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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

N. A. RICHARDS ENG.  
ESTABLISHED 1868.  
SPRINGFIELD MS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., OCTOBER, 1877.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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### OCTOBER.

The month of carnival of all the year,  
When nature lets the wild earth go its way,  
And spend whole seasons on a single day.  
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear;  
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.  
The summer charly her rods doth lay  
Like jewels on her costliest array;  
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.  
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign  
Of kingdom. Whiter pearls than winter knew,  
Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,  
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,  
Drinks a draught, slow filtered through  
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

—Atlantic.

### FARMERS' HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.

BY EMORY A. ELLSWORTH.

"Somewhat back from the village street,  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat."

MAN is by nature a social being, and wherever circumstances may place him, he can never lose his characteristic love of companionship. The highroad is always, therefore, a very desirable neighbor to the isolated dwellers of a farmer's homestead, since only through its agency can they feel the influence of the busy, noisy world beyond and around them, and learn the progress of its affairs. Like the arteries and veins of the human system, the public roads are the channels through which the life blood of agricultural productions are conveyed to the great centers of exchange where they are most demanded, and in return, the merchandise of commerce, and the products of manufacturing enterprise are distributed through these ever-diverging courses, to every farmhouse in the country. As a river refreshes most the vegetation upon its immediate banks, so a public highway running through a country that would otherwise be destitute of a ready means of neighborly intercourse and communication with the world at large, benefits most the people who, by reason of their proximity, can most easily avail themselves of its aid.

For the sake then of the companion-

ship which the passer-by will give, for the sake of the convenience and economy in time and labor which adjacent location affords, and for the sake of avoiding the cost of road-making and repairing, a spot near the roadside should always be chosen as a building site. While we are exercising care to guard against remoteness from the public road, let us also be careful not to select our site too near it, lest, thereby, we lose the desirable privacy of home life, and give over the immediate surroundings of the homestead to be preyed upon by all the lawless elements of the traveled road. Extreme nearness to the roadside is apt also to give an idea of scarcity of land, which should be avoided. Then too, a farm-house somewhat withdrawn from the highway, and in half seclusion by appropriate planting about the grounds, always has an attraction, as of half revealed charms, to the passer-by, and an air of dignity and modest reserve always to be sought for, and ever respected in man or his works.

Before we can finally determine the exact distance which it will be best to allow between the proposed site and the road at its nearest point of approach, we must consider another question so inseparably connected with the one just discussed, that it may well be considered a part and parcel of it, and that is, their difference in elevation. In olden times men sought commanding eminences, that they might detect the approach of an enemy in time to prepare themselves to give him an appropriate reception. Like preparation seems generally necessary nowadays, at least among our farmers' wives and daughters, before they can properly receive, not only their enemies, but their friends, and it is desirable, therefore, that the farm-houses of to-day, like those of old, should not only stand within convenient reach of the avenue of approach, but should overlook it for some distance in either direction. We believe it to be a rule of good building that the house should always stand higher than the road which passes it. The ground intervening should be easily susceptible of being placed upon an even grade, provided the rise does not exceed one foot to every eight or ten feet horizontally. Where the ascent is considerably steeper than this, terracing should be resorted to; although, for economy's sake, we should never recommend the selection of a location for a farm-house where the ascent was so steep as to require terracing. While it is certainly a very desirable thing to be able to look forth from one's window upon miles of varied landscape, and note, from month to month, how marvelously the springs of nature

move the never-ending, ever-changing panorama; yet if we must build our house upon the summit of some bare, windy hill in order to obtain it, the cost will outweigh the advantage; and magnificent as a hill-top view may be to the appreciative mind, a hill top home is seriously unattractive when weighed in the scales of practical judgment.

In the matter of proper frontage in country houses, the need of reform seems almost universal. Custom, that senseless old granny whose whims people in general choose to follow, rather than to be guided by any suggestion which their own common sense might offer, has decreed that the fronts of our houses shall invariably be placed upon a line parallel to the street, no matter what point of the compass the latter may choose to follow. Town and village residences, huddled together upon narrow lots and bordering still narrower streets, must necessarily be made to front the common highway; but that isolated farm-houses, with unlimited size of lot and choice of location, should be made conformatory to this practice, is without just reason. Is it not of greater importance that our homes shall be cheerful and healthful, than that they shall simply answer the demands of this senseless custom? The living rooms, the largest and pleasantest ones in the house, should face easterly or southerly, that through their open-shuttered windows, the vivifying rays of the sun may enter freely. Sunshine is by far a better physician for one-half the aches and ailments of mankind, than the most skillful healer among our fellow-men.

Yet after all we may say or write, after every conceivable principal has been stated, and every known rule repeated which may shed light upon this most important problem, there is the largest opportunity for the exercise of our best judgment in the selection of a desirable location for a home. The erection of a house that shall be our abiding place for what yet remains of life, is one of the most important undertakings in which man ever engages. If the farmer shall fail in some agricultural enterprise or experiment by reason of some error in judgment, the experimenter, having gained new knowledge therefrom, may again renew the trial and succeed, but when he shall have finally chosen the site or his home, and begun in earnest the work of its construction, he will have put his hand to a plow from which there is no looking back. Let no one, therefore, be hasty in deciding this most important question of all successful and satisfactory building, for houses are not made to shelter us and ours for a day or a year, but for a century.—*Scientific Farmer.*



### SOME SMALL POINTS OF SOCIAL USAGE

PERHAPS there is no such thing as a single small point of social usage, the whole code of etiquette being of importance; but one thing may be relatively small when taken in connection with another. And yet some of the so-called small points are at the very root of all this science of a pleasant life which is formulated by etiquette.

Take, for instance, the fact that a lady bows first to a gentleman on the street—an action positively forbidden to him—and you see in it the whole theory of the superior innocence of woman. A man keeps his place in society, and has the *entree* of respectable houses, when, it is possible, his life has become questionable; the innocence of woman of any such conduct is asserted and maintained by giving her the right to say who shall be her acquaintance. It is a safeguard of society; if he chooses lower women, he cannot have her.

And thus many things that seem trifling have in reality important bearings. Among these let us mention the circumstance that previous permission is needed before the introduction of the friend who may be walking with you to the friend whom you may meet, and that it is equally necessary to know if it be desirable to the other party, unless this is understood, the friend who is with you will walk on a few paces slowly, should you find it necessary to stop and speak. Of course cases arise where this rule must be violated, but in those you probably know circumstances that warrant your taking the law into your own hands. Permission, however, is not needed at a ball to introduce a gentleman to a lady for a dance, provided, that you have the right of introduction, probably for the reason that she is at liberty in that case to continue or end the acquaintance next day.

A letter of introduction is still more carefully guarded than a common introduction, for it is an indorsement, a recommendation, a trust. It should be asked only by an extremely intimate friend, and should be addressed only to one equally intimate. It is a piece of insolence to ask a mere acquaintance to give you letters of introduction. You put yourself under great obligation in accepting such letters, but you put the person who gives them

to you under greater, for the letter of introduction, duly honored, causes the persons receiving it to accept you in the place of the friend who has written it, and to afford you all the aid, encouragement and entertainment possible. A letter of introduction will, of course, be like any other letter: the date in the upper right-hand corner, the address, the space of two lines lower, the opening paragraph beginning directly under the punctuation point of the address, the name and residence of the person to whom it is written set in the lower left-hand corner on conclusion; on the envelope, if the latter is very precise, the word "For," not quite over the superscription, and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope the words, "Introducing Mrs. So-and-So."

When given at all, the letter of introduction should always be given to the person requesting it unsealed. But perhaps there are few evidences of want of breeding more marked than the request of a letter of recommendation from an established writer to a publisher, made by an unfeudged aspirant for literary honors who is not on familiar terms with the party of the first part. If that party, the established writer, volunteers such a letter, it is, of course, to be accepted; but as, generally speaking, he has no right, and recognizes that he has no right, to intrude on his own responsibility, another person upon editors and publishers, and thus seem to demand, or act as if he could secure, for that person more than would be received on simple merits, he is either obliged to refuse, and seem churlishly jealous of a possible rival, or to commit what he knows to be a bad breach of decorum—doing the aspirant no good, moreover, as where manuscripts are paid for there never was one yet that did not rise or fall by its own weight.

For introductions in general we have already spoken of the fit form—the inferior to the superior, the gentleman to the lady, even if it were the President of the United States himself; he is a simple gentleman, so far as any lady in society is concerned.

Another of the small points of social usage upon which not half enough attention is bestowed in general, is the giving and taking of presents. Almost everybody likes to give; few are able to receive with quite so good a grace. In offering a gift one should act as if she really meant to give pleasure with it, and took pleasure herself in the opportunity, or even as if the receiver conferred a favor upon one in receiving it, and should let her enjoyment be visible, not as if she were throwing a bone to a dog, who might take it or leave it. On the other hand, in receiving a gift, one should not be in too much of a hurry to return it; if one only bides her time, the occasion will surely come; but on no account should one manifest a disrelish of the present, a dislike of receiving it at all, or a dissatisfaction with it; and whatever is the part of the giver, it is not the part of the recipient to act as if conferring a favor in receiving it.

To refuse a kindly-offered gift is one of the heights of rudeness and vulgarity. It is not, however, in "good form" to offer gifts of great value;

they seem to impose the obligation of their worth, and presently, perhaps, if one does not care for the obligation, the necessity of returning their worth. It is better to give often and less; books, flowers, sheets of music, an atom of bric-a-brac, embroidery and articles of your own manufacture; game of your own shooting, or fish of your own catching, if the giver be a gentleman; countless trifles that have cost thought, and which are more welcome to most than presents that cost money. A young lady can receive no presents from any gentleman not a relative, other than the one she is engaged to marry, as it can easily be seen that the indebtendness it gives her is troub'lesome; but a married lady is at liberty to receive trifles of acknowledgement from gentlemen who have been her guests, or who may be under obligation to her husband.

Wedding presents have come to be expected of almost all one's friends, and have grown into monstrous proportions, and there is hardly a limit to the cost allowed them. But possibly, when the givers are people who marry themselves by-and-by, or whose sons and daughters do, the gift may be returned, and that with interest, as the position of the married is so much more dignified usually as to demand a gift in accord, and it is in better taste not to create such necessity by undue splendor in the original gift. As for the custom of presents at wooden, leather, tin and crystal weddings, so called, it is one that does not obtain in the best society, and seems to us insufferably beggarly and vulgar.—*Bazar.*

#### CARPETS.

In regard to textile arts, we have been as far behind as in other matters of household use. Carpets especially have been the *bête noire* of the advocates of reform. Garlands of flowers or geometrical patterns regularly disposed, with loud and tawdry colors, seem to the tyro the embodiment of artistic perfection. In his eyes nothing appears beautiful unless repeated right and left, backward and forward, the same everlasting pattern, outvying those of a ten-cent kaleidoscope. The whole carpet is planned with that studied precision, line for line, spot for spot, as if the designer imagined that, should he be detected in not having his spaces mathematically correct, his artistic reputation would be forever blasted.

The fabrics of the East are greatly admired by connoisseurs for the graceful harmony with which their colors are blended. This school is as much at variance with rigid uniformity as Occidental taste has been in its favor. They simply preserve a general regularity of purpose in their design, but their whole system of ornamentation seems to be absolutely careless. Their colors in the center are usually unpronounced, while the borders are of the richest hues. Still there is no occasion for employing rugs from Persia, or carpets from Turkey, as the English and some of the French productions have so improved in the last few years that some very artistic fabrics may be found at our first-class dealers'. Perhaps the safest pattern to

select is the diaper, or that that we have already described in our article on paper-hanging, known as the "all over" pattern; and it is desirable that the prevailing tint of the carpet should be in contrast, rather than repeat that of the wall paper. Every description of shaded ornament should be sternly banished from our floors. The borders may be emphasized with brilliant hues, to which the carpet, being of neutral color, will be subordinate. As wall-paper should act as a background to pictures, so should the carpet be made to perform the same service to the furniture.—*Harper's Magazine.*



#### TO A PINK POND LILY.

What strange, new joy has reached thy heart of gold,  
Tinging thy petals with a rosy light,  
Causing thy waxen leaves, as they unfold,  
With ecstacy to blush away their white?

Art flushed with thine own loveliness, or shy  
With wandering o'er thy new-born bloom—  
Hast thou found happiness, or dost thou sigh  
At thy increase of beauty and perfume?

Dost grieve to find thyself less white  
Than fairer than the blossoms of thy name?  
Must thou regret because we find delight  
In coveting thy beauty for thy fame?

Was it the rapturous dawning of a love  
That warmed thy cold tint to a radiant glow—  
Bringing a message from the world above  
To add new beauty to the world below?

Ah, strange, sweet flower, the answer in thy face  
Our hearts interpret with a tender pain.  
We feel the passion and the pathos of thy grace,  
Sigh to behold and looking, sigh again.

—*Sara Jewett.*

#### CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY NELLIE MAY.

WHO does not love the beautiful chrysanthemums? Some call them old-fashioned, and do not think it will "pay" to spend their time with them, but not so with me; I have had them for several years, and to-day, (Sept. 4th), I discovered that they had commenced to bud, which is some earlier than usual I think. Notwithstanding the asters, phlox, and other fall flowers are in their full glory, I shall watch these buds more anxiously than them all; for soon the frost will come and spoil the flower beds, and the earth will be bleak and bare; then will the chrysanthemums, "slow-footed" though they are, shine forth in their dazzling beauty, snug in the sitting-room of their owners, where they have been removed from their summer residence. Let the winds howl, and snow fly; they are sure, and will not fail to cheer and brighten, for many weeks, even into the holidays.

Upon the annual gathering of families at Thanksgiving, (and sometimes they last until Christmas and New Years,) what a cheerful aspect they will give to the rooms, and table when spread for these festive occasions, occurring as they do at the time of the year, when no other flowers greet the eye. Then is when they "pay" for the care bestowed upon them, through the long summer. One forgets the gloomy

prospect without, and imagines it is to be summer always.

They are so easily grown, I hope THE HOUSEHOLD Sisters will have some next year. I am sure they will feel well paid for the trifling care and trouble of raising and I will gladly tell them how I manage.

Bring them from the cellar about the time you do other plants, sometime in April or May, and they will be sprouted. Water liberally with warm water, set in a dark place in a warm room for a day or two; then after giving them light a few days, set out of doors, where they will turn a dark green. When they have grown a few inches, dig up and throw away the contents of the pail or dish they were in, which will be found packed solid, saving the green stalks to set out. I use a paint keg which will hold about a pailful, that is painted green. A common wooden pail painted red is very pretty, there is such a contrast in red paint and dark green leaves. Fill the pail with rich garden soil, and set out ten or twelve stalks at equal distances, the places having been marked with a stick before you begin.

The roots are not essential to their growth, though if fragments of them adhere to the stalks, it is just as well. If they lie flat from wilting for a few days, do not be discouraged, for they will live; though it is best perhaps to give them shade until firmly rooted. I always used to think I must do this, but find it not altogether necessary. They are no more trouble all summer except to water freely once every day, and twice if the season is dry. Do not forget them, as they require much water. There will be plenty left to give or throw away every spring. Then is the time, if you have none, to get them from some one who has. Mine are out in the hot sun on the plant stand where I set them in the spring, and have not been moved except to turn a few times, so the sun will shine on all sides alike. They open gradually like the aster, and are of a light pink color at first, but turn pure white. I sometimes water occasionally with soft soap suds, which, as I once read, would tend to turn them pink.

I forgot to say in the proper place, that as with most other plants, water should be poured in the holes made for them, before setting out.

As soon as the frost comes I bring them into the house and place in a south-west window, which nearly fills it. This window fronts a well traveled road, and many a passer-by turns to gaze upon the magnificent appearance which it presents. When the flowers show signs of wilting, I cut off and keep in water as long as possible, then often keep them in a dry bouquet with grasses, until the new ones come another year. The keg is carried into the cellar, and is not looked at, or once thought of, until time to bring them up in the spring.

With the above treatment they have always thrived and given perfect satisfaction. I will not warrant good success unless they are rooted new every year. They will live, but require much more water, and the flowers, if any, will be stunted and small. My neighbor across the way does not trouble herself to change the soil in

her dish often, if ever, and there is a very marked difference in our flowers in the fall. Hers just live, but I think do not always bud.

The leaves will be much larger and a darker green, if they are set out in the spring in a damp, rich spot of ground; but in transplanting to bring into the house in the fall the buds do not all unfold, but blast. This has been my experience.

#### TAMING A CANARY BIRD.

When I first put him into his new cage, he was as wild a bird as I ever saw. Of beautiful plumage, graceful form, and sly yet winsome ways his natural song, blended with the notes of a nightingale, his first instructor, charmed all who chanced to hear it. I must confess, however, to some misgivings in my first endeavors to gain the affections of this bird. For several days he confronted my approaches by the most willful conduct, and every repeated attempt to gain his good will was rebutted. I have seen birds that one could tame by simply talking to them in a natural, subdued voice. But Tim was not one of that sort, and something more potent than "silvery tongue" was needed to impress him with a sense of the situation.

Matters had thus continued for about a week or ten days, when I found myself obliged to resort to more severe measures. In the early morning his cage was cleaned, and fresh water put in, but no food was allowed. You would have smiled to see him peeping coyly down into his seed cup, and yet disdainfully, on discovering nothing there. His apparent comprehension of "hard times" gave him the half-haughty and half-saddened look that most men wear under like circumstances. A two hours' survey gave him a pretty clear notion of the situation; he seemed now to take it all in at a glance, and whether convinced or not that this was his first lesson, he appeared to be at least a fit subject for further experiment. So, without saying a word, I opened the cage door, and, with a few seeds in my hand, I thrust the latter gently into the cage. But not yet had he reached the verge of starvation; the seeds looked tempting, to be sure, but not sufficiently so to lower his dignity. Hence a patient waiting of two hours more. Again the hand was thrust into the cage, a few seeds were snatched up with lightning speed, and after this I was given to understand that Tim is hungry, but never stoops! I counted it a most encouraging sign, however, that the bird should deign to pick up the seeds at the end of a four hour's training. At the close of the sixth hour, Tim was as calm as an April sunset; he was, indeed, most tractable, and no sooner had I again put my hand containing the seeds into the cage than he perched upon my thumb as cheerily as though it had been his perch, and began to devour the proffered food.

I allowed him to satisfy his hunger for about one minute; then I drew my hand with the bird out of the cage, and retreated to a chair. Before I had seated myself, however, he had deserted me, and had perched above the window. "You may stay there all day, my fine fellow, but you'll find it a poor pasture for hungry birds." I held

the seed cup in my hand, and on the floor beside me lay a small vial of oil of anise. "When you get ready you may come and get your seed, Tim," said I; and then I went on with my whistling. For a half hour or more the bird had the freedom of the room, and, half in despair and half eager to improve the time, I sat down at my writing desk, placed the seed cup and oil bottle in front of me, and went on with my work. I had well nigh, while absorbed in other thoughts, forgotten Tim, when, on a sudden, I felt a slight rustling on my shoulder, and a moment later he was on the table in front of me. He was allowed to gather up a few more seeds; then I seized him gently, opened the vial, rubbed a very small quantity of the anise upon his nostrils, and then replaced him upon the table. It must have been an hour before the intoxication of stupor (which, for the benefit of gentle readers, let me say is perfectly harmless) passed off; then the bird began to eat again, and, finally, on a little persuasion, hopped upon my finger, then on another, and so on back and forth until I put him back into his cage. Hardly was he returned when he poured forth his strains of sweetest melody.

On the next day, after cleaning the cage, I placed it on my table, leaving the door open and the seed cup outside. It required no persuasion whatever to induce the bird to come out, and now every sign of terror had left him. While he ate, I gently stroked his feathers, talked to him, whistled to him, fondled him—it was all I cared to do. Tim was conquered at last. He had learned his first lesson, namely, that to know the master he must become friendly to him, and, before receiving food, he must respect the giver. From that day to this the bird has been one of the family. Whereas formerly I had to contend in order to get him out of his cage, now I have to contend to get him into it. A part of the day he spends with me, singing while I write and work, now pulling the beads off my pen-wiper and dropping them into the inkstand; now removing the pins from the coil and carrying them to the top of the bookcase; now getting into an open drawer and playing mischief among my papers. Even while I write these words of his little story, he and a bullfinch are contending in front of me for the possession of my blotter, and I will not say "nay" to their little antics.—*Appletons' Journal.*

#### POT PLANTS.

Plants growing in flower pots eventually get into the condition that we call "pot-bound;" that is, the roots fill the soil and twist themselves about on the sides of the pot. If the plant in this condition be turned from the pot and the soil shaken from the roots it will be found that nearly one-half of the original soil has been consumed by the plant.

Having become "pot-bound;" or, in other words, having reached the limit of its supplies, the plant stops growing and follows the one great instinct of all life—re-production—puts forth its flowers, perfects its seeds, and then dies.

The well posted cultivator, knowing this, and desiring to have a plant bear

flowers at any time, allows it to become pot-bound. The blooms appear, supply the grower's wants, and then the plant is suffered to perish, or is re-potted, planted out, or otherwise treated so that life is preserved for another season.

The curious part of this is, that the size of the pot makes no difference. A young plant that becomes pot-bound in a three-inch pot will certainly flower in that pot. If, on the other hand, it is not allowed to become pot-bound, but is supplied with fresh soil as fast as needed, it will not flower until it becomes mature through the lapse of time, and blooms naturally.

From this we may make these rules: To cause a plant to bloom in advance of maturity, let it become pot-bound. When a plant approaches maturity through natural causes, by reaching its full growth, let it become pot-bound, as nothing will be gained by re-potting.

The practical application of this to the plants now in hand is, that those young seedlings raised in the fall must be re-potted as soon as they begin to become pot-bound. Unless a partial crop, or a crop produced at any particular time is desired, keep re-potting, from one size to the next, until a seven-inch pot is reached; then stop. In this size let them bloom, as it is a convenient and profitable one for them to occupy.

It may occur to the reader that it would be as well to jump at once from the three to the seven-inch pot, or even transfer the young seedlings directly from the seed boxes to the large pot. It would not, most certainly. Why not, cannot be here explained in detail. The principal, and quite a sufficient reason is, that long before the plant became pot-bound, or reached maturity, the soil would undergo chemical changes which would render it unfit for plant food.—*Ex.*

#### SPRINKLING BEDDING PLANTS.

We believe, says an exchange, that the sprinkling of bedding plants during dry weather not only does no good but is injurious. When from using the water-pot, it seems as if the earth were wet we shall find that it has penetrated scarcely half an inch. This can have little effect upon the roots, while evaporation carries it away at once upon receiving the first rays of the sun. The surface earth is made by a little artificial sprinkling hard and close, thus excluding the air, forming a readier conductor of heat, and offering a barrier to the ready absorption of moisture and rain when showers come—as they sometimes do—to mitigate the killing effects of droughts long continued.

If we would preserve the freshness of our flower beds, and are willing to take the time and pains, they should be watered after sundown until the water is about to run off.

Then wait for this to soak in, then water again and again. Finally spread freshly cut grass over the entire surface an inch thick. This does not mar, as one would suppose, the appearance of the bed after a few hours, as the color of dried grass is nearly that of dry earth, and consisting of short and fine blades as it will be if cut with dress,

bles the earth itself. A covering like this suppresses weeds, and the drought must be severe indeed to seriously affect plants thus treated. We recommend the same for fruit and ornamental trees recently transplanted.

#### THE ORANGE TREE.

MR. CROWELL:—Perhaps I can tell Margie something about an orange tree, as I have had the care of one for years, and have learned some things by experience. My tree is more than seven years old, thick and bushy, standing about four feet high from the earth. It has borne fruit of delicious flavor and good size. It has just been in full bloom, and yesterday I cut off more than five dozen little oranges, so many more set than could be allowed to grow. I think Margie's tree needs new potting, and that is the cause of the spots on the leaves. Get a pot larger than the old one, fill it with very rich soil, one-fourth sand, mixed well,

then water sometimes, once a week, perhaps, with liquid manure. They do not need as much water as many other plants. The great enemy to an orange tree is scale bugs. When my eye falls upon one of these little insects, I quickly remove it with my finger nail, but I cannot keep them all off in this way; I wash it in soap suds with a little ammonia added, every branch, leaf and stem. Perhaps some would recommend using carbolic acid in the water; I have never tried it. If she wishes fruit she will need to have it budded, and it should be done when the stalk is about the size of a pipe-stem.

L. R. C.

#### ROSES FOR WINTER.

Roses intended for forcing in pots next winter (having been kept in their pots during summer) should be taken out at this time, the old soil well shaken from the roots, and repotted in the same sized pots. The soil most suitable for rose culture is good, fresh loam, mixed with about one-third well-decayed cow manure, which is much superior to horse manure, or any other kind of animal manure—horse droppings are apt to create fungi when used for any purpose under glass—and, besides, cow manure is cooler, and consequently more suited to the requirements of the rose. What is termed a stiff, mellow loam is what the rose does best in; very loose, open soil does not produce such fine buds, nor are they so highly colored as when grown in the stiff soil. When potting, firm the soil well around the roots, and leave no empty space around the edges of the pot. Prune the plants well back when they are taken out of the pots; it is not only much more convenient doing it at this time, but they generally make finer breaks that when left until later.—*Gardners' Monthly.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD that where I live a good many kinds of flowers grow wild, such as rose mallow, sensitive plant, Mexican poppy, also a number of kinds of the cacti. Are there any of the sisters who would like to exchange seeds or bulbs for any of these seeds or cacti? If so, address Mrs. H. COOPER.

Houston, Kansas.



CLEANSING AND RENOVATING  
BLACK GOODS.

**I**FIND it a fact beyond controversy that even our best garments will become soiled and dusty, and rusty; and thus need renovating, and re-making, whether fashion demands the style to be changed or not. For this reason the renovating of dresses is often a matter of necessity in behalf of respectability, and so while we are about the task, it is wise to also change the manner of making, as one becomes weary of the same suit, and the same fashion for a length of time together. Thus it happens that the charge of making over dresses, merely to have them in more fashionable modes, is not more than half true; for the materials will not only look better, but wear far longer for being cleansed and reconstructed in some different form.

How to do this to the best advantage is sometimes a puzzle, while care needs to be used in cleansing and ironing nice material that it be not injured thereby. Some goods cannot be washed, or even dampened, while others are only the nicer for a good thorough cleansing, provided it is properly done. When we cannot use water, thorough brushing must take its place, and if we cannot dampen our cloth to iron it, we may press it smoothly on flannel, which will remove the wrinkles wonderfully. Most black goods will wash, though silk is better for sponging on the right side, and ironing on the wrong side, than for being put into water. Cold tea, coffee, or alcohol in water, is good to apply to the surface, while ammonia or benzine will usually remove grease or other bad spots.

I have just been experimenting in doing over a nice black cashmere, which was dusty in the plaiting, frayed at the bottom, and looking a little old style and demoralized generally. As the manner of procedure may be of benefit to some of THE HOUSEHOLD, I will give it as definitely as possible.

After entirely ripping the suit to pieces, and the threads all carefully removed, I brushed the cloth thoroughly before putting it into water. Then I made a moderately hot suds, using chemical washing soap, and put my cloth, one piece after another, into it, rubbing it slightly upon the rubbing board, and squeezing it upon the board instead of wringing it at all, letting it hang across a stick over another tub to drain, each piece being placed smoothly upon the stick.

While I was doing this I had had about a spoonful of copperas dissolving in a cup of water; this I added to, say a pail of warm water in the tub, and putting my cloth in it let it remain about fifteen minutes, I should judge, and then squeezed it out upon the board and hung it to drain as before. Next I made a deep bluing water—this also I had warm soft water—and put my goods into it, allowing it to remain about as long as in the former water,

that there might be no danger of the copperas injuring the cloth.

I had read that copperas was good to set the color in washing, while a friend recommended strong bluing to improve the looks of the material, and using both I found did admirably, as the color was brightened, and any indications of getting rusty removed.

Squeezing and draining from the last water as before, I made preparations for ironing while the cloth was yet damp. I did not pin it on the line at all, but would hang a breadth over a dry cloth by the stove and let it remain while ironing the former one, then put another in its place till all were finished. I ironed upon flannel on the wrong side and took pains to have every breadth ironed dry, and then laid on a smooth surface that no wrinkles would appear. I pressed the breadths in the middle, as when new, for such pieces as would come in front and back of the overskirt, thus making the cloth look the same as new goods. To do this I folded in the middle and put a damp cloth over it, pressing firmly to have the fold remain in place. And when all ironed it looked fresh and bright and as good as when first bought. And by purchasing five yards of cheap alpaca, costing scarce a dollar, for the underskirt, trimming it up with the cashmere, I had sufficient cloth to make over a nice suit, a long outside sacque, as well as the rest. To do this, however, I was obliged to use my old basque, but by lengthening, and facing with silk over where it was pieced it did very nicely indeed.

Besides washing the cashmere, I also cleaned a rather rusty looking alpaca skirt and overskirt, putting them into the waters after the cashmere and treating the same as I did that. It was wonderful how the process brightened up the old suit, and really made it quite serviceable to wear out in the rain, or otherwise to save a good dress. This I did not rip to pieces, as it was not worth the trouble, but after ironing as well as I could at first, was obliged to fasten the knife-blade plaiting upon the wrong side, and then at another time lay on a damp cloth and press the plaiting into proper shape. It was at least clean, and much of the rusty look removed.

To undertake cleansing garments one needs an uninterrupted day, and not be obliged to have much other work to do, as it is not only hard work but requires closely attending to after once beginning. I found it a tiresome job for me, even though I had assistance about the ironing, and little else that morning to do. But the garments looked so clean and so much improved that it well repaid the trouble; while if I had washed out the cloth in a "just as it happens" way, and wrung instead of draining, the result might have been far less desirable.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

SUN-BONNETS vs. STRAW-HATS.

BY JOHN M. HABBARD.

"The crowning glory of our day and generation is the hat." I used to think so too, but now, having discovered my mistake, begin to feel the truth of "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." For what shall I do, continue to bake the top of my head till

even the hair cannot grow there, and roast the back of my neck until it is nearly black, or cut loose from the rest of the men and wear anything I feel disposed, even to a sun-bonnet?

What! a man wear a sun-bonnet? Who ever heard of such a thing? Well, the English soldiers in India have found havelocks, which are nearly the same thing, a necessity. Our soldiers used them, too, but theirs were poor limpsy affairs, too limber to keep in place anywhere. Now, the ladies wear either a hat or a bonnet as they have a mind, and should not we men be accorded the same privilege?

Here are two gentlemen passing and I hear one say, "That man must be smart if he thinks a sun-bonnet better than a hat." I felt like hailing them to explain matters, but concluded that if they have not eyes to see by the state of the heads and hair of the men of these days, neither will they believe if I tell them. So they most likely took me to be a fool or a lunatic. And once I might have thought so too. But now I know, (thanks to my life partner, who coaxed me last summer when I was much troubled with a dull headache and nauseating feeling in the stomach, sometimes accompanied with dizziness, to try her sun-bonnet which I did quite reluctantly,) that not all the old men were wise neither were all the old women foolish.

Of course I never thought they were, but my mind used to run somewhat like this: The men found that a hat was the best thing to wear, so they wore hats, and it would not do for the women to be like them, and as the men put theirs on the top, the women must put theirs on the back, the consequence being that the men had the first chance and got the best of the bargain. Why, I used to pity the girls on a hot day with their heads boxed up in sun-bonnets; just as most of the men would pity me now, only it apparently makes them perfectly disgusted instead. In reality I deserved the pity of the girls.

Now to the point. At least one-half the men above the age of forty are more or less bald. It is not a general falling out of the hair as might be occasioned by a lack of proper nourishment in the system, but a loss only in that portion tightly enveloped by the hat or cap. All the different styles of head covering worn by men in our country, so far as I know, come low on the forehead, and are made to stay in place by their own cohesion, being in effect a tight band around the head and a tight-fitting cover over it. Result: very little blood can circulate in the scalp, which is held as in a vice between the hat and the skull and very little air can get to the top of the head.

The wonder is not that the hair dies and drops out, but that the scalp does not die and come off also. In fact it does often look shiny and has only just life enough left to stay on. Still we continue to pull on our hats, when in a hot day it feels like an oven on the top of our heads, for the wind might as well do all its blowing in some far off land, for all the good it does the top of our heads. Really the more wind the worse for the head, for on goes the hat all the tighter the harder it blows. What we need is something loose like all the rest of our clothing,

and that will protect our eyes and faces from the sun. What will do it better than a sun-bonnet?

Do I hear a man say, "I can't bear anything near my ears." Of course there is a great deal in being used to a thing, no matter how good. I do not notice any difference in hearing except locating where it comes from. I have worn a sun-bonnet much of the time when at home on the farm during the past year, for I cannot wear a hat long at a time before nature asserts herself outraged, and I gladly get back into the bonnet again. So from thinking them to be about the most uncomfortable contrivance in use for head wear, I now consider them, if rightly made, the most healthful, and, after a little use, agreeable.

Now what we need is distinctive style, so that soon it would offend no one's sense of propriety. And I doubt not that as soon as our wants in that line are made known, the leaders of styles will be fast to furnish them.

In the Agriculturist for August, 1876, was an article on "Shelter for the Head," in which was explained the advantage of having a cape on one's hat for out-door country work, which is good so far; and open work crowns in hats are good also, but neither do away with that tight band around the head which I think at best half the trouble. "But my hat isn't tight," says one. No, I suppose not, for I never found a man yet that would allow that his hat was tight any more than you can find a young lady who will admit that her corsets or dress are tight. To sum the matter up, we pinch our heads, the ladies their waists, and the Chinese their feet, and I leave it for the reader to decide which shows the worst results.

ODD FASHIONS.

Fashion depends upon the breadth of caprice, and, in spite of all that can be said, its principal characteristics are singularity and vulgarity. Unless we suit ourselves to its fantastic taste, we become singular and are denounced by the million. Haslett has defined fashion as gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. Thus the shrewdest signifies that the two things are not far apart! Undoubtedly we ought to conform to the manners and costumes of the greater number, and so behave and dress as not to draw attention to ourselves, or in other words, clothe our minds as well as our bodies somewhat after the fashion in vogue. Perhaps a good rule is never to be the first to follow a new fashion, nor the last one to keep it, for it is only the science of appearances, a desire to seem, not a desire to be.

Singular fashions of dress have almost always originated in the necessity of hiding some physical deformity. In illustrations of this we may instance the shoes at one time worn, terminating in points two feet long, and so troublesome that they had to be held up to the knee by chains or silken cords. These were invented in the Middle Ages by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal an enormous excrescence he had upon one of his feet. Charles the Seventh, of France, at a time when short frocks were worn by the gentry, introduced

long, floating robes to hide the misshapen legs which Nature had given him. Francis the First, wounded in the head at Pavia, was obliged to cut his hair short and to sacrifice his beard; thereupon short hair "came in," and the beards of France and England disappeared together. When Bluff Henry, of England, imitated his royal brother, great was the murmuring thereat, and, though they sacrificed their beards, they did it with an ill grace at first.

A beautiful lady of the Court of Edward the Sixth of England invented patches to hide a blemish on one of her snowy shoulders, and for a half a century the young and most charming women of Europe were compelled to hide the color of their heads under a thick paste, because the Duke of Richelieu, unwilling to show his gray hairs, had invented the odious and most ugly fashion of powder. We recall only one single pretty fashion which has sprung from the necessity of hiding an imperfection, and for that reason it merits especial notice. It is the lace-trimmed handkerchief of the Empress Josephine. She had bad teeth. (In our day the older a lady grows the better her teeth become!) In the days of the First Empire the dental art was unknown, or rather it was in its infancy. To conceal her defect the Empress always carried in her hand a handkerchief adorned with costly lace, and while covering she constantly raised it to her face, producing the effect of a perfumed cloud of lace waving before her. Some of her handkerchiefs cost two hundred dollars each, a large sum in those days for this object.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

#### CLEAN HAIR.

A lady says in the Western Stock Journal: No matter what our work is, the dust will gather upon the hair. With housekeepers this can be largely prevented by wearing something over the hair while sweeping or working where there is dust in the atmosphere. A cap made of cambric is as good as anything to wear, and may be made in this wise: Take a square of cambric of the usual width (three-quarters of a yard) cut from it as large a circle as possible, turn a hem an inch and a half in width all around, stitch it down, and outside this make another row of stitching, leaving a space of one-fourth of an inch between the two; into this space run a piece of elastic cord, and draw up until it is the right size for your head.

Such a cap is easily made, looks well, will fit over your hair in whatever manner it is dressed, and will thoroughly protect it from dust. However, if dust does, and it will, collect upon the hair, it can sometimes be removed by brushing, but always by washing, provided we wash it properly. Never use soap—it leaves the hair stiff and unmanageable. The same is true of ammonia. Use the yolk of an egg in a teacup, fill the cup with tepid water, let down the hair, shake it out well, and pour on a little of the egg and water, rubbing the head briskly meantime; repeat the process until the whole is used. If not enough to wet the hair thoroughly and to make a good lather, use more water on the head. After rubbing

well, rinse the hair well with tepid water, applying a little cold water at the last. Dry it as well as possible with towels, and if it is long let it remain down upon the shoulders until quite dry.

There is no danger of taking cold from this process if ordinary care is used. For children who are in school and often come home with something in their heads, which you think is scarcely an idea, yet is certainly animate, a wash with ammonia and water will destroy both parasites and their larvae. Use ten or fifteen drops of ammonia in a tumbler of water, and apply it in the same manner as directed for washing with egg. If anything is cruel, it is to take a little curly head between your knees upon a pillow and rake it through and through with a fine-toothed comb until the little scalp is red and bleeding. Try the ammonia cure, and the children will rise up and call you blessed.

#### A NEW SOFA-CUSHION COVER.

The materials required are—half a yard of fine white silk canvas, a yard and a half of thick satin ribbon three inches wide, blue or rose-colored, a few skeins of floss silk, and a silk cord and tassels. Cut the ribbon into three pieces, to be basted at equal distances on the canvas, one in the middle, and the others at either side half way between the middle and the edge. Feather stitch the ribbon down on both sides with pale yellow floss. In the spaces left between the ribbon strips embroider a graceful little pattern in flosses which harmonize with the shade of the ribbon. Make up the cushion with a lining of plain silk or satin, and trim the edge with cord and tassels. This is an easy cushion to make, but the effect is really charming, and we recommend some of you to try it. The cushion from which our description is taken comes from England, and we have never seen a similar one in this country. Black satin ribbon and brilliant embroidery would be an effective combination.—*St. Nicholas.*

#### SUMMER BEDS.

If you want a cool bed for next year, remember the time will soon be here for securing it. After the corn is husked, cut off the hard or foul parts from several bushel basketfuls of the husks and scald them. Spread on the grass or attic floor to dry. Then with a hatchet, or with a fork, split them rather fine, and put them into a clean tick. Have an opening in the center of one side of the tick long enough to put the hand and arm in, and sew on a flap to button over this opening, and keep the bed level by frequent stirring of the split husks. You will find the bed nearly as good as a hair mattress. The husks are better for being scalded and dried every two years. H. D.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you kindly allow me to ask a few questions of the Board?

Will some of the wise sisters give us their views as to the most approved method of "dressing" a bed, both for summer and winter, material of mattresses, pillows, etc., and detailed de-

scription of every article used, on the newest and most approved plan?

The best method of cleaning kerosene lamps?

The best method of restoring a steel-linked purse which has become rusty? The entire purse is of steel.

Will some tasteful sister give a simple, neat and practical plan of furnishing a bed-room so that everything shall be in harmony?

A simple yet tasteful and inexpensive way of making lambrequins for sitting and dining-room?

I cannot close without expressing my sincere appreciation of your delightful paper, and giving you the best wishes of a

#### LIFE-LONG SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me how to fill in canvas, such as slipper patterns, sofa pillows, etc., any other way aside from the plain side stitch?

In regard to dyeing old dresses, gloves, etc., I would say never do it. It is much easier to throw them away before dyeing than after, and in nine cases out of ten, it will be done. I never take much stock in old colored things. Sometime I will give my experience.

MISS MUFFIT.

I am compelled for the first time to write to THE HOUSEHOLD and ask Hans Dorcomb for a clearer explanation of her bedquilt pattern. I was much pleased with the description and tried to make one. I commenced with the center square, four strips of light calico around it, and the corners filled out with half squares of the same. Next, four strips of dark calico around the light, and now began my bother. The light calico strips with the half squares makes a square with the corners cut off. The dark calico strips forms the same, while the inside of the corners is a perfect square. Now how can a square with perfect corners be sewed round a square with the corners cut off? If small whole squares were used in the corners it would be as she says a perfect square within a square, but, as it is, I am very much puzzled, and hope she will kindly explain as soon as possible so I can finish it.

KITTIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—The July number of THE HOUSEHOLD contains an article on the hair, in which garden box is recommended as a remedy for baldness. My husband and other friends are anxious to try this remedy, but none of us know what garden box is, and if you or some of your readers will be kind enough to inform us very soon, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, you will confer a lasting favor. Is it known by any other name? and does it grow out here in Iowa? If it does not grow here, where can it be obtained? AN ANXIOUS READER.

Kellogg, Iowa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often thought of writing a few lines for your columns, if I could offer any new ideas that would be of any benefit to any one.

I saw in one of the numbers of the paper a suggestion how to cleanse quilts and pillows. As I have had some experience in washing feathers, I will give the best plan that I have

found. In the first place I empty my pillow into a good sized pillow case, and tie the end tight, put it into a clean warm suds, and squeeze it until it is ready for another water. They generally require four or five waters to clean them.

If you have a wringer that is wide enough it is well to wring them through that. I then spread them (not very thick) on clean brown papers, in a room where there is not much dust flying. Have the windows up on one side of the room only, so there could be no draft through to displace them when they are dry. I have a great aversion to using feathers that have been used for years and by different persons without being cleansed.

Sometime I hope to have a little leisure so that I can tell the lady readers how to make some fancy articles, but the little ones interrupt me too much to-day.

CLARELL.

MR. CROWELL:—Omoo wishes, in the August number, to exchange samples of crochet, especially edgings. I have four or five handsome patterns that I would be glad to send her if she will favor me with her address.

I add my petition to Mrs. B. O.'s, that Stella will tell us how to make pictures imitating frost work.

One of the sisters asks about flowers of sulphur. That must have been a wise (?) druggist who knew not what you wanted. The term is equivalent to sublimate of sulphur, and the medicine is made by bringing sulphur into a state of vapor, by heat; the vapor gathers on the surfaces of the vessel in which it is sublimated, and on cooling returns into solid particles, in the form of a powder, or mealy substance.

If Belle, of Tilton, N. H., will send me her address, I will send her one or two ways of making pretty lamp-mats.

Will Bina tell me of Ward's fertilizer, where to get it, etc., and greatly oblige one who learns sweet lessons from her plants, and feels akin to all who love them.

I echo Bertha May's request for A. C. D. to give directions for all those pretty things she mentioned, especially the stool covers and tides she learned to make at the Centennial. If there is anything I can tell her in return, will gladly do so.

Not long ago a recipe was given for a hair-dye, in which were sugar of lead and nitrate of silver. Let me beg of all the sisters not to use the dangerous compound. People may tell you it is harmless, but it is very unsafe. Our good Dr. Hanaford will assure you of this, and his knowledge is far, far above mine! I have known of several cases of hopeless insanity and cancers, caused by its use.

For making the hair grow, a half teaspoonful of tincture of cantharides in a pint of warm water, with which to wash the head once a week, is a good tonic.

To the sister who once asked what would remove moth from the face, I would say, a medical student once told a lady, in my hearing, to make a strong solution of washing-soda in water, keep it corked, put a teaspoonful of the solution in half a pint of water, and wash the face with it every morning. This would remove.

MRS. M. I. H.  
No. Somerville, Mass.



FANNIE'S "ANTI-SLANG" SOCIETY.

BY SIN SAXON.

"WELL, dear," said Mrs. Ford, as Fannie threw down her school books and flung herself with a sigh of relief into the easy chair, "so school is no more for to-day, and you are off for a picnic this afternoon. I thought some nice fresh doughnuts would be just the thing for luncheon, and they are just finished, and packed in your basket."

"Oh! that is gay. I do think you are the most elegant mother that ever was," and Fannie gave her mother a hearty hug. "I'll go get ready right away."

"Stop one moment, dear. Will you tell me the exact meaning of the words 'gay' and 'elegant'?"

"Why, gay means—it means—well, I'm sure I don't know just what it does mean, but all the girls use it."

"And so, of course, what 'all the girls' say and do must be right and proper."

"No, indeed, not always. But, mother, I don't see any harm in saying that."

"No actual harm, perhaps, my dear, but it is never the mark of a lady, or of good breeding, to use extravagant phrases or slang. What would you have thought of the Hon. Mrs. Roper, on whom we called last week, if on greeting us, she had exclaimed, 'I'm confounded glad to see you!' Well, it makes you laugh, but do you not think you would have opened your eyes in amazement at such words from one who pretended to be a lady?"

"Ha! ha! indeed I should. But, then, she is grown up, and ought to be dignified, and a girl, like me, one don't expect to be very particular in their speech; besides, I don't use them very often."

"Oftener than you think. Only this morning it was 'perfectly splendid' that there was no school this afternoon. Splendid means magnificent, bright. I could not see its application to your vacation; and now it is gay to have the doughnuts for luncheon, and I am the most polished, beautiful, symmetrical mother in the world. Now I hardly think such was your thought, and you probably intended to say that it would be very nice, and that I was to you the kindest of mothers."

"But you knew what I meant, and these expressions are so common."

"That's just it, Fannie. They are common because used in ignorance, and they make those who use them appear common also. Surely you know mother well enough to feel she has your best interest in view when she urges you to overcome a habit so objectionable. Will you not strive to say just what you mean in the future?"

"Well, I will try, if you wish me to, but I know that I never can so long as I go to school and associate with the girls."

"Then, my dear, do you not think,

if the girls are such good teachers, and you such an apt pupil in learning what is not nice, that perhaps you might reverse things, and become a teacher yourself, and they the pupils in learning to be lady like?"

"I never thought of it in that way; but I do see it now, and I mean to try hard to throw off so bad a habit."

"Do so, my dear daughter, and bring not only great happiness to your own family, but a lasting satisfaction to yourself."

An hour later the noise of merry voices and light laughter heralded the approach of the picnic party.

"Come, Fan, aren't you most ready? We're going to have a perfectly immense time, and we ought to be off," shouted Kittie Langdon, as they drew near the door.

"Yes, hurry up, Fannie. Joe and Mary are to meet us up the road. Minnie's mother wouldn't let her come. I think she's just horrid," said Susie Fitch.

Fannie cast a sly glance at her mother. Some how the words had never seemed so rude to her before. But it only strengthened her resolution to do otherwise herself, and firm in her desire to help the others. She took her basket and joined the party, determined to speak upon the subject at the first opportunity. The woods were fragrant with pine and moss, and for a time the merry party roamed about gathering the cones with which the ground was strewn. At last luncheon time arrived, and seated at their rustic meal, Fannie felt that her time had arrived. In an earnest voice she began:

"Girls, I have something I want to say to you."

"Hear! hear! Miss Ford has the floor. Now that I have secured quiet in the audience, will the orator of the day please proceed," cried merry Katie.

"Don't view me with a cricket's eye," quoted Susie, as she surveyed a huge slice of bread and butter. "I say," she continued, "just taste this bread; it's the boss bread, no mistake."

"What kind of bread?" inquired Fannie. "I've heard of Weed sewing machines, of the Excelsior chair, of White's buckwheat, but I never heard of Boss bread before. From what does it derive its name? The brand of flour from which it is made, perhaps."

"Why, you're perfectly horrid, Fannie Ford; you knew what I meant."

"I must answer you as mother answered me to-day. How are we to know one's meaning but by their words? This was what I wanted to speak about. Girls, we have got into such a habit of using slang, that we don't know when we do it. I, for one, am going to try to rid myself of it, and now who will join me?"

"I'm sure I never use slang," cried Katie.

"Nor I," said Susie.

"And only yesterday, when Willie said Mr. Spring was a 'dead beat,' I told him he was a horrid boy to speak so," said Mary.

"There! your own words condemn you. Horrid means dreadful, hideous,

shocking; and your brother was all

that for speaking words no worse than

your own language."

"But I don't call that slang. They are words that everybody uses."

"Who is everybody? Not one person who has the principles of true politeness or good education within them. Only those whose aim it is to appear rough and fast."

"I never thought of it before," said Katie, thoughtfully, "but I do believe Fannie is right. Perhaps we never aimed at being fast, exactly, but we are gradually lowering ourselves to the ignorant level of that class. There, Fan, shake hands, we'll try together. But, dolefully, there's strength in numbers, and if the rest of you would only promise too, it would make it so much easier."

"Well, here goes another victim on the altar of politeness," said Susie. "I'll join your anti-slang society, but I feel as though I were entering a convent. Good by, Mary, I expect soon to be too highly educated to associate with the common herd."

"You needn't say good by to me, for I'm coming over too," and Mary holding out her hands to the rest, said earnestly, "do come all of you. Let us be an unbroken band in the path of duty, as well as of fun," and in another moment the group, half laughing, half tearful, were clasping hands in an earnest compact.

"Susie has given us a grand idea," said Fannie. "Why not form ourselves into a society, and call it the 'Anti-Slang Society'? And to keep our resolution strong, we might meet once a week, and read, or sing, or sew. What do you all say?"

"Perfectly elegant! Magnificent! Splendid! Grand! There, I've let off steam, and now I'm sworn off forever more," laughed Katie, as she meekly folded her hands and waited for the opinion of others.

"I think it would be just ele— pleasant. And at the end of six months let us have a grand gathering and invite all our friends," said Susie.

"That would do nicely. Now let's make up our minds about the time of meeting, etc., and then we ought to be getting home before the sun sets."

Six months later might be seen, one bright moonlight evening, many forms wending their way to Mr. Ford's handsome residence; and as one by one removed coats and wrappers, revealed the faces of many members of our young society, together with their brothers and young gentlemen friends, and a large number of the older ones, parents of those who gave the party. Music, dancing, and supper filled up the evening. As they all returned to the parlor after supper, Mr. Ford called the company to order, and then in a few words stated the object of the society, and their work of the last few months, and slowly unfolding a paper, said:

"As in the temperance reform, we circulate a sort of pledge or contract, to bind those who sign to perform the promised duty, so now I ask all present who are in sympathy with our young society's efforts toward temperance in speech, to come forward and sign themselves members of the Anti-Slang Society. Age, sex or station not to be considered. Come one and all."

There was silence for one moment, and then Charlie Langdon, Katie's

oldest brother, and an inveterate user of slang, came firmly forward and enrolled his name upon the paper. The ice was now broken, and name after name signed, till every one present had made themselves members of the no longer small society.

"To think," said Fannie, as the society adjourned, "of so much good coming from one little picnic. Now that we have got the boys and girls, we must look out they do not get away again. We shall have to think up everything pleasant and entertaining for our meetings, and not only teach ourselves and others to be polite, but keep some from going to places where they hear nothing but wicked words and learn intemperance in its worst sense."

"Yes," said Kitty, "I used to think a school girl could not do much of anything, and I really felt it would be like retiring from the world to try to do as others did not, but it isn't so hard after all. I think we have done wonders in six months, and know I express the sentiments of all when I say we do not mean to weary in well doing."

"So say we, all of us," said Susie, soberly, and then with a startled expression. "Oh! dear, is that slang? But I don't think it is this time, for it says just what I mean, and means just what I say. It is so easy to drop into the habit, that I have to keep my wits about me all the time."

"Yes," answered Fannie, as she said good night, "I find there is only one rule, for this as for every other duty in life, and that is to 'watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.'"

#### A REMARKABLE BATTLE.

The war of 1812 with England had been fought with desperate energy, and was soon to close. The British army under Gen. Packenham, twelve thousand strong, were moving upon New Orleans. Gen. Andrew Jackson, with only three thousand soldiers, was preparing to receive them. Just think of it, my boys; twelve thousand well trained red coats against three thousand Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen! Was not Jackson a brave general, and his men brave soldiers, to meet an army four times as large as their own? But they did meet them, and conquered them too!

It was on the 8th of January, 1815, and our brave men were waiting behind their breastworks of earth, and ditches of water, for the proud foe coming up from their ships. When the British were within range a vivid stream of fire flashed from the whole American line, which mowed down the enemy like grass. Shot after shot was repeated, and soon the plain was strewn with the dead and dying. The battle continued, and soon Gen. Packenham, the commander-in-chief, was killed. Gen. Gibbs fell mortally wounded, and Gen. Keene was disabled, Gen. Lambert, the next in command, was unable again to rally his troops, and all not killed or wounded, hurried back to their encampment in great confusion. This was a remarkable victory, as seen from the circumstances and results. The British lost over two thousand, while the Americans lost only thirteen men!

But the battle of New Orleans was

fought by friends and not by enemies. Fourteen days before the battle, the treaty of peace between England and America was signed at Ghent, and a ship was on its way to communicate the glad news to the contending armies. We had no oceanic cable then, to flash the news to this distant nation, and stop this fearful bloodshed. For nearly two months after peace was declared in England, the war in America continued to rage. How sad to contemplate.

But I want to raise some inquiries here for my young readers to contemplate. Do you suppose that the men in these two armies were really enemies? Not at all, personally. They were fighting for their country, and probably cherished no hostility toward each other. They would have become warm friends, many of them, could they have met under other circumstances. Such is war. And do you not think that war is cruel and barbarous business? Does it not seem unreasonable and inhuman for men to meet in the open field and shoot each other? History tells us of "brilliant victories," and "glorious heroism." The world honors the men who have been the most successful in this work of carnage and death. Those who have slain the most in battle, burned the most cities, and laid waste the most harvest-fields; that is, those who have caused the most misery and woe, have gained the highest renown among men. Now, my dear young readers, I want to ask you if this is right. I admit that there are cases of wrong and oppression which justify armed resistance. Men are compelled sometimes to fight, but such cases are comparatively few, they are the exceptions, and not the rule.

When individual men disagree, they have an arbitration in the courts and so settle their difficulty, and is it not better for nations to settle their difficulty by arbitration, than by resort to arms? The Saviour of men who is our example and King, you know, was the "Prince of Peace" and not of war.

O.

## PUTTING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

A mother writes the following dramatic account of a nursery experience: "The young rascal has no more idea of going to sleep than the man in the moon. He deftly clutches me by both earrings, and, throwing himself upon his feet in a manner calculated to make the most fond mamma's teeth chatter, and seizing my frizzles by way of steadyng himself, he firmly grasps my back comb, which he only relinquishes by most earnest and repeated solicitations. Fnding less comfort there than he had reason to expect, he proceeds to eyes, nose, ears and mouth with his chubby forefinger, emphasizing the research by trying his teeth on the aforesaid members. Anatomy exhausted, he turns to pastures new.

Do not imagine that I have been an idle recipient of these fond attentions. No! I have been sweetly chanting, trotting and rocking. I have tenderly given 'Sweet and Low,' 'Sleep, Baby Dear.' I have done 'The Crooked Man,' 'Humpty-Dumpty,' with variations, 'Hickory, Dickory, Dock,' etc.,

and having conscientiously finished 'Mother Goose,'—not even disdaining such musical productions as 'Pop goes the Weasel,' and 'Mother may I go out to Swim,' in the illusive belief that they are calculated to stay and fix the wandering eyes and attention of young America—I proceed to more solemn business. I divest myself of earrings, necktie, and all other snares, and metaphorically rolling up my sleeves, I strike into the 'Sam tunes.' 'O, to

Grace how great a Debtor' is a comfort to me, but its sporific influence is confined to churches. Baby still pokes and clutches at my throat. 'Hold the Fort' still rings out with the heat of combat. Baby evidently intends to do so.

Having gone through my repertoire of major tunes with no success, I conclude to resort to heroic treatment. I lay the young man down and firmly clasp him in my arms. Result a very exasperated boy, a year old, who struggles and squalls most lustily. Being a little stronger, I hold on and solemnly chant 'Hark from the Tombs.' Five minutes of this innocent diversion convinces me that the child must have a pain. Perhaps the little love has the stomach ache. His ear may ache. He throws his little fists about fiercely, and as he reaches for water so sweetly, I let him up, feeling that I have been unwarrantably stern and severe. Still I do sometimes wonder how a few judiciously administered spanks would sound. Having thus solaced myself, we go at it again—sing, scratch, poke, trot, rock, walk, drink, kiss, scold, pet—eyes pretternaturally wide open, dinner getting cold down stairs. At length, when we are both exhausted, and those little peepers do close tight, and, snuggling down close to my heart, he resigns himself to the inevitable, how sweet the cherub is."

## CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, were passing over the mountains, on their way westward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on, they began to feel that they had begun to descend, and needed nothing but the invisible power of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness.

Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve, cut out of the solid rock.

Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony. "Put on the brakes, put on the brakes." Up pressed the brake, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and every one rose up in his place, fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble? Just as the engine began to turn the curve, the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them; the shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye looking over could see them. Close to the rail in the upright rock was a little niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thun-

dering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister, on the other side of the cars, ring out, "Cling close to the rock, Johnny—cling close to the rock!" And the little creature snuggled in, and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirred past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed, and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours more the cars stopped at a station, where an old man and his son got out of the cars. He had come so far to part with his child, who was going to the city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: "Cling close to the rock, my son!"

## BOW LEGS.

Bow legs and knock knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Manchester (Eng.) physician, Dr. Crompton, who has watched for the true cause, thinks differently. He attributes the first mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippers. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered.

Knock knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side with one knee tucked into the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been that most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart, and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commanded to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.—*Science Monthly.*

## KEEP THE BABY COOL.

To squall is the prerogative of the baby. Especially does it insist upon its prerogative in the cars. Why is it? Look at the average baby in arms that goes on a journey. It is fairly bundled to suffocation. At home baby goes bare-legged and bare-necked and is happy because it is cool. On a journey, baby is wrapped and bundled and swaddled and swathed and flanneled, and cloaked, shawled, and hooded until there's scarce an ounce of baby to a pound of swaddle. Mothers do not seem to have any notion that a baby can be too warm. Let them try the cooling off process, unbundle the child, give it lung room and limb room, get its blood down to a normal temperature and give it a drink of water; stop its frizzing and

frying, and observe the effect. Babies aren't salamanders. They don't require as much heat as an adult, within ten degrees. But the average mother, in her mistaken kindness, and ignorant love, doesn't stop to consider that fact but piles on an amount of clothing that would be unendurable to an adult, and then wonders, and perhaps scolds, because her infant remonstrates against the torture her own hands have inflicted.

## THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. He that is of a proud heart, stirreth up strife; but he that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be made fat. Prov. xxviii 25. 2. Notes.

3. I'll try an anagram to write,  
For some of you to guess,  
You will not find it out at sight,  
But persevere and do your best.  
4. A D A                            5. M A Y  
D A N                            A D A  
A N N                            Y A M  
6.                                    D  
S I P  
S H A R E  
D I A M O N D  
P R O U D  
E N D  
D

7. Sweetheart. 8. Parishioners. 9. Gunshots. 10. Connecticut. 11. Kansas. 12. Dakota. 13. Des Moines. 14. Wisconsin. 15. Nebraska. 16. Smoky Hill.

## BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of eighty-six letters. My 70, 26, 48, 32, 14, 27, 2, 17, 68, 22, 9 is a book of the Old Testament.

My 39, 56, 30, 38, 86, 78, 16, 33 was the son of

Abraham.

My 62, 45, 15, 61, 3, 12, 84, 78, 11, 51, 38 is a book of the New Testament.

My 40, 39, 22, 4, 46, 61, 19, 85, 38 gave gifts to

Uzziah.

My 63, 36, 39, 5, 7, 16, 55 was the daughter of

Jeremiah.

My 38, 30, 22, 40, 6, 78, 56 is a mountain men-

tioned in the book of Amos.

My 13, 44, 61, 79, 66, 31 was a mount named

in the New Testament.

My 54, 77, 34, 49, 64 is a place often men-

tioned in the Bible.

My 76, 61, 57, 40, 1 was the daughter of

Jacob.

My 86, 48, 49, 8, 69, 11, 83, 43, 38 is a great

river mentioned in Revelation.

My 60, 26, 42, 6, 80, 59, 30 is a book of the Old

Testament.

My 39, 72, 36, 38, 5, 54, 6, 48, 38 was the name

of a king mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 42, 30, 42, 73, 67, 75, 57 was a place often

named in the book of Jeremiah.

My 49, 4, 27, 62, 78, 5, 38, 10, 85, 38, 71, 48, 38

was a name mentioned in the New Testament.

My 24, 61, 22, 50, 28, 13, 37 is a book of the

New Testament.

My 22, 30, 40, 62, 82, 11, 52, 20, 78, 81, 14 was

the father of Jaazaniah.

My 47, 70, 44, 74, 30, 67 was a place mentioned

in Samuel.

My 69, 5, 52, 25 was the wife of Boaz.

My 39, 56, 27, 50, 35, 30, 62, 53, 42, 11, 55, 30,

18, 16, 17 was the son of Baladan.

My 58, 29, 65, 21, 41 are d, h and y.

My whole is a passage found in Exodus.

## CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in house but not in barn,  
My second is in stocking but not in yarn,  
My third is in wheat but not in rye,  
My fourth is in pupil but not in eye,  
My fifth is in cut but not in knife,  
My sixth is in husband but not in wife,  
My seventh is in river but not in land,  
My eighth is in banjo but not in band,  
My ninth is in broad but not in wide,  
My tenth is in skate but not in slide,  
My eleventh is in fury but not in mad,  
My twelfth is in laugh but not in sad,  
My whole is a volcano in Iceland.

WILLIE.

## DROP LETTER PUZZLES.

Words of which every other letter has been left out.

3. H-n-r-b-e. 4. B-a-t-f-l. 5. P-c-u-e-q-e. 6. S-b-i-e. 7. M-g-i-i-e-t. 8. S-a-k-i-g. 9. S-p-r-i-i-u. 10. H-m-r-l. 11. C-m-a-d-r. 12. U-e-u-n-s. 13. P-w-r-u. 14. G-a-d. 15. T-u-h.



## HOW WE LIVE IN OUR HOUSE.

WE LIVE in the country, and have more or less visitors. Those who stay a few days usually make a direct or implied compliment to the way in which we live. This has been done so often as to induce me to consider in what particulars our living differs from that of people in general, and I find it sums itself all up in vegetables, and plenty of them. Our butcher's bill is unusually small for a family of its size, and we do not take pains to procure delicacies or rarities in that line; but upon vegetables, as the slang phrase goes, "we throw ourselves." To one from the city the profusion and quality of our vegetables is naturally a surprise, and it is still more so to all the average farmers who now and then make us a visit.

Farmers, as a general thing, have fewer vegetables than those who live in cities. Our rule is, three or four vegetables besides potatoes, according to the season. I know I shall be set down for a heretic, but I never could see why people must always have potatoes for dinner. To the world in general a dinner without potatoes is no meal at all, and in deference to custom we always have potatoes, which "himself" seldom troubles. Of course the foundation of this abundance of vegetables is the garden. I need not tell you what the farmer's garden generally is, nor what it ought to be, for you have been preaching about it these many years.

I have been North, South, East, and West, as far as most people, and know how meagre are the farmers' tables as far as vegetables are concerned. There are pies, puddings, cakes, pickles, and preserves in costly profusion, for these the good wife can manage without man's aid, but few women care to undertake a garden.

Some few do it, and capitally too, but they are not numerous enough to serve for examples. Though I do say it, the head of this family looks out for the garden products as being next to bread. From the time the departing frosts allow the winter-covered spinach to be cut, until the ground closes the next November, there are fresh vegetables every day. In the one item of "greens" there is no day between these two periods when there is not a cutting of something; spinach, New Zealand spinach, beet, sorrel and kale, or sprouts, one or the other, is always at hand. It is not necessary to go through the catalogue of the varieties we enjoy, as it would include nearly everything edible in the vegetable line.

Let us look at our present winter's supply; it consists of savoys and common cabbages, beets, turnips, onions, carrots, salsify, parsnips, scorzonera, squashes, sweet potatoes, celery, horse-radish, common potatoes of course, and beans. So in winter there is a chance for abundant variety. Having the winter's store of vegetables, there are two things essential to their full enjoyment—proper keeping and

proper cooking. As to the keeping, that is not a matter belonging in the household department. It is sufficient to say that each is stored according to its requirements, and especially the roots are kept in bins where they are stratified with earth.

My two favorite vegetables in the above list are carrots and celery, and they are both cooked in the same way. I know that some would hold up their hands in horror at the notion of cooking celery—but just try it. We have plenty to eat raw, but we like it cooked besides—they are two different things; just as raw and stewed tomatoes. Cooking is, besides, an economical way of using celery, as that which is not well blanched may be cooked. As to cooking, the celery is cut up into inch pieces, and the carrots into dice about the same size. They are stewed in a little water until tender, and what water remains is poured off; milk enough to make a sauce is poured on, and a good lump of butter, previously rolled in flour, is added, and the whole boiled up again. This makes a rich cream sauce for the vegetables, and one who has never tasted carrots other than plain-boiled, will be surprised at the difference cooking can make in a common vegetable. Those who have never tried celery treated as above, will find it a new culinary revelation. Mind, I never cooked them as described, but that is the way "the Missis" says it is done.

Salsify, which people will call "vegetable oysters," when there is no oyster about it, but good enough without borrowing a name, and scorzonera, which is like salsify, only a little more so, are both cooked in the same way. The savoys are cabbages glorified; don't profane them by boiling with meal, but cook in pure water, and when done, drain and cover with nice drawn butter, as you would cauliflower. Don't, when you have done this, make common cabbage of it by drenching it with vinegar.

If this letter was not already too long, I would like to say something about the use of vinegar and other condiments, but that must remain for another time. I am not a "vegetarian" in the accepted sense of the word; we have meat twice a day, but it is quite astonishing how little of it suffices when there is an abundance of nicely served vegetables. If those who live in the country, would expend dimes on the garden they would save dollars in the yearly expenditure for meat, and it may be that health and comfort would be greatly increased.—*Exchange.*

## SALT.

Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could anything except bread, be more missed. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone, brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children, for salt. In the district of Accra, on the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing upon earth after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambaras is such a luxury, that to say of a man, "He flavors his food with salt," is to imply

that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Muscovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poorer friends.

Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonardo da Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper," to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm.

Salt was used in sacrifice by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the Jews, and is still made use of in baptism by the Roman Catholic clergy. It was an emblem of purity, and of the sanctifying influence on others of a holy life; hence our Lord tells his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

The salt being split after it was placed on the head of the victim was considered a bad omen, being supposed to signify that the sacrifice was not accepted; and hence the superstition.

When we say of a shiftless fellow, that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient costume among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word, how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

## RAPID EATING.

The common vice of our people, in both town and country, among old and young, rich and poor, is rapid eating. The stomach, like a dark bottle to be filled with a funnel, gets full and overruns before one knows it. There are two ill effects from hasty eating: the food expands considerably, both by increased warmth and by its being divided and liquefied, so that, if the stomach is not full when one ceases to eat, it will be full enough in a very few minutes by the heating and liquefying process. If a meal is eaten with great deliberation, this expanding, heating, liquefying process begins and keeps pace with the meal, and the man does not feel like a gorged anaconda. The English people thus eat as a nation; they give themselves time to enjoy their food, to experience the pleasure of its taste, and make eating a gratification; while Americans, in multitudes of cases, look at it as a thing to be gotten through with—as a task which has to be performed, and the quicker the better.—*From Dr. Hall's Health by Good Living.*

## BE AGREEABLE AT MEALS.

Every one can do something to add to the social life at the table. If one cannot talk, he can listen or ask questions and draw out others who can talk. Good listeners are as necessary as good talkers. Never argue at the table; but tell pleasant stories, relate or read anecdotes and look out for the good of all. Sometimes a single anecdote from a paper starts a conversation that lasts during the meal time.

A family table ought to be bright

and cheerful, a sort of domestic altar, which every one casts down his or her offering, great or small, of pleasantness and peace; where, for at least a brief space in the day, all annoyances are laid aside, all stormy tempers hushed, all quarrels healed; every one being glad and content to sit down at the same board and eat the same bread and salt, making it, whether it were a rich repast or a dinner of herbs, equally a joyful, almost sacramental meal.

—*Dr. Holbrook.*

## THE DESSERT.

—The base ball player, who was hit in the head with a dead ball, has had balled-spot there ever since.

—An old restaurant keeper says that the way to get up a reputation for tender beefsteak is to keep sharp knives for customers' use.

—A veteran shopkeeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

—A Chicago reporter has just won his spurs by an article headed "Desperate Bloodshed—The Murdered Man Not Expected to Live."

—Always take a rope into your room at the hotel. It may enable you to slide out even if there is no fire. A big board bill is as bad as a conflagration.

—A Michigan farmer writes to the Faculty of Yale: What are your terms for a year? And does it cost anything extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as row a boat?

—A schoolmaster told a young miss that the word "obligatory" meant binding, whereupon she laid her head upon her hand, and after a brief cogitation handed the teacher this sentence: "The obligatory of my spelling book is worn out."

—Animals may think, but sometimes they do not think very fast. A cow got into a James street garden, and it took her half an hour to make up her mind where to go out. A man and dog were flooding her mind with information all the time too.

—At the conclusion of a tragic account of how a tourist lost his life by falling into a crevice in one of the glaciers at Etancom a French newspaper manages to say: "His two Swiss guides, not speaking French, were unable to extricate him."

—A man applies to a lady who is summering at Etretat for employment. "But, my good man," replies the lady. "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, madam, if you only knew how little work it would take to occupy me!"

—One of the Southern papers tells of a man whose life was saved by a plug of tobacco carried in his pocket. A pistol bullet fired at him lodged in the tobacco and the man was unharmed. Moral—if you will use tobacco, don't take it out of your pocket.

—A peculiar way of discharging printers exists in Dayton, O., offices. Each compositor has a nail to hang his coat on, and when the foreman concludes to dispense with the services of one of the hands, he takes a hammer and drives the nail in to the head.



## A PLEA FOR CLEAN AIR.

OF ALL the physical laws that are wantonly disregarded, there are few if any so completely ignored by all classes, as the law governing respiration, and it seems almost incredible that such wide spread apathy should exist with regard to a subject so frequently agitated and of such vital importance as ventilation.

Since the interests of individuals are so closely interwoven we necessarily commingle in religion, educational, business and social relations, and unless a wise forethought provides our several public buildings with ample facilities for the egress of foul, and the ingress of pure air; we reap bitter fruits of transgression. Not many of our churches are suitably ventilated, while in some of our country churches no attention whatever is paid to ventilation, hence, attendance on public worship becomes a matter of much solicitude to those who realize that they inhale, and reinhale, the poisonous gasses and effete particles rapidly accumulating, and contributed by each one present. The drowsiness, and consequent nodding of worshipers, is due to the vitiated condition of the atmosphere, rather than to dearth of religious fervor, and the vital condition is rendered susceptible to the slightest chill on passing into outdoor air.

There is unmistakable evidence that too many of our school teachers know little more of hygiene than the pupils whom they essay to teach, for in the winter season especially, with closed doors, closed windows, and hot fires, they compel study in an atmosphere, the effects of which are to benumb the brain, and develop in the system those contagious diseases that are the bane of childhood. It is thoughtless and cruel to place our little ones in such jeopardy, and this truth should be pressed on the attention of officials until some thorough and practical mode of ventilation shall be introduced into every school-house in the land. That the atmospheric condition of textile manufactories, is highly prejudicial to health is painfully evident from the pale faces of the operatives, who not only pass the day in a poisonous air, but at night crowd by the half score into unventilated dormitories, from which they emerge at daybreak listless and enervated. In view of these facts, it is no marvel that they fall an easy prey to the more complicated diseases, and die prematurely, but rather miraculous that the brittle thread of life will bear so great a tension ere it snaps forever.

What is true of textile manufactures is in some degree true of all others, and as ignorant and crochety overseers often refuse the opening of windows; manufacturers should be neither too stupid nor too mercenary to supply some means of ventilation, which shall be constant, and not subject to individual caprice, thus ameliorating the condition of a class who

may not realize the extent of the injury they sustain, a class upon whose untiring industry our national prosperity, largely depends.

There is no computing the injury sustained in our houses, even, by the inhalation of filthy air, and just here rests the responsibility of errors committed elsewhere; for if correct views concerning the requirements of health are impressed on the minds of childhood and youth, they will be manifest in the practices of matured years. A large number of our housewives who scorn the imputation of untidiness, are perfectly content in any atmosphere laden with filth, and through fear of faded carpets and disarranged curtains, the pure air of heaven never has free course through their lodging rooms, the prevailing odor of which is nauseating in the extreme. Away with carpets and curtains, if they are to be instrumental in imprisoning the seeds of scrofula and death; much to be preferred are bare floors, glaring sunlight and health, to luxury and invalidism. That thousands of women with their children, are enduring a species of self-imposed invalidism, by carefully guarding every avenue by which pure air might enter their dwellings, is true beyond peradventure.

Physicians, who know too well the disastrous effects of impure air, should not only advise, but insist on thorough ventilation in the sick room, and see that it is administered in a manner which shall be productive of the very best results. No doubt hundreds die unnecessarily, who might recover, did not some careful Martha sedulously bar out that life sustaining element, without which all medical skill is unavailing. Few people seem to realize how rapidly air becomes vitiated in our modern houses, with their plastered walls, close fitting sashes, etc., or that each individual, contaminates three hundred cubic feet of air per minute. Could impurities floating in the air of unventilated rooms be perceived by sight, those who manifest so much contempt at the bare mention of ventilation would grow pale with alarm.

If the American mothers of to-day, desire to raise stalwart sons, and blooming daughters, they must discard the hot house system, which is so universal, and supply their children clean air without stint. When they begin to appreciate pure air as one of God's best gifts to man, and shape their habits accordingly, half the disease—the legitimate result of an impure respiratory medium—will be wiped out and instead of sickly, puny offspring, which is now the rule, we shall see what the Creator intended, bright, fresh and rosy children. Look to this mothers, and while you gratify your asthetic nature, making home lovely, let it never be at the expense of health, for not only the welfare of your immediate family, but a nation's weal, depends on your behest.

M. L. W. E.

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

I would say to Lillie F. that if she will send to the "Health Food Company, New York," they will send her a pamphlet containing much important information, not only in relation to

the cooking of the "gluten which Dr. Hanaford recommends so highly," an article indeed of great value, for children, even those still nursing, if they need additional food, and for light suppers, especially in hot weather.

Will also say that those corns, etc., will soon disappear by the use of loose or well-fitting boots, since they appear from the friction of tight or bad-fitting boots. Again, the removal is effected by the application of an alkali, as soda, ammonia, potash, etc., by which they are dissolved, of course taking care to make the application only to the corns or warts. If, by mistake, any other part is touched, an application of vinegar will destroy the effect, or if it is penetrating so far into the corn as to give pain, the same will arrest the effect. This is just as effectual as the removal of it by a "corn doctor" with the knife, or by any other means, and is far safer and more comfortable. Of course several applications are needful, continuing till all is dissolved.

If the corn is on a part of the foot always projecting, as an enlarged joint, a shield, or something worn on both sides of it, so that it may be protected from friction, the corn will seldom if ever re-appear, since they are produced by friction, nature thus forming a thick substance to protect the underlying nerves from injury—really a merciful arrangement.

*Saliva.*—The object of saliva—which from three to six and one half pounds are secreted daily—is primarily to moisten the food, prepare it chemically for the stomach, though it serves the purpose of cleansing the mucous surface, aids in changing starch to sugar, and being an alkali, corrects the acidity of the stomach. It flows out from six glens in the mouth, increased by the act of chewing and by the presence of food in the mouth and should be mixed thoroughly with the food, so moistening it that no drink need be used as a means of swallowing, which can only be done by slow and faithful chewing. The large quantity supplied indicates its importance, and the folly of wetting it by the use of tobacco, or by chewing anything, save our food, since none too much is secreted for its legitimate purposes. Perfect digestion demands this and in a generous supply, all that can be secreted between our meals when in good health. The habit therefore, of smoking or chewing just before the meals, or early in the morning, can be only injurious, just to that extent of robbing the next meal of its natural solvent and stimulant. If one must smoke, etc., must be a slave of appetite, it is far safer, so far as our food is concerned, to do this after the meal, when the saliva is in the stomach, mixed with the food.

*Gastric Juice.*—The gastric, or stomach juice is variously estimated at from about five to fourteen pounds in twenty-four hours. It coagulates albuminous substances, contains pepsin to aid in the digestive process, and tends to prevent putrefaction for a considerable time. It acts only on dead substances as a digestor, the coats of the living stomach remaining unchanged. This juice oozes from the coats of the stomach as food comes

in contact with them, flowing only as fast as it is needed, not very rapidly, when it ceases to flow, the appetite is satisfied and only then, and that if we eat rapidly faster than that flows, we shall taste more than the system really demands. It is also true that when one is called away from the table then when only half of the meal has been taken, for this same reason, the appetite seems satisfied, in consequence of the full flow of the gastric juice during the absence. Thorough mastication, slow eating, therefore are imperative.

It is also true that this gastric juice aids the digestion fully only when it is of its natural strength undiluted by free drinking, on the same principle that diluted alcohol does not digest—cut—camphor. Of necessity, the custom of drinking freely at our meals must impair digestion by this same dilution of the gastric juice. No drinks as a means of swallowing the food is needed, and at most, a little only may be taken at the close of the meal.

## OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Will Dr. J. H. Hanaford tell us what he thinks of using whiskey in cases of heart disease, where there is faintness, sinking spells, and general debility? Is there anything that will answer as a substitute? A SUFFERER.

The skin of fruit, especially grapes, are often swallowed, with the vague notion that they prevent any bad effects from eating said fruit. No error can be more fatally absurd. Cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of the most excruciating nature. The skins of fruit contain no nourishing qualities, but are one of the most indigestible substances that can be swallowed. They pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and frequently inflammation of the bowels.

MR. CROWELL:—Mother of Pearl asks in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD for something that will remove moth or liver spots from the skin. I think if she will get two drachms of iodide of potash, one drachm of powdered rhubarb, and mix them with one ounce of lard, then rub a little on the spots once or twice a day, she will be relieved.

DIANA.

A gill of strong sage tea taken at bed-time is recommended to relieve night-sweats.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—A lady in the January number inquired for a cure for canker in the mouth. I believe she has not been answered. Let her try drinking sweet or fresh cider with soda stirred in it until it foams. From a third to half a teacupful, or more, as she likes, several times a day. This is what helped me more than all the medicine I ever took, after suffering with it several years.

Colfax, Iowa.

MRS. S. W. L.

An excellent remedy for croup is the following: To one quart of blackberries add one pound of the best brown sugar. Set in a cool closet, with a paper tied closely over the top of the jar, stirring every day, and let it remain four or five weeks. In the meantime it will ferment and the berries will settle. Then strain and bottle tight. It will keep for years. Give one tablespoonful (clear) to a child of four years when "croupy," less if younger. Cotton flannel is better to wear round the neck than all wool flannel in such cases.

L. C.

I would advise Mrs. H. B. E. to use for canker a tea made of the bark of witch hazel, sweetened with honey or loaf sugar; and drink a gill or so in each day. A tea made of garden sage is very good; also powdered alum, borax and loaf sugar, equal parts.

MISS NINA R. R.

For warts use a strong solution of alum several times a day, and let it dry on. If that does not cure, use sal soda in the same way.

MRS. J. T. H.



## IN GOD'S HAND STILL.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere  
In God's great universe thou art, to-day:—  
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?  
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?  
  
What matters it to Him who holds within  
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,  
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?  
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.  
  
Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him;  
Somewhere thy soul sees higher lights to climb;  
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim  
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.  
  
Then all the more, because thou canst not hear  
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,  
O true, brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er  
In His great universe thou art, to-day!

## LIBRARIES.

**J**THINK it was Jean Paul who said he always looked on a library as a learned conversation. But there are libraries and libraries.

H. L. told me he once found a foolish, pedantic old millionaire curled up in a luxurious apartment, walled with richly-bound books, not one of which he had ever read, but all of which he pretended to have devoured. I say that when he entered this room, besmeared with glittering tomes, the proprietor exclaimed, "And so you found me out at last, alone with my books! Here's where I hide away from the family, day after day, and nobody's none the wiser!"

Pierce Egan has an anecdote of another "literary character," which I quote in this connection without comment.

"A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlors, discovered a young ass, who had found his way into the room and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of Cicero's Orations, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of Seneca, in Latin, a large part of a volume of La Bruyere's 'Maxims,' in French, and several pages of 'Cecilia.' He had done no other mischief whatever."

The library of Sir John Danvers, as described by Bernard, must have been a curiosity. It abounded with the best works of the best authors, but there was not one perfect volume in it. "So eager had been Sir John in his pursuit of knowledge," wrote Bernard, "that he had inspected every book in his collection, and wherever a passage pleased him, he tore out the leaf and thrust it into his pocket!"

That was a clever remark of an English essayist, who told us so many years ago that he had such a reverence for the wisdom folded up on his library shelves, that he considered the very perusal of the backs of his books "a discipline of humanity."

There are some household libraries which, once visited, can never be forgotten. R. W. has one, "filled to overflowing with delights." You cannot move about it anywhere and not be enchanted. There is scarcely an edition of any literary work worth

owning that cannot be discovered on his shelves, and if you have a year at your disposal it is none too long to spend in that "house of fame."

D's collection is a rare one, but he will insist on his telling you the cost of every set of books in his possession, and thus exasperate you with financial values when you only wish for literary estimates. What do I care how much he paid "in gold" for the bindings of his various Shakespeares? It is the "inspired leaves" we are after, and not the gilded glories on the outside!

Arrian tells us the Greeks thought it a calamity to die without having seen the Olympian Zeus, by Phidias, and D. has the same opinion of those unhappy mortals who are translated before they have handled his sumptuous Horace, in Hayday's magnificent morocco.

The biographer of Dickens (John Forster) had assembled a library worthy of himself, which is not unmeaning eulogy. It was full of what Lamb calls "Great Nature's Stereotypes," the "eterne" copies that can never grow stale or unproductive, and to have spent a day in it with the host for indicator, and Dickens for co-enthusiast, is a memory forever. Manuscripts of Goldsmith, Swift, Johnson, Sterne, Addison, Burke, Fielding, and Smollett, together with the original draughts of "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and a dozen other books from the same glowing hand and brain, were not to be handled without a thrill!

I once had the privilege of walking about in Wordsworth's library, and being shown by the poet himself many of the jewels it contained. I recall what I saw and heard with a kind of transport, even now, although it is more than twenty-five years since I stood beside the venerable author of "The Excursion," while he pointed out in the margins of his books what Coleridge, Lamb and Southey had written there.

Lord Houghton's library, also, is one of the most attractive in England, especially in poetry and autographs. Alexander Dyce, the editor of "Beaumont and Fletcher," had marvels to show me in his fine old book rooms in Gray's Inn, thirty years ago.

But perhaps the most interesting to me of all the private libraries I have ever seen in England, was the small collection of Charles and Mary Lamb, which Edward Moxon, the publisher, unlocked for me when I was first in England, before the books were dispersed, as they never ought to have been. Then and there I lovingly handled his Kit Marlowe, his Drayton, his Cowley, and his Burton! I remember how Moxon's whole family stood around that "Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess," and told stories of Lamb's enthusiasm over the book, a volume about which he has written, "No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."

One of the selectest household libraries in America has lately been left desolate. Our new minister to Spain leaves behind him a family of "literary magnificos," at Elmwood, not easily to be surpassed anywhere; and al-

though we are all proud of the call his country sends him to aid and honor her in the land of Cervantes, we lament the necessary absence which now renders it impossible for our beloved professor to give us, as his wonted address, "Among my Books." —From "Underbrush," by J. T. Fields.

## THE REVIEWER.

**GARTH.** A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Bressent," "Saxon Studies," etc. 1 vol., 8vo. Paper covers, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

This remarkable book, No. 17 in Appleton's Library of American Fiction, has received the highest praises from all critics, as one of the brightest and freshest books that has appeared for a long time. A good sketch of its heroine from the London Graphic is quite interesting in itself and furnishes a sample of the works. Madge is wise with the wisdom that cometh not from above, but is earthly and sensual—we must not finish the quotation by adding "devilish," for there is nothing fiend-like in the girl, who does but seek to enjoy in the only fashion she has it in her to conceive of enjoyment. At times she loves Garth, to whom she is betrothed, with passion; but what she loves in him is strength and manliness which fascinate her, and the occasional fierce outbursts which thrill her with delicious fear; the nobility of soul, the deep reverence, the aspirations after an ideal perfection that make up the real Garth she cannot reach up to, and so while despising her lover as a dreamer and an idler, she sometimes half-despises herself for what she feels is her inferiority in not comprehending him. "Garth," she says to him once, as he lies unconscious in delirium, "you suit me on the whole better than any one else. Why won't you be what I want you to be? But you won't, and if you did, I suppose it would spoil you somehow—how provoking! I love him for not being what he must be if I'm to marry him?" and again, "He is all that I admire in a man, but he is so much more besides that my part is crowded out of sight."

The same firm publish a series of Illustrated Guide Books comprising:

**HAND-BOOK OF SUMMER RESORTS;** with principal routes of travel. With 70 illustrations. Giving complete and exhaustive information upon all places of summer resort in the United States and Canada, excellently illustrated. An attractive and charming volume. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

**ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN CITIES;** comprising illustrated descriptions of the principal cities in the United States and Canada. With outlines of through routes, railway maps, and 73 illustrations. Uniform with "Hand-Book of Summer Resorts." Paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

**THE HUDSON RIVER ILLUSTRATED;** with 60 illustrations, executed in the best style of the art. Price 50 cents.

**NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED;** containing a description of the Principal points of interest. With 74 illustrations. Price 50 cents. These books are more than mere books for tourists; they are fully and beautifully illustrated, making handsome and useful volumes for the table or the library-shelf, and are remarkably low in price. For sale in Brattleboro by Cheney and Clapp, or mailed postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of price. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, N. Y.

**SORRENTO AND INLAID WORK;** by Arthur Hope. Price \$1.50. H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston.

Mr. Hope is evidently a veteran in the art of wood carving. He tells us that his first rude attempts at scroll-sawing were made twenty years ago with a roughly whittled saw frame, fitted with a blade made from a watch spring, in which "teeth few and far between had been unevenly and laboriously cut with a common file." The object of Mr. Hope's book is to furnish a manual for all who are interested in scroll sawing and carving, both beginners and experts, and with this in view, he has treated of every branch of the subject, from woods and their preparation on through the various branches, to overlaying, inlaying, silhouettes, etc. The book is illustrated with full page designs, many of them the choicest silhouettes, the designs alone, if bought at retail, amounting to more than the price of the book. We do not see how anything better than Mr. Hope's little volume could well be

prepared. It is remarkably explicit, and yet remarkably full in explaining and describing the very things that the amateur worker most wishes to know, and being himself an enthusiast, he can have little difficulty in awakening a corresponding interest in others. The chapters on overlaying and inlaying are the best we have ever seen on the subjects, and contain instruction to be found in no other form. Altogether Mr. Hope's book is a gem, and no amateur can afford to be without it.

**BEAUTIFUL EDITH; THE CHILD-WOMAN.** Loring, Publisher, Boston. 1877. pp. 306. Price, 50 cents.

This is a very charming English society novel, of the higher classes. English copies of it in Loring's circulating library became so popular with all readers, that an American edition, in the convenient size and popular price of Loring's Tales of the Day is sure to have a run. The London Messenger says: "We have no hesitation in placing 'Beautiful Edith' among the very best novels that have been issued for a long period."

**DRESS AND HEALTH, or How to be Strong.** A Book for Ladies, Montreal: John Dougal & Son, Publishers, price 30 cents.

This valuable essay on Dress Reform, contains a large amount of serviceable information upon a subject that just now is regarded of great importance by the fair sex. It shows up in its true light the evils resulting from the present mode of dress, pointing out where its errors can most easily be corrected without materially affecting its appearance and gives practical directions for making the reform garment.

**TWO KISSES,** by Major Hawley Smart, has a good plot, and is written with much charm of style. It is a story of middle class English life, well conceived, and gracefully elaborated. Its humor is fresh and refined, and its pathos unexaggerated. The book is excellent summer reading, and will please by both its interest and its vivacity. Published by A. K. Loring.

**DOT AND DIME** is another of the numerous company of juveniles that have come trooping into the world in the train of "Helen's Babies." The present is a variation in color, at least; for "Dot and Dime" are darkies, of the veritable race of "Topsy." Boston: Loring.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE:**—The illustrated papers in Lippincott's Magazine for September are "Among the Kabyles," by Edward C. Bruce, and "A Paduan Holiday," by Charlotte Adams, both well written, and the latter very bright and entertaining. An anonymous article on Madame Patterson-Bonaparte is likely to attract much attention. It is evidently the fruit of a personal intimacy with this remarkable woman, and contains many anecdotes, extracts from letters and diaries, and other details which will be found full of interest. Mr. Howard M. Jenkins recounts the Battle of Brandywine, apropos of its hundredth anniversary, with topographical descriptions and other particulars gathered by a close investigation. There is a short paper on "Our Blackbirds," and an amusing account of the Venetian playwriter, Carlo Gozzi. The stories include "A Summer Evening's Dream," by Edward Bellamy; "A Great Day," by Edmondo de Amicis; the conclusion of "The Marquis of Lossie," and several chapters of Mrs. Davis's new serial, "A Law unto Herself;" and there is the usual variety of poems and miscellaneous matter, all combining to make a very attractive number.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:**—The article by Hon. D. A. Wells in the September Atlantic is one of the most important essays ever written by this publicist. It treats of property, titles and debts, and of the question of their taxability; and assails the monstrous abuse of power by which the same property is frequently taxed in two States. Every man of means in the country will be interested in this masterly paper. The short stories of the Atlantic this year have all been remarkably striking for certain qualities that distinguish them from the tales of other magazines. But for the high standard maintained by the Atlantic in these matters Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's story in the July number would have been a literary event; and now in the September number appears another story of equal power. It is a painful but terribly faithful study of the life and career of a girl committed in childhood to the tender mercies of the Reform School. The Child of the State reads like fact. It is too sad not to be true.

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

QUARTETTE FOR LADIES' VOICES.

From Oratorio of "ELI."

Allegretto. *p*

No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice, This night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small  
 1st Alto. No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice, This night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small  
 2d Alto. voice, In a still, small voice. Thy God saith, they that fear Him, Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then sleep, to wake and  
 voice, In a still, small voice. Thy God saith, they that fear Him, Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then sleep, to wake and  
 hear Him, In a still, small voice. Then sleep, then sleep, to wake and hear Him, in a still, small  
 hear Him, In a still, small voice. Then sleep, then sleep, to wake and hear Him, in a still, small  
 voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice.....  
 voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice.....



## CANNING FRUIT.

**I**N ANSWER to several correspondents who have written for information about canning fruit, we give the following article from the Prairie Farmer containing general directions upon the subject, with special instructions for putting up those articles which require more than the simplest treatment.

The rich preserves of our grandmothers' days are, of late years, giving place in a large measure, to canned fruits. The latter very justly merit this preference, not only because they are more palatable, but also on account of their great economy and wholesomeness.

The provident housekeeper, will, during these days of abundance, and consequent cheapness, lay by a goodly store for future use. Canning a large amount of fruit will of course necessitate considerable labor at the time, the compensation for which will be fully realized during the balance of the year when the contents, upon the store room shelves, will furnish a pleasing variety to the family bill of fare, and oftentimes prove the saving of much culinary labor. If the stock laid up should be larger than is requisite, no harm ensues, as, if well done, it will keep for years, or can be readily sold.

The strict observance of a few general rules will insure success, and after one becomes thoroughly conversant with the *modus operandi*, it ceases to become a question, but remains a self-evident fact, that good fruit, put boiling hot into perfect cans, that are to be filled full and thoroughly sealed while the contents are still boiling hot—will be, when the can is opened, as fresh as when it was sealed.

First, then in consideration are the cans. If glass, they must be free from cracks or imperfection, the rubber close and firm, and the top in good working order; if tin, they are to be tested to prove that there are no leaks in the joining; and, if they have been used before, examined carefully to see that they are bright, and free from rust. All tin cans should be emptied as soon as opened, for the action of the air gives an unpleasant flavor to the contents. If the can be immediately cleansed, thoroughly dried, and set away beyond the reach of steam and dampness, it will be found in good condition when wanted for future use. All fruit should be kept in a cool, dry place, and glass jars must be set in a dark place, as well, or if that be impossible, wrap them with two or three thicknesses of paper to exclude the light, as the action of it causes them to lose color, and injures the flavor.

Although glass cans are perhaps the most economical in the end, as they can be used for years, for some things we prefer tin, especially for tomatoes. Of the many bushels that we have preserved in tin cans, none were aught

but perfect; of the small fraction we have put up in glass, though showing no sign of fermentation, not a particle was fit for use. We condemned the jars as being unreliable, but have since learned that crystals of citric acid are formed by the action of the light upon tomatoes, which renders them intensely sour. A reliable authority advises the packing of all vegetables in tin, but also says that tomatoes can be preserved in glass.

The tin cans we have always used are those in which the cap fits down, leaving a groove for the cement. This we prefer making ourselves, as that which comes in sticks is oftentimes porous and unreliable.

*To Can Peaches and Pears.*—Place upon the stove a large kettle of water, in which is dissolved a little concentrated lye. When it boils fill a perforated dipper almost full of ripe, but not soft peaches; pare the latter with a knife. Immerse the dipper in the lye, and when the peach skins become loosened—as they will almost immediately—remove them to a pan of cold water rinse well, slip off the skins, and lay the peaches in a sieve to drain. Have another kettle partly full of pure water: when it boils, place over it a steamer. In this lay a thin cloth; then fill two-thirds full of peaches, and cover tight. Steam for fifteen minutes; take out the fruit; loosen the pit at the stem end, and push it out—they must be free stones; large white ones are the best. Weigh the fruit if you wish to be accurate as regards sugar. We allow to peaches canned in this manner, half pound of sugar to one of fruit; less will answer. Make a thick syrup with a little water; drop in the peaches; let simmer for five minutes; fill each can a little more than half full of peaches, then fill brim full of boiling syrup, and seal immediately.

If the cans are tin, wipe the groove dry; place the cap in position, and press it closely down; wipe again to be sure there is no moisture in the groove; hold a fork or something on the cap to keep it firmly pressed down, meanwhile filling the groove with the cement—which must be boiling hot. If any bubbles arise it denotes the presence of air; prick them, and drop on a little more cement. If any glass jars are used, they can be either rolled in hot water to prevent their breaking, or, what is easier, and answers every purpose, place a folded towel in a pan; make it very wet with cold water; on this place the jar, and fill it to overflowing with fruit and syrup. Lose not an instant in placing the elastic in position, and then screw the top on as tightly as possible. As the glass cools, the top must be tightened until it can be moved no further.

Another method is to pare and halve the peaches—removing all the pits save a few to give flavor—then drop them into the boiling syrup, cook until tender and proceed as above. The quantity of sugar used can be governed by individual taste, the usual rule is about one-fourth of a pound of sugar to one of fruit.

It is of the utmost importance that the lye, for removing the skins should be boiling, and the water in which

they are plunged afterwards, cold and

fresh otherwise the peaches may turn dark. It is best to make only a small quantity of syrup at a time, as long boiling will render that dark also. Fruit that is just ripe, and perfectly fresh should be selected for canning; it can then be handled with ease, and the flavor is in its greatest perfection. It is useless to expect immature, overripe or unsound fruit will improve by long keeping. Pears must be neatly peeled—leaving on the stem—and cooked as soon as possible there-after, as standing will cause them to turn dark. They can be treated according to either of the foregoing methods, but will need a little longer cooking.

*To Can Plums.*—Wash them well, and prick each one with a large needle—otherwise they will burst. To a pound of sugar allow a small cup of water; as soon as the sugar melts so that it can be stirred, drop in enough plums to fill a glass jar, let them simmer for a few minutes, skim out into the jar, and fill to over-flowing with the boiling syrup. Seal at once. The syrup left will answer for the next jar.

*Cement for Tin Cans.*—Into a small saucepan—block tin is best—put one pound of resin, one-fourth pound gum shellac and two ounces of beeswax. Melt this, and mix well with an old iron spoon—both spoon and saucepan must be devoted to the purpose, for they will be useless for all others. When the cans are ready for sealing, pour a fine stream of hot cement from the spoon into the groove as directed. It is better to fill it only half full, and when all the cans are finished give each one an additional coating. Stick labels on the can with the wax while it is hot. In opening them crack the wax, and, with a pair of scissors or claw loosen a portion of it. Brush off the dust; pry up the lid and the balance of the wax will come off easily. Be careful that none of it falls into the fruit. Put the scraps of wax into the saucepan, and it will help towards sealing next season's cans.

## JOTTINGS HERE AND THERE.

## Number Two.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

As I stood at the ironing table, this warm, sultry, July morning, I wondered why I had never thought to tell you how that once much dreaded day had completely lost its terrors, and become a memory of the past. We have all blessed Dobbins' soap for robbing washing-day of hard rubbing and the back ache, but I have doubly blessed the invention for keeping a cool kitchen on a hot summer forenoon, while the ironing was going on. It is simply an oblong tin-cover to set over the irons. A great many use them, but I know there are many housekeepers who never saw or heard of them, and it is to them I want to say I value it more than any other article in the kitchen. It not only saves fuel, doing an ironing with about half that you would use without it; but of far more importance, it saves the woman who irons. My stove used to stand in a small kitchen, directly in the draft between the door and window, and how I used to shiver and grow faint with the heat, while I kept

that stove stuffed with wood, trying to keep my irons hot, while all the time the wind blowing through blew the heat away from the top of the stove and kept cooling the irons. I was almost in despair about my work. I was not strong and the ironings were too much for me. "Why don't you get your washings done?" neighbors would say. "They are nothing to the fatigue of ironing," I replied, "it is the heat that prostrates me."

I went visiting one day and saw one of these covers for the irons, and I had one before the week was out. Now, with all the doors and windows open, to get all the air I can, I iron away, perfectly easy about the irons, knowing if it should blow a small hurricane over the stove, they would keep piping hot under their cover, with only a little fire beneath. In fact, if you could have sat down a few minutes this morning in my large shed kitchen, with its windows shaded all over by vines, you would likely have remarked, as many another has done, "Why, are you ironing on that stove? it don't look as though it had any fire in it," and probably put out your hand to feel of its heat. Yes, that is just exactly what I was doing, and with the exception of the heat from the iron I was using, was just about as comfortable as if I had had no fire. There is one objection, you will say, it heats the handle as well as the rest of the iron. That is true, but I fold a piece of newspaper and use under my holder, and the heat does not penetrate that as it does cloth. The same paper will last for two or three ironings, and you might have more than one holder, so that when one felt warm use another till it cooled. Any tinner can make you a cover any size you want. Mine is just large enough to cover three irons, while I use the fourth. It is about the shape of an oblong bandbox turned upside down, of course without the lid. On top is a handle to lift it by similar to a pail handle. One made of sheet iron would be more durable, and would probably cost less than tin—not more than fifty cents. Do get one, and save yourself the over-heating of ironing day, and after you have tried it, you will wonder how you ever got along without one.

Two or three years ago, when from poor health I was unable to stand on my feet very long at a time, I learned when making a garment, to always give a thought to the ironing of it, and to trim it accordingly. I found that children's every-day clothes look about as well trimmed with a bias piece of the same, or the stripe of some other kind, as when ruffled, and they were so much easier laundered. Indeed, it saved so much time and strength that I have ever since made their clothes plainly, feeling it to be of far greater importance for a mother to be able to be with her children in the future years to come, than it is to wear out her body and temper while they are small, in fostering their vanity over ruffles and needless trimmings. I like to see children nicely dressed, and a clean, plainly made garment looks much better, in my opinion, than an over-trimmed soiled one that you have a child wear just half a day longer because you so dread the ironing. In

these days, when scarcely one woman in ten is free from some of the prevailing weaknesses of our sex, it behooves the mother who does her own work to look well to the saving of her steps. This may be done in many ways, if she will keep her mind on her work while she is doing it. If you are going into the kitchen, down cellar, or up stairs, on an errand, see if there is not something that you want to take along. There is just as much tact in doing housework with the least labor as in anything else. I have seen women run into the pantry or cellar half a dozen times in getting a meal, where if they had taken a second thought one trip would have answered just as well.

I have found it quite a good idea, when cutting out a new garment or tearing up an old one, if there were any scraps that I could get a carpet rag out of, if it was only six inches long, to cut it then and there, and have a sack, or something hanging in a closet or some convenient place nearby, ready to receive it. In that way one would often save a handful of rags that would otherwise be thrown into the paper rags as not worth stowing away to await the regular day for carpet rag cutting. I followed this method for more than a year, and was surprised and pleased to find when I got ready to actually go to work to make a carpet that I had ten pounds cut to begin on. I have crocheted several rugs out of bright flannel and delaine rags, that look as well as the braided ones, and are so much quicker made. They can be made any shape you like, round, square, or oval. My husband made me a large crochet needle from a stick of wood, the handle of which is about the size of a large lead pencil. I think they are prettier to have the center, or else a stripe of "hit and miss," than to have the whole rug composed of stripes each of which is of one color.

I had a letter recently from a friend in which she spoke of a new way of cleaning wall paper, that she had just tried during house-cleaning. She bought five cents worth of whiting, wrapped a piece of old flannel around a brush, dipped it in the whiting and rubbed the walls with it. Of course it would not take out grease spots, but it cleaned the paper so nicely it would last very well another year, whereas, before she tried it, she thought they would be compelled to re-paper.

Although I have been a housekeeper for several years, I have learned several little helps lately about cooking that may also be new to some others. I used to so dread cooking hominy, for it sticks so easily to the vessel, but put it in a small pail, and place that in the vessel with plenty of water around it, and you will be surprised to find it so much more nicely cooked, and it can't burn or stick. Rice served in the same way is even nicer yet, it can be cooked so dry. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of flour in your corn cakes and you will never be troubled with them sticking to the griddle, and when you are going to bake flapjacks, or pancakes, whichever you call them, see that the water in which you dissolve your soda is boiling hot, and I will guarantee they will be light. I found that out after a great deal of

experimenting, for in mixing them up at different times, in exactly the same way, sometimes they would be light and sometimes sticky, until one day after I had used boiling water I noticed they were light as a feather, and by following that rule they have never failed me since.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL:—I don't want even a corner of my *HOUSEHOLD* to get *blue*, so I have come to bring the ounce of prevention. Next month completes my first year as a subscriber to your excellent paper, and all the adjectives at my command, fail to express my appreciation of its merits, so I will just leave my one dollar and ten cents to insure its welcome visits another year, and with your permission, will step into the kitchen and see the sisters a few minutes.

First, I want to say to Ellen, that if you will take that bread out of the bake-tins as soon as it comes from the oven, and rub a little butter over the top, and sides too, if you wish, just enough to moisten it, and let it stand till cool, you will find the crust will be very tender, and will have such a nice, rich appearance, that you will not care if it does crust a little next time.

I wonder if any one would like to know how I made a nice brush to clean our lamp-chimneys with? I had been making a tidy on java canvas and saved the strands pulled out in making the fringe, and laid it all out straight on the table, then I made a handle about ten inches long, smoothed it nicely with sandpaper, and cut a deep notch all round it about a half inch from the end, then laid three small bunches of the strands across the notch, so that the middle of the strands came across the notch, and tied a twine string firmly over them around the notch, then laid three or four more bunches on and wound them around, and so on till the notch was filled; then tied the two ends of the twine together, shook the strands down over it, and tied a string round the top to hang it up by. We like it better than those they have at the stores. We wash our chimneys in hot soap-suds, rinse in clear water, rinse the brush, and wring it out, and wipe them inside and out, and set them in the sun to dry, they always look clear and bright.

I agree with *Economist* in her remarks about using tools. I can say from experience, that a little ingenuity in that direction more than pays the cost of the tools, in carpenter's bills, and by being able to do little trifling jobs yourself, just when they are needed, prevents many of those little words or acts of impatience, of which we all need to be so careful, where there are little eyes and ears wide open, and little hearts constantly being impressed, for good or evil, by the acts of those around them. Our cellar door has bothered us lately, by sticking at the bottom, so this morning we took it off the hinges, and filed off where it bound, with a coarse file, being careful to hold the file flat, so as not to file one edge more than the other, and had it back on the hinges, working nicely, in half the time it

would have taken to go for a carpenter, and perhaps be told he hadn't time to attend to such trifles. I always keep a box sitting round in the pantry handy, to hold nails, screws, tacks, pieces of wire, etc., so when the pin that held the door-knob on came out and got lost, it was only a few minutes' work to bring out my box, find a piece of wire, cut it off the right length with a file, and after fitting the knob on so that the holes would come opposite, put the wire through and head each end down neatly, by holding a piece of iron on one end and pounding the other. A soldering iron and solder keeps our kettles and pans in use much longer than we could afford to have the tin-man do it. Then I have a glue lamp, and the legs and rounds of chairs are fastened in, as soon as they become loosened, before some other part breaks for the want of a firm support. Books, pictures, statuettes, etc., are pleasant witnesses to the pennies saved in this way, for you know the old saying is, if you take care of the pennies, the dollars will take care of themselves. Sister says we could not keep house without my "tool chest," and that it is fully appreciated by the little folks of the family, is shown when the fragments of some cherished toy are gathered carefully up, and happy smiles take the place of tears at the thought that "Auntie can mend it."

I wanted to say something about fancy work, but have talked too long already, and if I don't stop the next thing I shall know I shall be floundering round in that old waste basket, so I will just ask Stella to tell us how to make pictures in imitation of frost work, as she promised, and slip out the back door and take a stroll across the meadow home. INO WARE.

MR. CROWELL:—THE *HOUSEHOLD* for August is just what I wanted, and never was more welcome; the directions for pickling cucumbers without the trouble of packing in brine and soaking was just what I wanted. I had tasted some kept all last winter so, and wished to have the recipe, so thanks, from one, at least, for it. One thing has occurred to me often, and that is, that so seldom the recipe just hit the season. For example, this August number contains one for sausages that would have been seasonable in November, and lots of recipes for lemon pies, but not one word about berry puddings or pies. We, in the Middle States, are having plenty of blackberries and whortleberries and indulge freely in pies, boiled puddings, mush and berries with cream and sugar. I'd be glad to know Dr. Hannaford's opinion of the effects of berries; some contend that they are not wholesome—are constipating—others that they have an opposite effect. This has been my experience with my children at least. I know a lady who puts all her berry jams through a hair sieve; it is very nice, too, but too much trouble for the quantity I make. For mush I stew, say two quarts of berries, all smooth, then sweeten and thicken at once with flour or cornstarch, stirring till there are no lumps; when cold it is stiff and eaten with granulated sugar and cream; very palatable either for dinner or tea des-

sert. I've been canning blackberries to-day, and for these use my oldest glass cans, some with corks to fit in the top, over which I pour calcined plaster mixed with water to the consistency of thick cream; it is so much easier applied than rosin and beeswax, and if any gets into the fruit can be removed without leaving any taste, and hardens quickly, so one can turn the jar upside down to see if it leaks and apply more if it does. I always test my cans in this way; if they do not leak I infer that they are air tight.

ROSAMOND E.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*:—I often take flour and meal, equal parts, for pan-cakes. When they are taken up nothing should be put on them to press them together. I use a steamer to put them in.

I use an ordinary corn-popper for browning coffee. I think best to brown coffee till it looks shiny. Shake the popper well. Use a little cold water for settling coffee when it is ready for the table. Scalding the milk makes the coffee richer.

For comfortables, I take cheap cotton cloth, color it with cutch, sumac-bobs, or hemlock, and tie with knitting-cotton. They are cheap and durable.

If I have a batch of sour emptyings (salt-rising) I add some soda and shortening and make a nice batch of biscuit or cookies. More shortening is required for cookies than for the biscuit. If bread sours, soak it in some milk and treat it in the same way as the emptyings.

Save dollars every year by getting a half pound of dark glue, soak it in water till it dissolves, add good vinegar to keep it, and then mend your own furniture, etc. I apply with a small brush, clean the brush, if you use one, after using.

If the glue becomes too thick, add vinegar, if too thin, let it evaporate. Enough glue to last most families a year or two can be prepared at a total cost of fifteen cents. AUNT LAURA.

MR. CROWELL:—As I was making out my list to send to you this year, the thought came to me, that I might contribute my mite to our paper, if you did not object.

I have been a constant reader of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for the past five years, and I have often thought I should like to reply to some of the many questions asked through its columns; yet, as I do not hold the pen of a ready writer, I have hesitated, knowing there were so many that could do it so much better than I. Now I come knocking, wondering if *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band will admit such a weak one, into its charmed circle.

I would like to tell them all, how much I have enjoyed reading their letters. The sad, and sorrowful, with their burdens of care and heart grief, longing to comfort them if I only could. Again I find hopeful and sunny ones; each one expressing their own individuality, and they send us off dreaming, that after all "Life is what we make it."

Even Tom, has my hearty sympathy. Here I smile all to myself, and go to speculating how that house can look, that has only an old bachelor who

performs all the household duties to look after it. No woman's dainty fingers to put the finishing touches here and there, that give an air of refinement to the thousand and one graceful things, that are needed to make a house what it should be in every sense of the word, a home.

In the June number, Betsy Jane, asks for a way that is not tedious and tearful of preparing horseradish for the table. I do not know as I can mitigate the laborious, but how to avoid the tearful part I can. If she will take it out where the wind blows to grate. I think she will find no trouble with the tears.

I would like to ask why it is necessary to roll shortening into pie crust in order to make it flaky. At least I see many think so. I find no trouble in making it flaky, if I do not roll it in. Simply do not mix it, there is where the trouble lies. A fork is the best thing to use in drawing the dough together, as one cannot mix it then, mixing causes the toughness. It really distresses me to see one stand and mold pie crust, as I have seen some people do, as though it were a loaf of bread, for I know the inevitable result, an unwholesome mess not fit for any one to eat.

I have chatted much longer than I thought when I commenced, but it is said there is no end to a woman's tongue, and mayhap they will be saying so of her pen, if I do not soon stop. If our kind editor does not reject this, perhaps I may come again.

LOU.

MR. EDITOR:—In the April number I observed an inquiry in regard to washing blankets. My recipe is new in comparison with our grandmother's style. It is as follows: For one pair of large blankets, use one pint of soap and one ounce of borax dissolved together; rub this on the blankets, and put to soak in a tub of cold soft water over night. Have ready in the morning two tubs of cold, soft, blued water, dip the blankets up and down in the water they were soaked in, then without wringing put them in the blue water, going through the same process, and hang immediately in the sun. Do not wring or rub them.

I can sympathize with Mother of Pearl, in March number, in her inquiry to learn a remedy for moth or liver spots on the face. I looked anxiously in the April number for a remedy, but was disappointed. We hope some one does know how to eradicate them and will inform us. I have tried every simple remedy without effect.

ANXIOUS SISTER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received very many good hints through THE HOUSEHOLD, and still I never thought that I, being a young house-keeper, could say anything to benefit any of the Band at all, until a few days ago, a friend who is visiting me from the east, and knows how much I enjoy your good paper, said to me, "You ought to send your recipe for making your oil cloth look so nice to THE HOUSEHOLD. I'm sure it looks nicer than if washed in milk," and I think so to, for I have tried both, and this is an original idea of my own, so far as I know. I take oil, any soft oil

which is not too thick, pour a little on a woolen cloth and rub my oil-cloths as often as they get dirty and need cleaning. I never put any water on them as it makes them look dull and old, this keeps them bright and new. If you have no oil you can use lard, by warming it a little and rubbing it well into the flannel cloth.

And now I want to tell E. E. who wrote such a touching letter in the March number, how much I sympathize with you, and how for a moment my tears fall for you as I read. My dear husband and myself thought our hearts would break, when last summer we lost our only darling baby—a sweet little girl, two years old, but I am often so thankful that we have each other left. I sincerely hope you know where to look for the comfort you need, and that you have the sweet hope of one day meeting them all—O, so joyfully—on the other shore. May our dear Father comfort you, and help you to lean your poor, tired, aching heart on His loving breast is the prayer of your HOUSEHOLD sister.

E. M.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been silent for a long time, may I not be admitted? I often think of you all, and as I read your letters, often sit and dream over them and wonder if all don't have their troubles and trials as well as I. We are apt to forget the precious promise, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

My letter is addressed more particularly to those getting up a cabinet. I have nice specimens of mica, quartz, beryl and hornblende. I am anxious to have a large variety, therefore if some one will have the kindness to send me some curiosity I will send them some of the specimens here, which are beautiful, especially rose quartz. I will tell you about the mica ledge in my next letter. Please address,

Wilmot, N. H. LILLIAN.

No, it isn't there! That little loving message from some sympathizing friend for which I've hoped, and looked so long. Again I've been searching through the columns of our dear paper, and again I've looked in vain for that friendly word addressed expressly to myself. Nearly a year ago I knocked at your door and the kind editor gave me admittance. Long I had waited just outside, wishing to enter and yet feeling timid about appearing in so large a company. What a bound my heart gave when I found myself really in your very midst. Of course you were engaged in your work or in discussing household cares, or other subjects, more or less important, but, believing that there were among you some loving and true hearts interested in the trials, as well as the joys, of others, I ventured to speak.

It wasn't much that I said, but I think you would understand that I was not in possession of full health and strength.

Though I didn't tell you exactly what my trials were, still I hoped you would notice that I wanted sympathy and a little help. Hoped you would at least tell me that I might be from that time, one of your number. In-

stead of a welcome, however, I saw not an eye turned toward me, I heard not a word addressed to me. But I didn't take offence. This is what I've done; I've just quietly slipped away, and, after waiting these months, I come again, bearing a new name, and, thinking that you may never recognize in me the same person who then sought your friendship, I ask to-day if I may be in reality a member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. I still believe you to be

friendly toward those in need of friendship—and who is not in need of it? I don't believe you turned from me before with intentional coldness, but for reasons of my own, I'd rather come as another than as the one who visited you that day. I may be no less in need of help than then, but I think I feel stronger to do, to work, than then, perhaps. New scenes have opened before me, and I'm now planning a future somewhat different from that which one year ago I saw in imagination before me. And yet how uncertain is that future. 'Tis known to but One. Our plans may fail, but in their failure, in the fading of our dreams, amid the oft-changing scenes of our life, isn't it a comfort, yes, a joy, to know that all things are in the hands of that One whose right it is to rule, and whose pleasure it is to make all things work together for good to those who love Him?

And if we sometimes stand in the midst of a much-prized castle, and find that it was filled with air, and, despite our care of it, had in its frailty, burst, leaving us to take up reality once more, what else can make us so strong as the thought that He knows all, and knowing, also cares, and with wisdom far beyond our own, overrules all for our best good? Who of us has not stood in just such a place, beholding all around us the wreck of bright and treasured day dreams?

And so knowing little, but hoping much of the future, I come to tell how much pleasure and real benefit I have found in your letters of counsel and love, and in the good writings from Mrs. Dorr, which add much to the worth of our paper, and ask once more if you will receive and remember as a sister, young, but loving and earnest,

AGGIE VAN CHESTER.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I have been a silent reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for months, and since looking through the March number, feel as though I must say just one word to express our appreciation of THE HOUSEHOLD, (I say we, for my husband seems as ready to welcome it as I am.) How you can print such music as you do for the price you charge for the paper, is a mystery.

I wish I could shake the hand of Mrs. Dorr, (and some others too,) but I feel she is doing a noble work and may God bless her labors for much good. She takes up points long neglected by others; but so much needed. I think many a motherless one (like myself,) will envy the real Alice.

Thompsonville, Ct. A. H. K.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Some time since, some one said through THE HOUSEHOLD that she was sorry, there was not more religion in its columns. Of the religion of the present day, we

have a great deal in various ways. I am inclined to think we have enough, perhaps too much, but of true Christianity we cannot have too much, we all need more, I care not how much we have. While we live in this world of sin and sorrow there is such a draft on our Christian graces that we need to draw largely from the great source, constantly and unceasingly, to give us strength to struggle on and not fall out by the way.

I know of no sheet of any kind that teaches more true Christianity than does THE HOUSEHOLD. It is full of encouragement and sympathy for all, and every sorrow that we poor mortals are heir to. It comes with words of comfort to every aching heart that looks to it for consolation. Through its columns we learn of others' sorrows and disappointments, and learn to take up the thread of life with greater Christian patience, always thinking that there are other hearts that bleed. I think for one that THE HOUSEHOLD is doing a truly Christian work.

C. C. B.

Elyria, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—Do you ever draw your hand across your forehead, while an impatient "Oh! dear," comes from your pursed up lips as a fresh supply of letters are handed you for perusal?

I do not think Minnesota has been represented in your columns, if it has I have failed to see the contribution, so will send a few words from our beautiful state.

I am an unmarried woman, but take great delight in reading THE HOUSEHOLD, which was one of the gifts I received last Christmas-time, and I assure my dear thoughtful aunt she could not have pleased me more. The Letters to Alice, are so true and earnest. I read them many times while waiting the coming of another months number.

I wish some one would write a series of letters to young ladies and old maids. I think we need something to stir us up, and keep us from sinking into a humdrum sort of existence, caring for naught but our own welfare, and I really think that unmarried woman are usually selfish, for they are not called upon to make any of those little sacrifices which are so necessary to keep them unselfish, they do not exert themselves to find a useful sphere of labor, but stand like Macawber, "waiting for something to turn up." Self judgment, etc.

Well, well, I thought only to say a few words to Helen M. W., on the subject of instrumental music, and have written quite a lengthy epistle, adding to the cares of Mr. Crowell; but this is my first attempt, and in the future should an opportunity present itself, will do better. I love music dearly, and have a large collection of both instrumental and vocal. My special favorites are, Last Rose of Summer, Berg; Home Sweet Home, Thalberg; Les Fetes des Fees, Warren; Grand Marche de Concert, Wollenhaupt; and Somnambula, Lybach. These are the ones I learned to play without the music. Musicians always find ample room in which to display whatever talent they may have, and I think it is necessary to have some

pieces which can be played without the usual "Thank you, but I never play without my notes." I hate it, I wont be teased, neither will I tease others.

Will some musician explain to me how one is to teach people who wish only to learn the chords, that they may be able to accompany voices? Can it be done without some knowledge of thorough base? I have been asked so many times to teach in this way by persons who have no natural talent, to assist them. If some of the sisters will answer some of these questions they will greatly oblige

Austin, Minn. LETTIE E. J.

SUMMER FOODS.

When the mercury stands at ninety degrees in the shade, the body requires but little fuel to keep the blood at its normal heat of ninety-eight degrees. Therefore, we eat less heat-producing food in summer than we do in winter. The wastes of nerve and muscular tissues must be preserved, so that the body's strength may be kept; but care should be taken against overheating. A writer in the New York Tribune thus discourses to the housekeeper about the way to feed the different members of the family:

Suppose she has a half dozen hungry farm laborers to feed, she will not give them chicken croquettes, tongue sandwiches and ice cream, for this would not feed them. She would rather place before them corned beef, well done, cabbage, onions, beans, potatoes, buttermilk and bread and butter.

In the corned beef they would have for every hundred grains eaten, fifteen grains of nitrogen, which would go at once to repair muscular waste; in cabbage every hundred parts would give them four parts of nitrogen; in onions they would have five parts of nitrogen in every hundred parts; in beans about the same, and in potatoes both nitrogen and potash, though in smaller proportions.

The buttermilk, besides affording a cooling acid, is a refreshing beverage, since every constituent of milk but the fatty part is present in it. A piece of apple pie would fitly close the repast.

But such a meal would not suit the brain-worker; it is too hearty, and makes larger demands on the digestive organs than would be agreeable to him.

For him the food should be at once lighter and more concentrated—a cupful of nutritious soup, a piece of juicy meat (fish, flesh or fowl), a baked potato, eggs, bread and butter, fruit, with some light dessert without pastry; this would permit him, after a short interval, to resume his work without heaviness.

In the summer time fruits and vegetables naturally form a large part of our diet. When neither under-ripe nor over-ripe, nothing can be more wholesome than fruit. But there are no articles of food more deranging to the system than unripe fruit, or that verging on decay, in which the fermentations of decomposition have begun.

So far as possible, fruit should be eaten without sugar. Sugar is carbon in a saccharine garb, and carbon is heat. Curds are very delightful and

nutritious articles of food. For breakfast on a sultry morning in June or July, nothing can exceed a cream cheese for delicacy and satisfaction.

The habit once formed of eating cold dishes in summer, and the American idea that every meal must taste of the fire being discarded, large comfort ensues to the cook and the eater no less. Cold tea and cold coffee, if rightly made and cooled, are as refreshing and stimulating as the same beverages at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit.

Cold meats are as nutritious as warm meats, and many vegetables are as palatable when they have been half a day from the fire as when first cooked. Salads of all kind are especially grateful in warm weather, and should form a part of every dinner.

RULES FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.

Housekeepers may have their private opinion in regard to men knowing anything about bread making, still we think Dr. Holbrook, offers some good hints on the subject in the following:

With good flour, a good, sensible, interested cook, we can be pretty sure of good, wholesome bread. Yeast bread is considered the standard bread, and is perhaps, more generally found on every table than any other kind. Hence it is important to know how to make good, sweet, wholesome, yeast bread. Good flour is the first indispensable, then good, lively yeast, either yeast cakes or bottled; the former is preferable in all respects.

Then, of course, there must be the proper materials to work with. A bread bowl or pan—the pan is easiest kept clean—a stone or earthen jar for setting the sponge; a sieve—flour should always be sifted before making bread of any kind; first, to be sure that it is perfectly clean, secondly, sifting enlivens and aerates the flour, and makes both mixing and rising easier and quicker; a woolen blanket to keep the dough of even temperature while rising; baking pans, deep and shallow, a large, strong, spoon for stirring, and a little melted suet or fresh butter for oiling the pans; never use poor butter.

If you want shortening, rich milk or cream scalded and cooled will answer the purpose and be most wholesome. But thorough kneading is better still, and should always be done effectually. Scalding a portion of the flour makes a sweeter bread and speeds the work. Water, milk, or butter—milk may be poured boiling hot on a quart or two of the flour, stirring well, and cooling to a moderate temperature before adding the yeast—this makes the sponge. Scalded flour always makes a little darker bread, unless we use buttermilk, which makes a rich creamy white bread. Yeast is fermented flour or meal—the first stages of decomposition or decay.

Understanding it, every baker will comprehend the necessity of regulating the extent of the fermentation with the greatest care; for a sponge or bread fermented or "raised" too long, is decomposing, spoiling—actually rotting! This is the language of an experienced English baker to us

only a few days ago, during a talk about the delicate, foamy loaves "yeasted to death," which so many families are eating and calling "the staff of life," quite discarding the firm, sweet, substantial, home-made loaf which our mothers and grandmothers kneaded with their own skilled hands.

Bread-making should stand at the head of domestic accomplishments since the health and happiness of the family depend incalculably upon good bread; there comes a time in every true thoughtful woman's experience when she can make nice, sweet loaves, free from soda, alum, and other injurious ingredients, or an earnest regret that she neglected or was so unfortunate as not to have been taught at least what are the requisites of good bread-making.

ECONOMIZING STEPS.

A large part of the weariness of housework comes from the number of steps required of the housekeeper while performing it. The going up and down stairs, the vibrations between the kitchen, dining room, cellar, and other parts of the house, wear out the strength quite as much as all other tasks combined. Hence such concentration of resources as will give the housekeeper the advantage of position, and the easy command of every point to be covered, is of the utmost importance. If she can find in her laundry everything necessary for washing and ironing, the work is comparatively easy. If she can find in her pantry every requisite for compounding bread, pastry, cake, and have no occasion to run here and there to get things together and put them away again, her task will seem light.

If in her sewing-room she can put her hand on everything required by the seamstress, without the perplexity and trouble of hunting up linings, thread, buttons, braid, that task will be robbed of half its weariness. But comparatively few houses have been planned with reference to this saving of steps. The majority of families have no special room fitted up as a laundry, no pantry capacious enough to contain everything a pantry should contain; no sewing room set apart for that sole purpose; and articles needed in these various industries are necessarily scattered, and kept where it is most convenient to keep them. The washing utensils are usually kept in the cellar and must be brought into the kitchen and carried back again.

The sewing machine stands not far from the cook stove, so the woman who does her own work can have an oversight of the cooking while busy at the machine, but her materials for sewing can not all be within reach. Yet, by using her brains as much as she does her feet, she may save the latter many an unnecessary trip. If she must go down cellar for anything, let her pause a moment before starting and see if there is not something to be carried down, or if there is any errand that may be attended to other than the special one she goes on. If she has occasion to go up stairs, let her consider how much that is to be done she can accomplish with once going there, and so of everything else.

A great deal can be done by planning work to make it easy. She who has arranged in her mind a little programme of her work, and goes at it systematically, will accomplish with half the fatigue, what, taken at random, might be entirely beyond her strength. Children can be trained so as to save their mother's steps, and by setting and clearing away tables, putting their own toys and belongings in place, do very much to lighten the toils of their mothers.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A HINT TO MEAT DEALERS.

We clip the following timely suggestion from a western exchange, and recommend it to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

A day or two ago we stepped into a small meat market (one of the neatest, by the way, in St. Louis) and called for some fresh sausage. The amount called for was weighed out, completely dusted over with meal and wrapped up in paper, and when we arrived home it was in nice shape and did not adhere to the paper. The idea was too good to keep and we give it to our readers. The common flour box or duster is used, and that is a thing which should be in every household. It is a cheap tin box, to hold about a pound, with the top perforated with small holes. The lid, of course, is removed at will for the purpose of filling the box. What housekeeper has not been vexed in pulling paper from beef and other meat that had been wrapped in it?

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BREAKFAST RELISH.—To one well beaten egg add one spoonful of sweet milk, and fry in a buttered spider, rolling up as it cooks. They look much better cooked separately, and are very nice. Season when done.

LENA.

COCONUT CANDY.—One pound of white sugar, one finely grated coconut, one-half cup of water. Grate the coconut the day before and spread on plates to dry, when it is dry boil the sugar and water until it hardens when dropped in cold water, then stir in the nut and allow to boil up once only, then pour out on greased plates.

MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, two eggs, one-half teacup of butter, one teacup of good yeast, one tablespoonful of sugar, and flour enough to make a stiff batter so it will drop from the spoon. Allow to rise a few hours.

A. R.

Elk Mills, Pa.

GINGER CAKES.—One and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of rich sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, and ginger. Mix a little stiff, and drop with a spoon into pan.

Hardwick, Mass. AUNT DOSIA.

CIDER CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of cider, one teaspoonful of soda, spice and raisins.

L.

GINGER CAKE.—If T. A. M. will try the following recipe for ginger cakes I think she will find it satisfactory. Two cups of molasses, one-half cup of water or milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonsfuls of saleratus, one teaspoonful of pulverized alum, butter the size of an egg, and flour to roll out. Be careful and not bake too much.

Keene, N. H.

MRS. F. C. F.

GRAHAM CAKES.—Take a piece of raised dough about the size of a coffee cup, put in one quart of sweet milk, beat it up smooth, then add graham enough to make a stiff bat-

ter, then put in your gem pans for breakfast and put the rest in a loaf for bread. You have something very nice if done right.

CREAM PIE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs; separate your eggs, beat them lightly, then add the flour, and one heaping teaspoonful of Congress yeast powder.

Filling.—One pint of milk, put it on the stove, and when it comes to a boil add a heaping cooking-spoonful of flour wet in a little cold milk and two well beaten eggs; when cold add about half a cup of sugar, or a little more. It should be quite thick to lay nice in the pie.

H. A. N.

SAGO CREAM.—In one quart of milk boil three tablespoonfuls of sago until well swollen, then add three-fourths cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. When done flavor with vanilla. When cold add the well beaten whites of three eggs, sweetened with a little sugar. To be eaten cold.

COM.  
MRS. A. B. C.  
Pellsville, Ill.

DUMPLINGS.—In answer to a request for making light dumplings for soup, Mrs. G. E. S. says: Mix exactly as for cream of tartar biscuit, cut out the same, and boil in the soup. I would like to ask her her recipe for cream of tartar biscuit. Our recipe for dumplings is as follows: One pint of fresh buttermilk, one half teaspoonful each of soda and salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; dip them out with a spoon into the soup, and be careful and not let them boil too long. If these directions are properly followed they will make very nice dumplings.

DOT.

ELECTION CAKE.—One pint of new milk, one cup of yeast, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, and a little cinnamon, mix all together stiff, and let it stand over night. In the morning, when raised, pour into a pan to rise again, then bake.

LELIA.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of corn meal, one pint of rye meal, two-thirds cup of molasses, one large spoonful of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little warm water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, mix well with warm water, quite soft, and steam three hours. Put in the oven fifteen minutes and brown.

A. A. A.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD I saw a wish for a recipe for fruit cake. I have one given me by a lady who made her wedding cake from it. This is the recipe:

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of milk, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, five eggs, one-half spoonful of soda, salt, nutmeg, clove, currants, raisins, and citron. This makes two loaves and keeps well.

C.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, cover it with luke-warm water, soak two or three hours; one quart of milk, let it boil; three eggs, one cup of sugar, beat it; stir the tapioca in the milk, then the eggs and sugar, and let it boil. Flavor with vanilla when cold.

MRS. M. E. M.  
Nepson, Mass.

GERMAN BUSCUIT.—For a large tin take four cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and enough flour to make like common biscuit, then roll out until it is about one-fourth of an inch thick; now spread butter over it, then sprinkle plenty of sugar over it, and roll it as you would jell cake, then cut off the size of biscuit. Bake in a quick oven.

J. E. W.

RUSSIAN CREAM.—One-half box of Cox's gelatine, one quart of milk, four eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar. Cover the gelatine with cold water and let it stand fifteen minutes; beat the yolks of the eggs and stir into the gelatine, and pour into the milk

and sugar just before boiling. Boil till thickened. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the mixture when quite cool. Flavor with one tablespoonful of vanilla. Let this stand over night and it will be ready for use.

E.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One crate of peaches, four quarts of vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar, one-half pound of stick cinnamon. Rub the peaches with a dry towel to remove the down, place them in a steamer and steam them until they can be easily punctured with a straw. Boil together the vinegar, sugar and cinnamon until it is quite like syrup, then pour it hot over the hot peaches and cover closely. I keep mine in a stone jar. I would say that it takes but a few minutes to steam the peaches, while it takes some time to boil down the vinegar and sugar.

Lynn, Mass.

LAMB.

RAISIN PIE.—Take one pound of raisins, turn over them one quart of boiling water, so that there will be a quart when done, grate the rind of one lemon into one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, mix well together, turn the raisins over the mixture, stirring the while. This makes three pies. Bake with crusts as other pies.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a buttered mould, turn out upon a dish, cut in slices, and eat with liquid sauce. This is a simple but very nice pudding.

Sauce for Cottage Pudding.—One cup of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, stir together in an earthen dish until white, then put into a saucepan with a teacupful of hot water, and set on the stove, stir steadily until it boils, then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, pour into a sauce tureen and grate nutmeg over it.

COCONUT CAKE.—Two cups of powdered sugar, one-half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake as for jelly cake.

Filling for Cake.—One grated coconut, to one-half of this add whites of three eggs beaten to a froth and one cup of powdered sugar, and lay this between the layers; mix with the other half of the grated coconut four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and strew thickly on top of the cake.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have seen several recipes for lemon pies, but thinking mine extra nice, will give it if it is not trespassing too much.

LEMON PIES.—One lemon, one cup of water, one cup of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and five eggs. Squeeze out the juice from the lemon, add to it the water, sugar and flour, (mix the flour in a little of the water first,) save out the whites of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar for frosting, to be spread on the pies after they are done, then set in the oven and brown slightly. This will make two pies.

Ventura, Cal.

MRS. K. P. G.

POP OVERS.—One cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, and a pinch of salt. Pour into gem pans when they are very hot. No soda or cream of tartar.

MRS. J. H. M.

Orange, California.

CITRON PRESERVES.—Take two good sized citrons and cut in halves, (they are solid,) then cut in slices half an inch thick all round the halves, shake and pick out all the seed, pare, and cut into pieces to suit; weigh them, put in a stone jar or crook, make a weak salt brine to cover them, and let them stand all night. The next morning pour them in your flour sieve to drain, pour some fresh water over them to wash the salt off; have enough water in your preserving kettle to cover them in which you have one heaping teaspoonful of alum, put in your citron and boil one hour. While they are boiling take one and one-half tablespoonfuls of ginger, tie in a cloth and pour over it one quart of boiling water, let it boil as long as the citron does, and when they have boiled an hour pour into

your sieve. Wipe your kettle dry, pour your ginger water in, weigh your sugar and put it in, boil until it is all dissolved and clear, then put in your citron and boil two hours. The citron will be firm and perfectly transparent.

MRS. E. C. S.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Anna A. asks for a recipe for apple dumplings. There are various ways. I know of four. The good old way of grandmother was to take a quart of flour, with nice sour milk or buttermilk for wetting, with pearl ash enough to sweeten, mix a little harder than for biscuit, have apples previously pared, quartered and cored, roll out the dough either in biscuit form or in one ball, placing the apple neatly on the dough, rolling up in a ball or biscuit form. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, with an old plate or saucer at the bottom of the kettle; have a large bag wet and floured inside, put in the dough, tie loosely so it may swell, and boil an hour. Eat with sauce.

JANE.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Take one or two eggs, beat as for cake; take some crackers and roll fine; dip the oysters in the egg, then roll them in the cracker, and fry in hot butter or butter and lard. Fry brown. This is the way they fry them at the seaside hotels.

MRS. R. A. D.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please send me a recipe for a steamed pudding.

FANNY.

I would like to ask some one through THE HOUSEHOLD how to color cotton a canary?

J. E. W.

Can any one tell me what to put upon the earth in plant crocks, to destroy the small white worms in the earth?

LELIA.

Will some of the sisters be kind enough to give me directions through THE HOUSEHOLD for making a pretty lamp mat? how to take grease out of bureau drawers? which is the best for icing, isinglass or gelatine, and what shall I put in the gelatine to make it a clear white? Can any one send me a good recipe for pickling nasturtiums?

A. R.

Elk Mills, Pa.

I have read of such a dish as junket, for dessert; what is it and how made?

MRS. L. BENSON.

I would like to ask you for a recipe to make succotash out of old beans and corn, also with new beans and corn.

MRS. A. E. G.

Will some one please give me a recipe for making nice tea rusks? also good graham bread, not the dry kind, but moist and tender?

MRS. J. M. B.

Will some one please furnish a good recipe for waffles? I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD two years and have never seen a recipe published for making them.

AMATEUR HOUSEKEEPER.

I would like to ask, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, for recipes for cake in which I can use baking powder, instead of soda and cream of tartar. Also in recipes already given, since 1877, how much baking powder ought to be used in place of "one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar?"

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR:—Some one wishes to know how to clean lamp chimneys so they will shine, and another suggests hot soap suds. My way is this: I get my chimneys and a clean cloth (old calico preferred) that doesn't lint, and sit down, in the rocking chair if I can get it. There is so much hard work to be done in a farmer's home, that I believe in working and resting at the same time, if convenient, as the above is. But to proceed with my work. I dampen the glass thoroughly by breathing on it inside and out, then rub and polish with the cloth till it shines to suit the most fastidious. Then again, they do not break so easily when heated, as they do when immersed in water.

Before we cleaned them in the way I have told, it seemed as though our chimneys cost nearly as much as the oil, so many would break while hot. Such is very seldom the case now. I have made my letter

longer than I intended, but THE HOUSEHOLD is a friend, not a stranger, so it doesn't matter much.

CLARA M.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to inform the correspondent who inquired for the best thing for moth patches on the face, that lemon juice will remove them. I knew of a lady who was cured of liver trouble and moth patches on the face by simply eating two or three lemons a day and rubbing some of the juice on the spots on the face.

E. C.

If Marian E. will put her mince meat on the stove and cook it a little after it is prepared for baking, she will find it will keep all winter in a dry cool place.

MRS. H.

MR. CROWELL:—Your correspondent can keep her Russia iron bright with dry stove-polish. If spots are to be removed, wet them, then rub with dry powder. Tell her, if you please, "If at first she don't succeed, try, try again."

If you wish, you can tell her how to make braided doughnuts (or crullers). Two spoonfuls of melted butter, two spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and one egg, spiced with cinnamon and nutmeg. This is all but the flour, and use as much as she can stir in of that. So says Aunt Em, or

MARY H. H.

Will some of the kind sisters please give me a reliable method for starching collars and cuffs, which will insure stiffness. I am not able to make them (in starching) as stiff as I wish.

Do all the sisters have fresh crackers for breakfast? By heating cold ones in the oven for a few minutes, they are warm and crisp for breakfast.

Can any one tell me what to put upon the earth in plant crocks, to destroy the small white worms in the earth?

By putting a tablespoonful of soda in a washbowl of water, (this recipe will perhaps be of aid in house-cleaning time,) wood work can be cleaned in much less time, and will look better, than if cleaned with soap and water. No soap is used with soda. Use a solution of soda and water to stiffen hair-brush bristles, being careful not to wet the back of the brush. Lay upon the bristles to dry.

Clean a fine comb, by putting coarse thread around the arm or through a hole in the back of a chair, and keeping hold of the two ends, press the comb on the threads, that the thread may reach the body of the comb between the teeth, and rub briskly.

M. C. W.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to knit a bead guard? We have heard of them but never saw one.

E. L. G.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been trying the recipe of Mrs. C. C. B., in May number, for making hard soap, and have failed of making good soap. It thickened up a little, but the grease cooled on top so I took off almost as much as I put in. I would like to know if she ever has such poor success, and what is the matter.

S. J. J.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD be so kind as to give directions how to make tomato catsup, and how long to cook it? Also, how to make grape jelly? and oblige a California sister.

MRS. J. L. M.

Will some of your good housekeepers tell us how to cook all kinds of meat and fowl? and how to cook or make all kinds of soups and stews.

MARTHA A.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry by Ellen in a late number, "which is the color to paint kitchen and pantry floors and ceilings to show the least dirt?" I will say for her benefit that our work-room is painted quite dark with umber and white lead, and we are much pleased with the result, as it is an immense saving of time and labor, especially when flies are troublesome.

MRS. MARY P.

A SOUTHERNER. Kerosene oil is not injurious to sewing machines if used to clean them with. As a lubricator it is not good. Pure olive oil is as good as any "prepared expressly for sewing machines."

Jacksonville, Ill.

MACHINIST.



## WHICH IS BEST?

BY A. H. C.

Once on a time certain women there were  
Who thought it a shame and a sin,  
That such giant minds as theirs should be lost  
In learning to sew and to spin.

"Oh!" said one, "It is shameful, and really absurd,

That the world is so dead to my worth;  
If a speech of my making could only be heard,  
I'm sure 'twould astonish the earth."

"Ah! yes," said another, "I cannot but grieve  
That we are placed in this sad situation;  
Such slaves as we are to bonnets and gowns,  
When we might do such good to the nation.

If I could but wear pants, 'twould be freedom  
indeed!

My happiness then were complete;  
I'd range through the streets in glory and pride,  
And tread the world under my feet."

And thus they sputtered and puffed away —  
But accomplished nothing at all —  
Like the frog who wished an ox to be,  
And from greatness had a fall.

One other scene I'll in contrast draw,  
And then leave you to choose between  
The strong-minded woman, so noisy and loud,  
And she who is mild and serene.

The fading light of the setting sun  
Through the casement stole softly in,  
And gilded the brow of a mother fair  
As she sat in the room within.

At her feet was nestled a beautiful boy,  
Who of years might have numbered eight;  
And to catch the sound of his mother's voice  
He had ceased his childish prate.

She spoke to him of noble men,  
The wise, the good, and the brave,  
Of patriots, martyrs, and holy men,  
And of Jesus who died to save.

Day after day the thoughtful boy  
Was oft at his mother's side,  
And she taught him the paths of virtue and truth  
While she her bright needle plied.

Years rolled by—the thoughtful boy  
Became a noble man  
And in paths of honor, virtue and truth  
He ever led the van.

He has written his name in letters of light,  
High, high, in the temple of fame,  
For his mother's words ever rang in his ear,  
She hath wreathed him a deathless name.

Young ladies, all, one question I'll ask,  
And then my task is done;  
Would you be a Rev. Dorothy Trask,  
Or a Madam Washington?

## A MOTHER'S FAITH.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Casting all your care on Him, for He car-  
eth for you."

"God is near thee—therefore cheer thee  
Sad soul!

He'll defend thee when around thee  
Billows roll."

ADDISON, in the Spectator, makes  
the following excellent remark, "It is our comfort, that we are under  
the care of One who directs contingencies, and has in His hands the man-  
agement of everything that is capable of annoying and offending us; who  
knows the assistance we stand in need  
of, and is always ready to bestow it  
upon those who ask it of Him."

Not only are the Holy Scriptures  
continually commanding and urging  
us to trust in God, and giving us re-  
peated instances of his wonderful care  
and love for his people, but in our own  
every day lives we often meet with  
instances of a similar character. And  
yet every new answer to prayer, every

new proof of His tender watchfulness  
and loving interposition in our behalf,  
seems to give us a fresh thrill of joy as  
it seems to bring us nearer to this com-  
passionate and all-powerful Friend.

The following true incident will for  
this reason give pleasure to many  
others.

In the summer of 18— Mrs. Mar-  
cellus, then a Bible Reader in the city  
of New York, was informed by her  
pastor, Dr. D., that Mrs. Bond, a  
very poor woman living in a tenement  
house in — street, wished very much  
to see her.

"I do not know her," replied Mrs.  
Marcellus. "Is there not some mis-  
take about it? Why should she wish  
to see me?"

"I can only say," replied Dr. D.—,  
"that I am informed that she is very  
desirous of seeing you. She has prob-  
ably heard of you. I hope," added the  
Dr., "that you will not delay in  
gratifying her wish, as she seems to  
have not long to live."

Mrs. Marcellus, accordingly, took  
the earliest opportunity of going to  
see the sick woman.

Everything about the street and  
house indicated extreme poverty and  
wretchedness. A dirty, disagreeable  
and bold-faced woman met her at the  
door, seemingly in a state of intoxica-  
tion. On inquiring for the object of  
her search she was directed to rooms  
upon an upper floor. These she found  
clean and neat and showing some  
traces of refinement. The poor wo-  
man lay upon her bed looking ghastly  
and emaciated to the last degree, as if  
she were in the last stages of con-  
sumption. Two bright and pretty  
children were with her, a boy and a  
girl, about ten and twelve years of  
age. As Mrs. Marcellus came in and  
introduced herself, the mother re-  
quested them to go into the next room  
for a few minutes, that she might have  
some private conversation with their  
visitor.

As soon as they were alone Mrs.  
Bond said, "I have sent for you to  
ask if you will take care of my little  
daughter when I am gone, and train  
her up to serve the Lord."

Mrs. Marcellus felt sorely troubled  
by this request. It seemed hard to  
refuse the dying woman, yet her hus-  
band as city missionary had at that  
time only the very small salary of five  
hundred dollars a year, and they had  
several children of their own.

"Have you no husband living?"  
asked Mrs. M.

"Yes," replied Mrs. B., "but I  
could not trust my children to him.  
He is intemperate, profane, and ad-  
dicted to almost every vice. Oh! I  
have wished and prayed that my chil-  
dren might not grow up in such a  
place as this, surrounded by bad influ-  
ences and temptations, and goaded to  
desperation by the cruel stings of pov-  
erty and misery. Oh! I do want them  
to grow up under Christian influences.  
I want them to live for God and to  
meet me in heaven. I cannot do what  
I would for them, but the Lord can.  
All alone in my helplessness and pain,  
with no earthly friend to go to, He  
has seemed nearer and dearer to me  
than ever. With prayers and tears I  
have besought Him for my children as  
I lay here weak and suffering, and I  
know he will not disappoint me. 'The

Lord is my refuge and strength, a very  
present help in trouble, therefore will  
I not fear."

She paused a moment exhausted,  
but Mrs. M. was struck with the bright  
expression of her eyes as she raised  
them towards heaven. Her whole  
countenance seemed illuminated with  
a sublime confidence in God. In a  
moment she made an effort and con-  
tinued:

"God seemed to put it into my heart  
to send for you. I have never seen  
you before, but the children have told  
me about you. They have seen you in  
Sunday school. I have provided for  
the boy. He is going to my brother  
in the country to live with him and  
learn a trade. But my poor little  
Alice! It will be hard for her to be  
left without a mother so young. We  
have seen better days. I have cut my  
black silk and merino dresses over into  
little dresses for Alice to wear when I  
am gone. I shall never want them any  
more. I cannot make them but I  
thought I would cut them to fit her so  
that no one else would take them from  
her. I have done all I could for her,  
and now I leave her to God. He will  
not fail me, 'He will be a father to the  
fatherless.'

The poor woman's face, emaciated  
and very pale, seemed irradiated with  
a sublime faith and courage, which  
made a deep impression upon Mrs.  
Marcellus.

"I must consult my husband," said  
she, "about taking your little girl. To-  
morrow I am going away to the coun-  
try, to be gone two or three weeks.  
When I return I will call immediately  
and see you about it."

"Oh! I shall not be here then," said  
Mrs. Bond, "I have not much longer  
to stay. The Lord has sent you here  
in answer to prayer, and now if you  
cannot take my little girl yourself, I  
am sure He will send to you some  
other Christian woman who will be  
willing to take her."

Mrs. M. began to feel inspired  
with the faith of the dying woman,  
and she promised to send for the little  
girl next day, and try to find some  
Christian woman to take her, and if  
she should fail in this, to keep her  
herself. This seemed a great comfort  
to the mother, who evinced her thank-  
fulness to God and to Mrs. M. very  
touchingly.

On her return home Mrs. M.  
found waiting for her an old friend  
whom she had not seen for years,  
Mrs. G., a lady of refinement, cul-  
ture, and ample fortune, and better  
than all, filled with that piety and be-  
nevolence which showed itself in  
deeds of mercy and benevolence to  
the poor and suffering. She had  
never had any children of her own.  
Mrs. M. related to her friend the scene  
she had just witnessed, and Mrs. G.  
seemed much affected, and immedi-  
ately exclaimed, "If my husband ap-  
proves of it I will adopt the child my-  
self. Has she a good disposition?"

"I cannot tell you that," replied the  
other. "She is a very pretty child,  
with beautiful curling hair and dark  
eyes. You might take her while I am  
gone and see how you like her." The  
next day the child was taken to the  
house of Mrs. G. and Mrs. Marcellus  
went to the country. On her return,  
a few weeks later, she asked her hus-

band, "What of Alice? will they keep  
her?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "No money  
would induce them to part with her.  
They are delighted with her. They  
have even paid the child's father one  
hundred dollars to sign away all his  
right to claim her. She is a very in-  
teresting child, and very happy with  
them. The poor mother went to her  
heavenly home soon after you went  
away, but her prayers have been an-  
swered."

About ten years after this, Mrs. M.  
found herself once more at the house  
of her friend Mrs. G. The mother  
and adopted daughter were sitting to-  
gether in the parlor, and when she  
entered both rose and greeted her  
with delight. Alice, then a lovely and  
intelligent young lady, said, "Mother  
and I have often spoken of you,  
and I have wished so much to ask you  
about my own mother. Do you think  
I look at all like her?"

"She may have looked like you when  
she was of your age," replied Mrs. M.,  
"but I never saw her when she was  
in health."

"I wish I knew more about her,"  
said Alice, "but," she added after a  
moment's pause, "this is my own dear  
mother now. She has been a dear,  
good mother to me," and as she spoke  
she threw a look full of affection at  
Mrs. G.

"And Alice has been a dear good  
daughter to me," returned Mrs. G.  
"She has been one of God's best gifts  
to us. But I fear we must soon give  
her up. She is engaged to a Mr. A.,  
who is to take her to the West. But  
the Lord will be with her."

Mrs. Marcellus looked around the  
elegant apartment, and then at the  
quiet happy faces of mother and daughter,  
and then her thoughts went back to  
the miserable little room where she  
first saw her, and the dying mother's  
face seemed again before her, lit up  
with faith and confidence in God.

"Oh! woman, great is thy faith,"  
thought she, "and it hath been to thee  
even as thou hast desired."

Truly "The young lions may lack  
and suffer hunger, but they that seek  
the Lord shall not want any good  
thing." "The eyes of the Lord are  
upon the righteous, and his ears are  
open to their cry, and none of them  
that trust in him shall be desolate."

Here was a poor, weak, dying wo-  
man without money or earthly friends.  
How could she provide for her dear  
little girl. But the Lord was on her  
side. He heard her cry and put it into  
her heart to send for Mrs. Marcellus.  
Then he put it into the heart of Mrs.  
G. to go that day to visit her friend  
Mrs. Marcellus. He put it into the  
heart of Mrs. G. to take the child, and,  
in short, ordered and planned all be-  
forehand to fulfill His promises to His  
faithful follower. And even the suffer-  
ings and death of this poor woman  
will not be in vain if the story of her  
faith and answered prayer shall inspire  
in any other who may hear it a more  
perfect reliance on God.

Our God is with us. In our sore distress  
We'll turn to Him who is ever near to bless.  
Our God is with us. In the darkest hour  
Our weakness is as nothing to His power.  
Ten thousand foes around us, He can slay  
And turn to brightness e'en the darkest day.  
Our God is with us. Can we be afraid?  
While He is near, and strong, to give us aid?

## ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY AUNT HOPEFUL.

It was on a bitter cold day in January that we laid her away in her last resting place. It was truly a resting place for her, whose life had been made up of pain and weariness, sorrows and disappointments. As we slowly wended our way to the cemetery, three long miles away, it seemed as though the keen, piercing wind would force its way to our very vitals and freeze the blood in our veins, and I could not help breathing a prayer that I might pass away amid the singing of birds and the perfume of flowers, not for myself, but for the sake of those whose duty it should be to perform these last sad offices for me. Sad indeed it is to lose the companionship of those we love, even if we have within the assurance that we shall meet them again; but how painful it must be to those who lay their all beneath the sod. They know not that the hope of immortality robs death of half its sorrow. As I looked on her quiet, peaceful face for the last time, how glad I was that we had parted friends, for we had been estranged for a number of years. Not through any fault of ours, but our husbands could not agree, and through their influence we became as strangers. But sorrow makes people wondrous kind, and she had been called to endure a great affliction. Her only, darling child had been snatched from her with scarcely a moment's warning, and while her heart was bowed with grief she had sent for me, and I, forgetting all enmities, had hastened to her side. Like Rachel of old, "She refused to be comforted because her child was not."

"I sent for you," she said, "hoping you would bring a grain of comfort to my sorrow-stricken heart. You used to say whatever happened was all for the best. Do you think so still?"

"Certainly," I said. "If not we must admit that the great over-ruling Power is not as wise as we are."

"Then tell me, if you can," she said, gazing at me with wistful, longing eyes, as though her future happiness depended on my answer, "why was it best that I and my darling must be separated when we were so happy together? With him December was as pleasant as May, and life seemed like one long sunshiney day, but now the light of my life is put out, and it is all dark and cold and dreary." And clasping her hands convulsively together, she added, "Oh! it seems cruel and unjust, and I am afraid I shall never think God is good again, for I am sure I know not what I have done that I should be punished thus. And then there was my neighbor, the mother of six children, she was taken and the children left to care for themselves. I cannot understand why God deals with the creatures he has brought into existence in this way."

"My dear, try to be a little more calm and listen to me while I tell you what I think about these things," I replied. "You attribute to our kind and loving Father that which is simply the result of natural causes. He has made laws which I have no doubt are wise and good, and if we violate those laws we must suffer the penalty. Your

child was the victim of disease contracted partly by eating improper food and having improper care, and partly inherited from yourself, for you was never well you know. Sometimes children receive vitality sufficient from one parent to counteract weaknesses and infirmities transmitted by the other, but not always. And so with your neighbor. She was not strong, and was overtaxed, worked to death as you might say. Her tasks were greater than she could endure, and she sank beneath her burden. Is there anything very mysterious or hard to understand in all this? I do not believe God takes away our friends to punish us for wrong doing. Twice I have been called to pass through trials similar to your own and I could say it is well. I would not have it otherwise. No, I would not if I could call my darlings back to this world of pain and sorrow. I am glad two of my children are in a happier summer clime. It was during the war that they left me and I shall never forget what my wash-woman said to me. She came to wash for me when one of them lay dead in the house, and after her work was done she came into my room and asked to see the baby. As we looked on his little sweet face my tears would fall, as I thought he would soon be laid away from my sight forever. Seeing my tears she said, 'Woman, do not grieve that this child is at rest. I have a dear boy in the army, if he is not dead. He may be writhing in agony to-day on the battlefield, or languishing in the hospital, or worse yet, starving in a rebel prison. Oh! I would to God I had laid him away in his innocence like this child, ere he had lived to see this day. And you know not what suffering your child may have escaped by being called thus early. It is wrong to mourn for him. Dry your tears, and say it is well, Thy will be done.' I felt the truthfulness of her words and was ashamed to weep in her presence, for I knew her trouble was greater than mine, and as she said to me, so I would say to you, It is wrong for you to mourn for your child."

"But you had others left, while I have lost my all, and you cannot realize how lonely I am," she replied.

"Very true," said I, "but no matter how many there are, each fills his own place, and no one can take the place of the other. There are two vacant places in my household that can never be filled."

"And are you not lonely when you think of them," she said.

"Yes, but never sad," I replied. "I think of that joyous day in the future when I shall meet them again. We are only separated for a time, and their going only draws our spirits heavenward, and should make us better fitted for the heavenly world."

"Well," said she, "I cannot help feeling sad, for I have seen so much sorrow that life has no longer any charm for me, and I see nothing worth living for. I came near dying when I was a child, and I have often thought it would have been better for me if I had."

"And with all your experience would you bring your child back from a world where he is free from pain and

sorrow, to suffer as you have done?" I asked.

"Oh! no, no. I would not cause my child a moment's pain," she cried, bursting into tears. "I had never thought of that before. I have been thinking only of my own poor bruised and bleeding heart. I just begin to see how selfish I have been. We are selfish creatures at best, and no matter how unselfish we may think ourselves to be, if we but examine our hearts closely we shall find self uppermost in nine cases out of ten. It was for myself that I wanted him to stay. I was so happy with him."

And so we talked on, day after day, but from that hour she seemed more reconciled, and when I returned to my home I left her quite cheerful. And her letters to me were of a cheerful nature speaking of her great loss often, but not in a sad, despondent way. At last came a letter full of joyful anticipations for the future and an urgent invitation to visit her.

"I am so happy I want to see you and talk with you of my expected treasure," she wrote.

"I had rather wait until after your babe is born, so that I can see you together," I answered.

In her next, she wrote, "Come, then, any time after New Years."

But, alas! on the last day of the year I received a telegram from her husband running thus: "Edith died this morning. Come to me."

Leaving all I hurried to the train and reached him as soon as possible, to find him overwhelmed with grief, tending his poor little motherless babe. This time she was taken and the baby left. My first thought was, why did not the baby go too? but when I saw how he clung to the poor little thing, I was glad for him that it was left.

"I shall have something to live for now," he said, "but if the baby had gone too I could not have borne it."

As he said this he arose and led the way to Edith's room. As we stood looking at her quiet face my thoughts went back to the days when we were children together. My life had been a happy one, while her's had been the reverse, and I had often helped and soothed her in her hours of trouble, for we had grown up together. She had loved early in life and was not loved in return, another filling the place she had fondly hoped to occupy. Then life seemed to her like a blank; nothing to live for or to make life desirable; and she had said to me one day, "Oh! how I wish we could die when we please. I am sure I should not stay here very long."

But that cannot be, and so she lived on, sad and dispirited, caring little for society until she became acquainted with a young man who, like herself, had been disappointed. In some way they had been attracted to each other, and had told the secret of their lives, and in this way had become so strongly attached that they had decided to marry. But first he must go to his native state to transact some business, and she came to make me a good long visit. She told me all her plans, and seemed quite happy in view of her approaching marriage.

"I don't suppose I shall be as happy as you are," she said, "but I shall be as happy as I can be with anybody."

After a few days she began to wonder why she got no tidings from her affianced, but the days passed on and no letter came. At last a letter came. She read it eagerly with a sad countenance, and when she reached the end covered her face with her hands and wept. After a few minutes she rose quietly, handed me the letter, and left the room. The substance of the letter was this: He had met the object of his early love and found that she still loved him, and it was the fault of another that they had become estranged. When he had learned this he found he loved her still, and wanted to marry her, and ended by saying: "I am very sorry for you. What shall I do?" She soon came down with a sheet of paper in her hands on which was written these words: "Dear F.—Marry her, of course. I release you. Edith," which she handed to me, saying as she did so:

"Oh, dear! for what was I brought into existence? Perhaps everything is all right in this world, but I can't see it. Now don't talk to me, please, for I can't bear it. We will not say anything about this matter while I stay. Let it go."

And she never mentioned it again, but talked of other things in a sad way. A year or two after she married and came to visit me with her husband. While there, she said to me one day:

"I married this man because he had the same name of my first love. I have long since given up the idea of loving any man. They are all alike to me. Much happiness I do not expect in this life, and as I knew this man to be good and kind, I thought I might as well live with him as to live alone. Perhaps I can do something to make his life happier."

When I next saw her she had become a mother, and seemed happier than I had seen her for many years. But her happiness was of short duration. Her babe, too frail for earth, passed to a more genial clime at the age of three months, and not long after her husband went South to serve his country during the war, and never returned.

This was too much for her feeble frame and for months she seemed but just alive, but through the watchful care of friends she was at last able to move about again, but she did not seem to care for anything, and would often say:

"Oh! let me go. Don't try to save me, for I am of no use to any one."

But the time for her to go had not yet come, and she lived on amongst her friends, going from one place to another, until she became acquainted with a gentleman of wealth and position, who sought her hand in marriage. He lavished gifts and money upon her, and offered her every inducement of a worldly nature, until at last she consented to become his wife. While making preparations for the wedding-day (for he would have it a grand affair) he was called to Chicago on business, and while there was seized with a terrible sickness which, in two short hours, ended his life. And so this poor stricken creature was called to endure another great disappointment. When speaking of it she said:

"It makes little difference what happens to me, it is all the same. I

never expect to be happy again in this life. I am patiently waiting for the end of life. I hope there is something better beyond; if not I had better never been born."

Some years after she became acquainted with another gentleman who invited her to become his companion.

She was quite winning in her ways, and unusually attractive to the other sex. This gentleman, like herself had met with many disappointments, having lost his wife and children, and many other friends. His lonely condition called forth her sympathy, and the thought of having some one to protect and care for her in her loneliness seemed pleasant. They married and spent many happy days together, no great sorrow coming to her until the loss of her darling boy, of which I spoke in the commencement of this story.

Her last days were her happiest, living in anticipation of the great happiness which she expected in the future. As we stood by her lifeless form her husband told me how happy she had been, and how anxious to live and take care of her baby, and, said he:

"Just as she had got ready to live she had to die. Poor thing, so many times in her life she had wanted to die and could not, and now she wanted to live and must die."

But it was best for her to go. Her tired spirit now rests where disappointments never come, and I expect some day to meet her and hear her say:

"I can see now all my trials were for my spiritual good, and it was all for the best. I am so happy now."

Farmington, Minn.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Ten.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Your dear little, naughty, saucy tearful, tender note in reply to my last letter is just received. My dear Alice, the burst of feminine indignation with which it began—and ended, for the matter of that—was wonderfully refreshing. Why? Because it afforded abundant proof that however much your fancy, your imagination, may have been led captive by the dangerous friends against whose influence I warned you, your heart, sound to the core, disdains any bond that is not woven by loyalty and truth. "Forewarned, forearmed." The peril is past, and we will leave this unpleasant topic at once and forever.

But there is still one portion of your letter that demands a little attention. You set me up as a sort of a "schoolma'am," and more than intimate that I am "partial" as schoolma'ams are prone to be, giving sugar plums and all sorts of comforts to Philip, while I have only black-marks and the stale bread of good advice for you. Dear child, you do me injustice. I am writing these letters to you, and not to Philip. If I were addressing him it is barely possible that I might say some things that it is not necessary, even if it were advisable, to say to you. I have told you more than once, if I mistake not, that I regarded Philip as no nearer perfection than yourself. More than that I have no right to say to you. If I see faults in

Philip I may speak of them to him, if I am bold enough to do so; but I have no right to point them out to Philip's wife. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" by so much as a meddling word. Would you be happier to-day, if instead of endeavoring to show you how bright

Love and Peace and Truth can make a home, I had busied myself in hunting up Phil's errors and mistakes and blunders—yes, blunders—for no man living ever yet took a woman's happiness into his keeping who did not sometimes blunder fearfully—and in showing you how much better it would be if *he* were only this or that, or would do thus or so? Alice, the worst service that mother or mother-in-law, sister or friend, can do a young wife, is to show her, mayhap with pitying words of condolence and sympathy, her-husband's faults and imperfections. I would not show you Philip's if I could. I would rather take you by the hand and lead you into some fair dreamland, where Love's illusions should be all enduring, and where, to your dying day he should wear the aureole with which young Romance crowned him in the long ago.

Love is blind, they say. Do you believe it? I do not. Love is often too clear-sighted for its own good, or for the good of its object. It sees too far and too much. The boy-god of the ancients may have gone abroad with a bandage over his eyes, as we see him in the old mythologies; but now that he treads the earth in the full strength of maturity he has torn it off, and his eyes are keen to pierce through all disguises. I doubt whether the world has gained by the change. It is better to love our fellows blindly, irrationally, if you will, than not to love at all. It is even better to be lured into a quagmire by a false light than to stand stock still and perish from inanition.

Yes, it is best not to be too keen-sighted; best for husbands and fathers; best for wives and mothers. If you ever stand by Philip's coffin, Alice, too heavy-laden for tears, dumb and silent with your wordless woe, you will not reproach yourself with the thought that you have been too blind to his faults, too lenient to his mistakes, too pitiful toward his weaknesses. If you should ever be compelled to lay your dear little Johnny away "out of sight beneath the sod," I doubt whether it would comfort you to remember that you had been quick to see and to censure every childish error, that you had made a note of every misdemeanor and treasured it up in your book of remembrance. On the contrary, when those dread hours come, as come they may, will you not cry, "Would that I had been more loving, more patient, more forbearing, more pitiful, more tender?"

If we could correct faults in those we love by being quick to see them, it would be another thing. If we could thus lift our husbands, our sons, our friends into a higher, a loftier life, we might pray to be like Argus with his hundred eyes. But I have failed to perceive that the keen eyed women who notice with such unerring ken the slightest deviation from the rule

of right, whose sight is microscopic in its tendency to magnify, and telescopic in that it brings the distant near and sweeps both the past and the future with its far reaching vision, bringing the mistakes of the one and the possible errors of the other within the range of to-day—I have failed to perceive that these women are blest with better husbands or better sons than their blinder sisters who are less "quick to mark iniquity."

There is a sudden sparkle, a light, half laughing, half serious, in your brown eyes just at this moment, my sweet Alice, and you are saying; "But, dear friend and most sapient mentor, if our husbands are not perfect, how can we help seeing it?"

Well, perhaps you can't. But what right have you, for instance, to demand perfection of your husband? Are you perfect yourself? Does not he, on the whole, play his part in the strange, changeful drama of life quite as well as you play yours? And if he had been at the time he wooed and won you, one of the "faultless monsters" of which we read, would he not have preferred to live in single blessedness until he reached some higher sphere where he might hope for angelic companionship? And—to go on with my saucy catechism—supposing he had been that same "faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," would you have loved him any better than you do now when he is only your own true-hearted Phil, sometimes stubborn, sometimes cross, sometimes unreasonable, sometimes greatly in the wrong, but still yours to the very core of his being?

You married a man, Alice; not a demigod, not even a saint. Some day in the great Hereafter, when this "mortal shall have put on immortality," when the weaknesses, the errors, the sins of this frail humanity shall have dropped from you both as the dust falls from a garment, you shall stand—God grant it for his dear Son's sake!—hand in hand before the great White Throne, perfect, sinless, purified. But until then you must have patience with each other. You must be slow to blame, quick to forgive. You must each carry the lamp of sacrifice in one hand, and the lamp of truth in the other; and with their blended rays falling with steady light upon your pathway, you can but walk safely to the end.

Who is it who says that "the quarrel of lovers, is but the renewal of love?" I cannot remember, but it does not matter. I pray you not to believe the sophism, Alice. Reconciliation may be very sweet—sweet as "remembered kisses after death." But, trust me, the love that needs no reconciliation is far sweeter. Sunshine after a storm is very bright. Possibly in contrast to the darkly rolling clouds it may seem even brighter than than of yester-morn, when the whole heavens were ablaze with light. But if you go into the garden you will find the flowers beaten down, the vines torn from their supports, and the delicate tendrils stretching blindly hither and yon. The pansy-bed will be disordered as by the tread of trampling feet. Beneath the rose-trees there will be drifting heaps of red and white. The heliotrope will trail its

purple clusters on the ground, and all the borders will be rent and disfigured by the rude fingers of the pitiless rain, the fierce sweep of the tossing winds. So it is with the storms of the heart, dear child. Sunshine may follow them; but instead of wielding its subtle influence to promote the growth and beauty of the precious plants therein, it must first repair damages and heal the broken tissues, bruised and wounded by the pelting hail of reproaches, the harsh wind of sarcasm, the wild rain of doubt and anger.

But if you and Philip ever do quarrel—which may God forbid—I hope you have the grace to keep your own counsel. To "kiss and tell" is bad enough. To quarrel and tell is a thousands times worse. If you find that your husband has faults—as undoubtedly you will—let them be as sacred in your eyes as his honor or his life.

Where the spell of forbearance is not sufficient, add the seal of silence. You and Philip stand or fall together, Alice. Do you not see that? Whatever injures him, his reputation, his character, injures you as well. Whether you will or no, his life clasps yours, his fingers hold yours. If you allow the breath of suspicion, of slander, of detraction to blacken his hand it blackens yours also. If the whiteness of his fair fame is sullied, especially if it be by word or deed of yours, your own will not escape untarnished. You cannot injure him in any way without injuring yourself also. You are one.

The spell of forbearance—the seal of silence! They are wonderfully potent, not only for the concealing but for the healing of domestic sorrows. Place them both upon whatever troubles may come to you as a wife, dear Alice. When that dread hour of which I have spoken before shall come, and you gaze for the last time upon your husband's pale, dead face—when you feel that his lips will never press yours again—that whether for chiding or for caressing, his voice is hushed forever—you will be glad to know that you have used them both; that you have held his honor, his happiness, his peace as sacred as your own. You will rejoice to feel that no hasty, ill-judged, ill-timed word of yours has gone before him, an accusing witness at the bar of God.

FIFTEEN AND FIFTY-ONE.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

An aged uncle writes: "I thank you for the photograph you send. There are two pictures of you now before me as I write. One is in my own memory; it is of the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed girl who used to run up and down the hills of New England; the other is the pale-faced and weary-looking woman of the prairies. It is all the difference between fifteen and fifty."

Nay, uncle mine, it is not all the difference. Besides, I have had one birthday more since I sent you that picture, and am now fifty-one. One year seems little to you, who have seen nearly four score and ten of them pass along life's great highway. But I have seen so many changes in the

last few of mine, that a year seems to me a solemn thing, a mystery I fear to fathom, a problem whose solution may be sorrow yet unimagined.

"Ah! me! when first our years are told,  
It seems like pastime to grow old."

To the mother whose life-work is not yet done, yet who feels with every added year of her own and her children's ages, the solemn duty more, and the strength of spirit less, a year is a great thing. It may bring so many changes in a home circle. Fifteen and fifty-one. It is only reversing the figures. Yet will there be as great a difference between time and eternity? It seems to me now, as I glance back to that time, that no number of added years, solemn and slow as seems their onward march, can so transform my inward self.

Ah! uncle, dear, the difference in cheek and eye, and merry rambles over the hills, is slight indeed, compared with the real differences between fifteen and fifty-one. How many precious things have become worthless. How many bright hopes turned to sad realities. How many fond beliefs changed to bitter convictions.

Yet, after all, it is but the natural change from rosy, dewy morn to dry, prosaic noon; from bright, beautiful May, to August drought and languor. A little longer, and the glorious sunset comes, the sky puts on a radiance all unknown at morn, the evening primroses open their delicate cups, and the morning-glory blooms anew in the evening light. A little later in the year of life, October comes with its ripened fruits and radiant hues, November closes our harvest and household labors with its heartful Thanksgiving, and those of us who linger yet awhile, grow young again with the merry Christmas.

Waste not too much of your pity, dear uncle, upon my weary working noon, for work is worship if it be performed with right purpose, and soon will come the dewy, starry nights, in which all work shall cease. Think not my way is dusty and desolate. If "the tree of life has been shaken," it has dropped rich fruits in my pathway, and if many of its leaves have fallen, I can more plainly see the heaven above.

Fifteen and fifty-one. I trust I have made some mental progress in all these years, although the world in general, and my own sex particularly, have made such rapid strides towards the intellectual millennium, that I feel more deficient now than then.

For the mother's lot is to walk slowly through the world, giving careful guidance to the little feet, and stopping often to carry them in her arms, a precious burden. A burden she wishes not to lay down, even to lift the ponderous tomes of science, or to unlock the heavy gates unto the city of knowledge. Even when it is lifted in the strong arms of the loving Saviour, and borne gently from her to the Father's house, she often can but follow, weeping. Not until His pitying hand hath wiped away the tears, and the anthems pealing through the half-opened gates have reached her ears, can she turn to the world around her and take up its pursuits with a willing heart.

Yet the world moves on, thank God

for that blessing. It carries us with it, be we ever so indolent, or ever so busied with our own little round of cares and joys. Our Father has left not one thing that is essential to our existence, subject to our own care. Had it depended upon human hands to have kept the ponderous machinery of the universe in order, how often would it have run down as do our watches, or some planet run off the track as do our steam engines? How should we dare to sleep, did it depend upon us to keep our own hearts beating? How long would the most industrious of us all do our own breathing?

The world moves on, and it carries us all with it. Thoughtful or otherwise, studious or idle, we are all the time coming into the region of new facts, and the atmosphere of new thoughts. Like the traveler in the railway car, we cannot help having some idea of the changes, however unobservant we may be, and rarely do we fail to be benefited by the change of air.

Did the spirit move, I might speak of the lovers of fifteen, the pretty, smooth-faced and rosy-cheeked boys, whose candies and *billet doux* were about equally sweet, and equally evanescent. Why should I? You know them well; all girls of fifteen have plenty of them, if they live in a village of any size. You used to call them "butterfly beaux," and caution me to beware of them. Yet butterflies are very harmless creatures, uncle, and as far as my observation goes, I think the loves of fifteen are about as pure and true as any feelings we ever experience. The lovers of fifteen are certainly the most devoted.

We were angels then in their eyes and they were heroes in ours. It is well if we do not meet in after years, to destroy the illusion. For usually if we do thus chance to meet,

"We cordially greet each other  
In the old familiar tone,  
And we think though we do not say it,  
How old and gray he is grown."

Nay, the sweet poet is mistaken. It is not "the old familiar tone," for those were low, and soft, and tuneful, while these of to-day are hard, and harsh, and grate even upon the world-dulled ear. Let me whisper also that it is usually "she," and not "he," who has grown old and gray, at least if she has dared to ignore hair dyes.

But this letter is growing long, and I have scarcely done my theme justice, in discoursing upon it in this rambling way. Perhaps the most essential difference between youth and age consists in the fact that while in the morn of youth we bound eagerly forward, impatient to enter upon our untried life, in after years, we are contented to quietly abide God's will.

When you were kind enough to pause from manhood's pursuits, and write kind letters to the girl of fifteen, she tore them open impatiently, and eagerly perused their contents. To-day I put your letter in my pocket unopened, and quietly finished my dinner.

"Not that I loved you less," or my dinner more, but I had learned that affection which is worthy its name, does not grow cold so easily as do most of our culinary efforts.

Indeed, I have acquired a habit of

letting our package of mail matter wait, if it arrives a short time before the hour of eating. For my hygienic knowledge assures me that to eat at regular hours is a solemn duty, and that good news, like pleasant company, is a promoter of digestion. So I leave the good news to go with the dessert, and avoid the bad until the physical strength is nourished, upon the same principle that Fitz James craved the boon of a night's rest, ere he met his Highland foes.

Would I go back to those days? Oh! no. Not only because the weary woman shrinks from treading the path again, and looks up to the rest above, as the tired child reaches up pleading hands to its mother. Not only because all experience teaches that our happiness is best found in going "forward and not backward," but for the beautiful reason given by Phoebe Cary, in a poetic allusion to her own youth, the words of which I do not now recall, but their meaning is impressed upon my memory. Not for all youth's beauty and bloom, would she be "set back a single thought."

So, uncle dear, mourn not over the long vanished "girl of fifteen."

"So it is, and well it is so; fast the river nears the main,  
Backward yearnings are but idle, dawning never glows again.  
Slow and sure the distance deepens, slow and sure  
the links are rent,  
Let us pluck our autumn roses, with their sober bloom content."

#### GOLDEN GRAINS.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever?  
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?  
This is a miracle; and that no more.

—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

—He that would reprove the world, must be one that the world cannot reprove.

—Get not entangled in the meshes of the law; avoid it as the sure gate to ruin.

—After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.

—Misfortune does not always wait on vice, nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

—To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

—The best society and conversation in the world is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

—Absence destroys small passions, and increases great ones; as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

—A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just he pleases.

—A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

—A man who uses his tongue too much is apt to use his hands too little. Great professors are not often great doers. Life is not long enough to permit us to become proficient in two different directions.

—No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak, that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can

safely govern, that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice, but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

#### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

I. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., 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.

DEAR SIR:—I am now using Dobbins' Electric Soap, and I must say that it is far superior to any laundry soap I have ever used before. It saves much time and labor, as the clothes when properly soaked need little or no rubbing.

MRS. R. T. CRAIGHILL.

*Lynchburg, Pa.*

MR. EDITOR:—I have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap according to directions, and must say that it will do all and more than is claimed for it. The saving of time and money, and the decrease in labor is sufficient to render it an indispensable article to every housekeeper. If once given a fair trial no housekeeper will ever use any other.

MRS. W. S. ENSIGN.

*Cardington, Ohio.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After having got and tried one bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all housekeepers. It saves me three hours' work every washing day, and I could not do without it at all. It is the best washing soap I have ever had in my house.

HANNAH WILLIAMS.

*Youngstown, Ohio.*

DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me to say a word in favor of Dobbins' Electric Soap. I can cheerfully say that it is all that it is claimed to be. I have used it in our family washing, and in taking out grease spots from clothes, carpets, etc., and our washerwomen are very much in its favor. They say the washings are easier, and the clothes whiter than with any other soap, and although the price may seem a little higher than other washing soaps, yet I know that it is cheaper and it requires less labor to do the work. MRS. C. H. BROWN.

*Saratoga Springs, N. Y.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tested Dobbins' Electric Soap made by I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. and I can testify to its superiority over other soaps in the market, and can recommend it to all ladies wishing the best soap.

MRS. A. D. BUCK.

*Lebanon, N. H.*

MR. CROWELL:—I have tested, and am now using Dobbins' Electric. I am, and must acknowledge to be, convinced that it is best soap I ever used to wash clothes with. It saves labor, it saves the clothes, and is the housekeeper's friend. Once given a fair trial, no housekeeper will do without it. Get

one bar and you will be convinced, is the advice I give to all.

MRS. EZRA WOODS.

Tamara, Ill.

MR. CROWELL:—I have tried several kinds of good soap, but Dobbins' Electric is superior, and excels them all, and does away with boiling the clothes.

AUNT EM.

North Hampton, N. H.

**CLOUD BANNERS OF THE ALPS.**

Among the most exquisite scenes which delight the eye of the European traveler are those wonderful rose-colored cloud-banners, floating from the Alpine cliffs. But it is only in the sunlight that Nature hangs out these beautiful tokens. So it is only in the glow of health—the sunlight of our inner being—that nature reveals those physical cloud-banners, the "rosy cheek" and "cherry lip," to praise which every poet of the earth has invoked the Muse to aid him. But they are as rare as the cynical Hood conceived Christian charity to be. Woman, eager to retain this charm, resorts to French art and *rouge*. The effect is similar to that which would be produced by substituting auctioneers' flags for the delicate glowing cloud-banners of the Alps. If woman would aid Nature instead of adopting art, would seek health instead of vainly trying to mask disease, she would not only win the greatest charm of womanhood—health—but she would avert much misery both from herself and others. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received the highest praise from thousands of pale, delicate, suffering women. One bottle often affords more relief than months of treatment by caustics and other medicines. It is harmless in any condition of the system, and its use often renders the modest invalid exempt from that most trying of ordeals—a personal consultation with a physician. It is the duty of every woman to become familiar with the causes and symptoms of the many diseases to which her peculiar organization renders her liable, and also to learn the proper means of preventing these maladies. The People's Medical Adviser contains an extensive treatise upon "Woman and her diseases." The Author also advises courses of domestic treatment, which will often render the services of a physician unnecessary. Every woman should read it. A copy of the Adviser can be obtained by addressing the Author, Dr. R. V. Pierce, at Buffalo, N. Y. Price \$1.50 (postage prepaid). Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

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**THE PHILADELPHIA PERMANENT EXHIBITION.**

Memorial Hall, which, filled with choice works of art from every civilized country, constituted so important a part of the Centennial Exposition last year, is now occupied in part with paintings and statuary belonging to the Permanent International Exhibition, and in part by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, with a superb collection of industrial art works. Tickets for the Exhibition admit to Memorial Hall also, the same as last year. The following from the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph gives a brief account of what may be seen in that part of the Permanent Exhibition:

"The Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art have in Memorial Hall a superb collection of rare,

curious, and beautiful articles, comprising masterpieces of gold and silver work, bronze, copper and iron work, enamels, furniture and carved wood work, ivories, pottery and porcelain, glass, mosaics, textile fabrics, etc. Among these may be favorably and specially mentioned the following:

The collection of Signor Riano, of Madrid, consisting of Spanish pottery and glass.

A collection of French pottery of Deek manufacture, collections of English porcelain, completely illustrative of all the potteries of England.

A Persian collection of fabrics, metal work, glass, pottery, etc., made by Mr. Casper Clark, of London.

Reproduction in terra-cotta of Graeco-Roman pottery by a Philadelphia firm, showing the influence of good objects for study upon native industries.

A collection made by M. Fulgence, Senator of France, of French and Italian silks and damasks, showing designs of great excellence for manufacturers of textile fabrics, wall paper, carpets, and for surface decoration generally. The collection of gold and silver work consists of electrotype copies of the celebrated objects in the museums of Europe, together with many original specimens of bronze, brass, etc., Japanese, Chinese, and Persian metal work, and wrought-iron work collected at the Centennial, Belgian, and English Frullian mantel pieces, etc.

The fine art department of the Exhibition, located in Memorial Hall, through the courtesy of the directors of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, is being continually enriched by the addition of new exhibits.

A collection of paintings belonging to Baron Hermelin, of Sweden, arrived lately, encased in a dozen or more boxes. These pictures are understood to include numerous masterpieces of Swedish art, and will be exhibited for the first time in this country.

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We call attention to the advertisement of the USEFUL COMPANION, issued by the Empire State Publishing Company of New York. This work is all that is claimed for it, and is one of the most desirable books ever published. Some chapters alone are worth more than the entire price asked. The farmer, the mechanic, the student, the professional man, and the household, will find it a counsellor of great value. It is certainly low enough in price, and when we notice the great amount of valuable matter it contains, the various subjects upon which it treats, it seems that almost every person could find a good use for it.

THE NEW WEBSTER.—Few afternoons have passed more pleasantly than we spent of late in turning over the pages of this splendid volume—Webster's Unabridged, Illustrated. Prejudiced against it at the outset, unwilling in any way to give in our adhesion to "Webster," we confess to our surprise at the vast amount of valuable information, the painstaking and accurate Tables, and the wealth of lexicography this volume affords. More words, better definitions, more numerous synonyms, a revised orthography, conforming more closely to other authorities, with an Appendix full of invaluable Tables, all combine to make this work indispensable to the families of the land as a library of reference in itself, and calculated to instruct and interest all who examine its beautifully arranged and illustrated pages.—*Church Monthly*.

#### BUSINESS FOR EVERY ONE.

Our attention has been called to some new cooking utensils, recently invented, which make baking and cooking a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. One of which, the Patent Centennial Cake Pan, is so constructed that you can remove your cake when baked, instantly, without breaking or injuring it; and it can be easily changed to a plain bottom pan, for baking jelly or plain cakes, bread, etc. Another—the Kitchen Gem—is a plated boiler or steamer, to hang inside of an ordinary iron pot, for boiling or steaming vegetables, etc., which when done, can be removed perfectly dry, without lifting the heavy sooty iron pot off of the stove; and the vegetables cannot possibly burn, as the steamer does not touch the bottom of the pot. These goods are sold exclusively through agents to families, and every housekeeper should by all means have them. A splendid opportunity is offered to some reliable lady or gentleman canvasser of this country to secure the agency for a pleasant and profitable business. For terms, territory, etc., write to L. E. Brown & Co., Nos. 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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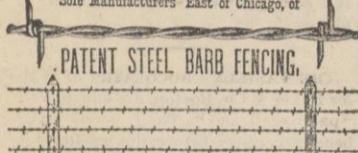
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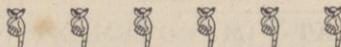
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The September number of the MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY (A. S. Barnes & Co.,) is now ready. The chief subject treated this month is the French invasions of the Onondaga country. The leading article presents a careful account of the several attempts of the French commanders, Champlain and Frontenac, to capture the stronghold of the Iroquois Nation, and to establish a permanent French colony. This is from the pen of Mr. George Geddes, of Fairmount Onondaga county, whose residence on the spot where these historic events took place, especially qualifies him for this interesting investigation. It is prefaced by a map of the country drawn expressly for the magazine. The reprint which appears in the September number, is a new translation of Champlain's own narrative of the expedition of 1615, the text of which has not before been accurately rendered into English; with this a reproduction by photogravure process of the views of the Indian Fort attacked at that time. To add interest to this study the editor supplies a leading note on the various sites assigned to the Iroquois Fort, the position of which has long been in dispute and is now the subject of careful investigation. The diary of Governor Samuel Ward is completed; there is a brief and well digested paper on Martial Law in the Revolution, by Col. G. Norman Leiber, Judge Advocate U. S. A., who walks in the footsteps of his distinguished father, Dr. Francis Leiber. The biographical sketch is of Judge Upshur, of Tyler's cabinet, one of the victims of the explosion of the "Peace-Maker" in 1844. The notes and queries are quaint and curious, and the number closes with the usual literary notices of historical publications. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 & 113 William Street, N. Y.

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