttering garments shine
And hear the beat
Of hurrying feet
Upon the ferns and grasses sweet,
And catch her laughter, airy fine.

For whose sees
Amid the trees
Her form that like a phantom flees,
To him alone
There shall be shown
Deep secrets to no mortal known,
All nature's subtle mysteries—

What rushes say
At dusk of day;
The perfect prayer that lilies pray;
The amorous art
To win a heart
Unfolding rosebuds might impart;
Where hides the will-o'-the-wisp away;

Why fire-flies light
Their lanterns bright
On each serene midsummer night;
The words that float
On every note
That wells from out a feathered throat;
Where insect armies take their flight.

All this, and more,
Shall be his store
Who sees her foot the forest floor;
Then be it mine
Some morn divine
To meet her 'neath a hoary pine
And learn the symbols of her lore.

—Clinton Scottard.

TALKS ON WORDS AND PHRASES.

BY U. U.

"THE right use of words," says Richard Grant White, in "Words and Their Uses," "is not a matter to be left to pedants and pedagogues. It belongs to the daily life of every man."

And as, by the general term man, our author includes both sexes, and the young as well as the mature in life, this matter of language is one which concerns all members of the family, of our great HOUSEHOLD of readers everywhere.

The pedants and the pedagogues may offer suggestions, and lay down rules which may guide others in the use of words and phrases, but the correct use itself, of the language, that which belongs to the daily life of every one, can only be acquired by daily care on the part of each individual for himself. And this constant care in the proper use of words is all the more needful if the early advantages, especially early home practices, have been neglected, and bad forms in the use of words have insensibly grown upon the person. For the correct and most happy use of the mother tongue is the outcome of early home culture; the hearing of good English from the cradle, the inheriting, as it were, of a nice discrimination in the use of words and phrases. That is, if the child has always been accustomed to a correct form of speech at home he will naturally speak properly, or the reverse, whatever his early school advantages may have been. Take, for example, pupils in our public schools, such as the graded schools in our villages and larger towns, and of equal rank in scholarship. The one may have a rich and correct idiom, a natural intuition in the use of words, as well as in the pronunciation, while the other may have only a feeble expression of language and use many words and phrases improperly, despite the constant correction and instruction of the teacher on these points. The former, we naturally infer, has been accustomed to hearing correct language at home and in social circles; the other

to a loose, careless form of speech, and in frequent cases, to low or slangy utterances.

"Oh, the difference there is in the speech of my pupils, said a teacher in a large graded school. 'Some of them so rich in expression and correct in speech that it is a pleasure to hear them speak; others, of as good standing in classes, who torture us by murdering the king's English, and the faulty pronunciation of words. And,' she continued, 'it is almost impossible for the teacher to produce much impression, or to expect these to attain to the nicety and felicity of speech which comes from the early home training, or rather home hearing of language.'"

It is not uncommon for well educated people, even for some public speakers, to be careless and incorrect, not only in the use of words, but in pronunciation and in grammatical construction. Early habits are not easily overcome, and in many cases, this seems an unimportant matter to the individual in question, at least, not sufficiently important for him to set himself vigorously at work in training his language to the usages of correct scholarship and of good society. This latter—good society—is one of the best of teachers, and by careful study and thoughtful action much of early disadvantages may be corrected. But there must be care, and thought, and persistent effort, else ever his speech betrayeth him.

The best language is simple, yet elegant, is not only correct in the main, but free from extravagant expressions, from loud phrases, and low or coarse slang. As for the latter, "A slang speech," says Richard Grant White, "is, if much practiced, disgusting, and spoils the otherwise most correct language, though occasionally there are circumstances where its use is humorous, and almost a necessity to express our meaning. If it is mostly coarse and low, it is also at times racy, pungent, and pregnant with meaning." So to use an opportune bit of slang occasionally, may be allowable, and may add force to an argument or raciness to a narrative; but to use it commonly is not only a misuse of language, but a sign of low mind, and an offense to good society.

Aside from slang and vulgar language, there are low and uncouth expressions which creep into the conversation of some really good people; the result in most cases of early habits, but which should be avoided by the young people, even though accustomed to the hearing it at home or among outside associates. It is expected of the growing generation, that they, with increased educational and social advantages, may avoid errors which older people in many instances have allowed to become fixed habits. And it is no disrespect to one's elders that the younger people form more correct and nice use of words than were expected at an earlier day, and with the circumstances surrounding the former generation.

A generation or two ago people in the sparse country places were separated from towns and cities; now, with railways crossing and recrossing the country, and the mingling of town and country in business relations, and at summer resorts, and in all kinds of educational and reform meetings and general gatherings, and cheap excursions, the young people cannot fail, wherever they may be, to catch something of a glimpse of the ways of the world, and of the polite and correct usages of language.

Uncouth expressions may not always be incorrect, but homely, and thus to be avoided. But oftener words are thus improperly used, which makes the language doubly faulty. For example, when shopping one day, a young woman from out

of town looking at something in the store exclaimed, "Why, that'll be real handy!" "Yes, very convenient," replied the salesman, thus, without a thought of correcting the speech of the young woman, showing the more correct and agreeable manner of expression, such as was his daily use. Now the phrase "real handy" as it was used, was a misnomer as well as an uncouth expression, for the thing referred to was a convenience, not particularly something at hand. Then "real," thus used is not only improper, but vulgar, as are all such phrases, "real good," "real pretty," "real smart," (for very well) "a real good scholar," and like expressions too frequently heard, even among fairly well educated people. The word "real" is thus used in the sense of very or really, and is improper, besides making a very inelegant phrase, and showing carelessness of speech on the part of the user.

But I have not room in this "Talk" to enter upon any further discourse upon words and their proper or improper use. I may gather together a few hints in some future papers. In the mean time, our young readers may be thinking out some of these things for themselves, while we older ones, who do not consider ourselves too old to learn, may more carefully guard our speech, and thus set a better example for the younger ones to imitate.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE LEARNED AT SCHOOL.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

The bright hopes that youth often inspires are seldom realized; what we mistake for intelligence turns out to be precocity, the brilliant pupil becomes in after life a dullard, and the fruit that was so early ripe falls from the bough tasteless. The child may be father of the man, but how often do we find nothing in the child afterwards justified by the man, and nothing of the man to remind us of the child. The promise of youth is the ficklest of all guides. The boy who was head of the school, and whose university career was distinguished, when he enters upon his profession and pits himself against his fellows in the arena of life, often fails to make the mark expected of him. On the other hand, he who was deemed dull in his youth, like Goldsmith, or who was well-nigh plucked for his degree, like Swift, may develop in after life into a name that his country ever fondly remembers.

Biographers love to tell us that the men who attained to distinction displayed even in the days of their youth signs of the great talents which were afterwards to raise them to the highest places in the temple of Fame; yet it would be as easy to give the reverse of the picture, and to show those who, though lightly considered in their youth, were subsequently enrolled among the greatest of a nation's celebrities.

Of Shakespeare, the greatest of English poets and dramatists, the best known stories of his life do not point to the fact that his boyhood promised anything remarkable. The man who had in him the cube of human faculties, and could speak all languages, and portray all shades of human life, was at the best only a common kind of a scholar. In fact, his early schooling was limited, and there is nothing at all to show that he exhibited any particular brilliancy in any of his studies. The great dramatist must have acquired the larger part of his education from books after his school days were past.

The technical elements of his education he received in the grammar school of his native town. This school was an old foundation, dating from the second half of the fifteenth century. What the

course of instruction was in these country schools during the last of the sixteenth century, has been recently ascertained by special research, and may be stated in outline with some degree of certainty. As might have been expected Latin was the chief scholastic drill, being the language of all the learned professions and still largely used in literature. As a rule a pupil entered the grammar school at seven years of age, having already acquired either at home or at the petty school the rudiments of reading and writing.

During the first year the pupils were occupied with the elements of Latin grammar, the accidence, and lists of common words which were committed to memory and repeated two or three times a week, as well as further impressed upon their minds by varied exercises. In the second year the grammar was fully mastered, and the boys were drilled in short phrase books, such as the *Sententia Pueriles*, to increase their familiarity with the structure and idioms of the language. In the third year the books used were *Æsop's Fables*, *Cato's Maxims*, and some good manual of school conversation, such as the *Confabulationes Pueriles*. The most popular of these manuals in Shakespeare's day was that by the eminent scholar and still more eminent teacher, Cordeus. His celebrated "Colloquies" were probably used in almost every school of the kingdom. The books used in the more advanced forms of the schools were the "Eclogues" of Mantuanus, the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, Cicero's "Offices," "Orations," and "Epistles," the "Georgics" and "Æneid" of Virgil, and in the highest form parts of Juvenal, of the comedies of Terence and Plautus, and of the tragedies of Seneca.

Shakespeare having remained at school for at least six years, must have gone through a greater part of this course, and unless the teaching at Stratford was very exceptionally poor, he must have become so far familiar with the favorite school authors, such as Ovid, Tully and Virgil, as to read them intelligently and with comparative ease.

This constituted the future poet's school education. At the age of fifteen he left school. Three years afterwards he married, and in ten years more he is a prosperous actor and play writer in London.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN READ?

This is a question that every mother should decide herself, and judge whether it is good or bad before the child reads the first line. Don't say you've not time—take the time to read a large share of the book, or glance over the paper, before it is laid on the table for public use. A quick, intelligent eye, and a mother's eye, also, will do wonders in a turning over of leaves, reading here and there a few words, seeing if the language is pure, the style graceful, and the moral healthful. Much of harm is done to the young people by their reading. Sensational stories of the "blood and thunder" style, smuggled in and read secretly, or in some cases, openly, in illustrated weeklies, have caused many boys to rob and fly from their homes, seeking for "worlds to conquer," "bringing up" in a police station and being returned home.

Much of the blame is to be traced to the mothers—too much indulgence from a mother has ruined more families than a father's harshness—bad books and bad companions being easy stepping stones to wickedness. A good mother will do a great deal towards forming her children's character. The first few years they are wholly under her influence, and she is all to them. Then the school life begins,

and teacher and schoolmates broaden the view, but the mother must not relinquish her watchfulness, but interest herself in their studies, plays, companions, and make herself necessary to their happiness. Keep hold of the children, don't let them grow away from you. A mother should never grow old to her sons and daughters; be one of them and gain their confidence; be their companion, even if you lose the acquaintance of some of your own age. Better make good men and women of your children than be a leader of fashion. But about the reading, "What shall they read?"

If possible, select the books, papers, etc., yourself. You can easily look over the book notices in a weekly, and this usually gives a tolerably fair criticism of scientific works, biographies, histories and novels. Boys usually like tales of adventure, and in a reasonable amount they should be gratified, for what would a man be without bravery and courage? When my boys were at the age to be attracted to such reading, the principal of the grammar school they attended, put a list of books on the blackboard for the use of such pupils as cared to profit by it. There was the War of the Rebellion, Life of Washington, and others I fail to remember, but various kinds, and for light reading, one or two of Scott's or Dickens's novels. I always felt grateful to him and think the plan might be followed by the teachers.

At the public libraries, sometimes an attendant will tell of a popular work, but that is not always safe to go by, as not always is a popular book a good one. You must find out about the books in your own way, but be sure to find out in some way. There are many books and papers in the world, some people say too many, but there's more good ones than bad ones, and you must sift them out. Don't trust the innocent child to do it for himself. If a home life is what it should be, bad books and bad companions will not be there, and mother at home evenings will be friend and companion to the boys and girls. By this I don't mean they are to have no friends or mates, but you'll see they will feel so proud of their mother they'll bring them to see you, and you will be able to judge whether they are fit associates or not. In all this, remember the mothers have the love of their children, the fathers, the respect, it is said, but let us have both.—Mrs. Frances C. Mixer in *Good Housekeeping*.

READING CLUBS.

There is not a town of five thousand people in America in which are not twenty persons who would gladly spend five dollars a year for books. Let these twenty form the reading club of the town; admit all applicants till the maximum, say of thirty members, be reached. No matter if they never have heard each other's names. Suppose there are twenty members. Let them pay five dollars each to a common treasurer. Let him and the president be a purchasing committee. With thirty dollars a year they can take ten of the best magazines. With twenty dollars ten new books, and with the rest of the hundred dollars one new book a week as the year goes by.

Arrange the names of the members of the club in the order of their residences, on a printed list to be pasted on the cover of each book. Then you will start with ten magazines and ten books. Let each subscriber have one new one. At the end of the week let him pass one to the person next him on the list and receive one from the person above him. With every week a new book is put in circulation. With every month ten new magazines are put in. Every family of the twenty is at

its wits' end to keep up with the supply. When the year is ended, sell your books and magazines at auction, to the members of the club. That will give you some forty or fifty dollars to add to the next year's subscription.—*Exchange*.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of the song, "Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying?" I will return the favor if I can. MRS. A. WALKER. Box 96, Southport, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters of the Band oblige me by sending me the poem called "The Western Emigrant?" It was in the school readers used in Penn. thirty years ago. I will return the favor in a similar way. Address, MRS. ANNIE HEAL. 517 East Fourth St., Wilmington, Del.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band tell me where I can get the words and music, or the words alone, of the song, of which this is the chorus,

"Oh, bear me away o'er old ocean's tide,
I'm pining for home and the old fireside.
Oh, bear me away o'er old ocean's tide,
I'm pining for home and the old fireside?"

I will gladly pay for the same and pay postage. Box 159, Decatur, Mich. ZELLA WAIT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the kind members of the Band send me the song, "Good by, my boy, good by" commencing,

"One night, while in my chamber sleeping,
I heard an echo from the sea;
The day was done, the stars were peeping,
The moon shone out upon the sea?"

I will gladly pay postage, and repay the favor if possible. NINA M. BOLT. Cannonsville, Del. Co., New York.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send me the words of an old song entitled "Hard Times Come Again no more?" The words of the first verse are,

"Let us pause in life's pleasures,
And count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
'Tis a song that will linger, forever, in our ears,
Hard times will come again no more?"

I will return the favor gladly if possible. Also one entitled "On the Field of Monterey?" Some of the words are,

"The bugle swells its wildest notes,
And loud the cannon roar,
And madly peel those sweet church bells,
For holy rest once more."

MRS. CLARA CLOUGH. Ferguson, St. Louis Co., Mo.

THE REVIEWER.

PRIZE SELECTIONS. Selected and arranged by C. W. Moulton. The volume contains 825 quotations from English and American authors, popular and obscure, many of them from old English classics, more from living writers of eminence and some from contributors to newspapers and magazines who have not yet achieved the dignity of a volume. The quotations are numbered and properly arranged, though without any connection as to subject. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes to the persons who are able to name the authors of the greatest number of selections. Notwithstanding some mistakes in the quotations and aside from the interest of the search for authors, the plan will be a benefit in educating young readers to a love of poetry and in making them acquainted with the works and lives of the best English and American writers of verse from the earliest times. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

THE KITCHEN COMPANION, Miss Parloa's new work stands fairly at the head of all works of its kind, for thoroughness and general adaptability to the needs of housekeepers. Miss Parloa has devoted herself for years to the study and teaching of the science of cookery, and her knowledge of the subject is, so far as possible, absolute. The present volume contains selections from the earlier ones, with several hundred additional recipes, and a number of chapters on subjects which are of great importance to housekeepers. In

a prefatory chapter is described what Miss Parloa terms "an ideal kitchen," and shows by plans and engravings just how and where the range, sink, pantries, china closets and store rooms should be located for the convenience of the housekeeper. Also in a second chapter, deals with the kitchen furnishing, giving a full list of articles needed, with descriptions of many new and useful inventions. A third treats of the care of utensils, and shows how they may be kept in good condition for years. Another chapter gives advice as to marketing and gardening. Then follows nearly eight hundred pages of recipes, covering every branch of cookery. Separate chapters are devoted to "Beverages," "Preserving," "Food for the Sick," and "What all Housekeepers Should know." And in conclusion is given an extensive collection of bills of fare suited to all occasions. The illustrations are many and excellent. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

THE STARLIGHT MANUAL OF KNITTING AND CROCHETING will be found very useful to all interested in work of that kind. The book contains 183 pages, which are well filled with a large and varied selection of patterns, and explicit directions are given for the benefit of beginners. Price, paper cover, 35 cents. Cloth cover 50 cents. Boston: Nonantum Worsted Co.

THE ROMANCE OF A LETTER. By Lowell Choate. Although the name of the author of this novel is new to us, the book itself bears evidence of being the work of a practiced hand. The plot is well laid, and the characters are consistent and natural. The main interest of the book lies in a letter written by a physician, who, by brooding over a mysterious trouble, has become insane. This letter contains the secret of his life, and he places it in the hands of a young lady to whom his son is attached, and pledges her to secrecy until after his death, when the contents of the letter are made public. Price \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

The Chautauqua Press has just issued in the popular "Garnet Series," a little volume of SELECTED ESSAYS OF JOSEPH ADDISON, which will bring these admirably written papers before many a reader who would otherwise know little of one of the most distinguished essayists of the last century. Prosy he often is, sarcastic and harsh, yet these faults cannot hide the wide intelligence and clear-sightedness which mark his works. Price 75 cents. Boston: The Chautauqua Press, 117 Franklin St.

WARMAN'S SCHOOL ROOM FRIEND, by Prof. E. B. Warman, A. M., will be found to be invaluable to teachers or public speakers. The book is full of practical suggestions on reading, reciting, and impersonating, and will be of use, not only in divining the thought, but in clothing it with the proper expression. Price 75cts. Chicago: W. H. Harrison, Jr., Pub. Co., 257 State Street.

THE STORY OF MARGARET KENT, by Henry Hayes, is the first volume in "Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading." The book has been widely read, and has had wonderful success, and with the succeeding volumes, which are promised for each week during May, June, and July will be very acceptable to many readers, during the summer that is so close upon us. Price, single number 50 cents. Quarterly subscription, \$6.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE CRUISE OF A WOMAN HATER. By G. De-Montauban, the third in "Ticknor's Paper Series," is a breezy, picturesque story of sea life, during a long voyage on a sailing vessel, and will help to make many a long summer afternoon, seem shorter and pleasanter. It is writ-

ten with much force and spirit and is filled with entertaining incidents and situations. Price 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

JUANITA, by Mary Mann, gives us a sketch of life, as seen by her, in Cuba in 1833. It is a book of experiences, softened by putting in the guise of fiction; but still so transparently true that the author kept her book to herself till the death of the last of her Cuban friends. Price \$1.50. Boston. D. Lothrop Company.

A KEY TO COOKING, by Catherine Owen, is a small pamphlet which housekeepers will find very useful. Price 25 cents. Springfield: Clark W. Bryan & Co.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June opens with a very interesting article on "Peterborough Cathedral," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, followed by "College Boat Racing and the New London Regatta," by Julian Hawthorne, and "Boat Racing by Amateurs," by Henry Eckford. Frank R. Stockton contributes several chapters of his serial "The Hundredth Man," and there is also a liberal installment of "The History of Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps contributes a short story entitled "Jack," illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote and Irving R. Wiles. The second paper on "How Food Nourishes the Body," (The Chemistry of Foods and Nutrition) by W. O. Atwater is given, also "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," by George Kennan, with frontispiece portrait. Many other able articles are furnished, there are several fine poems, and the editorial department is as usual full of interest. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for May offers a variety of light and pleasing reading. The pretty frontispiece is followed by Milton's charming May song, illustrated, and the succeeding pages are filled with stories, poems and sketches, several of which are well illustrated. There is a generous installment of the serial "Jean Monteith," by M. G. McClelland, and the first part of an interesting story, by Mrs. Leftwich, is entitled "The Doctor's Story." H. M. George contributes a readable paper on "Great Fêtes of the Middle Ages," and the editorial departments are well filled with timely and interesting matter. Nobody is forgotten, the boys and girls are pleasantly remembered, there is an excellent fashion department, and talks on fancy needlework and other household matters. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

THE FORUM for June brings its usual excellent list of contributors. The opening article, "Is Andover Romanizing," by Prof. Francis L. Patton, is followed by Andrew Lang's interesting paper on "Books That Have Helped Me." Prominent among the articles which fill this number is the first paper of a series, "What Is The Object of Life," contributed by Prof. G. J. Romanes; the subject will be discussed from several points of view in the succeeding numbers of the magazine. "On Things Social," by Eliza Lynn Linton, "Capital Punishment," by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, and "The Control of The Pacific," by Commander H. C. Taylor, with other interesting topics, ably discussed by well known writers, complete one of the best numbers of the magazine. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Publishing Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for June is a very attractive number and will delight the little people in many homes. It is well filled with pretty pictures and stories, and will always be a favorite. \$1.50 a year. Boston: Russell Publishing Company.

BABYHOOD for June comes with its usual store of helpful things for mothers and those having the care of young children. The number is particularly good, giving as it does, so many excellent articles on the care of, and feeding the little ones during the hot weather. The little magazine is fast becoming a necessity in every family. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

THE WRITER is a new departure in journalism, and one which should prove a success, inasmuch as it devotes itself to helping and teaching all literary workers, few of whom can fail to find something of interest if not instruction in the June number. Price \$1.00 a year. 10 cents a copy. Boston: The Writer.

DRESS: a new monthly magazine issued in New York, under the editorship of Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the well known dress reformer, is devoted to the reform of the wearing apparel of women and children. The magazine cannot fail to interest those readers for whom it is intended. \$1.50 a year. New York: The Gallison & Hobson Co., 696 & 698 Broadway.

OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN for June. This little magazine is almost indispensable for the little ones, it is filled with bright little stories and dainty pictures, and each page gives a new

FOREVER MORE!

H. HUGO.

Andante. Sweet and soft.

1. Through the mis - ty haze of the sum - mer's night I watch the rip - pling wave, Where
 2. The sea - beat - en rocks lie cool and gray, in the dim, un - cer - tain light, And

flowing.

min - gled moon and bea - con light in the spark - ling wa - ters lave, And I hear the moan of the
 thus whole a - ges have passed a - way, as flit the hours to - night. And the In - di - an as he

rest - less sea, as it chas - es the san - dy shore, And the words it ut - ters
 float - ed a - long, has stayed the drip - ping oar, As he lis - tened, won - der - ing,

seem to me—"For - ev - er, ev - er more!"
 to that song—"For - ev - er, ev - er more!"

and interesting lesson to be learned. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

BABYLAND for June is unusually attractive and cannot fail to please the little folks for whom it is intended. The pretty little stories, rhymes and pictures all help to amuse and teach "the baby" something new. 50 cents a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

We have received an illustrated catalogue of HENLEY'S MONARCH FENCE MACHINE, which

will be of great interest and value to farmers and others. M. C. Henley, Richmond, Ind.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.
 AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN for May. \$4.00 a year. Chicago: F. H. Revell.
 THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for April-May.

\$3.00 a year. Boston: The New England Magazine.

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

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for June. \$3.00 a year. New York: R. T. Bush & Son.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for June. \$3.00 a year. Published weekly. Boston: Littell & Co.

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

WIDE AWAKE for June. \$2.40 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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

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

THE PANSY for June. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for June. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

The Dispensary.

HEALTH IN OUR HOMES.

THOSE who are responsible for homes cannot be too careful of the health of their inmates. Good health in the household is more to be considered than sumptuous upholstery, elegant dinners, or expensive table service. Beauty should be, and is, consistent with comfort and perfect safety in the home.

Yet how often are these safeguards neglected either through thoughtlessness or in the craze to be fashionable. Some homes that I know of are positively dangerous. Built on low, swampy land, shut in by trees and hedges, every thing is damp and chill about them. Fungus growths flourish on the roof and sides of the house, and in the cellar likewise. In one house that I have in mind six children died one winter of diphtheria; every year one of the family has a fever of a typhoid nature, and common colds are as prevalent as storms.

In some houses drain pipes are allowed to leak in the basement. Stagnant water from the sewers, and the dampness coming in slowly through the walls, act in concert to destroy the lives of our loved ones. Often does the enemy approach so insidiously that you do not suspect the danger until it is too late. Frequent examinations of vaults and cisterns and cellars will usually avoid these lurking dangers.

Sometimes the walls of rooms are themselves disease breeders. Even when the paper itself is free from poison, the paste with which it is put on affords an excellent home for the minute organisms which produce certain diseases. Often the danger is multiplied by paper being repeatedly laid on over the old layers of paste and paper. This should never be done. When new paper is put on the old should be torn off and the walls neatly cleansed with soap or ammonia and water. But the best wall is the old plaster wall kalsomined, or wainscot. The dados of our forefathers' time, washed and scoured as they were by the careful housewife, could happily be revived.

Why is the sunshine so utterly excluded from so many homes? Look at the fashionable window of to-day. First, the shade close to the glass, then the long, rich hangings of lace, again the still richer ones of plush or satin; while, as if to make sure that no ray of light shall penetrate, the silken half-shades strung on wires across the lower panes are added, making the window as useless and inaccessible as possible. To all this barring out of light, fashion adds the edict that it is bad form to stand or sit close to a window.

We might as well go back to the high, narrow portholes of our ancestors at once. They would be less ornamental, perhaps, but quite as useful. Even in distant farm houses among the hills, the windows of the sitting room and parlor are swathed and smothered in drapery, making beautiful, well-furnished dungeons, it may be, but not healthy, cheerful rooms to live in.

It is necessary, I suppose, to be elegant in the drawing room, or else (terrible alternative,) be unfashionable; but in living room, and chamber and nursery, one can dare to be bright, pleasant and healthy, even at the risk of offending Mrs. Grundy. Banish every thing but the linen shades, or if the æsthetic eye demands drapery, let it be of the lightest in color and fabric—cotton, linen, lace, or scrim—something that may easily be washed or renewed.

Children need the sunshine as well as

plants, and its subtle tonic has a wonderful curative influence upon both our physical and mental ailments. It pierces into the secret corners, deodorizes foul places, kills disease germs, and brings life, health and joy on its beams. Our broad, low windows should not be designed merely for the display of the upholsterer's art, but for the free advent of the lovely, dancing sunlight as well.

F. M. COLBY.

A THEORY OF SOAP.

A new theory has been started with regard to the use of soap on the face. Women who for years have been careful of their complexions would never, under any circumstances wash the face in soap, as it was said to roughen and coarsen the skin. Now, this idea is exploded, and a well known physician in the metropolitan profession recommends his women patients to use it freely every day, lathering the skin well. Of course, a fine, oily and pure soap is most desirable. This being secured he states that none but the most beneficial results will be affected by his method of improving the skin. He holds—with considerable plausibility—that the pores of the face become as much clogged by grease and dirt as the hands or any other portion of the body. And if soap is considered a necessary purifier in the bath, its need must be felt equally on the face. By an abundant and regular lathering, the facial pores, he claims, are kept open, free from the clogging matter that produces unsightly black heads, acne, pimples, and a pure, healthy, fresh and brighter complexion is the result. Not mincing matters, he says the trouble with most women who have sallow, pasty skins is that from year's end to year's end they never have a really clean face.

An article published in Good House-keeping says: "Hands kept dirty are never smooth and white. Absolute cleanliness is necessary. Many people who do not work, seldom wash their hands. The day's accumulation of dirt is allowed to remain on the hands all night. Upon rising the hands are washed in cold water; then the possessor wonders why, when she does no work her hands do not look any better. The hands and face should always be washed in warm soap suds before going to bed. White soaps are safest. Highly scented and colored soaps are almost invariably made from rancid and ill smelling fats. After drying them thoroughly, use a few drops of mixed glycerine and camphor which the druggist can prepare for you. Drop into the palms of your hands and rub well, and this will be all that will be necessary to show decided improvement." When you rise in the morning do not use soap on your face, but bathe it well in warm water. Do the soap-scrubbing only at bed time.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

COLD BATHING.

The use of cold water as a bath for ordinary health purposes—we are not speaking of its use for the strictly medical purpose of reducing the temperature of the body in certain states of disease—is not purely reactionary. The cold bath is only useful, or even safe, when it produces a rapid return of the blood to the surface immediately after the first impression made, whether by immersion or affusion. The surface must quickly redden, and there must be a glow of heat. If these effects are not rapidly apparent, cold bathing is bad, and no such effects are likely to be produced unless the circulation be vigorous, and both the heart and blood vessels are healthy.

Great mistakes are made, and serious risks are often incurred, by the unintel-

ligent use of the cold bath, by the weakly or unsound. Moreover, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is seldom too much energy to spare after middle age, and it is seldom expedient for persons much over forty to risk cold bathing. We would go so far as to say that no one above that age should use the tub quite cold, unless under medical advice. It is possible to be apparently robust, and, for all the average purposes of life, healthy, and yet to have such disabilities arising out of organic disease or weakness as to render the recourse to heroic measures, even in the matter of cold bathing, perilous.—*Lancet*.

INSOMNIA.

On retiring for the night, we are apt to carry our business with us, or we have some pet theory to develop. It is wrong to let any subject take possession of us at such a time. Yet the surroundings are most favorable to mental activity. It becomes easy to think; it is a real pleasure. It is only to begin a train of ideas, or to find ourselves urged on as if by some unseen stimulus. There is an unaccountable vigor with our mental powers, not often present during the day. By and by we begin to realize that this ought not to be encouraged, so we desire sleep, but sleep is farthest from us. What is the remedy?

I have often risen and taken a bit of plain food, then fixed my attention on some other subject, and always with good results. But this remedy I feel is not a proper one; it is only directing the determination of blood from one set of organs to another; the whole body wants quiet rest.

Thus far my best means for relief is to absolutely pin my mind down to some single trivial object, as a view of running water, or counting a half dozen figures over and over, till all is forgotten.

SLEEP A PREVENTIVE OF HEADACHE.

A scientific writer says: "Sleep if taken at the right moment, will prevent an attack of nervous headache. If the subjects of such headaches will watch the symptoms of its coming, they can notice that it begins with a feeling of weariness or heaviness. This is the time a sleep of an hour, or even two, as nature guides, will effectually prevent the headache. If not taken just then, it will be too late, for after the attack is fairly under way, it is impossible to get sleep till far into the night, perhaps. It is so common, in these days for doctors to forbid having their patients waked to take medicine if they are asleep when the hour comes round, that the people have learned the lesson pretty well, and they generally know that sleep is better for the sick than medicine. But it is not so well known that sleep is a wonderful preventive of disease—better than tonic regulators and stimulants.

CURE FOR A FELON.

If you ever endured the agony of a felon, you will appreciate the fact it can be cured by woolen smoke. Place the woolen rags under an inverted flower pot, and put coals upon them, or set them on fire in some other way, then hold the felon over the smoke, and it will extract all pain. This has been done by a friend of mine within a week. I assure you that in my circle we consider it as great a discovery as that ether will temporarily deaden pain. The only remedy for a felon that I ever considered infallible, and I have had cognizance of several aggravated cases, was having the part laid open (under the influence of ether) and the bone thoroughly scraped. That reaches the root of the difficulty; but the smoke cure is far better.—*Exchange*.

REMEDY FOR BOILS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have lately heard of and tried a poultice which, even in my enthusiasm, I do not overestimate when I call it invaluable for painful boils or carbuncles, and the information, though given me by an octogenarian, may be new to some of the sisters. In this hope I offer it. Cut a ripe tomato into slices, and bind a slice over the boil. It affords almost instant relief and effects a rapid cure, seeming to eat away the core rather than draw it, and is cool and very soothing in its effects. Change the poultice frequently, burning the refuse slices, as they are covered with poisonous matter.

SISTER COONSMAN.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

(When my stomach reminds me of wrong doing every time that I step aside from the path of duty, in the matter of dieting, am I gaining anything by such a course of strict dieting? MRS. S. A. E.)

Your question is proper and highly suggestive, and may have been often raised in the minds of others in the same circumstances. I answer most decidedly that this is good evidence that your care in reference to your diet has so far improved the state of your digestive organs that the stomach is fast becoming a good and efficient sentinel and detective, reminding you of your errors, warning you against continued faults. As an illustration, the conscience may be so active, so sensitive, so on the alert, as to be troublesome when one unnecessarily destroys a mere brute, when, by continued acts of cruelty, it may be a good deal less troublesome when the fiftieth human being has been slaughtered each murder rendering its remonstrances less and less decided and appreciated. On the contrary, the moral and upright are reminded of remissness of duty, when very trivial transgressions occur. So of the stomach-conscience; the more outrageously the laws of digestion are violated, the more the stomach is abused, the less and less is it able to utter the warning voice, till, at length, it is quiet, having no power remaining, so crushed as to be below the pain point. By a continued course of improvement, just to the extent that your stomach is returning to its normal condition, a condition in which it naturally reminds you of every deviation from the path of dietetic propriety, it will mercifully remind you of errors in diet. Therefore, you should be encouraged at the thought that it is being converted (turned about, doing its best) and that you know more definitely when you are correct in your habits. This is doing for you what a conscientious and faithful medical adviser might with great propriety do, were he watching over you for the purpose of improving your health, by improving you, correcting your unfavorable habits. Get more and more in harmony with your stomach, friend!

G. E. A. Tobacco Remedy. I have no faith in "a harmless remedy" for the tobacco habit, however it may be advertised. I have but little faith in attempting the reform of the victim of this terrible habit, unless he can be made to feel that it is a curse, and is ready to do his part in its removal. Such nostrums are advertised less for the good of society than for personal advantage, it is probable. A little reflection will, I think, make this plain. Tobacco is such a poison that it cannot be tolerated for the first time, without a struggle, an entire reconstruction of the natural tastes, as poisons are generally disgusting to our senses, so made that we may be on our guard against them. The habit produces a second nature so strong that a "harmless drug" will not sufficiently affect it to remove it. But, suppose that something could be found to remove this unnatural appetite, and the victim is so degraded by its use that he has a stronger desire for the gratification resulting from the use of tobacco than for any other, his mental and moral natures completely under the control of the animal natures, the continued use will be sure to reproduce the appetite. If your friend has any strong desire to rid himself of this debasing habit, there is some hope of him. He should bring a strong will to his aid, being determined to conquer or die in the attempt! I will here add that other bad habits seem to produce this, the system being in an unnatural state, preparing the way for any unnatural habit, with a strong desire for any thing which will gratify the animal nature, the alcoholic and tobacco habits co-operating each with the other, as sympathizing partners. If one is gross in his general habits of living, eating inordinately of flesh, particularly of that of the swine, he naturally becomes intemperate, using both tobacco and intoxicants, as well illustrated by the Indians, living very largely on flesh, still quivering with life, like the lion and tiger. If one, therefore, would reform in this regard, I recommend a full reform, as an aid, using plain, substantial food, the grains and fruits being very prominent articles.

The Dressing Room.

OLD CLOTHES; HOW TO RENOVATE AND REMODEL.

BY GOSSIP.

SKILL and judgment are required to transform a cut of cloth into a stylish, well-fitting costume, and there is, perhaps, greater scope for the exercise of these faculties when an old garment is to be remodeled. The best effects are sometimes obtained with these made-over materials, and just now when combinations are so fashionable, a small remnant of nice goods suitable to use with the old will often give a stylish and elegant gown, quite as good as new, with slight expense if one can do the work herself.

The garment to be renovated must first be carefully ripped, brushed and have all threads picked out. Remove spots with benzine, spirits of turpentine, ammonia, or water and Castile soap, according to the nature of the stain, and then wash. This must be carefully done with borax or some good soap. Never rub soap directly on the cloth, but make a tepid suds and put all the cloth in at once. If you have more than one washing the cloth may have a different appearance owing to the strength of the suds and the time the cloth remains in it. Rinse up and down, rub the more soiled portions carefully, and lightly, keeping it in the water as short a time as possible. Rinse thoroughly in plenty of cold water, shake out the pieces, pull in shape and hang to dry. Woolen cloth must never be wrung even from the suds into the rinsing water, as if so treated wrinkles impossible to remove will result. As soon as the cloth is done dripping but still damp take down each piece when in the right condition, fold smoothly, cover with a damp cloth, and iron at once.

The ironing cloth must be perfectly smooth and free from wrinkles or seams and if the cloth to be dressed is black or very dark it is better black than white. Having carefully smoothed out a piece on the board, lay a cloth on top that the iron may not touch it, and iron till perfectly dry, never putting the iron directly upon the cloth you are dressing. If any pieces get too dry dampen slightly. Hang to air till perfectly dry. If the material is one that can be turned it is better to do so, as it will then look equal to new. In this case, have what is now to be the wrong side up next the over piece on which you are to iron.

In washing black cloth beef's gall in the water helps to set and renovate the color, salt, or spirits of turpentine, a tablespoonful of the latter to a gallon of water, will restore faded blues, while alum should be used in washing all greens.

Rusty blacks may be made to look as good as new by the following process: To one pail of soft hot water add one small teacup of soft soap, and two tablespoonfuls of extract of logwood. Have the goods ripped, freed from dust and washed, and while still wet put in the mixture, which should be kept at hand heat, stirring and airing often, as in all dyeing. At the end of two hours, or longer, according to the result desired, hang out of doors to drain, then rinse and iron while damp as before directed. If the cloth is double width iron a fold down the middle of each breadth as in new goods. Black goods as cashmere may also be renovated by washing in strong borax water, and rinsing in a water made very dark by the free use of the bluing bag. In removing spots from any black goods, make all applications by means of a piece of black cloth, as by so doing you avoid the linty look which is

sure to follow the use of white cloth for this purpose.

If a garment is much faded, or of an undesirable color, it can be freshened and changed by the use of some of the numerous prepared dyes which come in all colors and shades.

Some black silks will not bear water, others can be dressed over to look nicely, but to do this requires care and attention. Clean and slice six raw potatoes, and cover with two quarts of boiling water. When cold pour off the clear liquid at the top, which is the part used.

Lay on your table a smooth deal board long enough to accommodate a breadth of the silk, which must be stretched and evenly tacked to it, putting next the board what is to be the right side when done, and with a sponge apply the potato water to all parts till thoroughly wet, rubbing lightly down the silk with the warp. Let the silk stay on the board till perfectly dry, when you can take it off and proceed as before till all the pieces have been dressed. Use small tacks to fasten the silk to the board. I have used this method in renovating plain black and and brocade silks, and when done no one could tell but that they were new.

Silk must never be ironed as the heat takes all life out of it, and makes it seem stringy and flabby, but if you wish to press out old bits of silk and ribbon for fancy work, use an iron only moderately hot, and place two thicknesses of paper between that and the silk.

Old linings should be washed, ironed, and kept in a receptacle devoted to such things. It is seldom these can be utilized in a good dress, but sometimes come in course for children's garments or for every-day cotton gowns.

When re-making an old dress, there is often trouble about getting out the waist. If it cannot be matched, or you do not desire a combination, make a simple skirt with panel of velvet or other rich material, and buy a jersey with vest to match panel, or a plain black jersey which is suitable with almost any color. Jerseys in cream, shell pink, and other light colors, will be used during warm weather, and will be convenient with these odd skirts. Those of cream color with trimmings of black velvet or black silk embroidery, will be particularly chic.

If you have enough of the old material for waist and scant over drapery, procure new striped or checked goods which will harmonize with the old, or a different shade of the same color, and of this fashion the underskirt, with cuffs, collars and revers for the waist. For the front drapery, a very short apron is stylish, admits of piecing, and requires less cloth than most other forms. If you have only the length of the skirt in the back drapery, lay in side plaits meeting in the center. Fasten to the underskirt at the side for fifteen or eighteen inches, and let it hang plain over a large saddle bustle. The apron should be drawn high at the sides and plaited into a space of not over nine inches. Make a small, plain, high-shouldered cape with Capuchin hood to match the underskirt, and you will have a costume suited to all but ceremonious occasions.

Skirts should be the same distance from the ground front and back, from two to three inches, and fitted over the petticoats and bustle with which they are to be worn. Fit the front plain and smooth by means of darts, massing the fulness at the back. If the person is very stout the front breadth of the skirt may be slightly rounded at the bottom and top, thus avoiding the unsightly, drawn up appearance so common.

For a plain skirt of velvet, corduroy or other heavy material, the front breadth should be twenty-four inches wide at the bottom, and sloped evenly to fifteen

inches at the top. The side gores are twenty-two inches at the bottom and twelve at the top, one side straight, of course. The back is a straight breadth not less than twenty-eight inches wide, while if of wool goods the whole width is gathered in. Skirts of velvet and corduroy should have no underlining, but a deep facing of linen duck perfectly fitted and finished at the top with a bias strip of cambric which is turned under like a binding, and this binding caught down to the cloth. This prevents the wrinkles which would result if the canvas was fastened directly to the skirt. At the bottom turn down the outside and hem the facing to it, finishing with a box plaited braid or thick ribbon set under the edge.

When a lining skirt is used it is made narrower, say two inches on each piece, while the back is made of a single width of cambric, and the dust ruffle set on with the usual facings and binding. The seams of the outside skirt must be sewed up with the lining to within eight inches of the bottom, and then separated. This gives a more stylish effect than when it runs straight to the bottom with the ruffle set on it.

When making a dress of new cloth, select a pattern to your fancy, but when re-making an old one pick out a style in the fashioning of which you can use the pieces to the best advantage.

Back draperies are quite narrow and for a medium size should be plaited into a six-inch space at the top. A favorite style and one easily arranged is to take a breadth of double width cloth not less than forty-eight inches long. Lay the cloth on the table and three and three-fourths inches from the top lay a downward plait clear across, fastening it at each side and in the middle. Three and one-half inches from this lay another, and still another at the same distance below this, fastening each in three places the same as the first. This will give plaits of an inch and a half or more according to the length of the skirt. A good way is to measure the drapery as near the bottom as you wish, two inches is about right, and put the rest of the cloth in the plaits. Arrange the top in two box plaits. It is usual to have the placket in the center of the lining skirt, and put the back drapery on a separate binding, leaving it unfastened at the sides for a few inches to allow of passing over the shoulders. This short binding is fastened to the other with buttons, or else tapes run from it which are brought to the front and tied. The latter way is more common for cotton dresses. Leave at least twenty inches of the back drapery unfastened to the skirt at the bottom.

By the aid of a good pattern most draperies may be arranged on the cutting board, fastened to the skirt and tried on, when the changes indicated can be made. But if one works alone a portable skirt form is almost indispensable and meets a long felt want. This is adjustable to any size, is formed of wires and closes like an umbrella when not in use, weighs only five pounds and costs three dollars. Every woman with the sewing of a family to do, will find that it saves more than its cost in a single season. By its use the most complicated draperies can be arranged and one has only to look in the fashion books and copy the styles there illustrated.

In making a skirt remember that two bias seams are never put together. For the waist select a suitable pattern or one of the stamped linings. In either case measure every part carefully by an old dress to see if it needs alteration, and proceed as indicated, increasing or decreasing every part regularly. In cutting, a tracing wheel with saw teeth, or one carrying a bit of chalk, is a great convenience, and well nigh indispensable.

Cut every part of the lining and then lay on the cloth, being sure that the grain of the cloth is the same in both outside and lining or wrinkles will result. Catch them carefully together, and run a thread of a different color from the other bastes just on a line where the seams are to be sewed. It is more trouble, but it is much the better way to baste up and try on a lining before the outside is cut. A waist should be basted very closely or you will be unable to gain a correct idea of the fit and size.

Velvets and velveteens are cut with the nap running up, and whenever the cloth is figured or plaided these should all run the same way, taking care to have them match exactly in the back, and form as nearly a perfect figure as possible. A little padding in the hollow of the shoulders, or a rounded pad in front of the arm, a bit of cotton batting on top of the arm, a small plait in the lining over the bust which need not be made in the outside, or a sloping in of the fronts at the bottom when the bust is unusually full, will make all the difference between a fit and a misfit.

In cutting the bodice place the waist line exactly crosswise on the goods, while the sleeves must be so cut that the part above the elbow is straight, and the bias below if anywhere. The back side pieces must be cut very high under the arm, as by this means a sleeve can be fitted without uncomfortable drawing. The neck must be cut high and a collar put on as high as can be worn. These are cut on the bias and stitched at the bottom to make them fit.

After the seams are stitched they must be evened, whipped, pressed open, and all except the rounded ones of the back supplied with whalebones. These should run to within an inch and a half of the top of the biases, and to the bottom of the basque if that be short; from the bottom in the side seams to the arm size, and from an inch below the waist in the back to three and one-half inches above.

To finish the basque at the bottom, turn up to the required depth, press and hem on an angling facing. If a postillion back baste the plaits and set by use of a warm iron on the wrong side.

In finishing up a nice garment, do not try to save the baste threads, but cut between each stitch, and then remove with care. Whip neck, bottom and arms eyes, that they may not fray while the other work is being done on the waist.

In making over old dresses, it is well to put good sized pieces of the dress material on the lining under the arms, and over the elbow of each sleeve, before the outside is put on, tacking them in place with silk or fine thread. These should, of course, be between the outside and the lining. When the cloth grows thin in these places, it can be darned so neatly as to be scarcely visible.

A tall person should not wear straight, scant draperies, nor a stout person those which are unusually full and bunchy, neither should they be arranged so as to enlarge the person. All back draperies are looped a little lower than last season.

For waist linings use only the firm English silesias, and for underskirts the undressed or glove cambric.

Bodices are long waisted and fit snugly, or, at least, have that appearance, but it is a mistake to suppose that a waist must be tight in order to fit smoothly. Have the pressure equal on all parts, not drawn in here and there, that is what causes wrinkles. Remember that your corsets and underclothes must fit well or it will be impossible to get a satisfactory fit on the dress. By trying on a bodice wrong side out one can readily see where alteration is needed, but if there is much difference in the shoulders they must be fitted separately.

A great deal depends on the set of the sleeves. Sew the seams and press, and then baste in the arm hole, holding the sleeve next you and bringing all fullness on the top, while it is held straight underneath. The outside sleeve seam will usually hit the first seam in the back. Finish the bottom of the sleeve after it is sewed in, never before, or you will get it too long or too short.

A new way of trimming a sleeve is to slit up the outside at the bottom, at an equal distance from each seam, for a depth of four or five inches, turning in the cloth from the end of the cut towards the bottom to form a V shaped opening, and underneath set a piece of velvet or whatever material the gown is trimmed with. Fasten this in with a few blind stitches and set a large button at the top of the point.

CHEAP COMFORTS AND CONTRIVANCES.

Where shall I begin? Well, on my left is a rug, oval in shape, almost eight feet in length, and a little less than six in width. It was knitted on wooden needles which my husband made me. The center of the rug was a turkey blue, figured calico dress, prepared as for carpet rags. I cast on twenty-four stitches and knit a plain piece two feet long, and on either end knit a strip six inches wide of shaded browns, grey and blue. Prepare a pile of brown rags with a few grey ones, cast on fifteen stitches, knit once across and then narrow on both sides, and continue narrowing until there are but two stitches left, then bind off and fasten the end securely with needle and thread. This gives you a small triangular block. Knit enough of brown and gray to go around the center. The more shades you can get in, and the more it is mixed, the prettier it will be. Knit the same number of shaded blue ones. Sew the brown ones on first, keeping the long side towards the center, and filling each space with shaded blue. Then set up fourteen stitches and knit a stripe of shaded brown with a dash of yellow now and then, to go around, allowing, of course, for fulling at the corners. Sew on with strong black thread. Cast on thirty stitches, knit once across, and then narrow on either side until only two stitches are left, bind off and fasten securely. Knit enough of these to go around next to the brown stripe. Knit the same number of brown, gray and yellow ones and fit into these. Then I cast on ten stitches and knitted a black stripe. This, however, I knit in sections a little over a yard long, to avoid handling so long a piece at once. I sewed them together as I sewed the stripe on. I gathered my light and dark blue grey flannels together, also dark blue and a few other pieces which harmonized well, and knit a stripe fifteen stitches wide, hit or miss. I knitted this in sections. Great care must be taken to hold it loose enough so it will not draw when laid out smooth.

I have another large one which has a center of red and gray and red worked in next to black. They are much prettier where but one bright color is used.

We find our rugs very serviceable, and they are much admired. I never shake them, but brush off lightly, and fold them back while sweeping. My arms and back are far from strong, but I knit two large ones in a little over a year, and almost all of it was done at odd times. I do not think it hurt me at all.

I have made two crazy ones, using pieces of men's clothes which were too thick to knit. I sewed them on burlap, and brightened them with scraps of pretty flannel and old stockings, put on in odd shapes, sometimes with Germantown and some hemmed on. I finished the ends of

the rug made by slashing a strip of heavy cloth. Carpet warp makes a good fringe.

My husband made a plain pine bookcase. I covered the shelves with strips of an old gossamer pinked on one edge. A bracket is fastened at one end, on which rest a lovely cup and saucer which journeyed from Scotland in "ye olden time," and was since wrecked on the coast of Florida. Over the bookcase hangs a picture, and the top is a resting-place, for easels, large shells, etc. The curtain is made of cashmere, basket cloth, sateen, pongee and various scraps I had. I cut a vine from an old dark brown vest I put it on black cashmere with canary yellow zephyr, and very pretty it is. Another vine was cut from light brown and put on imperial blue. Several mottoes are scattered over it made in very crooked letters. I bought ten cents worth of shaded brown zephyr, (the only thing I bought except lining which was dark calico of a peculiar figure,) and using various stitches I went around the edges and across the corners as fancy led me. The bottom I finished with a fringe made from old broadcloth. Take a strip over three inches in width, and as long as your curtain is wide, (the strip may be pieced,) pink the upper edge and work a vine in some simple stitch just below the pinking. Then slash the lower edge about two inches deep, making every slash about three-sixteenths of an inch wide. The top I finished with a straight strip of momie cloth outlined with brown. I worked loops on the inside, an inch from the top, with strong thread well waxed. The loops are three inches apart, and are strung on a strong wire stretched tightly across the front of the case.

I intended telling you of another convenience, but will refrain lest you weary of me and my home.

JANETTE HEWIT.

CHILD'S SHELL AND STAR STITCH SACQUE.

This is a very pretty sacque having a row in star stitch, then a row of shells. It is easy to make as you can turn and go back without breaking wool. It requires two skeins of wool in white, and one of garnet for the border.

Make a chain of sixty-nine stitches, take up every one, and make two rows in short stitch.

3. Eight plain stars, widen for sleeve by making one-half star, one plain, one-half star, then seven plain, and then widen for back by making one-half star, one plain, one-half star, then seven plain, widen for sleeve as before, eight plain. make one chain and turn.

4. Make a shell of three double crochet in the small hole formed in the star, make eight shells over first eight stars. widen on sleeve by making two double crochet between the eighth shell and one-half star of preceding row, whole shell in one-half star, whole shell in plain star, whole shell in one-half star, two double crochet between half-star and whole star of preceding row, whole shell in each of the stars until you come to the other sleeve, then widen as before, eight shells, one chain and turn.

5. In this row the fifth and sixth loops of the star are raised by skipping the first bar of shell, and taking up the back part of the second and third bars of shell, widen after first star on fronts with one star between, widen on each sleeve five between.

6. Widen on each sleeve seven shells between, and center of back three shells between.

7. Widen on sleeve only.

8, 9, 10, and 11. Same as sixth row.

12. Widen after first shell on fronts and on each sleeve, having nineteen whole shells between half-shells.

13. Join under arms, letting widening go into skirt.

14. Widen under arms one shell between.

15, 16 and 17. Plain.

18. Widen front and under arms three between.

19, 20, 21 and 22. Plain.

23. Widen under arms five between, center of back one between.

24. Plain.

BORDER.

1. Take up in some way one hundred and forty-five short stitches.

2. One double in each of the first four stitches, three double in fifth, one double in each of next seven, three double in next, one in each of next seven, three in next, and so on, making eighteen shells with seven double between each, and four at each end.

3. Four plain, three double in fifth, four plain, skip one, four plain, three in fifth stitch, etc.

4. Same as third row, only skip two.

Three or four rows may be put on in the same way as the fourth row, if desired.

COLLAR.

Chain seventy-four.

1. One double in each stitch.

2. One double in first three, three double in fourth, one double in next three, three double in fourth, etc.

3. Three double in fourth, two plain, skip one, two plain, three in next stitch, etc.

4. Same as the third row, only skip two.

SLEEVE.

Commence this under the arm.

1. Make star over each shell, join and turn.

2. Make shell over each star.

3. Narrow under arms by making one star cover two shells.

4, 5, 6 and 7. Plain.

8. Narrow under arms.

9. Plain.

10. Narrow under arms.

11. Plain.

12. Narrow under arms.

A border of two or three rows may be put up and down the front, and around the sleeves like the collar. G. S.

FOOT-REST.

My mother always taught me to say "Thank you" for gifts or favors received, and I fear I have neglected my home training to some extent, if I continue to receive valuable suggestions from the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, without at least saying "Thank you." Please accept my hearty thanks, kind sisters, and I trust I may show my appreciation somewhat by helping some one else.

A foot-rest I received lately, is odd and something new. It is made like a three-legged milking stool, only higher, about as high as an ordinary chair. The top is cushioned and covered with felt with a plush band around the side. The legs are gilded and a bow of ribbon is tied around one of them.

PICTURE FRAME.

A cabinet picture frame is made by taking a piece of pine eight and one-half by ten and one-half inches, and three-fourths of an inch thick. About an inch and a half from the right side and the bottom of the frame, cut a place the size of the picture, using any frame as a model. Cover the frame with velvet. Mine is scarlet, and around the left and upper sides is a spray of pink roses and leaves made of zephyr. A mat three-fourths of an inch wide and gilded is placed inside the glass as a finish for the picture.

MATCH SAFE.

A useful as well as an ornamental arti-

cle is made as follows: Procure two clay smoking pipes. Carefully gild them all over. In the ring which is under most hanging lamps, insert these pipes in opposite directions, and tie with a ribbon. The bowls of the pipes are used for matches.

I join in the sister's request for more crochet patterns.

LIZZIE D.

Ohio.

DEEP KNITTED LACE.

Cast on thirty-five stitches.

1. Knit four, over and narrow fifteen times, over, knit one.

2. Plain.

3. Knit seven, over and narrow fourteen times, over, knit one.

4. Plain.

5. Knit ten, over and narrow thirteen times, over, knit one.

6. Plain.

7. Knit thirteen, over and narrow twelve times, over, knit one.

8. Plain.

9. Knit sixteen, over and narrow eleven times, over, knit one.

10. Plain.

11. Knit nineteen, over and narrow ten times, over, knit one.

12. Plain.

13. Knit twenty-two, over and narrow nine times, over, knit one.

14. Plain.

15. Knit twenty-five, over and narrow eight times, over, knit one.

16. Plain.

17. Knit twenty-eight, over and narrow seven times, over, knit one.

18. Plain.

19. Knit thirty-one, over and narrow six times, over, knit one.

20. Plain.

21. Plain.

22. Cast off ten stitches, knit the rest, then if there is no mistake you will have thirty-five stitches left.

Waverly, Iowa. GERTIE THOMPSON.

GERMAN INSERTION.

The following is a beautiful pattern when knit in very fine cotton:

Cast on thirty-nine stitches.

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

2. Knit across plain. All the even rows are the same.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit three.

5. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit three.

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

9. Knit three, over, narrow twice, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow twice, over, knit three.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow twice, over, knit four, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, over, narrow twice, over, knit four,

narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

13. Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit two, narrow, over, knit three.

15. Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, narrow, over, knit three.

17. Knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit four, narrow, over, knit three.

19. Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, narrow, over, knit three.

21. Knit three, over, narrow, knit six, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw over the slipped stitch, over, knit six, narrow, over, knit three.

23. Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow twice, over, knit four, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit three.

24. Knit back plain and repeat from the first row.

S. S. SCAMMELL.

STAR LACE.

Make a chain of forty-seven stitches. (By treble I mean put the thread over once, and by single do not put it over.)

1. Treble four times in fourth from last stitch, chain six, skip seven, in each of the next five make a single stitch, chain six, skip seven, treble four times in next stitch, chain six, skip seven, in each of the next five make a single stitch, chain six, skip seven, treble four times in next stitch, chain two, skip two, treble once in next stitch.

2. Chain five, treble once in first treble, chain two, treble four times in fourth treble, chain five, make three single stitches in the five single ones commencing in the second, chain five, treble four times in first treble, chain two, treble four times in fourth treble, chain five, make three single stitches as before, chain five, treble four times in first treble.

3. Chain four, treble four times in fourth treble, chain four, thread over twice and fasten in the second of the three single stitches, knitting it up two stitches at a time, chain four, treble four times in first treble, chain four, thread over twice and fasten in the chain of two between the groups, chain four, treble four times in fourth treble, chain four, thread over twice and fasten as first time, chain four, treble four times in first treble, chain two, treble once in fourth treble, chain two, treble once in next treble, chain two, treble once in third treble.

4. Chain five, treble once in first treble, chain two, treble once in next treble, chain two, treble once in first treble of group, chain two, treble four times in fourth treble, chain two, treble four times in first treble of next group, chain five, make three single stitches commencing in fourth stitch of chain, chain five, treble four times in fourth treble, chain two, treble four times in first treble of next group.

5. Chain four, treble four times in the opening between the last two groups,

chain six, make five single stitches commencing in the fifth stitch of chain, chain six, treble four times in opening between two groups, chain two, treble once in fourth treble, chain two, and complete the row with squares.

6. Chain five, treble once in first treble, chain two, treble once in next treble, chain two, treble once in next treble, chain two, treble four times in the opening before the group, chain two, treble four times in fourth treble, chain five, make three single stitches commencing in the second stitch of the five single ones, chain five, treble four times in the first treble of the group, chain two, treble four times in the fourth treble.

7. Chain four, treble four times in first treble, chain four, thread over twice and fasten in the chain of two between the groups, chain four, treble four times in fourth treble, chain four, thread over twice and fasten in second stitch of group of three single stitches, chain four, treble four times in first treble of group, chain four, thread over twice and fasten between groups, chain four, treble four times in opening after last group, and complete the row with squares.

8. Chain five, treble once in first treble, chain two, treble four times in opening before last group, chain five, make three single stitches commencing in fourth stitch of chain, chain five, treble four times in fourth treble, chain two, treble four times in first treble of next group, chain five, make three single stitches as before, chain five, treble four times in fourth treble.

9. Chain four, treble four times in first treble, chain six, make five single stitches commencing in fifth stitch of chain, chain six, treble four times in the opening between the groups, chain six, make five single stitches as before, chain six, treble four times in opening after last group, chain two, treble once in third treble.

Omit the first row in repeating. This may easily be made wider. I will gladly furnish sample to any who wish for it.

MARY W. TEAL.

Neenah, Winnebago Co., Wis.

DOUBLE ROSE LEAF LACE.

Cast on twenty-eight stitches.

1. Knit three plain, thread over, narrow, thread over, three plain, thread over, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, narrow, purl one, narrow, thread over, three plain, thread over, two plain, thread over, narrow, * thread over twice, two plain.

2. Slip one, two plain, purl one, * two plain, thread over, narrow, purl six, one plain, purl one, one plain, purl one, one plain, purl six, two plain, thread over, narrow, purl one.

3. Three plain, thread over, narrow, thread over, five plain, thread over, slip one, narrow and draw the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, purl one, slip one, narrow, draw the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, thread over, five plain, thread over, two plain, thread over, narrow, * four plain.

4. Slip one, five plain, * thread over, narrow, purl eight, one plain, purl eight, two plain, thread over, narrow, purl one.

5. Three plain, thread over, narrow, thread over twice, one plain, narrow, purl one, narrow, one plain, thread over, slip one, narrow, draw the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, thread over, one plain, narrow, purl one, narrow, one plain, thread over twice, two plain, thread over * narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow.

6. Slip one, one plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, two plain, * thread over, narrow, one plain (the first of the "over twice"), purl three, one plain, purl seven,

one plain, purl three, three plain, thread over, narrow, purl one.

7. Three plain, thread over, narrow, thread over, one plain, thread over, one plain, narrow, purl one, narrow, three plain, narrow, purl one, narrow, one plain, thread over, one plain, thread over, two plain, thread over, narrow, * six plain.

8. Slip one, knit seven plain, * thread over, narrow, purl five, one plain, purl five, one plain, purl five, two plain, thread over, narrow, purl one.

9. Same as first row to *, then thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow.

10. Slip one, one plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, then like second row after *.

11. Same as third row to *, nine plain.

12. Slip one, ten plain, then like fourth row after *.

13. Same as fifth row to *, narrow three together, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow.

14. Slip one, one plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, two plain, purl one, two plain, like the sixth row after *.

15. Same as seventh row to *, twelve plain.

16. Bind off ten, three plain, like the eighth row after *.

Commence at the first row again.

MRS. J. A. HOLMES.

West Avon, Conn.

WIDE CROCHET LACE.

Make a chain of twenty-four stitches.

1. One double crochet (thread over once) in fourth stitch from needle, two double in next two, * two chain, miss two, eight double in next eight, miss two, four double in last four stitches of the chain *.

2. Turn, chain three, * three double in three below two chain, one double in first of eight below, six chain, one double in last of eight, chain two, four double in four below.*

3. Turn, three chain, three double in three below; repeat from * to * in first row.

4. Same as second row.

5. Same as third row, then chain fifteen, catch in tenth stitch from needle, chain eight, catch in top of three chain of second row of heading, chain two, catch in top of last double of first row; turn, work fourteen double around eight chain and fasten in circle of ten at the end; this forms the first leaf of the spray; turn, chain eight, one double in ninth stitch of leaf, two chain, double in twelfth stitch, two chain double in last stitch; turn, five chain, double in first double, two chain, double in next, fourteen double around eight chain, fasten in circle as before; repeat until you have nine leaves, then after fastening the last work in single crochet along the stem to the heading.

6. Two chain, and like second row from * to *.

7. Repeat third row.

8. Two chain, catch in last leaf of spray five stitches from the end; turn, and repeat from * to * in second row.

9. Repeat third row.

10. Catch in leaf three stitches from the end, chain two, catch in last stitch; turn, and repeat second row.

Work four more cross bars in the heading before beginning next scallop. Fasten the first point of second scallop to the last of the first. When you have the desired length, work in single crochet around the points to keep them in place. I have never seen this in print.

NORA A. WOOD.

Yelm, Thurston Co., W. T.

CROCHETED SKIRT.

This is for a child two years old.

Use wool of any color preferred and make a chain long enough to go around the child's waist very loosely.

Crochet around once in single crochet. Next, double crochet in the first stitch, same in the next stitch, two chain, skip two stitches, double crochet in third from last double crochet, and so on around once. Single crochet around once. Begin on the other side of the foundation chain, and single crochet ten times around, taking back stitch of chain every time, then single crochet in the first stitch, same in next, one chain, double crochet in next, one chain, double crochet in next, one chain, single crochet in next, same in next; and so on around once. Single crochet in back stitch, same in next, same in next, making three stitches, then single crochet between two double crochets, taking up the back stitch every time, single crochet in next, single crochet in the next, skip two stitches, single crochet in the next, and so on around thirty times or more, or as many times as may be required for the right length. Finish with a shell or scallop.

MRS. L. M.

THE WORK TABLE.

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

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Nelly Browne asks about lining a deer skin rug. I have a fur rug that I meant to line, until advised by a friend not to do so, as she had lost a lovely one, by moths getting between the flannel lining and the fur, where they were not discovered until too late to save the rug.

The pocket photo. case that K. E. N. T. wants I have sometimes made in this way. Take a piece of plush about twelve or thirteen inches long, and five inches wide. Line throughout with satin, then fold each end in toward the middle, forming two pockets large enough for the photos. Fasten the edges and fold one pocket over upon the other.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In March HOUSEHOLD there is a pattern of a crocheted bedspread. I have made one hexagon and feel very much pleased with it. Will Abbie please tell me how many hexagons the spread contains, also how she joins them?

E. B. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give directions for making paper flowers, such as used for wreaths and bouquets? Please give the directions plain, as I am a young beginner.

Old Hickory, Va.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you please ask some of the sisters what is a pretty and suitable way to finish the sides of a silk crazy quilt?

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please explain the terms used in knitting?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD to send directions for broad crochet edge. And oblige a

SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the April number a subscriber asked for directions for making a pretty toilet set out of thick material. I made one of Turkish toweling. I bought the white toweling by the yard, cut my mats in squares the desired size and crocheted a shell border of blue worsted around them. I also made a splasher of the same, and a tidy for rocking chair. They are very pretty and serviceable.

A HOUSEHOLD SISTER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please give directions for infant's sack? Something simple. I have tried and cannot make one. You will greatly oblige a new subscriber.

New Haven, Conn.

MRS. J. T. KEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one give a rule for knitting fagot? It is an open work at the heading of lace. I have seen it, but cannot knit it.

MRS. H. B. F.

The Dining Room.

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Number Fifty-Eight.

IT IS fortunate for humanity in general and women who "keep house," in particular, that when the hot days come, when it is so hard to prepare an elaborate dinner, mother nature steps in with her plentiful supply of berries, fruits and new vegetables to take the place to a great extent, among the more sensible people, of the meats, pastry and heavy foods which were both palatable and wholesome during the winter. One cannot keep cool when the mercury climbs into the nineties without the aid of a cooling diet. To supply one's dining table with the same rich soups, roasts and heavy desserts which were served during the colder months, is to supply the partakers thereof with headache, languor and hosts of other ills generally laid to the "hot weather."

Through July and August the less meat eaten the better. A breakfast of good bread and butter, berries, or fruit of some kind, eggs if one pleases, and a small cup of coffee properly made, will keep one from suffering with hunger until dinner time. Beef or mutton, roasted, broiled or boiled, with plenty of vegetables and a dessert of fruit, makes a wholesome dinner and one comparatively easy to prepare. With a light supper, yet sufficient both in quantity and quality to prevent the sleeplessness which hunger is sure to cause, one should be able to keep well and comfortable through the hot summer months. Where one has a small family, a leg of mutton roasted or boiled, to serve cold, will save a great deal of work. A piece of beef boiled and salted or spiced, recipes for preparing which were given in our last Notes, is also very nice.

Many object to fruit for breakfast or dessert on account of its expense, and we wish we could make them see how mistaken they are. The bare cost of the material used in a pie or pudding is more, even if we do not consider the labor of making or the cost of the fuel used in cooking.

There is another prejudice against fruit at the table and especially at breakfast. "It is fashionable!" For once, let us be thankful, fashion has adopted something sensible, and we can be stylish with a clear conscience. A cool, juicy melon, just sprinkled with sugar will be far more wholesome on a "dog day's" morning in spite of its style, than a whole plateful of griddlecakes and molasses which are not fashionable at all.

One must plan somewhat in order to prepare what food is possible, when a cool, rainy day makes a fire in the kitchen stove not only endurable but necessary to dry the air all about the house. Even in hot weather, if damp, a fire is necessary at times, and the doors should be opened throughout the house that the dry air may penetrate all the rooms. Don't in the mistaken idea that you are keeping the house cool, keep it merely dark and close. Open windows and sunshine, though the duster may have to be used more constantly, go far to make a house wholesome and cool in summer. Of course the blinds may be closed during the hottest part of the day, nobody wants to sit in the sun, indoors, in July, but it is far from good sense or comfort to shut it out all day long. Especially, keep the dining room well aired. A close, dark dining room is enough to create dyspepsia in an ostrich.

There is so much comfort in hot weather in the use of a good oil stove that it is

now almost impossible to find a house in New England without one, yet so many are improperly cared for that they are a source of great annoyance. One doesn't enjoy supper in a dining room redolent with kerosene smoke, and this is by no means necessary. If possible these stoves should be placed in a back kitchen or shed room or where there is plenty of light and air, although it is better not to place one in a direct draught. They should be kept as clean as the parlor lamp. This is absolutely necessary. With proper care, the reservoir filled every morning and the stove kept clean, there should be no odor, no smoke, and not the slightest danger of explosion. We are asked if they save expense. In a great measure, yes; but they are most useful as a saving of time and heat. One doesn't have to keep up a hot fire for half an hour in order to heat an oven, nor wait an hour or two for the fire to go out in order to cool off the room. In ten minutes after the stove is lighted water is boiling hot or the oven ready for baking, and in less than that time after the wicks are turned down the stove is cool. One can wash and iron in comparative comfort with the aid of one of these stoves, and meat, bread and cake can be very nicely baked. We were told the other day of a lady who had used a stove a year without changing the wicks. Her stove had been kept so beautifully clean that the wicks did not blacken or burn down, the common trouble with many. Where one's house is supplied with gas a gas stove may be used instead of the oil. These are very nice and very little trouble.

For hot weather breakfasts the quickly made, delicious gems or muffins are more in demand than any thing else in the way of warm bread. The following rule makes very light gems if the oven is sufficiently hot. One and one-half cups of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one egg, one heaping teaspoonful of butter and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the flour and baking powder well, and then sift into the mixing dish. Then stir in the milk, next add the butter, melted, and when well mixed stir in the egg, well beaten. Beat till light and fill the gem pans, which should be hot and buttered. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Graham muffins are very nice made as follows: One and one-half cups of graham or granulated wheat meal, one and one-half cups of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one rounding teaspoonful of soda. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of boiling water and stir it into the sour milk. Then add the meal and salt, beat well together and pour into the gem pans which should be hot and well buttered. Bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

Graham bread is very nice made after the following recipe: Two and one-half cups of graham meal, two cups of sour milk, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of boiling water and stir into the milk, melt the butter and stir all the ingredients together quickly and thoroughly. Bake about forty minutes in a steady oven.

A meat pie is a palatable change from cold meat or the broiled steak, of which one grows so tired. Cold boiled beef is the best meat for this purpose. Cut the meat in rather thin slices and heat it slowly in water to cover. If you have some of the broth in which the meat was boiled the gravy will be all the better for the addition. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water as possible and stir in gently, taking care not to break the pieces of meat. Add a tablespoonful of butter, and salt to season well. Set aside to cool

while you prepare the crust as follows: Mix two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter with two cups of flour, then stir in two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When well mixed add three-fourths of a cup of milk. Mix quickly, turn out on a molding board and cut in two pieces, one about twice as large as the other. Butter a baking dish, one holding three pints will be about the right size. Roll the smaller piece of crust in a strip to line the sides of the dish. Then fill in the meat, and pour in the gravy, a cupful will be sufficient; put pieces of butter over the top, a tablespoonful of butter will be enough to use, and dust over it a teaspoonful of flour. Then roll the remainder of the crust to fit the top of the pan, cutting two or three slits across the center. Bake about three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven. Any cold roast meats may be used for these pies, or pieces of beef which are too tough to be cooked in any other way, may be slowly stewed until very tender, nicely seasoned with plenty of butter and used in a pie.

At this season of the year when it is so difficult to get good potatoes it is well to substitute boiled rice for this standard vegetable. Plain boiled, to serve with roast or boiled meats, or cut, when cold, in slices, dipped in flour and fried in butter, or made into croquettes. There is scarcely any limit to the dishes which may be prepared, and all wholesome as well as delicate and palatable. White hominy or granulated corn may be cooked in the same manner and is excellent.

EMILY HAYES.

PRINTERS AND COOKS.

One who travels much in this country and stays at hotels gets the impression that the hotel-keepers are much more particular about choosing a printer than a cook. Probably in no other country are the bills of fare so fine, so elaborate, so handsome, as ours. They are often a fine-art and intellectual treat. If a person could live on an intellectual treat, no other people would be so well fed at hotels as we are. We do not spare languages. French, German, sometimes English, are impressed into the service. The traveler cannot always read his bill of fare, but that is the fault of his education; and he is lucky in one thing—if he cannot tell what he is going to have he is troubled by no disappointment, for he can rarely tell what he has had after he tastes it.

A clamor is now and then raised that the people of the United States, so assertive of their nationality and proud of their language, ought to have their bills of fare printed in English. The sufficient reply is that they would not look as well, not have so much "style," not seem to be so well worth the money. Sometimes a mixture of languages has a good effect, for it adds intelligibility to the air of good society. At a recent banquet of the Carpenter's Union in a large western city, the "menu," among other curiosities, had this course: "Poissons: turkey, buffalo tongue, sugar-cured ham." This was naturally followed by *hors d'œuvre*. The introduction of a little French enlivens a dinner, and in a mixed company where there may be those whose faith excludes them from pork, the conscience may be quieted by eating ham as fish.

The hotels, by all means, should keep up their style. It is easier to get up a handsome bill of fare than a good dinner, and when it is inconvenient to have the latter, we cling to the former. Those who want all the bills printed in English are radicals, who would drag down the bill to the level of the dinner. It is said good wine needs no bush, and the time may come when a dinner will need no

bill of fare, or only one in English; but we are not yet in the millennium. We are a reading people, and it is much more important to our souls that we should have something to read than something to eat.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

Miss Corson in Harper's, gives a recipe for an unusual form of chocolate, which, she says, is well worth all the care required in its preparation: Two, three or four eggs may be used to each quart of chocolate, according to the consistency desired, and three or four of the small cakes of sweet chocolate. The quantity of chocolate depends upon the taste of the maker, a fair proportion being one division about an inch wide and three or four long for each half pint of water. Grate the chocolate or break it in small pieces, put it over the fire in a thick saucepan or chocolate pot, and stir it until it softens; then stir in a quart of milk to four small cakes of chocolate. While the milk is heating, separate the yolks of the eggs from the whites, beat the yolks to a smooth cream, and the whites to a stiff froth. When the chocolate boils, take the pot off the fire, or move it where it cannot boil. Dip half a cupful of chocolate into the beaten yolks, quickly mix it with them, at once pour them into the rest of the chocolate, and mix them in with the chocolate stick or a wire egg-beater. Next beat in the whites thoroughly, and serve the chocolate hot.

The success of the beverage depends upon the rapidity with which the beaten eggs are mixed with the chocolate after it once boils. If it were allowed to boil after the eggs are added, they would become "curdled" or cooked, of course. As chocolate retains heat, there is time enough to blend the beaten eggs with it before it cools, when the operation is deftly and rapidly accomplished.

THE DESSERT.

—Since Mrs. Dollarworth's return from abroad, she tells her friends she is unable to get over the custom contracted on the other side of taking a sou'wester after dinner.

—"What and When to Eat" is the title of an exchange. The "when" never gave us any trouble in our eating, but we have been compelled to do a sight of skirmishing after the "what."

—Butcher (to young housekeeper)—"How would you like a leg of mutton, or beef, mum?" Young housekeeper (thoughtfully) "We had a leg of mutton yesterday, I guess you may send a leg of beef."

—"Jane, did I not tell you, if you were again tempted to eat the currants you must say: 'Get thee behind me Satan!'" "Yes, mum, an' I did, an' he got behind me and pushed me right into the currant bushes."

—"Oh, yes; Tommy is learning to play quite rapidly. He reads music quite readily, his execution is really creditable and his fingering is perfect." "His fingering? What instrument does he play?" "A French horn."

—"John," said the proprietor of the beach restaurant, "you'll have to take a spade and go down to the beach and try to find a clam. The one we made the chowder with is missing. Been eaten by some of the guests, I guess."

—"Uncle Jake (to his chums as an illustration of the simplicity of a stage load of city folks under his charge.) "Ez we turned Clagget's Bluff, about seven o'clock, the hull crowd busted out in 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' an' what d'ye s'pose it was all about? Why, one of them common red and yellor sunsets!"

The Kitchen.

FOOD FOR HEALTH.

IN THE early spring time few articles of food are more relishing or more conducive to health than the first "greens;" boiled dandelions, the leaves, eaten with vinegar; boiled spinach, which contains iron, an important element in the blood; radishes, which contain sulphur; fresh lettuce, an anodyne; parsley, water cresses, and the like.

The very thought of fresh water cresses reminds one of the days of childhood, when we sought them by the brook side before the snow was all melted upon the hills; in the time of maple sugar making.

How many a dose of nauseous medicine might go untasted had we the sense to partake freely of these good gifts from God which are always best for us in their season. The frightful disease, scurvy, formerly prevalent among sailors who had been a long time at sea, living upon salt meats and sea biscuits, would be unknown if they could be supplied with fresh vegetables. Fortunately the modern art of canning fruits and vegetables supplies many deficiencies, but after all, canned vegetables are not equal to those just from the garden or field, and we who live upon land have no excuse for neglecting to provide our families with this wholesome, seasonable luxury, so inexpensive and so easily obtained and served.

But there is one caution that must be observed, in the preparation for the table, of fruits, salads, etc.; especially where they are to be eaten without cooking. They must be thoroughly cleaned. Very small insects frequently deposit their larvæ or eggs upon the leaves of plants or upon fruit and these hatch in the human stomach and find their way to intestines or liver, producing disease with much suffering and sometimes death. This is much more common than is generally supposed, so we cannot be too careful in the preparation of salads.

Cold water does not take off the dirt, sand, or larvæ, from greens or lettuce or cabbage, and as for minute insects, it only makes them adhere more closely to the warm surface of the plant. If washed in warm water all these will readily come off, leaving the plant perfectly clean. It should then be put into cold water to restore the crispness and there remain for an hour or till used. Fruit also that is eaten raw, such as apples, tomatoes, etc., should either be pared or washed and polished.

Let me quote from an English writer on housekeeping: "Who has not had their teeth set on edge by eating gritty spinach, sea-kale, celery or leeks, which need not have happened if the cook had only known that to wash these things in two waters that are warm, and then immediately to lay them in cold for an hour would prevent all this. If greens or lettuce are washed in the mass, and not each singly the process is of little avail, yet better than washing them in cold water. No vegetables lose their crispness, or if for a moment they do, it is instantly restored by the necessary act of plunging them in cold water."

Various ways of preparing salads might be given. They are as various as the tastes of your readers. Boiled lobster salad, chicken salad, or salad made of cold veal, cold mutton, cold fresh fish, etc., with lettuce, prepared nicely with mayonnaise dressing, are all very nice. We need not even take time to make the dressing as very good salad dressing is now for sale by the bottle at most groceries. It keeps fresh a long time. One

large bottle would last all summer, ordinarily. For those who do not like mayonnaise dressing, simple salads may be made with lettuce, sugar, vinegar, mustard, etc., to taste.

Here is Mrs. Warren's recipe for what she calls, "An excellent salad without eggs. Take one salt-spoonful each of salt and dry mustard, and two salt spoonfuls of moist sugar, mix them well together, add and mix three tablespoonfuls of fresh salad oil; blend these together with a spoon, then mash on a plate two large, mealy potatoes, mix this with the oil, etc., till it is a paste; grate over this a little onion, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of anchovy sauce, mix all together well. Wash twice, separately, two lettuces with white hearts, in warm water, then plunge them into cold water for an hour, then shake them dry, cut them up in pieces an inch long, and on a clean cloth dab them dry; then mix the dressing together with the salad; cut up thin slices of beet-root and place upon it; thus this salad bears a strong resemblance to lobster salad. Beet-root must never be washed before cooking. Wrap it up in a sheet of newspaper and bake it on the uppermost grate of a hot oven for two hours."

Most vegetables are preferable baked or roasted rather than boiled or fried. Potatoes roasted in the ashes or baked in an oven may be eaten and digested by an invalid who could not digest them if prepared in any other way. They are also more nourishing as in potatoes for instance. The best part is next to the skin and often pared off and thrown away when they are boiled or fried.

Most Americans boil their beets instead of baking them. This is a great waste, as the best part soaks out into the water and is thrown away. Tomatoes also are better baked than any other way, and every one knows that baked apples are a dish that any invalid may enjoy and partake of with advantage, even when too ill to eat them cooked in any other way. The skin serves to retain the juices and the flavor, partially lost in other modes of cooking.

Perhaps it may not be generally known that the water in which vegetables, such as onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage, etc., have been boiled is useful when used judiciously in making soups, giving not only flavor, but valuable elements such as nitrogen, sulphur, etc., that aid in giving new life by contributing to form the various tissues of the body.

In making soups boil the bones by themselves the day before the soup is wanted. The bones that many people consider as good for nothing, are full of nourishment, and a sort of nourishment too, that we very much need for strength, but it takes time to extract it, usually seven or eight hours of slow boiling. They must be washed and put into cold water and set upon the stove or range closely covered, to boil slowly. At evening set away in a cool place still covered, and in the morning, if it has boiled long enough, it will be found to be a rich jelly covered with a cake of fat. This fat should be carefully removed and kept for other purposes. Fat is not good in soup or in gravy. It is neither relishing nor easy of digestion.

Fat is not to be wholly discarded as an article of food by any means. We need a little in the food to keep us warm. It burns easily, as it is almost pure carbon, and it is recommended especially to those who wish to sing well to eat a little of the fat of meat every day with other food, as it is thought to improve the vocal organs. Of course to be a good singer implies a good amount of health and vitality and this would enable one to digest well and assimilate what another would not have strength to digest.

But good singers take fat with roasted or boiled meats, or in the form of butter or cream, (some prefer it in the form of iced cream flavored) but not in soups or gravies. Dr. Bronson used to say that gravy always reminded him of grave for as it is often made it tends to bring one thither.

Before roasting or boiling mutton or any very fat meat much of the fat should be cut off. It should be put into a covered dish by itself and melted slowly and thus it will be rendered into a clear sweet "dripping" which should be kept in a cool place, and which a good cook finds useful in many ways. This stock of dripping may be added to by pouring off some of the drippings from fat roasted meats, before making the gravy, leaving only just enough to blend with the browned flour nicely in making a gravy that is not too gross nor too pasty. Drippings are useful in many ways. They may be used instead of butter in making children's molasses and sugar lunch cookies, in the proportion of about two heaping tablespoonfuls of cold drippings to two cups of molasses and one cup of sugar, a little salt, and ginger or cinnamon to taste. All these are mixed together and heated enough to blend well. Add a cup of milk or less. Then two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in with flour enough to roll out and cut. This makes a large batch of very simple cookies of which children may eat freely without the danger there would be in satisfying their appetites with dainties, like rich cake and pies, which cost not only more money, (which is the least of the expense,) but more time and pains and strength to compound them; and so make an inroad into the mother's store of health and strength, better expended otherwise. Children regard these cookies with great favor. I must confess that the first time I tasted them in the house of a lady, where I called one afternoon and found the pleasant smell of these cooking pervading the house, I was surprised to find any thing so relishing as these tasted, could be made with drippings, which I had never used in that way before.

Drippings are also good in pea soup instead of bones or meat. It tends to keep it from burning. A tablespoonful to a pint of split peas that have been washed and left in soak over night, pour cold water over, enough to just cover the peas, and add more from time to time as they are cooking, a little at a time, and a teaspoonful of salt. They require three or four hours' slow cooking, and few things are more nourishing or palatable than a good pea soup, well prepared. When poured hot into the tureen, squares of hot toasted bread may be served in it. As the split peas cost only eight cents a quart, we see that this nice soup, enough for seven or eight persons costs only about five cents. Bean soup may be made in a similar manner. Some people like the flavor of celery, onions, etc., in pea soup, but the peas have a flavor of their own and are very nice without other flavoring except salt. The great secret in making good pea soup is not to put in too much water at first but to add it gradually, and this is also the secret of cooking boiled peas well. Many ignorant cooks make peas hard and indigestible by boiling them in too much water.

Most vegetables require to be boiled in plenty of boiling water, with salt and a little dripping. Let me quote from the author of several books on housekeeping, etc. "It may be objected that 'dripping' fat with vegetables would render the articles greasy and indigestible. A greater mistake cannot be made than this supposition. If fat were boiled with greens nothing could be worse; there is too much oil in them already for which a

little lump of soda is used to extract it into the water. Onions, carrots, turnips, etc., have no oil in their compositions, but they require the softest of waters to boil them in. Soda would turn them black, and there is nothing so clean as a piece of dripping, or fat off meat to have the desired effect. By adding milk instead of butter to boiled turnips they are made creamy and richer and are not subject to give indigestion, as when butter is used in them."

Greens should be well drained before serving. In some cases the water in which they have been boiled is not considered wholesome. But the water in which many other vegetables have been boiled is nutritious and may be utilized judiciously in soups, adding it in small quantities to the stock or soup jelly made from bones. A supply of this, fresh and nice, may easily be kept on hand. If we have not bones enough to make it, our butcher will give us bones if we ask for them when we buy meat of him, or we can buy a nice shin of beef for a few cents which makes the best of soups. From it various soups may be made by adding to the stock different vegetables and appropriate flavoring. Meat and vegetables should not be cooked together.

A nice tomato soup may be made by adding stewed tomatoes to the stock. Canned tomatoes will do. The tomato should be strained into the soup through a coarse sieve. Put on the stock and when it comes to a boil strain in the tomatoes. Allow it to boil gently for fifteen or twenty minutes, when it will be ready to serve. This accompanied by narrow strips of buttered toast passed around with it, is a very nice entree.

Soups should be kept covered tight while boiling, to keep in the flavors which otherwise would escape in the steam. The stock should not be kept in iron or tin but in an earthen vessel. Stock should be made fresh every second day in summer, it will keep longer in winter.

The reason why children, and grown people too often have a prejudice against soups is usually because they have not been properly made; either the cook has not been careful to let the stock cool and remove the fat before making it, which leaves it too gross, else it has not been properly flavored. When nicely made, few things are more inviting, more economical, or more nourishing than a good soup.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

KITCHEN SCRUBBING.

Old flannel of all kinds should be kept for scrubbing and cleaning paint—under-vests, drawers, skirts, all come in for it. In England, where scrubbing is still the glory of the poorer people, cottages vying with each other on the color of their boards, there is a coarse gray flannel made, called "house flannel," expressly for the purpose. Next to flannel is old coarse soft linen, old kitchen towels, crash, etc. So necessary to good cleaning is soft absorbent material, that I would almost rather my maids destroy articles of far more value than the scrub cloths, because the supply is so limited, especially if we give away our disused underclothing. For this reason keep the supply under your own care, see that after each using the cloth is dried and not thrown away, until it is really used as long as possible. Many girls will be conscientious about towels and dust-ers, because they have a money value, but cleaning cloths, being only rags, they will consider may be thrown aside any time and fresh ones taken. In addition to the soft wet cloth, a dry rubber (best made of old Russian crash that has done service for round or dish towel) should be kept; a scrubbing brush of hard bristles

is best, the soft excelsior brushes are of little use except for coarse paint, and brushes made of broom straw, although not entirely satisfactory, are about the best one can get when bristle brushes are not to be had, or are too expensive. Tables that have been neglected may be bleached by spreading on them over night a layer of wood ashes, made into a mortar-like paste with water; the next day brush it off and scrub. The same paste may be laid on floors when spotted with grease. In cleaning floors, never wet too large a space at once. If beyond the comfortable range of the arm, there is almost certain to be a dark circle when dry, showing where you leave off each piece, because, being out of easy reach, you have no power to scrub well or wipe dry. Always in using the drying cloth, rub it well beyond the space you are now cleaning over, to the one last done. The use of a little washing soda or borax in the water is excellent for boards, and if they have been neglected, a small lump of lime in the water greatly helps to make them white. After tables are scrubbed attend to the sink; put a lump of washing soda as large as an egg at least over the sink hole, and pour a kettle of boiling water over every part of it, using your sink brush to send it into all greasy parts. Wash, the last thing before the floor, all finger marks from the paint; also the chairs if painted; the backs of them if caned; the top of the flour barrel and the windows. Be especially careful to clean kitchen window sills; so many things are put on them, they are more apt to be soiled than any others. Needless to say that floors must always be swept before they are washed. To clean oil cloth, do not scrub it unless it has been badly cleaned many times, when with the fine corrugated surface now usual, the dirt, or rather the dirty water allowed to remain in it will have grimed it so that you will need to use a soft brush and scrub the way of the lines; but usually, warm water, one wet and dry cloth are all that are needed. Oil cloth and paint need the wiping with a coarse dry cloth as much as boards, and well repay the extra trouble. Skim milk used in place of water to clean oil cloth gives it brightness and lustre. Painted floors must be treated just as oil cloth is. I have one thing more to say about the kitchen sink. If you put in a lump of soda weighing half a pound or more every day or two, you will have no trouble with the drain pipe becoming clogged with grease. So large a piece will dissolve very slowly, but all the water that goes down will help to cleanse instead of soil the pipe. Whenever you have a kettle of boiling water that you do not need at once, pour it into the sink.

—Good Housekeeping.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BY MRS. M. E. K.

Did you ever notice how much more smooth and even the domestic machinery is run in some homes than in others? That in some homes the meals are always ready at just the appointed hour. The table always set with just the articles needed to make it attractive. From the spotless cover to the delicate china, there is nothing wanting. Every thing is there and in order, and apparently without extra exertion.

And such delicious food. If a chicken is cooked it is almost sure to be tender. The rolls are invariably light, the pastry almost faultless; and more than all the rest that makes these homes so inviting is the mistress who sits at the head of the table, and who rules all with the rod of love. She is so gentle and yet so firm, that none ever think of disobeying. How

many mothers upon slight provocation, allow their voices to rise with their temper, until they can hardly control themselves, and of course are unfit to control others.

I presume we have all noticed that we can do our work quicker, and with less fatigue, when we are bright and cheerful, than when we are cross and fretful. I verily believe that if mothers and sisters, and in fact, every one, can learn to control their voices, and not raise them even when sorely vexed, they will have gained a great point in governing their temper.

The cultivation of an even and agreeable disposition is a great help in securing us happy homes, but there are many other things to be looked after. One very important one is to have something in readiness so that a meal may be served if need be at a very short notice. Almost any woman is liable to be rather stirred up if her husband has an unexpected call, and wants his dinner half an hour before it can possibly finish cooking. Or if we are surprised by unexpected company a short time before the dinner hour, when we had decided to have a warmed up dinner. Of course we can get canned goods, but if we do not have them in the house it is not always convenient to go out for them. During the winter months we can always have food for such emergencies, but in the summer unless we have ice it is not such an easy matter. Cold meats prepared in various ways are favorites for such occasions.

A nice way to prepare corned beef is to boil six or eight pounds until it is well done. Remove all bones, place in a chopping tray and chop while hot. Put in a deep pan. Place over it a cover that will fit inside the pan, now put a heavy weight on top of the cover and set away to cool. Meat thus prepared will cut very smooth and you do not waste any of the fat.

Baked fowl can be kept several days, and may be warmed in a comparatively short time. Chicken pie is another good stand by, and any of these with boiled or baked potatoes, make a very desirable dinner. Of course we are expected to have pies, doughnuts and cheese ready at all times. Fish balls are another kind of food that may be served at short notice, and are very good, especially for breakfast, but will do very well for dinner.

With a little forethought we may have something of the kind by us most of the time, and it will save us a deal of trouble and worry. And you can truly say to your unexpected but welcome guests, "I am so glad to see you;" and not have to add this mental proviso: "But what can I get for dinner?"

I want to ask the readers of this magazine how many of you have a work chair? If you have none, I advise you to get this very necessary piece of furniture as soon as possible. By a work chair, I mean a common wooden or cane bottom chair with legs sufficiently long for the occupant to be raised so that she can sit comfortably to wash dishes, cook, iron, or do any of the common housework, which so many women do standing, when they might sit just as well, and so much better. No wonder you are nervous and fretful and "all tired out," standing on your feet two-thirds of the day. Get a work chair and use it, and see if you can not do your work with much more ease.

Now just a word to the Johns. Do you realize how much good it does to give your wife a kind word, a loving caress, and a kiss, mayhap, as you go to your daily work? You may forget it amid the bustle and stir of your business, but the music will ring in your wife's heart, and the echo of that little act of love sound all through the day in little ripples of laughter, and snatches of song that comes from the heart. How much difference it makes in the home whether

the father is gentle, kind and thoughtful or nervous and fretful. Mothers have a great deal to do toward making home the dearest spot on earth, but you fathers have your part to do, see to it that you do not neglect it. "In union there is strength," and when husband and wife both strive to be kind to each other, and to all around, a happy home, the most beautiful thing on earth is the sure result.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Once in a while some highly favored woman is blessed by having servants who know how to perform the work they are paid for doing, and do it. But her good fortune is apt to be so fleeting that she is almost afraid to take pleasure in it while it lasts, and the freedom from care which she enjoys for a time is haunted by the thought of what she will have to endure before she can again secure such perfection.

There is no part of the regular home work that is more difficult to have done right than that belonging to the laundry. Whether the washing and ironing are done by the regular servant or servants, or an extra woman is called in to help, the same trouble is experienced. Bad washing and ironing are the rule rather than the exception. Blue Monday is the dread of every mistress of the household, and instead of improving, matters are taking on a deeper and deeper indigo dye.

The total ignorance of the entire subject displayed by the majority of women who set up to be good laundresses is appalling. The statements they make regarding their abilities is shocking to any one who has any regard for truth; for what servant-girl in search of a situation ever acknowledged, when questioned, that she was not a first class washer and ironer?

Laundry-work is not hard, as compared with many other branches of house-work, provided it is done in the right way. It is easily mastered even by an ignorant servant, and there is no reason why it should not be well done.

One great source of the trouble is that the mistress herself is not able to give any instruction on the subject, although she knows how the clothes ought to look, and complains, as she has a right to do, when they do not approach somewhere near the state of perfection they ought.

The easiest way to solve the vexed question is for the mistress to inform herself fully as to the very best method of accomplishing the work, and then instruct her servant, insisting that the rules laid down shall be followed exactly.

This is not nearly as difficult as it sounds. She may gain her information from some good laundress, or from thoroughly reading up the subject, or from both sources, and impart her instructions orally. She need never do a washing or ironing, or assist her servant by a hand's turn.

It will be necessary for her to be frequently on the scene of action, for a time or two, to see that the servant understands what she has been told, and does it, and to aid by suggestion and explanation. After a few times the work should go on smoothly.

A servant who has a good many things to remember, and lacks the training which makes remembering easy, cannot be expected to carry in her head all the instructions. All important items as to how the work is to be done, the quantities of starch and bluing to be used, how to prepare them, etc., should be written out briefly in a large plain hand, and tacked up on the wall near where the work is to be done. It will be of

great assistance, and remove all chance of a careless servant giving the excuse, "I forgot that."

Every home should have a laundry separate from the kitchen. It should be furnished with a stove, stationary tubs, a line for drying clothes in bad weather, ironing table, and a closed closet for holding irons, ironing blankets, etc.

Besides the stationary tubs there should be provided three buckets, a movable tub of the smallest size, two large tin pans, two small ones, one tin pail of medium size, one large dipper, one large and one small basket, and two wooden spoons. It is wise to paint "Laundry" on each of these, and to forbid their being taken into any other part of the house. There should also be large and small clothes-bars. The closet should contain a good supply of clothes-pins, bags for straining the starch in and for holding small pieces when they are being boiled, boxes of starch and gum-arabic, a bottle of kerosene, of washing fluid, and of bluing, a knife, a small cushion full of pins, a shallow tray of clean sand, a lump of beeswax done up in a cloth, ironing blankets and sheets, a bag of pieces of clean old muslin, a skirt board, a small board about eight inches wide by eighteen long for ironing shirt bosoms on, a tin clothes-sprinkler, large and small clothes-lines, one polishing iron, and half a dozen irons. If they have not movable handles at least four well-padded but not too thick iron-holders should be kept, so that a cool one can be taken whenever the one in use becomes heated through. As two persons are often ironing at the same time, four will not be too many. The holder should not be any thicker than is needed to protect the hand, as reaching around too thick a one is very tiresome.

It is a question whether or not it is desirable to use washing machines and wringers. We have found some washerwomen who could not be trusted with either; but when their use can be allowed they certainly save both time and work.

Tuesday is the best day in the week for washing. The clothes should all be gathered together in the laundry by noon on Monday, in order to give the laundress time to sort them over, and place in tubs such as are to be soaked over night. Soaking saves both time and much wear and tear of the clothes by doing away with a good part of the rubbing. The table-linen and towels used for glass and china should be put into one tub, the bed linen, towels, and under-clothing in another, and the coarser kitchen and dish-towels in a third. Over these should be poured enough warm water to cover them, to which has been added soap and kerosene oil in the proportion of one half bar of soap and four tablespoonfuls of the oil for every six gallons of water; or, if preferred, half a pint of the following washing fluid to the same quantity of water.

Washing Fluid.—Dissolve one pound of soda in two quarts of water, add four quarts of clear lime-water; stir, and when all sediment has settled, pour off the clear water. In one quart of boiling water dissolve three ounces of borax, and add it to the six quarts of clear water; when cold, add three ounces of carbonate of ammonia, pulverized; as soon as it is dissolved, pour off into bottles and cork tightly.

The above is one of the best of washing fluids, and injures the clothes less than most. We, however, prefer the kerosene; it does not injure the clothes in any way, takes the dirt out as if by magic, and leaves not the faintest trace of its odor on the clothes when dry.

The first thing in the morning is to rub the clothes out of the water in which they have lain over night. The tub containing the table linen should be taken first; as

all stains will have been removed, when they were put to soak, by boiling water or acid, according to the nature of the spot, there will be nothing to do but to rub them around in the water a little with the hands, pass them through the wringer, and place them in the boiler to scald while the second tubful is washed out. These will need a little more rubbing, as a whole, but some pieces will be found to be perfectly clean without any.

The servant must be taught not to give just a rub or two to every thing that passes through her hands, but to shake out and examine each article as she takes it up and to rub only such places as need it.

As each new tubful is ready, the clothes in the boiler are lifted out, put through the wringer, and thrown into the rinse water. When taken from the rinse, all articles to be starched are laid by themselves in one basket, the others put into another and hung immediately on the line.

It is best to use hard water for rinsing. The amount of bluing to be added depends on individual taste, perhaps, but more than removes the yellow tinge seems to us to spoil the look of any article. Indigo as bought at the drug store, crushed to a powder, and put in a bottle in the proportions of two tablespoonfuls of powder to a quart of water, makes a good bluing. Enough should be added to make the rinse water a pale blue when a little of it is held up in the hollow of the hand. Clothes should always be thoroughly rinsed until all suds is removed from them.

Colored clothes should never be boiled. Soap should never be rubbed directly on any article which will fade. Black goods and black stockings should be rinsed in clear water to which has been added a liberal portion of vinegar. Almost any delicate colored fabric, especially buff and blue, will fade little, if any, if washed and rinsed in moderately strong salt water. When there is danger of the color of any article changing, it should be washed, rinsed, and starched (if necessary) and hung out on the line without laying it out of the hands.

Starching is a very important part of the washing. Good gloss starch should be used. Mix smooth one-quarter of a pound of starch with one pint of cold water; set the pan on the stove, and pour over it slowly, stirring all the time, one and one-half quarts of boiling water. Let it boil at least twenty minutes. When taken from the stove, stir in one large spoonful of kerosene. For a large washing more starch will be needed, while for a very small one a less quantity will be required.

The starch must be strained through a thin bag into a pan, and diluted with water to the proper consistency. No matter how free from lumps the starch looks, the straining should not be omitted.

Some articles require but the least quantity of starch; others should be made quite stiff. The starch in the starching pan should be made very thin, nearly starch-water, at first; then more strained in as stiffer is needed.

All white clothes should be left on the line or bleaching ground as long as convenient, to keep them in good color; but colored clothes should be brought in out of the sun as soon as dry.

Clothes should always be properly and carefully folded, for if evenly sprinkled and smoothly rolled they will iron much easier.

Napkins and handkerchiefs should be folded but once, pulled straight, laid one on top of the other as they are damped, and rolled up tightly together in a doubled square of old muslin provided for the purpose. Towels should be rolled the same way, the fringe having first been

snapped out. The fringe should be made quite damp before this is done; if dry, it is soon broken and worn off.

Thin fabrics should always be rolled up in a coarse towel or piece of muslin to keep the outside from drying.

Clothes should be folded the night before ironing day. Then there is time to attend to all the little details, and, by so doing, the ironing will go on quickly and smoothly.

The ironing-boards should be covered with a coarse blanket, over which a doubled sheet is tacked. The blanket for the ironing table should be folded at least four times, and the muslin sheet that covers it twice. Wide tapes should be passed under the table and fastened to opposite edges of the cover, to keep it from working into rolls or wrinkles.

When the irons seem rough, they can be scoured by rubbing them over the sand and then over the beeswax. When kerosene is put in the starch, it prevents it from sticking to the iron. Irons, when taken from the stove, should always be wiped thoroughly, and when ironing collars, cuffs, or shirt bosoms, a clean cloth should be placed over them until they have been ironed partly dry.

Table linen should be ironed perfectly dry, or it will neither be free from wrinkles nor have the desirable gloss.—*Ex.*

THE IDEAL HOME.

The ideal home beautiful is attained rather by avoiding errors of taste than by the adoption of special dogmas of art. For my own part if I have any dogmas to preach, they may fairly be condensed in this one rule: "Avoid shams and affectations of all kinds."

Don't mistake mere prettiness for beauty; millinery, for instance, is out of place in the home beautiful.

Don't attach to your chairs and sofa cushions, meaningless bows of ribbon which tie nothing.

Don't dress up your toilet tables in muslin petticoats stiffened with crinoline, or colored calico.

Don't scatter startling white "tidies" about chairs and sofas, as on so many bushes, as if you were hanging out the wash to dry.

Don't display on your walls china plates and dishes. They were never meant to go there. An exception may be made now and then in favor of a piece of fine color, to help light up the room, or where a delicate china painting is worthy of careful examination. But hang up ordinary domestic china! Don't!

Don't hang small pictures so that their beauty is lost to any one under eight feet high. If a picture is not seen from the same position that the artist saw it when he painted it, the drawing will appear foreshortened and the general effect consequently falsified.

Don't hang any picture in the home which has not the impress of elegance, purity and cheerfulness.

Don't give place to representations of corpses, tortured saints, or any thing occasioning painful emotions. And, above all, having such pictures, and wanting them down stairs, don't banish them to the nursery, school room or bed room.

Some things I would relegate to the bed room—out of the way somewhere—in locked drawers, for instance. I mean mementoes of sea weed, and dried ferns or flowers, and wretched daubs on china, canvas or paper, the crude efforts of youthful members of the family. No true lover of the home beautiful will inflict these on his family and friends and compel them to violate truth by pretending to like them.

Don't buy your carpet or your wall paper because it looks pretty in the roll when you see it in the store. But think

of the fitness of each with its ultimate surroundings. Remember that the carpet is to be a background for your furniture, and the wall paper—unless it is to be the actual decoration of the walls—is to be merely a background for your pictures.

Don't admit into the home beautiful any piece of furniture or implement of every-day life, which does not honestly serve its purpose—no light, flimsy chairs which an able-bodied man dare not sit upon; no puffy, debilitated sofas, all wind and springs; no burnished, brass-sheeted fire-irons, bought only to be looked at, and give place to the ugly little black poker and shovel when coal is to be broken or ashes are to be removed.

There is no reason why an object should not be useful as well as ornamental. Indeed, there can be no beauty without fitness. Nature everywhere teaches us the compatibility of the highest utility with the greatest beauty.

And so with beauty and truth. There may be truth without beauty. Truth, beauty and utility are the inseparable trinity of the ideal home. Let us then write them upon the portals of the house as the epitome of all that is most admirable in religion, in art, and in every-day life.—*Journal Decorative Art.*

HOW I COOK BEANS.

First I want to tell how I bake beans. Mrs. F. in the May number gives her way. For years I ate them cooked about as she describes and if any one had told me they were not good, I should have thought they did not know any thing about beans, for my mother cooked them so. When I set up housekeeping for myself my husband brought home one evening a bean pot. "Now," said he, "to my thinking beans are not good baked in a shallow dish. Try this, wife, and cook them more, not but yours are nice," he added quickly, "but beans cannot be cooked too long." So for years I have prepared them this way. Friday night I pick a large pint of white beans free from dirt and sticks, wash and cover with water for the night. The first thing in the morning I put them on in cold water to parboil. When I think they have boiled enough, I take my skimmer, dip some up and blow on them. If the skin peels away from the beans I take them out, if not, I let them boil till it does. If ready I skim them out into my bean pot within two inches of the top. I have ready a small piece of pork which I shove down under the beans, completely covering it. Cover with warm water, place the cover on and put in the oven to cook by a slow fire till six o'clock in the evening. Renewing water, always warm, when necessary till within an hour of supper time, then I let them dry off, being careful that they do not get too dry. I also add salt as the piece of pork I use is never salt enough to season properly.

We like brown bread to eat with our beans, so about three o'clock Saturday afternoon I measure two cups of corn meal, two cups of white flour, and two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mix well together. In the center of this pour one cup of molasses or syrup, and with a spoon gradually stir one and one-half pints of milk and water or all water as I wish. Mix thoroughly and pour into a greased pan and steam three hours.

We prefer this one but sometimes I make the following: One cup of sour milk, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of saleratus. Stir tolerably thick with graham flour. If I have no sour milk I use one cup of sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Perhaps some sister has a lamp that has come apart, the globe from the stand.

If so, please try my way of mending. Scrape the old filling out and wipe clean, also wipe the stand. Take an old spoon or better, a bullet ladle, and fill with as much alum as you think when melted will fill the socket of your lamp. When ready take the globe of the lamp and hold up side down (of course it does not contain any oil) and pour the melted alum into the socket not quite full, now take the bottom and place in position quickly. Reverse and hold a moment for the alum to harden. This does not mend them permanently, but lasts so long that it well pays for the trouble.

Sister, clean your brass bird cage after washing, with sweet oil, rubbing on with a soft rag. I think it brightens them nicely. Also try it on your walnut furniture rubbing it in well. I prefer it to kerosene as it lasts longer and gives a brighter polish.

MRS. M. G. DORCASTER.
Hadlock, Jefferson Co., W. T.

A HOMELY QUESTION.

BY ABIGAIL.

"What shall I do with this collection? Just look at it! And the flour out again, and I hoped so much that it would have lasted this week out! Tell me, don't you know of some patent method of reconverting it back to its original state?" was the half-laughing, half-despairing question asked, as the large stone bread jar was reached down.

True enough, what a collection! Whole slices, half slices, small pieces, dry and fresh, crust and crumb.

"What shall I do with it? Tell me now, or I shall say you're no true sister of mine, if our names were the same before we married, and you've come five miles to spend the day with me."

"Oh, make a bread pudding."

"I did, last week, and there's half of it in the closet, now. Will you have a piece?"

"Have stuffed veal then."

"We had that for dinner Sunday. It was nice, but if it comes too frequently we tire of it."

"Well, why not have bread and milk for breakfast, then?"

"Yes, we like that, the children especially, but I'm in terror every time lest Frank will raise his calm, inquiring eyes, and say "Steam Cars?" as he did the other morning when Cousin Em stayed over night. It wasn't fair, for it was he who showed the children how to bite their bread away from the crust, and play train at breakfast with it. Why is it anyhow that children leave so many crusts, now? You and I didn't dare to. We were taught to eat all set before us. I wonder if the discipline was better then, or whether the recollection of the silent misery endured at times makes us more lenient with our own. I've a mind to toss the whole pile over the fence to the next door chickens. My neighbor has often told me that nothing was thrown away that fowls would eat. I didn't contradict her, but I thought a woman's time and strength might be better employed than in kneading bread for the poultry yard, and that there was a cheaper food for them than Washburn's Superlative. I know some burn the crusts when they have no hens, but whether it is the result of conscience or early education, I can't do that. You remember when we were little how we used to sing out that

"Willful waste makes woful want,
And I may live to say,
I wish I had the crust of bread
That once I threw away."

I don't think you ever knew Mrs. Allen. She lived near us in Winsted. They went to Kansas, and their first year there fuel was scarce and the corn crop very heavy, so the corn was used for fuel. She said it seemed wrong at the time, but

the next year they had no corn even for food. That was the year of the grasshopper plague. She has always held that it was retribution. They made their way back east as best they could, but they were completely ruined. But to return to our original subject."

"Do you often have as many pieces?"

"Oh, no, and sometimes we come short, which is at times, quite a relief in its way."

"How much flour do you set for your bread?"

"Oh, nearly a pan full."

"That's definite. A frying pan or a dish pan?"

"Now you're teasing. A mixing pan. My pan is a very large one, too large, and sometimes I get in more than at other times, or I make it a little too wet, and have to work in more flour, which, of course, makes the batch larger."

"Well, suppose for once, you measure carefully just how much sponge you set, and how much flour you work in after, then if the amount is too large to be used up before the next baking day, why diminish it, or if too small, increase it, when you bake again."

Our family are not great bread eaters, though there are six of us. I take for the sponge every time by careful measure a quart of warm water, and after putting in yeast, sugar and salt of course, I beat in flour enough to make a stiff batter, and set to rise. When I come to make it up I take three pints of flour, my sifter holds that much, and I take it once full. The sponge just works in that amount. I may have to use a tablespoonful more of flour or water, but it varies very slightly. This makes three medium sized loaves, and lasts us till the next baking day. If the bread is going too fast, a judicious admixture of buckwheats, flannel cakes, pop-overs, etc., for breakfast will retard the consumption; if the reverse I get something which requires more bread to be eaten with it. But I always aim to keep the spare bread in the loaf, and prevent the accumulation of those little bits. If you will get into the habit of always inverting the cut loaf on the bread board or plate and keeping it there, you will save a dry slice or more on every loaf, in itself quite an item, and slices left from the table, by being replaced under the cut loaf, keep fresh until the next meal. In giving bread, too, to children, give them small pieces and they will eat them up clean. Give them large pieces and you may expect "steam cars."

A whole loaf of bread, though stale, is always available for toast, queen toast, egg or milk toast, but small pieces are apt to be looked upon with suspicion.

The original question? O, yes! Well, I wouldn't throw them away. Those whole slices will make nice milk toast for tea. Those half-slices and large pieces you might trim into squares of even size, and if you have salt pork, ham or fat mutton chops, they can be used nicely. Put them away until you want them, then when wanted just moisten on a plate with boiling water, and fry brown in the fat. They are a good vegetable accompaniment. The crumbs and trimmings you can dry in the oven, roll fine and put away in a paper bag. They'll be handy sometime for breaded veal, dressing, or who knows sometime in the future, may be they'll want another plum bread pudding.

Oh, where did you say I'd find that basque pattern?"

SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Many housekeepers look upon all desserts in the light of luxuries, others draw the line at dishes that call for eggs. Now, some dessert dishes, if properly made, should form a part of every dinner, if

fruit is not to be served. Even with fruit some people require sugar. When no dessert is provided, a greater quantity of meat and vegetables must be eaten to satisfy the demands of nature. For some this is all right, but for the majority of folks a certain amount of sugar and starch is necessary. Children should not be deprived of this kind of food. Even for the poor it is economical to provide a simple dessert.

In arranging for dinner, plan a light dessert when the rest of the meal is to be substantial. On the other hand, when the principal portion of the dinner is to be light, let the dessert be hot and substantial. For example, if the first part of the meal consists of cold meat and vegetables, or a hash and one vegetable, serve a hot apple pudding for dessert. A good one can be made of a pint of flour, prepared as for cream-of-tartar biscuit, rolled thin, and filled with pared and quartered apples, then steamed for two hours and served with molasses or sugar sauce. Or, the apples may be put into a stew-pan with a little water and sugar, or a little molasses, stewed for a few minutes, covered with the biscuit dough, and cooked for about twenty minutes longer. No sauce will be needed with this pudding. Nothing could be cheaper, and it will be very palatable and wholesome.

Apples may be added to boiled sago or tapioca, with a pleasing result. Soak a cup of either tapioca or sago in three cups of cold water over night, then cook it in a double boiler for half an hour. Add to the contents of the boiler one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two quarts of pared and quartered apples. Bake in a pudding dish for an hour and a quarter. Cool slightly and serve with or without sugar and cream or milk. These puddings are so simple that they will not hurt even an invalid.—*Exchange.*

UNCLE JOHN'S PUDDING.

No one ever complains. No one ever says, "How I wish we had something good to eat." But yesterday one said, "What a delicious rice pudding you used to make and send Uncle John on his birthdays, and how glad the dear old man was. And we were always treated to the same, that was the best of it."

The hint was so modest and given in such a pretty way that it wasn't fault finding nor complaining at all. So today we made one for dinner after the fashion of the 'Uncle John kind,' and the surprise and pleasure manifested more than paid us for all the extra trouble, made this way: Three pints of new unskimmed milk, two eggs, good pinch of salt, teacup of raisins, two teacups of rice that had been cooked in the steamer, and sugar to make it sweet enough to the taste. The custard was made first and then the rice was stirred in. Made in a large brown earthen bowl and baked in it. Just before it went into the oven we dropped over the top a few lumps of butter. Baked three-fourths of an hour. When taken out we stirred it with a silver fork. This brought up the raisins that settled to the bottom, and mixed in the butter on top. Good either hot or cold. When taken out in dessert dishes we grate a flavoring of nutmeg over it.

ROSELLA RICE.

A GOOD CEMENT.

A good cement for mending almost any thing may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. The cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. I

have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles, and used the same for years in boiling water and feed.

It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops, or tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases, the article mended should not be used till the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have considered myself a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band now for five months, having received the paper as a wedding gift. Please accept many thanks for the same, although they may be late in coming. I have frequently spoken of writing, but thought I would wait and send my mite when I had something that was really good. The following is an excellent recipe for four-layer cake: Three cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of milk, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, and three spoonfuls of baking powder. I usually make three layers and five or six little cakes, adding some flavoring, which my husband thinks are very nice.

Almost any filling is good, but a very nice one is to take one of the whites of the eggs from the cake, make a frosting of chocolate to spread on each layer and on each chocolate layer sprinkle cocoanut. The effect is very nice in both looks and taste, as I think any one who tries it will say.

I have tried a number of recipes which were very nice. I tried the chocolate sponge cake by Busy Sister, in the April number, but it was tough. The quantity of flour was not given, and I used, I think, more than I ought, making it thicker than sponge cake. Will Busy Sister give the quantity of flour?

As this is my first letter I will not make it too long as a second might not be welcome. I feel assured I can sometime send more suggestions, as I try about every thing new I hear of, some of which the sisters may not know. Many thanks for the recipes and letters which have also helped me.

E. L. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Do the sisters know that the rings which are on their "better halves" suspenders are just the nicest of any thing to sew on holders for stove use? Just sew one on a holder, and trust my word, you will never again sew on a cloth loop.

One sister says "It is so much trouble to bind strips of wet cloth on her pies to keep the juice from running out." Does it take much more time to do that than it takes to clean the debris out of the oven, after a baking of pies, besides losing the better part of your pies? As for me, I never (no hardly ever about it) baked a batch of pies, lemon particularly, without losing about half, until some inventive sister thought of binding the edges. How thankful I am that some one can suggest something new, for I never can!

Have you ever used coarse sand paper to clean flat-irons with? It is much better, besides, being much pleasanter to use than salt, etc., which some use. I think the coarse kind is better for it gets them smooth quicker.

One sister told of putting her lamp burners into a basket while filling her lamps, on old mittens, or something of the kind. It must soon become completely saturated with the oil and a very nuisance. I have a very simple plan I follow. In the first place, do you ever rub over your iron sinks with kerosene? It is very nice, makes them smooth,

cleans them from rust and grease, and the smell soon leaves. Rub hard finally with dry cloths. So if you are not afraid of kerosene in your sinks, take a piece of thick paper, put it in a corner of your sink, and lay your burners, wicks and all, on it and fill your lamps. Then all you have to do is to burn the paper, rub your sink, and "tis done, and well done."

Can some of the sisters give more directions for rag rugs, and a simple pattern for a knit bedspread? Are there any patterns where the spread can be knit without being in squares? Knit a long length and then sew it? MYSTIC.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The blue cross warns me of the danger ahead of trying to keep house without the dear old HOUSEHOLD. I have been familiar with its pages for a long time, and it is verily an old friend, tried and not found wanting. Please accept my thanks for the last year's subscription through your generous offer to brides, and also for the many helpful suggestions and words of encouragement received from the sisters. My pile of old HOUSEHOLDS have an honored place in my sitting room, and often when the thought arises, "What new dish can I get for my John's supper?" down come the whole pile for inspection, generally with some good result.

John has learned to say to our visitors when the subject is mentioned, "Yes, I tell you that is a pretty nice little paper."

Let's have lots of directions for pretty things from the sisters who have no wee Johns or little Janes to care for.

Let me tell you all how to make some inexpensive ornaments which are quite pretty. Procure some smooth picnic plates, such as can be bought at a confectionery store for a penny apiece, then paint the background some delicate color. If you have no paint you can buy a stiff brush and a few tubes of paint at a small expense, then if your artistic skill goes no farther, go to the store and for a few cents buy some small pieces of fancy border—gilt is prettiest, if you have a light background—cut out the flowers, ferns, etc., arrange them artistically, paste them on your plaques and see if they are not pretty. If you have several arrange them in a group on the wall.

If any one desires, I will send directions for a pretty slipper case as mine has been much admired and requires no skill in embroidery.

I will close with a nice little supper dish:

A Relish.—Put three cups of bread crumbs into a saucepan, with enough milk and cream to make it soft, add pepper and salt and two eggs the last thing then fry as an omelette. Serve hot.

SISTER TABITHA.

Garrettsville, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I must exclaim with all the other readers, what an excellent paper! Too much cannot be said in its praise. I have been keeping house for four years, and if I am ever passable in that line, I shall owe it mostly to THE HOUSEHOLD, for it has helped me wonderfully in times of need.

My early training in housework was sadly neglected, which fact was never realized until I was settled at housekeeping, and had a few failures in cooking to contend with.

How many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band remember their first attempt at cooking for two? Doubtless the thought does not call forth any very pleasant memories. I shudder still when I think of those awful biscuits. Of course, I measured everything according to the recipe. I did not use enough baking powder by half, and rolled the dough entirely too thin, consequently filled all the baking tins we had, and when these famous first attempts

were baked, they looked just like rather fat cookies.

I have found that sponge cake baked in layers with lemon jelly filling is nice, also sponge cake used with the prepared cocoanut mixed in just before baking is nice.

The canned salmon we buy, looks nice and tastes better, if very thin slices of lemon are laid on the salmon before serving.

I do not think we are to be criticised for trying to make our work a little lighter, I mean those of us who attempt all of the housework, and the care of a baby besides. Under such circumstances it could not be considered very wonderful, if some tired mortal should express ideas in favor of non-ironing.

The Florida letter in the April number was exceedingly interesting to me.

GRACE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Every time I receive my paper, I think, now I will write a letter to the sisters. I enjoy them very much, and wish there were more of them. Our editor says we must write something the sisters would like to know. Now I want the sisters to know how I got rid of aching feet, especially in the hot weather. Like all working housekeepers I am obliged to keep on my feet two-thirds of the day, and my feet would ache so. I bought one-half dozen of unbleached Balbriggan hose, discarding my colored ones entirely. I wore boots, broad and low heels to work in, and let me say right here, don't work in slippers, they spread the feet and make them tender. Every day when my work was done, I bathed my feet in warm water, put on a clean pair of stockings, and then put on my slippers and took my ease the rest of the day.

I think it a good idea in hot weather to have one set of underwear for morning to work in, and another for afternoon to rest in. A warm sponge bath, and clean clothes soothe a lot of aches and pains.

When my stockings begin to bleach out I color them some dark color and cut them over for the children.

I think colored stockings more or less poisonous. One of my neighbors who works in colored stockings and slippers, spilled some boiling water from the kettle on her instep. Being too busy at the time to pay it much attention, although it pained her, she did not remove the stocking until night, when she found it had adhered to the skin, and it was three weeks before she put on another one. From neglect it developed into a running sore. "Poison from the stocking" the doctor said, and I concluded that was the reason they made my feet ache more than the white ones.

How many of the sisters have tried the four-dollar plan? Like Old Mrs. Carrie, I don't believe it can be done and every thing to buy.

The pie argument has amused and interested me very much. I think they are decidedly convenient to have when one is very busy. But why not be moderate and have puddings as often? Just think of visiting a family three weeks, and not seeing a pudding once. Pie, pie, three times a day! Well, there are two dyspeptics in the family, and I think they can thank the pies for it. I think New England farming people are famous for pies, cookies and doughnuts, and would think it impossible to keep house without a large supply.

Before closing I will give a recipe for jelly I have never seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, which is delicious. One-half the quantity of ripe huckleberries and one-half green grapes. Let the biggest half be berries, cook together, and make like any jelly.

I will also say if the sisters who have

asked for graham bread recipes, would add one-half cup of molasses to their raised sponge, they would find the bread more palatable. That amount is sufficient for one good-sized loaf.

Uhlma, I think you must be a genius.

A. B., I would like to see that white spread. I know it must be pretty.

The lace patterns are lovely, but when the sisters say, "try and report," I am afraid it would be like the poetry our editor speaks of, "no room for any thing else."

Keziah Butterworth, I wish I knew where you lived in North Carolina. I think quite seriously of making that state my home some future day.

Now that I have had my say I feel better, and I remain, yours truly,

ONE OF THE MRS. JOHNS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—THE HOUSEHOLD first came to me as a wedding present and I have been an interested reader for more than a year. I do enjoy the letters, especially those from California and Florida. Being myself a resident of the Empire State, where the winters are long, cold and stormy, I think I should justly appreciate your mild southern winters.

My home is near the shore of Lake Ontario where the wind gets a full sweep, and yet I think there is a grandeur about it that the sisters of inland places never witness.

We also live near the village of Sackett's Harbor, where the famous ship New Orleans was built in 1812, in twenty days from standing timber. It had a measurement of 3200 tons and could carry one hundred and twenty guns. It stood a relic of the battle until a couple of years ago.

The barracks still stand, and a regiment of soldiers is stationed there, the twelfth U. S. Infantry. It is said to contain the finest band in the state.

And now I would like to say to Marion Haven, your ideas of housekeeping are mine exactly.

Can any one tell me what to do for my oleander? Three years ago it got chilled and the leaves all dropped. It leaved out again, but has never blossomed since. It looks thrifty and healthy, but refuses to repay me for my care by even one blossom.

And now, M. Ettie McL., I will give you my recipe for putting down green cucumber pickles. Pick the cucumbers when quite small and place in a stone jar, pour hot brine over them (not too strong) for three successive mornings. The same brine will do for each time. The fourth morning pour over them hot alum water and let them stand for three days. The seventh morning, pour over them good cider vinegar, and I think your pickles will keep as long as you wish to keep them.

E. L. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please accept my thanks for THE HOUSEHOLD that has been a welcome visitor all this year. I have derived much benefit from it and have become greatly attached to it.

Perhaps I can give Muggins a hint that will help her with her work. Every night before going up stairs, I put every book, paper and chair in its proper place, the rug before the hearth is straightened, the pillow on the couch beaten—every thing in order. It requires some patience and determination when one is tired, but it pays. Then in the morning there are the ashes to brush from the stove, a little brushing and dusting, and the sitting room is in order. There is no need of sweeping thoroughly every day nor every week in sitting room and dining room.

My mother used to keep the nickel bright on her parlor stove by first washing it with soap suds then rubbing it with some nice silver polish. This must be

done when the stove is cool. If the magazine is kept full of coal it will prevent the nickel from becoming very much discolored.

Here is a recipe for "nine-day pickles" for M. Ettie McL.: Cover one gallon of freshly picked cucumbers with water, and sprinkle in one cup of salt. Every morning turn off the brine, scald, and turn hot on the pickles again, until the ninth morning. The ninth morning cover them with fresh boiling water, and let them stand till they are heated through. Then pour off the water and turn on cold vinegar spiced to taste, with a good handful of sugar. They will be crisp and keep nicely a year.

Some one asks for a recipe for tomato soup. Put half a can of tomatoes in a dish, when boiling add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, butter, salt and pepper. Just before serving, add hot milk to make it the consistency of any soup. Let it scald, not boil, after adding the milk, or it will separate.

Can some one give a recipe for making lemon jelly?

With best wishes to all.

ENOLA.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In my last article on Texas, (written last October,) I said, "This seems to be an 'off' year, an exceptional one." This proved to be true for the whole year, in including the winter of '86 and '87.

After our four months' drouth last summer, we had nice rains in September and October, grass grew luxuriantly, fall gardens flourished, and the small grain looked promising. There were figs on the trees, roses in bloom, grapes in full leaf, etc., and there had been not even a light frost, when in the middle of November, for two nights in succession, there was a hard freeze which killed the fig trees to the ground and damaged the gardens and small grain. If rain had followed, the gardens and crops would have recovered, but with the exception of a few light showers no rain has fallen here until May second. A drouth in the winter and in the early spring is almost unknown, though I have been told that the winter of '56 and '57 was much like this. Cisterns have been dry for weeks, and wells that never were known to be dry before. People have driven their stock for miles to water.

The drouth stricken counties—that is the north western counties where the drouth has been so long and severe—were blessed with rains in April, and the people are hopeful and much encouraged. The rain that has fallen here lasted all day and night, every drop sinking into the parched earth, and has caused much rejoicing. It is worth thousands of dollars to this (Travis) and adjoining counties.

Texas is subject to drouths, this we know and knowing it, must plant those things that the drouth does not injure, such as Johnson grass, alfalfa, Milo maize, Kafir corn, etc. Cultivation must be deeper and more thorough.

We greatly need an Arbor day in Texas, and knowing how much it has done for some of the western states, it is surprising it has been postponed so long.

Our garden has only had one or two light showers since the seed was sown in February and March, yet only English peas are a failure. I always sow liberally, and while not half came up that was sowed, still there was a good stand, and if it did not require thinning neither did it require re-planting.

In planting corn I always give directions to put five kernels in a hill, repeating the doggerel lines—

"One for the blackbird, one for the crow,
One for the cutworm, and two to grow."

and always have a good stand. It is easier to thin it than to re-plant. It is better to plant early and risk a late frost than an early drouth, and a good stand at the first planting, with deep culture, will almost always insure a good crop. Let me repeat again, that the last year is an exceptional one.

Esther, yes, there is room for you and all who come to this vast state. Many have written to me about coming to Texas, but it is very hard to advise without one knows more of the writers. I can only tell how we have found it here, and describe to the best of my ability our surroundings. Many will succeed where others fail, under the same circumstances. "There is more in the man than there is in the land." For the past few months I have been very glad that I did not write enthusiastically to my northern correspondents. But such years as the last are few and far between, like the freeze that killed (or was thought to have killed) the orange trees in Florida, and we who believe that the Father is at

the helm, trust, that like that freeze, it will prove "a blessing in disguise," though we cannot see it now. It will not stop the "boom," for Texas has too many real advantages, her climate is so mild and healthful, one can get along on so much less than at the north, outside of the drouth-stricken counties the boom will continue, and people will come by thousands, as they have been coming for months and years.

Mrs. E. G. E., the homestead law is for the protection of the family, the helpless women and children, so no misfortune, no thoughtlessness, often criminal carelessness, in the head of the family, as going security, mortgaging the home, becoming involved in debt, etc., can deprive them of a shelter, a home. A single man has enough exempted to give him a start in the world, and having this, can soon acquire more. I have heard this law called the "iniquitous homestead law," because some take advantage of it to defraud their creditors, and efforts have been made to have it repealed, but the good resulting from it, greatly overbalances the evil. It has proved a blessing to many widows and orphans.

Hal Glen, so the name puzzled you, did it? Why, dear, it is as clear as—mud. My identity was so thinly disguised, surely your penetration must have solved it, even before Loraine so kindly gave you the cue.

Lora Crews, you are correct about being "neighbors of sixty miles distance," but who is the "mutual friend?" My curiosity is aroused now.

If Texas Girl will send her address to Jael Vee, care of assistant postmaster, Austin, Texas, I will send her diagram and dimensions of bay window.

Now will the Band give their experience in regard to oil stoves? Do you consider it is cheaper than an ordinary stove, or is convenience and not economy the desideratum? Jael Vee.

Texas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have long been an interested reader of your excellent columns, indeed, the greater part of the time for nearly eighteen years. I have many times thought of writing to you, but would see my thoughts expressed by others so much better than I could express them that I have remained silent. Words can hardly express the enjoyment I have had in reading the helpful words of the sisters from nearly all parts of our land. But having seen no letters from this part of the country I thought it might be interesting to some for me to write a brief description of it.

We are living in the southwestern part of Colorado in the beautiful valley of the Uncompahgre. Five years ago last August the government removed the Ute Indians from this to another reservation in Utah. The land was then thrown open for settlement. The white covered wagons were very soon seen coming in by the dozen; and now at the end of five and a half years, the valleys and mesa's are budding and blossoming like a rose. All kinds of cereals can be raised here almost to perfection. That fruit also can be grown here has been proven beyond doubt. We are only a few hours drive from the mountains, so that we have pure, healthy air to breathe. The climate can hardly be surpassed in the world. We have good markets for our produce, being near enough to the mining camps to ship them there. The Gunnison and Uncompahgre rivers afford plenty of water for irrigation.

There is still government land to be taken. I sometimes think, if some of the toiling men and women of the eastern cities could come out and make themselves homes on some of these mesa's or valleys, what a blessing it would be to them.

If Little Woman will write to me I would be pleased, as I would like to correspond with her.

Delta, Delta Co., Col.

MRS. B. C. PURDY.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

MR. EDITOR AND SISTERS OF THE BAND:—By your leave I will give you a chance to criticize another of the Johns. The above caption was suggested not so much because I have any thing interesting to write about it, as by the circumstances. I fancy one of those anti-John sisters saying, "Oh! pshaw, that's only some 'old maid' writing just to see what we will say." But should such be the case any one in doubt can readily be relieved by coming to the "Hall." Yes, here I am, all by myself trying to solve the problem of housekeeping! My wife has gone to a neighboring town to visit her relatives, and I told her I would stay at home (at meal time,) and keep house rather than be at the expense of boarding; beside, I must have my breakfast by six o'clock sharp, and boarding house keepers are not early risers—at least in this part of Texas.

I rise at five and get through breakfast and have the dishes washed by 6:15. Also have the kitchen and front gallery, (as they say in Texas) swept off. That's pretty near as fast as some of you housekeepers can do it. Well, it's true I don't cook much, but I have a plenty. A nice cup of dripped coffee, rare beefsteak with buttered toast and eggs to match, plenty of the best butter and sweet milk and the purest of Louisiana syrup is good enough for anybody, and all I ever want for breakfast. Now for the dish

washing, that bugbear of housekeepers that spoils all the sweet of a good meal. I don't blame you for dreading it, but you who have never had this hard water of Texas to deal with, know not all the perplexities of this duty. There is a wonderful difference in the way different people wash dishes, which accounts for its being such a drudge to some, while to others it is not. Deliver me from the woman who washes dishes in lukewarm water and wipes them cold. If there is any thing tempting to the appetite it is a well spread table with dishes as clean and white as the drifting snow, and you who believe in economizing in water to lose through the slop bucket, had better change your mode, and see if you will not have better appetites, with better health and more happiness in your families. For genuine good, and happiness in her family, one good cook and clean dish washer is worth all the piano players in the world. And there is no one in the world who loves music better than I do.

You "knowing" ones who are sticking up your noses at these words and the idea of a man trying to tell you any thing about dish washing, would do well to see that your Johns (if you have any) are taught the elements of housekeeping. I'm not writing to the rich, those who have plenty of money and always will have, if any there be who read this paper, but to those of a class like myself, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. The time may come to you when you will feel well paid for having given your John a lesson in housekeeping.

I well remember when at home, my father away most of the time, and no one but myself and brother to look after the household wants while our dear mother lay sick and helpless for three weeks. My brother had all he could do to look after the outside work, and I with scarcely any knowledge of housework at the age of fourteen or fifteen, made up my mind that I could take care of my mother and wait on her, and I did. Ask her to day if any woman could have nursed her better, broiled her steak, baked her chicken or toasted her bread more deliciously. This was a severe task for me at that age, but I did it, and have a thousand times been repaid by the oft repeated thanks of a loving mother. Please excuse my infringement of your space, but I want to say this to any of the Johns, big or little, who may be within hearing, honor your father and your mother, and never think any little thing too small or any task too great that shall add comfort or pleasure to them, for when you are widely separated as I am now, you will be a thousand times repaid when you think of the pleasure you afforded them, and the loving letters will be dearer than ever to you.

I had intended to say something about our good paper, and some of its correspondents, but I am taking too much of your valued space. Suffice it to say that I have read it quite constantly since 1880 and a more welcome visitor never comes to our little home. I made one year's subscription a present to my wife before our marriage, and last year she got it as a wedding present and now she says she is bound to have it, if we have to live in one room.

Bonham, Texas.

JOHN GAY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received my HOUSEHOLD, and find it a very enjoyable and instructive paper. At present the "City of the Angels" is my abiding place, and were my pen sufficiently gifted to do this lovely section of our great state justice, I would attempt a description of its beauties and attractions.

The ladies of Los Angeles have just closed a most successful flower festival netting several thousand dollars. The object of these annual festivals is to establish a Home for women, and an Exchange where the work that they can do can be sold. They have already erected a large building for that purpose. The pavilion where the flower festival was held is very large, and yet quite incomplete, so the ladies worked at some disadvantage in decorating it. From floor to roof it was trimmed with palms, evergreens, branches of the graceful pepper trees, the leaves of the aloes or century plant, and flowers of all kinds. Calla lilies formed the larger portion of the trimmings that were placed high, 15,000 were used it is said. Then the different booths were made surpassingly lovely with all kinds of rare and beautiful flowers, until one could only gaze with wonder and admiration and question where so many flowers could possibly come from and the gardens outside still be blooming in such profusion and loveliness. California is a wonderful state, and southern California is a paradise at this season of the year. Orange trees loaded with blossoms make the air sweet with rare perfume.

California, with all its wonderful resources needs the thrift and industry of New England's hardy sons and daughters to bring it to perfection, and while I admire this state my heart goes home to dear old Massachusetts with the love I can give to no other, the home of my childhood, my womanhood, and the birthplace of all my children.

But I trespass on your space and time. May your HOUSEHOLD be prospered as it deserves.

MRS. M. A. MAYO.

644 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BUCKWHEAT CAKE.—Two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, two and one-half cups of buttermilk, two cups of buckwheat flour, and one cup of white flour; bake in a hot oven.

M. A.

POPOVERS.—Two cups each of milk and flour, two eggs and a pinch of salt; mix the milk and flour together first, then beat the eggs, whites and yolks together, stir them in the flour and milk, have a gem pan hot and greased, fill half full, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

M. C. MAC.

Champlain.

TO COLOR WITH COCHINEAL.—In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD Annette D. wished for coloring with cochineal. I will give mine which proved very satisfactory to me. One ounce each of cochineal, cream of tartar and muriate of tin. Have your goods free from all grease, put your cochineal bugs in a small bag, pulverize, boil and rub all out, then add the cream of tartar, and lastly, add the muriate of tin; put your goods in, and boil and air two or three times. This will color eight cuts of yarn to the ounce.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Tennessee.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg beaten light, a pinch of salt, one and one-half cups of graham, two good teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. Beat well. Have your gem irons smoking hot and well buttered. Bake in a quick oven.

HICKORY NUT CAKES.—Two eggs, yolks and whites, beaten separately, then beat together, add one cup of sugar and beat, then four tablespoonfuls of cold water and beat again, next add one and one-fourth cups of sifted flour in which two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt have been mixed, and lastly add one cup of hickory nut meats, and beat all thoroughly; bake in a bar tin. I sometimes ice the top and put half-meats on it.

IDA.

DRIED APPLE PIE.—Soak the apple over night, stew them until tender, then chop them fine with some raisins, put into a pan, add a liberal quantity of butter, sugar, cloves, and cinnamon, and I generally add a glass of currant jelly. Stew all up together a few minutes, then can up for pies. They are almost equal to mince pies. Please try and report.

RHYME PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one pint of flour, salt and four eggs; bake half an hour.

Sauce.—One cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter beaten to a cream, and one egg beaten; put all in a bowl, and set over the tea kettle to melt. Season to suit the taste.

QUEER.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour, grate one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate, and mix with one-half cup of milk and the yolk of one egg, sweeten to taste, add one teaspoonful of flavoring extract, boil the dissolved chocolate till soft, then add to the other ingredients and bake it three-fourths of an hour. It takes one cup of milk, one-half in the chocolate, and the rest in the other things. Prepare the chocolate first as it makes the cake better if it is cool when adding it.

EVA.

MEAT SALAD.—Chop one or two pounds of corned beef fine, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, and one egg, beat all together, and pour in the spider and let it boil, then stir in the meat thoroughly and cook about three minutes, and put into a small vegetable dish to mold. It is nice sliced when cold.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One small cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, season to taste, (we like grated orange peel,) one-half cup of water, two cups of flour, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Be careful and not stir it too stiff. I use this same recipe for layer cake.

TO KEEP ORANGE OR LEMON PEEL.—Grate the yellow part off from orange or lemon peel and pack down well in a large mouthed bottle and cover with syrup. Be sure the syrup penetrates each part. It will keep many months. Use one-half teaspoonful to flavor cake or pudding.

JESSIE JASPER.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, and when it comes to a boil stir in the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls each of powdered sugar and cornstarch, and a pinch of salt, well beaten together. When these come to a thick cream remove from the fire and allow it to cool. Take two oranges and cut the skin closely from them, cut up (not in slices) in a dish and throw one cup of powdered sugar over

them, when this dissolves cover with the corn starch, beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth and add one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, spread over the cornstarch, then make a few knobs of the same to give it a fancy appearance, and place in a tin of cold water before putting in the oven to tint it a light brown as oranges turn bitter with heat. This makes an attractive and delicious dessert. Will some of the sisters please try it?

MINNIE MOORE.

New York City.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.—Have two stone jars, one containing good cider vinegar, the other a pickle made by dissolving a pint of rock salt in two quarts of boiling water, and adding a spoonful of alum. Cut the cucumbers from the vines every other morning, and put them into the pickle and let them remain two days, then put them into the vinegar. In a few weeks drain that vinegar off, and put in new vinegar and a few pieces of horseradish root, and the pickles will keep hard and good.

MAINE.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart can of tomatoes or twelve ripe ones, one pint of hot water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one fourth tablespoonful of salt, four cloves, four pepper corns, one tablespoonful of butter, one onion, two tablespoonfuls of flour and two sprigs of parsley. Put the tomatoes, sugar, pepper corns and cloves on to boil in a stew pan, put the chopped onion and parsley on to fry in the butter five minutes, stir in the flour and add the hot water, stir till smooth, add this to the tomato and boil five minutes, if too sour add a salt-spoonful of soda, and strain through a hair sieve.

P.

Lynn, Mass.

TOMATO SOUP.—Twelve fresh tomatoes or one large can, one quart of boiling water, two small onions, one carrot, one turnip, and three sprigs of parsley or one of celery; cut all fine and boil one hour. As the water boils away add more, so that the quantity may remain the same, and season with a tablespoonful each of salt and sugar, and one-half spoonful of pepper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two heaping table spoonfuls of flour, add this to the soup and boil five minutes, then strain and it's ready for use.

M. WILLET.

STEWED RAISINS.—Take one pound of best raisins, pick them free from stalks, cover in a dish with cold water, steep all night, put them in a stewpan and bring the water to a boiling point, then simmer until the skins are quite tender, turn into a dish to cool and they are ready for use. This with bread is an excellent dish for persons of weak digestion or for invalids. If half a pound of figs, each cut in four parts, be stewed with the raisins, the liquor will be rich, syrupy and delicious.—Exchange.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of water, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, nutmeg and raisins. This is good.

Connecticut.

DAISY ALLISON.

CREAM PIE.—One cup each of sugar and milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Cream.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour and two eggs. Let the milk come to a boil, then add the sugar, flour and eggs, they having been well beaten together, boil up again and when cold add any flavoring desired. Cut the pies open with a sharp knife, and fill with the cream. The above will make two pies.

S. A. LEENOD.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.—Put two quarts of vinegar, eight ounces of eschalot, one ounce of black pepper, and one-half ounce each of mace, cloves, cayenne pepper and peeled garlic; into a closely covered jar, and stir daily for two weeks, then boil for twenty minutes, strain through muslin and bottle.

CARRIE.

POP-OVERS.—Mix together one cup of sweet milk, one well beaten egg, one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of salt. Have ready your gem pans quite hot, pour in the mixture, bake in a hot oven and serve hot.

MYSTIC.

CATSUP.—One gallon of tomato juice, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, four tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of allspice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, and one pint of good vinegar; boil until as thick as is desired. I usually boil to nearly one-half. It is better the second year.

BUNKER HILL CHOW-CHOW.—One gallon of strong vinegar, four ounces each of curry powder and ground mustard, three ounces of bruised ginger, two ounces of turmeric, eight ounces of skinned eschalots and two ounces of garlic slightly baked, one-fourth pound of salt, and two drams of cayenne pepper; simmer all gently in a porcelain kettle one hour. Put into a jar gherkins, sliced cucumbers, sliced onions,

button onions, cauliflower, celery, French beans, nasturtiums, and large cucumbers. Parboil all these in salt and water, drain until dry, add a few red peppers, and pour on all the above pickle.

MRS. C. H. GREELEY.

WASHINGTON PIE.—Four eggs beaten well, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and add one teaspoonful of vinegar just before baking. The egg and sugar should be beaten well with the egg beater. This makes two pies.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, one and three-fourths cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and three squares of chocolate melted and added last.

IMITATION POUND CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and spice.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—One quart of milk, one cup each of molasses and flour, two cups of Indian meal, two and one-half cups of rye meal, and one teaspoonful of soda. Steam four hours.

MRS. E. P. MEARS.

HATTIE'S MARBLE CAKE.—For the white part one cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, five cups of flour even full, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and the whites of eight eggs; flavor with lemon. For the dark part, one cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup each of molasses and sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, four cups of flour, yolks of eight eggs and one whole egg, and spices of all kinds. Put in pans using the dark and white alternately. Bake in a hot oven.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and half a nutmeg.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—Four crackers, two eggs, one cup each of sugar, molasses and boiling water, one-half cup each of butter and vinegar and one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices. This makes three pies.

MRS. E. W. WOODELL.

BLACK PUDDING.—One cup each of molasses and sweet milk, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and soda, and three and one-half cups of flour. Steam three hours. Steam one-half the recipe one and one-half hours.

Sauce.—Whip the yolks of three eggs with one-half cup of sugar, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and flavor with lemon.

T. L. H.

Charles Mix Co., Dak.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please tell me through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make English plum pudding with stale bread? Also delusion on tissue cake? It is very white and light like sponge cake but not tough, nor yet as brittle or short as pound cake.

SANTA CRUZ.

California, John thinks that if you will use pennyroyal leaves or oil where fleas are troublesome, you will be pleased with the result.

N. M. LELAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Southern Sister wanted to know how to keep a hearth red. My plan is, beat bright red brick and stir it in flour starch and sweep it over the hearth.

A. L., alum water will cure tetter if applied to scalp of head once a day for a week or two.

MINNIE ROBBINS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me if babies' boots could be made from cloth, if so, how? I think even kid ones too stiff for the very first. Also, just how should hard (pudding) sauce be served, and how is marble cake made? I hope this will meet some kind sister's eye.

CARRIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to know how to make good drop cakes. I always get mine too rich, and also cottage pudding and a nice sauce to go with it.

SISTER MAY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Miss Anna Thompson wants to know why her blackberry jelly won't harden; she boiled it too long. Fifteen minutes is long enough to boil any jelly.

MRS. COLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Mrs. F. M. Curtis will mix her stove polish in a little clean soapsuds I think she will be pleased with the result. The stove should be perfectly free from grease, and the mixture about as thick as cream. It produces a nice polish with little rubbing. I have tried many suggestions in regard to polishing stoves, but found nothing so simple and easy or that pleased me so well as this. Any kind of soap excepting home-made will do.

Arizona.

SALOME.

The Parlor.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

In sheen of silken splendor,
With glittering threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hung on walls of old;
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all my own compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion,
Set in with green and red;
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart come over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chintz, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darlings long ago.

This violet was my mother's;
I seem to see her face
That ever like sunshine
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan,
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fanny wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions,
I think I least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home,
When mother dear was there.

OUR VACATION.

BY J. M. D.

THE vacation habit is, happily, fast gaining among us ever busy, rushing Americans. We are beginning to find that even so perfect a machine as the human body cannot be driven month after month and year after year, without now and then a slackening of speed and a lessening of pressure. The bow when not in use is unstrung to preserve its elasticity, and there are few who have not experienced the zest and vigor with which a task is accomplished after a few days' rest, or even a change of work and scene.

Few can thoroughly recreate at home. Old habits are too strong, duties press clamorously, care, like a hideous nightmare weighs us down, and we can only escape by seeking "fresh fields and pastures new."

If we are economically inclined we can enjoy a vacation at moderate cost, but must make up our minds to eschew hotels, give style the go by, and be content with plain, wholesome food in place of the eight or ten courses with which Mr. Moneybags daily overloads his stomach.

To us, inland dwellers, the sea shore presents many attractions, and when the question as to where our vacation should be spent, came before the family for discussion last spring, for that we should go somewhere was a foregone conclusion, we unanimously voted to pitch our tents by old ocean, and York Beach, Maine, was the Mecca of our desires.

Calm, varied, beautiful and pastoral, with no din of traffic, no strife of competition, its stillness undisturbed by the rushing locomotive or shrill scream of passing steamer, the fresh, free air under the blue sky vibrates only to the tuneful sounds of nature, not even the tintillating bell jars the quiet, save when the cruel fog, settling over the still more cruel wa-

ters, calls forth deep warning notes from the light house on the Nubble, and with old ocean stretching his blue waters in almost limitless expanse. York Beach is a paradise for the denizens of the city, or for those who, dwelling in the shadow of the eternal hills, would make a more intimate acquaintance with the creations of that Being who holds the waters in the hollow of his hands.

The old-fashioned stage with its large hubs and springs, its yellow body and decorated panels, its thread-bare seats, huge stock of trunks, and literally "full inside" and out, its pompous, loud voiced, crusty driver, and drawn by six jaded horses, is the only public means of conveyance between Portsmouth, the nearest railroad station, and York Beach.

After much tugging and some profanity the last strap is tightened, the noisy, outside passenger, who had stepped into a neighboring saloon for refreshment and having taken a little too much is inclined to independence, is at length hoisted to the driver's seat from which lofty eminence he still continues to assert that he doesn't care for the knight of the whip, or in fact, any one else, a feeling so fully reciprocated by the other outsiders that they are inclined to fling him into the gutter.

On we go from New Hampshire's city by the sea, over the long bridge, through the toll-gate and over the turnpike. Past pleasant fields and quiet farm houses whose sleepy inmates rouse from their lethargic condition at sound of the crashing wheels and soon every door and window frames a living picture.

After some miles the load begins to lighten, passengers leave for York and York Harbor, or perhaps drop into some of the farm houses aforementioned. Now the hotels come in sight, and hotel Bartlett extends a hospitable welcome to a tired party who have been riding thirty-six hours. The piazza of Sea Cottage is well filled, but like an omnibus has still room for "one more." And now the glorious expanse of Long Beach comes in view. Here the mighty waves swell and roll in never ceasing motion, and the foaming, boiling surf breaks on the hard sand, or at high tide laps the rocky bank for two miles in an unbroken line.

Sails dot the horizon, coming nearer and nearer till each rope and spar becomes distinct, or, moving seaward, mingle in the haze and cannot be distinguished in the meeting of sea and sky.

For two miles the road follows the beach and is lined with hotels and cottages, all fronting the sea. Summer houses offer their inviting shade and rest to weary sight seers, and from one of these, three light houses can be seen to rear their storm defying heights. The Nubble on the left, Boone Island next, and the Isle of Shoals on the right. The road is thirty feet above high water mark, but in the spring of 1882 there was an unusually high tide and the water overflowed the road in more than twenty places, throwing chips and sand over the fences on the opposite side, filling cellars and doing considerable damage. No pleasanter drive than this can be found unless one goes on the hard sand of the beach. Here at low tide are throngs of men and women; children digging in the sand; horses and carriages; bicycles and wheel barrows, while the dude and the clam digger pass each other with the unseeing stare of arrogance or stupidity.

Sometimes the beach is smooth and clean as the floor of a New England kitchen, at others vast quantities of kelp with its long, smooth, ribbon-like leaves lie piled in dark profusion; small bunches of Irish moss are found and eagerly gathered, bleached and dried for home consumption; star-fish, sea urchins, and sand plates are mixed with the more deli-

cate mosses, and after high tide one is sometimes fortunate enough to see a jelly fish shinning like iridescent glass, almost as transparent, and quivering as though every land breeze chilled its delicate organization, or a school of squid with their curious, thread-like arms, or a monk fish, which is a hideous creature belonging to the shark family. These furnish food for curiosity till the next receding tide carries back to the bosom of the ocean the freight of living and inanimate things which he had flung away in his fury as an angry father spurns his child, and then repentantly clasps him to his bosom.

In the little pools among the rocks is found the tiny sea urchin alive and waving his sharp spines much as the porcupine moves his quills, and the little winkles of various sizes and colors crawling up and down or waving their slender horns in greeting to a shelly neighbor. Clam shells of various kinds lie scattered about and at very low tide the large hen clam may be gathered. The shell of this clam is the sort used for skimmers by our grandmothers and answer the purpose very well. The artist of our party sketched several bits of scenery and transferred them to these shells with good effect. Others were similarly painted and had two winkle shells glued on the back near the hinge for legs. These we used as pin holders and found them quite as useful as a cushion.

We gathered quantities of Irish moss which shrunk most unaccountably in the drying. We speculated over this for days, but when after patient watching we saw a score of hens eagerly swallowing piece after piece, the mystery was explained.

There was not a day when we did not visit either Long or Short beach, and once, at an extremely low tide, we wandered out, far out where the huge rocks were green, slimy and covered with treacherous sea weed and masses of the small black clam, and so weird did it seem among those piles of oozing boulders, that we almost imagined we were nearing the haunts of the mermaid. It was at this time we gathered a quantity of Turk's caps, winkles, snail, and other shells, each with its living occupant. Large spots on the rocks were covered with these mollusca and in nook and crevice whole families had made their homes. They were of various colors; a whitish, dingy green, white, black, black and white, white and orange, yellow, white and yellow, all living together as amicably as though they had been of the same complexion. They evidently knew no color line.

Gathering the brightest and most attractive of these shells we put them in our pail with a supply of sea water, and before going to the house had added an immense winkle, the size of an egg, sea urchins, star fish, and various bits of bright sea weed. These were all transferred to a large glass dish where they lived for several days. The star-fish were the first to die. One morning we found the edge of the dish covered with a motley collection of shells like pigeons sunning on a ridge pole, while a few, more ambitious than their fellows, had crawled down on the table. These shells and others to be obtained at not far distant points, are utilized, in a variety of beautiful fancy work. Several women thereabouts make a good living by working them up in winter and then selling them to summer-visitors.

The white water lily grows in abundance in the shallow pools but will soon be exterminated when the tide of fashion sets that way.

Concordville is close by, and opposite that Union Bluffs. The skating rink was not far off and very pleasant it was to sit

on the piazza of a "clear moonlight evening and watch the ever restless ocean, blue, dim, unfathomable, apparently limitless, stretching before us, while the dulcet tones of the Hungarian band were borne to our ears across the level sands. Pleasanter we thought than to join the throng who glided about on the treacherous rollers.

Once we went to the water to see a sun-fish the fishermen had just brought in. It weighed about four hundred pounds, was perhaps a yard and a quarter long and a little more in breadth. The tall and fins are short, and the eye is the only vulnerable point; into this the spear must be thrust. The flesh is thick and firm, much resembling pork in looks, but is never eaten.

Numbers of the fishermen thereabouts are engaged in lobstering and many a time have we sat on the rocks and watched them out in their boats hauling in the large open-work traps which much resemble square hen coops. Some of these traps are made of laths, and some are formed of round sticks or twigs from which the bark has been removed. These traps are baited with cunners and let down into the water by a long rope with float attached to mark the spot. Lobstering seemed to us very hard work. A single man goes out in the boat and when the bed is reached he seizes a float and pulling hand over hand at the rope at length brings the trap to sight, when, if it is heavily loaded, considerable skill and strength are required to raise it over the side of the boat and empty its living freight. When all the traps have been visited he goes on shore where a boiling house is close at hand. The old-fashioned arch-kettle is filled with sea water to which is added a liberal quantity of salt, and when the liquid is boiling the crustaceans are thrown in alive; but death is almost instantaneous and probably as painless as by any other means. In twenty minutes the greenish-brown, sprawling creatures have changed to a deep red color and are ready to hawk about the streets. If a dead lobster is inadvertently boiled it can at once be detected on opening, as the flesh is mealy and unfit for food. What is usually termed the custard, is the blood which settles as the creature dies.

Bathing was a pleasure which we allowed ourselves daily whenever the tide served. We put on our bathing suits at the house and then, enveloped in water-proofs, took our way to the beach where we limited ourselves to a ten minutes dip and splash.

Pebble Beach deserves a passing notice, and though the road to it is rough, stony and hard to travel, no one should fail to visit it. It is well named, for tons upon tons of pebbles of all sizes cover the sand in all directions, all washed and worn by the sea and most of them having a somewhat rounded shape. The color is a bluish gray striped with a darker shade and white, somewhat after the manner of the onyx. A little search will discover many very handsome ones, and bushels of them are carried away each year, much to the disgust of those who have to handle the trunks. A neighbor of mine who visits York each year has in this way actually brought home enough to pave her front walk.

With a good team, a day can be pleasantly spent in visiting Bald Head Cliff and Wells' Beach, dining at the latter place. While an excursion to the light house on the Nubble is an interesting experience which I have not time to describe.

Being, like Mrs. Gilpin, of frugal mind, we voted hotel life too stirring for such a lengthened sojourn as we contemplated. Life in a farm house was a little too mixed, so at the recommendation of

friends we hired furnished rooms with privilege in kitchen and cellar, of a family who during the summer, compress themselves as much as possible for this purpose. Here we had many conveniences not afforded by the cottages and we found it an easy and pleasant way of living. The meat and fish wagons, lobster carriers, grocers and dealers in vegetables called daily, and we could live as economically or luxuriously as we pleased. We went the first of June and stayed through August and during all this time did not buy a pound of meat. The gentlemen of the party found fishing a pleasant diversion, and digging clams was only a shade less exciting. The rock cod and cunners were so crisp and dainty as to give us a distaste for the coarser cod-fish which were cheap and abundant.

Gooseberries, raspberries and blueberries were to be had for the gathering, and after they began to ripen there was seldom a meal when one or more of these fruits did not garnish the table and delight the palate.

Twice a week we bought bread of a Portsmouth baker, also crackers, jumbles or some other simple cake, and if our stock of bread run out between times we visited the bakery at Union Bluffs. Now and then we baked a pan of biscuits or Mrs. T. favored us with one of her famous breakfast cakes, or Aunt Eliza surprised us with a delicious raspberry short cake, but our main dependence was bread, potatoes, fish, and berries, with now and then a lobster for tea.

Our party consisted of seven members, three gentlemen and four ladies, and though at home this would seem quite a family to care for, here, living as we did, we found the work very light, no more than sufficient to give us a hold upon the house and make us feel that we were still respectable Yankee housewives with an eye for dust and a hatred of flies.

The rooms were comfortably furnished and for these we paid one dollar and fifty cents each per week. We paid twenty-five cents per week for fuel, and our average expenses per capita were never over three dollars a week, every thing included. All necessary dishes and cooking utensils were provided, but we carried silver spoons, knives and forks, table cloths, napkins, sheets, pillow slips and towels. One article proved a great convenience, a small oil stove. Over this we could heat water, make tea and coffee, cook eggs, fry fish and toast bread, if, by chance, part of the family were absent at meal time and the kitchen fire out.

It may be of interest to some readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to know how we managed to live on the small sum of three dollars each per week, and to give an idea of our cuisine I present our bill of fare for a week, jotted down at the time. This was after the gentlemen had left us and we ladies were so busy painting, writing, etc., that we did not pay quite so much attention to the culinary department as we had before done.

We at first took milk of a farmer near by, but it had such a disagreeable, salty taste that we could only use it in cooking. This was said to be caused by the salt marsh hay on which the cows fed. After this we bought the lacteal fluid of a milkman who came from some distance inland, and found it excellent. While the gentlemen stayed, bread and milk often found a place on the tea table and fish and clams were more freely used.

BILL OF FARE FOR A WEEK.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Bread and butter, boiled eggs, crackers, coffee.

Dinner.—Boiled dish, consisting of cabbage, turnips, beets, potatoes, pork, bread and butter, coffee.

Supper.—Potato salad, bread and butter, fruit cake, berries, tea.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Cold boiled dish, the remains of the salad, toasted crackers and butter, bread and coffee.

Dinner.—Fried eggs, bread and butter, lettuce, blueberry pie, pilot bread, coffee.

Supper.—Bread and butter, pilot bread, fruit cake, raspberry preserve, tea, milk.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Bread and butter, pilot bread, lettuce, cheese, cocoa.

Dinner.—Fried cunners, mashed potato, lettuce, bread and butter, coffee.

Supper.—Bread and butter, pilot bread, boiled haddock and new potatoes, sent in by a neighbor, gingerbread, tea and milk.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Fried fish, potato croquettes, hot biscuit, pilot bread, raspberry preserve, chocolate.

Dinner.—Stuffed cod baked, with gravy, boiled potatoes, lettuce, bread and butter, pilot bread, coffee.

Supper.—Bread and butter, blueberries, fruit cake, tea.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Hot raised biscuit, pilot bread, blueberries, butter, coffee.

Dinner.—Boiled dish, consisting of cabbage, string beans, beets, turnips, potatoes and pork, cucumbers, bread, pilot bread, butter, tea.

Supper.—Bread and butter, blueberries, cake, tea.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Cold stuffed cod, breakfast cake, blueberries, chocolate.

Dinner.—Cold boiled dish, cucumbers, bread, pilot bread, butter, tea.

Supper.—Bread and butter, lobster salad, cake, crackers, tea.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast*.—Bread and butter, lobster salad, cheese, pilot bread, chocolate.

Lunch.—Boiled eggs, bread and butter, milk, tea.

This was our last meal. Every thing was packed, and as we waited with hat on head and satchel in hand we gathered up the fragments to stay our stomachs for the long ride in the big yellow coach, which at Portsmouth we exchanged for the more comfortable cars, and midnight found us once more among our own household gods.

SILVERTOP.

BY IDA BELL VAN AUKEN.

"The sexton's wife is dead," was soon known in every home of the little parish. Not one who heard it but thought, "What will become of those four little children?"

The sewing society met to sew for the destitute family, and a dear old auntie, so lame she could hardly do the work in her own humble home, volunteered to stay with the sexton's family until after the funeral.

The sexton was an honest, faithful workman, who struggled hard to feed and clothe his little flock. He labored early and late, often chopping wood five miles from home, and eating a cold dinner in the woods. Uncomplainingly this father tramped through snow and ice to his work, and always kept his appointment as sexton. The church was warmed and lighted and the bell rung to the minute, even if he had worked in the woods since dawn.

His wife helped him in all wifely and womanly ways, and bravely bore her part of the burden. "She makes the best of every thing," was often said of her, and no one would suspect from her cheery face and the rosy, rollicking children, that it was often a question "Where the next meal would come from?"

There had been some talk in the Barton household of taking one of the motherless children. The large farm house was not as gay as in former days. One by one the children had gone from the roof-tree. Two daughters were married. Harry was in college, and the vacations came

all too few and far apart. The dear grandmother who had been for years the counselor and sympathizer in all childish griefs and pleasures was called home at last, and her empty chair left a void that never could be filled. Yes, the year had wrought changes in the old home. No wonder Grace, the only child left, was lonely and thought a child in the home would enliven the dullness.

One gray November afternoon, Mrs. Barton and Grace were on their way to the sewing society. "Mamma, I wish you would decide to take Lena. Let us call on our way and see the children."

Mrs. Barton acquiesced. In fact, she was in favor of giving a home to the little three-year-old Lena. She had already brought up a daughter of a relative who now presided over a home of her own, and was an honor to her adopted mother.

Mrs. Barton was one of those gentle, even-tempered women who bring comfort and blessing to all with whom they come in contact. The poor and needy always found help at her door, so it is not surprising to relate that when Mrs. Barton entered the lowly home, and saw the beautiful children at play on the kitchen floor, forgetting for the time the great loss that had recently come to them, she called Lena to her and said, "Would you like to be my little girl?"

The child nestled close to Mrs. Barton, and from that moment there was a bond of love between them. Auntie Lena who was staying with the children for a short time, wept over the blonde head of her namesake, but little Lena only looked with blue-eyed wonder from Mrs. Barton to Grace.

"Tell her father I will take Lena to bring up as my own daughter, if he wishes me to," and that decided it. Lena Grover became an inmate of the Barton home. She was a beautiful child, with hair that caused Grace to name her "Silver-top." It became golden tinted as she grew older. Dark eyelashes and eyebrows were a setting for beautiful blue eyes, and her complexion was soft as a tinted rose leaf. No wonder people followed the child with admiring eyes, but Mrs. Barton was resolved that Lena should not become vain of her good looks.

"I wish her to grow up beautiful in mind and spirit also," she said.

Grace was enthusiastic at first, giving Lena all the playthings left of childhood's days, even to her last doll, which Lena broke within an hour. The same evening the child turned an inkstand bottom side up upon Grace's pretty toilet table. Grace heard an exclamation from Lena, and looked up to see the rare toilet mats dripping with ink. These are only samples of the episodes which were continually occurring to try temper and patience.

Mrs. Barton, always serene and loving, completely won the child's heart, and Lena became "Mamma Barton's" shadow. Up stairs, down stairs, in doors and out, the little girl flitted, never crying once for her old home. "Papa Barton" took her to ride and often into the fields. At noon Lena would run down the road to meet him, her little sunbonnet bobbing along, as she tried to take long steps like papa. Lena became a great comfort to both.

Mrs. Barton and Grace found that she came into the family like a whirlwind of life and activity. She was naturally boisterous, the very embodiment of healthy, buoyant childhood, which runs, jumps, sings and laughs, because it cannot help it.

"Mamma, will Lena ever become tame?" Grace would exclaim after some precept had again been left unheeded.

"Silver-top" was of a gay, happy disposition, but when she came to live with the Bartons, she had already formed the

habit of pouting in the morning. The little lady was averse to helping herself. If some one would dress her, her face was wreathed in smiles, but when compelled to help herself every thing went wrong. Her face knotted up in a pout, she whined about her stockings, shoes pinched, hair pulled—these were some of her grievances.

Every expedient was tried to break Lena of this unlovely habit which made the whole family uncomfortable. One morning Mamma Barton thought of a new plan. Lena was pouting as usual, finding fault with her clothes. Mrs. Barton silently drew a circle with a pencil around the day of the month, on the large calendar, then taking Lena by the hand led her before the calendar. "Now, Lena, every morning you are cross and pout, I shall draw a black circle like this around the day. Every one can see it and I shall tell them what it means."

Quite to Mrs. Barton's surprise, Lena from that time left off her bad habit, and only one more circle was drawn on the calendar. She dresses herself now, coming to breakfast like a sunbeam. It took five years to correct that habit. Every kind of inducement and punishment was unavailing, until the last plan met with unexpected success, which proves that parents and guardians ought never to yield to discouragement while fighting bad habits in children. Success comes only with patience, and experiments must be resorted to when ordinary methods fail. What cures a fault in one child often makes no impression upon another.

Lena learned to be obedient and polite, but was thoughtless in many things. Mrs. Barton wished to train Lena as carefully as she had her own daughters, therefore, the little girl was required to pick up her clothes, clean her teeth, and perform two or three other little duties before school. This was a great trial to Lena, and no punishment would cause her to remember them. "Let her go, mamma, I would rather do Lena's work than to be always telling her," Grace would say.

"No, she must learn to think now, to be neat and tidy now, or she never will," responded Mrs. Barton.

And so the years rolled by, Lena remembering her duties one day and forgetting them the next. She was old enough to wash and wipe the dishes, but considered it a great hardship.

One morning Lena rushed away after breakfast and Grace saw her soon in the top of a cherry tree.

"Oh dear, mamma, what shall we do? Lena has forgotten again—there, I have a new plan! Every time she forgets her little duties, she shall wash and wipe the dishes alone."

The new rule is given to Lena who considers it a severe punishment. After dinner she is left in the kitchen to wash the dishes alone. It is quite unnecessary to add that the plan worked admirably, and at last Lena performed her little tasks in a happy and regular manner.

Mrs. Barton feels that the foundation is laid in Lena's character, and that she will repay all the care lavished on her.

Children are thoughtless, some in one way, some in another, but all incline to forget work. To teach a child to perform a task regularly and pleasantly is like breaking a colt. How cruel it seems to put the bits into the mouth the first time. Hitherto the colt has lived a lightsome, bounding life, but the time has come when he must feel restraint, and the cruel steel is inserted into the tender mouth. How carefully and kindly he must be treated at first. If the master is gentle and the colt young, there is no doubt but he will develop into a safe, trusty servant. Let the colt grow old before he feels the galling bit, and he will become stubborn and vicious. So with children. They must

learn early the rein and whip of duty—to bear little burdens—to help others.

From this little history let none be discouraged. It may take years, as in the case of Lena, to overcome faults, but patience at last has her reward. Habits of politeness, neatness, and industry, should be formed in the first twelve years of a child's life, and if at the same time, he is taught to revere religion and seek after truth, honesty and purity, he possesses the fundamental laws of a useful, happy life.

How many motherless children like Lena might find a home, if only women would open their homes and hearts, as did Mrs. Barton. Many a childless, wealthy woman closes her eyes and ears to the "cry of the children," preferring to live in quiet, selfish loneliness than to give a home to one of Christ's "little ones."

Mrs. Barton is already reaping her reward, for Lena's willing feet run to and fro on errands and little duties. In a few years she will be her adopted mother's main dependence.

If there is one of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters, lonely, and living a narrow life in her pleasant home, I hope she will follow Mrs. Barton's example, and give a home to some child who would otherwise grow up to a useless, unlovely life. She will find her own heart enriched, and her home blessed, for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"GOOD AND HAPPY."

BY CHARITY SNOW.

"I verily believe the old saw, 'Be good and you'll be happy,' is an exploded idea—a humbug!" said a sensible and truly good woman to me, not long ago, half earnestly and half jokingly. "I shouldn't dare express such heterodoxy in the hearing of everybody, lest I should seem to belittle and discourage goodness, and the Lord knows we have need in the world of all of that commodity that can be produced. But I say I am tired of reading so many articles in print having that idea for their basis, and most of them are addressed to women, too, largely to hard working women, women who are the very embodiment of goodness, all whose acts and words proceed from their innate goodness, and yet how many of them are happy? There can be no doubt but they are good and true. Nobody who knows their lives will dare say they are not, and, except in rare cases, those who win the approval of the world meet the favor of God, for character tells. A person generally passes for what he or she really is. But how many of these good souls, they who shall be crowned saints by and by, are consumed with trouble which amounts to positive unhappiness. It may be the burden of ill health which is weighing them down, the thought of inability to perform the labor needed and expected of them, the prospect of leaving a helpless family, or worse still, of being themselves burdensome rather than helpful to those they love.

Or it may be a husband, who for some reason, either by unfaithfulness, tyranny, intemperance, or a score of other infirmities, may make life unbearable.

Or it may be dissolute, wayward or ungrateful children who are causing the sharp fangs of unhappiness to strike deep into the mother's heart, for 'sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child.'

Or bitter poverty, with its privations and hindrances, may be the millstone about the neck of some.

"But," said I, "you would not recommend that people stop trying to be good, and go into wickedness expecting to find happiness thus?"

"No, indeed," she cried, "I thoroughly believe in goodness, and that it has its compensations, but I think the best of people find conditions in life where they cannot, or think they cannot, be perfectly happy. To confess the truth it has always been a sort of puzzle to me. The saying was taught me when a child. We find it written in almost every child's autograph book in these days, and I am sure I would not have it different. We hear it in substance from the pulpit, and I know it to be gospel truth. Certainly, I would not dare to say, 'No, you won't be happy either if you are good.'"

"May it not be," suggested I, "that one reason why we do not obtain happiness is because of our self-distrust, because we feel so unworthy that we do not reach out trusting hands for its bestowal, or because we are looking for it in the far away instead of the near? Here is a bit by Frances E. Willard that I cut from a paper, that sounds sensible:

"The only sure way to gather sweetness and light on life's journey, is to pluck the lowliest flower that peeps into view, for to wait until a *Victoria regia* blossoms in one's pathway, may be to forego all of life's beauty, fragrance and blessing."

"That's blessed doctrine, but," she added abruptly, "I know who will be unhappy if they don't have their supper at precisely six o'clock, and that's my husband and boys, and I must do all I can to make them happy, if I cannot be so myself. I suppose I am not good enough to be happy," and away went one of the truest, best women it was ever my lot to know, puzzling over the question why she was not happier, and really I puzzled a little, too.

To-day my friend came again. I noted a new light in her eye before she spoke. She took a paper from her pocket and began as though the conversation of months ago had just been interrupted.

"Hear this, Charity, and see if it is not a solution to my enigma. It is a paragraph from Jennie June.

"It is rarely necessary to exhort women to be good. They are usually good enough. What they need is to be happy and cultivate happiness. Few of them realize what the world holds for them, what it is ready to pour out upon them, if they are only ready to receive it, and recognize the good thing for what it is. The oil that was poured upon Aaron's head was only an emblem of it. To be happy was the best of all conditions and endowments. Make up your mind to be happy."

Now you see it is just as you said: We must reach out and take happiness, and hold her fast through all trouble, for she is a shy miss and easily frightened away. Why can we not make a habit of being happy as we do of being miserable? Habit in many things becomes a second nature. Why not in this, so that happiness shall be the general condition, and unhappiness the exception? I believe it can be done. I believe I have begun to do it."

"But do you think it possible for any one to be perfectly happy in this sin-cursed world?"

"No, I do not, perfectly and entirely. I think it is not designed that we come into that state here, lest we have little or no motive to attain to the life beyond. I know this world is largely a place of discipline, but I do think it is meant for us to enjoy much more than we do. The mind is the medium through which we look at outward things, and it gives color, shape, attitude and character, according to its own condition.

'The mind is its own place,
And of itself can make
A heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'

There is Mrs. Bardeen. She is misera-

ble indeed in mind and body, and she says, 'I am utterly discouraged. All my life long I have been looking forward to the time when I could enjoy life more. But now I am growing old and my health is failing, and I see no prospect of any thing better while I live.' Now we cannot help wondering why she has found so little in her life to enjoy. With good health, a kind and congenial husband, four beautiful children, now grown up and prosperous, and one in heaven, with Agur's happy medium, 'neither poverty nor riches,' it seems as though she might have enjoyed much during the thirty years of her married life. It seems as though there still might be much for her, but the habit of overlooking the sure gifts of to-day for the uncertain promises of to-morrow, is so strong that probably she will look through blue glasses the rest of her life."

"That is something which no one can afford to do, which no sensible woman will do—let slip any good thing from the passing hours, as they go all too swiftly never to return. Let us resolve that hereafter we will look at things on their best side rather than their worst; that instead of brooding gloomily over our limitations we will rejoice at any enlargement in our lives, and so gain strength to make the way still broader. Instead of repining at our bereavements, let us be joyful over our mercies, so that happiness shall come to stay with us, leaving no room for that other unwelcome guest, and all this not only for our own comfort, though that is desirable, but for the better influence, increased usefulness, and refining power over all with whom we come in contact. Is there not enough good in every woman's life to overbalance the evil, if she will resolutely set herself to the task of finding and appreciating it? Let us put vexing, perplexing matters as far away as possible, or if they must come, let us meet them with a bravery given by a Higher Power."

We two friends parted with a hand clasp, and a look into each other's eyes, which were of themselves a promise. Who will enter into compact with us?

THE WORLD OF SUMMER.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

If spring was belated, summer followed surely. Neither season could fail, as Scriptural authority has ever proven. "Seed time and harvest, summer and winter," reign in turn upon the earth while at present the wondrous summer-world is ours in which to live, to learn, and to enjoy. Who believes that we are not better fitted for enjoyment by our toiling and our learning? Listlessness is not living. But living is enjoying. It is a grand thing to understand how to live, and to make all thought, all toil, and all intelligence, subservient to life itself.

This is what the world of summer teaches—life. We look upon the mid-summer season too much as a respite from work, a time in which to be idle in mind, if not in body. Indeed, it is recreation, not *dolce far niente* pleasures, which we need at present. To re-create one's self, one's strength, one's power, does not mean that capability, vigor, or mental faculty, will come to us while we are indifferent to the gain. Once I said to a friend, "I am sorry that the winter is departing so swiftly. There is so much yet to do, that I hardly feel ready for the return of spring time."

"But just think!" was the reply, "we do not have to finish our work in the winter. We have all the year in which to do it, and are always going on with it." Now the sage remarks were not from the lips of a particularly philosophical person. She was young, gay, and generally given to sprightly talk rather than to the

meditation of weighty aphorisms. I confess, therefore, that her timely words aroused me. They made a lasting impression. We are not to lay down our duties, because the summer has come. It is not unnatural that recreative occupations should have attention from us at this period of the year. The influences of the weather, as well as of the softer beauties of the season, are attractive to our senses, while in winter we are more inclined to plod along with difficult tasks, always foreseeing the summer's return, however distant it may be in reality. Doubtless, it is well not to carry over the plodding into the more suave season; yet life demands that we be ever doing, working, as towards our highest end.

Recreation is not inconsistent with duty. The heart is the motor-power, and will make its outgoings to tend diligently to faithful living, whatever the season, whatsoever its responsibility.

Our work is not in detached pieces, as we so commonly rate it, but in one great whole, it is to be carried on, and woven into, the year through, so long as we are in this world. Behold summer herself. She has a very pleasant portion of the year's routine as her work, surely, yet she is not less diligent with her duty deeds. There is recreation in her system, her methodical extending of what was previous to her reign. If we could enfold our lives by such a mantle of loveliness, how fresh and how inspiring would be our presence to others! Beauty and effort are combined. The workings from within are visible in the consequent characters without.

July is the innermost heart of the summer. Much is revealed by its manifestation of warmth in abundant blossom and fragrance. But not all, for nature is too deep that mere sight should reckon all its powers. Human hearts must find their way into the very core of summer's own to live well in the world that now is, and to foretaste those pleasures which are imperishable by any change of seasons.

The beautiful world of summer! It is a delight to wander along her flowery borders, and into her dense forests, imbibing the sweet fervors of the former, and feeling the lofty dignity of the latter. The forest trees seem like wise preachers, with the flowers underneath as their audience, the songful birds as their aspiring choristers.

Over meadow and upland are seen the undulating heat-waves, near the surface, and the alternate fitting of shadow and of sunlight play upon the vision from above, with their delicacy of contrast enveloping rock and hill and field. There is music in the purling water of the river, and the cooling breezes passing over tempt one to stray beside its grassy banks. Here one may become familiarly acquainted with various species of shrubs and trees, among which the willow, the oak, and the alder are prominent. This is my experience. I am mindful, notwithstanding, that many live in dry places, "where no water is," but these persons must find the gifts of the season in some sort, however differing. And whatever one finds not at hand, one needs to go in search of, with a spirit of appreciation, and an eye to beauty everywhere. Blindness is a misfortune. Willing lack of sight is an imperfection of nature which it is well to remedy. There is so much to learn from the careful use of vision, that no one should merely see what passes before the eyes. A habit of observance may be cultivated. It is a strong instinct with some persons, whose mental store continually increases itself by the means, until the habits of nature are the unconscious study of their minds as well as the intentional.

"Down under the old chestnut tree!" Yes, that is a haunt to which I have been

frequently invited. This is on a neighbor's premises, and the tree branches overhang a running stream which offers a delicious retreat in sultry days. Here the children have gypsy-feasts with all sorts of pastoral pleasures devised among themselves. I fancy that one young, but voracious reader, likes to take there her book and dwell in solitary pastime undisturbed full often. Books are her delight. So are woods, and fields and flowers, so that summer is her world—the season of her fullest feasts.

The wild roses of the midsummer,—how fresh, how pink, how spicy-scented! The starry clematis airily rises above them, while an occasional bee, or a green and shining-coated humming-bird, alights to sip their sweets. A last year memory belongs to the dear, pink roses. This is to be a heart-memory, however, and the return of the summer has but strengthened the association.

Fragrance is the strength of association—how often some past hour is thus recalled to delight us, and, with the helpful twitter of feathered friends in nearby trees the influence of the western breezes, and the picture of the lightly-sailing clouds overhead, imagination repeats the bygone happinesses,—all in the delectable world of summer.

APPRECIATION.

BY A. P. REED.

"Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present."

The world is hardly careful enough in giving praise for the truly good things that are done—careful not only as to the manner of bestowing, but not careful enough to bestow it at all in many instances. This matter of giving credit is overdone by the flatterers, and neglected by those who at heart justly appreciate. Too many people are afraid of praise when it becomes their turn to bestow it, and yet the approval of a generous public is the best encouragement a man can have to stimulate him in ways that are right.

Let I still fail of being properly understood, I will say don't flatter, that is not what I mean. Never bestow a hollow, meaningless praise. But on the other hand, when you see a worthy act, no matter how humble its source, or what it is, be it something that shows a clean spot, or a true nobleness of heart, don't be afraid to speak highly of it, in terms that you can feel are sincere. Don't be afraid of making some one else better than you are by praise. Let them go above you if they deserve it by honest efforts.

Just praise should have a prominent place in the world. It is a medium we can use to do some good to humanity. If you are an employer, don't be too shy of making a few laudatory remarks now and then, in the presence of those in your employ, when they are doing well of course, as the beauty of the whole thing is to have it merited. Some men act as though they thought it would spoil a man if they praised him a bit, and lose sight of their own worth in the bargain. Poor souls, some of them have so little worth that I don't wonder they fear they will lose it!

But, seriously, this is a key note to the work of lifting up humanity, though it be a sadly neglected one, except at the hands of the flatterers, who sadly overdo, doing more harm than good in their hypocrisy. Those words of praise that you utter behind a man's back, would oftentimes make a mightier man of him, if modestly said to his face by you. Put yourself in as humble a position as you choose, belittle yourself all you wish, and by all means avoid calling attention to yourself, but don't, don't be afraid to encourage a good thing in others when you see it, by

words of commendation, on the ground that you will ruin them, for no sensible man will be any thing but benefited by this usage, and I don't ask you to ruin fools by the method, suffice it to say that most of the praise administered in these times, goes to some dignitary, or man in high position, who has got beyond its stimulus. It is needed, not here, but in the lowly walks of life, where men have got something to achieve, and but little to achieve it with.

PLATE GLASS.

Plate glass is only made in the very largest factories. The plate glass works at Ravenhead, England, are in a building 339x155 feet; the melting furnace is placed in the center of the building, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the building are arranged the annealing ovens, which are often made very large to receive the immense plates that are made. The materials of which the best plate glass is made are pure silica or quartz sand, pure carbonate of soda, slaked lime, and plate glass cullet, that is bits of broken plate glass. These materials, in proper proportions, are put in the melting pot, where they are allowed to remain from ten to sixteen hours, or even longer, until the whole has become fused and the soda is thoroughly volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall, and the glass then acquires the viscosity suitable for casting.

In some factories it is then transferred to another vessel, where it is allowed to stand at the same high temperature for some time before casting, but in many establishments it is poured directly from the melting pot upon the casting-table. This table consists of a massive slab, usually of cast-iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing oven. On each side of the table are ribs or bars of metal, which keep the glass within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter, lies across the table upon the side bars. The table is heated by having hot coals placed upon it, and is then carefully cleaned.

The pots of melted glass are then lifted from the furnace, skimmed with a large copper knife, conveyed on wheel-racks to the table, and being swung up by means of a crane, are emptied thereon. The cylinder now rolled across the viscid mass spreads the glass out in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot its end is turned up like a flange, and with a rake it is thrust into the annealing oven, which is heated to a dull red heat. Other plates are now immediately cast upon the hot table, until the annealing oven is filled, when it is closed and slowly cooled for five days. Taken from the oven, the plates are ground smooth with sand and water, and afterward with emery paper. They are then polished with powder of red oxide of iron, under considerable pressure. This work of grinding and polishing is done by machinery, by means of which a most brilliant surface is readily secured.—*Inter-Ocean.*

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY.

The teaching of our sinless Saviour was that reproachful accusations should be cast only by those who were themselves entirely "without sin," himself showing that sweet charity and loving mercy in "neither do I condemn thee." If this gospel rule of forgiveness and helpfulness, were more frequently applied to our fallen brothers and sisters, there would be less need for almshouses, courts of justice and prisons. There is

a wide distinction between guilt itself and the guilty, but the numbers are exceedingly few who will step out of their way to investigate the surroundings and temptations of the one "overtaken in a fault." Even many who have named the name of Christ, and before the world are professing to follow in the footsteps of the compassionate One, are often wont to crush sin and sinner with the same blow. When, through indiscretion, moral weakness, or overwhelming temptation, one deviates for the first time from the path of rectitude, he is at once classed with "sinners," and the door of society is closed and barred against him, by those who could have saved him, had they been imbued with that sweet spirit of charity that thinketh no evil. Multitudes who have taken many downward steps, might be reclaimed were a helping hand kindly extended. They are often soul-sick with the husks upon which they feed, and, like prodigals, would gladly return to the Father's house, did they not dread the look of scorn, the whispered accusation of the proud and self-righteous, who, with a look of "I am holier than thou," pass by on "the other side." Blessed are those noble, earnest workers who, having breathed the true spirit of the gospel, go forth to seek and to save the lost, and having learned of Him, are ever ready to cast the mantle of charity over a fallen brother. Forgetting never that Christ came to seek and to save the lost, they are ever ready to lend a helping hand, leaving all judgment with him who judgeth not as man judgeth.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

CHEERFULNESS.

We are disheartened, because we lose sight and thought of the Father's loving presence and merciful purposes; because we let our minds revert to second causes, and feel as if it were a blind fate, and not a benignant will that had charge of our future! And does that look dark? Has it not looked as dark before? But light has risen upon our darkness, and what seemed to us the inevitable altar of sacrifice has been the altar of our deliverance and blessing, even as the stone on which the wayfaring patriarch laid his head at nightfall in lonely weariness was in the morning consecrated by the vision of angels as the corner stone of Bethel—the house of God and the gate of heaven.

For persistent cheerfulness, we need not only hope of God's continued mercy in this world, but equally the hope of heaven. There is a wonderful force in the scriptural figure of hope as an anchor—an anchor with the cable long enough to steady the ship in rough seas and under stormy skies. Were the cable shorter, were the hope too close at hand, it might be a disturbing force. But an anchor dropped in an unknown sea, a hope beyond the death hour, near enough for faith, yet too far for sight, may keep us serenely happy, let earthly events shape themselves as they may.

This hope may attach itself with special force to experiences that would otherwise make us unspeakably sad; for these may be, will be, if we use them aright, means of our fitness for the life that lies beyond. Whatever deepens and strengthens character, whatever unearths our spirits, and gives them a new hold of attachment on the unseen future, is a part of our training for what we are to be, and may well be regarded with cheerful submission. Let the soul's steadfast vision be fixed on the life eternal, we shall own with hearty gratitude that all things are working together for our good, and shall recognize God's educational purposes in what had else been the unsearchable mysteries of Providence.—*Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Died in Westminster, Vt., March 11th, 1887, Miss Hannah D. Newcomb, having resided at this place nearly twenty years. She was born in Keene, N. H., February 22d, 1803, at which place the remains were interred March 14th. She was the oldest, doubtless, of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, whose articles have so often appeared over the signature of "Hans Dorcomb." She tried several *nom de plumes*, but at last settled upon this, "it being the name she called herself when a child," as she wrote me. She opened correspondence with me through the editor, in 1878, by asking for a lace pattern I had spoken of in a previous article and it continued pleasantly, though for a few years, as she grew more and more feeble, her letters came less frequently.

She became much attached to THE HOUSEHOLD and its readers, and the fancy knitting was a great comfort to her in the solitude of her room, where she was mainly, and altogether confined late years, being an invalid, and she "considered it a great blessing." To her we are indebted mainly for the "Coral" and "Apple Leaf" tidies which went the rounds of the papers from THE HOUSEHOLD, and were so much liked. She sent some directions to me with the request that I correct and copy for THE HOUSEHOLD, saying, "Sign your own name and not mention mine at all," which I did, though for some unknown reason, no signature appeared to the latter. She was like this all along, saying kind words, and doing deeds that showed her unselfish disposition, and her "desire to be of some use," as she would say.

She united with the Congregational church when a young lady, living a most devoted Christian life. We cannot mourn for her as for those without hope, for she was ready and willing, yes, anxious to depart and be forever with the Lord, and she was "only waiting for the boatman" to come and carry her over. At times she would become almost impatient for the time when she should meet loved ones "on the other shore," her dear mother in particular, then would as soon check herself, saying, "The dear Lord knows best; I will try and be patient."

Her letters were marvelous productions for one of her years, and she enjoyed the pleasures of correspondence; besides which, she spent much time with papers and books, keeping well up with the times, and could converse fluently upon all subjects, thus putting to shame many younger persons of health and strength. Strange to say she retained her eyesight wonderfully, never wearing glasses, and could read fine print by lamplight as well as at noon.

Her health had been failing gradually, but more perceptibly for a year, not having strength to move or walk about much, but at last she passed away suddenly, without pain or struggle, and entered peacefully into that rest she so much craved.

"The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
Oh, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine."

NELLIE MAY.

—The man who does most to enlighten human darkness, mitigate human distress, and comfort human hearts, is more likely to be true and sound in spiritual philosophy and doctrine than the man who is only critical and not self-sacrificing.

—We can be thankful to a friend, for a few acres or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.—*Bishop Hall.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN PRESS.

SHORT HINTS ON SOCIAL ETIQUET, compiled from the latest and best works on the subject, by Aunt Matilda. 54 pp. Printed on finest paper. Handsome Lithographed covers in six colors. Price 40 cents. I. L. CRAGIN & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have advanced orders for a very large edition of this beautiful book, but have reserved the first edition to use as gifts among the thousands of good friends we have among THE HOUSEHOLD. Over ten years have elapsed since Aunt Matilda first wrote to you all through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, of the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and over a hundred and twenty issues of THE HOUSEHOLD have since that time each contained at least a column of bona-fide letters from ladies of your number, telling of the merits of this soap. Every letter has been unsolicited by us, and we have known nothing of them until we read them in THE HOUSEHOLD. This kind acknowledgement on your part, through all these years, has cheered and encouraged us, and we feel that we ought to make some return. We have retained from sale copies of "Short Hints," sufficient to give one to each subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, and will send postage paid and free of charge, one to each lady sending us her full address, together with fifteen complete outside wrappers of Dobbins' Electric soap, and the declaration that she is a subscriber to THE HOUSEHOLD. To all others the price of the book is 40 cents, which may be sent us in postage stamps.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—Yours of 14th inst. received. Thanks. The main object in my wish to ascertain how long Dobbins' Electric Soap has been in use was to settle a dispute. A lady and I were talking about the premiums Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co. offer, when I remarked that I thought the premiums ought to be given to those who used the soap for twenty years and recommended it to everybody. She replied that it had not been anything like twenty years since it was first put on the market, and after she insisted that I was mistaken, I determined to find out. None of our family have used any other kind of soap for any particular washing in all these years (I think since 1867) I never think of being without it. I used to buy it by the dollars' worth. Now I have no one but myself and of course I don't need much, but my influence is all the same. MATILDA A. SCHULTZ, M. D.

Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I bought a cake of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have tried it and am very well pleased with the result, and if it does as well in the future as it did last week, I can recommend it as doing all that you claim for it, and think it will answer for itself if it has a fair trial.

MRS. SAM'L B. MEAD.

Long Ridge, Conn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Dobbins' Electric Soap is not a new thing to me. I have used it for years, have never wanted to change for any other. Its great merits are, doing away with boiling, and the rendering of the clothes beautiful, white, sweet, and clean. I have proved its good qualities and expect to use it.

Bristol, Conn.

MRS. S. ADAMS.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—Ed.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

I would like the address of some one of the sisters who lives where wintergreen grows wild. We want to try raising it here.

Yelm, Thurston Co., W. T. NORA A. WOOD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will A. E. Barrett, whose article concerning cabinets appeared in March HOUSEHOLD, send her address to me?

Napa, Cal.

MRS. E. H. KING.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Clara M. Ellis, whose name appeared in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, please send me her address?

Essex, Kan.

MRS. J. D. MOSHER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Jennie A. R. who has an article from Florida in the April HOUSEHOLD please send me her address?

West Hallowell, Ill.

MRS. C. H. HUMMEL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will M. Ettie McL. please send her address to me?

Gilbert Sta., Strong Co., Iowa.

MRS. VIC. KENNARD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Isbell of Canastota, N. Y., please send her name and address to me?

234 Commercial St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MRS. INGRAM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Santa Cruz, who gave directions for a knit lamp mat in the February HOUSEHOLD, please send her address to me?

Box 278, Winston, N. C.

MRS. A. M. PARKER.

PITY THE SUFFERING CRIPPLES.

Who does not pity the halt, the crippled, the helpless, that he meets upon the street? Some so helpless that they must needs have one or two upon whom to lean as they try to take a little walk. Some with one or two crutches to support themselves as they drag their legs along. Some with one or two canes to give them a little more confidence as they take their uncertain steps. And some with none of these, show by their cautious tread that they do not feel as sure-footed as other men are. As we pass these afflicted ones, be they rich or poor, we pity them for the moment. A thankful heart turns its gratitude in a silent prayer and praise to God that we are so blessed; that we are not thus afflicted. Then we pass on, and perhaps never again think of the cripple we have passed, but give up our minds to the all-absorbing business cares of the day, unless, perchance, one of these unfortunates who has combined with this affliction that of poverty, and driven by his wants has ventured into our office or place of business, and tells us his oft-told tale of suffering, and in piteous tones solicits a little aid to appease the demands of physical wants.

While there are various forms of rheumatism, as acute, chronic, muscular, articular, cerebral, febrile, gouty, sciatic, capsular, etc., there is a great difference in the severity of the pain accompanying these different forms, yet poor humanity has no choice. We cannot go to the counter and make our selection. Though the mildest form is far from being desirable, we feel as if we are obliged to submit when it overtakes us in any of its forms.

At one time we found that articular rheumatism was growing upon us until at the end of four years the right arm became almost useless. Now we thankfully say that we have nothing of the kind, though past the age of three score. We confidently say that we know of no remedy equal to the Compound Oxygen Treatment for removing and preventing rheu-

matism. The following fairly illustrates the wonderful power of the Compound Oxygen.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., June 26, 1886.

"My mother's health was completely restored by it and so was mine. By its use I am in better health than I have known in fifteen years. It will be a long time before I quit talking and writing in behalf of Compound Oxygen."

"I have just returned from visiting Mr. Ward, and was highly pleased to find him greatly improved. He and his wife are in high spirits. He has had a terrible time for months. Feet, hands, ankles, and knees had been terribly swollen. For months and months he had not been able to have even a part of a night's sound sleep. After commencing the Home Treatment he had one of his worst spells for two or three days, and had given up all hope even of the Compound Oxygen. But he stuck to it. The first of last week he got one night's good, refreshing sleep. When he awoke the next morning he said to his wife, 'I have had a very good night's sleep for the first time in months. But this is only temporary, I fear I shall not be able to sleep any to-night.' But he did, and every night since he has slept well. He told me, on Sunday, that his hands were in their natural shape now, for the first time in many months, and that he believed the swelling in the knees and ankles would now subside, as they were itching a great deal."

"W. H. WORTHINGTON."

Compound Oxygen works such wonders that all people, sick or well, should read the interesting little brochure about it which is published and mailed free of charge by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia.

"—Johnnie, is your sister in?" "I don't know. Lemme see—what's your name?" "Barnes—Mr. Barnes." "All right, Mr. Barnes. You just sit down, and I'll ask Sis whether she's home; but I don't think that's the name."

"Now, Gen'ral, you're posted; come! give us your views. In a brush at the front, what's the powder to use?" He winked at a star as he puffed his cigar. And slowly replied, "In a brush at the front, I never use powder, but—SOZODONT."

Go Where You Will

you'll find SOZODONT in vogue. People have thrown away their tooth-powders and washes, and placed this odoriferous preservative of the teeth on the toilet table in their place. It keeps the teeth in splendid order, and spices the breath.

Ayer's Pills possess the curative virtues of the best known medicinal plants. These Pills are scientifically prepared, are easy to take, and safe for young and old. They are invaluable for regulating the bowels, and for the relief and cure of stomach troubles.

—Bridget to iceman: "Av ye plaze, sir, me misses sez will yez put the ice in the saucer here ivery mornin' and cover it wid the tay cup, so we can have some left if we don't get there the minit you lave it."

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE has indeed become an article of established value in domestic economy, and now is the time for every family to test it, for house-cleaning as well as for laundry purposes. A more useful article for house-keepers is not to be found, and they who neglect a trial of it deprive themselves of a great convenience. Sold by grocers generally, but see that counterfeits are not urged upon you.

Sufferers from chills and fever, who have used quinine as a remedy, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure. This preparation, if taken according to directions, is warranted a sure cure. Residents in malarial districts should not be without it.

—It is said that great talkers are not as liable to insanity as silent people. Naturally enough those who have to listen are the ones who go crazy.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which runs the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—San Diego Union.

Ayer's Ague Cure is the most popular antidote for malaria. All who are exposed to the dangers of miasmatic regions should try it. Always ready for use, and, if taken according to directions, warranted a sure cure for all malarial disorders.

—Boy—"Ain't it time to eat the good things?" Mother—"Certainly not. You must wait until your friends come." Boy—"I guess they won't come 'cause I didn't invite them. I thought I'd rather have it entirely exclusive."

Chronic Coughs and Colds

And all diseases of the Throat and lungs can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

—An American statesman got off at Falls View to look at Niagara. After examining it critically for a moment, he turned to a bystander, and remarked, "Huge affair, ain't it? I suppose it runs all night, too."

LACTATED FOOD

is so called because the basis of its composition is lactose or milk sugar, which is the principal element in mother's milk. By its use a compound identical in effect with the natural nutriment of the little one is produced, and it always agrees with the most delicate stomach.

—Mother—"How many times have I called you this morning, Arthur?" Arthur (turning over for a fresh snooze)—"Can't tell you. You don't expect me to keep the account do you?"

Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal, in merit and efficiency, as a hair dressing and for the prevention of baldness. It eradicates dandruff, keeps the scalp moist, clean, and healthy, and gives vitality and color to weak, faded, and gray hair. The most popular of toilet articles.

For Etching, and Marking Clothing, nothing equals Payson's Indelible Ink. Used with a common pen. Always reliable. Sold by druggists.

—Accidental!—Brown—"Hello, Jones! How's your wife?" Jones (a little deaf)—"Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning."

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

The extracts of Red Clover Blossoms, prepared by D. Needham's Sons, Chicago, are rapidly growing in popularity—and justly so. Sufferers from Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough and all Blood Diseases are greatly benefited and many remarkable cures have resulted from its use. It is not a patent medicine, but is prepared from the Red Clover Blossoms which have long been recognized as possessing remarkable curative properties.

When, by reason of a cold or from other cause, the stomach, liver and kidneys become disordered, no time should be lost in stimulating them to action. Ayer's Pills act quickly, safely, and surely. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

WOMAN'S Medical College of Pennsylvania. The 38th Annual Session opens October 6th, 1887. A three years graded course is given in Spring and Winter terms. For further information address RACHEL L. BODLEY, M. D., Dean, N. College Ave. and 21st St., Philadelphia.

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GELS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPETIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, with HEALTH RULES, 15 cents.

Patients will receive advice and medicine for six weeks, by giving a clear description of symptoms, for \$3. All sent by mail.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.



As Different as Black from White

As different as black from white are the CUTICURA REMEDIES from all other remedies for the treatment of diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicines on earth. Had the worst case of Salt Rheum in this country. My mother had it twenty years, and in fact died from it. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast and head were covered for three years, which nothing relieved or cured until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, externally. J. W. ADAMS, Newark, O.

Your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose. J. F. SMITH & CO., Texarkana, Ark.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I have been afflicted since last March with a Skin disease the doctors call Eczema. My face was covered with scabs and sores, and the itching and burning were almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICURA REMEDIES so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this public statement.

Mrs. CLARA A. FREDERICK,
Broad Brook, Conn.

I must extend to you the thanks of one of my customers, who has been cured, by using the CUTICURA REMEDIES, of an old sore, caused by a long spell of sickness or fever eight years ago. He was so bad he was fearful he would have to have his leg amputated, but is happy to say he is now entirely well, sound as a dollar. He requests me to use his name, which is H. H. CAS-SON, merchant, of this place.

JOHN V. MINOR, Druggist,
Gainsboro, Tenn.

H. E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by CUTICURA REMEDIES, the most wonderful cure on record. A dustpanful of scales fell from him daily. Physicians and his friends thought he must die.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

SKIN and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE,

-LIQUID-

A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools. It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take. It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only. For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, - Providence, R. I.

Beware of Imitations.

BUY THE ACME.- See Advertisement.

J. A. TITUS & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Miss E. Holcombe, 31 Catharine Street, Elizabeth, N. J., will do stamping if material is sent in exchange for arrasene, chenille or silk floss.

Mrs. Agnes E. Chambliss, Louisville, Ky. Co., Ill., will exchange Kensington painting or lace, for silk scraps for crazy quilt.

Lillie Tolbert, Columbus, Adams Co., Ill., will exchange a pair of No. 3 slippers for some good book. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Eldridge, 20 Prairie Ave., Providence, R. I., will exchange adv. cards for adv. cards.

Miss Ida Grainger, Ventura, Ventura Co., Calif., will exchange lily bulbs and pressed ferns for crazy patchwork material. Write first.

Mrs. E. F. McCoy, Columbia, D. T., will exchange anything of equal value for Andrew Graham's Hand-book of Phonography. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Vincent, San Luis Obispo, Calif., will exchange minerals and marine specimens for the same. Write first.

Mrs. H. Sheekler, Bucyrus, Ohio, will exchange pieces of silk with painted morning glories for choice flower seeds or bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. Grant Burton, Chesnut, Ill., will exchange paper flowers, crocheting or pillow shams for shells, magazines, pieces for crazy work, a stamping outfit, or anything useful or ornamental.

M. Baracchini, 5 1/2 Grove St., Rutland, Vt., will exchange Youth's Companions and all kinds of painting for Munyon's Ill. World or large pieces of plush velvet or satin.

Mrs. Amber M. Beal, West Hanover, Mass., will exchange pink lily, amaryllis and narcissus bulbs for other bulbs or pieces suitable for crazy patchwork.

Emma Fell, Mayville, Wis., will exchange stamping patterns with any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters. Write first.

Mrs. E. L. Warner, Pilot Rock, Oregon, will exchange specimens of petrified wood, for reading matter or seeds. Write first.

C. G. Morris, Hyde Park, Mass., will exchange flint, dendrite, and hematite, for other geological or mineralogical specimens.

Mrs. Hugh Logan, Seward, Neb., will exchange one yard of rick-rack trimming, for twenty pieces of silk, satin or velvet, or two skeins of gray or white yarn.

Mrs. H. Eldred, Romeo, Mich., will exchange peacock's feathers and the New York Weekly papers, for any thing useful or ornamental or good reading. Write first.

Kate Elliott, Greenlee, N. C., will exchange Vick's Magazine for 1884, sound copies, in good condition, for other magazines or books.

Kate S. Briggs, West Macclesfield, N. Y., has fine roots of the beautiful cinnamon vine, and will send two, worth 50c., for each well made calico apron.

Ella F. Boyd, box 207, Hyde Park, Mass., will exchange good minerals, large and small, correctly labeled, for same.

Miss A. J. Stranahan, Nevada City, Nev. Co., Calif., will exchange a variety of flower seeds for crazy block, ten inches square, of silks, satins, velvets, or plush.

Chattie Gorham, Perrysville, O., will exchange a tufting machine to make rugs with rags or yarn, for instrumental music. Write first.

Adda M. Bundy, Van Cleve, Marshall Co., Iowa, will exchange calico the size of a postal card, for the same.

Sarah G. Smith, South Middleboro, Mass., will exchange pat. and square of "Road to California" for six six-inch squares of bright cretonne.

Mrs. S. L. Garrett, Lincoln, Kan., will exchange one year of Godey's Lady's Book for 1886 for rugs or other useful articles. Write first.

Mrs. H. F. West, Upton, Oxford Co., Maine, will exchange roots of akella for roots, houseplants or seeds.

Mrs. C. H. Young, Merrimac, Mass., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS of '85 and '86, also Demorest's of '86 for reading matter of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. E. T. Merrill, Ware, Mass., box 617, will exchange fancy adv. cards for liquid stamping preparation, stamping patterns, silk pieces or embroidery materials. Write first.

Miss Ada Hotchkiss, Union City, New Haven Co., Conn., will exchange crocheted lace for large perforated stamping patterns, or any thing useful or ornamental.

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.

SCALDS and BURNS
Should have prompt and proper care or they may prove very dangerous and perhaps FATAL.

ACCIDENTS
are constantly happening. A kick of a horse or cow may cause a bad bruise; the slip of an axe or knife may result in a serious cut.

Any of these things may happen to one of your family at any moment.

Have you a bottle of **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER** ready for use in such cases? It has no equal for the cure of scalds, burns, cuts, swellings, bruises, sprains, sores, insect bites &c.—All Druggists sell it.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 12 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 12 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send until further notice, garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poulney, Vt.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages

Not only makes a very agreeable drink, but is highly medicinal, acting mildly and beneficially on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Composed of Life of Man, Sarsaparilla, Wintergreen, Hops, Juniper, etc. I select from among many letters received: "It is the best medicine we have ever used. I can highly recommend it to any one in poor health. It has done my wife more good than anything she ever tried." A package to make 5 gallons, 25 cents; by mail 6 cents extra, 4 packages \$1.00, prepaid. Prepared at the N. E. Potomac Depot, 245 Washington St., Boston. Geo. W. Swett, M. D., Proprietor.

BABY'S WARDROBE Complete. The most stylish, perfect fitting garments to be had. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50 cts. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c., with directions. One garment free with each set. **New England Pattern Co., 2, Rutland, Vt.**

IMPROVED DRESS REFORM WAIST and Skirt Supporter attached. The shoulders carry the weight of the clothing, relieving and preventing weakness. It is inexpensive. **MRS. J. M. FARNHAM**, Rockland, Maine, will send pattern for 25 cts. silver. Refer to Dr. Hanford & Wife, Marjorie March, Rosamond E., and Helen Herbert, of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Table Lamp. Burns Like Gas. No Chimney, No Smoke.

In the saving of chimneys this Lamp soon pays for itself. Send for sample at agent's price, \$2.25, and try these Lamps. Sells for \$5 at sight. Common kerosene oil is used, giving a large and brilliant white light. Send Postal Note or Money Order to

NEW IDEAL LAMP CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

Height, 12 inches.

Ladies, READ THIS! Infant's Outfit Complete. A perfect set of patterns. A Hubbard Dress, Cloak, Wrapper, Night Dress, Skirts, Bonnet, etc., 15 patterns in all, 50c., with directions. One garment free. Will send for 50c., patterns of boys' first pants, waist, shirt, cap, etc., complete outfit. **Union Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.**

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. **Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C. H. St., Boston.**

MAUD MULLER—A FRAGMENT.

Maud Muller on a mild March day,
Vowed she would move on the first of May.
Not but the house she occupied
With modern improvements was supplied;
But when on the paper her eye she set
And saw the advertisements "To Let,"
Her comfort died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A longing that well-nigh drove her mad—
For a nicer house than one she had:
A basement kitchen without a flaw,
A room for her husband's mother-in-law;
A parlor eighteen by twenty-three,
And a sunny, airy nursery.
She rented a house by no means bad,
Yet not near so nice as the one she had,
And hunting, packing, and moving-day
Were enough, she said, to turn her gray.
And as on an upturned tub she sat,
In the new house, dusty, desolate,
She heard the truckman, not "with care,"
Dump a basket of crockery ware.
She mourned like one of all hope bereft,
For the cosy dwelling she had left,
And to herself, in accents saddened,
Whispered softly, "I wish I hadn't!"
Then to boss truckman she took her way,
Sighing, "I'll move again next May!"
Alas for Muller! Alas for Maud!
For chipped veneering and shattered gaud!
Heaven pity them both, and pity us all
Whose wives to questing houses fall—
For of all sad words e'er written yet,
The saddest are these—"This House To Let!"
Ah! if the house she occupies
On earth no woman satisfies,
In the hereafter the angels may
Build her one where she'll care to stay!

IDEAL FEET.

The celebrated anatomist, Prof. Hyrti, of Vienna university, recently opened one of his lectures to his class with the singular question: "Which is the most beautiful foot, considered from the anatomical standpoint?" and then said: "It is remarkable that there are so many divergent opinions on this subject. While the sons of men look upon a small, slender and graceful foot (a lady's foot) as an ideal one, the anatomist utterly rejects it as beautiful, and only the large, long and broad foot is the ideal one in his eyes. Even the greatest classical writers of antiquity, Horace, Catullus and others who had great appreciation of feminine beauty, never mentioned in the descriptions of their beloved—and, as is well known, they had many—their small feet. The people belonging to the Celtic race have small feet; the Hindoos, especially, have such small feet and hands that they may be envied by many European countesses. The native troops of the English army in India possess in England their own armory, where peculiar kinds of weapons are constructed for them. The sword hilts made for them are much too small for us to grasp with ease. The greatest beauties of Europe, the Italians, have really long and broad feet."

—A correspondent asks how to serve a dinner. If it is a good dinner and you are hungry, just eat it. That's the way we would serve a dinner.

—"Doctor, I come to see you about my younger brother!" "What is the matter with him?" "One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now what would you do in a case like that?" "I reckon I'd limp too."

—The coat was a very bad fit—too full in the back. "That'll never do," said the customer; "it's like a shirt on a bean pole." "Dot goat, mein frent," replied the dealer, "ish a very stylish garment. Look at dot pack. Mein gracious, it is luffy. See dot peautiful puffing—der latest style—and don't you forget it. It was made on Fifth Avenoo. It ish der Fadder Hubbard style, and is actually worth so much as fife tollar more for dot cut." And five minutes later the delighted customer left the store with his Father Hubbard coat.

WORSE THAN SMALL POX.

A GREAT DANGER WHICH MENACES AN UNSUSPICIOUS PUBLIC.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred consumptives, are victims of constipated or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to prove what has often been said in our columns during the last eight years, that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their claims after elaborate investigation, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; that these inactive kidneys allow the blood to become filled with uric acid poison; that this uric acid poison in the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed in the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men.

This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the effect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

If this poison is not removed, it ruins every organ. If the bowels, stomach or liver become inactive, we know it at once, but other organs help them out. If the kidneys become constipated and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order.

Organs that are weak and diseased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local affliction, when in reality the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys.

Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is incurable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine, morphine, or with salts and other physics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflammation, ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The same quantity of blood that passes through the heart, passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is, that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known specific for kidney diseases, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments, because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there will be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, head-aches, rheumatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate women. If the poisonous

matter is separated from the blood as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small-pox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised.

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body.

They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation and science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the system as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched, for the least sign of disordered action.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK.
Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Latest and best book on Art Needlework, only 10 cents. Send postal note or stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y., or 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. For the names and addresses of 10 ladies interested in Art Needlework, we will send one book free.

WOOD'S LADIES BLACKING
A HARMLESS SHOE DRESSING.
Gold Medal received for superiority over all other dressings. Will not crack or harden the leather. Bottle contains double the quantity of other dressings. 25c. Your Shoe Dealer has it.

CLUB ORDERS
We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as PREMIUMS to those who GET UP CLUBS or purchase TEA and COFFEE in large quantities, DINNER and TEA SETS, GOLD-BAND SETS, SILVER-WARE, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 cents to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 50 to 40 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums, with \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$11 orders. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 118 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a HOST of other Premiums. We carry the largest stock, and do the largest TEA and COFFEE business, in Boston. Send postal (and mention this paper) for our large illustrated price and premium list, of 96 pages, containing also CASH PRICES for our premiums, at LESS than Wholesale Prices. As to our reliability, we are pleased to refer to the published paper.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 301 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES
Enamel your Ranges twice a year, tops once a week and you have the finest-polished stove in the world. For sale by all Grocers and Stove Dealers.

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NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED in the WORLD—100 Instructors, 2186 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$5.00 to \$7.50 per week. 180 HOURS per term, collateral advantages FREE to all Regular Students. Fall Term begins Sept. 8, 1887. Illustrated calendar, free. E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq. BOSTON, MASS

Linene
COLLARS AND CUFFS
TRADE MARK
REVERSIBLE FOR MEN AND BOYS
Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo

EVERY HOUSEWIFE

who wishes to avoid the annoyances of laundering should have husband and sons provided with the

Linene Collars & Cuffs,

Reversible, and Finished on both sides alike.

Always elegant, comfortable and easily adjusted.

Unrivalled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down in all desirable sizes and styles.

No fretting, no worry, but clean linen always ready.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. Name size. Illustrated catalogue free.

Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,

27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

S. T. TAYLOR'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FASHION REPORT

S. T. Taylor's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report appears about the Twentieth of every month, in advance. It contains a large number of wood-cuts, representing the Leading Styles in Ladies' Toilettes, Hats, Bonnets, etc., that are to be worn in Paris during the following months; besides this, an article on Fashions prepared for us with the greatest care by our agents in Paris; and many hints and information invaluable to the professional dress-maker, as well as to the private lady who appreciates elegance and correct style of dress.

Single Copy, 6c. Yearly Subscription, 50c.

S. T. TAYLOR, Publisher, 930 Broadway, N. Y.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Acute Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over 5,000 physicians have sent to us the most flattering opinions upon Digestylin as a remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for PHYSICIANS' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements we would respectfully refer to all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and PHYSICIANS generally. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS,

83 John St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, ETC. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE Dress Stay
Absolutely Unbreakable. For Sale Everywhere. Try It.



DR. GRAY'S
BACK-SUPPORTING SHOULDER-BRACE
FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT SO IS THE TREE INCLINED." The truth of this old adage is forcibly brought to mind when one sees a man or woman disfigured by a crooked spine or stooping shoulders, and one mentally exclaims, if that person had only had proper care when young, that awkward figure might have been avoided.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF CORRECTING THIS EVIL, THE BACK-SUPPORTING SHOULDER-BRACE has been devised, and so effective is it in accomplishing its purpose, that it is rapidly growing in favor with all who have worn it, and it is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by all physicians who have seen and examined it.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES.

EXTRA SMALL. SMALL. MEDIUM. LARGE.
Waist Meas., 16 to 20. W. M., 18 to 23. W. M., 24 to 27. W. M., 28 to 33
PRICE, \$1.50.

In stating size, give snug measure taken around waist, outside of dress.

Sold by Druggists and Ladies' furnishing Trade, or sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States on receipt of price.

Address Geo. Frost & Co., 287 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

THE BEST FOODS
IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers.

The best bread in the world is made from the Health Food Company's "PEELED WHEAT FLOUR."

Peeled wheat is as different from natural wheat as hulled rice is from unhulled rice. The flour made from peeled wheat is all food, just as hulled rice is all food. Moreover, "Peeled Wheat Flour" is all good food, being free from the inert husks of bran, which exist in "crushed wheat," "grits," "graham," and other coarse and crude cereals. "The Peeled Wheat Flour" makes the perfect bread for the up-building of every tissue of the body.

The mother cannot do her whole duty by her children in the matter of nutrition for the growth of brains and nerves and bones and muscles, unless she provides for them the perfect bread made from the Perfect Peeled Wheat Flour.

The best Breakfast dish in the world is made from The Health Food Company's

WHEATENA!

WHEATENA can be cooked in one minute, or it may be eaten in milk without any cooking at all. AS A NOURISHING AND PALATABLE FOOD IT IS PERFECTION.

READ OUR FREE PAMPHLETS.
HEALTH FOOD COMPANY,
4th Ave. & 10th St., New York City.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing 25 Cts. of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

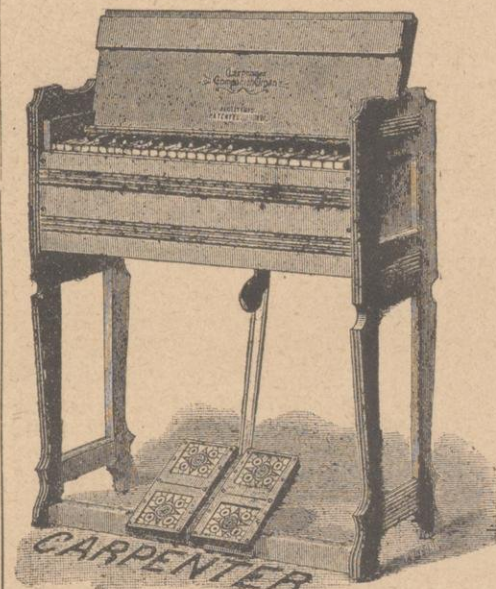
FOR SALE.
SEWING MACHINE,

We have for sale a new, first class, double thread with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address
THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

RELIABLE CARPENTER ORGANS.

"THE COMPANION ORGAN."

Wholesale Price to Teachers and Schools,
ONLY \$20.00.



PATENTED, 1881.

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FOR SCHOOLS.

There are more than Two Thousand of these Companion Organs now in use, all of which are giving the GREATEST SATISFACTION.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an honest organ; and this is, we think, the secret of their popularity."—Youth's Companion, July 6, 1882.

DIMENSIONS.

Height, when open, 43 inches. Height, when closed, 37 inches. Height to keyboard, 32 inches. Width, 30½ inches. Depth, 15½ inches. Length of keyboard, 26½ inches.

DESCRIPTION OF CASE.

The case is made both in black walnut and cherry, beautifully finished and polished. It is paneled and ornamented in Queen Anne Style. It has folding cover, book rest and knee swell. Back and front is full finished. It contains the reliable CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION, and has the same warrant that is given with all the organs of our make. The Reeds are best quality, strong, rich and correct in tone, and in exact accord with the human voice. THIS IS A FULL FOUR-OCTAVE ORGAN OF FORTY-NINE KEYS.

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The Companion Organ has sufficient compass for the rendering of all Sunday School music, popular songs, and choruses, and is especially adapted for home use, the school room, hall or chapel.

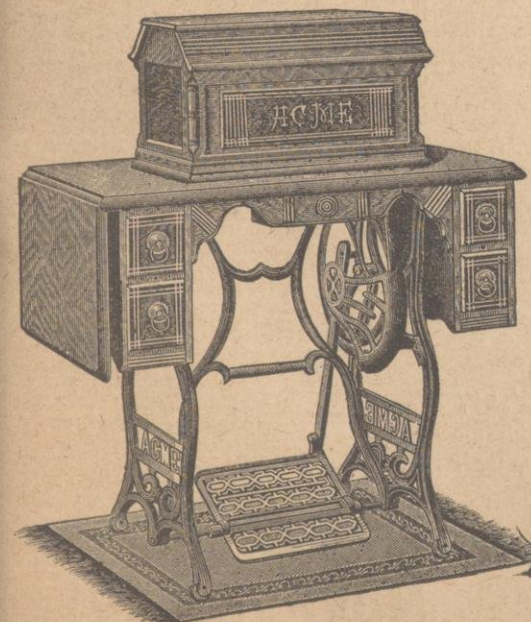
The great power of music over the uncivilized human being has passed into a proverb; but few that tried it know its charms in "soothing the savage breast" of the school boy into an agreeable frame of mind, and bringing into harmony the often conflicting temperaments of pupils. It goes without saying that every school ought to have an organ of some sort and there is small excuse for any school dispensing with one, when the "CARPENTER COMPANION ORGAN" can be obtained for only \$20.00.

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We want a RELIABLE LOCAL AGENT in every village, township or county in the U. S., to whom liberal terms will be given and protection guaranteed. Where we have no agents, Organs sold direct for cash or easy payments. Send for our large new catalogue just published.

Free to any address.

E. P. CARPENTER CO.,
BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.



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Because it is

THE ACME is the result of more than twenty years experience in the business.

This machine is capable of a very wide range of work, has all the good qualities of the best machines of the day, with others peculiar to itself, and is in every respect

AN HONEST SEWING-MACHINE.

Automatic Movement,
Cylinder Shuttle,
Minimum Weight,
Elegant Finish,

The Best to Buy or Sell.

Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not buy a Sewing-Machine until you have first seen an Acme and you will thank us for the advice. Agents wanted everywhere to whom satisfactory terms are assured, with perfect protection in territory assigned.

Address for terms,

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30 & 36 Washington St., Boston.

Manufacturers of

FOLDING BEDS, MAT-
TRESSES, PILLOWS,
CHURCH CUSHIONS, ETC.

All goods warranted as represented.

I have long traded at the above house with perfect satisfaction. J. H. HANAFORD.

Dining Room Notes,
By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

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Barry's
Tricopherous
FOR
THE HAIR.



Since the year 1801 this invaluable preparation has been before the public, and every year as its excellencies become more extensively known, its popularity has increased. For removing dandruff, cleansing and restoring the hair, and for all ailments of the head, it is a sovereign remedy. It will keep the hair moist, thick, and lustrous, and is warranted to prevent it from ever becoming gray, thin, harsh or scurfy.

UDSON'S "Indestructible"
ENGLISH
Marking INK BLACK BALL brand
Price 25cts.

No Preparation. No Heat. Absolutely INDELEIBLE. Cannot be washed out after it has once dried. A Stretcher given with each bottle, for holding the clothing while marking. Ask your storekeeper for it, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price from Am. Headquarters.

DAHL, JUDSON & SON, LONDON,
A. F. Freeman, 10 Barclay St., N. Y.
MANAGER.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1887.

DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the **United States**. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

We cannot change the direction of a paper unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

Persons acting as our agents are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons 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.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but do not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of 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 Pre-

mium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1887. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman, or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

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ALSO KEEP YOU IN MIND THAT NO PERFUME IS SO FRAGRANT AND LASTING AS
HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE
SEND 2¢ STAMP FOR 4

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
The Finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Buy of your dealer or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

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THE simplest and most complete design for the use of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, being a fac-simile of THE HOUSEHOLD.
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GOOD NATURED, HEALTHY, HEARTY,
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Lactated Food

Babies do not cry if they are satisfied, and they cannot be satisfied if they are not properly nourished by their food, or if it produces irritation of stomach or bowels.

Very many mothers cannot properly nourish their children, and the milk of many mothers produces bad effects in the child because of constitutional disease or weakness.

For all such cases there is a remedy in LACTATED FOOD.

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach, hence it is of great value to all invalids, in either chronic or acute cases.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.

A valuable pamphlet sent on application.

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1887-BABIES-1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using Lactated Food as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.



"Oh, father! Here's Lundborg's EDENIA in this London store. It makes me feel quite at home!"

"Yes, child. Edenia is a popular perfume the world over."

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If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

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LADIES! Send 10c. for sample of my Embroidered Satin for Patch and Fancy Work. Something new. A. H. MCGREGOR, Augusta, Maine.

\$5 TO \$8 A DAY. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

SURE CURE for EPILEPSY and FITS. DR. KRUSE M. C., 2334 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

This Ring Free with 200 Hidden Name assorted Cards, Scrap Pictures, and Agent's Sample Book, 10c. BRADLEY & CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

FREE Samples beautifully colored Rug Patterns to introduce. Send 10c. for postage and packing, to GIBBS MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill. Agents Wanted.

SEND 50 CENTS AND GET 1 DOZEN STANDARD NUT PICKS. WHITMAN MAN'G CO., Beverly, Mass.

ASTHMA and **HAY FEVER** can be cured only by **Dr. Hair's System.** 64 Page Treatise sent Free. Dr. W. B. Hair, Cincinnati, O.

BIRCHES WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT SOLD by watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 184 Lewis St., N.Y.

18 CENTS PER GALLON! SEND 20c. in stamps and get a recipe for making fine black ink at the above cost. Anybody can make it. Address A. P. REED, 91 Cypress St., Brookline, Mass.

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Grand New Book, A complete Nat. History. Profusely illus. 800 pp.

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CEREALINE FLAKES.

The Food of Foods.

"CEREALINE Flakes" is infinitely better and more convenient for soups than Macaroni, Vermicelli, Italian Paste, Sago, or Barley. It needs to be placed only in the tureen and have the hot soup poured over it before serving.

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SIX MONTHS FREE!

In order to introduce it, we will send the American Homestead (regular price \$1.00), free for six months. Contains Stories, Sketches, one thousand Home Hints, one thousand Farm Notes, hundreds of pictures for old and young. Forty-eight long columns, eight pages. Best paper in U. S. Try it. Six months free. Send 10 cents to pay advertising and mailing expenses. Address, AMERICAN HOMESTEAD, 58 Liberty Street, New York.

GEM COLLECTION of 35 pieces of Popular Music, consisting of Sentimental, Comic, Ballads, Waltzes, Galops, Marches, etc., for only 20c. Includes "Some Day," "Love that Slumbers," "The Water Mill," "Sailing," "Douglas, Tender and True," and others equally popular. This is not a collection of played out trash printed on the cheapest of paper, but is FIRST-CLASS in every respect. The whole 35 pieces mailed for 20 cents, or 3 lots for 50 cents. Stamps taken. Address, L. A. ROOT, Box 1190, Hyde Park, Mass.

BLACK HILLS SPECIMENS! Parties wishing to obtain a nice assortment of **BLACK HILLS SPECIMENS** Send One Dollar (registered Package 10c. extra), to **MRS. ELLA M. PACKARD,** Galena, Dakota.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Dominos, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample Book of Cards, Novelties, &c. All the above and this Ring, 10c. NEPTUNE Pig. Co., New Haven, Conn.

BEECHER MONEY His Life and Death. First and Best book. Agents make \$48 per day. Terms free. W. C. GRISWOLD & CO., Centerbrook, Ct.

Consolidated Fanciers, Breeders of Thoroughbred Poultry, West Branch, Iowa. **STOCK AND EGGS for sale.** All stock scored by E. S. Comings. Send for Catalogue. J. I. BAILEY, Manager.

QUEER MISTAKES OF EMBARRASSED BRIDEGROOMS.

Most people the moment they enter a parsonage to get married become so embarrassed they really are hardly conscious of what they are doing. One fellow I heard of was dreadfully afflicted in this way and without realizing his act pulled a cigar from his pocket and twirled it around in his hands. When that portion of the ceremony was reached in which the lady and gentleman join hands he happened to have the cigar in his right hand. What to do with that cigar he evidently didn't know. The clergyman paused for a moment and then repeated the instruction that they join hands. By this time the poor fellow's embarrassment had increased so that it was painful to behold. He gave one agonized look at the minister and then stuck the cigar in his mouth. Before the ceremony could be concluded the minister had to take the cigar from between his lips.

Another prospective groom was in the same dire condition of mind. He was making a great effort to regain his composure by whirling around on his outstretched finger a silk hat when the minister announced his readiness to begin the service. The fellow quickly jumped up. For a second he did not know what to do with his hat, but only for a second, for he solved the problem by sticking the castor between his knees. The clergyman told me he could hardly refrain from laughter as he married that man standing in the ridiculous position he was forced to take.—*Exchange.*

HANDY THINGS TO KNOW AND KEEP.

Here are some figures and rules very handy to know and have at hand, in the mind or on paper. We advise every young reader to learn most of these "by heart" so thoroughly as to always think of them in an instant. Do it while your minds are young and impressible, and they will stay by you like the marks made in clay or brick, or dough of bread or cake, before it is hardened by heat. Older people who do not preserve their papers can cut this out and keep it handy for ready reference.

- A rod is $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards.
- A mile is 320 rods.
- A mile is 1760 yards.
- A mile is 5280 feet.
- A square foot is 144 square inches.
- A square yard contains 9 square feet.
- A square rod is $272\frac{1}{4}$ square feet.
- An acre contains 43,560 square feet.
- An acre contains 4840 square yards.
- An acre contains 160 square rods.
- A section, or square mile, contains 640 acres.
- A quarter section contains 160 acres.
- An acre is 8 rods wide by 20 rods long.
- An acre is 10 rods wide by 16 rods long.
- An acre is about $208\frac{3}{4}$ feet square.
- A solid foot contains 1728 solid inches.
- A pint of water weighs 1 pound.
- A solid foot of water weighs $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.
- A gallon of water holds 231 solid inches.
- A gallon of milk weighs 8 pounds and 10 ounces.

TURNING WATCHES AND CLOCKS BACKWARD.

Watches are so constructed that it does not injure them to turn the hands backward.

There being two kinds of clocks, one, known as the rack strike, admits of turning the hands either way without injury; the other, called the locking plate, and most in use, may be injured by turning the hands backward, unless it be the latest improvement of that kind of clocks, which does admit of turning the hands backward without injury. Further than that the hands and striking will not agree. This,



RELIABLE TARRANT'S ELEGANT Seltzer APERIENT ECONOMICAL

IT COOLS THE BLOOD. IT GIVES DELIGHT. IT SHARPENS UP THE APPETITE. IT AIDS THE LIVER DO ITS PART, AND STIMULATES THE FEEBLE HEART.

"My part is simply here to stand And publish facts on every hand, That people of Dyspeptic ways May learn to lengthen out their days, Let business run which way it will The System must be guarded still. When Indigestion makes a call, Or Constipation, worse than all, Makes life a burden, bear in mind In Tarrant's Seltzer, healthy you'll find."

Manufactured only by TARRANT & CO., NEW YORK.

SOLD BY Reputable Druggists, EVERYWHERE. Established 1834.

however, may be corrected by turning the hour hand to the hour it struck last; then turning the minute hand around forward, allowing it to strike every hour until the correct time is reached.

Non-striking clocks may be turned backward as well as forward the same as watches.

As the public generally is not conversant with the different styles of striking clocks, we advise as the safest way to set a clock, to move the minute hand forward to the figure 12, count the strokes, then move the hour hand, either forward or backward, on the hour indicated by the strokes; then continue to move the minute hand forward until the right time is reached, waiting always just after moving the minute hand past the figure 12 for the clock to strike. If the clock is also "half-hourly," wait after passing figure 6 until it strikes.

"How shall I keep my boys at home?" asked a matron of an aged and experienced head of a family. "How old are they, madam?" interrogated the sage, before committing himself. "My eldest she replied, "is thirteen, and my baby boy will be six years old the thirtieth of September." "Of course, you would not like to chain them up, would you?" "No." "And your husband is not able to rent a circus and have it in the house the year round?" "No, he is in very moderate circumstances." "Well, then, I would suggest as the most economical, at the same time the most effective plan, to place patches on the boys' trousers; make the patches of different cloth from the rest of the garment, and place them where they will be least seen when the boys are seated. This will keep them at home, and may induce sedentary and studious habits. If this fails with the youngest, tie a sunbonnet on his head—tie it tight so he can't get it off. As long as the sunbonnet lasts he will stay at home. Nothing can coax him into society."

A few evenings ago, on finishing his supper, Col. Verger said to the cook as she cleared off the table, "That was a splendidly cooked steak, Matilda. Why don't you give me something of this kind every evening?" "Bekase de culled gemman what am payin' me tenshun don't stay away ebervy ebenin'. Dat steak was cooked for Jim Webster, but de low down, wufless nigger saunt me word he warn't coming, so you got away wid his steak, and I'se glad ob it." "So am I," responded Col. Verger.

—You must love your work, and not always be looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin.

—A man protesting against error is in the highway toward uniting himself with all men who believe in truth.

—A woman's manners indicate her taste and feeling, as well as the society to which she has been accustomed.

—The hopeful six-year-old son of one of Waterbury's best-known lawyers walked into the district court room the other morning, and presenting a black kitten with a string about its neck, said: "Papa, will you take care of my cat until school is out?"

—Reporter—Are you going to work today, Pat? Pat—"Sure, I dunno. Me old woman says she'll break me head if I don't, and the union will break me head if I do. Sure, these are hard times for dacent men. I think I'll just take me chances with the old woman."

—A firm here wrote to a western piano dealer who owed them money: "Dear Sir—Will you be kind enough to send us the amount of your bill? Yours truly." To this the firm received the following reply: "Gentlemen—Your request is granted with pleasure. The amount of my bill is \$575. Yours very truly."

—They tell a good story of a South Georgian statesman, who went to Charleston in the old days and stopped at a hotel. A waiter brought out some shrimps, that the Georgian stowed away as best he could. In a moment the waiter reappeared with a stand of celery. "No," said the Georgian, shaking his head solemnly, "I have tried your bugs and don't like them, and you can bet your life I don't want none of your grass!"

—A man who was traveling along a country road in Arkansas was overtaken by a gaunt fellow who asked: "How fur yer goin' on this road?" "About two miles." "Wall, I tell yer whut I wush yer'd do. When yer get ter Dr. Gillum's—big white house on the right—stop and tell him that Bill Henley's wife is powerful sick and wants him right now." "I'll do so. Are you Mr. Henley?" "Yes, sir." "It's fortunate that you saw me, for instead of going all the way to the doctor's you can now go back and stay with your wife." "Yes, but you see I want to go to the circus. That's the reason I can't go all the way to the dock's. They tell me that they've got ten monkeys an'er b'ar. Wall, here's whar I turn off. Don't furgit to tell the dock."

TARRANT'S Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

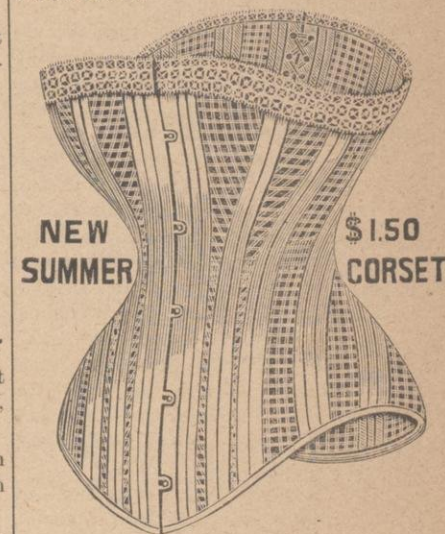
The pleasant, palatable and perfect remedy for sickness arising from Disordered Stomach, Irregular Habit or Impaired Digestion.

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SOMETHING NEW! DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC SUMMER CORSET

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale of our Electric Corsets, and in response to numerous inquiries for an Electric Summer or Ventilating Corset, Dr. Scott has placed on the market his "Electric Summer Corset." It has already met with the most gratifying popularity, thereby proving its value, merits and durability. It is a beauty, made of extra strong and fine quality linen netting, with pockets all around, in which are placed our watch-spring magnetoids. They are highly charged with electro-magnetism which imparts a steady and gentle current, all-healing in its influence to the wearer. They create no unpleasant shock whatever. They can be worn by the most delicate invalid as safely as by the most robust, with wonderful and quick results.



The above remarks refer equally to our regular Electric Corsets, which retail at \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3. Nursing \$1.50; Abdominal \$3. The \$1 and \$1.50 goods are made of extra fine and durable Jean, and the \$2 and \$3 and Abdominal Corsets of Superfine English Satin. All except Summer Corsets come in white and dove from 18 to 30 inches; we make the Abdominal up to 38 inches. The postage on each is 15c. Every one is sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, with which the electro-magnetic power is tested.

Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HAMMOND of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

If you cannot obtain them in your own town, remit us the price with 15c. added for postage, and we will deliver them into your hands free. Always mention this paper, and remit by P. O. Money Order, Draft, or Currency in Registered Letter payable to

GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y. Agents Wanted. Quick sales, large profits and satisfaction guaranteed. No risk. TRY IT.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK S3 PANTS

(Vests to match, cut to order, \$2.25.)



Every pair cut to order, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent by mail or express upon receipt of \$3, and 35c.

DO YOU WEAR PANTS

to cover postage (or express) and packing. Send 6c. for package of cloth samples to select from, and self-measurement blanks, and if you mention this paper, we will include a good linen tape-measure free. The American Express Co. (capital, twenty millions) will cheerfully reply to any letters sent to their Boston office inquiring about us.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NERVOUS HEAD-ACHES.

AGENTS WANTED.

BIBLES

All Scalp Diseases, Premature grayness of the hair, Rheumatism and Neuralgia positively cured by HILL'S Genuine Magnetic Brush, Improved.

Remember—HILL'S are the only genuine Therapeutic Brushes ever offered to the public. These are made upon honor and have always done all and just what is claimed they will do. They are protected by three good patents. Have been in use about seven years. Many thousands have been sold and gone to every quarter of the globe and no failure under proper use is known to us. We make the \$1.00 and \$1.50 more powerful than ever before, but the \$3.00 Improved Brush is of greater power as it contains more magnets. We mail any one and all our appliances, with a treatise upon the hair by Dr. Belcher, on receipt of price by M. O. or registered letter. Address,

HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.

Cheapest ever furnished agents. Extra terms, large cash premiums, particulars FREE. FORSHEE & MACKIN, Cincinnati, O.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Another great clock has been added to the horological wonders of the world—a piece of mechanism that will vie with the elaborate marvel of Strasburg cathedral, and put the processional curiosity of Berne Tower into the shade. The latest effort of the renowned Christian Martin of Villinen, in the Black Forest, is said in its way to surpass any thing of the kind yet attempted. It is three and a half metres high, two and three-quarters broad, and shows the seconds, minutes, quarter hours, hours, days, weeks, months, the four seasons, the years, and leap years until the last sound of the year 99,999 of the Christian era.

Moreover, it tells on its face the correct time for various latitudes, together with the phases of the moon and a variety of useful information generally confined to the pages of an almanac.

It also contains a vast number of working figures representing the life of man, the creed of Christendom, and the ancient pagan and Teutonic mythologies. Sixty separate and individualized statuettes strike the sixty minutes. Death is represented, as in Holbein's famous dance, in the form of a skeleton. In another part appear the Twelve Apostles, the Seven Ages of Man, modelled after the description of Shakespeare, the four seasons, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and so on.

During the night time a watchman sallies forth, and blows the hour upon his horn, while at sunrise chanticler appears and crows lustily. The cuckoo also calls, but only once a year, on the first day in spring. Besides the figures there is a whole series of movable figures in enamel, exhibiting in succession the seven days of creation and the fourteen stations of the cross. At a certain hour a little sacristan rings a bell in the spire, and kneels down and folds his hands as if in prayer; and, above all, the musical works are said to have a sweet and delicious flute-like tone.—*Exchange.*

—“Mrs. H.” exclaimed a little urchin, on running into a near neighbor's house, “mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er yer candle-molds?”

The molds were given him, and he ran home. In a few minutes he returned with this query:

“Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin'?”

The wicking was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said:

“Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller ye'd be so kind as to lend her?”

Mrs. H. good-naturedly produced the desired article, and as the boy started for the door, she said:

“Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mold the candles for her?”

“Wal, yes,” replied the boy. “I reckon she'd like it fust rate, cos she said she didn't understand it very well; but she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she wouldn't ask ye.”

—The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.

—A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instantly. “Sit down,” said the mother. “I won't,” he shouted, “I want to see the monkey.”

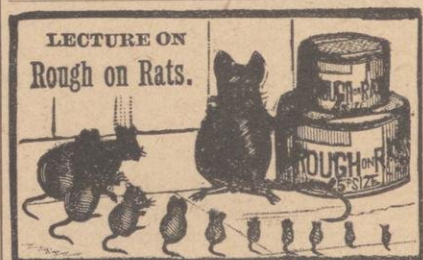
—Young artist (displaying his latest pictures)—“Ya-as art is a wonderful thing. Why, do you know that with a single dash of the brush I can change the face of a laughing child into that of a crying child?” Old party (who knows nothing of art)—“Er—by hitting it with a brush?”

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.

Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily-of-the-valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the season. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was said to be “as big as a church.” Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done, carried the seeds, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries.

—A man in New York, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-man as follows: “You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?” “Yes, jump in, jump in!”

—Into one of our largest dry-goods stores entered a gentleman the other day, and with the air of one who had been used to this sort of thing all his life, you know, he said to the astonished saleswoman: “Give me a yard of maroon-colored flannel to match a baby, please.” Correcting himself hastily, he began again: “I beg pardon; I mean a yard of flannel to match a maroon-colored baby—here (producing a bit of flannel from his vest pocket), I want a yard of that.”



LECTURE ON Rough on Rats.

This is what killed your poor father. Shun it. Avoid anything containing it throughout your future useful (?) careers. We older heads object to its special ‘ROUGHNESS.’

DON'T FOOL away time and money in futile efforts with insect powder, borax or what not, used at random all over the house to get rid of **BEETLES**, Roaches, Water-bugs, etc. For two or three nights sprinkle “Rough on Rats” dry powder, in, about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the sink, drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house, they must drink during the night.

ROACHES Clears out Rats, Mice, Bed-bugs, Flies, Beetles. “Rough on Rats” is sold all around the world, in every clime, is the most extensively advertised, and has the largest sale of any article of its kind on the face of the globe.

DESTROYS POTATO BUGS For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a tablespoonful of the powder, well shaken, in a keg of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 35c. and \$1 Boxes. Agr. size.

“ROUGH ON RATS” —CLEARS OUT— **BED BUGS, FLIES.**

Roaches, ants, water-bugs, moths, rats, mice, sparrows, jack rabbits, squirrels, gophers. 15c.

THE GOOCH PEERLESS

ICE CREAM AND FRUIT CREAM FREEZER. Our Freezers are constructed to make the most delicious, fine Ice Cream, Ices and Fruit Creams, in a few minutes, with little ice or labor, recipes for which go with every Freezer. The Ice Cream produced is as nice, and delicious, as that furnished by the best Confectioners. They are also used for cooling Jelly, Blanc-Mange, Custard, etc. Made 3 to 42 quarts. For Sale by all the Leading Dealers. **GOOCH FREEZER CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!



HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM!

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM gives a Pure and Blooming Complexion, Restores and Preserves Youthful Beauty. Its effects are Gradual, Natural and Perfect. It Removes Redness, Blotches, Pimples, Tan, Sunburn and Freckles, and makes a Lady of Thirty appear but Twenty. The MAGNOLIA BALM makes the Skin Smooth and Pearly, and imparts a Fresh Appearance to the Countenance. HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM has been Established nearly 40 Years. Hagan's Magnolia Balm can be obtained of Chemists and Perfumers.

It is a lovely LIQUID and instantly applied to FACE, NECK, ARMS and HANDS. It blesses rich and poor alike.

TRY IT!

AGENTS, MALE OR FEMALE! The Grandest Money-Making Business in the World! And positively the Fastest-Selling and Most Useful Article on the Market! A SPECIAL GRAND OFFER!

FOR ONLY 35 CENTS we will mail you a COMPLETE OUTFIT of our **S. M. Spring**, comprising a SAMPLE SPRING, FREE DISTRIBUTION CIRCULAR, INSTRUCTIONS, and ALL MATTER NECESSARY TO INSURE THE GRAND SUCCESS OF AGENTS. Send 35 cents on the instant, and be the first in your territory to reap the golden harvest that awaits all active workers. THERE IS MONEY IN IT, as ANY MAN OR WOMAN, experienced or inexperienced, can SELL HUNDREDS every Month. TRY IT.

SEWING MACHINE RELIEF SPRING

The alarming extent to which Female Diseases prevail, and their rapid increase throughout the United States, is the subject of much study, fear and comment among the medical profession, learned men and statesmen of our land. To the great astonishment of all, it has been ascertained and conclusively proven that *not one-half of the females of this country enjoy good health!* Statistics also assert that a great majority of female diseases are caused by operating Sewing Machines; and so fully convinced of the evil have legislators become, that a bill has been introduced in the New York Senate, “forbidding females operating Sewing Machines as now constructed.” Inventors of the country are now at work, and, no doubt, ere long will devise a practical method to run the machine independent of power required by the operator. While experimenting, a Relief Spring has been invented; although not entirely dispensing with foot power it lessens the labor one-half. **The Relief Spring—What it is—**Seventeen feet of copper spring wire, closely coiled, making a spiral spring 18 inches in height, five-eighths of an inch diameter. On one end is a large safety hook, and a small hook upon the other. With each spring is four-inch steel chain with screw eye. **How to Put the Spring on—**Screw the chain to the underpart of the machine table, about two inches from the back, or directly above back part of the treadle. Put the small hook into a link of the chain; some require to be hooked up more than others. The spring is applicable to any machine by means of the chain. **How the Spring Operates—**Sit in the usual position, and press down the treadle with the forward part of the feet; no other pressure is required as the spring draws the treadle up, where formerly the operator was obliged to press down with the heels, and this motion has been the most tiresome and injurious. The relief acquired by using the spring is demonstrated on trial. **What is Thought of the Invention—**Never, in so short a time, has an invention won so many friends or golden opinions. Physicians send us hundreds of customers who have been unable to use sewing machines for years, and they, in turn, send others. One of the ablest physicians expresses his views in the following letter, which is but an index to the many received by us entirely unsolicited: **ENTERPRISE, I.A.**—The Sewing Machine Relief Spring has been applied to Mrs. Henegan's machine, and we have fully tested its merits and virtues. It does all that is claimed for it, and even more. I take pleasure in pronouncing it a labor-saving and health-preserving appliance of untold worth, and do earnestly recommend all female operatives of machines to have it promptly attached, and thereby save aches of the spine and back. Yours truly, E. L. HENEGAN, M. D. **How the Invention Will Sell—**We desire to obtain lady and gentleman Agents all over the country, and there is no doubt but that immense numbers of the Springs can be sold at a handsome profit to the canvasser. Our Agents report that they never miss making a sale where they find the owner of a Sewing Machine. They are more than satisfied. **How to Sell Them** After receiving your goods thoroughly post yourself on the different meritorious points. Take your goods and call at each house, asking to see the machine. Place a Spring upon it, and allow the lady to try it. Once the Spring is on and properly explained, it is sure to sell. If you get a doctor's recommendation, or a newspaper to notice the invention, it will also help you, and we will send you some extra Springs; but the Springs sell without these.

PRICE LISTS AND PROFITS. Wholesale price of the Spring 50 cents, for which we send sample by mail, 3 for \$1.00 or \$2.50 a dozen, post paid.

WHOLESALE EXPRESS PRICES. 1 Dozen, \$2.00 Sell for \$6.00 Profits, \$4.00 6 “ 10.00 “ 36.00 “ 26.00 12 “ 18.00 “ 72.00 “ 54.00

Goods sent C. O. D. if \$5 advance comes with order. To parties sending all cash, we give one Spring extra each dozen, which, when sold, make your profits 50 cents more on each dozen. We desire to impress upon Agents the great merit and value of our Sewing Machine Spring, and know that many, if they could only see the Spring, would become our Agents at once. We have determined to mail post paid, an Agent's outfit for the low price of 35 cents. Said outfit consists of one Spring and several advertising circulars. Remember the retail price of the Spring remains 50 cents, nor has there been any change in the wholesale rates. We have only made this offer to get a few more good Agents to work, knowing that large orders will soon follow. After getting the Spring, put it upon some machine—the harder running it is the better; then you will see its advantages, and can form some idea of how they will be appreciated by the people. With this outfit you can begin canvassing at once. **AVON SUPPLY CO., Boston, Mass.**

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing: J. H. REE/ES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

WAKE UP! A live, energetic man or woman wanted in every county to engage in a permanent business, paying \$30 a week and all expenses. Experience or capital not required. No risk. No failure. A One Dollar Sample and full instructions for Se., stamps. M. G. ROWELL & CO., ROWLAND, VT.

I CURE FITS! 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 case. 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 Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 75 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$7.50 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$4.50	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$15.50	\$23.00	\$45.00	
One "	8.00	15.50	23.00	30.00	43.00	80.00	
Two "	15.50	30.00	43.00	56.00	80.00	150.00	
Three "	23.00	43.00	62.50	80.00	120.00	225.00	
Four "	30.00	56.00	80.00	105.00	150.00	300.00	
Six "	43.00	80.00	120.00	150.00	225.00	425.00	
Nine "	62.50	120.00	175.00	225.00	320.00	625.00	
One column,	80.00	150.00	225.00	300.00	425.00	800.00	

Less than one-half inch at line rates.
Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.
Reading notices \$1.00 per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.
Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1887, by Geo. E. Crocoll, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

HEALTHFUL & RELIABLE. CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER

is made of very pure materials, and is entirely free from Alum, Ammonia, Terra Alba, or any adulteration whatever, and I recommend it as a healthful, effective, and perfectly reliable baking powder.

ELIAS H. BARTLEY, B. S. M. D.,
Chemist to the Department of Health, City of Brooklyn,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1884.

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER

I find to be composed of good, pure, wholesome materials properly combined for producing the maximum of gas, and it is in every respect a healthful and desirable article.

FRANK L. BARTLETT,
Maine State Assayer,
Portland, Me., Aug. 11, 1884.

This certifies that I have examined samples of

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER,

purchased by myself of grocers in Burlington, and that I find it is composed of pure and healthful materials, properly compounded.

A. H. SABIN,
Vermont State Chemist,
Burlington, Vt., Aug. 19, 1884.

CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3.

Vests to Match for \$2.25.
Also, FULL SUITS at Popular Prices.

Send 6 cts. for Samples of Cloths, rules for Self-measurement, and other particulars, showing how we can make to measure, a pair of

The Celebrated Bay State Pants, For \$3.

We give excellent value for the money incredible as it may seem. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Reference: American Express Co., Boston, Address

Mass.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston

"GET THE BEST."

After having used the "Welcome Soap" for years, let me say to the sisters of the "Band" that I am perfectly satisfied with it. I never see any ill effects upon the clothes or my hands. A trial will insure its continued use according to my experience.

MRS. Dr. J. H. HANAFORD.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S

MAKES

Short Hours

PEARLINE

the best and safest Washing Compound known.

Used As Directed

it produces better results

with a greater saving of

Time and Labor

in Washing and House-

cleaning, than anything

yet invented.

Wash your Dishes, Glass-

ware, Windows, Curtains,

Jewelry, Silver, in fact

everything, with it. Try

it in the Bath, and note

its Superiority over Soap

Beware of Imitations. The

Genuine always bears the

above Symbol and name of

JAMES PYLE, New York.

For Women.

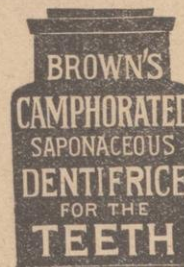


ONLY
TO O'CLOCK AND
MY WASHING ALL DONE
PEARLINE DID IT

LADIES' ATTENTION

Tea Sets, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars.

ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE
FOR

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth
and PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Drug-

gists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

LEPAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLUE

Used by thousands of first-class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Its success has brought a lot of imitations copying us in every way possible. Remember that THE ONLY GENUINE Lepage's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Sample by mail 20c. stamps.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Delicious, Nourishing, Absolutely Pure.

Costing less than one cent a cup.

This ring free with 120 Hidden Name, Assorted

Cards and Scrap Pictures, Games, Puzzles, Songs and

Ag's Sample Book, 10c. Tuttle Bros. No. Haven, Ct.



The American people are quick to appreciate a good article, which accounts for their consuming several millions of cakes of Ivory Soap the past year. Its sterling merits and moderate cost establish it permanently in every household where once tried.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

Ladies Fancy Work! Have you got INGALLS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE?

And Special Wholesale Price List
of SILK, FELT and LINEN STAMPED GOODS, FANCY
WORK MATERIALS, STAMPING OUTFITS, BRIGGS' TRANS-
FER PATTERNS, FANCY WORK BOOKS, etc. Price 10
Cents. It is Finely Illustrated, contains lots of New
Goods, and prices are lower than ever.
Special Offer:—We will send this Catalogue
FREE to any address for One 2-Cent Stamp.

CRAZY Patchwork!

25 SKINS Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted
colors, for 15c. 25 Skins Imported Floss, as-
sorted colors, for 17c. 25 Skins Shaded Em-
broidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20c. A package of
Florence Waste Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for
25c. A Package of Plush and Velvet Pieces for Crazy
Patchwork for 30c. A Package of Ribbon Remnants for
20c. A Package of Satin and Silk Pieces, assorted
colors, with Sprays of Flowers and Outline Designs
stamped on them, for 40c.
Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

"HOUSEHOLD" SEWING MACHINE.



Send for Descriptive Circular.
Manufactured by Household Sewing Machine Co.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

7% SAFEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS. 8%

W. B. CLARK & Co., of MIN-
NEAPOLIS, offer First Mortgages
on Farms in Minnesota and Dakota in amounts of
\$300 and upwards; interest from 7 to 8 per cent.
Mortgages on Minneapolis City Property, interest 7
per cent. Fifteen years' experience.
Send to Boston office for Pamphlet and references
before you invest elsewhere.
GEORGE WALLACE, Agent, 19 Milk Street,
Room 46, Boston.

\$65 A MONTH for 3 RELIABLE Young Men 3 or Ladies, Teachers or Students in each county P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

100 Imp'd Pictures, 12 Souvenir Cards, \$5 Prize Pur-
sue, 19 Games, Life of Robinson Crusoe, Agent's Sam-
ple Book & Ring, 10c. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.



PATTISKIRT BAND improves the figure and
lengthens the waist. Give hip measure when ordering.
Price, per mail, \$1.00. Muslin yokes with buttonholes,
25 cents.

LANGTRY BUSTLE. Only perfect folding
bustle; folds when sitting or lying down. Made in
White and Drab. Price, per mail, 65 cents.

Shoulder Brace and Skirt Supporter.
Invaluable to Ladies and Misses with weak backs or
small hips. Three sizes: Children's, Misses', and Lad-
ies'. Price, per mail: \$1.25, kid; \$1.00, Jean.

Stockinet Diaper. Soft, easily washed, water-

proof, and made to fit any child. Price, per mail, 75c.

Canfield Dress Shield. Only seamless or re-

liable waterproof Shield made. Have been worn by
more than 5,000,000 ladies. Medium size, price, per
mail, 30 cents

CANFIELD RUBBER CO., 7 Mercer St., N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT. We Want 100 Agents to sell 100,000 Acme Sewing Machines this year. The handsomest and best machine in the market. Address

J. A. TITUS, & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

DOUBLE YOUR CLOSET ROOM

FOR \$1.50 Send 2 cent stamp
for information
how to keep moths out and re-
move grease spots. Or send \$1.50
for closet fixtures and information
complete. Agts. Wanted. Address

CAZIER BROS.,
Pat. Aug. 17, '86. 178 Dearborn St., Chicago.