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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

IN A BACKWOODS TOWN, ESTABLISHED SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1877.

No. 7.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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SUMMER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

There is sultry gloom on the mountain's brow,
And a sultry glow beneath;
Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over the glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool and the footstep light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

TWELVE GOOD SHRUBS FOR THE FRONT YARD.

EVERY lover of flowers wants at least a dozen shrubs in the garden, or rather in the "front yard."

I began to select my shrubs in the same way that I began to select flowers for the garden beds—by reading a catalogue, and marking those which seemed most desirable. When I had gone through the list I had four times as many marked as I could possibly use, so I cut down the number, retarding those which had the most attractive descriptions attached. These I sent for, and the result was, that, as I ordered kinds I had never seen and knew nothing about, half of them died the following winter. Some were too tender, others required different care from those I was acquainted with. I learned to select those kinds you know something about, unless you could feel sure from the recommendations of some friend that new varieties described were hardy and not too particular as regards treatment. Catalogues are gotten up for the express purpose of selling plants, and we cannot always feel sure that a plant called hardy will prove to be so in our northern

states, or that a plant which is said to be easily managed can be successfully managed by the average amateur gardener. What is easy for a professional gardener to do, is often quite beyond the skill of the amateur.

From that time to the present, I have kept on sending for shrubs, and those I now have are illustrative of the "survival-of-the-fittest" theory. From the number grown in my gardens, requiring only ordinary care, and all equally satisfactory, I will give a list of a dozen.

One of the very best is the old lilac. It can be grown as a shrub, or as a small tree. It is so profuse in flowering, so fragrant and so beautiful, and has such a way of being cheerful and happy through all kinds of abuse that if I were to be asked to recommend one shrub for general use I think it would be this. I always cut away the flower-bunches, when they fade, and allow no seeds to form. In this way, I am sure of profuse bloom every season.

The flowering almond is another favorite. It needs to be laid upon the ground and held there by sods of earth, through the winter to blossom well the next season, but it will do finely without this treatment.

The flowering sumach is a fine shrub, and has a feathery grace no others lay claim to. Its worst fault is the same as the lilac's, it suckers so freely that it encroaches upon surrounding territory, but the use of the scythe, two or three times a month during the summer will remedy this.

Spirea crenata is beautiful, as is S. prunifolia. A well grown clump of these shrubs is always admired when they are in blossom, and they require so little care that any one can grow them well.

Deutzia crenata and D. floreplena should never be overlooked. D. gracilis is rather tender in our long winters, when not protected by a covering of pine boughs, but the other two will hold their own bravely.

Honeysuckles, though not properly shrubs, can be grown as such, by cutting them in well, for the first year or two, and they are remarkably beautiful for single specimens in the ground, and as they have the merit of blossoming more or less all summer, I would advise every one to try one.

Forsythias are very neat plants, and their yellow bells give a tone and brilliancy to the other shrubs which is not brought out fully without a touch of yellow. If you have never noticed this fact, when you make bouquets, this summer, add one yellow flower, and see how it brightens and glorifies the whole mass of bloom. It has the effect of sunshine. But a very little

of this color is enough, and more than a little spoils it all.

Daphne creonum is a low-growing, evergreen shrub, flowering at intervals throughout the summer. Its flowers are bright pink, borne in clusters, and are very fragrant. It is not generally cultivated, but well deserves to be. It forms a dense, spread clump, and should be set in some position where it can be seen from the house or path.

Pyrus japonica has scarlet flowers, is very early, and extremely hardy.

The snow-ball is too well known to require anything more than mention here. It deserves a place in every garden.

The wigelia is also well known, and no collection should be without it.

The twelfth plant should be a wild one, the old white elder, if I were making the selection for myself. I have one that I pulled up by an old pasture fence, and when it is covered with its delicate white flower in June, nothing in the whole garden is finer, or receives more admiration. I would not exchange it for a dozen of the new shrubs from Japan. Nor would others, if they had to buy it at a good round price as a foreign novelty. Give it a trial, and you will not give it up.—*Cor. Farmer's Journal*.

UNHEALTHFUL HOUSES.

If a family moves into a house, and experiences unusual sickness as to several of its members, it is presumptive evidence that it arises from circumstances connected with the house. Sometimes only certain rooms are pestiferous, from being over a marshy spot, from being partly under ground, or so attached to another house as to have one side of it almost always damp; at another time the papering of a room has been found a cause of illness.

RUSTIC VASES.

Mrs. S. D. wishes to know how to make rustic vases for front yard. Take the trunk of some tree that has been cut down, and chop off the branches at unequal distances from the body of the tree. Upon this nail any old pail, cutting off about one-fourth at the top, and tack on to this pieces of bark, roots, etc. Train ivies, sweet peas, morning glories, and nasturtiums over it, and for the center of basket get a bright-hued geranium or fuchsia.

A. M. E.

—The one great secret of success in transplanting evergreens is to carefully avoid letting the roots get dry even for a moment.



FRIGID EVENING PARTIES.

THE necessity for evening parties is, no doubt, one which arises from the gregarious character of human beings, and the special developments of this characteristic which have taken place in our own country and time. Still, as the majority of such gatherings are managed, we consider that they are susceptible of improvement—especially those parties where dancing does not form a either part of the entertainments, or the sole object with which it is got up. Everybody knows the routine: arrival; tea or coffee; appearance in the drawing room; buried salutation from the givers of the entertainment; and then the passing into the room to prowl about and see which of one's acquaintances are to be found.

Fortunately, there are always a few people who seem to have a pleasure in attending such entertainments, and who are to be found everywhere. One says, "Were the So-and-So's there?" and the answer is invariably "Yes." There is, therefore, a probability, even if one ordinarily goes out very little, that some of these delightfully ubiquitous people will be present, and that there will be a little talk. But we have been at parties where we have seen both men and women who seemed utter strangers to everybody, and who have passed their time of sojourning in that drawing room absolutely without conversing with any one. To us the possibility of the existence of such forlorn creatures among the guests seems to be a matter of positive cruelty.

Ladies, in determining what persons they will invite on such occasions, ought to make it a point of duty to think whether their guests will meet in their houses persons whom they will find it pleasant to speak to. Or, if people are asked who are outsiders to the usual circle, or who are not of much consequence in it, and so are likely to be neglected, hostesses should make a point of introducing them specially to at least some of the other guests. If there are refreshments handed round in the course of the evening, these poor neglected ones get their share in due course; but if the refreshment necessitates progression to another room, they run much chance, if they are ladies, of being forgotten altogether, or, what is nearly as bad, of

being entrusted to the superintendence of some young fellow, who is endeavoring to persuade himself and others that he has arrived at the full dignity of manhood. We have seen ladies "take their courage in their own hands" and go down alone to the refreshment room. But surely here is bad management.

Of course the practice which has arisen and is now prevalent, of not introducing to each other those who are guests at the same evening party, is founded on the supposition that all who are frequenters of the same house are known to each other, are equals, and are in the habit of meeting. But in a great city like ours, no supposition can be more fallacious. The very circumstances of city life throwing together people who would not otherwise meet, and sending them wide apart in their habitations, prevent people from being intimately known to each other. The absence of introduction must in the first place have begun where there was no need for it; but, as it is sometimes practiced now, it almost borders on discourtesy to the guests. It is not as if our people were like the French or other Continental people. No amount of foreign travel or intercourse will, we suppose, ever make Anglo-Saxon men and women talk to each other as readily as the Latin peoples do. If any person with a more than usually sociable tendency endeavors to get up a conversation with a stranger at an evening party, the chances are the first impulse in the mind of the person who is addressed will be that of suspicion. "I don't know you," will appear more or less plainly on the countenance of the person spoken to. But should the magic formula of introduction have been pronounced—nay, even mumbled—an "open sesame" has been uttered, which may lead to most pleasant results. What a pity it is that a ridiculous following of fashion should cause a diminution of what might be pleasant social intercourse.

We have recently heard of a plan followed at an evening gathering in London where the guests present were such, that one alone would have sufficed to give distinction to any meeting. On a slip of paper put up near the mantel-piece, were written down the names of all the guests. This alone was something, for it is pleasant to know who are in the room or who are expected. But, in addition, there was written also, "Any lady or gentleman desiring an introduction to any other will please ask Mr. ——" (the host.) So that here there was provided a possibility of introduction, limited only by the modesty of the guest and the judgment of the host.

Of course, we know that in parties given by "Mrs. Leo Hunter," where the lions are few and the spectators many, and not over-judicious in admiration, care would have to be exercised; but we are much inclined to think that a modification of this plan would be useful generally. The bodily presentiments of even our most celebrated people are not familiar to all the world, and we may be in company with dignities, either mental or social, without knowing the fact. But we

should be happier if we knew and

were able to recognize the persons for what they are. Even when the party is made up of good folk quite undistinguished, except by mutual regard and affection, we may like to know that certain people are present whose acquaintance we should like to make, in hope of future friendship.

The want of introduction of people to each other, especially in large gatherings, and the desire for standing-off from every one who is not properly introduced, result in many cases in an absolute dearth of anything like amusement for the guests. Conversation is impossible; no one is considered so great a bore at an evening party as the persons who desires to get up a regular conversation. Where there are many young people, the hope of a dance, after the dullest of the elders go away, sustains them, but all evening parties are not made up of young people, and the needs of the graver and elder ones are worthy of some consideration. Now and then, therefore, music is introduced. If this is good, especially the singing, and not too prolonged, a favorable diversion is introduced; but, at most evening parties, the music is both too plentiful and too mediocre to afford much amusement. The "thank you" which greets the performer is not unfrequently the expression of real gratitude for concluded suffering on the part of the audience.

To make some occupation for their guests, people occasionally introduce recitations. Short recitations, very good of their kind, are interesting; though they savor a little of return to school days, or of amusements proper to a mechanics' institute or a village "penny reading." But, recitations prolonged, as we have known them to be, for an hour and a half or two hours, with interludes of music, produce an effect too suggestive of comparison with regular professional entertainments, and make people wonder whether it was worth while to don evening costume, and to desert their own firesides for no more than this.

The old days of the salon are gone beyond recall. People live too much in a hurry—even the classes with leisure—to have that; and in large cities they are too much scattered to allow of the constant intercourse which the salon in its perfection necessitated. But, surely, among all the party-giving people, there must be invention enough, if it were only exercised, to make evening gatherings for social intercourse less of an infliction than they are at present.—*Home Journal.*

HOW TO CLEAN SMOKE-STAINED WALLS.—A New Bedford correspondent writes to tell us of his success in cleaning walls that had been badly smoke-stained. After trying various experiments, he used a strong solution of common washing soda, purchased at the corner grocery store; and although the smoke had struck through the "hard finish," he says he soon had the satisfaction of restoring the walls to perfect whiteness. The soda-wash can be successfully applied, he adds, either before or after whitewashing.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made

happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.



THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I thank my God, I feel that not alone
On mountain peaks His blessed sunshine glows
And dews drop sweetness; even here, far down
In meads, a lily grows.

I am His work, who made the evening star;
Wherefore I lift to Him my flowers bright,
They die to-morrow, but to-day they are
Beautiful in His sight.

I look upon the hills, and sometimes dream
How they rejoice in morning's earliest light;
And how serene, and strong, and still they seem
To guard the valleys all the gloomy night.

'Tis said the heights are cold—it may be so;
The winds are keener there, and winters drear.
I know not how it is—I only know
My God has placed me here—

Here in this little nook of earth—my own,
And sent a sunbeam—mine—to cheer my heart;
He bids me bloom—perhaps for Him alone—
Is there a better part?

I bloom—stars shine—we bloom and shine for Him,
We give our best—grand world and humble
flower.

A light through ages never growing dim—
The fragrance of an hour.

THE FLOWER GARDEN AND GROUNDS.

FLOWERS, with a considerable class have come to be a necessity; to grow them and then enjoy them, is one of the greatest enjoyments country or village life affords; it serves as a lightener and sweetener of all the necessary toil and drudgery of farm and every day life. Of all seasonable flowers those of early spring give us the greatest pleasure and enjoyment; the total absence of floral beauty during winter gives them a double welcome, as also the season of the year renders them enjoyable beyond anything the heats of summer will allow. From this time till the frosts and freezes of fall weather, is the time to prepare for spring and early summer

beauty, in the flower garden and grounds. Hardy bulbs and roots, as well as some kinds of seeds must be planted, if we would obtain best results for our labors. The hyacinth is one of the most popular of hardy roots, of these the single kinds bloom the earliest, and many deem them the sweetest. Florist's bulb catalogue will supply a list with prices. As a general thing named varieties will give the purchaser the best satisfaction. To the novice it is better to leave the selection of many kinds of bulbs, etc., to the dealer, giving him some general idea of what you want, plan of grounds, etc. For all kinds of bulbs rotten cow manure is the best kind of fertilizer; rich garden soil without manure is better than to apply it fresh, or green.

In tulips we have quite a variety of classes; the earliest are the dwarf single, the double of the same class following next. The parrot tulips, named

from the peculiar warty edges of the petals, come next in order of blossom, following which come the tulip so noted for its large full cups of various hues and colors. The narcissus is another popular bulb, of which there are white and yellow varieties only, but so varied in shade and shape as to afford a dozen or more of single and double varieties. The most general and popular bulb, for all classes, is the crocus; there are so many shades of color, white, yellow and blue, and the many shades between, that when properly planted they make gorgeous masses in the spring flower garden. In clumps on the lawn, where the flowers come up and expand before the grass begins to grow much, they produce a most beautiful effect. Planted on the edge and sloping side of a terrace, they often give it a blaze of beauty, the extra warmth of terrace banks, when exposed fully to the sun, cause the bulbs to send up the flower stem and flower much sooner than will be the case in the level garden; thus we can prolong their season by planting on both terrace and level surface. The crown imperial has been much improved, so that we now have a dozen or more varieties offered us; still the old red, and the old yellow need not be discarded, for like many other things with age they are good to have.

The snowdrop is a very early bulbous flower, often pushing its head through late, light snows. There are double and single kinds—both desirable. They should be planted where they are to remain for several years, as removals do not favor an abundant bloom as with other bulbs. The different kinds of iris, the *Ranunculus*, and anemone, under good culture, give us good satisfaction, although they may not reach the same perfection they do in Europe. Other desirable bulbs are Japan lilies of all varieties, as well as all kinds of lilies, which, although they can scarcely be ranked with spring flowers, are still desirable for blooming during summer. Scillas of various kinds, especially *S. Sibirica*, *Tephyanthus atamasco*, and to which we would add the various peonies. All of the above mentioned, I believe, are hardy and really good things, and will give satisfaction.

In preparing for spring we should not forget that many flower seeds should be sown in August and September. The pansy is one of the most cheerful and loved of all spring flowers; seed sown now produce spring flowering plants. Hollyhocks, carnations and wallflowers should also be sown. The young seedlings need a little earth thrown over them as protection for winter; earth, next to snow, is the best plant protector.

In sowing seeds remember that it is better, in all cases, to sow on a little elevation rather than on level ground, as then the surface water passes off without injury to the plants.

Propagation of plants for another season and for the window should be pushed rapidly. We find the following directions given by an experienced horticulturist and gardener, which we think practical: "The best way to propagate all the common kinds of bedding plants is to take a frame or

hand glass and set it on a bed of very sandy soil, made in a shady place in the open air. The sand should be fine and sharp, and there is, perhaps, nothing better than river sand for this purpose. The glass may be white-washed on the inside so as to afford security against the sun's rays. Into this bed of sand cuttings of half-ripened wood of the desirable plants may be set, and after putting in slightly watered. Even very rare plants do better this way than when under treatment in a regular propagating house.

In making cuttings it is best to cut the shoot just under a bud—they root better and are not so likely to rot off and decay. A cutting of about three eyes is long enough for most strong-growing things, such as geraniums, fuchsias, etc. Small growing things, of course, will take more buds to the one cutting. From one to three inches is, however, long enough for most cuttings. They should be inserted about one-third their length under the sand, which latter should be pressed firmly against the row of cuttings with a flat piece of board, not, however, hard enough to force the particles of sand into the young and tender bark.

Every lady who wishes to grow window and other plants, should inform herself and practice the art of propagation as it is an interesting part of flower culture as well as a means of supplying one's self with many plants which could not otherwise be procured except at considerable cost.—*W. H. White.*

TRAINING CANARIES.

Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, sometimes learning to do many amusing and difficult things, and also to sing tunes very well. They soon come to know their masters and mistresses, and will often follow them about. I "mind," as a Scotch girl would say, a little lassie who had a pet bird so tame that in pleasant weather she used every day to open the window and let it go out of the house, for it would always return at evening, tapping on the window-panes to be let in, if the sash happened to be closed.

An English gentleman had a canary for several years which never was kept in a cage, and in summer was always flying out to the gate or down the road to meet its master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom, or, best of all, clinging to his hair, where it was completely happy; at the same time only one other person in the house would it allow to touch it, representing any attempt at familiarity with the fiercest anger. At last, however, this bold little fellow got bewildered in a dense fog, and was lost.

Canaries can live out of doors in our climate very well in the summer, and sometimes join the families of wild birds; but their house-bred constitutions can hardly stand the cold of winter, and escaped birds probably all perish before spring. They are affectionate little creatures, always prefer companions, and will make friends with their natural enemies. A fancier in London had a cat which with her

kittens, would eat out of the canaries'

dish, in the bird room, and never think of harming them, while the birds seemed to enjoy Tabby's society.

To tame birds and to train them to perform tricks are two very difficult things. Any one may do the first by constant, quiet kindness, endless attention and patience. Accustom the bird to your presence, and let it understand that, whatever you do about it, nothing is intended for its terror or harm. This learned, teaching it to perch on your finger, or come to your whistle or call, is only a matter of time and gentle patience. Some odd tricks may be taught them if they are cute—for different birds differ very greatly in their ability to learn, as well as in their natural talents and dispositions—but the astonishing exploits of some troupes of "performing birds" which are exhibited about the country are taught to them by a terribly cruel course of lessons, and you ought not to make your pet emulate these performances.

The Germans often teach young birds tunes and the songs of other birds, but the operation is a slow and tedious one, and the result not very satisfactory. It seems to me that our highest wish should be to perfect all that is natural to a canary, and not try to make him something else than he is, or was intended to be.—*St. Nicholas.*

CULTURE OF THE VERBENA.

To grow verbenas well it requires a good bed in the right place. But it should be where there is plenty of sunshine, as they will not succeed in the shade. Any good, sufficiently deep, rich and friable soil will grow them. A lawn, too, is a fine place for them. Cut out a round bed, or any other shape desirable, on a lawn or grass-plat; invert the sods and place them in the bottom of the bed; put six or eight inches of good soil on the surface; set a good plant of double zinnia or a geranium in the centre. Buy or beg a dozen or more of good, strong, growing plants, not high-spindling affairs (particularly if you have to buy them); set them two feet apart in the bed. If they are pot plants, set them so that the bottom of the verbena will be six inches deep.

If the plant is branching as it should be, bend off the branches in a slanting position, and fill in the centre with soil nearly to the surface; water freely to settle the soil around the roots; and then fill up the space with dry soil to prevent baking. Peg down the plants as they spread, and keep the soil well cultivated, and of course free from weeds. You will then have a fine bed of verbenas.

If you should want to grow seedlings, get good plants to begin with. The best verbenas produce the best seed, especially the scented and red colors, just as the best peaches do, but you can not entirely rely on either. The probability is you will be satisfied with the finest that have been already raised, without troubling yourself about your own seedlings. This is more the province of the professional florist.

When you are tired of your verbenas or they should perish, or grow too rusty and black, you can spade them in and this process will enrich the soil

sufficiently, especially if done yearly. The plants that have blue, purple, and white colors have the most seed, and the flowers of most of them are sweet scented. A few years past a fragrant verbena was a novelty. We have now quite a variety of them. Gather your seeds early in the morning when the dew is on, or after a shower. Do not use heating manure, as it will make the plants rusty-black.

The bright and showy flowers of the verbena make it the most popular bedding plant in cultivation. We here give the names of a few of the best: Verbena hybrida, auricular flowered, new striped Italian, pure blue, pure scarlet, montana, blue bonnet, Gail Hamilton, president, queen of stripes, king of scarlets, grand victor, king of purples, snowflake, scarlet circ'e, with endless others old and new.

DRAINAGE FOR POT PLANTS.

Although drainage may seem a trifling matter for consideration, it is one, says the Gardener, which lies at the foundation of all successful plant culture in pots. If not properly provided for, the lack of it will thwart the most careful and correct attention to all other points of culture. It is not so much the quantity of crocks (pieces of broken flower pots) used, as the way they are placed in the pot, that determines their success. A pot half full of crocks may not be so well drained as one with crocks to the depth of only an inch. In well-ordered gardens where pot plants are grown, there should be three or four different sizes of crocks—say inch half-inch, and quarter-inch pieces. These pieces of crocks should be as clean as the pots themselves, and free from dust.

Speaking generally, the largest pieces should occupy three-fourths of the drainage space, the remaining fourth being filled with pieces of smaller size. The work is finished by putting some of the smallest on the top and placing over all a layer of dry moss. Fourteen to sixteen-inch pots require three or four inches depth of drainage, while eight to eleven-inch pots require one and a-half to two inches. The concave side of the crock should be placed down; if put the other way they often pack too closely to carry off the superfluous water.

To prove whether this pot drainage is or is not a trifling part of plant culture, take two azaleas, camellias, or geraniums; drain the pot of one of them in the careful manner we have described, and drain the other by tumbling into the bottom of the pot a few large and dirty pieces of crock or brick. Subject both to the same treatment otherwise, and then observe the different results.

We were recently engaged in shifting some azaleas, the pots of which were properly drained two years since. On turning them out, the crocks fell from the bottom of the balls as clean as on the day they were put in. Their roots were in perfect health. Others there were put into the pots of which a few large pieces of crock had been carelessly pitched. A soured mass remained at the bottom, which stuck in the pot, and in which no roots could live.

WHAT A PLANT DID.

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window that more light might come to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure at the tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real, as well as a physical, blessing—*The Samaritan.*

TO RESTORE GILT FRAMES.

Take one ounce of cooking soda, and beat it thoroughly with the whites of three eggs. Blow off the dust with the bellows, or brush it out with a feather. Then dip a small paint brush into the mixture, and rub it all over the gilding, into every tiny crevice.

The above is for gold gilt frames. Many of the gilt frames are simply yellow lac on silver foil. For such, a cloth wet with cool water is the only allowable cleanser. The spots on such frames can not be removed.

J. A. W.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen the description of several callas in your paper, I think I will tell you about mine, which I believe surpasses them all. It is now eleven months old, and has now three blossoms, having had two before, both of which were very much larger than either of the present ones.

It has several leaves fourteen inches in length, and the largest measures fourteen and one-half inches in length, and ten and one-half inches in width. The longest leaf stalk measures thirty-four inches, and several of the others are very nearly as long. The flower stalks measure thirty-nine, and thirty-six inches, and the blossoms seven inches in length.

ALPHA.

Greenville, R. I.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—New Member wishes to know how to get rid of ice on canaries. One way is to place a towel on the top of the cage at night, and in the morning it will be covered; take off and shake into the stove. The usual cause of these pests is a want of proper care in keeping the cage clean, as well as the perches. Wash it thoroughly once in a while, and cover the bottom of the cage with sand (the finer it is the better) for the bird to pick upon and to keep his feet clean. No luxuries of any kind should be fed it. I mix rape and canary seed together, and give hemp seed only once a week—about a thimbleful. The bath should be given every morning, and at the same hour, as the bird likes to be regular in its habits.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER



THE PRICE OF ECONOMY.

BECAUSE I had been to New York during the winter to visit Cousin Grace in her elegant home, and besides the necessary expenses of the trip had made more than usual addition to my wardrobe, I had told Leonidas that I should surely make it up—at least in part—by unusual economy in regard to my summer outfit.

Not that I consider myself guilty of extravagance in matters of dress, as the term is to be rightly understood; for extravagance is not so much indulgence in what is lawfully within one's means, be it less or more, as it is the going beyond this, and embarrassing ourselves or inconveniencing others for personal gratification.

I know pretty well about what our income amounts to in a year, and can calculate something how much we shall be justified in spending and still keep in the golden mean, between loose prodigality on the one hand, and mean penuriousness on the other. And it is well to allow a fair margin for "incidentally," knowing that either sickness, ill luck, or some other cause may demand what we have planned to use, or to save for future emergencies.

Thus it was that having been tempted to go beyond my accustomed expenses in the winter, I promised myself by retrenchment in some other way, to compensate for my delightful visit and the satisfaction that it gave me to be as well dressed as I could reasonably afford to when with Cousin Grace and her friends. For it is a wholesome satisfaction to womankind, in most cases, to be in some measure suitably attired for the company she may meet, and more especially when among friends, who will naturally feel themselves honored by a decent deference of, in such matters by their guests.

And now was coming the tug of the war; the after endeavors at retrenchment of expenses, and at the same time the effort to have my summer wardrobe look about as respectable as new. To accomplish this I was taking in an inventory of stock on hand, puzzling my wits in wondering how this and that dress or sacque could be remodeled, or newly trimmed to answer my purpose for another season. I also proposed to do the re-making myself, for the most part at least, as I had with my extra sewing in the fall employed dress-makers more than was my custom, for I wished to have all done in a given time, and in the most proper style as well.

And here was coming my martyrdom.

I do not so much dislike to sew; indeed I consider it woman's pleasantest occupation when she can take it her own way; but I confess that I have no real genius for the mysteries of getting up a fashionable suit, while I positively detest "studying up" the pattern books, and then considering the subject in the self-sacrificing spirit required to decide so momentous a ques-

tion, as to how the thing is to be done. And then to make old styles into new; to turn and overturn material, to plan and worry and then grow discouraged in the end—this is true martyrdom!

"Dear me! I never can make this over to look as good as new," said I in despair, holding up the breadth of a once handsome dress to the light. "The material is still rich and good; but it is cut in no shape to make over."

"Did you expect to make new of old?" asked Leonidas looking up from his evening paper.

"No, not exactly that," said I, "still I want it to have a new look as well as be made in a prevailing mode—some fresh style—it matters little what, if only it is a becoming one."

"Why don't you get Madame Floy to do it for you?" asked Leonidas, in his accommodating way.

"Why, you forget that I had so large a bill last fall that I must do this myself. And besides, it hardly pays to have old dresses made over at Madame's establishment, seeing that the making would cost perhaps more than for new."

"Well, you know best, I suppose," was the comment, "but really you need not be too economical, for goods are low priced now and perhaps it will be as well to have new as to do over old."

"Now that is just all that a man knows about the cost of a lady's suit," was my mental comment. "If ten or twenty dollars will purchase the cloth they think that is all."

"But I think," said I, "that I had better try to make these over, for we shall need a new carpet in the fall, and other extra expenses, and must not forget to add some to our nest egg, as well as to remember our benevolent objects for the year."

So brave I was to talk, and yet so discouraged when I come to act.

"Then do the best you can and let that satisfy you," replied Leo.

"But it won't satisfy me; that is the trouble," said I. "But I will be content to be unsatisfied, if I can only get the making over creditably accomplished."

"Now that is just like a woman," said Leonidas. "You want to economize; you wish to make sacrifices, and yet you wish the effect as satisfactory as though you had given up nothing. You cannot have your cake and eat it too, you know," he went on. "You wish to save the money that a new dress would cost, and at the same time have the old look as good as new. You plan to save the cost of the making; yet would be spared the trouble of planning and doing the work yourself. Not that I blame you for it," he continued, "for it is only natural to do so; but it is the principle of the thing that is wrong."

"I see," said I, laughing in a good humored way. "It is after the same principle that men sometimes act upon in their arrangements. For instance, they are fond of good dinners, and then wonder how the butcher and grocer's bills can be so high. They want the choicest cuts and finest brands, then grumble at paying choice prices."

It was Leonidas turn now to laugh off the matter, which he tried to do with some plausible comments on the difference between dresses and din-

ers, and then the subject was dropped for that time.

But as I went on planning my sewing the thought followed me, that we talk of practicing economy, when what we really attempt to do is to have the best at economical rates. We forget that

"All common good has common price,
Exceeding good exceeding;"

and that we cannot practice self-denial without self-sacrifice in some one way or the other. We cannot, as Leonidas said, "have our cake and eat it too."

I had already more than had the price of my present attempt at self-denying economy, and now was complaining because I could not make over my old to please me as well as would new! What I wanted was to forego expense, and yet have the result as gratifying as though I had paid a handsome price for new material and the making thereof!

In this principle, I find on observation, that I am not by any means alone.

There is my neighbor Mrs. Woodbridge, who was showing me an elegant new suit which had just come home from her dress-makers, made in the latest and most elaborate style; rich in material and handsomely trimmed. (And seeing that is one thing which made me so dissatisfied with mine.)

"But only think what a sum it cost!" said she in a neighborly, confidential way, as I was admiring it and expressing my admiration in words. "So much for the cloth, so much for fringe and silk for trimmings, and such a price for making—in all a good round sum, I can assure you."

"But you did not expect to get such a suit as this for any small sum?" said I, interrogatively. "And as you can well afford such a dress, you ought to be more than satisfied with the price."

"But it seems a great deal to pay," she replied, "especially when goods are called cheap now."

"Yes, but all this is very nice. The cloth, the trimmings, and the making are all first class, and you would be satisfied with nothing less. If," said I in a familiar way, "you had chosen to have had less trimming, and a more ordinary kind at that, the difference would have been considerable on the whole. Then the making is actually worth double what it is to make up a plain suit; but you have an elegant dress and cheap enough for so good a one."

"Perhaps so," she assented. "At any rate," she continued, "I intended to have a nice suit, and should not have been satisfied with less for what I want now. Yet I had no idea it was to cost me nearly as much as it has."

There it was. Mrs. Woodbridge, like the rest of us, wished the best without paying its price; as we would all like to ride in palace cars at the rates for ordinary ones.

And it was on this same principle that I was acting. I wanted my apparel, which I was trying to re-model at little cost except the work, to be as satisfactory as if I had paid a good round price for it. I was wanting "exceeding good" without corresponding price, the same as was my wealthier neighbor.

I think, however, that now since I have preached myself this little ser-

mon, I shall be more reasonable in my expectations, and try, in my heart, as well as with my hands, to make the best with what I have to make over, and be content with the result even if it is not entirely satisfactory. And I think I can do pretty well after all. There is a penurious economy which warps the soul, while a necessary, wholesome retrenchment, such as I am in this case practicing, has its meaning as well as its price. Nevertheless I am still

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

HOW TO MAKE AN AIR CASTLE.

In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD some one asks for directions for making an air castle of splints or cardboard. I do not know about the splints, but I have a pretty one made of cardboard. From fine cardboard—that is, board in which the holes are small and close together—cut three square pieces, in which the number of holes shall count forty-one on each side. By this I do not mean the line of holes in which you cut the board, but the first one inside after it is cut.

In cutting, be careful to cut near the middle of the holes so as to leave a notched edge on the piece. Then with some bright colored worsted, silk floss, or yarn, (I used scarlet yarn, and no one could tell it from worsted, which is more expensive,) work a border on each piece by putting the needle through the second hole, counting diagonally from the corner of the piece, and drawing the thread through toward you. Put the needle through again (from you) at the second hole at the left hand of the first hole which the thread was drawn through. Skip one hole at left, begin in second, and repeat across the piece; then turn around to bring another edge uppermost, and repeat across this side. Do so until you have a border all around the piece. If you make no mistake, you will have a row of crosses in the form of a letter X, separated from the edge by one row of holes, and separated from each other by the same. The object in having an odd number of holes on the edge is that the border may come out right at the corners.

Now at the first hole in the corner inside the border, draw the thread toward you, cross the board with it diagonally, and put the thread from you through the corresponding hole in opposite corner. Repeat with the other two corners. This makes a large cross, extending from corner to corner. Now in the center of the piece make a smaller cross, the center of which shall correspond to the center of the large one, but the arms instead of being diagonal shall be perpendicular to the sides of the piece—or perhaps more properly, parallel. This brings the arms of the second cross between those of the first. To count ten each way from the center hole, makes it in good proportion to the other cross. Now on this second cross, skip one or two holes at the ends, then put stitches across it skipping every time a hole between. These stitches must be short, only from one hole, across the thread, and into the next. Then in the center fasten a wax or white glass bead. I mean the center of the two crosses, which will be

also the center of the piece. Now one piece is complete. Work the others like it and sew together in an over and over seam with the yarn, skipping every other hole. Cut pieces of writing paper a little smaller than the pieces of cardboard, and just before you sew the last two edges, put in the paper so as to form a kind of lining to the cardboard; then put in a little of some perfumery powder, and sew up. You will now have an irregular shaped kind of box, sewed up all around, with three sides, each of which is a square.

Hang it up by one corner, from a piece of yarn threaded through one corner of the "box," in such a way that there will be a corresponding point or corner opposite it at the bottom and three on the sides. Thread a bead or two on the yarn, which will come double above the "box," and finish the two ends with tassels made of the yarn with a bead just above each. Now tie it together in a bow and hang up, letting the tassels hang down.

Now make four more boxes similar to the first in every way except smaller. These count thirty-three holes instead of forty-one on each side, and the last cross in the center, seven or eight holes instead of ten. Suspend three of these from the three points on the sides of the large "box," by a double thread a little over half a finger long on which a bead or two is threaded. Suspend the fourth in a similar way from the bottom point of the large box, but on a longer thread, so that it may hang well below the others. Finish the bottom points of the four "boxes" with tassels to correspond with those at the top and head them with beads. The beads are not used for the head of the tassels, but slipped on the yarn just above them. If your beads are of two sizes, use the smaller on the sides; the larger to put above the tassels and above the smaller boxes.

A WAYSIDE THISTLE.

LADIES' WRAPPERS.

There is probably nothing so indispensable to a lady as a wrapper, and a wrapper suitable not only for mere convenience and repose, but one sufficiently attractive for receiving those more intimate friends who are somehow received when one is "not at home" to mere acquaintances. An exceedingly pleasing one is of pale blue flannel or cashmere. The front is cut in princesse shape, while the center of the back is shirred to a bias band some five or six inches below the waist line. This produces a full and graceful train. The little bias band is edged on either side by a scant ruffle of white Smyrna lace. The neck is cut open in a small point, and is trimmed with a pleating of cashmere edged with lace, which continues down the whole front. A deep Spanish flounce ornaments the bottom, and is itself trimmed with three narrow folds and edged with lace. A fancy pocket completes the wrapper.

Another much more elaborate robe de chambre is of the same cut as the former, with the fullness at the back concealed under a large bow. The material is an exquisite shade of pale buff cashmere. The front has a pointed

vest of black satin reaching slightly below the waist. At the bottom of the skirt, running up the front is a shell trimming of black satin, which edges each side of the vest and continues to the back, where it forms a point. The sides of the wrapper are of black satin, the seams where they are inserted being concealed under the shell trimming. The bottom of these sides are ornamented by four narrow plisse flounces of cashmere. A similar pleating edges the back of the wrapper. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond. This *negligé* is very lovely, and its "make up" is as novel as it is elegant.

A "companion" dress—that is, a similar one of white and blue or white and rose color—would make a charming toilet, and one in which any lady need not hesitate to receive those who are privileged to call at those hours when every lady is by common concession supposed to be unprepared for visitors.—*Chicago Tribune*.

MY OLD BEDQUILT.

I was sick on my bed the other day, and my eyes and my thoughts were attracted to my old bedquilt before me, and I thought some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD might be interested in it, especially as it is very much less work to make than when small pieces are put together in patchwork. First I will describe it, and then tell how it is made.

This quilt could not have been made later than 1792, and to this time it has been in constant use. On a "spare bed," while it was strong, and since it has been used common. It has run its course, however, and will soon be among the things that were. It was made of calico imported from India, before cloth was made in this country, except in families, and by hand looms, and the patch is very handsome, even now. There are two kinds of cotton. One is quite light to white ground, with small leaves and small flowers all over it. The other is patch and darker. The patch has two stripes, one, about two inches wide, roses, stems, and leaves, lie singly on a dark ground. The other stripe is five inches wide. Flowers and leaves lie very closely together, and on this flower bed, apples, pears and peaches seem to have fallen from the trees, and remain there. It is beautiful. Of these two kinds of calico, the bedquilt is made, except the center of each square. These are bouquets of flowers, and entirely different from either of the others.

Of course the mother made this one, in her preparation for a happy home, but it has been copied many times. And the work is comparatively light and simple. First, select two kinds of calico, one light, the other darker. Get the handsomest you can, and also some patch from which you can cut five bright, handsome bouquets, or bunches of flowers. These should give you squares, about four to six inches in size.

Begin with this bunch of flowers, and sew on to its four equal sides, a strip of the lightest calico, say two inches wide, having done this you must fill out each corner with a half square of the same. You now take a

large this strip evenly, filling out the corners with the same. Then a wider strip of light calico all round, making corners perfect with its own. Then a wide strip of dark all round, and the square filled out, and perfect. This square is now complete, and should be about thirty inches on each of its four sides. Now make four squares more, exactly like this one. Take the brightest and handsomest square, if there is any difference, and double it together so as to get the middle of the outside strip, and sew a stitch or two, so as to mark the middle of the strip. Do the same on each of the four sides. Now put that square evenly on the top of your bed. Take another square and bring one corner exactly to the place you marked on one side. Take another square and put one corner to the mark on another side of central square. Then the third square, then the fourth in the same way. You have now put the four squares all round the central square; at the head, at the foot, and on each side. The central square lies exactly square, the others lie cornerways, and the lower corners of these four squares complete the size of the quilt, except a straight strip of the dark borders the whole. After these five squares are laid together, the corners are to be filled and the light calico must do it, so as to make the dark stripes perfect.

You understand that each strip of calico enlarges the square, and each parts of the square must be filled out at the corners with the same as the strips, so that you have a perfect square within a square, all through the five squares; dark center, a light perfect square around this center, a dark and perfect square around that. Don't mix your colors, but make each color into a perfect square, from first to last, filling out the last corners in the same way.

I hope I have given these directions so plain, that you understand without difficulty. And whoever makes the bedquilt, will oblige me by telling through THE HOUSEHOLD how you succeeded, and how you like it when finished. Mine was quilted in small shells, but your figures in quilting can be as you choose. HANS DORCOMB.

CONCERNING PILLOWS.

The custom of sleeping with the head high is as unnatural as unphysiological. It is as judicious to stand in a stooping posture as it is to sleep in the same position, since both deform the chest, curve the spine, and, of course, derange the internal organs. We naturally stand erect as the most favorable posture for the uniform circulation of the blood, and while so much of the time is spent in bed, it is important that the posture should be correct.

Let the head be kept cool. This cannot be done by the use of a thick and hot feather pillow, since the head is naturally too warm, as contrasted with the feet—or if not naturally it is usually so—and the non-conducting power of the feathers will prevent the usual escape of the heat. A hair, husk or cotton pillow will be found to be sufficiently soft, at least after one becomes accustomed to them. These are particularly appropriate for such

as have neuralgic pains in the head, often produced or aggravated by too much covering and heat of the head, including overheated rooms. They will be found useful for the nervous and wakeful, as compared with the feather pillows, as too great heat of the head tends to prevent sound sleep.

The same remark applies to feather beds particularly when they are very thick and sweltering, as too many are, retaining the heat and the waste matter of the system. In these days of springs it seems unnecessary to sleep on "downy beds of ease."

J. H. H.

LEAF TIDY.

The tidy may be knitted with coarse or fine knitting cotton, and steel needles of corresponding size. Cast any number of stitches divisible by six. Always slip off the first stitch, knit across plain.

1st pattern row. (As the first stitch is always slipped no mention of it need be made.) X 2 p (two stitches purled,) 2 st n (two stitches narrowed—to do this, slip the next stitch, knit off the following two stitches together and draw the slipped stitch over the latter) 4 k (four stitches knit plain) 2 p, t, t, o, 3 t (thread thrown over three times); 1 k, t, t, o, 3 t, repeat from X excepting last stitch which is always knit plain and will not be referred to again. In every alternate row knit plain the stitches that were purled on the other side and the remaining ones purl; make one stitch from the thread thrown over in every case.

3d row. X 2 p, 2 n, 2 k, 2 p, 1 k, t, o, 2 t, 1 k, t, t, o, 2 t, 1 k—repeat from X.

5th row. X 2 p, 2 n, 2 p, 2 k, t, t, o, 1 k, t, t, o, 2 k—repeat from X.

The pattern is now complete. Begin at the first row and repeat the whole until tidy is of the required length. It may be fringed or the oak leaf edging sewed around. I will gladly send directions for the edging if any would like to have me.

M. L. E.

TO DO UP POINT LACE.

Fill a goblet or any other glass dish, with cold soap suds made of the best quality of washing soap; put in your lace and place in a strong sunlight for several hours, often squeezing the lace, and changing the water if it seems necessary; when bleached, rinse gently in three or four waters, and if you wish it ecrù or yellowish white, dip it into a weak solution of clear cold coffee liquid; if you desire to stiffen it slightly, dip it into a very thin starch; provide yourself with a paper of fine needles, recall the form and looks of the collar when first purchased; take a good pin-cushion, arrange your collar in the right form, and gently pick into place, and secure with the needles every point and figure in the lace as it was when purchased; leave it to dry, and press either between the leaves of a heavy book or lay between two pieces of flannel and pass a heated iron over it. Applique lace can be nicely washed by first sewing it carefully, right side down, to a piece of woolen flannel, wash, stiffen slightly, and press before removing from the flannel.



CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves his sheep,
With a golden bell so fine to see,
And it shall frisk and play with thee,
Sleep, baby sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep;
Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away! and tend the sheep,
Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—From the German.

HELPS TO HEALTH FOR MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

Number Seven.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

AMONG the endless number of proofs of the love and wisdom of our Heavenly Father, found in His works, are fruit and berries. Beautiful to the eye, grateful to the taste, and specially adapted to give health and vigor.

All through the long, cold winter the digestive organs labor hard to digest and assimilate enough carboniferous food to keep the body properly warmed and nourished, and when the mild spring airs come, and there is no need of so much carbon to warm the body, they are justly entitled to comparative rest. And it is not to be wondered at, if, when they have had extra work to do, they sometimes grow so sleepy and torpid that they are indisposed to do the work that is really necessary. This gives rise to bilious attacks, dyspepsia, and various other diseases incident to spring. In order to remedy this state of things many doctors give medicines which act like whip and spur upon the already weary stomach and liver, leaving them after a temporary relief weaker than before.

How different God's method of cure! His medicines are fresh air, rest, recreation and fruit. How different these delicious remedies from the nauseous drugs of the apothecary! and how much more effectual!

First, after the work of the winter, the liver seems to need acids, accordingly we are provided with strawberries; which are more acid than any of the other berries, yet very easy of digestion. Then later, when less acid is required, we have sweet raspberries; and still later, when excessive heat has relaxed the bowels and we need an astringent, He sends us the delicious blackberry, whose astringent qualities are so well known. What

wisdom and love is here displayed! Is it not strange that we do not use God's medicines more freely?

Fresh ripe fruit is more easy of digestion than even bread, and may be given to children with advantage even in the trying second summer during which their digestive organs are so delicate and weak that most kinds of ordinary food will produce diarrhea or even more dangerous forms of disease. Let us relate one of the many instances which might be cited showing the virtues of our common but delightful fruit, the strawberry. An infant who had been very delicate from its birth, with weak digestive organs and that nervous, excitable temperament that renders a child so liable to fall an easy prey to various infantile diseases, particularly convulsions, chorea, etc., was, during the summer of our centennial year, the trying second summer of its frail life, very ill with chronic diarrhea, and so wasted away that it seemed as if he could not live long. He was pale, emaciated, and fretful, with no appetite and hardly any power of digesting his food, and with a nervous difficulty of speech and action that seemed so alarming as to cause the mother serious concern. An excellent physician was summoned, who after examining the case prescribed strawberries, to be taken two or three only at a time, perfectly ripe and fresh and cut fine. The result was charming. The child recovered appetite and vigor and is now a healthy boy. I may also add that he recovered from similar attacks later, by the use of ripe peaches, taken, part of a ripe one at a time with a tumbler of milk and piece of bread, this for his breakfast and dinner and nothing else. And later still he found benefit from grape juice.

The wild cherry familiarly known in some parts of New England as "choke cherry," is generally considered very unwholesome. But even that eaten moderately has been known to do much good. Several years ago five children playing together in the fields found a bush covered with these cherries, which to their young eyes looked very tempting. But their kind and careful mother had cautioned them against eating what they found out of doors, and particularly against eating "choke cherries." Four of the children were good, and went home without eating any; the fifth, who I regret to say was also the eldest, and should have set the others a better example, being not so good as the others, ate some of the cherries. The good children were shortly after taken very ill with dysentery, and two of them died. The naughty girl was perfectly well all that summer, and still survives to write this article. A moralist will say that the good children were taken to Heaven while the naughty girl was spared for repentance, which is all very true; we seldom get what we deserve in this world; but looking upon it merely in a physiological point of view, my belief is that the astringent "choke cherries" eaten that morning saved her from illness and perhaps from death.

Perhaps the fact is not generally known that strawberries are particularly good for nursing mothers. They improve both the quality and the quan-

tit of the milk. In one instance I have known of a mother who, by the free use of ripe strawberries and cream, regained a plentiful breast of milk after it had entirely gone, so that she had been obliged to wean her infant, and feed it with other food. In this case she gladly took the infant again to her breast and it regained much in health by the change. There is no food so good for a young infant as its mother's milk, the natural aliment provided for it by God; and it is a great pity to deprive him of it until he has passed his second summer.

Strawberries are not only delicious in flavor, beautiful in color, nourishing, and very easily digested, but they sweeten the breath and more effectually clean and whiten the teeth than any of the tooth-powders and washes sold by the apothecary. They are a natural dentifrice. They are also better than all the bitters and pills ever advertised or invented by man, to cure dyspepsia, biliousness, liver-complaints, and all the long category of ailments that the before mentioned pills and bitters are said to cure. To produce the best results they should be eaten with plenty of cream and sugar two or three times a day, at regular intervals like the meals. We must not forget however, the old adage, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing." Dr. Alcott proposes, in one of his works, the plan of fasting now and then wholly upon strawberries, without cream, sugar, bread, or anything else. This seems to be going to an extreme. Most persons would be injured by this course. Let us use our judgment and reason and use the good gifts of God without abusing them. We must be temperate in all things, even in so excellent a thing as strawberries.

There is only one kind of fruit that there is no danger of using too freely, and that is the fruit recommended by St Paul in Galatians 5: 22, 23. Great as are the virtues of the other fruits, this excels all in promoting health and happiness.

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

Mary Anna Gibbes was the name of our youthful heroine. It was during the fifth year of the American Revolution. Gen. Prevost, then commanding the royal forces in Florida, had made a triumphant march across the wilderness. Many outrages were committed by his men upon the patriotic people. They took possession of the house and plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the Stone river. The family suffered many annoyances, and finally were ordered to leave their home in great haste, the enemy having opened fire upon their house from the Charles-ton galleys, which had ascended the river.

Mr. Gibbes' family was very large. Mary Anna Gibbes, our heroine, history informs us, was only thirteen years of age. And there is mention made of a "little boy," not a brother, but "a distant relative," who lived in the family. This boy must have been quite young, as seen in the circumstances which I shall relate in this connection. It here occurs to me to remind my readers how different is your situation from that of the children who lived in the stormy days of

the Revolution. Your quiet homes and peaceful firesides, where there is "no one to molest or make afraid"—how joyous and happy! But the children who lived amid the battle scenes of 1779 were subjected to constant fear and exposed to imminent dangers. They could not retire at night and know that they would not be murdered before morning.

In the midst of storm and darkness, Mr. Gibbes the father, sick and hardly able to leave his bed, gathered his household about him and started for a neighboring plantation. Shot and shell were flying thick around them. The storm, the darkness, and the perils by which they were surrounded, filled their minds with gloom and terror. But when they had reached a place of comparative safety, they discovered, to their great dismay, that the little boy had been left behind. The servants who attended, were entreated to return for him, but they utterly refused. The abandoned house was a full mile away, and already in the hands of the enemy. Grape and shot were flying in every direction. It was a fearful time of anxiety and grief. At this moment, Mary Anna stepped forward and offered to undertake the perilous mission. She went alone through the rain and darkness, and frequently found herself covered with dirt thrown upon her by the balls as they struck and tore up the ground. She at length reached the old homestead, and by many pleadings and tears gained admission to the house, secured the little boy, and with almost superhuman strength, carried him in her arms back to the retreat of the anxious family. What a deed for so young a girl! What a triumph of courage and heroism! And the sequel of this story is, that little boy thus saved, lived to become a man, and was the identical gallant Lieutenant Colonel Fenwick, who gained distinction in the war of 1812.

NED'S "DIDN'T THINK."

Opening the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes against the post to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone. "Didn't you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow. Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife;" and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the clover. "There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and, after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"'Tis a real good one," said Ned;

"father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too." Ned looked up brightly and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot with?"

"Oh, no," cried Ned, "that was done with an axe; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very great care of me. I was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not, indeed, know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so? And surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh, sir," said he, humbly, "I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our Father who is in heaven.—*Children's Friend.*

SUMMER DIET FOR INFANTS.

At a meeting of the Public Health Association of New York, a series of resolutions were passed requesting Dr. A. Jacobi to furnish for the use of the Association a schedule of directions concerning infantile diet in summer, and to present the same at a future meeting. Dr. Jacobi has responded to the resolution, prefacing his remarks by an elaborate address on the physiology of infant digestion and food. The following is the schedule:

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse a baby of a month old or two, every two or three hours; nurse a baby of six months and over, five times in twenty-four hours and no more.

When a baby gets thirsty in the meantime, give it a drink of water or barley water.

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (grind it in the coffee-grinder) and a gill of water with salt for fifteen minutes. Strain it and mix it with half as much boiled milk and a piece of loaf sugar. Give it, lukewarm, through a nursing bottle.

Keep the bottle and mouthpiece in water when not in use.

Give babies of five or six months half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and loaf sugar.

Give older babies more milk in proportion.

When babies are very positive, take oat meal instead of barley, but be sure to cook and strain it.

When your breast milk is half enough for the infant, alternate with bread and food.

In hot summer weather, dip a small piece of litmus paper into the food before feeding. If the blue paper turns red, add a pinch of baking soda to the food.

Babies of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day by itself or mixed with other food.

Babies of ten or twelve months may have a crust of bread and a piece of rare beefsteak to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat from your table.

The summer complaint comes from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your children with cold water at least twice a day. Ten times is not too many in the hot season.

When babies throw off and purge give them nothing to eat for four to six hours, but all the cold air you can. After that, you may give a few drops of whisky in a teaspoonful of ice water every five or ten minutes, but no more until the doctor comes. When there is vomiting and purging give no milk.

Give no laudanum, no paregoric, no soothing syrup, no teas.

OUR DEAR BOY.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several tops. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his patterning, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to search my pockets and tease me for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs. I want some one to tease me for my

knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my ax; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed now empty.

And wife, she misses him still more. Here are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life almost to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there, as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are!

Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet-ground, where her two little girls were playing! "Oh, goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with with little children, not much taller than the mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me. I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base-ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be in it" as far as I can.—*Scribner.*

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted, The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line re-

turned, he had caught a large number.

Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS.—1. The darkest clouds have a silvery lining. 2. Hornellsville. 3. Friendship. 4. Open, pen. 5. Madam, Adam. 6. Gimp, imp. 7. Agate, gate. 8. Trust, rust. 9. Small, mall. 10. Scott. 11. Porter. 12. Sherman. 13. Grant. 14. Butler.

15. G r u B
E l i x i R
O m e g A
R a g o u T
Ground-nuT
E I L
Cicerone
R i B
O t t O
W a v e R
E c h O
L e V
L e v a n T

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of ten letters. My 1, 2, 5, 10 is an infant. My 1, 6, 3, 8, 9, 10 is a crossing over water. My 5, 6, 2, 3, 4 is a part of the head. My 1, 6, 3, 8, 10 is a newly married woman. My 1, 6, 2, 4 is a food for animals. My 6, 3, 8, 9, 10 is elevated land. My 5, 2, 7, 4, 1, 6, 3, 8, 9, 10 is an officer of revolutionary fame. My 8, 2, 6, 3, 10, 4 is a town in Georgia. My 2, 4, 7, 10 a girl's name. My whole is a town in Indiana. LOUIE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

2. A pure mute; tool for farmer's use; a place of frequent resort; domestic toils; passage; to exert strength; used both as a consonant and vowel. C. R. C.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. A sumptuous repast; one that eats; to expiate by sacrifices; the leaves of the cassia; a feast. C. R. C.

4. A pleasure boat; disease on the head; to sound in harmony; places of abode; a lock of hair. C. R. C.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

5. My first is in bird and also in bat, My second is in rain and also in rat, My third is in hat and also in cat, My fourth is in ball and also in bat, My fifth is in hearth and also in mat, My sixth is in clean and also in neat, My seventh is in bread and also in meat, My eighth is in bark and also in beat, My ninth is in oats and also in corn, My tenth is in throw and also in horn, My eleventh is in noon and also in morn. My whole is a town in Vermont. LOUIE.

HIDDEN STATES AND TERRITORIES.

6. I found my hat in Diana's room. 7. His name is Dover Montgomery. 8. Did you see Mary Landes to-day at church?

9. Is all that iron ore gone, or lost? 10. I took our washing to Nora Chester's. 11. That rio was the best I ever tasted.

LOUIE.

ANAGRAM.

12. Herte si on opts os kdra no retah Utb voel anc dehs gibth ligmsrem hrtee, Our shuagin noknw io mahnu tibrh Antt delytehi no ot haift nda ryprea.

PUZZLE.

13. My first is a part of the human frame; my second is a river in Europe; my third is a utensil used in the kitchen; my fourth and fifth is a prophet often mentioned in the Old Testament. My whole is an animal found in Africa.

JUMBLES.

Names of Cities mentioned in the Bible.—14. Riada. 15. Drixelanaa. 16. Mpioispha. 17. Hotanic. 18. Yabobl. 19. Aaamnuhld. 20. Caaceoid. 21. Gieumhr. 22. Aathriyt. 23. Cateseniloa.

24. Advice to those who need it. Aaaabcccc
eccccggghhiihnnnoooorrssssttttwwyy.

GEORGIE.



TABLE MANNERS.

HERE are some who insist that when a plate is sent to be replenished the knife and fork must be together on the plate, but we are happy to say that idea is being generally discarded. If the plate is passed thus encumbered it would be a marvel, even with the best trained servants, if accidents did not occur, and usually under the most mortifying circumstances. A quick movement of the arm which just touches the waiter's as the plate is taken would most likely send a greasy knife or fork off the plate into a lady's lap or against a gentleman's coat.

The knife and fork should be taken from the plate when it is passed, and either held in the hand or laid down with the tips resting on the solitaire, butter plate or a piece of bread. The last way is less awkward and much more convenient than holding them in the hand. When the plate is no longer needed, lay the knife and fork on it together, with the handles turned the same way, and the points of the fork laid downward.

Little mistakes and occasionally a troublesome accident may occur at the table, particularly where there are guests, either through carelessness or indifference on the part of the host or guest, and sometimes they are of the most embarrassing nature. But for the sake of all concerned, it is best to meet such infelicities with quiet dignity and self-possession. The more awkward and mortifying the accident, the greater need of calmness, not indifference. Pass your own part of the trouble off with a smile, but let all the feeling which will find utterance be shown in the kindest manner to the one causing the accident, or the one who suffers the most by it, if other than yourself. If the accident occurred through the carelessness of host or hostess, or stupidity or ignorance of the waiter, continual reference to it and apologies only keep the matter before the mind and enhances the evil. If one of the guests is the sufferer, common kindness and sympathy for the culprit will lead him to pass the matter over lightly or with but a few quiet words, sufficient to lessen the embarrassment the host and hostess must feel.

We once saw a plate of soup poured across the sleeve and skirt of an elegant dress, as one next to the lady inadvertently raised his arm just as the waiter was removing the plate. The hostess, for the moment, lost her self-possession, and, greatly disturbed, hastened, with many exclamations, to assist the waiter to remedy what in a calmer moment she would have seen was past help. But the owner of the dress with a quiet smile begged the hostess to be seated, gently requesting the waiter to resume his work, and, taking her napkin, wiped off what she could without disturbing her neighbors; then drawing a light shawl over the dress as if nothing had

gone amiss, resumed the conversation which had been interrupted. Quiet self-possession under such circumstances is not hypocrisy, but a kind and proper regard for the comfort of others.

Smacking the lips when eating, making needless and unpleasant sounds with the mouth at the table, are contrary to all rules, and exceedingly ill-bred and disagreeable. It is ill-mannered anywhere, but at the table so offensive as to destroy all comfort.

Reaching across the table, helping one's self with one's own knife and fork, are among the improprieties that can hardly be excused in good society.

Whispering at the table is offensive—disrespectful alike to the host and hostess and their guests, if there are any. Let the conversation be general, and as far as possible of a nature to interest all. If from the forced seclusion incident to ill health or from natural diffidence one is disinclined to bear a part in the conversation, it is but showing suitable respect to those who are talking to be at least an attentive listener. It is rude to sit silent, if one does not by an attentive manner show that the conversation is followed and fully appreciated. Yawning and restlessness during the conversation are very disrespectful.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.*

A CHINESE DINNER.

To enumerate the dishes we ate and the prices paid for them would seem fabulous. We commenced with tea and finished with soup. Some of the intermediate dishes were shark's fins; birds' nests brought from Borneo, (costing nearly a guinea a mouthful;) fricassee of poodle, a little dog rather like a pig, except for its head; the fish of the *kouk sheil*, an elastic substance like pax-wax or india rubber, which you might masticate but could not possibly mash; peacocks' liver, very fine and recherche; putrid eggs, nevertheless very good; rice, of course; salted shrimps, baked almonds, cabbage in a variety of forms, green ginger, stewed fungi, fresh fish of a dozen kinds, onions at *ad libitum*, form, roast, boiled, fried; Fouchow ham, which seemed to me equal to Wiltshire.

About 2 o'clock we rose from table, walked about, looked out of the window. Large brass bowls were brought filled with hot water, and towels. Each one proceeded to perform ablutions, the Chinese washing their heads. After which refreshing operation we resumed our seats and recommenced with another description of tea. Seven different sorts of *samshoo* we partook of, made from rice, from peas, from mangoes, cocoa nut; all fermented liquors; and the mystery remained—that I was not inebriated. Perhaps it was following the doctor's advice, the length of time which elapsed, and the small quantities. The *samshoo* was drunk warm, in tiny cups, during the course of the dinner. The whole was cooked without salt, and tasted very insipid to me. The bird's nests seemed like glue or isinglass; but the cocks' combs were palatable. The dog meat was like very delicate gizzard well stewed—a short, close fibre and very tender.

The dish which I fancied the most

turned out to be a rat; for upon taking a second help after the first taste, I got the head, and I certainly felt rather sick upon this discovery. But I consoled myself by the remembrance that in California we used often to eat ground squirrels, which are first cousins to the flat-tailed rats; and travelers who would know the world must go in boldly for manners and customs. We had tortoise and frogs; a curry of the latter was superior to chicken. We had fowls' hearts, and brains of some bird—snipe, I think. We had chow-chow of mangoes, *rambustan* preserved, salted cucumber, sweet potatoes, yams, *taro*, all sorts of sweets made from rice, sugar, and cocoanut.

Every dish was separate. And the soup which terminated the repast was surely boiled tripe, or some interior arrangement, and I wish I had halted a little time ago. The whole was eaten with chop-sticks, or a spoon like a small spade or shovel. The sticks, are made into a kind of fork being held crosswise between the fingers.—*Temple Bar.*

A LEGEND ABOUT COFFEE.

There is a legend about coffee—a legend of which the pious Mussulman is the hero. The Mussulman used to get sleepy during his devotions, and so he prayed to Mahomet, who came to his aid. Mahomet sent him for advice to a goatherd, who took a hint from his goats. He observed that when these animals ate the berries of a particular tree they got frisky and excited—bounded about all night, in fact. The Mussulman took the hint ate the coffee-berries, slept less and no doubt prayed better.

This was the legend. That coffee, however, was sold in the streets of Cairo toward the end of the sixteenth century is not a matter of legend, but of history. In fact it was not only sold, but it was forbidden to be sold. An Arabian historian recounts that in the year 1538 a *cafe* was attacked by the authorities, and the customers who were found on the spot hurried off to prison from which they were not liberated till they had each received seventeen strokes with a stick, for the encouragement of others! And, in fact, this raid served that purpose so excellently, that five and twenty years afterward the town of Cairo could boast of more than two thousand shops where coffee might be bought.

From Cairo to Constantinople was in those days a necessary transition, and the new drink once established in Europe soon made its way to the East. It is recorded that the first cup of coffee known to have been prepared in France was handed to Louis XIV to drink. It was a royal beverage in those days—a pound of it cost \$26. But this extravagance of price must have abated soon, for not long afterward several shops were opened for its sale; and in 1647, Thevenot, giving a very select dinner party, offered each of his guests, after their wine, a cup of coffee.

MORAL COURAGE IN A HOUSE-KEEPER.

The following is extracted from a very sensible letter of a lady who adopts the signature of "Prudentia":

"All food should be of excellent quality, but not too complicated, or too many varieties at a single meal. We should conscientiously avoid habituating children to concentrated or highly seasoned dishes, as it creates an artificial appetite, which in its turn craves stimulating drink. I think we should have the moral courage to set before our guests healthful food, that our example and influence may be felt in the right direction. There are so many choice fruits, canned and otherwise preserved, that a satisfactory or at least unobjectionable meal may be prepared at any season of the year. There are a few choice friends in this vicinity who make it a point, when they visit each other, not to overdo culinary matters, that the woman of the house may enjoy a social time with the rest. Most of us do our own work, and must give our time to preparing meals."—*American Agriculturalist.*

THE DESSERT.

—Never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. You will notice that somehow this kind of people never get there.

—Thackeray when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at a dinner in St. Louis one day, he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" "Blessed if I know," was the reply.

—One of Commodore Vanderbilt's daughters went to him for assistance for her husband; but the old man refused in language more forcible than polite to give a cent. He "came down," however, when he saw his daughter had put in the newspapers an advertisement that she was prepared to receive boarders, and referring to her father.

—"Can't stop; I'm in an awful hurry," said a talented agent of the associated press, the other morning. "Must go to the office right away to send off the news. Yellow dog poisoned and runaway team broke a store window." And the electric wire flashed the tidings over the broad continent. The colored voter of Louisiana wept over the fate of the yellow dog, and the frontiersman, amid the wilds of Oregon, laid aside his ax to read the thrilling account of the runaway. Such are the subtle links that knit mankind in firmer bonds of brotherhood.

—An old lady who was going to Stamford, Conn., to visit a daughter, took her seat in the cars for the first time in her life. During the ride the car in which she was seated was thrown down an embankment and demolished. Crawling out from beneath the debris, she spied a man who was held down in a sitting posture by his legs being fastened. "Is this Stamford?" she anxiously inquired. The man was from Boston, Mass. He was in considerable pain, but he did not lose sight of the fact that he was from Boston, so he said, "No, this is a catastrophe." "O!" ejaculated the old lady, "then I hadn't oughter got off here."



WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

HERE are at least two fundamental principles to be observed in the consideration of affections of the eye; the relations of light, as the stimulus of the eyes, and the use of the eyes, whether under unfavorable circumstances or otherwise. Light is an indispensable condition of natural sight, sustaining the same relation to it that water does to the life of the fish.

It is a well-known fact that the perfect development of plant life, and the perfection of fruits, are impossible without a natural supply of sunlight. If possible, it is still more important that the eye should have its full supply of the light of the sun. It has been often observed that those accustomed to a dim light, or those who labor, read or write by artificial light, particularly gas light, it may be, are among the special victims of weakness of sight. This results from the fact that sight under such circumstances, demands unusual effort, a strained sight.

Natural sight is a natural effort—if effort it may be called—simply the opening of the eyes and allowing them to see, no real fatiguing effort. In this way the eye, even when debilitated, may wander through space, if not fixed on any particular objects, seeing as naturally as the heart beats, unceasingly, from birth to death, or as the lungs breathe, and still the eyes feel no fatigue, necessarily, only sees, and of necessity is nourished by its natural food, the light. It is the forcing of sight, and that under unfavorable circumstances, that impairs sight and frets them. This is as true as it is that worry and fretting destroys far more health than mere hard labor, which, with cheerfulness and hope, may be performed with no perceptible injury.

It may be remarked, in this connection, that reflected light, that shining on the page, or the paper on which one is writing, etc., reaching the eye with more than usual power, the glare of light really reaching the eye from any cause, will produce injury. One reason for this is the fact that such strong light so contracts the pupil of the eye that sufficient light is not obtained, this pupil acting as a regulator, admitting such an amount of light as may be needed under the circumstances. It is always best, while securing an ample supply of light, not to sit in the full glare of such light, or else have the eyes protected from such an unusual power by a shade. Like food for the stomach there is danger of even a repletion of light, if not producing gluttony, a condition not unlike that produced by excessive use of food. "Enough is as good as a feast," and far better.

Another cause of impaired sight, with inflammation, is found in the sympathy existing between the eye and the stomach. It is a law of our being that when one surface is irri-

tated or diseased, similar and contiguous surfaces take on a similar action. Thus if the stomach, or its mucous surface is inflamed, the throat is similarly affected, having a similar look, which is also true of the mucous surfaces of the nose, ears and eyes, explaining the "redness of eyes" of those who "tarry long at the wine."

The natural medicine or "eye water" is furnished by the "tear glands," from which several ducts carry the tears to the ball, there to be spread over the whole surface by the winking, passing off at the escape ducts at the opposite angle. In addition to this, the eyes may be benefited by wearing a wet cloth at night over them, as a means of reducing the inflammatory heat, the "redness," though that at the stomach should also receive attention. Care of the eyes, using them as they were intended to be used, will be found the great condition of a cure. Medicine will not remove all effects of abuse.

DISEASES OF OUR OWN CAUSING.

On an average, one-half of the number of our patients treated by a hospital surgeon suffer from diseases due primarily to a want of knowledge of the laws of health and cleanliness.

1. The ignorance of hygienic laws, which affects so disastrously the health of the rich as well as the poor, exists chiefly in regard to dress, ablution, and ventilation. The following are examples: Varicose ulcers from dress; skin diseases from want of cleanliness; chest diseases and fevers from defective ventilation. The vast number of ulcerated legs treated in the out-patient department of hospitals, in workhouse infirmaries, and in private practice, arise from varicose veins. Now, a varicose ulcer is caused by a distended condition of the veins of the leg, which have to sustain the pressure of the blood, caused by gravitation.

In varicose veins, the valves which help to support the column of blood are to a great extent destroyed, through the veins having been distended by mechanical obstruction to the free return of the blood from the extremities thereby, distending the lower veins and separating the edges of the valves. Thus, the weight of an uninterrupted column has to be borne by the veins. This, of course causes further distension, giving rise to congestion of the capillaries of the skin, and causing swelling, eczema, and ultimately ulceration. Varicose ulcers are seldom admitted into general hospitals, so that hundreds of poor families are driven to the workhouse, and such cases form a majority in the workhouse infirmary.

The most frequent and flagrant cause of obstruction is the ordinary elastic garter. Children should never wear them at all, as the stockings can be perfectly well kept up by attachments of elastic straps to the waistband. If garters are worn, it is important to know how to apply them with the least risk of harm; at the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the leg unite, and go deeply into the under part of the thigh beneath the ham-string tendons. Thus a ligature below the knee obstructs all the superficial veins, but if the constrict-

tion is above, the ham string tendons keep the pressure off the veins which return the blood from the legs; unfortunately, most people, in ignorance of the above facts, apply the garter below the knee.

Elastic bands are the most injurious. They follow the movements of the muscles, and never relax their pressure upon the veins. Non-elastic bands during muscular exertion become considerably relaxed at intervals, and allow a freer circulation of the blood.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

LEMON JUICE.

A physician writing to the London *Lancet*, says few people know the value of lemon juice. He says a piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it in a few days. It should be renewed night and morning.

He says a free use of lemon juice and sugar will always relieve a cough. He says that most people feel poorly in the spring, and take medicine for relief, but if they would eat a lemon before breakfast every day for a week, with or without sugar, as they like, they would find it better than any medicine.

He says that lemon juice used according to a given recipe, will cure consumption, even after the doctors have given them up, as not to be benefited.

This is his prescription: Put a dozen lemons into cold water and slowly bring to a boil. Boil slowly until the lemons are soft, but not too soft, then squeeze until all the juice is extracted, add sugar to your taste, and drink. In this way use one dozen lemons a day. If they cause pain, or loosen the bowels too much, lessen the quantity and use only five or six a day, until you are better, and then begin again with a dozen a day. After using five or six dozen, the patient will begin to gain flesh and enjoy food. Hold on to the lemons, and still use them very freely several weeks more.

He says, We know that if anything on earth can cure you, this will. We have had patients who were in the last stages of consumption, and given over by excellent physicians, who were restored to health by simply following these directions. Only prepare the lemons as here directed, use as directed, and continue to use them freely for several weeks, and you will soon be well.

Another use of lemons is for a refreshing drink in summer, or in sickness at any time. Prepare as directed above, add water and sugar. But in order to have this keep well, after boiling the lemons, squeeze them and strain carefully, then to every half-pint of juice add one pound of loaf or crushed sugar, boil and stir a few minutes more, until the sugar is dissolved, then skim carefully and bottle. You will get more juice from the lemons by boiling them, also it keeps better.

HANS DORCOM.

REIMPLANTATION OF TEETH.

It was stated in the *Scientific American* some months ago that a member of the Odontological Society had succeeded in replanting teeth which had been extracted in conse-

quence of disease. To the process by which this was accomplished, he gave the name Reimplantation. Another member of the same Society has now had the operation tried on himself, and with success. The tooth, which had for some time been painfully affected by changes of temperature, was carefully pulled out, to prevent straining or tearing of the gum; the dental canal was cleansed, the decayed part was scraped from the crown, and stopping applied in the usual way, and then the tooth was replaced in its socket.

The operation lasted about half an hour: for three or four hours there was a dull aching pain, which, however, entirely ceased before noon of the following day, though some tenderness remained. This in turn disappeared; and by the end of a fortnight, the replanted tooth did without difficulty all the duty which a tooth is expected to do. From this it will be understood that a tooth slightly diseased at the root need not be thrown away, and that persons who object to an artificial tooth may, with proper care, retain the teeth which nature gave them.

THE HAIR.

Hall's *Journal of Health* has an excellent article on this generally interesting subject, in the course of which it condemns, in its usual unequivocal way, the numberless hair restoratives; and as a simple remedy for baldness it proposes the following wash: Pour three pints of hot water on four handfuls of the stems and leaves of the garden "box," boil it for fifteen minutes in a closed vessel, then pour it in an earthen jar, and let it stand ten hours; next strain the liquid and add three tablespoonsfuls of cologne water, wash the head with this every morning; it is cleansing and tonic, and if the root-bulbs of the hair are not destroyed—which is the case where the scalp looks smooth and shiny, and then there is no remedy—the hair will begin to grow with vigor. If this wash fails after a week's perseverance, the baldness may be considered incurable, because the structure of hair growth is destroyed.

But a more certain and more easily understood method of restoring the hair, when such a thing is possible, is to strive to secure a larger share of general health; keeping the scalp clean in the meanwhile, by the judicious application of a moderately stiff brush and a basin of old fashioned soapsuds.

Fussy impatience, because no magical results seem to follow a doctor's prescription, often defeats the end which would be quietly accomplished if the patient were encouraged to hope or were at least let alone. The nursing and the general demeanor of friends and attendants are of as much consequence to the patient as the skill of the physician.

The following application is recommended for burns: Carbolic acid and glycerine, in the proportion of from five to ten drops of the former thoroughly incorporated with two ounces of the latter, spread on with a camel's hair or other light brush, then a layer of white cotton, over which a roller bandage is neatly adjusted.



MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine.
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),
A curious company, I own:

The poorest rankling with their betters:
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A Pure Democracy—of Letters.

A metley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away,
Some scarcely worth the place they hold;
Yet well I love them one and all.

These friend's so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,
And like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That this I take and that refuse;

No discord rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never uninvited speaks;

And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworthy the precious time you're spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up" without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissensions cease;

And stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife
(Save what the heavy page may smother),

The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake, had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks
(What living friend has done the same?)
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies ever present,
Of all the friends I ever knew
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

PARENTS' RELATIONS TO
TEACHERS.

PARENTS have special duties to perform in the relations they sustain to their school teachers. If well qualified and faithful, as they should be, these teachers have a right to claim fidelity and co-operation on the part of their employers.

Teachers should receive fair compensation for their valuable services. I see no reason why teaching should not be as remunerative as other professional labor, which is estimated not only as service, but in view of the time and money spent in preparation, it is an admitted principle, that wages should be increased in proportion to the knowledge and skill attained in every department of industry.

Common physical labor has its value; and the same labor when directed by that intelligence and special ability which qualify for leadership, as master-workmen, may demand more compensation. And if the preparation for the desired service requires special training; if years of time and much money are necessary to make that service available, as in the learned professions, salaries are raised accordingly.

Hence the superintendent may receive much more than the common operative; the physician may demand as much for a single visit as his patient would earn for a day's labor; and the lawyer for an hour's pleading, as much as his client for a month's service.

It must follow, therefore, that the well qualified teacher should receive more pay than the common day-laborer or the household drudge. And yet in times past, this principle has not been recognized; and our public school teachers have been so poorly paid, that the better class have, in many instances, sought other and more lucrative employments. It is hoped that wiser counsels will prevail, and that parents everywhere will see not only the propriety, but the necessity, of employing the best teachers at their command, and paying them liberally for their services.

And teachers should be provided with a permanent and pleasant home in the district where they teach. There are some advantages in the old practice of boarding the school master "around." He is thus compelled to form an intimate acquaintance with his patrons, and to learn the peculiarities and wants of each family.

But the teacher needs the conveniences and comforts of a home. She needs it for rest and comfort while she can be released from the excitement and toil of the school-room. She needs it that she may have time and opportunity to prepare herself for important school duties. And she needs it in common with all other civilized human beings; as "there is no place like home," even though it be substituted and temporary.

What should we think of the church that should require their pastor to board among his parishioners; that should compel him to feel that he has among his people "no abiding place," but must go with his wife and children from house to house to get his daily bread? Would this be a profitable arrangement for the people, and honorable treatment of their pastor? I will continue consideration of this subject in my next.

down into the lower vessel, it subsided by degrees, announcing thereby the part of time elapsed. The Babylonians are said to have used such instruments; from them the Greeks of Asia Minor got them, at the time of King Cyrus, about the year 550 before Christ. But the Romans did not get the first water clock before the year 160 before Christ.

But though the hours of the clepsydra did not vary in length, they still counted them from the morning. When the clock with us strikes seven, the ancients counted one; when the clock with us strikes twelve, the ancients counted six, and so forth. This method of counting the hour was, according to the New Testament, also customary in Palestine at the time of Christ. The water-clocks had that advantage, that they could be used in the night, and the Romans used them to divide their night-watches, which were relieved four times, both summer and winter.

Conformably to these four night-watches, time was counted, not only in Rome, but wherever a Roman garrison were stationed; consequently, also in Palestine, after she had become a Roman province. The first night-watch was called *vespera* (evening), from sunset to nine o'clock; the second, *media nox* (midnight), from nine o'clock to two o'clock; the third, *gallicinium* (cock-crowing), from two to three o'clock; and the fourth, *mane*, (morning), from three o'clock to day-break.

ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

In Egypt, the cradle of civilization, the first library of which there is any trace on the pages of history was founded about 1,400 years before the Christian era, these ancient books being written on papyrus, stone and metal. Nor was this the only collection of writings which ancient Egypt contained, as it proved by the fact that on several ancient tombs inscriptions have been deciphered which refer to appropriations of lots of land for the erection of libraries to the king. The great mass of the works which such libraries must have contained were in the course of a checkered history, swept out of existence, and the only traces of them which remain are infrequent but suggestive references to a few lost writings in those books which for religious reasons have been preserved.

THE REVIEWER.

HOW TO RAISE FRUITS.—A Hand book of Fruit Culture, being a Guide to the Proper Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees, and of Grapes and Small Fruits. By Thomas Gregg, 12mo, cloth, fully illustrated. Price \$1.00. New York: S. R. Wells & Company.

This recent addition to the admirable "How Series" published by the above well-known house, embraces within its one hundred and eighty pages a careful digest of the experience and wisdom of the best fruit-growers. It is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to "Fruit Culture in General," with special directions for laying out grounds, planting and treatment. The second is taken up with the consideration of "Kinds of Fruit," those being particularized which are adapted to the climate and soil of the Middle and Western States, and which have obtained a permanent reputation. Without pretension to elaborate fullness, this well-printed book meets the requirements of a manual for the use of the young or amateur fruit-raiser, and

is not wanting in many suggestions which the experienced pomologist would find profitable. Its illustrations are numerous, and in that practical style which furnishes the reader a correct idea of the size and proportion of a given sort of fruit. Its price considered, we know not the volume which contains a greater amount of useful information on fruits and their culture, and which is more tastefully gotten up.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June is a beautiful number; and for the uniform excellence of its illustrations and the variety and interest of its reading matter, it deserves comment as being a step in advance of anything hitherto undertaken. No thorough description has ever hitherto been published of the Androscoggin Lakes, and Mr. Edward Abbott's paper on this subject, with picturesque illustrations, will show that the region has unusual attractions for the artist as well as the sportsman. Mr. William A. Ridings contributes a paper—also finely illustrated—on the "Wheeler Survey in Nevada." He describes the work of the survey, and the wonders of Lake Tahoe and Virginia City. Gibraltar—its history, its natural features, and its modern political and military significance—is the subject of a paper as interesting as a romance, by George M. Towle. The illustrations are drawn by Samuel Colman, the artist who has done himself and the subject ample justice. Lovers of downright humor will be delighted with Marc E. Cook's story, "Moses Clymer's Business"—illustrated by Abbe—so graphically presented that it seems more like reality than the fiction that, of course, it is. Dr. John W. Draper continues his important series of illustrated papers, "Popular Exposition of Some Scientific Experiments," treating in this number the methods of bringing phantom impressions into view, and the phosphorescence of diamonds and other bodies. Fiction has, as usual, its generous allotment of space. Charles Read's remarkable novel "A Woman-Hater" and Blackmore's "Erema" are continued. Mrs. Frank McCarthy's short story, "The Professor's Victim," is well told, and is as novel as it is dramatic. A large installment of Julian Hawthorne's "Garth"—full of interesting dramatic situations—concludes this very original novel. The Editorial Departments furnish a well-organized body of entertaining and instructive matter.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co. an "Angel of Beauty," one of Schubert's magnificent songs, and with it Bauer's quartet, "Hear Father, hear our prayer," very striking, with prominent alto solo. Also, Collin Coe's song and chorus, "Always Remember," which we will do, to a certain extent, with respect to this fine song. Then there is a sample of a whole nest of "Little Fancies," 22 in number. They are unusually sweet, easy piano pieces for learners. This particular one is "Mary of Argyle," and is No. 15 of the set. Goerdeler's Reverie, "Silver Moon," is a most tasteful piano piece of medium difficulty, and Winner's "Pine and Needles Galop," is just what young players will catch at (look out for the points,) and learn so easily! "My dearest Heart," a very popular song by Arthur Sullivan; "Wayfarers," by J. R. Murray, a charming sacred lyric, as is "They're beckoning me," by Lyle. Also the bright "Emma Polka," by Bergendahl; very graceful "Bright Butterflies," by Lange, who is always good, and "Good Morning," an instructive piece by Low.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The contents of this magazine for June are light and varied. The number opens with two finely illustrated articles,—the second of Lady Blanche Murphy's agreeable Rhine Sketches, and the concluding paper on the Valleys of Peru. A young Italian author, Edmondo de Amicis, whose name will be new to most American readers, but whose writings are very popular in his own land, forms the subject of an interesting article, which includes a translation of a deeply pathetic story. Under the title of "Curious Couples," Rev. William M. Baker recounts some of his experiences as a pastor in the South. The stories are numerous, embracing the continuation of "The Marquis of Lossie," "The Lost Voice," by Ita Aniol Prokop, "A Love Chase" by Clarence Gordon, and "The Priest's Son," by Tourguenoff. In the way of poetry there is a dainty bit of verse by Paul H. Hayne, a string of wedding sonnets by Emma Lazarus, and a "Sleeping Song," paraphrased from Theocritus. The editorial departments are unusually full and interesting.

SPRING BREEZE MAZURKA.

G. C.

cres.

Tempo di Mazurka.

Fin.

TRIO.

8va.

D.S.

The music is arranged for two staves (treble and bass). The treble staff uses a treble clef and a common time signature. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a common time signature. The music includes various dynamics such as 'cres.' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), and '8va.' (eighth note). Tempo markings include 'Tempo di Mazurka' and 'Fin.' (Fine). The 'TRIO' section is indicated by a bracket over the treble staff. The music concludes with a repeat sign and 'D.S.' (Da Capo).

THE HOUSEHOLD.



THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone.
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Saviour for a Friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile,
But I never said a word,
In regard to what I heard;
As she sung about her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee
Working all day long was she,
As her children three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long,
"With a Saviour for a Friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone:
Of a Saviour and a Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and rub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I would not wish to strip
From the washerwoman's lip,
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring,
For the woman has a Friend
That will keep her to the end.

MAY-DAY MOVING.

BY JOSE KEEN.

IF ANY of the good readers of THE HOUSEHOLD are to go through the delights, or discomforts, of moving, we would advise them to keep cool.

"Easier said than done," some of you reply. Very true; but after all it is the *sumnum bonum* of a successful transplanting. Making the best of everything with the full assurance that "three removes are equal to a fire." In other words, china, glass, and furniture cannot be expected to come forth from the hurry, skurry, slap dash of May-Day unscathed.

The carman, no doubt, has half a dozen or more names upon his list to be moved that very day; and so he is ready to seize the first thing he lays his hands to, pitch it into his cart, and dump it out again in the new home in a miscellaneous heap. A little forethought, however, may remedy much confusion and after weariness. Although you cannot get into the house you are hoping to occupy one hour before May-Day, you can at least have everything packed up as snug as possible; and all the old comfortables, blankets and bits of carpets carefully wrapped around your best furniture. In this way it will not only save it

from many a scratch, but also save time and confusion after the carman arrives.

How often in the crowded city of New York have we watched people moving on our right side, and on our left, or across the street. Some, like pilgrims with their staffs, appeared accustomed to taking up their things and walking off, as it were, in almost no time; others would seem to have nothing whatever in readiness. And, then, such a hurrying and skurrying! loud talking and running against one another!

A costly piece of furniture is carried out and dumped into the cart, and just as another piece is to be roughly placed against it, a thought strikes some one that a piece of cloth, carpet or blanket ought to be placed between them. Then comes delay to find something suitable. A bundle of bedding is untied and scattered about while a comfortable is hurriedly hauled out. The carman, who has been impatiently waiting, seizes it and hastily throws it over the furniture; perhaps not covering the very parts that touch, and are likely to jostle together when going over rough stones.

It is these unexpected delays and little annoyances which irresistibly ruffle the temper, and cause fiery words to float up, and break forth ere one is half conscious of what they are saying. But if May-Day is a trying

one to big people, how much more so it is to children. Poor little innocent things, they come in for a large share of its discomforts. Tumbled about here and there, they hardly know whether they are on their heads or heels. And as to their "bread baskets," they are as empty as possible, and the feeling of hunger and giddiness makes them "as cross as bears with sore heads," if any one knows how that feels. But amidst all the confusion who is to find anything to eat? Why, the basket of provisions went off in the first load, when it was not to have been sent until the very last thing!

The children are hushed up, and a vague promise given—perhaps a few crackers found in some unexpected corner, which pacifies them for a while. So they are once more ready to tumble over the piled up furniture, bags and bundles lying around in delightful confusion.

But that poor baby, who can't be reasoned with, or sent off to play! Just see how forlorn and forsaken he looks! Picked up out of one basket, he is mercilessly tossed upon a pile of mattresses. Wearied out, he is just about to close his eyelids, when again he is hastily taken up and as hurriedly dumped down somewhere else. Poor wee mite! what discomforts he has gone through since early dawn, and what a pathetic tale he might tell if he could only write a history of the day's abuse. Well for him if he has strong, robust health, and a tolerable fund of good nature, else surely all the excitement and discomfort, broken rest, and unsatisfactory food, will tell upon him long after the day's unpleasantness is over with.

Many of these things might be remedied through system. As we have before said, keep as cool and philosophical as possible, and after a little

while everything will settle itself right end foremost.

Because you cannot move until the eleventh hour, it is no reason why everything should be left until almost the last day. Let the carpets be well shook, and smoothly folded up so they will easily unroll in their new place; have the furniture well wrapped round with all you can conveniently use for that purpose; the china tightly packed in the clothes basket, and other things of the kind that can be easily handled. Don't be afraid to pack your dishes too closely together, for the tighter they are packed the more sure they are of reaching their destination without breakage. Whereas, if they are packed loosely, even with something soft between them, they are apt to jostle together and break to pieces.

Tight packing, with simply some old newspapers torn up into bits and placed between each piece of glass or crockery is better than loose packing with soft clothes. Hay or straw, when it can be had, is, however, the best thing. Then, for the sake of the children, and for the inner man of those who must be busy on May-Day, and scarce able to take time to listen to its grumblings, we would advise a well prepared basket of substantial eatables, to be placed in an empty closet where it is not likely to be seized and carried off.

It is often said, "If you want to ask a favor of any one, the very best time is after a hearty meal." Upon the same principle, there is nothing like well prepared sandwiches, etc., to keep one in a good humor on May-Day. Thus, in full readiness for the inevitable moving, one-third of its discomforts will vanish.

One thing more we would suggest. Let there be a distinct understanding between the members of the family remaining to send off the household effects, and those who are to receive them. In this way when the parlor furniture is sent it can be at once placed where it belongs, and the furniture of the various bed-rooms carried immediately up stairs to its especial destination. Any sensible carman, if not confused by loud talking and contradictory orders, will readily do as directed. It is only when he finds everything in a confused heap, he is as ready to pitch it down in the same manner.

Of course, even with the best of arrangements, there will be more or less of hurry, skurry, bruises and scratches. But try our plan, dear readers, of systemizing everything as much as possible before the carman is at your door. I am sure you will then find far less commotion going on, and less to annoy, and try your temper. Willie will not be howling for bread and butter, Susie tumbling over and breaking a whole basket of crockery carelessly left directly in the middle of the hall, or the baby—bless its little heart—tossed about like a football to hunt bedding in a hurry for the carman.

And now, a pleasant fitting to you. May you find few scratches on that choice furniture; grandma's rare china tea-set without a single cracked or broken piece among it; and your husband in such a good humor that for once he is ready to believe in woman's

suffrage, turn to and help you right everything until the new home looks cheery and bright.

We will here append

A MAY-DAY IDYL.

(After Tennyson.)

BY BETSEY BROWNE.

You must wake and call me early—call me early, do you hear?

To-morrow will be the busiest day of any in the year;

Of all the days in the year, Bridget, the noisiest, dirtiest day;

For oh! we move to-morrow, Bridget—to-morrow's the first of May.

There'll be lots of broken furniture, but none, I hope, of mine;

Smashed crockery, looking-glasses, and many a bottle of wine;

Wash stands, bureaus, tables, will go in that same way;

For alas! we move to-morrow, Bridget—to-morrow's the first of May.

I sleep so sound all night, Bridget, that I shall never wake;

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;

For I must pack the china and glass in wisps of hay;

For oh! we move to-morrow, Bridget—to-morrow's the first of May.

Piano, books, and pictures, will go in the first cart; And oh! if they should scratch them, I am sure 'twould break my heart;

Then bedding, and baby's cradle, will quite fill up that dray

When we move to-morrow morn, Bridget—to-morrow, the first of May.

As I came up the Bowery, whom think you did I see,

But that good for nothing carman, quite drunk against a tree—

The man who moved us last year, breaking everything that day;

But he won't move us to-morrow, Bridget—to-morrow, the first of May.

Oh! well do I remember, how each article came to grief;

From a marble bust of Psyche, to a round of cold corn beef;

If we have another such trial, my hair it will turn gray,

When we move to-morrow morn, Bridget—to-morrow, the first of May.

If it rains to-morrow, Bridget, whatever shall we do?

For 'twould spoil the parlor furniture, carpets, and mattress new.

I'm beginning to think it's a business that don't pay, Moving about each year, Bridget, upon the first of May.

HOP YEAST AND BREAD.

Number Two.

BY NELLIE MAY.

At the time spoken of in the article on Yeast and Bread, in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, we used "milk risings," almost exclusively the year round; but in cold weather and short days, it required constant attention to keep it warm, and at best, it would be night before the bread was out of the oven. Since then we have adopted the plan of using milk yeast in summer, and hop yeast in winter, with which we are well pleased as they seem best suited to the two seasons, work, time, and all considered; besides, it affords a variety, and one tires of the same continually.

To those however, who have a preference for milk risings all the time, I would say, that in the shortest days the yeast can be made the day before they wish to bake, and when light, set it in as cool a place as can be and not freeze over night. The next morning stir in a little warm water, soda, and flour, and it will rise very soon. In this case, of course, there need not be as large a quantity stirred up in the first place, as though it was going to be

used immediately, and the dish must be large enough to admit of the warm water, and the second rising. The bread may not be quite as good as if made at the first rising, but good enough. In cold weather, people sometimes are obliged to do as they can, and it is often a convenience to know how they can do.

Bread made of hop yeast, has the advantage of keeping moist longer than the other kind, certainly if mixed with water. To make the yeast, boil in an iron kettle a handful of hops in a quart and a half of water, fifteen minutes, strain through a sieve or cloth strainer, pour back into the kettle, which must be free from hop leaves. Pare and slice thin, four large potatoes, (six if small,) and boil in the liquor. When they are done, skim out and mash free from lumps, scrape into the kettle and heat up again, strain all through a colander into a tin pan to rid it of lumps that may have escaped being mashed. If it has boiled away, add boiling water sufficient to make a quart and a half.

Be sure it is scalding hot, and thicken immediately with fine wheat flour, until quite stiff, then add a tablespoonful of ginger. When cool enough all through to bear your finger in it without burning, stir in thoroughly a cake of National Yeast, which meanwhile has been soaking several hours in warm water. Cover up, and set the pan in a warm place to rise, which will be light in a few hours. When sufficiently light, put in bottles or a stone jar (we use the latter) and set in the cellar. If bottles are used, do not fill them full, or cork them tight as they might burst from its working.

This kind of yeast will keep good a month, more or less, in cool weather, if made according to directions. The object of being particular to have it hot enough to scald the flour, is to have it keep. In large families, double the amount can be made at one brewing if desired. It is convenient to have in the house for all such purposes as raising buckwheat batter, for griddle cakes, buns, raised loaf cake, Indian bread, fried cakes, (if one wishes to raise them, we use buttermilk in preference) even if the salt or milk yeast is used for bread, and I consider it much better for these purposes, than milk yeast.

Formerly we always thickened stiff with Indian meal, made into rolls and sliced into small cakes, spread on platters and dried; but latterly use them "soft," as it is less trouble than to be obliged to soak a cake every time we bake, which requires some time, dried very hard as they must be in order to be kept. Now they are always "ready" at a moment's warning, without further thought or care. Hop yeast wheat bread should be sponged, and several ways have been tried, but the following is as satisfactory as any. Sift and warm the flour, by setting it near the stove awhile, stirring it occasionally that it may be warmed through. If done over night so much the better, if there is a fire in the stove. Then use a teaspoonful of salt, a full quart of hot water (not scalding) and mix soft. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in a little water and stir into a small cup of yeast. Cook it an hour and it will fairly dis-

adding more flour, knead into a loaf, and put into a greased, six-quart pan. Wrap it in warmed newspapers, and an old tablecloth, and set in as warm a place as possible to rise and not scald. A current of air striking it would retard the rising.

When the pan is about full, take out into your mixing pan, and mould as long as time and strength will allow. The more time that is bestowed upon it in this way, the whiter, "finer light," and more tender it will be. Make out into three loaves, and observe same directions in baking, that are given in the March number, page 60. If baking for a large family, I would advise making twice the above quantity at a time, as it will keep good a week or two, then it is so much work at best, to bake in cold weather. Stale bread is very palatable steamed, or "melted" as some call it, and is done in this way: Cut into slices, spread several layers around on a plate, put into a steamer and cover tight, which is set into hot water in a kettle same size as steamer, taking care not to have water enough to boil up and soak the bread. We often steam it for a change, even if not very stale.

Biscuits kept on hand in a cool place are as nice as new, steamed in an emergency, such as unexpected company near meal time, when the house-keeper does not have time to make a batch of new ones. Some sister try it, and see if it is not true. While making bread allow some more wetting and yeast than in given directions for bread, and when you knead the dough into loaves, leave part of it and work in softened butter, and make into biscuit. I have been making bread and biscuit to-day, according to above directions, and had excellent "luck." The loaf in the pan was made at eight o'clock, and some past I think. Had I thought of reporting the time, I would have noticed exactly. The tin of biscuits was done at two o'clock, and the bread was in twenty minutes longer, I was so absorbed in writing, that my penful came near running over before I was aware of it, or it might have been done sooner.

Before closing this article, I would like to give the best recipe for Indian bread that I know of: One quart of corn meal, wet thoroughly with boiling water, then add one quart luke-warm water, one quart of raw corn meal, one quart of graham flour, one tablespoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of good hop yeast, one teacupful of molasses. Mix thoroughly. When light, bake two hours in a moderately heated oven. This recipe has been used by us for several years, but I forget where it was obtained. It may be new to some, if not all of THE HOUSEHOLD readers.

HOW TO COOK OATMEAL.

OATMEAL MUSH.

This article is seldom cooked sufficiently. That results partly from the fact that oatmeal is so good-natured. If it is cooked twenty minutes or half an hour, it will become eatable; it evidently behaves itself just as well as it can, but cook it ten minutes longer and see how bountifully it will repay your attention to its peculiarities. Cook it an hour and it will fairly dis-

solve in savors so delightful that it would not seem the same article as that cooked half an hour. It does not matter about the kettle, though I prefer one with a flat bottom, because it cooks evenly.

For the coarser oatmeals (which are by far the best for mush,) such as Groats, Bogle & Lyle's Irish, or Schumacher's "C," measure five or six parts water (preferably soft)—yes, measure it, and then you will have it alike every time and not be at the trouble of watching it to see if it is the right consistency and adding more meal. These coarse meals do not require stirring in. Let it boil up smartly until it sets, or is evenly diffused through the water, then set it back where it will not boil so fast, and after half an hour place it where it will barely simmer. Let it cook an hour at least, and two hours, if possible. If the time is limited, put it to soak before hand and stir it when heating it up. After that it requires no stirring. The sliminess often complained of is due to the constant stirring which some cooks practice.

Prevent its burning by adjusting its distance from the fire. If it scorches empty it out of the kettle at once into another and continue the cooking more carefully. It is always a sign of ignorance or carelessness to have the mush scorched. The easiest and surest way to avoid this is to cook it in a double kettle, or in a tin dish set into a kettle of boiling water, then all the attention it requires is to keep water in the kettle beneath and to see that it boils. Salt slightly when making; disturb as little as possible when dishing, and allow it to stand a few minutes before serving. In the summer it will be better relished if barely warm, and many like it quite cold.

With the Scotch and other fine oatmeals the process is much the same, only they require much stirring while setting, and the proportion of meal is greater after that. It is particularly important not to stir them until served. The time required to cook them is less, but an hour is lone too much to get the best results from the Scotch, or Canadian, as it is sometimes called. Please try our way, young housekeepers of THE HOUSEHOLD, and report your success.

The success in making nice cake lies principally in the manner in which the ingredients are proportioned, the manner in which they are put together, and the temperature of the oven. The butter may be softened, but on no account melted, then work the sugar into it and stir it until white; beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately and thoroughly as very much depends upon this; for unless well beaten the texture of the cake will be coarse, with a crude flavor about it which will plainly reveal the cause to the initiated. An egg beater is an article indispensable in every family.

Mix the yolks with the butter and sugar, then add the milk with the soda dissolved in it, now the flour with the cream of tartar sifted through it, lastly the whites of the eggs and spices. With a large spoon stir it one way for a quarter of an hour. Have the oven the right temperature. If a thick loaf is desired line your baking dish with buttered paper.

For the benefit of those who do their own washing, I will give a recipe for making washing fluid, accredited to

without stirring. Mush and porridge are both very useful in making shortcake, griddlecakes, dumpings, biscuits, and other dainties.—*Julia Colman.*

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—We receive so much useful information from the columns of your excellent paper, and enjoy so well the friendly chats and interchange of notes on the various ways of doing work connected with the household, that we feel largely indebted to its contributors; and to cancel in part our obligations to them, with your permission, I will endeavor to give a few suggestions about household affairs, learned principally in the school of experience. My text and suggestion will be bread and cake making, washing and ironing. The manufacture of good bread is a science worthy of a place among the fine arts; requiring some knowledge, much practice, and constant vigilance. The two first principles are good flour and fresh yeast; assuming you have these put your bread in sponge by using one pint of boiled sifted potato to three pints of hot water, turn this into four quarts of flour, if it scalds a part of the flour it is an improvement to the bread; when cool enough add a cup of yeast. When light, add a handful of white sugar and mix it as long as it will receive flour and half an hour afterwards; for here lies the secret of success. A model bread-maker informs us that she usually kneads her bread for the space of an hour without adding a particle of flour, place it back in the bread pan, cover with a thick cloth, and set it in a warm place for the second rising. Do not touch it until very light, then dust the hands with flour and pull off a piece of dough the required size for a loaf and shape it in the hands according to the form of your baking dish. Proceed in this way until your loaves are all made up, then let them rise once more until very light, bake in a moderate oven from one-half to three-fourths of an hour.

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Professor Liebig, which will save full one-half of the usual labor, and will not injure the finest fabrics, neither fade calicoes nor colored flannels, but on the contrary brighten the colors. To make the washing fluid, take two pounds of sal soda, one pound of unslacked lime, boiled together in six quarts of water for half an hour; when it has settled clear, turn it into a jug and cork it for use. Soak the white clothes over night in soft water either in a pounding barrel or wash tub, soaping the most soiled places. In the morning fill your wash boiler half full of soft water, when it boils add a full cup of molasses, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil; butter a flat baking tin, turn in the taffy, let it stand to cool, crease it while warm, in small squares, so it will break up easily when cold.

Methuen, Mass. MRS. J. F. M.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber for THE HOUSEHOLD for two years. I take great pleasure in reading the many interesting articles and hints, especially those from farmers' wives and mothers, which can be of profit to those similarly situated, and as I am a farmer's wife, living in the far west, and have the care and most of the work to do for six children, myself and husband, I find economy in labor, as well as in nearly everything, a matter that needs much consideration and study. I think we tired mothers should manage to save labor a great deal in bringing up our girls, by teaching them to make their own clothes, especially their under wear and dresses, and best, I think, to begin by making them very plain, which will be easier for them to learn, and at the same time will not be indulging them in every little foolish fashion that comes so often. My oldest girl is not twelve yet, and has made three or four dresses for herself, except the cutting and basting, and nearly all her plain clothes, which saves me many an hour for recreation which I could not otherwise get—but I am writing at great length and little weight, perhaps.

I wish to inquire the best method of making cheese from the milk of five or six cows; would you make the curd at night, or set the milk, and if so how would you make the cream unite with the morning's milk when put together? and about how long had I ought to be in preparing it for the press after the curd is ready to cut? and should I keep it very warm all the while? and would you advise curing them in a warm room, or a cool and dark room? My greatest trouble has always been my cheese are rather hard and dry, though I never take any cream from them. Will some of the sisters please advise me soon as convenient, through THE HOUSEHOLD.

Meridian, N. Y. MRS. A. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I have been a subscriber and reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for the last two years, have tried several of the recipes, and have found them all excellent. I tried the frosting recipe in which isinglass was to be used instead of white of eggs, and will never use eggs again for that purpose.

I would like to ask if any of your readers can tell me, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, what will remove tea stains from tablecloths and

napkins? I have some badly stained, have tried everything I know of, all to no purpose. I should be very grateful if some one could tell me.

I send you some recipes that I have often tried and know are excellent. I have never seen them in THE HOUSEHOLD, and would like to have some one try them.

Cocoanut Pies.—For six pies, grate the inside of one large cocoanut, and make same as custard pies, only leave out the nutmeg, and add the cocoanut. Bake in single crusts.

Molasses Taffy.—Two-thirds cup of molasses, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; boil; butter a flat baking tin, turn in the taffy, let it stand to cool, crease it while warm, in small squares, so it will break up easily when cold.

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Also, can I color a buff delaine, half cotton, figured with blue, with common box bluing and not have it wash out, and if so what is the process.

ANTOINETTE.

MR. CROWELL:—May I offer a suggestion or two in return for the many received through the columns of your excellent paper?

Sisters, don't peel your rhubarb for pies or sauce. Wash it clean with cold water, drain thoroughly, then cut

as fine as you like it, and the preparation is over. I would say to "Economist" my "granite kettle," in the use of which I have delighted for more than a year, begins to show spots where the coating is flaked off.

I have never seen in your paper my recipe for cooking dried beef. Shave thin the quantity you wish to use; cover it with equal parts of sweet milk and cream, add a piece of butter half as large as a hen's egg, (less will do,) a tablespoonful of flour and a little pepper; stir thoroughly, that the flour may not form lumps; now set it over the fire and bring it to a boil, stirring constantly. The instant it boils remove it from the fire, (as longer cooking makes the meat tough,) and pour into a dish lined with slices of toast, stale bread, or crackers, and you have something fit for a king.

G. M. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in the last number of THE HOUSEHOLD your notice of Leamor's dyes. Will you please send me the book giving directions for use, also sample card.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD Marian E. asks for information regarding mince pies. I will send her my way, and I think she will like it. I have used it for years with success. Three pounds of beef boiled very tender and chopped very fine, three pounds of finely chopped green apples, three pounds of chopped suet, one and one-half pounds of chopped suet, one and one-half pounds of chopped raisins, one and one-half pounds of currants, one tumbler rose water, spice and sugar to taste. This packed in a jar will keep a long time. Before using wet it well with cider.

I will add another recipe for seed cake. One pound of good flour, one-quarter pound of rice flour, two pounds of blanched and sliced almonds, two of candied peel nicely sliced, one dozen eggs, beaten separately, beat one pound butter to a cream, add one pound of sugar, work smooth, add almonds, peel and eggs gradually, put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour sift in gently. Bake in rather slow oven.

If Ormi will make a jam, or jelly, of her black currants, she will find them an excellent medicine for colds and all its results. When the jelly is spiced it makes a pleasant and healthful drink, by dissolving a spoonful in a tumbler of either hot or cold water.

Elsie requests that some of the Band will send her a recipe for tapioca and sago puddings. For either, to one cupful of tapioca or sago, add enough rich custard, milk eggs and spices, to make all the consistency of thick cream. Bake in a slow oven a rich brown. To be eaten with cream sweetened and spiced, on jelly or plain pudding dips.

Will H. E. H. please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD, how she dissolves India ink for spatter-work.

When I sat down to write to you for Leamor's book of instruction I didn't intend to write anything more, but I love THE HOUSEHOLD so well that I thought I might add a little, and perhaps help some of the many readers of your valuable paper. I have only been out west a few years. I am English, and may sometime write a

piece for THE HOUSEHOLD contrasting the ways and manners of the American and English people. R. T. H.

If R. T. H. will send us her full address, which she omitted in this communication, we will send her the book of instructions.—ED.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have been a silent member of this Band for a long time, and have enjoyed the monthly visits of THE HOUSEHOLD more than words can express, but I have been anxiously waiting these three months to hear again, from dear sister Allie. I was hopeful that the many kind letters of advice and sympathy, together with the prayers and unexpressed good wishes of our united Band would have the desired effect on her mind and heart, and that we must surely hear very soon of more settled, lasting happiness in the place of mere fleeting pleasure.

Now dear sister, in giving you a few words of advice, I would say first, my experience has been so much like yours in some respects, that I know I can fully sympathize with you. I have been married nearly ten years, have only one child, a little boy of 7 years, and one of the best husbands that ever woman could be blessed with. He is a devoted Christian, firm as a rock in what he knows to be right, and no less firm in his love and devotion to wife and son. With these great blessings, and very many more, one would suppose our home might be perfectly happy, and so it would have always been, if it were not that I am so much inclined to murmur at something, and wish for something I did not have, or make mountains of molehills.

This troubles my husband and makes me miserable, till I am convinced there is nothing tends more to unhappiness than discontent, and those who cannot be contented with little, will never be contented with much. I tried in all ways in my power to conquer these evil thoughts, and knew my besetting sin very well, but all to no purpose, and Allie, dear, the only way for you and I to drive this great cloud from our happiness is to tell our troubles to Jesus. He can and will take away all gloom, and I know this is a sure cure for all ills, great and small, discontent with the rest. I have wanted so long to tell you this, "Old, old story," because I know it's true. Jesus can take away that heart-ache of yours, and satisfy your longings as nothing else will do. Have you tried this cure? Have you ever found the gentle, loving Saviour other than a present help in every time of need? And surely you are greatly in need of Divine help now. And in the meantime try to help yourself, give up that longing for gay company, that is very foolish in a wife and mother.

Sociability we should always cultivate, and fun and friends are necessary to woman's happiness, but I find my best friends at home, and my purest enjoyment with them. With a kind and loving husband and two precious little ones as you say you have, even though your work be irksome and wearying, you should still find time for enjoyment with your family, which riches cannot increase or decrease, and which young giddy girl-

hood knows nothing about. Very many could give the same experience you have given, if they were honest enough, but all will find the trouble comes from not being willing to do as God would have us to do, and enjoy things just as he sees fit to have us. Poor ways would our ways be even though we may think they would suit so well.

Now Allie, dear, I have told you my cure, and surely Jesus Christ is the willing physician for all our heart-aches, and can take all evil from our minds, if we will but believe Him, and ask and accept His remedies. Will you not try Allie? He helps me, He will help you. God bless you.

Lincoln, Neb. SISTER CARRIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—It has been my privilege to peruse a great many periodicals, whose editors had in view the enlightenment of the housekeeper, but never have I seen one so amply adapted to the many wants of one in that position as THE HOUSEHOLD. Its suggestions are almost without exception practical; its recipes such as can readily be employed either in the city or country; its advice unexceptionally good. Its moral and religious tone is one of its greatest adornments and undoubtedly its highest recommendation. With all my heart I wish for it success. My wife adds to this her cheerful, free and hearty endorsement.

If I was asked what improvement might be made to THE HOUSEHOLD, I know of nothing I would suggest, except it be that you add one or more patterns or designs, for fancy work, in each number. Perhaps this would so add to the expense of preparation, that you would find it necessary to increase the subscription price, which would doubtless meet with objections on the part of many of your patrons. If such an addition as this could be made, you would have the hearty gratitude of at least two, who thoroughly digest your whole publication.

Cavettsville, Pa. D. A. D.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Sir:—It has been my good fortune lately to become acquainted with your paper, and I have been so delighted with its contents that, having a few leisure moments this evening, concluded to write and express my opinion of it, for the benefit of some of your readers.

One thing that particularly pleases me, is the absence of foreign words in the articles contributed. One can scarcely ever see a fashion letter in any of the current magazines, without being chagrined at the number of French words and sentences interlarded with the descriptions. Now, inasmuch as nine persons out of ten are not linguists, I think this is very bad taste, unless, (as in some cases, which are the exception, not the rule,) there is no word in our mother tongue that will fully express the same meaning. One can always thoroughly understand THE HOUSEHOLD articles, for the reason that unlike Dr. Johnson, the writers do not try to make the little fishes talk like whales.

In conclusion, may I ask if it would be presumptuous in me to suggest to many of the ladies who send recipes (which are always good) that many persons lose the papers before the

fruit or vegetable which is written about comes in season. Or would the best idea be to have an index? Then one could always refer to it when in search of any special recipe or letter.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Waynesville, Ohio. C.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Enclosed find one dollar and ten cents, to renew my subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD. I find many useful articles written in every number. Indeed, I believe I have been a subscriber since the first year of its publication, so that it seems a most welcome visitor each month. And the many wives, mothers, sisters and daughters who come to us through its columns, seem like friends indeed. I enjoy their coming so much that I am inclined to fold my arms and listen quietly to the wise counsel they bring without a word, but this time I must come with a hearty "thank you" to both editor and contributors, for THE HOUSEHOLD of 1876. It came to me like a dear friend, and helped while away many hours when I was an invalid and needed the counsel and encouragement it brought. And now I want to ask some one for a little poem which was published in THE HOUSEHOLD a few years ago, that it may be republished. It began somewhat thus:

"Mother, I see you by your nursery light,
Leading your babies, clothed in white,
To their sweet rest.
The Saviour carries mine to-night,
Oh, how much the best."

Hoping I will hear from some one soon, I am, Mr. Crowell, and my dear sisters, most truly a friend.

Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. M. L. B.

MR. CROWELL:—I did not intend to take up the pen in favor of THE HOUSEHOLD. There are so many sisters of more ability and experience than I was content to read and be silent. But Patty has touched my heart. Her experience is so like my own. I too was a farmer's daughter. How pleasant life seemed. Each of the four seasons seemed the most pleasant of all the year. We had a plenty of work, but were not "rushed to death." We did the rough work in the morning, and after dinner we dressed and sat down with our sewing, knitting, fancy work, or something of that kind.

We lived on a public road, four miles from a small town and eight miles from a large city. And almost every pleasant day there was some one come in to stay awhile, if not all day. But we were not considered rude if we did not lay down our work and sit with folded hands till they were gone. Our evenings were spent with music, singing, reading, studying, company in to spend the evening, or we went out to spend the evening. There were six of us—parents, two brothers, a sister and myself. I was married at the age of twenty-three, live in town, have two children, little girls, and, like Patty, I am always behind with my work. Can scarcely get time to read THE HOUSEHOLD. My husband is fond of music, and I often leave something undone in order to practice a little for his sake. This is because of my delicate health. But I often think if I lived in the country, with fresh air to breathe, where my chil-

dren could amuse themselves and be less trouble to me, I would get well.

The work of farmers' wives is harder than that of their city sisters, but they are apt to have more strength. And their work is not so trying to one's patience and health as ours in the city. My husband would keep help for me if I would let him, but it is so much more pleasant to be alone with one's family, that I never have help if I can avoid it.

Bessie Brown's opinion of married life is correct in some cases. Patty's opinion, I think, is the rule. But I speak from experience when I say there are an exceptional few who are not at all disappointed in the husband of their choice. Strange as it may seem, my husband is as much a lover now as he was the day we were married. But how about myself? I fear I have fallen short. In these long years of suffering, when the Lord seemed to hide his face, and heaven went away from me, I have been fretful and impatient toward my kind, patient husband and darling little ones. Yet through it all he has been the same careful lover that took me from my home five years ago. I did not intend to publish my husband's good qualities, but in justice to him and other good men, I had to say what I have.

MARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—I was reading Mrs. Dorr's talk "To whom it may concern," when suddenly I paused, just as I should were I, in my morning rambles, to come unexpectedly upon a lake or river shore. It was no new thought, but still that sentence,

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

opened the flood-gate of memory, and the great tide came sweeping past, bearing upon its bosom the joys and woes of other days.

There came a vision of a bright little one that I called my angel. The sweet baby-laugh, those dimpled hands, raised in joyous greeting, the gleeful morning bath, the pretty white garments, the sleeping beauty, the motherly pride, and care, and happiness—all these were before me in one lovely picture that brush and paint cannot excel.

The scene changed. Those little hands were folded and still; the loving little heart was motionless; those blue eyes and rosy lips were closed in that last profound slumber. Only a beautiful marble form, encircled with a wreath of snowy, fragrant blossoms, lay before me. The little rosewood casket, the mournful journey, weeping friends, the fresh mound, the planting of myrtle and white roses and weeping willows, the sore anguish of two hearts, the lonely, dreary home, all this was borne to me in memory's tide. A moment's gaze and all was swept down the widening stream, and hope, like a bow of beauty, sprang from the mists of the river higher and brighter, until it blended with the golden glory of heaven.

I saw my beautiful angel—a thousand times more beautiful than when I pressed him to my heart, singing an old-time lullaby. I saw him, not a helpless, unconscious babe, but winging his flight through the vast dominion of glory; educated in the pure

language of heaven; and joining with cherubic sweetness in the grand choral of "Moses and the Lamb." He was arrayed in the spotless garments of a king's son, and his home a mansion that mortal pen cannot describe.

Would I recall him from such a dwelling-place? No. Rather let me praise God for taking him from a world of danger and uncertainty to a safe and permanent home. My angel is as much my own as when I held him in my arms; and I know it is my privilege to embrace him again, and to be associated with him throughout eternity. I am not to be shaken in the belief that if ever I pass through the golden gate, I shall be enabled to single out from among the ten thousand shining cherubs my own priceless treasure. Surely, I have loved, but have not lost.

Ah, no! sisters, I would not exchange that brief experience for the wealth of a Rothschild. Even the memory of my anguish is dear to me now, and the tears I shed at the grave of my darling are not the tears of grief. Perhaps God, who alone can read the future, foresaw that I would not train the child for noble, useful, glorious manhood. Perhaps I needed just such an experience to fit me for after-life. If we would only profit by our sore trials, instead of yielding to sorrow, their visitations might be less frequent. Let us appropriate all the good that our afflictions offer—let us even force good out of them, that all the agencies about us may in some way be made subservient to that which is high and holy. E. E. M. G.

HOW TO BOIL CORNED BEEF.

The rule has a Hiberian sound: don't boil it, for corned beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the range or stove where this process may go on uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. If it is to be served cold, let the meat remain in the liquor until cold. Tough beef can be made tender by letting it remain in the liquor until the next day, and then bringing it to the boiling point just before serving.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one fresh grated cocoanut; put more than half the cocoanut in the cake, the remainder put on top as soon as the cake has been frosted, so it will stick.

FRENCH CAKE.—Same as above, leaving out the cocoanut, and putting in raisins and spice to taste.

RIBBON CAKE.—Same, before putting in raisins and spice. Take two-thirds of it and put in two long tins, (mine are about eleven inches long and seven inches wide,) for the remaining third chop a cup of raisins and put in spice to taste; this is for the middle layer, and they should be put together with frosting.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Same cake mixture; take about one-half and add grated chocolate to taste, then drop in each part alternately. For frosting I use Cooper's isinglass dissolved in boiling water, as a recent HOUSEHOLD stated. These cakes are all of them very nice, although the cake mixture is the same for the four.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—If Elsie will try this I think she will like it. To one quart of warm milk put eight tablespoonfuls of tapi-

ca, let it soak till it softens, then stir it up and put in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, cinnamon or mace to taste. *Bridgeport, Ct.* C. A. M.

MINCE PIES.—*Mr. Crowell:*—Seeing a call for information regarding mince pies, I will give with pleasure what I think a very good recipe. Boil until tender three pounds of beef or heart, then chop it as fine as possible, add half a pound of beef suet, cleansed from its skin and its filaments, one pound of brown sugar, two pounds of raisins, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, and mace, one pint of molasses, and salt; stir well together. This mixture should be very moist but not thin. If you wish to use this mince immediately, add two pounds of finely minced apple, and one pound of citron cut in slices. If you wish to keep this mince for future use it is best not to add the apple and citron until you are ready to bake. This mince confined in tight jars and kept in a cold place will be good for two or three months. It rather improves by keeping. Cover the mince with syrup. *MRS. N. W. G.*

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—*Dear Household:*—I do not belong to the Band, as I am a new subscriber, but would like to send a recipe to Elsie for a tapioca pudding. We are getting into years, our children are married and gone, so there is only us two left, myself and husband, therefore my cooking is on a small scale. Here is my recipe. Take of the pearl tapioca two even tablespoonfuls, pour on one-half cup of hot water, let it soak two or three hours, add half a pint of milk, one egg, sugar, salt, and spice to taste; a little more of the tapioca, and less eggs, for a larger one, will be just as good. We think it very delicious. It is not good cold. Add raisins if you like, only boil them before putting them in. Bake it just as you would a custard. *Waterbury, Ct.* MRS. G. W. C.

ANOTHER.—One cup of tapioca, one quart of hot water, soak two or three hours. Pare and core six large apples, put them in an earthen dish, fill the holes left by the cores with sugar, pour over the prepared tapioca, and bake until the apples are done; eat with sugar, nutmeg and cream, or milk. It is not good cold, nor have I found any way to cook either sago or tapioca that was. The coarse tapioca is just as good, only it does not look as nice, and I do not like the taste of sago as well, but for those who do it will make just the same kind in appearance. *L. S.*

GINGER SNAPS.—*Dear Household:*—I should like to give A. C. my recipe for ginger snaps. Two cups of molasses, one-fourth cup of lard, three large teaspoonsfuls of soda dissolved in a quarter of a cup of warm water, three teaspoonsfuls of ginger, and salt. Make soft. Warm the lard and molasses. New Orleans molasses preferred. *COM.*

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take one cup of tapioca, wash and put it to soak in a quart of milk over night, (water will do;) cook slowly from thirty minutes to an hour; beat two eggs lightly, a little salt, and sweeten to taste; butter the dish thoroughly, put the cold milk in the dish, and add the tapioca while hot. Bake from two to three hours slowly. Serve with sauce. *ALIDA.*

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, the yolks of five and whites of two eggs, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted into the flour. Bake in jelly cake tins.

Mixture for Filling.—The whites of three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat well together and spread between the layers and on top of the cake. *H. A. N.*

CIDER CAKE.—Four and one-half cups of flour, one and two-thirds cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, three-fourths cup of butter, one and one-third cups of cider, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two-thirds teaspoonful of cloves. Good with or without fruit. If you have no cider vinegar diluted with water will do just as well.

TO COOK SALSIFY, OR VEGETABLE OYSTERS.—They are much better to allow them to freeze before taking up, then scrape

the roots, slice very thin, and cook for an hour, or until tender. Mash as well as possible, add butter, milk, pepper and salt to the taste. Allow to get hot, not boil, then serve with crackers. One very large root will make enough soup for four persons. When we have no crackers I make them from the following recipe: One pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a piece of shortening the size of an egg, roll very thin, prick with a fork and bake. Or very good ones can be made with sweet milk or water, a little more shortening and no saleratus. *MARY.*

Fort Jones, Cal.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.—Take one and one-half cups of tapioca, pour over it nearly one quart of boiling water, let it stand for an hour on the back of the stove, then stir into it one quart of milk, three well beaten eggs, a small piece of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, flavor with lemon, and bake well one hour. Serve with hot with a hard sauce of butter and sugar very well beaten together, and made quite dark with cinnamon. *MRS. N. W. G.*

APPLE AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Pare, core while whole, and place in a pudding dish, seven good sized apples; prepare and soak tapioca as above, put in a little butter and salt, pour it over the apples, and bake one hour. Serve while hot with milk, sugar and cinnamon.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of boiling water, in which dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of any kind of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, and two cups of flour. *Waterbury, Ct.* MRS. G. W. C.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of lard, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of soda, flour enough to roll hard, and bake quick. Put the soda into the molasses and stir thoroughly before adding the other ingredients.

CARRIE'S JOHNNYCAKE.—Two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one-fourth cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of molasses, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, (putting the soda in the molasses first,) and wet with sweet milk quite thin. *LENA.*

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and halve the apples, take out the cores and lay them together again, then rub a little shortening into the flour and make as for cream of tartar biscuit, or if we have it, sour milk. Take a piece of the dough and roll it round large enough to cover the apple, wet the edges of the crust and bring them firmly together. Lay the dumplings thus prepared on a shallow tin and place it in a steamer and steam one hour. My grandmother used to drop the dumplings into boiling water and boil one hour.

YEAST BREAD.—Take one cup of cold water, one cup of boiling water, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, add flour enough to make a stiff batter; set in a warm place to rise, taking care not to let it scald. It should rise in six hours. Stir it a few times. If water should rise on the top before it begins to rise, stir in a little more flour. When it has risen sufficiently have ready flour enough for two loaves, pour in this yeast, adding warm water enough to mix it, taking care not to have the water hot enough to scald it. We do not have it quite stiff enough to mould, for with good flour we like it better without. Fill the tins more than half full and set in a warm place to rise until the tins are full, then it is ready for the oven.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Take one quart of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one egg, turn in flour to make a stiff batter; grease your pan; have some water in a cup, dip your spoon in this water, then hit a spoonful of batter; by doing so the batter will not stick to your spoon. They are splendid. Bake in a hot oven. *MRS. M. E.*

PICKLELILY.—Slice or chop your tomatoes and put them in a strainer cloth, first a layer of tomatoes and then a layer of salt, tie them up and let them drain over night, then to one gallon of tomatoes two quarts of strong vinegar, a tablespoonful each of

cinnamon, allspice, cloves and mustard, a teaspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and two green peppers cut fine. Put your spices into the vinegar and let it get hot, and then put in your tomatoes and let them boil five or ten minutes.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. Stir all together without separating the eggs, put the soda in the milk, and the cream of tartar in the flour. Bake the same as jelly cake, and instead of jelly put frosting between the layers.

ELLA WOODS.

VINEGAR PIE.—Two cups of sugar, two cups of water, three-fourths cup of vinegar, and four tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well and bring to a boil, then flavor with lemon, and bake with two crusts. This quantity will make four pies. *MINNIE P.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I have seen hints on making scrap books, and have another suggestion to add. I find it better to smooth the articles with a heated iron, and then paste them to the book by the corners alone. This leaves the book dry, and an article may be taken out of the book if desired without injury to the book and little to the piece, and the book does not wrinkle as in the old way. *J. M. R.*

I would like to say to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD that I have used the "Little Washer" which was advertised in the March number, 1876, since that time, and am well pleased with it. Would cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a "help meet" for the washing day. *MRS. S. M. S.*

Pine Creek, Mich.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—In answer to Ruhla's request I would say that I have been engaged for the last five years in doing fancy and ornamental work, including the making of feather flowers, which require the best of colors. I have tried all kinds of dyes, but could not procure fast and beautiful colors until I commenced using Leamon's Aniline Dyes. I have used them with great success for coloring feathers, shells, quills, fish scales, willow, horn, moss, wax, as well as for ordinary family uses. I therefore recommend all doing fancy work to purchase Leamon's Dyes. They will be found perfectly reliable.

Crown Point, N. Y. MRS. C. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—Can any one tell me if ammonia is good for the complexion, and how should it be used? *L. E. W.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have noticed of late that the papers speak very highly of the healthfulness of celery; will some one of the sisters give us, through THE HOUSEHOLD, the mode of preparing it for food? and oblige. *IDA.*

Will some of the contributors to THE HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for coloring cotton carpet rags a durable red and pink? Let the wives or daughters of calico manufacturers respond and thus oblige many. *M. C. D.*

Browning, Mo.

MR. CROWELL.—Will any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can obtain a variety of sea moss in a dry and crude state? and oblige. *MRS. A. H. B.*

MR. CROWELL.—Will some one of your readers please tell me how to cook the glutin which Dr. Hanaford recommends so highly? *M. F. G.*

Will some one kindly inform me what to do for corns and bunions? I have tried bathing in warm water, as directed in THE HOUSEHOLD some time ago, without any good effect. I should also be glad to know of something that would relieve frost-bitten feet.

Perhaps some of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, who have so many uses for fruit cans, would like to know of another. *MRS. N. R. C.*

Can some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD

give me a good recipe for pickling onions

perfectly white? and oblige. *M. I. B.*

We have made some very nice hanging baskets of them by melting off the top and cutting the can in six or eight strips down to within an inch or two of the bottom, bending them outward and fastening the top of each strip to a wire hoop as large as the top of the basket is wished to be. The spaces thus formed may be filled with tin foil or moss. The basket can be painted, and if desired while the paint is fresh sprinkle with coarse sand, they look very pretty.

I should like to have the opinion of any one who has given the subject any thought, as to whether fruit put up in tin is injurious.

LILLIE F.

If M. E. M. will give me her address I will give her some directions for making a lamp mat out of rustic work, pine cones, acorns and moss, of which I find a great deal in California, in the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

MRS. N. W. G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band kindly send some recipes for breakfast relishes? and oblige.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD give me a recipe for making chow-chow? Also, mustard pickle?

I will give my recipe for making waffles. I know it is good, by the way they disappear whenever I make them: One pint of sour milk, one pint of flour, three eggs, butter the size of a small egg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and salt to season. If Mrs. M. Brainard will follow this recipe, I think she will be satisfied with the result.

MRS. L. K. MCK.

Webster, N. Y.

Some months ago a lady asked how to make yeast without hops. Peach leaves are good, but it takes more of them for the same amount of yeast and it loses its strength sooner. Make your yeast so strong that when dry it will have a green color.

MARY.

KIND HOUSEHOLD FRIENDS:—Please tell me how to cook different kinds of fresh fish, and make dressing for baked fish, and how to make enough sugar adhere to fried snow-balls so they will look white. Also, how to dye a light blue army coat deep blue or brown. How shall I make pillow-cases? Are some I have seen just the hem longer than the pillow, hem left open, with buttons on the outside of the under part, and loops on the inside of the upper part, buttoned so as not to show-right? And where should they be marked?

MRS. W.

MR. CROWELL,—*Sir:*—Will some of your readers give me a recipe for making ginger cakes (not ginger snaps) which will be an inch thick or thereabouts, light and tender?

F. A. M.

L. C. asks for a recipe for pickling blackberries. I will give her mine. Seven pounds of berries, three pounds of sugar, and one pint of vinegar.

IDA.

Will some of the contributors to THE HOUSEHOLD give a full recipe for frosting and ornamenting cakes without isinglass? what kind of sugar, and how much to the white of an egg?

E. M. A.

Will some of the correspondents to THE HOUSEHOLD put in a few recipes for cooking mushrooms?

LUCY B. G.

MR. CROWELL:—Can any subscriber give a recipe for cocoanut candy?

MRS. BELLE W. E.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I would like to ask through your paper what will restore the varnish on furniture that has been injured by frost?

M. F. G.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask if any of your readers know of a cement for earthenware or glass which will stand heat.

MRS. N. R. C.



IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its final resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eye that chilled me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way.
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh! friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged; forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

IT IS no fiction that I sit down to my desk to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years and review the early days of my married life, its perplexities and cares come up before me in far more vivid colors than its joys, though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was just twenty years old when I became the wife of a clergymen, a poor country pastor. It was a love match, and, with the usual thriftlessness of lovers, I think it did not then occur to us that we could not live upon love, or that it would need such vulgar appliances as roast beef and palatable puddings to preserve, in its purity, the divine essence of the grand passion.

Everybody said that I was totally unfit for a minister's wife. I was naturally exceedingly joyous and mirthful, and without a particle of the staid dignity expected from persons in my position; while my husband was a grave, thoughtful man, endowed by nature with a commanding personal appearance and prepossessing manners. I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of choosing me for his wife, when so many pattern women stood ready to accept him. My own family had but one objection to the match; he was poor, and I had no idea of practical housekeeping.

Ah, how well I remember the first washing day! My husband, after vainly trying to persuade me to employ a washerwoman—I knew he could not afford it—came into the back kitchen to help me himself. We were very merry at first, but after rubbing

off little patches of skin from every knuckle, and burning our arms till they looked like illustrated maps of some unknown country, we began to find out that there was little poetry and no fun in the washtub.

But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling those starched shirts into a bundle and taking them across the fields to my mother's kitchen. I forgot to mention that we had our abode in a parish, one mile distant from my father's house.

I had never ironed any starched clothes of any description; but from my brothers at home I had imbibed very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of immaculate shirt-bosoms. My husband told me all he could remember of his mother's method, and then betook himself to his study. Shall I ever forget my feeling when the flat-iron, heated seven times hotter than its wont, and carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and, when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors! I have that shirt now. I keep it to show to those wise mothers who are training their daughters for future usefulness.

But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line, at the time I commenced house-keeping, had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cakes concocted in accordance with those impossible recipes which fill our modern cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a long time—for so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellence for many years.

We had been married and settled nearly a fortnight, when one morning my husband came in with a letter in his hand and a very anxious expression on his face. I sprang up from my seat, nearly upsetting the table which was waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Frank? Is anybody sick—or dead? Have you got bad news?"

"No. At least it ought not to be bad news."

"Well what is it? Something serious—I know from your looks."

"No, Hattie, nothing of the kind. Only I feared it might annoy you. It is only a note from my college chum, Fred Knowles, saying that he is going to Boston, and he will call on us and—and—get his dinner to-day," said my husband reluctantly.

It was my first call to entertain company, and, knowing by this time my ignorance, I shrank back affrighted from the prospect. I confess, too, a feeling of deep mortification that my husband would not receive his most intimate friends without so serious a drawback upon his pleasure. All my natural energy and pride were aroused, and I determined to become a good, practical housekeeper at whatever cost of time and labor. But the present emergency was the first to be attended to.

"I suppose I had better get some fresh loaves from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry light slices on the breakfast table as I spoke.

"Yes, I think so; and some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure. I should recognize its bones if I saw them in Africa. Do you think you could broil a steak, Hattie?"

"Yes. But, Frank, you must come out of the parlor and overlook me. And if you will get some peas and lettuce and other vegetables, I shall get up a famous dinner."

A half smile flitted across his face. He had heard of my famous dinners before.

"Well, we must do our best. The train does not arrive till two o'clock, so there will be plenty of time, both for marketing and cooking."

"Is Mr. Knowles very particular?" I asked, timidly. "Will he notice if things go just a little wrong?"

"Perhaps not. But he will have a natural curiosity in regard to the capabilities of his friend's wife. But I think we shall do very well."

"I am sure we shall," was the encouraging response, inspired by a bright idea that suddenly occurred to me. In accordance with it, my husband had no sooner started for the market than I, slipping on my hat and shawl, started on a long walk through the fields and woods. I was going to consult my mother about the dinner. I surprised her by bursting into the dining-room, quite out of breath from my hurried walk, just as the family were sitting down to a late breakfast.

"Is it Hattie or her ghost?" asked my father, getting up to welcome me.

"If my memory serves me, our Hattie used to be a late riser."

"Housekeeping improves me, papa."

"Don't wait to talk," said mamma, "the coffee will be spoiled. Take off your bonnet, Hattie, while I get another cup and plate, and we will talk afterward."

"No I thank you; I cannot stop a minute."

Mamma opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You are not going to walk directly back again? Let me take your shawl."

"But I must go. We are going to have company to dinner—Frank's chum—and I want to know how long to boil potatoes and other—"

Such a chorus of laughter as interrupted me!

"Why, my dear child, boil them till they are done!"

"I know as much as that mamma; but when must I begin them, to have them done at the right time? I have peas to cook, and beef-steak, and I ought to make pudding. Oh, dear!"

They all laughed again, as much at my distressed looks as at my ignorance. I did not join them; indeed, it was as much as I could do to keep back my tears.

"It is not Hattie's fault that she knows so little about cooking," at last said my father kindly. "You must not mind our laughing at you, my dear. I have been longing to ask what you put into that mince pie that I ate at your table last Sunday? I have tasted it ever since. But I will not tease you, for I have no doubt you will in time be just as good a cook as your mother. And now as regards the present difficulty," he went on presently, "I have a plan to propose. I will put the harness on old Fanny, and you,

mother, can take the poor child home and stay to superintend the dinner."

Mamma always assents to papa's plans, so my load of responsibility was gone at once. It was pleasant to see the look of relief on my husband's face as we drove up to the door. "I have been searching everywhere for you," he said, "and I could almost find it in my heart to scold you for causing me such anxiety; but your safe return satisfies me. Especially as your return has brought your mother to aid us in our extremity. But, Hattie, I must insist on your having no more private walks."

"Ah, sir, if you had known, you would have forbidden it. That would have spoiled all."

I have no doubt that Mr. Knowles left us that day, under the impression that my husband had secured a matrimonial prize. But I felt like a hypocrite for weeks afterwards.

It came to pass, after many days, that baker's bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it, I praised and tasted it; but it would not do. Its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon tree; but I saw no way out of my troubles. I had tried several times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I had a trifle better success in making some milk biscuit, though I could never guess right in regard to the amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be mistaken for nuggets of virgin gold; but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. My husband pretended that they were passed through heavy rollers, like those used in iron foundries. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings and griddlecakes, but their peculiar solidity frustrated all such attempts to economize. But when the case appeared perfectly hopeless, I had still one resource. There was a wide ditch beyond the garden, and in its dark waters I buried my biscuit out of my sight. Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. But my troubles did not end here. In an evil hour a neighbor's hen hatched a big brood of ducklings, which in due time found their way to my cache of provisions. The biscuit, so long in soak, now had a resurrection, and I remember watching the poor fowls as they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

"My dear Hattie," said my husband, one morning, after the usual toil of breakfast was over, "don't you think you could learn to make raised bread?"

"I cannot tell; I am quite discouraged."

"You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time," he went on encouragingly, "that I am sure if you had some one to give you a few hints about the best method, you would succeed admirably. Why do you not consult your mother? She is a superior cook."

"You forget, Frank, how we represented it when my mother, sisters, aunts, and in fact, all our friends united in predicting our present perplexities."

No it would be too mortifying to go home for counsel in this matter. Indeed I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting any one. I give all my visitors baker's bread, and they having it only occasionally, seem to like it."

"Suppose we try boarding Hattie?"

"We cannot afford that; and, besides, we want a home by ourselves. You would not be willing to give up your home liberties and privileges Frank. If it were not for the eternal bread question, we could get a little enjoyment out of life; but comfort now is out of the question. I wish, Frank," I added, pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper, and I had gone into a convent!"

His face flushed. "I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do. I think you will conquer this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever." I responded ungraciously. "I hope there will be no bread-making in eternity."

He looked at me in surprise for a moment, but he did not reply. The marked irreverence of my language affected him painfully; but he saw that I was in too reckless a mood to be reasoned with.

After he had gone to his study I sat down to think. I felt wicked and unhappy. I knew I had spoken unkindly and ungenerously to my husband, whose unwearied forbearance and gentleness, amid the inconveniences caused by my incompetency was most marvelous. Alas, that so much misery could result from the want of a good loaf of bread!

A sudden resolve inspired me. Without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I went to a kind old lady in the neighborhood, and, after confessing my ignorance, begged to be initiated into the mysteries of bread-making.

"There is no trouble," said the old lady, "if you have good yeast."

"But I have tried yeast, and my bread soured."

"You let it stand too long. It must be put in the pans as soon as it is light, and then stand till it begins to come up again."

"But where can I get good yeast?"

"At the bakery. I get mine there. You can't help having good bread if the yeast is right. Only be sure and bake it soon enough."

I was on my way to the bakery, a mile distant. The fresh air and pleasant sunlight soon had their usual influence upon me, and I began to get back my lost courage and cheerfulness.

"After all," I said to myself, "I must succeed if I persevere. I am not naturally dull, and I will learn to make bread if it takes me a year."

I procured a pint of yeast and hastened home with my treasure. I determined that the "hoisting" element should not be lacking in quantity; so I put into the flour all the yeast I had bought, only adding a cup of milk to moisten it sufficiently. It smelt very strongly of hops, but I thought that would bake out.

I had scarcely placed it in a warm corner by the stove to rise, when I

remembered Mrs. Lee's caution about taking it in time to prevent its souring.

"I must run no risk of that, at all events," I said. "I am sure there is yeast enough in it to rise it. If I bake it directly. It can raise in the oven, to be sure. Dear me, how green it looks! But it will come all right in baking I dare say."

So without further delay, I placed it in the oven. I would not, if I could, describe its appearance when it came out. I did not wait to test its quality; but threw it, almost hissing hot, into that long-suffering ditch. I am afraid it is there now. It is many years since I left the place, but I often fancy a half dozen ducks hard at work upon it.

I went back to the house, and, for the first time, sat down to have a hearty crying spell. It was no gentle snuffle, with tears enough to add lustre to my eyes, but down-right sobbing that would have done credit to any whipped youngster of ten. I was utterly discouraged. In this condition my husband found me, when he came down to dinner. There was no dinner cooked, and the breakfast table stood just as we had left it.

At first he looked much alarmed, but he soon comprehended the state of affairs. Then he came and sat down by me, and drew my head from the hard table upon which it had rested, to his shoulder. How soothingly and encouragingly he talked to me! He seemed to have quite forgotten my provoking language to himself, and to be only anxious to comfort me.

After a long time I told the sad experience of the morning, the long fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result.

It was anything but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said, at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not be difficult to tell her of your failure and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not think of that. I will try very hard, and you shall have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent Hattie?"

"Ab, Frank, it is fortunate that I have a considerate husband. Everybody would not forgive such a temper as I exhibited this morning."

We extemporized a lunch to serve for a dinner, and then I again set off to visit Mrs. Lee. At last I learned to make bread.

I could fill many pages with such doleful reminiscences, and should be willing to if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge, or make

her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by stating what is really true, that I can now cook a dinner, clear-starch and iron, preserve and pickle, knit stockings and darn them, all in unexceptional style. If any one doubts it let him or her come and pass a week at the pretty parsonage in the rural village of Laneswood.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Seven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Dear little Johnny! What with his teeth and his tumbles, his sunny curls that will get tangled, his new clothes that will show the grease spots, his inadequate powers of expression and his "bits of tempers," he has a hard time of it. Don't expect too much of him, Alice. You cannot make a saint or philosopher out of a three year old baby.

When your child first nestled in your bosom, and the touch of his tiny fingers thrilled your heart with blissful joy, and a tenderness of which you had never dreamed before, he seemed to you an angel straight from Paradise. So pure, so sweet, so innocent, it was as if an infant cherub had found the golden gates ajar some day, and wandering earthward, "lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand" that beckoned it and longed for it, had entered your dwelling and laid its head upon your breast. Thrice blessed are the days of early motherhood! God never approaches woman more nearly than when he comes in the guise of a little child.

After a long time I told the sad experience of the morning, the long fatiguing walk, the attempt to obtain instruction, and the hopeless result. It was anything but a funny story to me, but I felt him trembling as I proceeded; and when I concluded with the amiable wish that those ducks might be choked to death if they ever brought that bread up to the light of day, he broke out into a fit of laughter such as I had never seen him indulge in. It was a long time before he was sober enough to speak.

"I think, Hattie," he said, at last, "that you have at least taken one step in the right direction."

"How?"

"Why, after confiding in old Mrs. Lee, it will not be difficult to tell her of your failure and to ask for the privilege of mixing a few loaves under her direction. You will easily get the art in this way, and she is too kind to care for trouble."

"To be sure, Frank. I wonder I did not think of that. I will try very hard, and you shall have a housekeeper yet."

"And you will not sigh for a convent Hattie?"

"the reins tightly," lest your unbroken colt should take the bits between his teeth some day, and there should be a dreadful "smash up," somewhere! Now, didn't she? You see I've had visits from her myself, and know all about it.

With all due deference to Aunt Amy, Alice, I beg you not to adopt the idea that your child has a "will" that must be "broken." Guide it, direct it, bend it—but do not break it. What are we, that we should take the beautiful vase that the Great Potter's hand has fashioned, and endeavor to shape it according to our own ideas of fitness and proportion? Shall we break it, and then lay the mis-shapen fragments at His feet, saying: "Lord, here am I, with the treasure thou didst give me?"

Be sure that if your son has a strong will, it was given him for some wise purpose. He will not be a baby always. He will be a man some day; and then what strength of will, what firmness of purpose, what indomitable energy, what force of character will he not need? God and man have work for him to do. Whether he wrestles with nature and forces her secrets from her, engages in a hand to hand struggle with the dragons that we must all meet—but which, alas! we do not all slay—subdues the forest, levels mountains, lifts the marble from its bed, or routs the ore from its cavernous retreats, navigates unknown and stormy seas, treads the busy marts of commerce, speaks with the tongue of prophet, priest or seer, or from some quiet, scholastic retreat thrills the hearts of men with that silent written speech that is more powerful than the warrior's sword, he will need all the strength of mind, of body and of will that God can give or you can nourish. Have patience with him. We are so short sighted, so liable to err ourselves; and it is a fearful thing to lay violent hands upon the soul of a little child. What you call obstinacy, or perverse willfulness, may be but the germ of all that shall be best and noblest in the character of the man. You must teach your child to obey. But, save in very rare instances, the lesson of obedience can be taught without those prolonged physical contests of which it is painful to hear or to read, and in which it must be doubly painful to participate.

I think that we often demand too much of the little ones, and provoke collisions that it is our duty not only as mothers but as Christians to avoid. Is not the parent sometimes willful as well as the child? Do not we sometimes forget the apostolic injunction: "Fathers"—aye, and mothers too—"provoke not your children to wrath?" Have we in our intercourse with them any right to overlook the amenities and courtesies of speech and action, and to use toward them such forms of address, such tones and such looks as experience has taught us are sure to stir up and rouse into action all that is evil in their natures? You say that little Johnny can be led like a lamb in almost any direction, but that if one undertakes to drive him, there is trouble at once.

Then why not lead him? I confess that I am unable to see the good sense, the philosophy or the piety of the opposite course. Why should you force

him to do that which he would do freely, willingly and happily, if approached in a different way? You will smile, perhaps, if I say that you should cherish his sense of self respect. He is your child, not your slave. You have authority over him, and he must be taught to revere it. He must be taught to obey his mother. But you have no right to make obedience hard and painful by the manner in which you give your commands. The road that the little feet must travel is rough enough at the best, God knows. You have no right to increase its roughness by a single stone, or to allow therein one thorn that mother-love or mother-wisdom could have torn away.

Be content, dear Alice, to leave a great deal to time. Our hearts yearn over our children, and we long to take them up in our arms and to lift them over the pit-falls, the quick-sands, the hidden snares, all the perils and temptations that beset the pathway of childhood and youth. We would fain meet Apollyon in their stead, sure that we could vanquish the foe to which they will be likely to succumb. But we cannot do it, Alice. It is impossible to learn a lesson for another. Each generation must climb its own Hill of Difficulty, conquer its own lions, encounter its own dangers and win its own triumphs. Life and Experience are stern teachers, but they teach well. They will teach our children as they are teaching us. We are pupils in the same school with them. A little advanced, perhaps—just a class or two ahead, that is all. Perhaps, fortunately for ourselves, we have learned to spell "submission," and "patience," and "self-abnegation," and "faith," while they are yet in their a-b-abs. But they will catch up with us soon.

We have not learned our own lessons well if we have not yet learned to wait; to wait for the slow unfolding of the leaf and flower, and for the gradual maturing and ripening of the fruit. We must be content to let our children grow. Too much pruning, too much training is not well. We must leave much to God, to nature, to the sweet influences of sun and shade and dew and April rain; and to the sterner disciplining of storms and tempests, of the fierce heats and the pitiless frosts that are alike the messengers of His will. We must let them grow. What poor, deformed, dwarfed and stunted specimens of humanity would they not be if we, in our ignorance and blindness, could at once mold, fashion and finish them!

You say that you are often troubled with regard to little Johnny's religious training. You say that when you try to talk to him of spiritual things, he stops your mouth with strange questionings, or irreverent replies, and that he has overturned all your ideas as to the saintliness of childhood. Very probably. So would any other wide-awake, healthy, active boy overturn them. I suppose those ideas were drawn from the lives and deaths of the impossible children whose "memoirs" compose so large a part of our Sunday school libraries—children of three or four summers who loved praying a thousand times better than playing, and who would at any time piously choose a chapter in the Old Testament, rather than a fairy tale. Such

children may have lived—and died. I never heard of one that grew up. They ought to die. Any lisping baby who can comprehend and talk wisely of the great mystery of the atonement, of Christ's passion and agony and death, is surely better fitted for companionship with angels than with men.

Teach your child to be truthful and honest; to love his father and his mother; to divide his garments and his toys with children less favored than himself; to deal gently and tenderly with his dog and with his cat; to guard the tiny bird's nest so cozily hidden away in the currant bush; to feed the birds but never to stone them; tell him of the dear Jesus who loved little children and gave them words of tender blessing; tell him who made the many tinted flowers and the green grass of the spring time; whose hand hung high the sunset clouds and set the stars in their places; tell him that this great and faithful Friend loves goodness and truth and purity, while He hates unkindness and falsehood, and whatever is impure. Teach him all this, dear Alice, but do not fill his ears yet awhile with the dusty dogmas of theology. Do not try to teach him what you do not understand yourself—nay, more—what the wisest man on earth fails to comprehend. Do not try to frighten him into goodness. Do not bring before him the highly wrought oriental imagery that he will receive, not as symbolic, but as a fearful, haunting reality. Do not hold him over the horrible pit and the lake of everlasting burnings until he trembles with horror and affright, and his nights are made hideous with dreams. And in this avoidance you will only be following the example of your Master. Christ's threatenings and denunciations were not for the "little ones." For them he had only words of compassion and tenderest welcome.

Fold the little hands in prayer. Teach the little lips to whisper, "God is Love," and to repeat sweet hymns of thanksgiving and praise. Lead the little one beside the still waters, and make him to lie down in the green pastures that the Good Shepherd has prepared for the lambs of his flock. And wandering there, haply he shall find the "Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

THAT GRIDIRON AGAIN.

BY GEO. J. COLEY.

I am glad to see, in THE HOUSEHOLD for May, that one good "minister of the gospel" has concluded that the subject of flesh eating may be one "worthy of words."

That is just what is wanted! If thoughtful people will make it a subject of thought, and then talk about it, they will soon come to a knowledge of the truth.

W. R. inquires where we shall find our "warrant," and upon what we shall stand while denouncing the "distressing habit?" I would suggest as an appropriate text, Isaiah 28:8, or for a more mild one, Romans 14:21.

As a base to stand upon while preaching "these reform ideas"—which, as W. K. truly says, are "excellent in themselves, but away from

home on this earth"—I would use, for one foot, the great bible truth, that our Creator's original plan gave to mankind the grain and fruit, and to the lower animals the green herb, for food.

There was no violence in Eden! Gridirons and slaughter-houses were not among its furniture! And even after the sad disobedience and fall of our first parents, when driven out from the beautiful garden, they were not allowed to kill and eat the flesh of animals, but commanded to till the soil and eat the "bread" raised therefrom by their own labor. Nor does the history of the race, for near two thousand years, give any intimation that flesh was used for food. But it does indicate good health, long life, robust sons and fair daughters, as the result of proper food.

After the flood, flesh eating was allowed. And, as a natural consequence, the age of man reduced to one hundred and twenty years. Diseases of various kinds multiplied. Doctors of medicine were in demand, but, in spite of all they could do, as mankind became more and more addicted to the savage custom of flesh eating, their average term of life grew less, until it was little more than twenty years.

Then commenced a reform, which has, already, doubled the average length of human life. And which, if continued, may double it again in a few generations.

For the other foot, I would use the other great bible truth, and hope of the church—the promised restitution—when all things shall be restored to their original, Edenic state, of purity and peace.

The bible mentions three worlds, as the abiding places of the human race; past, present and future; the world that was before the flood; "this present evil world;" and "the world to come." All bible religionists will agree that flesh eating was not allowed in the first, and will not be in the last; but only exists as one of the bad habits of this present evil world.

These three worlds, like the trinity of God, are one—being three different ages or conditions of the same earth. We have the record of bible history as to how the first change was effected; but there is such a difference in views as to the manner of the second change, from the present to the world to come, that we are puzzled to know just what to expect, or how to interpret the promises, prophecies and revelations, as to the "new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

But however the change may be accomplished—whether by a sudden transition, at the second coming of Christ; or by reformation produced by the universal preaching and acceptance of His gospel; or by the absence of evil when Satan is bound for a thousand years; or by the increase of knowledge, scientific improvement, and reform—it matters little, so long as we are agreed that flesh eating was not allowed in "Paradise Lost," and will not be in "Paradise Restored." We can stand with one foot upon each of these great truths, while we consider the propriety of its use in the present time.

And the fact that it is only allowed in this present evil world, along with

other bad habits and customs—the use of strong drink, slavery, polygamy, etc.—which can only claim the negative sanction of scripture, is strong presumptive evidence that it is not a good or necessary habit, and gives as good a "warrant" for denunciation as we have for the other customs, which are now considered sinful by most Christian people.

If gospel ministers will give the subject a little unprejudiced thought, I think they will find it "worthy of words," and a proper subject of reform, even upon a religious basis. And then if they will consider it in the light of practical science and economy, they will find it still more worthy of attention.

It is no more singular that those who are in the habit of eating flesh should think that they feel the need of it, than that those in the habit of using tobacco, beer, etc., should feel such need. Nor is it strange that erroneous opinions should so generally prevail in regard to flesh as food. It is the natural result of ignorance and want of thought. And such opinions will continue to prevail so long as people refuse to read, think and talk upon the subject.

Many good people really think they need flesh food in cold weather, to keep them warm. But lean meat is one of the poorest of foods for that purpose.

Dr. Hanaford, in the article on "Spring Diseases," in the May number of THE HOUSEHOLD, names "the sweets, the starch and the oils," as the three best classes of "respiratory" or heat producing food. And of these, the last, including meat fats, is condemned as the worst. So meat is not needed for heat. And to suppose it is a good food to give strength, support and build up the system, is another gross popular error. It is both poor and impure in quality, and at best but a second-hand article; having been once digested and re-organized in the animal body.

The natural course of evolution brings the dead, inert mineral and gaseous matter up through the vegetable to the animal organization. Without the vegetable the animal could not exist. For the animal stomach cannot digest, nor the animal organization assimilate dead matter. Everything must first be digested and organized in the vegetable. Then the animal can take it, redigest and re-organize it into the animal form.

And now we come to the most important fact in the evolution of matter. It has reached its highest point of organization. Having been twice digested and twice organized, in a living form, it can go no higher! But immediately it begins to disorganize and go back to its original condition of dead matter. This process is constantly going on in the animal body; and while one system of tubes is carrying the food throughout the body, to build up and organize flesh, another system is employed in carrying out the disorganized, broken-down, dead matter. And as this last system of tubes must reach and permeate every part of the body, and be always more or less filled with dead matter, it follows that flesh meat must always contain more or less of such impure mat-

ter, which cannot be again used in building up the body, and when taken as food can only serve to load the blood with impurities, and clog the depurating tubes.

It is not therefore proper or fit, that matter should thus pass more than once through the animal organization. And when it does there must, of necessity, be more or less trouble caused by it. I think nearly all diseases that mankind are afflicted with, have been produced by this pernicious, unnatural habit of flesh eating—using the same food over and over until a large part is disorganized, and the whole saturated with dead matter and infected with disease.

Once is enough! When the animal dies let its flesh go back through the cleansing processes of nature, and come up again in its pure form as a vegetable before we use it as food.

These are but mere hints of what might be said upon the subject. There is not room in such an article to do it justice. I will not oppose W. K. in discarding milk and eggs, when butcher's meat is disposed of; but would let them remain for the present as stepping-stones, until we reach a higher grade of perfection in preparing purely farinaceous food. Eventually, if there is no radical change or interruption to human progress, the lower animals must pass away entirely.

EASTER EGGS.

The origin of the custom of using eggs at Easter is ancient and obvious. Hutchinson, in his "History of Northumberland," in speaking of the paste or pasche eggs, say: "Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted an egg to suit the circumstances of history, as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt; and it was used in the feast of the passover as a part of the furniture of the table, with the paschal lamb. The Christians have certainly used it on Easter day as containing the elements of future life, for the emblem of the resurrection." Noting that the egg was in somewise dyed or ornamented, he goes on to say: "It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy, after the days of mortification and abstinence were over, and festivity had taken their place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, as certified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave!"

Not only do we find this record of the use of eggs among the practices of the Egyptians, the ancient Israelites, and the early Christians, but De Gebelin, in his "Religious History of the Calender," inform us that the custom of using eggs at Easter may be traced up, not only to the theology of the people of Egypt, but to the theology and philosophy of the Persians, the Gauls, the Greeks, and the Romans, all of whom regarded the egg as an emblem of the universe, and the work of the supreme Divinity." "Easter," says Gebelin, "and the new-year, have been marked by similar distinctions. Among the Persians the new-year is looked upon as the removal of all things, and is noted for the triumph of the Son of Nature, as Easter is

with the Christians for the Son of Justice, the Saviour of the world, over death, by his resurrection." Continuing the subject, he adds, "the feast of the new-year was celebrated at the vernal equinox, that is, at a time when the Christians, removing their new-year to the winter solstice, kept only the festival of Easter. Hence, with the latter, the feast of eggs has been attached to Easter, so that eggs no longer made presents at the new year."

The Jews, in former times, in celebrating their passover, placed on the table two unleavened cakes and two pieces of lamb, to which they added a few small fishes "because of the Leviathan;" a hard egg, "because of the bird Ziz," concerning which the rabbis entertained many fabulous ideas, and some meal, "because of the behemoth," these being according to the rabbinical doctors, appointed for the elect in the other life.

From what we learn of the "Oriental Sports" of the early Christians of Mesopotamia and other eastern countries, we find not only warrant for the custom of dyeing and decorating eggs at Easter, but for the species of gambling that somehow came down to the younger members of some of our churches. On Easter day, and forty days afterward, the children buy as many eggs as they can get, and stain them a red color in memory of the blood of Christ, shed at the time of his crucifixion. One of the sports of the season consists in the pitting of one egg against another—the egg broken in the collision being surrendered to the owner of the egg which made the fracture.

Father Carmeli, a pious monk of the Roman church, in an interesting work entitled "The History of Customs," has left many valuable hints in reference to what obtained among different nations in the early days of Christianity. He tells us that, during Easter and the following days, eggs boiled hard and painted different colors, but principally red, were the ordinary food of the season. He says also that in Italy, Spain and Provence, where almost every ancient superstition is religiously retained, there were in public places sports with eggs—a custom which he thinks was derived from the Jews or the pagans, as it was common at certain seasons to both. That the church of Rome has, for many centuries, regarded the egg as an emblem of the resurrection, may be gathered from a celebrated benediction, found, with various others, in the ritual of Pope Paul V, who reigned from the year 1605 to 1621. It reads thus: "Bless, O Lord! we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of the Lord."

In Italy, even up to the present time, on Easter eve and Easter day, it is the custom for the heads of the families to send great chargers full of hard-boiled eggs to the church to have them blessed. This blessing the priests perform by set prayers, signs of the cross and sprinkling the eggs with holy water—the ceremony finished, demanding how many dozen eggs there are in the charger. These blessed eggs they believe have the vir-

tue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and, therefore, are the first fat or fleshy nourishment prescribed to be taken after the abstinence of Lent. As soon as the eggs are blessed, everyone carries his portion home, and setting a large table, spread with the finest linen belonged to the family, in the best room in the house, this table bestrewn with flowers, has placed on it about a dozen savory dishes of meat, and the great basin of eggs in the center.—*Sunday Magazine.*

OLD LETTERS.

BY INEZ FORD.

Old letters, dear, loveable old letters, if there is one link in the chain of the past brighter than another, one memory in the heart outgrowing its romance, it is the one drifting up from the rustling pages of old letters. Here they are, such a heap! grave and gay, commonplace and sentimental, witty and stupid, some that make me laugh in spite of myself, and some that did make me weep in the years agone.

Here is one, crossed and recrossed, filled to the very edge with girlish fancies, hopes and aspirations. Let me see, Ethel Morse! I might have known it was hers without looking for the autograph. Ethel was the pet of our village, a little wild, shy, roguish girl, that one felt like catching just for the fun of seeing what she would do. Cupid did that same at last.

Never sprang more glorious promises in the pathway of life, than gemmed the early years of Harold March, noble, generous, self-sacrificing to all around him, what wonder that both the aged and the young loved him as being something superior to the general mass. The brilliant qualities of his nature, which should have saved him, proved his ruin.

The last evening before they were married, they had wandered down by a tiny brook, which bubbled and gushed in the very heart of a clump of trees. "In a little while," said he, "only a little while, and we shall be one 'until death do us part,' how happy we shall be." Just then a star looked down through the branches, and seemed living within the placid water at their feet. "My destiny!" he exclaimed, pointing to the brilliant counterfeit. At that moment a cloud drifted past, and a deep shadow rested upon the water. Before the breath of another summer had drifted away upon the air of autumn, Ethel had cause to remember his fatal words.

They were married, and he went out into the great world, to learn its falsehood, its evils, and try therein the strength of that genius so formed for lofty flight. Months passed, and then came rumors of promises unfulfilled, of talents wasted, of a heart estranged, of vows forgotten, of a weary waste of God's treasured jewels with which He had so enriched the mind of Harold March, and Ethel wept, yet she believed not the half of what was said of him.

Beautiful faith of woman! Far better to believe too little and be deceived, than too much, and wrong any living, loving, human being. Time passed on, and at last she awoke to the sad consciousness that she was

alone, for he had deserted her; had left her alone in a strange place without money and without friends; she then realized for the first time that she had lain her young heart on an unworthy altar; then she grew smileless, songless and hopeless, silent and uncomplaining, growing daily more and more fragile, more fitted for the society of angels whom she was evidently soon to join, it was at this time she wrote me the letter now lying before me!

At last all communication ceased between us, and I being a staunch advocate of first and only love, believed her dead. Chance called me to her native village, some years after, and my first visit was to the home of Ethel. I scarcely know the nature of my musings, as I neared the house, uppermost, at least, was the thought that I should hear of Ethel's death. It was bright summer, and before the door, rocking a cradle, sat a plump, rosy-cheeked matron, employing her hands the while in picking over a bowl of delicious looking berries, for a moment a pair of bright blue eyes gazed at me in bewilderment, then over went the bowl of berries as up jumped the rosy matron, saying:

"Why, don't you know me, Inez?"

Know her, indeed! the provoking lady was as broad as she was tall. I had a great mind not to know her, for growing so out of the reach of romance a pretty mess she had made of my first love theory. If I had been in her case, I should have considered it my duty to novelists to have gone really and truly dead, but she, it seemed, had sought and obtained a divorce from Harold, and then married again, a man as unlike Harold as she was unlike the Ethel Morse I had once known.

There! only one letter disposed of. Never mind, there are heart histories among this pile, which will keep till some leisure day, when we will have another hour over the romance of old letters.

MOUNTAINS OF MOLEHILLS.

BY MARY A. CARPENTER.

"What is the use of living? It's nothing but work, work, year in and year out. There never was a truer saying than, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' for I feel half the time as though I hadn't the breath of life left in me hardly. I'd like to see the man that works half the hours that I do; and yet you'd think, to hear men talk, that they did all the hard work; but 'A man's work is from sun to sun, and a woman's work is never done,' as the old saying is. A man can sit down and rest when evening comes, read his paper, and enjoy himself, but a woman—there's no rest for her day or night. She must keep her needle going, while her husband reads; and when he goes to bed, to sleep soundly all night, she must take a restless child on her arm, and if she can get any sleep it is well; if not it is just as well as far as he is concerned. I've wished a thousand times that I was a man, or that I had never been born, which would have been better yet."

All this was uttered without stop-

ping to take breath, by a pale, thin-faced, care-worn woman, whom I was visiting, more out of sympathy for her, and a desire to cheer and encourage her, than for any pleasure I expected to receive, other than that which all feel when they are conscious of having contributed to the happiness of any of their fellow creatures.

This woman was the wife of a good, kind man, the mother of four dear little children, and had enough of "this world's goods" to make her comfortable and happy, had she chosen to be so; but she had contracted such a habit of scolding and complaining, that her husband who once loved her, sought happiness elsewhere, knowing he could not find it at home; and she imagines herself the victim of neglect and abuse.

There are a great many women who like to be considered martyrs in this respect, and who carry about with them such a look of injured innocence as to call forth the sympathy of every one they meet, when the fault is largely their own, and they might be happy if they would. Such women commence married life wrong. In their great anxiety to be a true helpmeet to their husbands, they assume responsibilities that as family cares increase become irksome and almost unendurable. They not only wait upon themselves, but upon their husbands, and in time become servants, yes, slaves, I might say, rather than wives. The husbands, engrossed with their own labors, and more from thoughtlessness than unkindness, soon come to think this state of affairs is just as it should be. Then it is the wife becomes irritable, fretful, and uncompanionable, and the husband seeks that companionship elsewhere, that he cannot find at home. If those women who complain that their husbands do not like to spend their evenings at home, would look within themselves, they might perhaps find out the reason.

There are exceptions to this rule of course. Many a patient uncomplaining woman is wedded to a brute who cares nothing for her happiness. To such I can only say, "Look beyond; your sufferings will surely have an end, and you have your reward." If we could only learn to look at the bright side of things, we should find that half the ills of life are imaginary, and that the most of our trouble is borrowed. Then let us try to bear the perplexities of life with a cheerful spirit, instead of fretting and complaining, and making them ten times worse than they really are. If we are called to endure real sorrows, we may be sure they are for our spiritual development, and if rightly viewed will make us brighter, purer, and better fitted to become inhabitants of the spirit world.

Look up ye sorrowful of earth,
There's rest and peace for you above;
And all your sorrows here on earth
Are sent in mercy and in love.

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 HOUSEHOLD:—Thank the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD for introducing Dobbins' Electric Soap. My husband has purchased a box, and I can truly say I never saw its equal.

MRS. LIZZIE M. RICHARDSON.
Lowell, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is due to Cragin & Co. that I should say they promptly sent me a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. It exceeds all other soap I ever used. I now buy it by the quantity, and will never use any other. MRS. L. MEAD.

Amboy, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for some time and find it the best by far of any I have ever used. I recommend it whenever an opportunity offers, and shall continue to do so. I hope never to be without it, and wish every house-keeping could know of it and use it.

Perry, Ill. MRS. E. L. MOORE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been much interested in reading the testimonies of housekeepers in regard to Dobbins' soap. I have used it for six years, and could not keep house without it. My clothes are white. Some say, "Well, if it does all you say, it must be there is in it something that must injure the fabric." It is not so; on the contrary, clothes last longer, because they are not rubbed to pieces.

MRS. H. R. CLIFFORD.
Boston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—We have been using Dobbins' soap for six months or more, and say most heartily to all the sisterhood "go and do thou likewise;" it is splendid.

L. C. COOK.

Ft. Edward, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some time since I sent for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Having used this soap every week since the reception of the sample I pronounce it the best soap I ever saw. Washing day is *nothing now*, compared to what it used to be.

It saves fuel, time, and patience. My clothes rival the snow. Long may it live, and may it find its way into every household in the land. I shall sound its virtues to every one I can.

Language is inadequate to express its praise. I was told by its manufacturers that it would "speak for itself," and it has. I have found it in every particular *just what they said*, a rare thing of the day, as things are generally misrepresented.

Dobbins' Electric Soap will prove a blessing to woman. Washers nowadays, particularly in this section, have high wages for a few hours work, that very indifferent. Therefore the soap would be greatly in demand if the population knew half its merits. I want every woman to use the soap. I am in earnest about it. I have tested it *every way* and can find no fault with it. I shall always use it, and like Aunt Matilda would as soon be without salt, sugar or flour.

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17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1 75	5
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20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
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24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
31	Pie Knife,	4 50	9
32	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
33	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
34	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
35	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
36	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
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48	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
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57	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7 00	16
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60	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
61	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
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63	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
64	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
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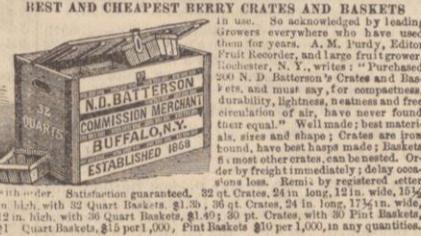
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FROM THE DATE OF THIS ISSUE OF THIS PAPER

Elegant Table Silverware

Can be secured by all who receive a copy of this month's paper, on compliance with the following conditions: The Union Silver Plating Company, 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of Pure Coin-Standard Silver Plated Ware, will send to any one entitled to receive the same, a set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spoon any desired initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon, and send it to the above Company, with your name and address, as a guarantee that the order comes through this paper. You are also required to inclose with your order the nominal charge of 75 cents, to pay cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The Spoons will be sent by express or mail (if you have no express-office), and delivered in your hands without further cost. As the 75 cents covers express and engraving charges, the spoons will cost you nothing. These Spoons are guaranteed to be of the best material, and equal to the best Silver Plated Ware made, as the following letter from the Union Silver Plating Company, will testify:

OFFICE UNION SILVER PLATING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.
To Whom it may Concern.—The spoons sent out under this arrangement we guarantee are of the best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double-extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver Plated Ware manufactured. In no case will they be sold at retail by us for less than \$3.50 per set. Our lowest wholesale price is \$65 per gross (twelve dozen). We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper. [Signed] UNION SILVER PLATING COMPANY.

SILVERWARE COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75 cts. to cover express or mailing, engraving, and boxing charges, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our pure Coin-Standard double-extra plated

SILVER SPOONS,

and on each spoon engrave any desired initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75 cts. sent in, and the spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charge.

Good for ninety days from the date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void. [Signed] UNION SILVER PLATING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the spoons on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, double nickel and silver plated, \$2; retail price, \$6. Six forks, double nickel and silver plated, 55 cts.; retail price, \$4.50. If all these goods are desired, enclose the total charges, which will be 75c. for spoons, \$2 for knives, and 95c. for forks—total, \$3.75;—thus securing for \$3.75 what would cost you \$14 in any other way. Remember, under this arrangement each article, except knives, will be engraved with any initial desired without extra cost.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the terms of this contract this liberal arrangement holds good for only ninety days from the date of this paper, therefore it is to the interest of all who are entitled to its benefits to see to it that they are not debarred by reason of the expiration of the time specified. All letters ordering Silverware should be addressed direct to the UNION SILVER PLATING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Letters containing subscriptions must be sent direct to the office of this paper.

7-15mpay



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10 Plants for \$1.00.

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No. 29. Any 3 plants from first two lists, with the following 9, for \$1.00: 1 German Ivy, 1 Rose Geranium, 1 Lemon Verbena, 1 Amaryllis, 1 Tradescantia, 1 Achyranthes, 1 Centaurea, 1 Artillery Plant, 1 Cigar Plant.

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The above are grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and labeled, postage prepaid, and each package warranted to reach the purchaser in good condition. Prices given refer only to this list, those selecting from catalogue will be charged catalogue prices. No orders will be sent for less than \$1.00. Directions for the treatment of plants when received sent with each package. A descriptive circular of above varieties will be mailed free to all who apply.

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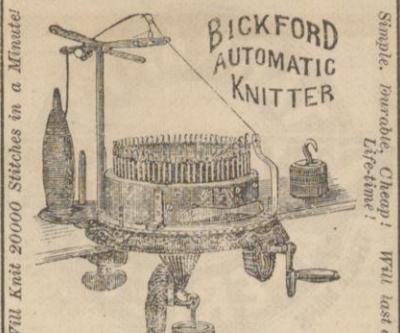
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NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 10:45 p.m., Montreal at 3:45 p.m., St. Albans at 6:00 p.m., Brattleboro at 3:30 a.m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:30 a.m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a.m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p.m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p.m., Rutland at 3:30 p.m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p.m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m. 4:55 p.m., 10:20 p.m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a.m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a.m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a.m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:25 a.m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:25 a.m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p.m., for White River Junction and Rutland.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p.m., for White River Junction, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 22, 1875.

31

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A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send Personal Checks, we cannot use them.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

SEE OUR OFFER of Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

WANTED, a few more good County Agents, especially in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the South. We give good pay, pleasant work and permanent employment. A few more chances left—will you take one?

THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written. We will do the best we can in all cases, but if persons will send us puzzles they mustn't be surprised if we don't always guess right.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want an agent in every town to solicit subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

TAKE NOTICE.—Our readers have doubtless seen the advertisement of Leamon's Dyes. These dyes are very highly praised by those who have used them, and we offer them as premiums to our friends in the full confidence that they will prove to be first-class in every respect. They are put up in neat packages, each color separate, and—with the exception of the Black, which is a liquid—can be sent safely by mail. To any one already a subscriber, who will send us one new subscription, we will forward a package of these dyes postpaid—for two new subscriptions we will send three packages, and for a club of five we will send by express the full set of twelve packages. Full directions accompany each package together with a beautiful sample card.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted *send a copy of this list* and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

OUR FOURTH LIST OF SPECIAL PREMIUMS have been awarded as follows: The largest list of yearly subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD obtained before May 1st, 1877, was sent by H. M. Fletcher, of Newport, N. H., 1066; the second largest, 897, sent by L. W. Briggs, West Macedon, N. Y.; the third, 682, by H. J. Parker, Rochester, N. Y.; the fourth, 517, by J. B. Putney, Middleton, Mass.; the fifth, 406, by E. R. Kelsey, Hyde Park, Mass.

The Premiums to County Agents have been awarded as follows: First to Mrs. Z. P. Freeman, Cherokee Co., Iowa, whose list of subscribers numbered 49 in a quota of 40; second to Mrs. F. E. Smith, Montgomery Co., Tenn., list 60, quota 50; third to Mrs. H. M. Reese, Johnson Co., Mo., list 34, quota 30; fourth to Mrs. D. K. Warren, Clatsop Co., Ore., list 27 quota 25; fifth to Mrs. M. A. Talbot, Arapahoe Co., Colo., list 22, quota 20; sixth to Mrs. Mary A. Norris, Clare Co., Mich., list 40, quota 40; seventh to Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Boone Co., Iowa, list 51, quota 55; eighth to Geo. H. Spencer, Scott Co., Iowa, list 100, quota 120; ninth to Mrs. S. J. Oliver, Lake Co., Cal., list 25, quota 30; tenth to Mrs. M. E. Burgess, Ouachita Parish, La., list 10, quota 12.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send three numbers on trial—postage paid—for ten cents, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months the only publication in the country especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. As an inducement to our readers to make an effort in that direction we will give a

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary
to the one who sends us the greatest number of trial subscribers before July 1st, 1877.

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