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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1877.

No. 4.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

BY M. S. AMBY.

Haste, gentle spring! we are waiting for thee,
Waiting the gleam of thy garments to see;
Waiting and watching to welcome thee here:
Tarry no longer, sweet pet of the year.

Sorly-faced March has no right to thy name;
Year after year he is ever the same;
Frost, snow and ice, and wild winds in his train,
Fitter companions for stern winter's reign.

Come crowned with garlands of leaves and flowers,
Send thy soft breath through forests and bowers;
Bring all the singing birds back once again,
Scatter sweet odors on hillside and plain.

Quicken our frames with thy life-giving clasp,
Chilled into torpor by winter's cold grasp;
Waken fond memories, our spirit to thrill,
Hopes that, though slumbering, have life in them still.

Thoughts that shall grow 'neath the spell of thy power,
Dreams like thy days, mingle sunshine and shower,
Fancies from which thy soft odors have birth,
Longings that seem to be scarcely of earth.

Haste thee, oh, haste thee! why longer delay?
Thou wilt be welcomed by grave and by gay;
Hearts have grown weary in waiting for thee,
But in thy loved presence all sadness shall flee.

—Transcript.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

AS a general rule, it is not advisable to purchase or transplant very old trees; still, if the requisite care is given, they may often be used quite advantageously—particularly if not transported any considerable distance. We have transplanted apple, pear, and cherry trees that were ten or fifteen years old, and their growth was but slightly checked by the removal. In regard to the proper method of performing this operation, there are almost as many different opinions as there are men who undertake it, and each and every one of them believe that their particular way is the best. This diversity of opinion among gardeners only proves that trees hold on to life very tenaciously, and will withstand considerable ill treatment.

One of the most laborious and expensive methods is that of transplanting in winter, with a ball of frozen earth surrounding the roots; but we do not believe that this expensive mode is ever really necessary, or of sufficient importance to pay for the extra expense incurred. Neither do we attach any considerable importance to a ball of earth about the roots at any other time; although with small evergreens, it may be well to leave all the soil that will adhere. We prefer to remove all large deciduous trees soon after the leaves have fallen off in the autumn, or very early in the spring.

The most important point to be observed is the preservation of roots—the more, the better, although it is seldom that all can be retained. First, remove the soil from above the roots with a spade or shovel, then with a spading fork work it from among them, being careful not to bruise or break, but carefully follow each and every one to their extreme ends. When all the roots have been separated from the soil, lift the tree, and shorten the branches severely. At least one half the entire length of all large branches should be cut away, and quite often two-thirds would not be too much.

We consider severe pruning to be of the utmost importance to all transplanted trees, and with large ones it should never be omitted. If the trees are to be carried to any considerable distance, or remain out of the soil even for a few hours, the roots must be protected and not allowed to get dry.

In replanting, cover the roots only as deep as they were originally, and spread out each and every one in a natural position, then tread the soil firmly upon them, being careful to fill up the spaces between the large as well as small ones. If rain should not come within a few days after planting, a few pails of water may aid in settling the soil about the roots; but we have never found it necessary to water a tree that was properly planted, either in spring or fall. A careful preservation of roots, severe pruning of the branches, and planting with care, will generally save almost any tree, however large.

MANAGEMENT OF THE LAWN.

A well managed lawn is a great setting-off to a dwelling of any kind, and as it is the object first seen, its appearance creates an impression favorable or unfavorable, according to circumstances. A neat piece of closely shaven velvety sward, is very orna-

mental but a rough, weedy parched lawn or grass plot is an unsightly object.

In the formation of a piece of ornamental grass the soil should be prepared by deep tillage, pulverization and the eradication of all weeds and coarse grasses. In most climates where frequent showers keep up the verdancy of the grass, the seed or turf is generally sown or laid upon a hard, even surface, but in hot countries the heat of summer would scorch the grass, if the plants could not send down their roots deep into the soil to procure the necessary moisture to supply the place of that which is evaporated.

The surface of the lawn or grass, plat should be as level as possible and a great deal depends on procuring grasses of the right kinds. Coarse grasses of any kind should be avoided and the preferences given to dwarf varieties. It is an erroneous practice to rake off early in spring, or at any other time, the natural mulch which the dead leaves of the former year's growth have provided for the roots. In mowing with a machine or scythe operations should be commenced early in the morning, while the dew is on, and the grass should be raked off before it withers in the sun.

Fresh cut grass is useful for mulching plants which have been recently transplanted as it preserves moisture around the roots; it may also be used for feeding poultry which are kept in yards or houses. The edges of flower beds which stand in the lawn or grass plat should be carefully trimmed after each mowing to keep the grass from encroaching on the beds and to make look fresh and tidy. Bedding plants of various kinds should be set out from time to time in order to give variety to the scene and keep up its attractions.

TRAINING VINES.

Out buildings of all kinds that have become dilapidated through time, or by exposure to storms, may become objects of beauty by training wild vines, such as woodbine, wild grape or forest ivy upon them. These vines spread very rapidly from their lateral branches, or will increase to an astonishing extent, by means of cutting or by layering. The picturesque beauty of many of the rural villages in Europe, is almost entirely owing to the vines that overspread the dwellings. Some of the more hardy grapes may be grown with profit over low buildings; and at the same time they will give a pleasant appearance to that which before disfigured the premises.



RUGS—NOT CARPETS.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE theory is to have our carpets, like Oriental Rugs, cover only the main part of the floor, forming a large square or oblong carpet, but not fitted to the recesses by the windows and doors, or irregularities made by following the moulding or washboards on each side of the room. This mode leaves an uncovered surface of flooring all around the room, which is to be painted or finished according to the taste of the occupant.

There are some well defined advantages in this proposal. As a matter of economy it is thought desirable by some. To fit a carpet nicely to all the corners and little recesses in any room may often necessitate some waste, especially if there are figures or scrolls to be matched, and also requires a skillful hand to fit the carpet to all the irregular places found on any floor, however simple.

Another reason suggested is that the corners and little nooks are the favorite resorts of moths. They doubtless prefer to deposit their eggs in the most inaccessible places, and by instinct seem to understand that by so doing they have a more hopeful prospect of securing undisputed possession than in the more exposed parts of the room. Careless sweepers are great friends to moths; so few, unless under strict supervision, are experts exploring thoroughly the strongholds of these alert and most vexatious tormentors.

Again, if a carpet is made only to cover the principal part of the floor—square or oblong, according to the shape of the room—it can be taken up with greater ease, as frequently as may be deemed necessary, and requires no special skill to replace it. It can also be changed with little trouble and without refitting, provided the rooms are of the same size.

Here are some sensible reasons for this theory of carpeting a room. Now let us see what new reasons can be adduced on the other side of the question to offset these.

In an economical point of view, it is doubtful if much is saved. It may perhaps take a little more carpeting to start with to cover all nooks and corners under the windows, by the doors, and around the mouldings: but bear in mind that a carpet often requires cut-

ting to match the figures, almost always even when almost simply sewed in breadths, and there will probably be enough to cut off to fill all these places. There is also another point to be remembered when looking at this plan in an economical point of view.

A carpet which is not fitted to the floor throughout must of necessity wear out in some spots more easily than one that fills up every irregularity. When used as a rug there will be a foot or more of bare floor all round the room, and in sweeping and in passing in and out the outer edge of the carpet will receive rougher usage than if this edge was fitted and tacked close up to the doorsills and wash-boards, and we greatly misjudge if in a short time an orderly housekeeper would not be annoyed by finding the edges breaking and beginning to show ragged spots on such parts as were nearest the door or close to a sofa or arm-chair. If it were simply a binding, that could easily be replaced; but when the carpet itself begins to "fray" on the edges it will soon look old and shabby.

It is true that moths are more likely to deposit their eggs in the small corners about the windows, wash-boards and mouldings, but they are not always so fastidious. They often seek to nest in the bindings, and, as their tracks plainly indicate, they do not disdain to intrude even into the middle of the carpet, especially in heavy fabrics, when they can settle down into the thick tufted threads of the Moquette, Axminster or Audibon, fearless of the broom, if not the tread of many feet. But even if they do select the irregularities of the corners in preference to other spots by so doing they have in their ignorance put themselves more completely in the power of a skillful housewife than they could be in less secluded places, because with the little bellows that can be procured with any bottle of the best moth powder one can blow the powder into the smallest crevice and far under the corners of the carpet; but if this powder is scattered over the middle of the carpet it can remain there but a short time, before walking across the floor, opening the door, or by sweeping, it will be removed, without having accomplished much good, even if the pungent odor of this exterminator did not make it unpleasant when scattered about the center of the room. In the corners and unused places it can remain much longer without annoyance to any one in the room, and if blown under the edges, when carpets are closely fitted, even sweeping will not dislodge it, and it continues for weeks, protecting our carpets from these destructive little insects.

We also doubt if lifting a carpet often is desirable. It is quite a tax, an addition to the general labor of a family which we think can be dispensed with. It does the carpet no good, but, if a large, heavy one, may, by ripping through rough handling, be an injury. A carpet, even under the name of rug, is a cumbersome thing to take up and down stairs, and is seldom whipped or shaken without some rent or strain if done by hand; while considerable expense is incurred

if it is taken to a carpet-cleansing establishment to be cleaned by machinery. All the cleansing secured by frequent lifting will not compensate for the trouble, expense or annoyance. One room, at least, must be in confusion, or in no desirable condition for one to remain in while the carpet is up, and that often subjects the family to unexpected inconvenience.

The last reason against this new theory which we have now time to give is this: We think this arrangement undesirable, because children, old and feeble persons, or any one crossing or entering in haste, risks severe falls. We have known such falls, from mats or small rugs, and some very severe injuries by being tripped up on a half-way carpet. If one is feeble, or in haste, one is liable to catch the toe of the boot under the edge of a carpet not nailed close up to the mop boards. If not able to afford to cover the floor entirely with carpeting, we should doubtless be content with half, as better than none at all.

These rugs are very common in warm climates. In Havana, for instance, the floors are usually marble or stone. A rug of Persian or Turkish carpeting, woven for this purpose, and often very rich and beautiful, is spread in the middle of the parlor floor. It strikes a stranger unpleasantly to pass up a flight of stone or marble steps, pass through a marble-paved corridor, and to enter a parlor with the same kind of stone or marble floor. It has a cold, uncomfortable, inhospitable appearance.

In the center of the parlors a large rug or carpet, is spread, often of most exquisite pattern and wonderful richness. These rugs are ten, fifteen, or twenty feet long, and perhaps twelve feet across, according to the spaciousness of the room. Placed all around, in the primest order, are light, fanciful cane, willow, or bamboo chairs, of every conceivable description—rockers, easy chairs, and arm-chairs. Under each a small round foot-stool of bamboo or cane is placed. All round the walls are settees, or some fancy seats. In alcoves or recesses some quaint-shaped chairs of bamboo, with a pretty table of the same material; but all have either a small rug for each, or a long one to be laid before the settees, and each with the prescribed foot-stool.

Now, in a hot climate, these rugs may be desirable, and after a time one may learn to look upon them with favor. We have had but slight experience, but the little we have had was not pleasant as far as stone floors or rugs are concerned, and we should be slow to adopt the custom as a matter of choice in our country.

We fear these reasons for and against the idea of rugs instead of carpets have not been very lucidly presented, but perhaps they may serve as a pioneer's path for more skillful people to explore and develop. — *Christian Union*.

REPAIRING A BUREAU.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD L. H. S. wanted directions for making an old mahogany bureau, with injured veneering, look respectable.

I once experimented on an old sofa, with broad cracks in the veneering of the back, by filling up the cracks with putty, then I took crimson, lake, vermilion and black from my tubes of oil colors, mixed the desired tint on my palette, and with a small brush, (a cheap camel's hair would do,) applied one or two coats. After varnishing, the cracks could scarcely be distinguished. I think I could have done as well by getting red paint from a paint-shop, and a little lamp black; then I should have mixed the two till the color was right, when applied.

E. C.



ABOUT PARROTS.

THE species of the parrot family are easily recognized as belonging to it, but the characters which distinguish one group of them from another are not always so clear and decided. There are groups, however, which are sufficiently well marked to have received distinct popular names. There is one group which may be regarded as that of the true parrots, for to them the name parrot is more strictly appropriated; while others are known as parrakeets or paroquets, cockatoos, macaws, lorries and love-birds. Of the true parrots, one of the best known species is the gray parrot, a native of Africa, which is very often brought to this country, and is excelled by none of the parrot kind in powers of imitation and speech, docility, affectionateness and mischievousness. It is about the size of a small pigeon, of an ash-gray color, with a short crimson tail. It has been known to attain the age of nearly a hundred years.

Some of the parrakeets are nearly equal in size to the gray parrot, but most of them are smaller. They generally have long tails. The Alexandrine parrakeet, or ring parrakeet, which is green, with a red collar, was the first of the parrot tribe known to the Greeks and Romans, and was much prized by them. It possesses in a high degree, the same qualities for which the gray parrot is esteemed. It is said to have been first brought from India by some of the members of Alexander's expedition. Cockatoos are notable for the large size of the head and the great height of the bill. Some of them are very docile and tractable, but they do not often learn to speak many words. They are all natives of Asia and the Indian Archipelago. Some of them are among the largest of the parrot tribe.

Macaws are also generally large, and their plumage is splendid; they have long, pointed wings and a very long tail. They are natives of tropical America. They do not readily learn to speak more than a few words. Lorries and love-birds, which are mostly natives of Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, are valued chiefly for their beauty, liveliness and gentleness.

The resemblance between parrots and monkeys in their dispositions and

habits is very strong. Like monkeys, parrots display a remarkable degree of intelligence; and like that of monkeys, it is often devoted to the accomplishment of the tricks in which they delight. The brain in parrots is larger and more perfect than in any other kind of birds. Exaggerated ideas of the intelligence of parrots have, however, been entertained by some who, misled by the amusing appositeness with which they often utter the sentences they have learned to speak, have too hastily concluded that they fully understand the meaning of what they say. But no well-authenticated instance is on record of one having even shown a capacity for rationally sustained conversation.

There is a well-known and often repeated story of a parrot in Brazil which excited much speculation two hundred years ago, and which Locke thought worthy of a place in the midst of a grave philosophical discussion. Locke quotes the story from Sir William Temple, who says: "I had a mind to know from Prince Maurice's own mouth the account of a common but much credited story that I had heard so often from many others of an old parrot he had in Brazil, during his government there, that spoke and asked and answered questions like a reasonable creature; so that those of his train there generally concluded it to be witchery of possession."

He accordingly asked Prince Maurice about the matter, who told him that, having heard of the parrot, he sent for it, and that when it was brought into the room where he was, with a great many Dutchmen about him, it presently exclaimed: "What a company of white men are here!" They asked what it thought that man was, pointing to the prince. The parrot answered: "Some General or other." When they brought it close to him he asked it: "Whence come you?" It answered, "From Marinan." The Prince then said: "To whom do you belong?" The parrot replied: "To a Portuguese." The Prince asked "What do you do there?" The parrot said: "I look after the chickens." The Prince laughed, and said: "You look after the chickens?" The parrot replied: "Yes and I know well enough how to do it;" and began to cluck like a hen calling chickens. This parrot appears only to have been a well-trained bird, accustomed to say certain things, and ready to say them, but them only, on occasions such as arose from the presence of the Prince and his attendants and the questions addressed to it.

How far parrots are from being capable of acquiring the use of language, or anything more than the mere power of articulating words clearly, appears from the unquestionable fact that they never originate a sentence for themselves, but utter only sentences or broken sentences which they have heard and acquired. They do, however, seem sometimes to use these sentences with a view to some purpose, as to call for some person whose company they desire, to ask for food, and the like; but this gives proof of no greater intelligence than a dog exhibits in obeying the commands of his master or in petitioning after his own fashion for one thing or other, as all

dogs do. Indeed, we may fairly suppose that if dogs possessed the same power of articulation as parrots they would use it even to better purpose. — *Chambers' Journal*.

ROSES.

The rose has been an object of admiration for thousands of years, and every pains has been taken to improve it; and yet strange to say, some of the greatest improvements have been made within the last five years: for instance, good color, hardiness, endurance, fragrance, size, and some other good qualities of a rose, have been combined in a climber, thus giving us at once all that could be asked for in any flower.

It is one of the most difficult things to do in arranging lists of stock for house and garden to make out and obtain lists of roses; for when you ask for an extra kind, the chances are that the dealer is just out of that kind, and that this kind will do just as well, or that he will put in an inferior kind under the name called for, trusting to luck about detection.

There are three general classes of roses as follows:

First, The common hardy June roses, that bloom but once a year, and are well known to all.

Second, The hybrid perpetuals or remontants. These are nearly hardy like the first class, but will bloom during the season if the flowers are cut off as fast as they come out.

Third, The monthly. This comprises four sub-classes—the noisette, tea, bengal, bourbon. All of this class are tender, and need great care and protection to carry them through the winter out of doors. The best way to cover for the winter is to dig a trench, three or four inches deep, by the side of the bush, and bend the bush over into it and fasten it down by pegs, and cover it all over with sods, grass-side upward; but it is no use to do this if the bush does not stand in a soil naturally dry or well drained. This covering should be delayed just as long as possible, or till December at least; the ground may be covered earlier in the season with leaves or straw, to keep it from freezing till that time. Early in the spring uncover, raise up, and prune closely.

Roses are easily propagated by cuttings, using hard or soft wood. Hard wood cuttings should be put in the fall, and they require a low temperature and a long time; but with soft wood cuttings made from growing shoots or flower-stalks good plants are formed in two or three weeks. Cuttings rooted in the fall will usually be large enough to bed out in the spring, and those rooted in March and kept in pots with one or two shifts during the season, and otherwise well cared for, will be in good order for winter flowering. The pots should be put in a sunny place and kept well watered, and when removed in the fall to the house, prune closely.

If roses are well grown and cared for, they are almost exempt from any disease, unless it may be mildew. In the house this can usually be cured by exposing the plants to the fumes of melted sulphur, and in the border out of doors by dusting the leaves with the flour of sulphur.

The four principal insect enemies of the rose, are the green fly, the rose slug, the thrips, and last, but not least, the rosebug; he is really a hard customer to deal with, defies sulphur, tobacco, lime, soap, and the best way to get rid of him is to crush or burn him. The other insects are easily destroyed by fumigating with tobacco, or showering the leaves with a decoction of tobacco, or a solution of whale-oil soap.

In answer to the question, "What kind of roses shall I plant?" Peter Henderson (about the best practical authority in the country) answers, "I invariably recommend the monthly."

The rose flourishes best in a stiff, loamy soil, and it demands high culture. Parkman, in his "Book of Roses," says, "It is scarcely possible to enrich too highly." He thinks that one-fourth old well-rotted stable manure to three-fourths good soil is not an excessive proportion. I can say from personal experience, that roses grown on ground thus enriched, frequently stirred, and kept free from weeds, are larger, more perfectly formed, and freer from diseases or insects.

The following are given as standard kinds to plant:

Climbers—Madam D'Arblay, Gem of the Prairies, Baltimore Belle, Queen of the Prairies.

Perpetuals—Giant of Batailles, Gen. Washington, Mad. Rivers, Lord Raglan.

Noisette—Lamargue, Solfaterre, Marshal Neil.

Bourbon—Hermosa, Souvenir de la Malmaison, Vulcan.

Tea—Safrano, Bon Silene.

Bengal—Agrippina, Louis Phillipe.

If you cannot get what you want, get the best you can afford, and propagate only the best, and you will soon have a stock of roses. — *Illinois Teacher*.

HOW I MADE A PICTURE.

"What a pretty picture," said a lady. "How did you make it?" "Yes," replied I, "considering what it is made of, I think it is pretty." And as some HOUSEHOLD sister might like to know too, how it is made, I will give in substance what I told her.

On an almanac with "a chromo" cover, was a beautiful bird in one corner, with a nest of eggs in another. After it had done service for a year, they were nicely cut out by my nephew, (who had been impatient for the year to expire,) and laid carefully away in a drawer as his property. Coming across them one day, several months afterward, I thought to surprise him. A piece of bristol board had been lying around in my way in the drawer for some time, and I had many times been tempted to throw it into the fire, but would as often replace it, thinking "it may yet be of use," and now it came in play. No matter, thought I, if it is without shape, I will make the frame square, and make this "come" to it.

Paste was made of wheat flour, not very thick, and free from lumps, and the nest pasted in the center, with the bird perched on the edge with outspread wings, about to hop on. Around it I pasted pressed columbine (honey-suckle) blossoms, buds and leaves,

with pieces of woody stems from other kinds of pressed flowers, for the nest to rest upon. The bird's mouth is partly open, just ready to pick a bud.

Some pasteboard for the frame was found, also a piece of mahogany paper, which had been given me by a friend for covering picture frames. This was pasted on the pasteboard, but care was used not to mar the right side with damp fingers. Some glass, as ill-shaped as the bristol board, was soon brought into the right shape. I had no glass-cutter, but laid pieces of twine wet in spirits of turpentine across the corners that I wished to cut off, then set them on fire, and the glass broke where I wished to have it. (I think I have used kerosene oil for the same purpose.) The parts were fastened together with paste, and the picture hung with a cord made of scarlet yarn. It hangs in the sitting-room, and has been much admired.

It is needless to add that my nephew was much pleased with it, and calls it his. Alone, the articles were worthless, except the mahogany paper, and that is cheap. This was bought at the printing office, I believe. Scraps of dark colored glazed cambric would have answered the same purpose, though of course not quite as nice. It should be used with the glazed side out, to simulate varnished wood.

Surely no one, be they ever so poor, but what can with a little tact and energy, have pictures in abundance, with which to adorn their homes. MARY.

HOW TO KEEP BOUQUETS FRESH.

There are various recipes for keeping bouquets fresh. Some people stick them in moist sand; some salt the water in the vases, and others warm it; others, again, use a few drops of ammonia. My rule is, to cool the flowers thoroughly at night. When the long day of furnace-heat has made the roses droop and their stems limp and lifeless, I clip them a little, and set them to float in a marble basin full of very cold water. In the morning they come out made over into crisp beauty, as fresh and blooming as if just gathered.

All flowers, however, will not stand this water-cure. Heliotrope blackens and falls to pieces under it; azaleas drop from their stems, and mignonette soaks away its fragrance. For these I use dry, cold air. I wrap them in cotton wool, and set them on a shelf in the ice-chest! I can almost hear you laugh, but really I am not joking. Flowers thus treated keep perfectly for a week with me, and often longer. — *St. Nicholas*.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In the December number is an inquiry for crystallizing grasses. I think if Mrs. E. L. Drew will try my way she will have good success. Dissolve eighteen ounces of alum in one quart of soft water, boil it gently in a tin vessel over a moderate fire, keeping it stirring until dissolved. When the liquor is nearly cold, suspend the objects to be crystallized by a thread, from a stick laid horizontally across a deep earthen or glass jar, into which the solution must be poured. Let the ar-

ties remain in twenty-four hours undisturbed. When taken out hang in the shade till dry. The best temperature is about 95° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. If too cold crystals will form too large.

G. F. M. wishes a few questions answered as regards verbenas and geraniums. Verbenas do not require much water and not a very warm room. They will do the best in soil from the woods, with plenty of light. Geraniums do well in sandy soil. Plants should be watered regularly to thrive. Syringed occasionally with soap-suds will keep lice off. Watered with lime water will kill little worms that sometimes are troublesome. E. L.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Permit me to inquire through your correspondence department if any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD has a pink "Queen of the Prairie," sometimes called "Pride of the Meadow," (*spirea lobata*), which she would like to exchange for a calladium esculentum? If so, will please address "Miss Magill, Roswell, Georgia," as waiting to answer through the paper will be too late in the season. H. M.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I would like to ask some of your correspondents to give me some information with regard to the treatment of my canary bird. I have had him two years, and for a year he sang very finely, having a loud, strong voice, and very pleasant notes. The past year he has had frequent turns of moulting and does not sing at all. I have tried saffron in his water, a rusty nail, have given him plain seed, and been very regular in attending to his cage. He has seemed very well this summer, and has tried to sing, but his voice is weak and feeble. Some persons have suggested that he may be troubled with insects, but I have not as yet been able to detect the presence of any. Will some one of your readers, who has had success in keeping birds and having them sing, suggest some treatment for my bird? and greatly oblige me.

Mrs. J. W. W.

I would like to inquire through your paper if any of its readers can tell me how to bleach fern leaves. ELLEN.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a new subscriber and would like to ask some of your correspondents to give their experience in raising canaries, as to management, diet, etc. This information may have been given in a previous number, but your many new subscribers would be pleased to hear the experience of those who have been successful in raising these little pets, especially at this season of the year.

Springfield, Ill.

MINNIE.

Will some of the subscribers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me what to do with my English ivy to make it grow more rapidly? I have had it over a year and it has only thrown out two new leaves during that time. I have heard it is of slow growth, but that seems too slow. Will some one please give me information how to treat it? Also inform me how to dye gray hair brown? and oblige,

RUHLA.



HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD ART.

BY ALICE M. WEST.

I WISH I might say something to encourage the women whose purses are short and whose leisure hours are few, but who nevertheless are full of desire to make their homes charming, attractive, and truly homelike. If such a one is willing to exercise a little ingenuity and skill they may make their home very pleasant at very slight expense. There are a thousand pretty devices to be made in odd minutes out of inexpensive material which add wonderfully to the appearance of a home, and give it an aspect of feminine taste and skill pleasant to see. Moreover, such work is in itself so fascinating that as the delicate shapes and tints grow beneath the touch one feels themselves fully repaid for the effort by the pleasure received in the work, even if the pretty lamp mat, sofa cushion, or chair cover, could not claim also as it does the additional beauty of usefulness.

Even the lack of furniture may be in part supplied by articles of domestic manufacture. Get your husband or some one else to make you a frame for a sofa, stuff the top with straw to give it a rounded appearance, and cover smoothly and nicely, add a couple of large, square sofa pillows covered with the same material as the sofa, and ornamented with cord and tassels of Germantown wool, and you will have a lounge quite as comfortable and convenient as anything you could buy. Your old square topped stand you can convert into a pretty center table by sawing boards to form a round top for it which a few screws will fasten securely in place, and staining or painting to match the bottom, any deficiencies will be concealed by a cover of crimson or green flannel, ornamented with a border of chain stitching and finished by a worsted fringe.

In one corner of your room between door and window is just the place for the book shelves; these, together with some shelves for the window on which to place house plants, may be made of pine, stained with a solution of burnt umber and white lead mixed with boiled linseed oil, and supported on iron brackets; the edges of the shelves you can adorn if you like with lambrequins of black cloth cut in points and ornamented with applique work or bits of bright velvet cut in fanciful shapes and stitched on with silk of contrasting color. Under the book shelves hang a large cornucopia made of pasteboard covered with plain brown or black paper, an inch wide band of gilt paper pasted around the top and a round or oval picture on the front.

Old boxes, their covers fastened on with leather hinges, cushioned and covered with pretty material, make nice seats to place under the windows or in the warm corner back of the stove, and at the same time furnish

wonderfully convenient receptacles for patterns, work, the children's toys, and all sorts of odds and ends for which there seems to be no other place. Do not allow your walls to remain bare and unadorned for lack of pictures. Cut the most suggestive ones from your magazines, provide them with a mat, a back of strong pasteboard and a glass, then bind them with strips of morocco, paper, or common cambric, black or drab; before binding, however, make a little slit in the cardboard on each side, one-third the height of the picture from the top, and fasten a button ring on the back at this point by running a strip of tape through the ring, then inserting the ends of the tape through the slit, and fastening them firmly with glue on the inside of the pasteboard. When all is firm and dry fasten the cord by which your picture is to be hung to the rings.

If your mantle is defaced and looks badly cover it smoothly with rep, or enameled cloth to match the furnishing of the room, and tack fringe around the edge. If you have no mantle, saw a shelf out of a piece of board, rounding the front corners, support on iron brackets, and cover as above. On each end of the mantle place a vase filled with pressed ferns, and between them a clock, plaster cast, or any similar object.

A pretty coral basket to hang in the window, or brighten a dark corner, is made of hoops, with the webbing left on, tied together in any graceful shape. After the basket is formed, tie on here and there grape stems or bits of cord twisted slightly. Have ready a mass of melted beeswax and rosin, equal parts, colored scarlet with vermilion, and with a spoon dip it over every part of the basket until all is covered. When cold and hardened line the basket with the gray moss found on rocks, pressing the moss through the openings so as to hold it in place, and place inside, suspending the whole by scarlet cords, a tin can filled with water in which branches of Wandering Jew are growing. If your treatment has been skillful you will be pleased with the result.

STUDY OF COLORS IN DRESS.

The colors of a dress ought to be in harmony with the color of the hair, with the hues of the complexion, and the general character of the wearer, as well as with the occasion on which the dress is to be worn. Although the shades of hair and skin are extremely varied, they can be reduced to certain principal varieties, as black, fair, red, chestnut, or ash-colored. Corresponding to these colors of hair are certain varieties of complexion. It is rare that black hair goes with a white skin, unless the hair itself is softened down by the same cause that has whitened the skin, as we may remark in the English and Irish, whose freshness is preserved by the dampness of the climate, and in the women of Antwerp, in whom the mixing of Spanish and Flemish blood produced a clear complexion combined with the hair of the south. Hair and eyes of both are of a brilliant but not of the dense black which we find in Spain and in Italy. The real brune of the south

has a dull and warm complexion, ranging from yellow to olive, and the pupil of the eye, like a carbuncle, stands out on a brilliantly white membrane. Blonde beauties, such as were called "lionnes" at the Hotel Rambouillet, and may be seen in Rubens' pictures, pride themselves on rosy, delicate, and transparent, flesh tints.

Chestnut hair matches best with the color of complexion most commonly found in Europe; its dulled and faint red is in perfect harmony with that yellow mingled with half tones of blue-gray and rose-color which is the usual tint of the skin.

Red and sandy hair agree with a white skin, with a dazzling complexion and eyes of chestnut color.

If fair hair be ash-colored, as if it were covered with a slight layer of dust that fine powder appears also to be sprinkled over the flesh, and to soften the eyes and to subdue the brilliancy of the skin.

These varieties of complexion and hair require no doubt, varieties of color, although there are certain colors which go well with all physiognomies, such as black, light gray, pearl-gray, old oak, deep havane, and mushroom brown, because they are warm in the shade, and cold in the light.

With regard to black, it is to be observed that a soft and deep shade, the black of velvet, is wanted to set off to advantage the freshness of a blonde or the fairness of a red-haired woman. For a brunette the black ought to be enlivened by a glossy appearance such as in Lyons satin, or silk, or even by faille, or softened like the black of velvet by rich reflections.

According to general opinion, yellow and red suit brunettes, and blue suits blondes. Ordinarily speaking, this is true, but subject to numerous exceptions in practice, for there are many graduated tints in the complexions both of brunettes and blondes, and the art is to deal properly with delicate admixtures and shades of colors. For a brunette of swarthy complexion brilliant yellows and splendid reds are the most suitable colors, and a jonquil-colored ribbon, a scarlet camellia in the black tresses, a poppy-colored bodice, partially softened by Chantilly lace, will be in style. But if we have to deal with a delicate brunette, with slightly jaded features, or a brunette, whose skin is comparatively fair, and the eyes of a velvet black, we must no longer make use of striking and decided colors. Here on the contrary, soft colors should be employed, especially pale blue.

It is the same with blondes. If the hair of a blonde be golden or red, it ought to be accompanied by its complementary color: a dark violet velvet bonnet, a tuft of violets in the hair, a deep lilac dress, will go with it marvelously well. Green, of a medium intensity, likewise suits all shades of red hair. If the complexion of the blonde be delicate and fresh, an orange, Turkey, or ruby red will set off the delicacy and freshness, partly by similarity, partly by contrast. Red, then, is not exclusively the color of brunettes; it plays a part also in the dress of fair beauties. The same may be said of yellow, if matched in hue to the lightest shade of the hair, and heightened by a well-contrasting color.

Women with chestnut or ash-colored hair who are placed, so to speak, in the half shades of color, may wear either what suits brunettes and blondes, provided the tones of their dress and ornaments be subdued in proportion to the degree of warmth in their complexion. Half tints, such as pale yellow maize, deep yellow, turquoise blue and hazy blue, harmonize well with the natural colors. Light chestnut admits of the colors suitable to fair hair, but with a less decidedness in the tints. As to those who have ash-colored hair, and skin in keeping with it, eyes blue as the sea or sea-green, their delicate and extreme softness calls for half-warm tints, with suggestions of neutral gray or slashings of pale blue. Black velvet gives them fairness without detracting from the characteristic distinction and delicacy of their complexion, and pearls form in their ornaments a happy consonance, provided their cold color is relieved by a decided contrast, concentrated within a small space, such as a polished but uncut garnet, a ruby, or a trinket of gold.—*Home Journal*.

CHAIR TIDIES.

Chair tidies are both useful and ornamental, and may be made in a great variety of ways. A very pretty pattern is made by crocheting in afghan stitch two strips of white cotton and three of green worsted, five-eighths of a yard in length and three inches wide. Each strip is narrowed down to a point at both ends and terminates in a tassel. The white strips have a pretty running vine of green leaves, with rose buds, worked in cross stitch on each of them. The strips are crocheted together, green and white alternating, and the tidy is surrounded with a narrow green crocheted border.

Another pretty tidy is made in this way. Take a square frame the size you wish and drive in a row of tacks all around it one inch apart. Beginning at one corner, with white tidy cotton, pass from one side to the other six threads across until every tack is wound, then carry your thread to the other side and pass it across at right angles to the first until there are twelve threads on every tack, then wind six times again at right angles to the last winding, and directly over the first. Now take a needle and strong white thread and sew the cotton together at the points of intersection, carrying it across from corner to corner until every crossing of the cotton is fastened. The thread you use for this will make a diamond in each little square. Cut your thread around the tacks, which makes your fringe, turn it off, and it is finished. Mats for cake baskets are made of coarse thread in the same way. ALICE M. W.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I saw in a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD that one of the Band would like to be informed how to make a pretty chair tidy. I have made quite a number this winter. I have one which is simple to make and is very pretty. As this is the first time I ever asked to give any information through THE HOUSEHOLD, I thought perhaps you would be willing to spare me a little space.

One stick of scarlet worsted dress braid, cut into pieces four inches in length, sew the ends nicely together, gather one edge and fasten tightly, take number eight white spool cotton and crochet loops of five stitches in each around the outer edge, and make a scallop in each loop. After all are done in this way sew together in any form you would prefer, crochet a straight edge around it to tie a fringe, take a large white glass bead, fasten to the center of each rose, and it is finished.

MAY.

To make a very pretty and simple chair tidy, use number six tidy cotton, and bone or wooden needles. Cast any number of stitches that will divide by ten, and allow six more, three for each edge. Eighty-six will be a good number. These edges must always be knit plain on each side, and every alternate row must be seamed back. These directions will not be repeated. After casting the stitches, knit back and forth two or three times, and then begin the

First pattern row. Edge, make one stitch, knit three, slip and bind three together, knit three, make one, knit one. Repeat.

Third row. Edge, make one, knit two, knit three together, knit two, make one, knit three. Repeat.

Fifth row. Make one, knit one, make one, knit five, and repeat from edge to edge.

Seventh row. Make one, knit three together, make one, knit seven. Repeat.

Ninth row. Edge, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, knit three together, knit three. Repeat.

Eleventh row. Edge, make one, knit three, make one, knit two, knit three together, knit two, and repeat to edge.

Thirteenth row. Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, knit three together, knit one, and repeat to the other edge.

Fifteenth row. Make one, knit seven, make one, knit three together. Repeat.

You have now completed one pattern. Begin again at the first row, and repeat the whole, over and over, and over, until the tidy is long enough. Then knit back and forth two or three times, as at the beginning, cast off, and sew round it an edging. Do not knit too tight. HANS DORCOM.

TIGHT LACING.

BY S. A. S.

Did you ever find one woman who was willing to own that she drew her own corset-strings too tight? Oh, dear, no! she always wears her clothes quite comfortable. At night, when she takes off her clothes, there are great red creases in her flesh, where the bones have bent inward. But she never flings them away; she must get herself into shape if she dies for it; and in spite of sideaches and headaches, she clings to her tormentors. Ask her if her dress is too tight, and she will answer, Oh, no, just see here; and she will draw in her breath and pinch the waist of it up between her fingers, but were it not for the restraining power of corsets she would

not have a button left on the dress body.

I am not an old woman, but I have seen in my time young ladies crying bitterly from pain caused by tight-lacing, but they would not loosen one inch of the corset-string. Oh, no! They must get themselves into shape, and after getting in shape, they must stay, or die.

We American women talk with abhorrence of the Chinese foot-torture, but is it any more revolting than our own custom of reducing the waist to absolute deformity? I blush to acknowledge that I have been one of the class who considered corsets a support. But thanks to a dear friend, who lead me out of darkness into light, I am free from bondage. What does a healthy body need of a support? Let us see what the corset does. It crowds every one of the important internal organs closely together. This of course gives them a downward tendency. It dwarfs the moral and intellectual nature of woman, robs her of beauty of countenance and grace of motion. There need be no fear of women ever equaling man, as a worker, so long as she wears corsets; they are not strong enough, they will not live long enough.

One of the greatest objections to corsets is, the pressure can be gradually increased, almost without the wearer being aware that she is drawing the strings closer and closer every day.

Tight-lacing is not the only objection. If one could wear them so they would slip up and down, they would be stiff and thick, all the same. All the muscles of the body require to be brought into frequent exercise, or some part must suffer. Can we do it in corsets? No, we have to bend with care, sometimes not bend at all. Girls get the idea that they must get into shape by the wearing of corsets. It is all a mistake. A corset never yet gave a woman a good figure, but it has often spoiled many fine ones. I believe many a woman might take a new lease of life, by laying aside her corsets and never resuming them again.

But the clothing must not be left to drag on the hips. I speak from experience; we should see clearer, feel stronger, have steadier nerves, when once we have attained physical freedom.

THE WORK TABLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read the Letters in THE HOUSEHOLD with interest and profit each time my paper has been received. I would like to ask a few questions.

Will some one of the Band please inform me what is leviathan stitch on canvas, and how worked? Also, how to make an air castle of splints or perforated cardboard? I, in return, will, if any one desires, give directions for a beautiful wool medallion tidy.

Will Merry in December number, please send me her patterns of tatting, match safe, tidy, etc., and directions for making them, and her address? I will, by return mail, send her directions for several pretty, simple, and neat things she can make to give to a gentleman.

Will some of the sisters be so kind as to please give directions for knitting or crocheting pretty wristers for a lady?

Bertie, in the June number, wishes to know what purl is in knitting; also, the terms picot and lock stitch in crochet. I will give her directions for the two former, the latter I do not know about. "To purl," or pearl, and "to seam," mean the same thing; that is, to put the wool round the right hand needle. Thus: the wool hangs straight down, it must be lifted and placed round the needle from right to left. You must then insert the right hand needle into the stitch, exactly the opposite way as in ordinary knitting. Picot in crochet, make a chain of so many stitches, then catch it with a single stitch in fourth, fifth, or sixth chain from the last chain stitch, then make a chain and join to the previous row.

Bertie also wished for directions for fancy work. I send the following:

TIDY; STAR-FISH PATTERN.—Cotton number eight or ten. Make a chain of six stitches and unite; into this ring work eleven double; then work another round of double into every loop. Third round: Work nine chain; now work six double stitches, one into every loop of these stitches; altogether you ought to have six double; miss one loop, two double. Repeat. Fourth round: You must now work double stitches all round the points, increasing twice at the top. At the bottom you miss one loop, then do another double, miss one loop, then double in every loop. Sew the stars together at the points and finish off with tassels.

Many thanks for the spider web tidy. I think it very pretty. I am greatly interested in the fancy work department of THE HOUSEHOLD, so please send directions for more pretty things. New Orleans, La. ANNIE MAY.

Will Bertie, who gave directions for making spider web tidy in June number of THE HOUSEHOLD, please explain the beginning of third row? She says chain three and make four long stitches between the first two in second round with two long stitches between. By giving information you will oblige, A SUBSCRIBER.

For Mrs. B. I have known of sage tea and bay rum preventing hair coming out. You can get it at the drug-gists already prepared. Apply frequently to the scalp. MRS. L. M.

Will some of your readers please give directions through THE HOUSEHOLD for making a lamp mat for a center-table? M. E. M.

Will some one please tell through THE HOUSEHOLD how to color a crape shawl a dead black? I colored one with extract of logwood and cop-pers, but it is a blue black and it crocks, or the color rubs off, and I want a dead black. J. A. T.

Perhaps all of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD do not know that tailors' chalk is one of the best things to remove grease from dresses. Simply rub the chalk on the spot and let it remain a few hours; or place the dress

on the ironing table with a brown paper underneath, then cover the spot thickly with powdered chalk, and place another brown paper and a warm iron over that, and let it stay until cold. Brush off the chalk, and if the grease is still visible try again. JEAN H.

If Mrs. B. R. will try a weak solution of oxalic acid, in water, and then a little stronger, if need be, for the "rain drops from the umbrella," and aqua ammonia, reduced one-fourth, for the kerosene, I think she will succeed. In all such cases it is safe to try an experiment first on something valueless. J. H. H.

For coloring yarn or cloth scarlet, to every pound of goods use one-half ounce of cream of tartar, one-half ounce of well pulverized cochineal, two and one-half ounces of muriate of tin; boil up the dye and enter the goods, work them briskly for ten or fifteen minutes, after which boil one and one-half hours, stirring the goods slowly while boiling; wash in clear water and dry in the shade. Have the goods perfectly clean before coloring. M. E. B.

If Mrs. B. will take a handful of sage leaves, pour over one pint of soft water, let stand one hour, strain, and add half a cup of bay rum and two tablespoonfuls of castor oil, and a few drops of bergamot to perfume, bottle, and apply to the hair two or three times a week. It will stop its falling out, also restore faded hair. Shake well before using.

Jeannie can color her garnet empress dress from this recipe: For five pounds of goods take one pound of japonica, two tablespoonfuls of alum, dissolve well in two gallons of hot water, or enough to cover the goods well, put in the goods and keep them hot two hours; let them stand two hours longer, but not on the stove. Now in a brass kettle prepare a liquid of four ounces of bichromate of potash; wring the goods out of the japonica and lay them in the potash, keep them in one hour at scalding heat, then take out, rinse well, don't wring, hang them up to dry in the shade. Won't hurt to leave them out over night. I colored a garnet empress dress this way, and it was nice. HANNAH.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask, through the columns of your paper, where I can obtain patterns of flowers and of the alphabet (both capital and small letters) for working on perforated cardboard. If anyone can give me the desired information they will greatly oblige a SUBSCRIBER. Corvallis, Ore.

To the subscriber who asked how to wash comfortables without taking out the cotton, I would tell her my way. Hang them on the clothes line in a hard rain, then turn and let the under side have the same shower bath. You will be surprised to see how nice they will look, and how puffy and light the cotton will be. I treat feather beds and pillows in the same way, only have a frame of some kind to spread them out on. It improves the feathers as much as it does the ticking.

RIVERSIDE.



MAMMA'S SNOW-BIRDS.

BY PAUL MONTEVERD.

THE bright rays of the declining sun streamed athwart the white carpet spread out over the earth, the beautiful snow flashing and sparkling in its rays like diamonds.

A bevy of children came trooping out from the yard of a neat and pretty school-house, that was situated a little way back of the village green, and, with shouts of laughter as they went onward toward their homes, the little folks pelted each other with little balls of the pretty snow, it being the first that had fallen during the season. But at this time, we have only to tell concerning the members of one family—that of Esquire Fernley's—who resided at the upper end of the village in a pretty and commodious house, with a handsome lawn in front, running, also, on both sides of the mansion, and with a few choice shade trees standing here and there about the yard. These pretty trees made a delightful shade through the summer months, and on a pleasant evening the family sometimes came out upon the lawn to take their tea.

Esquire Fernley's children had been instructed not to loiter on their way from school, and as they were ever obedient to their parent's commands, the two lads, Tom and Harry, with their little sister, Belle, wended their way homeward without lingering on the way.

"I wish you'd take your sled to school, Tom," said little Belle, as she trudged on after her two brothers.

"And why?" said Tom, glancing back over his shoulder. "There is no up hill, or down hill, for the sled to run," he added, regretfully.

"But you could draw me on the sled, Tom," she returned, with a wistful look in her sweet, blue eyes, "and then I shouldn't have to walk."

"O, don't get lazy, Sis," said Tom, laughingly.

"I aren't lazy," asserted Belle, stoutly. "It's only tired. You walk so fast it almost makes me run to keep up with you."

"The quicker you step the sooner you'll get home, Belle," said Harry, sagely, taking hold of his little sister's hand to help her along. For Harry, two years older than Belle, had sometimes found it pretty hard work to keep up even sides with Tom, who was ten years of age, and the eldest child in the family.

Tom was very kind to his little sister, though sometimes a trifle thoughtless, not considering how many extra steps her little feet were required to make in order to keep up with his longer strides. This evening he was in haste to reach home, for he had something to tell mamma in regard to his lessons to-day. For yesterday Tom had been a little careless over his books, and when mamma, after supper was over, had questioned the children—as was her custom—in regard to

their lessons, and the new facts they had learned during the day, he had had very little to say, while little Belle, only six years old, had kept her ears open during the various recitations going on in the school-room, and repeated many a new item that she had learned at school.

But to-night Tom walked with his head pretty high—he was not to be caught napping again! no, not he! He had learned all about the settlement of Iceland, of Eric, The Red, and about the great Chinese wall—nearly fifteen hundred miles in extent—that was built as a defence against the Tartars, more than two thousand years ago. And he was now wondering how many men had been required to build such an enormous wall, from fifteen to thirty feet high, and fifteen feet wide at the top.

And Harry had learned all about the reindeer, to-day, and of how the animal subsisted during the long, cold winter months, when the snow lay deep on the earth.

"I wonder how the reindeer knows where to hunt for moss and things to eat?" said Harry, to himself. And so he hurried on, determined to ask mamma about it so soon as he should reach home.

As the children drew near home, every other thought was dispelled from their minds as they caught sight of mamma standing in the open doorway, and beside her baby Queenie—some two years of age, with her little cloak around her shoulders, and the hood drawn over the pretty head—who was clapping her tiny hands with joy at sight of their approach.

And little Belle forgot all about her fatigue, and was the very first one to receive the kiss with which mamma always greeted her nestlings on their return from school.

The previous evening the children had been delighted with the song of the Chickadee, which mamma had sung to them, and they had laughed gleefully to think how funny a dear little bird would look, hobbling about in the parlor in a "nice little coat, and a hat," and with stockings and shoes on his tiny feet.

And there had been a great many questions asked about the little snow-birds, some of them, I am inclined to think, mamma had found difficult to answer; but at all events she had promised them that if a flock of the pretty birds should come flying into the trees around the mansion, she would point them out to them. And so, drawing the children around the corner of the mansion, mamma, with a mysterious look on her face, pointed her finger toward a young pear tree that stood not a dozen yards distant, and whispered, "Look!"

And sure enough, there sat four little snow-birds, cuddled close together on one of the lower branches of the little tree, their cunning little heads all in a row, and facing the west, as though they were waiting for the sun's good night kiss before it sank to rest behind the western hills.

For a few moments the children almost held their breaths, and stood still as mice, for fear of frightening the little birds away. But as the little birds seemed in no ways alarmed at sight of them, the children drew a step

nearer, and used their eyes and tongues with their usual ability.

"What cunning little brown eyes," said Belle, delightedly.

"And what funny little heads," said Harry, laughing aloud.

"That fellow next the tree—see how funny his tail feathers stick up over his back," said Tom. "Guess they are tame young doves."

"Snow-birds," said mamma, confidently.

So this settled the matter.

"I wish they would fly up into the top of the tree so we could see their little brown feet," said Harry. "How still they sit."

"Asleep," said mamma.

"But their little brown eyes are wide open," Belle protested. "Do you think, mamma, if I should sing Chickadee, they would sing, too, like the canary."

"You can try, dear," said mamma, soberly.

And then Belle sang:

"The ground was all covered with snow, one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
While a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chickadee-dee."

But the birds did not sing, much to Belle's disappointment.

"Perhaps the sound of her sweet little voice did not reach their ears," some one said.

Then Tom struck up "Yankee Doodle," whistling it in his highest key, while Harry dashed into the house and brought out his drum, and with a grand flourish of the drumsticks, beat a tattoo on the instrument, but all to no purpose; the little birds remained silent, and would neither sing or fly.

"They keep silent as a judge," said Tom, regretfully.

"Guess they are trying to spell the name of the next president," said Harry, who was the wit in the family.

Then mamma laughed, and the children laughed, even baby Queenie danced up and down on her little toes, under the porch, and laughed as hard as the rest.

"Papa can make the birds sing," said that individual, who had just come from his office, and took in the scene at a glance.

The branch on which the snow-birds sat was only a few inches above papa's head, and he now walked toward the tree, the children following him.

"Step close up under the branch, children," said papa, soberly, "and when I give the branch a gentle shake you must look sharp, so as to see them fly up, or off the branch."

And so the children, with upturned faces, their eager eyes watching papa's hand, when, presto! down flew the birdies, filling their faces, their eyes—and their mouths, I should judge, for they were pretty well open—with the beautiful snow.

And such shouts of laughter as were then heard, and such a scampering, and brushing of faces and curls, as you never saw. And papa laughed, and mamma also, till the tears ran down her face. And there stood Queenie, screaming with laughter with the rest, clapping her tiny hands, though she didn't see much where the fun came in, but it was all the same to her, for her little heart was free and happy as a bird's.

And Harry declared that he had found in one of Belle's curls a bird's eye, consisting of a bright new pin, with tiny bits of brown silk around the head, that his little sister had so much admired.

"And now for the moral, children?" said papa, smiling.

This was a poser. The children could not answer.

"Never trust to appearances," papa added.

"Mamma must feed her birdies, come." And so they all followed her into the house; but of the further events of that evening I cannot at this time speak, as my page is finished.

STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

One afternoon, last winter, as Miss Gray reached the school-house, she saw in the entry a great, rough boy, who went to another school, holding two of her best scholars by the shoulders, and seemed to feel as though doing something very wonderful. John, the largest of the two boys, seemed very angry, and was scolding and struggling with all his might, while Willie, though crying, stood very quietly.

The boys did not see Miss Gray until she said, "Well, Amos."

The larger boy looked around, saying, "You see, here's two o' yer boys been fighting, and I'm holding of 'em till you come."

"You may release them," said the teacher; and they very gladly followed her into the school-house, leaving Amos to go about his business. After ringing the bell for the children to be seated, Miss Gray, said "Now John and Willie may come and tell me what has happened." John's eyes were still flashing, and his hands were tightly clinched; while Willie, to the surprise of all, was still crying. This was very unusual, for he was a brave, manly boy, and never cried for trifles. So the teacher asked—

"Willie, why are you crying?"

"My head aches," was the reply.

And then Miss Gray noticed that his thick curly hair was matted with blood. Some water and a sponge were quickly brought, and upon washing away the blood a large bruise showed itself. After this was properly cared for, the teacher turned to John, saying—

"John, you may tell me all about it."

"Why," said John, still looking as if he was not ready to give up his fight, "the boys were playing at ball, and Frank Barlow threw it away down the street, and Bill"—

"John," said Miss Gray. John fidgetted a little under her earnest look, and then went on—

"And Willie and I both started for it. I got to it first, and just as I stooped to pick it up Willie pushed me down."

"What then?" inquired the teacher.

John's face flushed and his eye fell, as he said "I hit him a lick."

"Did you make that bruise?"

"Yes'm, I guess so."

"Did Willie strike back?"

"No, ma'am; he doubled up his fist already, but I guess he thought he couldn't beat me."

"Willie, you pushed John down, did you?"

"Yes, ma'am," and Willie's clear, honest eyes were raised to his teacher's; "but I did not mean to. I stub-

bed my toe, and fell against him, and as he was stooping, it pushed him on his face."

"What did you do when John struck you?"

"I had a great mind to strike too, but I thought of something, and then I told him I was sorry I hurt him," said Willie.

"Why was it necessary for Amos to hold you?"

"I didn't think there was any need of it," and he half laughed in spite of his aching head; "but he took John in one hand and me in the other, and kept telling us to 'quit' or he'd thrash us both. I am sorry if I hurt John by falling against him, for I really did not mean to."

"Yes, he did, too," interrupted John, angrily; "he wanted Frank to think he was a faster runner than I, and was mad because I beat."

"You may sit down," said the teacher; "and John, I wish you to think the matter all over, remembering Willie's explanation, which I believe to be the true one; and at recess you may tell me who has been to blame."

The boys sat at the same desk, so John turned his back to Willie, and getting as far from him as possible, took up a book and pretended to be studying very hard. Presently he wished for a pencil and remembered that he had left his upon the teacher's table. He raised his hand and asked for the pencil, but a class was reciting, and Miss Gray wished no one to cross the room until the class was seated.

"May I lend him mine?" asked Willie; and noticing the glance of approval which accompanied the permission to do as he wished, selected his best pencil and placed it before John.

"Take it, John," said Miss Gray, as she saw he did not seem to notice it. John picked it up, but instead of using it, began turning it over, and looking at it as though it was some strange thing he had never seen before. His teacher was watching him, and soon she saw a tear roll down his cheek, and then another and another; at last he laid his head upon his desk and sobbed aloud. Miss Gray went to him, and laying her hand on his head, asked—

"What is the matter?"

John sobbed out, "I am sorry I struck Willie."

"Would you like to tell him so?"

"Yes'm," and the sobs almost choked him as he turned to Willie and said, "Please forgive me, Willie; I am sorry I struck you. I might have known you did not mean to do it."

Willie put his curly head so close to John's that Miss Gray did not hear his answer, but John's changed face showed that he was forgiven.

"Now, Willie," said his teacher, "will you tell us what that 'something' was of which you thought, when you were tempted to strike John?"

He hesitated a moment, then said gravely, "It was the Bible verse you gave us the other day, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

The tears came into Miss Gray's eyes, as she said, "God bless you my dear boy, and help you always to remember His words when tempted to sin."

BABIES AND KITTENS.

Sidney Smith somewhere says that no house is perfect that does not contain a baby and a kitten. With this I rather agree. There is a wonderful kind of cheeriness in a house that counts these amongst its treasures; and underlying each, there is much that is hidden.

A baby implies much expectation, mingled hopes and fears, anxious guesses, joyous castle-building, diligent preparation. Then there is the joy when it arrives, the thankfulness that all is well, the new arrangements to be made in the household, the queer mistakes—if it be the first—the ups and downs in the frail, early life of the little creature. On this follows the strange linking in of that helpless being into all the life of the parents. How wondrously does it expand the heart and purify and raise the affections, and add new motives of action to the life!

And as the baby grows out of babyhood, still how the babyhood time is kept in memory, and its little nameless incidents cherished in the family traditions. There seems still to be a baby where the living fact no longer is found.

And a grand story lingers round the kitten in the family. Perhaps it is found some day in the garden, a poor, stray wail. Perhaps it is born on the premises, and one day appears, to the perfect wonderment of the family. Then, how many pleasures quickly surround it and of future hopes does it soon become the center in the nursery!

But around this anxieties cluster. Kittens do not come singly. Most parents object to the whole brood being kept. Then arises the difficulty,—what is to be done with those not wanted? It is a moment the father looks to with dread, but one which he has to face. It requires a good share of moral courage. At length he proposes that three out of the four should be drowned. He knows how this proposal will be met. He shrinks from the reproachful looks, from the muttered surprise, from the low esteem in which his character for kindness must sink for the time.

He can realize the hesitation of the child as she pointed at last to the twins in the cradle, and picked out the one she would like to be kept. But at last it is over, and the one kitten spared so absorbs the attention and love of the children that all the sad past is forgotten, and the father rises to his usual place in their eyes. The graceful gambols, the winning ways, the pretty tricks of the kitten, these make gladness by the happy fire-side. Yes, baby and kitten are grand institutions in a house.

THE MISCHIEF OF PASSION.

"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy; and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely indeed!

It never did, and never will, mend a matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

Try to be calm especially in trifling troubles; and when great ones come, try to bear them bravely.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Envy shoots at others, and wounds herself. 2. Let the folly of yesterday make thee wise today.

3. D A R K 4. I R O N
A B L E R A C E
R I C E O A T S
K E E N N E S T

5. 20 and 80. 5. 9 and 15. 7. Napoleon on Bona-parte. 8. Man-hat-tan. 9. Society, Good Hope, Biddeford, Marquette, Tartle, Oyster, Goose, Turkey, Deer, Duck, Buffalo, Bass, Cod, Sandwich, Sturgeon, Eel, Java, Rusk, Graham, Raisin, Pan Pan, Madeira, Orange, Sugar Loaf, Brandywine, Horn, Society, Table, Solomon, Superior, False, Coffin, All Saints.

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of fifteen letters. My 4, 13, 2, 9, 11, 12 is a part of the body.

My 7, 3, 1 is a crime.

My 5, 6, 15 is a biped.

My 8, 3, 5, 10 is a man's name.

My 14, 10, 12 is an insect.

My whole is a name given to the Americans.

2. I am composed of twenty-five letters.

My 9, 3, 5, 20, 11, 15, 19, 23, 25 was a poetess.

My 18, 6, 4, 3, 22, 20, 21 was an American poet.

My 8, 14, 17, 18, 16, 1, 10, 24, 3, 13 was an English judge.

My 12, 5, 15, 10, 1, 2, 20, 21 is a work of fiction, by an English author.

My 7, 9, 20, 10, 24, 25 was a Scotch poet.

My whole is the name of an English poet and novelist.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.

3. I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 20, 11, 17, 16, 4, 15, 19, 21 is an algebraic term.

My 12, 5, 20, 22 is a power of a number.

My 1, 3, 17 is a quantity.

My 9, 10, 5, 23 is the name of a sign in algebra.

My 4, 13, 18, 2, 22, 4, 19, 14, 8, 12 means pertaining to measure.

My 23, 9, 6, 8, 7 is to divide.

My whole is the terror of all children.

CHARADES.

4. My first is heard where cats abound, A strange and plaintive noise; Sometime a most unearthly sound, Which robs night of its joys.

My second—oh! 'tis bad enough, A sad, sad thing to be;

What with its aches and "doctor's stuff," 'Tis bad, as bad can be.

Oft on the bloody battle field,
Or on the weary march;
When hope and courage almost yield
Within the soldier's heart,
My stirring whole which simple seems
Has strength and courage given;
It blends with all our childhood's dreams.
And all our thoughts of heaven.

5. My first, what every woman wants,
But what some fail to get;
The latter mostly maiden aunts,
With caps forever "set."
My second what all women have,
If style it chance to be;
To it, young men sometimes have lost,
Their hearts most hopelessly.
'Tis worn by monk in cloistered cell,
And by staid matrons gray;
It crowns the merry, laughing belle,
In colors bright and gay.

My whole—what every man should have,
But still all don't possess;
"Blind," do you say? yes, but I think
'Tis what in men, women admire,
What men respect in men;
Now if it is not plain enough,
Why then I'll try again. MARY.

SYNCOPEATIONS.

6. Syncopate liberty, and leave recompense.

7. Syncopate a crowd, and leave a bird.

8. Syncopate a number, and leave a preposition.

9. Syncopate concussion, and leave a garment.

10. Syncopate to join together, and leave a boy's nickname.

11. Syncopate a metal, and leave an animal.

SANS TETES.

12. Behead to stagger, and leave a fish.

13. Behead an article of wear, and leave an agricultural implement.

14. Behead a flat fish, and leave a girl's name.

15. Behead to crush, and leave a word of the same meaning.

16. Behead a number, and leave it not odd.

SANS PIEDS.

17. Curtail a lady's garment, and leave a dead person.

18. Curtail the element that burns, and leave a tree.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Fabulous Persons.—19. Road map.

20. Such cab. 21. On a range. 22. Daas a scar. 23. Sent a cur. 24. Hire cam. 25. Oh, is, as, curry.

HIDDEN CHRISTIAN NAMES.

26. I am a belle this winter.

27. Children should try and control all angry feeling.

28. The boats were running races.

29. The artist is a belgin.

30. Charming was her winsome way.

31. Good feed or an empty stomach.

32. The deer jumped the cliff or drowned.

REVERSIONS.

33. Reverse an animal and make a hollow stalk.

34. Reverse a heavenly body and make an animal. EMILY.

Correspondents to this department should be very particular to have their contributions correct in every particular. There was an error in each of the square words in last month's Puzzler which was not discovered until it was printed.



ADULTERATIONS OF TEA.

BY DR. JOHN C. DRAPER.

THE adulterations of tea may be comprised under the following divisions: first, the substitution of inferior for superior varieties; second, the addition of leaves of other plants; third, the employment of what the Chinese call "lie tea;" fourth, the coloring and re-drying of leaves that have already been used, or of those that have been damaged, so as to pass them for good green or black tea. These sophistications are all practiced by the Chinese, and their imitators are to be found in our own land; but there is good reason for supposing that the greater part of the adulteration takes place before the tea reaches our shores. In support of this opinion we have the statement of Dr. Dickson, that "the Chinese annually dry many millions of pounds of leaves of different plants, as those of the ash, plum, etc., and mingle them with genuine tea."

The first step in the examination of a specimen of tea is to steep the leaves for a few minutes in hot water until they are soft; they should then be placed on a sheet of paper, or other suitable surface, and carefully unrolled and compared with the true leaf, especial attention being paid to the course of the veins and the serrations of the edges. If the leaves are all broken, as in lie tea, it may be necessary to resort to the use of the microscope, which requires a much more intimate acquaintance with the structure of the leaf than can be given in such an article as this; but for ordinary purposes this is not necessary, for when the leaves are thus broken into small fragments, and intermixed with hard lumps that are evidently held together by gum, and fall apart when they are treated with hot water, we may rest assured that the specimen belongs in all probability to what the Chinese so aptly call lie tea.

The first method of adulteration is practiced with such teas as the hyson, which should consist of the leaves of the second plucking, and which is one of the most valuable of the green teas. The sophistication in this case is accomplished by cutting up the leaves of inferior green teas, and sifting the fragments through sieves of suitable size. It is even said that the commonest black teas have been thus divided, and then colored to resemble green tea. The fraud is easily detected, for, on unrolling the leaves in the manner described above, the true nature of the masses is at once revealed, and instead of finding leaves of moderate size, the examination results in the discovery of nothing but fragments of the large old leaves, and often of portions which cannot be regarded as ever having belonged to the tea-plant.

The second method of adulteration by the admixture of foreign leaves is, as we have already stated, practiced

to a large extent by the Chinese, and Hassall says that in England the leaves of beech, elm, horse-chestnut, plane, oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and sloe have been used for this purpose. These are doctored with rose pink, Dutch pink, catchu, chromate of lead, sulphate of iron, Venetian red, soapstone or French chalk, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of copper, arsenite of copper, chromates of potassa, Prussian blue and indigo, and made to assume the appearance of black or green teas, according to the demand. Here we have a list of poisons that would satisfy a Borgia. Arsenic, copper, lead, etc., some of which, even in minute doses, are cumulative in their effects, and ultimately produce such appalling results as paralysis, and other profound nervous disorders. May we not suspect that the prevalence of nervous diseases among the women of the northern States is in a measure due to the universal use of tea by them?

Some may say, in answer to this: "It is all nonsense; for I know many people who have taken to or three cups of green tea daily, and it has never done them the least harm. Why, just look at my grandmother, she is the strongest woman of her age in the country, and she has taken her green tea every day for the last fifty years." To such I would answer, we might as well say that arsenic is not a poison, for there are many arsenic eaters who daily consume enough of the drug to kill a dozen healthy men.

The third form of adulteration in which the lie tea of the Chinese is employed resembles, to a certain extent, that of which we have just spoken. It is made of the dust of tea leaves and sweepings of the warehouses, to which portions of foreign leaves and sand are added, and the whole made up with gum or paste into small masses, which are colored green or black, as circumstances require. Considerable skill is shown in the manufacture of this article, and Hassall states that he has met with a dozen different varieties. The Chinese usually mark the chests containing it lie tea.

The fourth method, by the revamping of exhausted and damaged leaves, was at one time carried on to such an extent in England, that, in 1843, there were eight establishments devoted to this purpose in London, in addition to others scattered throughout the country. Agents bought the leaves at the coffee-houses, and delivered them to the factories, where they were treated with gum, sulphate of iron, and catechu, to restore the astringency and color. And then dried and roughly curled. If a black tea was to be made, the requisite gloss or facing was imparted by the use of rose pink and black lead. If a green was required, the leaves were submitted to a dyeing similar to that employed by the Chinese, into which the use of Scheele's green, carbonate of copper, and other poisonous compounds often entered.

The detection of these facings is by no means difficult. A very simple method is to agitate a few leaves for a short time in a tall vessel, like a champagne glass, or solitaire flower glass, when a portion of the gum and coloring matter is detached, and sinks to the bottom before the leaves begin

to unfold; another is to moisten half-a-dozen leaves in a saucer, and when they are soft, if they are pressed on a dry porcelain surface, the particles of foreign matter are forced out, and may be examined under the microscope; or we may place the leaves themselves under the instrument, under a power of fifty, when the surface will be found to be covered with minute particles of coloring matter. The difference between a black and a green leaf, when thus examined, are instructive.

In conclusion, we cannot but reflect on the causes that have produced so general a use of an inferior article. Candor requires us to admit that the true reason is the apathy that prevails among the consumers themselves; many do not know what a good cup of tea or coffee is, and even if they suspect that the tea is not good, do not take the trouble to submit a portion to such a simple examination as that we have detailed, and even if they know it to be bad, do not require the grocers to furnish them with a better article. Until we thus interest ourselves, and so oblige the importers to take greater pains in the selection of their teas, we must rest content to consume the refuse that the Chinese choose to send us, and either let our tea simmer for an hour or more, as a common Chinaman is obliged to do, or put a little into the water to extract the properties of the tough old leaves.—*The Galaxy*.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

A substantial dinner, eaten during the hours of a business pursued with the eagerness it generally is in our stirring cities, is freshness of bodily energy, a calmness of nerve, and an ease of mind which are seldom to be found in the bank parlor, the exchange, or the counting-room during their period of activity.

The chop-house and restaurant systems of dining, which have been adopted to economize time and supply the necessities of life which niggardliness or unskillfulness of our American homes has failed to provide, are responsible for most of the broken-down constitutions and premature deaths of the business people of this country. The facility with which their ever-ready spreads can be reached, and such provisions as they offer consumed, does away with all the necessity of preparation for or deliberation in dining. With a hop, skip, and a jump the merchant is out of his counting room into the eating house, and before the ink is dry in his ledger, is drenching himself with brandy and water at the dinner table.

With the sweat of labor and the tremor of business anxiety and excitement still upon him, he begins his hurried play of knife and fork, and it is so soon over that he is again at his desk before the effects of the care and work he took away with him have had a chance to disappear. He has, in the meantime, almost unconsciously gorged his stomach, having filled it with everything at hand that it blindly craved for. Digestion—an operation which demands a concentration of nervous energy to which exhaustion and agitation of all kinds, and espe-

cially mental anxiety are particularly unfavorable—is hardly possible under the circumstances.

Business and eating can be carried on together, as may be daily witnessed in our mercantile quarters, but the result is sure to be some blow, sooner or later, fatal to health or life.—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE DÉSSERT.

—The Welsh word for milk is "cwrw." Let's hear you ask for some?

—"Change cars!" is what a boot-black said to a countryman, the other day, when he had finished one of his brogans.

—An American eagle was roasted in the Brooklyn fire which destroyed the Home for the Aged Poor. He tried to fly out, but the cause of his death was a defective flew.

—The other day a St. Louis lawyer stated in court that he had a "verbal communication" in his pocket, and subsequently adjourned a case *sine die* until "next Thursday."

—Says the Norristown Herald: "A man in a big ulster, with a heavy muffler around his neck, had the tips of his ears frozen yesterday morning while looking at his horse being clipped."

—An Iowa paper speaks of a man having been lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law." Any man who would deliberately burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.

—"If I was as flat-footed as you are I wouldn't be afraid of slipping on the sidewalk." "Yes," was the response, "some people are flat on one end and some on the other." And then the first chap looked thoughtful and went down street.

—You can always tell whether a buzz saw is going or not by simply feeling of it, but it generally takes about as long to find the ends of your fingers as it would to have gone at first and asked the foreman of the shop if the thing was in motion.

—He was sitting quietly by her side one chilly evening last autumn, thinking of something to say. Finally he remarked: "How sad it is; the frost has come, and it will kill everything green." Thereupon the young lady extended her hand and said in a sympathetic tone: "Good-bye."

—"Do you allow whistling in your cars?" asked a gentleman of a street-car conductor, on a bitter evening, recently. "No, not if I can help it," replied the conductor. "Well," continued the shivering passenger, "I noticed the wind whistling through here a good deal!" The conductor kept the door closed after that.

—"I always did love to gaze on the children in their sports," said Potter, as he pensively contemplated a crowd of urchins; "I'm carried back to—." Just then the base ball came over his way and tried to get in his vest pocket and doubled him up. When his teeth came back he shouted: "You young ragamuffins, you, if I catch you playing ball on the street again I'll get the police after you." And he moved away and forgot all about his youthful days.



TREATMENT OF CROUP, ETC.

BY DOTTY W.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I am one of the subscribers to your paper, and can truly say that I have received incalculable benefit from it. Am especially interested in the Dispensary and Kitchen departments. I would like to benefit others in turn, and will give some results from my experience, if you can allow room.

One inquiry in the paper was how to clean a baby's head. Let me tell that mother, and all others, not to rub on lard or grease and scrape with a comb, as has been advised, as it is very painful for baby, and produces so much inflammation of the scalp as to cause more scurf to form. The better way is to dissolve a lump of borax in a little warm soft water; wash the child's head in the solution, rinsing well afterwards with clear warm water, and the trouble will have all disappeared. If the solution is the right strength it will work like magic; if not so strong it will take a little longer time. I use it on older children who play out of doors and get dust and dirt in their hair. Where it is a very young child, it is well enough to rub on afterward a little bay rum, or alcohol and water, to prevent its taking cold from the wetting.

Another thing on which I would like to give my experience, is croup. One lady asked in the April number, and has had a number of answers, but as I have before tried all the remedies prescribed, and discarded them for a better and more effectual, cannot resist the desire to impart it, hoping it may relieve the little sufferers so liable to be afflicted at this time of year.

Mrs. Carney's advice to use water is excellent, except that a child is so apt to throw off extra covering and then take more cold from being wet. By taking care in that respect I have used hot water with good success, but have used lately another remedy which is a great deal more sure and rapid in giving relief. It is this:

Take the child, (the sooner the easier relieved,) I should rather say not take him if he is covered up warm in bed, do not by any means take him out or uncover him more than is absolutely necessary. Get yellow snuff (I keep a supply constantly on hand for that purpose) and lard, mix together, warming it. If you haven't a fire, can warm it over a lamp. Spread it on a flannel hollowed out on one side to fit up around the child's throat and large enough to cover well over the chest. Spread also on another strip to wind around the throat. Apply quickly, taking care to uncover the child as little and for as short a time as possible. Cover it with two or three additional thicknesses of flannel to keep it from soiling the clothing, and pin securely to the underclothing to keep it in place. Then cover the child up warm and in less than five minutes there will be a marked change in his

breathing. If the air in the room is cold, it should be warmed if possible. A well child should not sleep in a warm air, as it enervates and makes it more liable to croup and kindred complaints, but in throat and lung difficulties cold air cannot be breathed without great irritation and aggravation of the complaint.

On making the outward application, give internally whatever remedy you think the best. As for myself have tried with my little boy the different remedies prescribed by allopathic doctors and old lady friends, such as syrup of squills, and remedies compounded of ipecacuanha and other nauseating things, but as he has an exceedingly delicate stomach, they cause with him derangement of that organ more serious, more difficult to cure, and more dreaded by me than the croup itself.

I, myself, have come to be a firm believer in the homœopathic treatment, and came to that belief not without a thorough trial of other doctors and medicines. In croup I give aconite, which is the very best remedy for it. Drop ten drops of the liquid preparation in a half tumbler of water, and give two teaspoonfuls once in fifteen or thirty minutes, or in two or three hours if the case is not so bad, and it will soon induce a perspiration, when the child may be considered safe for that night.

In the morning pin a clean flannel around the throat and over the lungs, first washing off the snuff and rubbing in some kind of oil into the skin. Goose oil has the first preference, or hen's oil. The main point is to keep the child from exposure to cool air, or chills the next day, to prevent a return of the croup at night. Do not allow him to sit upon a cold floor, nor near a door or window where there is a crack sufficient to cause a draft of cool air from an adjoining room. My boy, being a very delicate child and taking cold easily, has more than once had croup from playing on the floor near a door which had a crack under it allowing a draft of cold air to blow on him. I have been obliged to keep him for weeks at a time, when he was young, on a bed, as he was too delicate to bear the cool air on the floor.

As Mrs. Carney says, great care must be taken to prohibit an inflammatory diet.

I want to add to mothers, that they should learn to notice symptoms of croup, as they are almost sure to show themselves toward night. Then is the time to cure it, without waiting for it to develop. Take the child and give him a good warm foot bath by a warm fire until he is thoroughly warmed, then rub oil into the skin over the upper part of the chest and throat, cover with a flannel to keep off the cold air, and put to bed in a warm room; then give a little aconite, and you have insured yourself and child an undisturbed night's sleep, where he would have had the croup if nothing had been done to prevent. After taking remedies of any kind for cold or croup, the greater care must be taken to avoid cold for a day or two.

You may be inclined to laugh at my remedy of snuff and lard, as my doctor did, but you will think as much of it as I do, if you will give it one trial.

It is an excellent thing for cold and oppression of the lungs in older people. If it is warmed before applying it will feel more comfortable to the bare skin.

I want to thank Anna Holyoke for her suggestions for dressing infants. Would like to ask her if she would not put on a band of any kind on a new born infant. I have used a flannel band at first, changing afterward for the top of a cotton and wool ribbed hose, slipped on over the feet. It is more elastic than the flannel and still gives support to the weak organs. Any one who has had weak bowels knows the grateful feeling of some kind of support. It is also called the best preventive of bowel complaints in children. What would she advise?

IMPAIRED EYESIGHT.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLY TO "A CONSTANT READER."

From the brief description of the case, I should infer that the optic nerve is partially paralyzed, a mild case of amaurosis, and that neglect for any considerable length of time would produce blindness. I should also infer that the brain is large, the temperament nervous, the muscles small and flabby, the hair light and fine, with inherited disease, and above all an overtaxed brain. The number of this class is large in most communities; too large. Excitement, too much reading and study, confinement in the house, diet poor in muscle food, inherited diseases, etc., very often depress, exhaust, and wear out the body, making it a victim of an overworked brain. Let it be remembered that the body is more abused and crushed by brain labor and excitement than by physical effort. The body and mind are intended to be equal partners, each sustaining and co-operating with the other. If the vital forces are all expended on one, the other necessarily suffers, more especially the body. A body in its best possible condition is the natural ally of the mind, proper exercise aiding mental activity. On the contrary excessive mental effort, even while the brain is nearly in its normal state, is very depressing to the body, especially when deprived of its natural exercise as it is so often by close students.

A good medical authority gives the following as among the causes of this affection of the sight: "Severe exposure to intense light, intemperance, gluttony, tobacco, alcoholic liquors, excessive night labor or study, etc."

This case is one of weakness, probably that of the whole body, with a special local debility. Seven-eighths of the reading and study should be discontinued; all of that by night, by artificial light, or the glare of the sunlight. If the light by day is painful, the eyes should be shaded so as to avoid the special force of it though an absolutely dark room should always be avoided, that is if any light can be borne without pain. The eye was made for light, its natural stimulus, and should be enjoyed as much as possible, if not painful.

Such a child should "run at large," enjoying nature's tonics as much as possible—air and the glorious sun-

light. The school-room should be ignored and the brain rested till the physical powers are properly developed—educated. The care of the general health will demand more attention than the mind for the present. Aside from such a course, probably another would be added to the vast number of the victims of hot-house education—care for the mind while the body is sacrificed, and the spiritual nature ignored—a one-third education.

If the "Constant Reader" will give the address, it will be a pleasure, after asking certain questions, to be more definite.

MEDICAL SKILL.

A good, but we know not how reliable a story, is related of a venerable doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine. It was one of his rules never to have anything wasted; and, therefore, when any prescription remained after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it into a bottle kept for the purpose, that became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. "And will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it!"

SALT FOR THE THROAT.

An exchange says: In these days when diseases of the throat prevail, and particularly a dry, hacking cough, which is not only distressing to ourselves but to those with whom we are brought into business contact, those thus afflicted may be benefited by trying the following remedy: Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt in about half a tumbler of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually just before meal time. The result has been that during the winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Take common starch, pulverize with the blade of a knife, and every time the hands are taken from water, wipe them, and while yet damp rub a portion of the starch over them thoroughly. The effect is magical.

To protect the lungs when riding in the cold, place a newspaper, conveniently folded, over your chest before you put on your wraps, button up close, and avoid the chill you would otherwise experience. E. T. B.



IN GOD'S HAND STILL.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art, to-day:
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing will I pray.
O true, brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art, to-day!

USE AND ABUSE OF THE BRAIN.

BY E. E. E.

HOWEVER powerful may be the enchantment which weaves its spell about the manipulator of the scalpel as he bends over his subject by the light of the midnight lamp, there is, for the student of the mental structure and characteristics of mankind, a fascination stronger, purer, more universal and enduring.

A certain degree of advancement in studies of this nature may not be so difficult of attainment as many suppose. As few or none could equal, or even approach the late Professor Agassiz in the knowledge of the material structure of the earth and of its multiform inhabitants, so very rare are those minds which are capable of attaining to a remarkable proficiency in the study of mental and moral philosophy.

The mind was one from millions that gave us that masterly and exhaustive treatise, the "Human Intellect," of Yale's noble president, and search through the mental history of the world, and there can be found but one Dickens whose quick sense of humor and susceptibility to the pathetic could note down for us the petty peculiarities and foibles, the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates of those in the humbler walks of life, and weave them so magically into such charming romances.

Yet he who will, may by reading and observation, and by a proper exercise of the mental faculties which nature has bestowed upon him, find much in these studies, generally considered obtruse, to enhance his present enjoyment, while he may lay by stores of food for future reflection, which shall help to render his burdens lighter when his eyes grow dim and his years press heavily upon him.

It is not the gifted and talented alone that should be interested. This we shall readily perceive, when we consider that all mankind, without excepting even the idiotic and the imbecile, possess at least some faint glimmering of this heaven-born intelligence. Thus, there is placed in the care and keeping of each one, a sacred trust which rightly used and improved

will become a "joy forever," while its abuse can but be followed by retribution, swift and relentless. Hence it becomes one of our most important duties to search out and apply the best means of developing the mind and rendering it productive. This want is partially provided for by our excellent public school system, but there is a home culture that is of at least equal importance with the drill of the school-room.

Parents should provide suitable books for the entertainment and instruction of their children, carefully adapting their selections to their needs and tastes. Then they should see that they are thoughtfully read and studied, patiently explaining the passages not fully understood, and rousing by their conversation a desire for knowledge on various subjects. Thus they will see their children's intellects expanding and maturing, and while they may think with regret of the inferior advantages for obtaining knowledge which they enjoyed in their childhood, they will look with pride upon their children, who though not having seen half their years, have outstripped them in learning, intelligence, and general knowledge. The importance of this home education cannot be exaggerated. Conscientiously attended to, there can be no limit to its possible benefits. With it directed in a pleasant and attractive manner, and under the guise of recreation rather than labor, even the school vacations need not glide wastefully away, and the long winter evenings will teem with better than golden acquisitions.

There is a duty, also, that parents owe to themselves. They, too, have a talent intrusted to their charge, and as it brightens and increases, or rusts and diminishes, so shall be their reward. That they have passed their childhood, or even youth, is no reason that they should cease from their endeavors to develop their own minds. Their years only give them a maturity and experience which will guide them in their search after and acquisition of knowledge. And if they are true to themselves and put forth earnest efforts for self-improvement and culture, they cannot fail to render themselves more useful to their families and the world, and more universally honored and respected.

But it is well ever to be mindful that there is danger in excess. While no fitting opportunity for mental improvement should be neglected, the task should always be carefully adapted to the mental and physical health and ability of the scholar. That with proper care in this respect there need be no ill results from mental application, we have sufficient evidence in the lives of many of the world-famous literary people, not alone of the past, but also of the present. Carlyle and Emerson, Browning, Longfellow and Bryant are striking examples of literary workers attaining to a ripe age, and continuing their labor during their declining years.

But to show that injury must result from mental over-exertion, there are also many eminent examples. Scott paying off that great debt of honor, by the labor of his pen alone, at the rate of £10,000 a year, and reducing his giant mind to almost utter imbecility.

Dickens, Thackeray and Macaulay sank down in the midst of their unfinished labor, the pen as it were, almost gliding from their dying grasp; while our own Hawthorne, whose weird genius, though tinged with melancholy, yet fascinates and charms, overtaxed his mental power of endurance, faded, wasted away, and as Longfellow beautifully expressed it,

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told."

If the great intellect must succumb to arduous and protracted labor, surely there is need of consideration in the case of ordinary minds. Yet it is comparatively easy to shun peril. We have only to undertake that work which we are conscious our skill and energy will enable us to perform, leaving to the stronger and more gifted, the more arduous and perplexing tasks. Thus by pursuing the golden mean which alone can enable us to avoid the mistakes and disadvantages of ignorance, as well as the evils of over-exertion, we cannot fail of securing a certain degree of satisfaction in our labor, and feeling that we have not entirely neglected those faculties which are intrusted to us for cultivation and increase.

THE REVIEWER.

RYMES OF YANKEE LAND, by Aella Greene. Seventh edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard Publishers. 12 mo. pp. 168.

We have been much pleased with the perusal of this dainty little volume, and would commend it to all lovers of genuine New England poetry—fresh, sparkling and original. Mr. Greene sketches with a master hand and his poems are evidently no fanciful pictures of the imagination whose highest purpose is to please, but the true hearty strokes of an artist dealing with the varied experiences of every-day life as one finds it in Yankee land. "The Smithville Worthies," the principal poem in the volume, contains several strikingly original characters so naturally described that one can readily call to mind their prototypes in any New England town and enjoy the numerous hits with which it abounds.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March opens with Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's paper on "Contemporary Art in France," with thirty-two engravings, most of which are reproductions of the finest pictures of French artists, executed in a style of marked excellence. "A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands," with ten illustrations, treats of the Azores and Madeira Islands, with especial reference to their climate and other features interesting to invalids. Another illustrated paper treats of Litchfield Hill, Connecticut, and its old law school where, during the latter portion of the last century, Calhoun, Mason, Clayton, and other eminent lawyers and statesmen received their legal education. S. S. Conant contributes a concise but comprehensive review of Wallace's recent book on the Geographical Distribution of Animals, with five beautiful illustrations. Dr. John W. Draper contributes the first of an important series of papers, giving a popular exposition of some scientific experiments. The paper on "Webster and the Constitution," by the Hon. Henry Hilliard, of Georgia, in the light of current events, is especially timely and interesting. The poetry of the number is unusually striking, including some lines not hitherto published, by "Barry Cornwall," addressed to the lady who afterward became Mrs. Proctor; a beautiful poem, entitled "Estranged," by Philip Bourne Marston; and poetical contributions by Anna C. Brackett, Carl Spencer, Ellis Gray, and Mary Prescott. The Editorial Departments cover admirably their respective fields. Especially worthy of mention is the notice in the Easy Chair of Schliemann's discovery of the tomb of Agamemnon. The Drawer contains some very amusing illustrations.

THE ATLANTIC for March opens with a striking story by Constance Fenimore Woolson, entitled "Rodman the Keeper," the

"keeper" being an ex-colonel of the Union army who became custodian of one of the national cemeteries at the south. Mr. Longfellow contributes "A Rosary of Sonnets," five in number. J. H. A. Bone writes of "Old English Guilds and Trade Unions," describing their origin, purposes, and customs. Mr. Howells give the installment of his sparkling little comedy, "Out of the Question," and Henry James, Jr., has two more chapters of his admirable story, "The American," which draws near its conclusion. "Our Last Year in the Backwoods of Canada," is the sequel of some interesting papers of experience in the wilderness which appeared in the ATLANTIC two or three years ago, and attracted much notice at the time. E. S. Nadal treats of "Newspaper Literary Criticism" in a brief article, and S. G. W. Benjamin describes his ascent of the difficult peak of Teneriffe. Mrs. Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" reaches its twentieth chapter, and is followed by an essay on Dickens's "Hard Times," by Edwin P. Whipple. "The Contributor's Club" contains, like its predecessors, many bright and suggestive things, and the department of Recent Literature is unusually full. Under "Education," Prof. Thomas Davidson announces himself the author of the article on "The Study of Greek in Harvard College" in the January ATLANTIC, and makes a vigorous reply to the criticisms which that has called forth. Altogether, the number is a very readable one.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March is especially strong in fiction. Besides the continuation of George MacDonald's serial, "The Marquis of Lossie," which is equally powerful in incident and delineation of character, there are two capital short stories, "Hebe," by the author of "Blindpits," and "The Cruise of the Heron," by James T. McKay, and the opening chapters of Auerbach's new tale, "Young Aloys; or, The Gawk from America," which may be described as glimpses of German life through American spectacles. Of the other articles, the most noticeable are Gail Hamilton's "Railroad Reflections," suggested by a journey on the Union Pacific Railroad, and presenting a vivid picture of the obstacles encountered in the achievement of that great enterprise; the concluding portions of Edward King's "Pictures from Spain" and Edward Bruce's "Floor of Fire," both full of entertaining information, and amply illustrated; and a scholarly analysis of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by Prof. W. H. Goodyear. There are several poems in the number, the best thing "The Christmas Tree," by Emma Lazarus, and a sonnet on "The Wabash," by Maurice Thompson. The "Monthly Gossip" presents the usual variety of topics.

Among Ditson & Co's attractive issues of Sheet Music: "Shall I Wear a White Rose?" a song so popular as to be published in two keys; a sweet little lay: "Little Birdie Mine," by Watson, and one of Pissuti's elegant Italian melodies with English words, entitled: "What we have Loved, we Love forever." Also a Concert-Polonaise of some difficulty, by Bohm, with the name: "White Chime and Song;" a Gavotte: "Secret Love," good hearty music, by Resch, and a powerful "Marche aux Flambeaux," or "Torchlight Procession March," by F. S. Clark.

ST. NICHOLAS tells us that the underground fairies are busy painting the spring flowers. We have little more than a month to wait and then—well in the meantime we can help make and eat maple sugar, as Farmer Cheery is doing. The number is full of spring news, good stories and poetry. We like the "Letter Writing Department," which contains many valuable hints, that some of the larger children will do well to note.

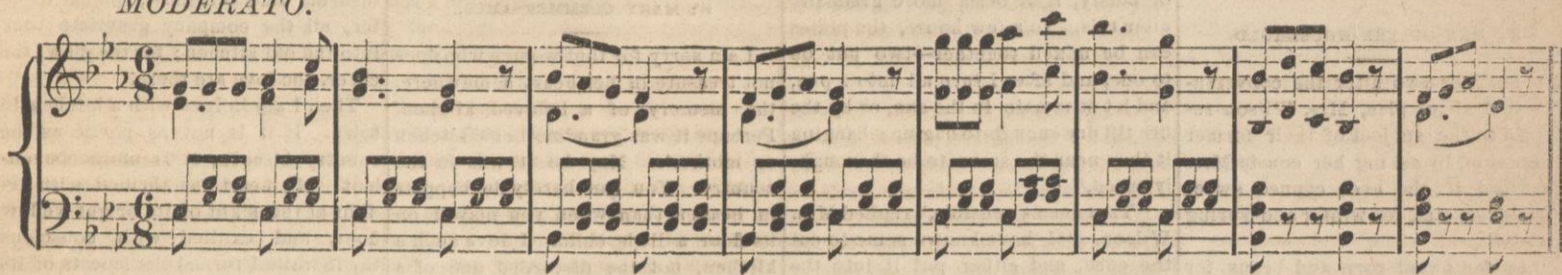
THE NURSERY for March is out, bright and smiling as ever. Capital articles, charming pictures, and every thing attractive for the little ones, constitute the number. Many children are doing finely with the illustrated premium list, and the wide awake little folks are advised to send to Mr. Shorey for the Illustrated Nursery Premium List, and then go to work and earn some nice premiums.

THE FOLIO for March has a picture of the late P. P. Bliss, the sweet singer who perished at Ashtabula; the usual variety of reading matters and several fine pieces of music, among them a beautiful Scotch song by Miss Arabella M. Root, a waltz, quadrilles, and a sacred solo and quartet. The Folio costs only \$1.60 a year. Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

UNDER THE SNOW.

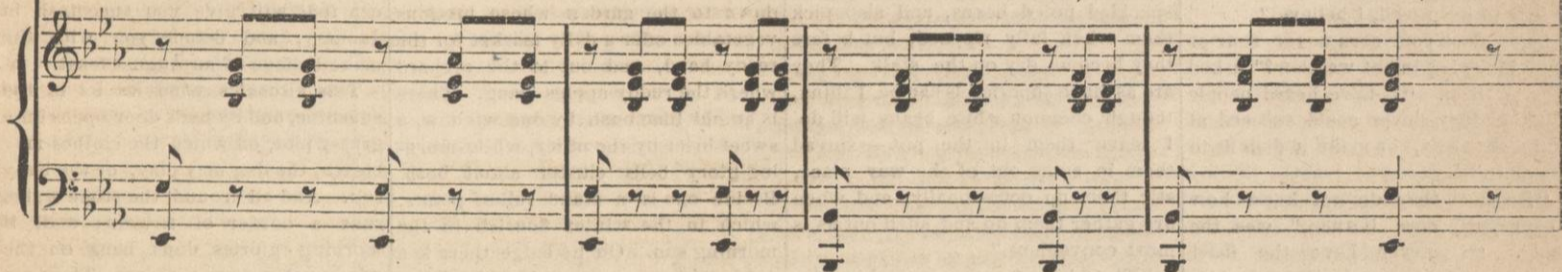
Music by E. CLARK.

MODERATO.

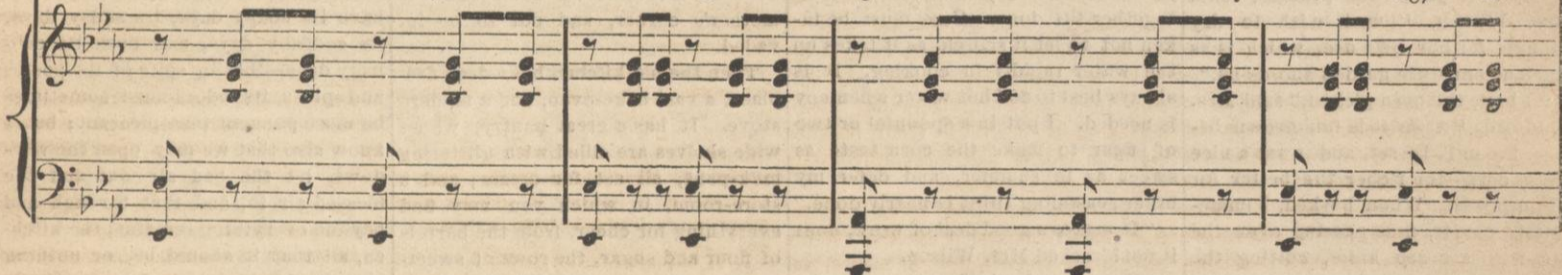


1. Beau - ti - ful things lie hid - den Un - der the snow, un - der the snow;
 2. Beau - ti - ful things lie hid - den Un - der the snow, un - der the snow;
 3. Beau - ti - ful things lie hid - den Un - der the snow, un - der the snow;
 4. Our dear little Alice lies hid - den Un - der the snow, un - der the snow;
 5. Yes, beau - ti - ful Alice lies hid - den Un - der the snow, un - der the snow;

The
But
The
But



1 Tu - lips and daff - o - dills sleep - ing, Myr - tle's with brown leaves are creep - ing, And
 2 cro - cus and dear lit - tle dai - sies, And ar - bu - tus in won - der - ful ma - zes, It's
 3 they will a - wake in the morn - ing; When spring with warm sun - shine is dawn - ing, They will
 4 an - gels their kind watch are keep - ing; O'er our beau - ti - ful treas - ure safe sleep - ing, No
 5 she will a - wake in the morn - ing, The bright res - ur - rec - tion day dawn - ing, No



1 blue - eyed for - get - me - not peep - ing, Un - der the snow, un - der the snow.
 2 sweet scen - ted flow - 'rets up rais - es, Un - der the snow, un - der the snow.
 3 peep out from un - der their awn - ing, Un - der the snow, un - der the snow.
 4 pain and no sor - row or weep - ing, Un - der the snow, un - der the snow.
 5 more to lie down, mid' st our mourn - ing, Un - der the snow, un - der the snow.





CHIEFLY ABOUT SUCCOTASH.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

DAY or two after the conversation about pies, Mrs. Wilson reverted to the subject of their former discussion, by asking her cousin Mrs. Bradford if she ever canned sweet corn, peas, etc., for winter and spring use.

"As for sweet corn and beans for succotash," replied Mrs. Bradford, "I much prefer drying, to either canning or pickling. The method of putting the corn with brine, and then freshening when wanted for use, is objectionable, inasmuch as you cannot soak it without extracting some of its nutritious qualities, and destroying the flavor. Canning is too much work, and too uncertain about keeping, though when canned by the thorough process adapted by manufacturers, it usually is safe to keep well, I believe."

"But, does your corn never sour or spoil in drying in hot weather?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "I have heard people tell that they never could succeed at all in that way, or make a dish fit to eat of it."

"Because they do not know how to properly cure it then," was the reply. "I never have the least trouble, and our people like the winter succotash, if anything better than that made of the fresh corn. And I was reading some time in the Tribune, that dried corn found a ready sale in the city markets, and at good prices, so here is a hint to some of our ladies on farms, or who have gardens, to make a little spending money in thus preparing a good article for sale. Let them begin by planting plenty of sweet corn."

"Tell me just your process," said Mrs. Wilson, "for I wish to dry enough for our own use, which is as much as our little garden affords us."

"I have the corn picked," said Mrs. Bradford, "when it is full grown before the milk is set, and want a nice sweet corn—the richer the better for all purposes. When husked, I immediately cut it, first passing over the ear with a sharp knife, cutting the corn, but not reaching to the cob. Then with the back of the knife I press out the pulps which are full of milk, and thus have a rich mass with no bits of cob to stick in the throat when eating. I always prepare my corn for succotash during the season in the same way that I do to dry."

"How can you dry it without its getting sour, unless it is scalded on the ears to set the milk?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"As soon as cut I spread upon buttered plates, sheets of tin, and any convenient dishes, then put immediately into a moderately hot oven and let it scald at once. This sets the milk and is much better than scalding in water on the ear, and thus losing half the goodness of the corn. I am careful to watch the corn, turn the plates around as thoughtfully as if I had an oven full of pies, and when the

top is a little crusted over, I cut and turn the mass over, as I would a griddle of hot cakes, and let the other side have its chance to dry over. In this way, by care for an hour or two, my oven full of corn is half dried, and no danger now of its becoming sour or musty, if it dries more gradually after this. In a few hours, the plates can be mixed together—two put on to one, and after I turn all into a pan, and let it remain in the sun, or by the fire till dry enough to bag up; hanging it then near the stove to be thoroughly cured."

"That seems sensible," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I have known some to cut the corn, and either put it into the back oven, where it was just warm enough to sour, or under the stove, instead of scalding at once."

"That is the knack of it," said Mrs. Bradford, "to hurry it up at first, then after the back oven may be a good place to finish it off, as care is needed not to let it scorch in the end."

"How about beans for succotash?" asked Mrs. Wilson, "what kind do you use with your dried corn?"

"I like best the large, handsome speckled poled beans, and also pick them when fully ripened, but before they become dry on the stalk. They are as much superior as can be, I think, though common white beans will do. I leave them in the pot—spread them in some out of the way place, stir them up occasionally, and when dry gather them up and shell out as is most convenient."

"Then how do you proceed in winter to make your succotash?" enquired Mrs. Wilson.

"I usually put both beans and corn soaking in cold water, in separate dishes, at night. In the morning put on the beans, let them boil for a little while, and then drain the water entirely off. Next I turn on a good quantity of boiling water, and then mix in the corn (with the water in which it has been soaked, thus serving all the juices of the corn) and let it all cook together till done. Care must be taken not to let it scorch, as it takes up the water rapidly in cooking. It is always best to add hot water when any is needed. I put in a spoonful or two of sugar to make the corn taste as sweet as in summer, and defer my other seasoning till it is nearly done."

"It makes a good deal of work, does it not?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, from beginning to end it is, but we can have nothing rare and good without work, and this dish, for a change, well repays. Our people never wish for any other dessert for dinner, if only enough succotash is on the table. Then in cool weather I can cook enough at once for two or three dinners, only I do not season the whole at first, as butter warmed over tastes oily, and the milk which I put in might cause it more likely to grow sour. Your second or third dinner of succotash, like bean porridge is as good nine days old as at first, provided the weather will allow it to keep that length of time."

"I fear we never should keep any to spoil, as we should want it every day while it lasted," said Mrs. Wilson, "at least if I ever can make it as good as yours."

"It is good," was the reply, "and

good with almost any dinner, but is an especial treat with us when we have boiled dinners, in the season when other vegetables are somewhat scarce."

TWO KITCHENS.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I am sorry for that woman who does not treasure in her heart somewhere, the memory of a beloved kitchen. Perhaps it was grandmother's kitchen or mother's. May be it was in the country. You can hardly be happier in heaven than when you played on its floor a little child. I love such a kitchen, not the discarded one of a fine villa, but the honored kitchen of a thrifty farm-house. It faces the east, and takes the sun's first "good morning." Thus its busiest hours are full of brightness, and its restful afternoons full of serene light and pleasant shadows. Its wide door opens on a grassy yard, where "the old oaken bucket hangs in the well."

What a yard it is! Its clovery grass is a paradise for bleaching; irregular paths run through the dandelion's down to the garden whose luscious vegetables offer a daily market for the ready hand, and out to the orchard where the ruddy apples hang. There is an old lilac bush by one window, a sweet brier by the other, while morning-glory bells cluster about both. Beside one is a stand full of plants, which in the winter flourish in the morning sun. On its ledge there is a work basket—a marvelous basket—into whose depths I sometimes dive, through piles of stockings, through bundles and bags, through scissors and thimbles and pins, down to a needle-book (certain to be at the bottom, if only through my impetuous poking,) in whose pocket I am sure to find a whole literature of domestic recipes, heart-poems, and editorials on the state of the nation. Beside it is a little old chair with a warm cushion. This is the mother's chair and the mother's corner, and not to be invaded.

Then the old kitchen has a deep fireplace, a vast bake-oven, and a modern stove. It has a great pantry, whose wide shelves are filled with glittering milk-pans, all set for cream; and a store-room, in which you may find everything for cheer, from the barrels of flour and sugar, the rows of sweetmeats, dear to every housewife's heart, to bunches of dried catnip hung up for the cat, and penny-royal enough for every stomach aching baby in town. The old kitchen floor is painted a clear gray, brightened by gay homemade mats. It has a deep throated clock, that rules its days; a book-rack filled with books and newspapers, and colored prints on its walls. It has an arm-chair, a sewing-chair, and a chintz-covered lounge. There is nothing in it too fine for its place. It is only a kitchen, after all, yet a joy to behold and enjoy.

There is a parlor in this house, proud in a bright grandmother-made carpet, of the most intense stripes; in hair cloth furniture, as shining as a beetle's back; in a profuse pile of old daguerreotypes and a new photograph book. On its walls old gentlemen sit in venerable frames, with high collars

stiff enough to break their necks; and old ladies sit in others, in mutton-leg sleeves and bristling caps, who look down with mild severity on the chignons of their descendants. When the minister comes, or the children from town, the parlor is opened and furnished. But, somehow, sooner or later, all the company gravitate back into the old kitchen; for the glow, the cheer, the love are there.

Then I am in love with a kitchen in town. If it is not as poetic as the country kitchen, it is more convenient. My heart has thrilled with delight at the sight of its bright yellow floor, and exulted with conscious thrift while I turned the faucets of its "stationary tubs," and tested the virtue of its "spacious range." Who can portray the splendor of its pantry—its mugs and jugs; its "nests" of polished boxes, whose covers shut in the priceless berries and spices of the East; its rows of glass jars, filled with glowing jellies—the ruby of the raspberry, the purple of the blackberry, the currant; its shelves of canned fruits! There are peaches for you; tomatoes for you; sweet corn in this can that will give you succotash in January, and delude you with the make-believe of an August feast.

This kitchen's windows let in the sunshine, and its back door opens on a grassy plot, on which the clothes may bleach, the dog may play, or the baby roll. And all around the stone walks runs a border of flowers; and, if morning-glories don't hang on the window they do on the fence. There are but few city back doors which do not open on a yard as large as this. Show me one, pure with grass, fragrant with blossoms; or show me one nauseous with the debris and refuse of the house, and I will tell you the sort of people who abide inside.

You tell me that my kitchen is not practical? that I don't personally know about it? I know all about it; which is more than I can say of anything else. I know that every kitchen must have its soapy days, its sudsy days, its codfishy days, and even its cabbagey days—that in spite of its posies and spices, its odors must sometimes be more pungent than pleasant; but I know also that we may open the windows, let the bad air out and the blessed air in, and that through and beyond everything remains, the kitchen, all that it should be, or nothing that it should be, just as we have made it?

Everybody knows the charm of a pleasant parlor. Every woman likes to display her taste and refinement in it, according to her means or culture. All its pretty nick-nacks have a price for her heart which no money could pay. Its statuettes and pictures, its soft sofas and chairs, give us the refreshment of beauty and the proffer of rest when the day's work is done. The parlor is the crown of the home; but the kitchen is its heart. In the parlor may bloom the flower of its culture; but the root of its comfort is in the kitchen. The parlor may reveal to us the exact standard of a woman's taste; but the unerring interpretation of her disposition is the kitchen.

Wealth or circumstance may place the actual labor and duty of your

daily life outside of your kitchen. Trained servants may make it unnecessary that you should fulfill its daily tasks with your own hands. But has this ever occurred to you that, however exempt yourself, some woman's life is lived in your kitchen, and how much you may add to that life by making your kitchen a pleasant place to habit? She is no less a woman in all her native susceptibilities and needs because she is poor and does your work.

Do you realize how much every life takes on of the hue of its surroundings? And what a minister of good, as well as a minister of beauty you may be when you make your kitchen perfect as a kitchen, as you have already made your parlor as a parlor? It cannot be measured, the wretched health, the morbidity, the misery, and vice even, which have had their birth in the dark, unventilated dens which are called kitchens, in which so many women drag on their weary lives. And when the girl of our time grows up to regard the kitchen of her home as something more than a hole to be shunned, in which Bridget was born to drudge; when she brings into it, instead, her calico apron and smiling face; when she devotes to its service a portion of the cultivated powers now wasted in idleness, if not in sin, we shall see the beginning of that royal race of women for whom we longingly wait, and in whose advent we so devoutly believe.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY MARY A. CARPENTER.

What is it? What does it mean?

Economy was a household word with my mother, and it was always talked about in my father's house since my earliest recollections. Many an hour did my good mother spend, talking to me on this subject, trying to impress upon my mind the necessity and importance of practicing economy through life, in order to be comfortable and happy in old age. But I was a gay, light-hearted girl, and the future to me was always bright, and her words were like water spilled upon the ground to me; for my father's teachings all tended to lead me in an opposite direction. My father's motto was, "Enjoy life as you go along, and get everything you want, if you can." My father and myself were born with similar organizations, and being a favorite with him, I was more inclined to favor his opinions. But I grew up, I supposed, with a correct understanding of the meaning of the word economy, which was this: Frugality, or a careful expenditure of time, labor, and money.

However, I have come to the conclusion that I have been laboring under a mistake; for judging from what I read from week to week, under the head of "Domestic Economy," it means the greatest possible outlay of time, labor, and money, spent in putting together various compounds, and rendering them as unwholesome and unfit for the human stomach as possible. Now, cooking never was my forte, and I was always glad to get through with it as soon as I could do so, and acquit myself honorably. It always looks very foolish to me to

see a woman stand for hours over a hot stove, stewing and preserving fruits, mixed with various other things, until they were not fit to eat, when the fruits might be canned in their natural state, with half the trouble, and, to my taste, be far more palatable.

But I was particularly struck with the foolishness of the great waste of time spent in cooking, while reading an article in Miss Leslie's cook-book, I think, on cooking beef. Nearly twenty different herbs and vegetables of various kinds were to be put in, and around, over, and under the meat during the process of cooking. If eaten warm, that was considered sufficient, but if eaten cold, ten more, I think, were to be added, in order to tempt the palate and the eye. Such dishes may be necessary for those who never labor, and consequently never have a healthy appetite, but it would be far better for them if they would go to work, until they had an appetite for something prepared with less trouble and fixing.

There are some men who seem to think a woman is a mere machine, planned for their especial benefit, and are consequently very exacting in the matter of meals. They must have just so many meals, no matter how worn and weary the wife may be. Such a man ought to be obliged to serve a short apprenticeship in the kitchen. I say short, because it would not take long to cure him of his folly. Thank heaven! it was not my fate to be united to such a man, and if it had been, I should have made a strenuous effort to convince him that it was my privilege to attend occasionally to something higher and nobler than cooking. A great many young women enter the married life wholly unfit for its duties, especially as regards cooking. They naturally turn to cook-books and papers for information on this subject. But if they were to be governed by the recipes contained in these, their young husbands would soon be filled with wonder and astonishment that it should cost so much to support two persons.

Now, my young friends, if there are any such who read these words, I will tell you how to cook a piece of beef with far less trouble than Miss Leslie seems to consider necessary. If your meat is tender, put it in a dripping-pan, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over it, put some water in the pan, and put it in the oven. Bake it three or four hours, according to its size, keeping a moderate fire, and basting it occasionally with some of the gravy in the pan. If your piece is not very tender, a better way is to put it in a kettle, with salt and pepper as before, and a little water, not enough to cover it. Cover it tightly to keep the steam in, and let the water all boil out of it occasionally, in order to make it brown, taking good care to put in a little more immediately, to prevent its burning. When done, add a little flour, previously stirred in a little cold water, to the gravy.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Will you please allow me to answer a few of the many questions asked through the columns of your interesting paper.

To Maggie. My process for mak-

ing fish balls is, soak the fish in boiling water an hour or two, according to how dry and hard it is, until soft. I usually cook my potatoes as I do for the table, instead of boiling with the fish. I pare my potatoes raw, and let them stand in cold water, (never use warm) and be very particular to have the water boiling when you put them on to cook. While they are boiling, I pound the fish very fine, do not chop it, as that cuts the shreds too short. The moment the potatoes are done, drain the water from them, and return to the stove; sprinkle a little salt over them and shake them well, which will cause the steam to escape, and then they will be dry and mealy. Then pound or mash, as you please to term it, while hot, and mix with the fish. Proportion from one-third to one-half fish. Take a little in your hands and roll up in a little ball, and then flat it down like a biscuit, and lay on a plate, ready for frying when you please. Use salt pork for frying them. You can set your pork in the oven to fry out, and then you avoid the smoke and smell in the room; and then fry your fish balls brown on both sides. Cold fish and potatoes make nice hash, but not fish balls.

Canning Tomatoes. Pour boiling water over them, and in a moment or two, the peeling will come off easily. Slice and stew in the shortest time possible. As soon as soft and done, fill your jars, (have them warm to prevent breaking,) while the tomatoes are boiling; fill them so full that they will flow over when the cover is pressed on. The quicker tomatoes are cooked for the table, the better.

M. L. H. Pie crust for berry pies cannot be made that will not soften after standing: although if very little shortening is used in the under crust, they will keep better. Berry pies, like custard, should be eaten the same day they are baked. Never older than the second day.

To a Young Inquirer. I should not use plated dining knives. They are very dull, the plating scratches and wears off from the edge, and then looks badly, while a steel knife can always be bright and look nice. Tea knives can be plated on steel. Forks, white metal.

J. G. To one bowl of chopped meat, two rounding howfuls of chopped apples, and perhaps a cupful of suet. To a quart, or three pint bowl of meat, I add about three cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cassia, one tablespoonful of cloves, about two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one nutmeg, a little pepper on the end of a teaspoon, mace if you choose. Moisten with the meat water, a little cold tea or coffee, or cold water. You can use sweet cider when you have it, but the meat is quite likely to grow acid by standing a few weeks. If you do not seed your raisins, chop a pint of them. I have not any precise rule for seasoning, but this serves as a commencement. You will be obliged to mix and taste it to get it to your own liking, as almost every one differs in regard to the taste of mince pies. Make them quite moist; do not chop your meat and apple very fine, but as even as you can. Do not scald your meat

before baking. You can grate a little nutmeg on, and put some little pieces of butter and a little sugar over the pie before covering, if you wish.

P. D. B.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Having just read Margaret King's "Problem for New England Girls," I want to say a few words. I am interested, although I am not a New England girl, but living away out in Iowa, a farmer's daughter, the eldest of a large family, and one that expects to depend upon her own resources for a livelihood. Though it is not necessary for me to earn my own living, I mean to fit myself for work.

Maggie you said truly when you said, "Heaven helps those that help themselves." And are we, after getting a good education, or even a limited one, are we to sit down and let the days and weeks and years roll over us? Are we to pass such an aimless, purposeless life? Will we not be more worthy of our own respect, the respect and love of our friends? Will we not be happier, and make others happier if we try to cultivate our minds, bodies and manners a little, (or a good deal) during our lives.

Can we not help settling down in this humdrum life by a little home study. By study I do not mean arithmetic, grammar, etc., unless it is necessary, but I mean a course of reading adapted to your situation, or the writing of our best authors, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, Whittier, Dickens, Dryden, Pope, Chaucer, any or all of our principal writers in Literature, Science, and Art. We can get the books by a little ingenuity. Even if we have to earn a little money to get them. Getting them with paper covers, we can get them very cheap. For example, Milton's complete works for fifty cents. We need something beside fiction, we may need a little politics, a knowledge of our country, the principal items of interest throughout the world, and we need taste which we can have by a supply of good sense and careful observation. We want to know how to make tasty little "nick-nacks," for ourselves, our lovers, and our friends. We want to know how to economise, to do good, sound, home-work, and to handle "small-talk, which is quite an accomplishment, we must know how to be cheerful and make others so.

Then when our brothers come home from the city they will feel as if we are keeping pace with them. They will not be ashamed to bring their friends home or to take their sisters to the city, where they can meet their brothers' associates and feel proud to acknowledge them as sisters.

According to our worth, we are appreciated. If we are not worth a place among educated, refined people, we will not find ourselves there. If God has given us good intellect, good friends, and good health, are we to abuse them, and make ourselves miserable because we do not own the ruffled dresses, and the bank-books? No! It is wrong, wicked.

"Where there is a will, there is a way," don't forget that, for it means

a great deal, though we do work at a disadvantage it is not too much to expect that we may become noble, refined, educated women.

There is a little poem called "Longing," I cannot quote the lines referred to, but it means that for the moment we really long to be better and nobler. Just for that moment we are better and purer. It is a beautiful thing, and would do you good to read it. There is so much to say, I don't know where to begin or where to stop. Maggie I wish I knew you, I am sure you must be a pure, noble girl, and that wherever you go or whatever you do, you will succeed.

CORA S.

In the article, Shun Affectation, which appeared in the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD, I think by some conversation I heard upon the subject, that the ideas of the writer are liable to misapprehension. I cannot think he (or she,) would deprecate the imitation of great and noble character. By this I do not mean a "heartless imitation," a shallow affectation, simply a desire to appear courteous, pleasing and well-bred, or magnanimous, benevolent and self-sacrificing, as the case might be, but the real desire to be such a good true woman, or such a great, noble-hearted, whole-souled man, as we may all number among our acquaintances, and an earnest striving to attain that eminence. I see nothing in the least contemptible, in such imitation. Indeed we have ever been taught to "imitate the virtues and shun the follies," of the good and great.

How often a young man, or woman, has met another, who has been blessed with far superior advantages for education, and general culture than they, and whose treasures of mind and heart have quickened into life new instincts and desires, and aroused within them an ambition to be something more than the awkward, unlearned, unpleasing creatures they felt themselves to be, and putting their desires into earnest labor, have in time grown out of themselves, so to speak, into men and women of rare attainments, rich in thought, and pleasant of speech, kindly in deed, and true to all that is lovely, pure and good in the human heart.

Yet, my young friends, whatever that is pleasing and noble you may see to imitate in any human character, remember none are without their faults. There is but one perfect Pattern, the great Exemplar, who has bid us all come to him and learn. He is "meek and lowly in heart," and no character however grand and great, (as men term greatness,) that lacks the grace of humanity, can be truly admirable. Be courteous to all, rich and poor. Be especially kind to, and thoughtful for the aged, and do not cherish the idea that you have already outgrown your parents in knowledge; if you do, the observation and experience of a few more years will surely bring you widely different views.

Disdain to use the slang expressions so common among a certain class at the present day. Aim high my friends. If to be "just yourself," is to be what is unsatisfactory and mortifying to you, and you have a consciousness that it is unpleasant to others, set to

work at once to change "yourself" into a being who will give pleasure to others, and no longer be a shame to your own inner perceptions of goodness, grace and symmetry of character. First be sure you are building on the right foundation, the only one that is sure, steadfast and abiding, even Jesus Christ, then in His strength build earnestly, faithfully, and untiringly, and you will at last grow up into a ripe, symmetrical and honored manhood and womanhood.

Then never be content with present acquirements; toil onward and upward, remembering there is no success without labor. The race must be run before the prize is won, the cross be borne before the crown is worn. If each day brings its pain and labor, so also it brings its joy and pleasure, in the satisfaction of duty performed, temptation resisted, passions subdued, harsh words checked and kind words spoken, and the knowledge that you are a step higher in the "true life," than yesterday.

S. E. L.

Sitting alone in my quiet room, my mind reverts to the days when I had seven darling boys around me, who called me mother. Those were days of care, weariness, and happiness, intermingled. And where are my darlings now? Two have been called to the evergreen shore, three have gone out to mingle with the busy throng who are fighting the battles of life, and only two remain under the parental roof, and the house that once resounded with shouts of laughter and the merry prattle of innocent children, is now quite still. And it is well. As age comes on apace, we need more rest and quiet, and what was once a pleasure to us, becomes a burden.

While taking a retrospective view of my own life, my heart goes out in sympathy to the many tired and weary mothers of our land, and I would like to give them a bit of my experience, hoping that it may cheer and encourage them in their labors of love, for what mother does not love the little ones entrusted to her care and keeping? When but a child I had a taste for writing, and a natural dislike of household duties. Those traits developed, and grew stronger in after years, and the result was, I decided never to marry, but live a life of freedom and engage in any pursuit that suited me best.

But while attending school, in an unguarded hour, my heart was stolen from me by a poor, but very worthy young man. We married early in life, and I was very happy for a time, but when the cares of a family and household duties were forced upon me, until I had little time for reading, and none for indulging in my favorite pastime, I began to be unhappy, and thought to myself how foolish I was to marry and make a slave of myself, when I might have been enjoying my freedom. But I was naturally of a joyous, buoyant disposition, and this, with the great love I had for my husband and children, soon dispelled the clouds of discontent that hung around me, and caused the sunshine of happiness to beam upon me brighter than ever before.

When I had been married about five

years, and had become the mother of three children, I attended a course of lectures on phrenology. After each lecture, the professor, to show his tact for reading character, examined some person's head, who was chosen by the audience. The last evening, I was selected and took the chair. Among other things, he said I should make (if I was not already,) a good story writer. This aroused all my latent desire for literary pursuits, and I left the house determined to make an effort to gain a place in the great galaxy of the literary world. The next morning I could hardly wait for my husband to leave the house, so anxious was I to seize my pen. Hurrying through the work of the morning which seemed more distasteful to me than ever, and placing my baby on the carpet, surrounded by all the trinkets and playthings the house afforded, I left him in charge of the two older children and was soon lost in the mazes of story writing.

Words flowed from my pen as freely as water runs down the hillside, and I was oblivious to all around me, until I was aroused by the cry, "Mother, baby wants you." "Keep him still, I cannot come," I answered, and kept on with my writing, until the cries became so importunate I could not resist them longer. Going to my darling, I snatched him up with the remark, "You naughty thing, what makes you so cross?" My eldest, a lovely boy of four years gave me a reproving look, and said "Mother, he has been very good a long time." I felt condemned, and imprinting a sweet kiss on his cheek, rocked and tended him till he was fast asleep. Gently laying him in his cradle, and charging the other children to be very quiet, I returned to my writing.

I had not written long ere I heard footsteps approaching. Listening, I soon recognized the familiar step of my husband, coming to his dinner. Here was an unexpected dilemma, for I had been so absorbed with my work, I had taken no note of time. I hurried to the kitchen to meet the astonished gaze of my husband, for I was always punctual, and such a thing had never happened before during the five years of our married life. But as he was neither inquisitive, nor fault finding, I got along very well by making some excuse, and hurriedly gathering up the fragments of some previous meal, and promising to be more punctual in future. Usually our dinner hour was very pleasant and by far too short, but on this occasion it seemed prolonged beyond endurance, and I was heartily glad when I heard the sound of my husband's retreating footsteps.

I returned to my pleasurable task, determined to improve my time while baby slept. And he slept on, and I kept writing, till I was aroused by a knock. I went to the door and was met by two fashionable ladies, who had come to make their first call, as I had not long been a resident of the place. Neither myself, my children, nor my house were in a fit condition to receive company, as neither had been properly cared for; and my mortification and embarrassment were too intense to be concealed from my visitors. I could write no more that day, neither could I work, so I gave my-

self up to tears and unavailing regrets. I could not help asking myself why did I marry? Or why did I not have a rich husband, so I should not be obliged to work? Then I could do what I liked to do best.

My husband and children, that I loved so well, seemed a great burden to me. I thought a great many wicked thoughts, and almost cursed my fate. When my husband returned at tea-time he found the dinner-table just as he had left it. With an anxious heart, and troubled look, he hastened to my room and found me in tears. "Are you sick?" was his first inquiry. "Yes," I answered, it was all I could say, and was I not sick at heart? My husband (dear good man that he was) insisted on my laying down, while he took the children away, and set the house to rights. I offered to assist, but he would do it all, with his own hands. His kindness quite overcame me, and I almost shuddered to think how a short time before, I had almost wished to be rid of him and my dear children. When my children returned I clasped them convulsively to my breast, fearing they might be taken from me, and justly too, as a punishment for my wicked thoughts.

Night brought little rest or sleep to me, but I rose a better and wiser woman, I trust; I gathered up my manuscripts and committed them to the flames, but not without shedding a tear or two to their memory, for it was giving up a long cherished desire, but I felt that I had a higher, holier work to perform, and I resolved that nothing should ever again come between me and my duty to my little ones.

And to the many weary, tired mothers, I would say, be not discouraged, you know not the great happiness that is in store for you if you but do your duty faithfully. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I believe this to be strictly true, and though in some cases this may seem to have been proven false, I think were we more intimately acquainted with the training of those children we should find there was some defect in that training.

When a mother lives to see her children go out into the world, and become an ornament and a blessing to society, her heart is filled with joy and gladness, and she is doubly repaid for all her care and toil. The highest aspiration of woman should be, to become a good, true, and faithful mother, that when she is called up higher, it may be said of her, "She hath done what she could."

MARY A. CARPENTER.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—How glad it makes my heart to hear from the dear old Green Mountain State. When THE HOUSEHOLD arrives, how swiftly my eye takes in the signatures of your letters, to see if there is one name among them that I can recognize. Alas! no. Strangers all, in the general acceptance of the word; and yet I feel there is a bond of sympathy between us, and in our simple interchange of thoughts, "heart speaks to heart," and we are one great family; all sisters in the interests of humanity. Away here, in

this great prairie state, my heart is often sad, and I long for one more look at the rocks and hills, the brooks and vales, that were the play fellows of my youth. Ah! did you, any of you, ever think or feel, that it is a grand thing to be born amidst such scenery? Did you never look around you and thank God in your heart for casting your lot in a land where everything was calculated to elevate and improve your character? where the rocks and hills are pointing to the skies, and saying with mute, yet eloquent tongues, "Worship me, for I am God." Dear old state; dear scenes of my childhood; dear land of my home! how oft in dreams I re-visit you. "Green be your hills, and fair your flowers;" your sons firm in nobleness of purpose as your adamantine rocks; your daughters pure as the snow wreaths that crown your mountain summits. Often when I read some thrilling narration of travelers in foreign lands, I mentally exclaim; have you ever visited our New England, our New Hampshire, and Vermont? where the grandeur and sublimity of nature would force even an infidel to bow his head and own there is a God. Oh! the blindness, the stupidity of man, when like the fool he can say in his heart, "there is no God."

AGNES ATHERTON.

Effingham, Ill.

MAPLE SUGAR.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

For "doing up" fruit, (preserving, etc.) many greatly prefer maple sugar to other kinds. Father thinks no sugar half so good as maple, and as we make our own, we use it for nearly all cooking purposes. But for jellies, for some kinds of pastry, also in coffee, and for table use with strawberries, and other ripe, uncooked fruits I confess to a decided preference for white sugar. However, as our maple sugar is of good quality, the sap being caught in tin, and care taken in its manufacture, it is really very nice, and good enough for almost any purpose.

As a general thing, we do not cake our sugar, as formerly, but make "soft sugar" instead; and unless desirous of making a few nice cakes, do not sugar off at the house, but in large batches at the sugar-bush, in the big sheet iron sap-pan, about a hundred and twenty-five or fifty pounds, being a good batch to sugar off nicely. After it begins to grain, it should be tried occasionally, by blowing from a twig. Take a twig, bend one end around, and tie it, so the circle thus formed be as large as the bottom of a teacup; dip this into the boiling sugar, bring it to the mouth and blow quickly, and if it blows off in a bubble it is done enough for sugar. The fire, which has been kept very low, is now extinguished, and the sugar stirred somewhat until cool enough to dip into pails, when it is dipped out, brought home, and while yet warm poured into firkins and covered closely. If kept in a cool enough place it will not ferment.

For ordinary use, we like soft sugar better than caked, it is so handy to use. By beginning at the center to dig it out, (using a chopping knife or a butcher knife,) the molasses set-

ties into the opening thus made, keeping the sugar there moist, so it can easily be scraped out with a stout spoon, sugar and molasses being used together. And while that in the center is kept soft, that next the firkin is thus drained until so white and dry as to be almost like "sale sugar" when taken out and crushed.

If preferred, holes may be bored in the bottom of the firkin which should then, by means of blocks, be raised, and a dish set underneath to receive the molasses as it drips, thus draining the entire firkin of sugar, and securing a fine article. But we think drained sugar is not so economical as to use molasses and all, and for common use, no better. In cooking, the same measure of soft sugar sweetens further than the dry, and many think soft sugar superior for making cakes, puddings, etc.

When desirous of making nice white sugar cakes, the sirup of the first runs is brought to the house and sugared off in pans or kettles on the stove, using great care to prevent burning. It is boiled until hard enough to click against the tin dish, when tried after being dropped into cold water. It may then be taken out in bowls and stirred or beaten briskly till as cool as may be and yet run into smooth cakes when poured into the patty-pans, which are previously buttered or dipped in water to prevent sticking. The more it can be beaten, the whiter the sugar. Some add flour to whiten it, but this we never do, preferring it a shade darker rather than introduce any foreign substance. For large cakes, we stir it in the dish in which it is sugared off.

By the way, as soon as it begins to click when tried in water, is the time to begin to eat warm sugar. Some stir it only slightly, liking it best grained. Stirred or rather rubbed with a spoon to completely kill the grain, or eaten in wax—made by dipping it out by spoonfuls and spreading it on ice or snow to cool—it is delicious. And maple candy must needs be eaten to be appreciated.

IMPROVED FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD

Among the evidences of reform, real advance, are the efforts now in progress for the production of more wholesome food, as the basis of sound health. It is not only true that the grains now in use (once mere grass seeds) have been much improved within the last few years, even, as is equally true of live stock, but the means of preparing them for the table. As society advances, as intelligence becomes more general, and as the masses learn that much depends on the quality of our food and drinks, there is a demand for wholesome food. It is not as safe as it once was, to transport cattle on the cars from Texas to Brighton, nearly dead from hunger and thirst, fevered by fright, and absolutely unfit for the human stomach. At the present time, the public sentiment and the laws of the land forbid such cruelty to the brutes and such injustice to the consumer.

The time is not far in the future in which the more intelligent will regard our grains and fruits as two of the

most valuable classes of food. Indeed, it is possible to continue life and promote health, even beyond the usual degree, by the use of wheat and water alone, though so simple a diet is by no means necessary or desirable. This grain, for all purposes, bread making included, is really the most valuable, adapted to all conditions and all climates, though in the tropics, of course, it should be used sparingly, since the fruits of that zone must constitute a large part of the food in such a climate. It is true, however, that this carbonaceous element (the heat producing element) varies, being found less abundant in hot climates, while the nitrogenous is there in the excess, and vice versa, this, like all other grains, adapting itself to changing conditions. While such grains furnish the bone, nerve, brain and muscle elements, all absolutely needed in the human organism, the addition of fruits must ever be found a valuable aid in developing health and vigor.

The last and most important step in this progress, for general use, is the removal of the hull from all grains, as the necessary preparation for pulverizing, as done by the "Health Food Company," of New York, by which company truly valuable products are offered to the public. There are many who cannot, and will not, use the coarser and rougher articles, as the graham, since this rasps and irritates the mucus surfaces, and therefore lose the most valuable parts of the grain, who by the use of these will avoid this evil and secure a healthful and valuable food.

Among the most valuable of these products, at least for the sick, and for use in hot weather, is the "gluten," which is separated from the starch, especially palatable and appropriate for the sick, those already too warm, or those confined in warm rooms. It is nourishing, easy of digestion, and may be safely used when any substantial food is demanded. It makes bones and muscles, feeds the brain and nerves, promotes strength, adds to vital force, but does not fatten and heat. Try it for infants and children and the sick, for light suppers.

SAVE THE FRUIT CANS.

BY ECONOMIST.

MR. CROWELL:—I have often wished to return some suggestions that should prove of value as partial payment for the many received through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, which is just the paper to fill a niche long vacant in thousands of families striving to elevate themselves in all that makes home a power for good. The article in the January number on "Empty Fruit Cans" is in the right direction, such savings of nuisances by converting into articles of use furnishing just the thing we often want in keeping with the old maxim "a penny saved."

When will people learn to help themselves by such little savings rather than look to others, or suffer the inconvenience of going without. I have long used these cans for holding little messes, and the supply has not been equal to the demand. To some I add a ball by punching holes near the rim and opposite, inserting a wire of proper length and shape, making a

capital little pail. To others I apply a light handle with a couple of rivets bought at a tinsmith's for three or four cents, or wrenched from an old sauce-pan, making a dipper always handy to have. I don't usually melt off the cover, but cut close to the edge, when opening, with a short, stiff, sharp knife, flattening down what remains inside with a hammer, which leaves the can much stiffer.

The February number has an article on the "danger of poisoning from using copper cooking utensils." Now that is too bad, thy are so durable and look so nice when kept rubbed up. I always fancied when my "ship came in" I would discard tin and cast iron for the lightness and glitter of copper. But I shall not risk the poison, and cannot do the rubbing necessary to bring the glitter. How about the "Granite ware" that is light and neat, but expensive, and does anybody but the maker know if it will wear satisfactorily and prove reliable in use.

Speaking of copper and tin ware, if we must continue to use them we need a tinker always at hand, and if you have a dollar to spare these times, you may improve some odd moments and make it pay big interest by investing in an outfit of copper, solder, etc., or if short, buy a soldering copper the tinsmith has thrown by (which will do you for years) for a quarter, and solder and rosin for ten cents more, and with a little Yankee gumption stop the leaks in pan, kettle, and dimes to the tinker in town, and

"If at first you don't succeed,"

ask me and I will tell you.

One advantage of knowing how to use tools, you can often do jobs that a regular tradesman won't touch—too much bother—cheaper (for him) to buy new articles. There is that tea-kettle lid so rusted out it drops right through; bought a new one, and then no better; so cut a couple half circles from a piece of tin and soldered on the underside of rim, and now there is no trouble, the old kettle is good for another period.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of potato yeast, one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, one nutmeg, the grated rind of a lemon, a little salt, and four and one-half great spoonfuls of butter or lard. Knead soft.

MRS. J. B. J.

APPLE JELLY.—Wash, quarter and some nice tart apples—dark red make the nicest looking jelly—put them in an enameled kettle or bright tin pan, cover with cold water, and allow them to cook until soft and the juice has a thick appearance, strain through flannel. Take a pint of sugar to a pint of juice. Put the sugar in the oven to heat; do not shut the doors or allow the sugar to burn. Let the juice boil up and skim until quite clear, then add the sugar and allow to boil briskly until it jellies, which is usually in about half an hour, depending upon the quantity of water in the juice. The less water the less boiling it requires. By following these directions and using your own judgment you cannot fail of success. Turn into glasses before it cools.

MRS. G. W. W.

Jaffrey, N. H.

FISH CHOWDER:—Editor Household:—Mrs. A. M. H. wishes to know how to make a fish chowder. I will send her my recipe which I think is very nice: Take two or three slices of nice fat pork and put it in your kettle, fry a nice brown, then remove the scraps from the kettle; now take a fresh cod, cut it in slices, put a layer of fish—and if you like you can put in slices of potatoes previously

cooked a little—pounded cracker, pepper and salt; then a layer of fish, potato, cracker, etc., till all of the ingredients are in, cover with boiling water, let it cook slowly twenty minutes. Just before serving add some rich cream, let it boil up once, then send to the table.

EVERY-DAY CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, two thirds cup of milk with a large teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted into the flour, and flour enough to make it as thick as loaf cake; one teaspoonful each of salt, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake about two hours. One and one-half cups of chopped raisins can be added. I use Prof. Hosford's baking powder instead of cream of tartar, and find it answers every purpose.

I wish to say to Emeline that her sugar cookies are particularly nice.

MRS. S. C. M.

BROWN BREAD.—I have a good practical recipe for making brown bread which I have fixed upon as being the best, after experimenting a good deal and trying various methods. It is not as good eaten warm as the steamed loaf, but is much better to keep. I send it for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD readers. Three pints of unsifted rye meal, one pint of sifted Indian meal, one-half teaspoon of molasses, one and one-half teacups of sour milk, and one teaspoonful of soda. Use enough water with the molasses and milk to make the bread moderately stiff. Let it stand one-half an hour and then bake slowly three hours.

D.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, whites of four eggs, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of almonds, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of milk, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

BERWICK CAKE.—Two eggs, beaten two minutes; add one-half cup of sugar, beat five minutes; add one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat two minutes; add one-half cup of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of soda, beat one minute; add one cup of flour, salt, and rose or lemon.

BLACK CAKE.—Two cups of rock sugar, five well beaten eggs, two cups of molasses, two cups of butter, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and all kinds of spices.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one egg, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful of butter.

MAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I have been a reader of your good paper for eight years, and would not know how to do without it. I agree with Frances A. and Mrs. L. S., for I, too, would like to tear the music out, but can't without spoiling something else, and I never tear a HOUSEHOLD. I like the recipes so much, I am going to try "Mothers fruit cake." A. C. asks for a recipe for

GINGER SNAPS.—I will send one that my mother used, which I hope she will like. One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of warm water. Roll thin and bake quickly.

L. F.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart of sour milk, one quart of Indian meal, one pint of flour, one-half teacup of molasses, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, steam three hours, then put in the oven one-half hour.

G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I will contribute one or two recipes which are my own, and therefore never in print before. We think them very good.

PUMPKIN PIES.—To a full pint of cooked and sifted pumpkin (or squash), put one egg, three small or two large crackers, rolled, one heaping cup of sugar, two and one-half pints of milk, one tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a little nutmeg.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One and one-half pints of milk, two and one-half tablespoon-

fuls of tapioca soaked an hour or more, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. When the milk is scalding hot add the mixture, stirring frequently until it thickens. When cool flavor with lemon or vanilla. I sometimes save out the white of the egg for frosting the cream.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—I send my mother's rule for baked Indian pudding. One cup of Indian meal and two-thirds cup of molasses to one quart of milk; wet up the meal with a little of the milk, scalding the remainder; when scalding hot stir in the meal until it is cooked like a pudding, then add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little nutmeg. Grease the pudding pot, pour in a little cold milk, add the mixture, and a little more milk on the top. Bake four or five hours. As this makes quite a small pudding, I usually take twice the measure. Chopped suet may be added if desired.

H. E. H.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—My way is to cut them in slices and salt them in the fall, as cucumbers, then freshen enough at a time, by putting them in scalding water, to put in one quart of good vinegar, to which add one pint of sugar, a level tablespoonful each of cloves, spice and cinnamon, and boil all a few minutes.

MRS. A. E. B.

SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs, one and one-half cups of fine sugar, beaten to a stiff, white froth; one and one-half cups of flour slowly added, and one teaspoonful of lemon. No milk or baking powder required.

COOKIES.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half teacup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

FRIED CAKES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of shortening, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

HAMLETS.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup of raisins chopped fine, two-thirds cup of shortening, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, and saleratus; dissolve the saleratus in two great spoonfuls of milk, mix stiff, and cut out like cookies.

MRS. M. J. E.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Mr. Crowell:—I saw in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD that Aunt Lydia wished a recipe for baked Indian pudding. I send mine which I think is very nice. Take one quart of sweet milk, let it come to a boil, then stir in a pint of corn meal, stirring it well, add a small teaspoonful of salt, then stir in one quart more of milk; beat three eggs with one teacup of sugar, a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, and a little nutmeg; stir all together and bake till done, a half hour is generally long enough, and you will have a nice dish.

CORN BREAD.—For a large family, take two quarts of buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and four teaspoonfuls of soda, beat two eggs with a teacup of sugar, or a teacup of molasses, cut fine or chop one teacup of beef suet, and stir in; thicken with corn meal, bake in a quick oven, and you will have splendid corn bread, or johnnycake as some call it.

MRS. J. A. T.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of saleratus.

PETERBOROUGH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and fruit and spice to taste.

HATTIE'S COLD WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup water, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda.

H.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Take two cups of white sugar and one-half cup of cold water, let this boil till it will just stick together in water. (try it as you would any candy.) no more. This is the secret of success. Then remove from the fire, and set the dish in a pan of cold water, flavor with vanilla, stirring it all the time, and very soon it will come to a cream, then mould it with the fingers in the desired shape. For the outside take one-half

cake of Baker's chocolate and melt it in a dish, on the top of the teakettle. By the time the creams are cool, the outside is melted, and you can put it on very easily by taking two teaspoons; dip one into the chocolate, then put the cream drop into it, and with the other spoon cover the top and sides of the cream with the chocolate, then put the drop on a tin that is buttered a little, and so on till they are all made. It never fails me, and I am sure anybody that is careful to do it just so the first time, will always succeed whenever they try it.

FLOSSO.

KETCHUP.—Ed. Household:—Some one desires a good recipe for ketchup. Here is one which I think will answer the purpose. We call it Chili sauce. Eighteen ripe tomatoes, two onions, two green peppers, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teacup of sugar, two and one-half teacups of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon. Chop and mix, and boil slowly. Put into glass cans. This makes an excellent sauce for meat.

H. J. B.

HOW TO COOK A TOUGH BEEFSTEAK.—In the first place get the steak; you need not necessarily select a tough one, but whether you do or not, it may prove tough enough; pound it, put it in a spider, add about half a cup of cold water, cover closely, and set it back on your stove or range where it will only simmer, turn frequently, and renew the water, hot, as fast as it evaporates. It will take about two hours to render it tender, so if you want it for the table at twelve, you must put it to cook at ten. Salt it when you take it up. (Never salt meat when you first put it to cook, it hardens it.) Add some water to the juice of the meat that should be left in the spider, thicken with flour, and pour over your meat, and you will have a nice, tender steak that anybody can eat.

E. E. G.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

L. wishes an indelible ink for spatter work. I use a small piece of India ink, dissolved.

I heartily endorse the suggestions made by Frances.

Will some one send me a rule for making egg crackers, such as are kept by grocers? Also what will take out ink stains of long standing?

I should be glad of any ways of getting up simple and economical desserts.

If Isa A. would furnish me with patterns of cat and pigeon, I should be extremely grateful. My address may be learned of the editor.

H. E. H.

Can any of your readers give me any information in regard to removing spots from cast-steel knives?

If Gussie, instead of frying her onions, will slice them with her potatoes, and just before serving will add some rich milk, I think she will find it much more delicious.

MRS. S. C. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have tried several times to make tapioca and sago puddings, and was not pleased with my efforts; so I thought the best thing I could do would be to request that some one of our Band would please send the desired recipes to THE HOUSEHOLD for me.

ELSIE.

Morning Sun, Ohio.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Although I am not much of a housekeeper—for I live at home with mother—we have THE HOUSEHOLD and cannot imagine how we ever managed to do without it. I have tried a goodly number of its recipes, and have never yet failed. I would like some one who has tried it to inform me how to clean white silk that is soiled.

MRS. G. W. W.

Will some one tell me all about mince pie, the ingredients, and then how to put it away so as to keep in cold days, all winter, if necessary, and still retain the flavor of the spices? How should hams and shoulders be cured—the simplest, most effective way?

Onelda, Ill.

MARIAN E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—If Merry will send her address through THE HOUSEHOLD, I will send her pretty letters for spatter work, which I think she will like. The motto is,

Simply to thy cross I cling. The cross is a cross, not letters. I would like to ask if she has a pretty pattern for a paper receiver made of pasteboard? If I can get a nice one I intend to make one of spatter work. And if she will please send her address, I would like to have some patterns of the pretty things she makes. I will also send her the pattern of a very pretty nubia, or sea foam, to wear around the neck, if she would like it.

ALICE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one of your readers please tell me how to bleach over straw hats and bonnet.

S. H. H.

Piermont, N. H.

Can any one tell me what will remove mildew from kid gloves caused by a sea voyage? and is there anything that will remove lime stains from floors?

H.

Will F. M. K., whose article respecting a certain matter, appeared in the September HOUSEHOLD, please communicate to me her post office address? as I wish to correspond with her personally.

MRS. H. G. DAY.

North Ferrisburgh, Vt.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one tell me how to arrange an old fashioned bead work-bag into something pretty for the mantel or center table? It is a dear relic, and I am anxious to preserve it. It is centennial in age, and is very nice bead work. I have some very nice pink morocco which I should like to make into a watch case, but do not know how to. If any one will be kind enough to post me in regard to either, I would be glad.

INEZ.

MR. CROWELL:—Will any of your subscribers tell me how to make custard with rennet? giving the whole operation.

MRS. D.

MR. CROWELL:—If S. D. will use kerosene to wash lamp chimneys, she will get a brilliant polish. No water should be used about them. I use oil to clean my windows, and they are very clear and bright.

MRS. GRANT.

Will some one please tell me, through our paper, how to use black currants? I have read that they can be used as a medicine; for canker, I think.

OMIE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send a recipe for chocolate cake? not in the cream, but in the cake. Also a recipe for mince pies?

F. J. D.

MR. CROWELL:—Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me of a way to wash white woolen blankets, so that they will not shrink up, but be as soft and nice as when new? Also can you tell me where "The Kitchen Safe," an article of furniture for the kitchen, with place for keeping and weighing flour, and every thing else needed in baking, which was on exhibition at the late Centennial, is manufactured, and the price of the same. I will be most grateful for such information.

MRS. R. A. L.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask some sister a good recipe for cooking celery? Also, how to remove dirt from the eye? L. B. J.

Polk, Ohio.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Dr. Hanaford, who gives so many useful hints in regard to living, health, etc., be so kind as to give some of the causes of paralysis? also the symptoms? Is there much pain connected with it? I am anxious to hear soon.

I would say to the lady whose boiler leaks, to try the white of an egg mixed with un-slacked lime; or take plaster paris, mix to a paste with water, and fill the crevice with it. I think either of these will answer. Dry well before having water in it.

I would like to hear more about window gardening, the management of winter plants, etc. I am a lover of flowers, have some nice plants now, and anything concerning them would be useful to me, as this winter is my first attempt at raising plants.

Is there any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD knows a song beginning with the words, "O, Birdie, I am tired now?" Also, the "Old man's Dream?"

SUB.



JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

I know there is pain in the weary night,
And we're filled with a sad unrest;
But oh! there is joy when the morning light,
In glorious splendor and beauty bright,
We see in the brilliant east.

Our sad hearts long for the sunny day,
When the troubles of life shall cease,
When the murky shadows shall flee away,
And the hopes we've cherished no more decay—
In the reign of eternal peace.

I know there is grief in the night of pain;
There are sorrows and bitter tears.
Our bark is tossed on the billowy main—
But the gloomy shadows begin to wane,
For the glorious day appears.

I know we are sad when the chilling hand
Of the angel of Death is laid
On the cherished forms of the household band;
And we long and sigh for the better land,
Where the flowers shall never fade.

I know there is peace in the "by and by,"
When the saints shall be gathered home.
We shall lift our eyes to the sunny sky,
And shout for joy as the shadows fly,
And the glorious day shall come.

—Lilla D. Avery.

NELLIE WOODMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LESLIE RAYNOR.

LAST winter was a very busy one for me. What with the sewing and housework, nursing little Johnny and the baby through the measles, taking care of John and looking after the men while he was laid up with a broken leg, I had no time to be idle and not much to read. How longingly I used to look upon the uncut Scribner and Atlantic wishing I could have a quiet hour with them, but "the duty nearest thee" usually lay between us filling all the space. Yet though I had to leave these and many a pleasant book unread, I would find time to peruse the daily paper and gather from its columns the latest news from the war, this remarkable, unparalleled war of the nineteenth century, women, with weapons of faith and prayer and song, against King Alcohol.

John and I used to rejoice over the victories they won, and pray for them that they might go on conquering, that those who reformed might be kept from falling, and that was about all we could do to help on the cause.

We are a quiet community, farmers most of us, not rich, but, with a few exceptions living comfortably and owing no man. I know of but one place in town where liquor of any kind is sold, and indeed the officers of the law have vainly tried to find positive proof that it is sold there. Whether Paddy Flynn is sharper than they, or whether a greenback held before their eyes obscures their vision, I cannot say. But we have no glittering saloons enticing our young men into the road of ruin, so we seemed to have nothing against which to crusade unless it were tobacco, and I think I shall propose a raid upon that next winter.

But as I rocked the cradle or darned the stockings, thinking of those brave women who had wrought such a good

work in Ohio a year or two before and of those in our own state, thinking too of the desolate homes and suffering wives and daughters of the drunkards, I felt that I wanted to put my hand to the work, "to say my little say." It isn't to the men I wish to talk, they have had better advice and counsel given them than any I could offer, it is not to their wives, but to those who will be wives if God spare their lives. It is to you, young women, that I, a young woman, wish to tell this little story. If you cannot find the moral tucked in here and there as you read, it will be of no use for me to append it labelled "*Haec fabula docet.*"

You never heard of Hillsboro? Well you'll not find it upon the map bearing that name, but if you travel through the central part of Massachusetts, you will find yourself some day pausing on one of its many hill-tops, admiring its green slopes, fertile valleys and glimpses of mountains upon its western horizon. A few hundred people, mostly owners, are scattered here and there upon its few score farms lying on the slopes stretching away to the Winantic and Quaboag rivers.

There was not a great deal of what is generally understood as "society" in Hillsboro. Though the soil was productive it needed constant application to render it so, and the farmers' wives and daughters were too busy, the distances were too great to permit them to waste much time in idling or making fashionable calls. Nevertheless they had their social enjoyments; singing schools, spelling schools, sociables in the winter, sewing societies and picnics in the summer. Social distinctions were not very strongly marked in Hillsboro. That is there were no visible lines of boundary, but a few tangible ones as you might say. Those people whose farms happily lay farthest up the slope crowned by the church, the store and the post office, thought themselves just a trifle higher in the social scale than those below. Yet there were times when the whole community came together in common joy of sorrow, and the up-towner grasped the hands of those from the Greenmeadow or Blue Flag districts as heartily as that of his nearest neighbor on the hill.

It was in the Greenmeadow district that she of whom I wish to tell you, Nellie Woodman, lived. I do not think any one ever called her beautiful, but when I first knew her she was as perfect a picture of health as one often sees and of corresponding tone of spirits. One rather wondered where she obtained her exuberance and gayety, certainly not from her father, a sober-faced, retiring, silent man, seldom speaking unless addressed.

Mrs. Woodman's nature was more social. She enjoyed both giving and receiving visits and participated somewhat in the neighborhood gatherings. She was a plump, round-faced woman, with a pleasant voice, ready sympathy; one who much preferred to hear the best about a person rather than his failings. Her life had been a quiet, uneventful one, passed almost wholly in Greenmeadow, her father's home being in another part of the district. There she lived, until, as a young woman she came to keep

house for the shy, silent man, and his infirm and aged mother. The old mother died, and she became Mrs. Woodman. She was an excellent neighbor, a kind, motherly woman. She looked well to the ways of her household, trained her children to habits of industry and economy, and faithfully sought to instil principles of truth and right in their minds. I said she trained her children to be industrious. She certainly tried to do so both by precept and example, and I cannot think her blameworthy for the deplorable condition of her only son, who in after years expressed as his deliberate opinion that "he was the laziest man living." A conviction profoundly shared by most of his acquaintances.

Besides this son there was a sister, who with Nellie, the youngest, made up the family. They lived in a pleasant, comfortable farm-house, in a retired part of the district. A winding branch from the main road led to it and suddenly came to an end in their yard. It was neat and tidy about the house, there were fine maples, and through the summer the yard bloomed with bright flowers. Such was the home of Nellie Woodman, and she was the light of it.

She was not a girl of remarkable talents, beauty or wisdom. She had less of artistic taste and skill than her plainer sister, whose dexterity in the mechanical arts is well known in the annals of Hillsboro. I never heard that she distinguished herself as a student among the many romping boys and girls who were crowded in the cramped, ill-ventilated, dingy Greenmeadow schoolhouse. Lest any good people of Hillsboro should see this and take offence at my apparent disrespect for their educational privileges, I will add that I do not refer to the present temple of learning, to which none of the above adjectives will apply; as I from pleasant experience there can cheerfully bear testimony. Its predecessor has passed away, and so, alas! has the merry troop of boys and girls who once made the time-stained building ring with their noisy glee and their ambitious declamations. They are scattered here and there, grave men and women now with children of their own, and the places of some will know them no more.

Of Nellie's school days I know but little. I think they were all passed at home and her education "finished," as far as books were concerned, with the opportunities afforded by Greenmeadow. But the hardest, bitterest part of her education was to come in a sterner school than she had dreamed.

For many years the Greenmeadow, Blue Flag and Pine Hill districts, the least aristocratic part of the town, joined hands in sustaining a sewing society. Many were the useful garments fashioned by these disciples of Dorcas (some of the soldiers will remember the Hillsboro socks) through the summer and autumn afternoons, but in the winter the sewing department was suspended and an evening sociable of young and old took its place. Sociable of gossip and scandal, do you ask? Some gossip there doubtless was; it would have been a marvel, in a community situated like this, had

it been otherwise. I am not representing a model society or town; simply showing them as they were.

How plainly I can see Nellie Woodman at these gatherings, with the rich color mantling her cheeks, eyes sparkling with fun, quick, abrupt motions, and just a little oddity about her dress. Whether at the summer sewings or the winter sociables she was the life of the company. She was not an idler either. Few fingers wrought more swiftly than hers the palm-leaf hats which helped out the slender income of the society, when, the center of an animated group of talkers and workers her merry quips and light jests flew around the company, sometimes covering a good deal of truth and sense under their fun, but never that I can remember bearing any bitterness, or stings. She entered with equal zest the other social gatherings of the town, and at picnic, party or drive, singing or spelling school, her presence was always welcome. Many a Hillsboroite could tell you far more than I can stories of her lively sallies, witty speeches, and songs with which she entertained the company. I am not holding her up as a pattern, remember. I recall at least a dozen Hillsboro girls who were her superiors in depth of mind, mental acquisitions, and lofty purposes and aims in life. I am trying to sketch her truthfully, and have dwelt particularly upon her vivacity and high spirits, because afterward the remembrance of these came so vividly to her friends, and to those who had known her the painful contrast was ever present—the girl with pulses strongly throbbing with life and hope—the woman bowed and broken-hearted!

And do you ask what wrought this saddening change? The demon Rum! That demon who blinds the eyes and shuts the heart to whatever is pure and lovely and of good report; who smiles and flatters and deceives his victim, all of the time drawing tighter and more tightly the chain of his slavery; who transforms the cheerful home into a tomb of happiness and buried hopes, and a fond husband and father into a fiend incarnate. And men know this. Yet for the love of money they will spread gilded temptations in the way of the young, the unwary and the weak, looking on complacently as they see the victim caught and ruined, while their coffers are filling with gold—the price of human souls. Unto such comes the denunciation of Scripture, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

To return to Nellie. She was not without admirers, from her school days when young Sam Barton was her knight until a prettier face and petite figure caused him to transfer his allegiance elsewhere, until she met him whose life was a curse to her, Stuart Clapp Martin.

The advent of a stranger causes quite a ripple on the surface of Hillsboro society. The town had scarcely recovered its tranquillity since Capt. Francois Puffem, an adventurer who flourished there for a brief time, took his leave, and from the subsequent dismissal and departure of the minister, when it became known that Mr. Martin was coming as a guest of the Grandheurs. The Grandheurs were

the "blue blood" of Hillsboro. No one who saw them at church or was presented to Mrs. G. could mistake that.

There was some pardonable curiosity to see the New Yorker when he appeared in Hillsboro, and I suspect his coming was of especial interest to the young ladies; a fact not at all surprising when you consider the ways of human nature, and that there was a dearth of eligible masculines in town. He was good looking, sang very acceptably in the choir, was social and free with the young men. He soon made the acquaintance of Nellie and appeared to take much pleasure in her society. With this exception he seemed indifferent to the charms of the Hillsboro maidens, declining offers of introduction to them, consequently failing to become a general favorite.

He had not been long in town before stories touching his reputation were abroad. It was said that he was not merely a guest at the Grandheurs but that he was sent there by his parents to remove him from dissipated companions with the hope that he might be thoroughly reformed. Subsequent events proved the truth of much if not all of this. His visits to Nellie were frequent and he paid her marked attention. At rides, parties, singing schools, he was her devoted attendant—and she seemed fascinated by him. His influence upon her was noticeable in various ways.

It became more and more apparent that his habits were irregular, and she could not have been ignorant of it. I do not think she ever feigned ignorance, but permitted his attentions, and strangely blind, it seemed to her friends, trusted to her influence to reclaim him.

Mr. Martin lingered in Hillsboro through the winter and spring, being often seen so much under the influence of drink that he could not keep himself upright. What his professed business was at home I do not know, he did nothing in Hillsboro unless to render Mr. Grandheur some slight service about the farmwork. For a strong young man to fritter away six months in idleness is enough to cause all right minded men and women to look upon him with distrust. Satan fills the idle hands with his work.

In the summer came Mrs. Martin to Hillsboro. I think she must have been a good woman, deeply troubled by her son's conduct, and anxious for his reformation. I do not think however that she had confidence in Nellie Woodward's power to effect it. She had an interview with Nellie, advising her as she valued her own future good and happiness, not to marry her son. It was a hard thing for the mother to say of her boy, but she felt it was truth and she would if possible prevent the making of Nellie's life wretched and the breaking of her heart. But Nellie would not give him up. She had faith that in time she should reclaim him.

Ah! could she have only heard and heeded the words lately spoken by one who has had terrible experience with fightings against the thirst for liquor, "to young ladies receiving attention from those who drink even occasionally. Do not marry a man if there is

any suspicion that he drinks. Watch him two years before you marry."

The mother's plea was unavailing, and they were married. "Married him to save him," Nellie said. "One for whom so many prayers had been offered, by his mother and herself, would be saved." I believe in prayer. Stuart Martin may yet be saved, but Nellie has not lived to see it.

Her portion was drawn from the family estate (her father having died a few years before) and they left New England taking up their abode in a beautiful town which is supposed to be entirely free from temptations to rum drinking, no liquor being allowed within its boundaries. How much of her life there she made known to her mother and sister, we cannot tell. They said but little of it. Rumors came to Hillsboro that the hoped for reformation had not been wrought. There were stories of Martin's dissipations, ill-treatment of Nellie, and drunken brawls. That the reports were not without foundation was made certain by after events.

In about two years she came back to the old quiet home, a sad, changed woman. The bloom gone from her cheek, the sparkle and light of hope from the eye, the merry ring from the voice once so full of mirth and jest. No jests fell from her lips now. She had failed of reforming him, he had spent all her money, hope was gone. Broken in heart and health she had come home to spend her last days with those who had nurtured, petted and loved, and who were faithful to her now despite her past waywardness.

Stuart Martin came home with her and remained there. How her mother and sister could have endured his presence, or had grace of heart enough to have permitted him to remain is more than I can understand. I'm sure I never could have done it.

The crisp, sparkling winter evenings had come again and once more the young people gathered for their usual enjoyments. There were merry conversations, games and songs, but Nellie Woodman's voice no longer mingled with the others as of yore. And a shadow fell upon the bright faces and tones were softened as one said to another, "Have you seen Nellie Martin? They say she is failing."

The mother was old now and her sight dimmed. Not so dim though but that she could see her child day by day growing paler and weaker. Rachel, the strong, plain, loving sister, cared for them both, bearing her own great burden of grief silently. Wishing for even the petulance and willfulness which as a child Nellie had sometimes shown, it seemed so unreal that this pale, patient, sad woman could be her once blooming, sprightly sister. Sitting by her bedside one day she said, keeping her own tears back, "Nellie, do you know we fear you can never be well again? Are you ready to die?"

"Oh, yes, Rachel," said she, "I am ready and willing. No one knows what I have suffered. I want to die."

Think of that, Stuart Martin, from the lips of her whom but two short years before you vowed to "love and cherish." Forget it if you can to your dying day!

With the first chill days of March

Nellie left them, breathing her last in the faithful Rachel's arms. The snow still lay thickly upon the ground as they bore her on her last journey, over the hill to the little Greenmeadow graveyard and laid her beside her father to sleep until the resurrection. It was hard to give up their darling but they knew that life had henceforth nothing but suffering for her, and that death, with her trust in Christ, was far better.

And do you ask of him, the destroyer; the desolator of the peaceful home, did he not care?

The evening following Nellie's death a cousin of her's, not knowing that she had passed away, came in to sit and talk for a while. No one was in the room but Martin, and they sat by the kitchen fire conversing upon common everyday matters. After a time Martin remarked in a careless, unconcerned way, just as he might have spoken of a horse or dog, "I suppose you know Nell is dead."

The neat farm-house is yet standing in Greenmeadow, and within you will find the devoted sister and daughter, and the aged mother past work now and nearly blind. If you ask almost any Hillsboroite if he knew Nellie Woodman, you will be told, "Yes, we knew her well. How sad it was about her. So strange that she should have married Stuart Martin."

My little story is told. I wish it had been better done, but if any of you, young women, my sisters, have received its message, it will have accomplished its mission.

If your lover will not give up his cups to please you, can you have any reason for hoping that as a husband he will more readily yield? Prove him, try him well. If he bear the test you will never regret the time so spent. If he do not bear it, far better that the disappointment should come now, and lightly, I say lightly compared to a life of hopes utterly crushed, of heart-broken anguish—a life like Nellie Woodman's.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Four.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

You fear I will think you do not love your baby, Alice? You are afraid lest, lovable and charming, and, in short, altogether remarkable as the little fellow is I will think you do not prize him as you ought, because you write to me of the care and weariness? Nay, nay, dear child, I understand it all. It is no light matter for a young girl—and you are scarcely more than that, Alice, although you wear the double crown of wifehood and motherhood—it is no trifling matter, I say, for a young girl who had all her life been cherished and cared for, petted and protected, to awake suddenly some day, to find the status of things completely changed, and that she has herself become the cherisher and caretaker. From that moment her hours of careless, girlish ease are over; and however happy she may be, however blessed in the new relation that is at once so strange and so sweet, there will be times when she will feel this. A burden is a burden, even though it is a burden of roses.

But Love and Care are twin sisters,

walking hand in hand through the wilderness of life. They are never far apart, Alice, and whoever harbors the one must give shelter to the other. It does not invalidate the truth of this proposition if you say that Care does often come to man unaccompanied by her angelic companion; for if you look at the matter closely, you cannot fail to perceive that no care really strikes home, that does not reach us through our affections. We may have troubles, perplexities, difficulties. They may be grievous and hard to bear. But it is only the Care that comes to us hand in hand with Love, that is worthy of the name. For the sake of the sweet, we must take the bitter; for the sake of the rose, we must endure the thorn; for the sake of the crown, we must accept the cross; and for the sake of Love, we must welcome Care, assured that at last, the white winged angel will enter with us into the "City that lieth four square," while her dark companion will leave us at the gates, to be seen no more forever.

But there are one or two points in this connection, my child, upon which the spirit moves me to write unto you. One is overwork.

Now do not laugh, and tell me that Mr. Thom. White in the last "Putnam," dilated, as divers other writers are continually dilating, upon the laziness of American women; and that you can hardly take up a magazine or a paper without meeting with an eloquent tirade upon the same well worn theme. Without doubt there is a great deal of truth in the above-named gentleman's "little sermon;" and doubtless also there are far too many women who lead idle, frivolous, utterly contemptible lives. But with the exception of the ultra fashionable women, of whom, thank God! New England has not a large proportion, and the few followers of Mrs. Shoddy and Mrs. Petroleum, who think to establish their newly acquired claims to gentility by their ignorance of all that they ought to know, it seems to me that our women need not plead guilty to this charge. And the temptation to overwork, both for men and for women, grows stronger and stronger day by day. So much more is required of us than was required of our grandmothers! It is not orthodox to say so, I know; but it is true, nevertheless. We do not spin and weave. We will admit that. Yet it is as much work (or perhaps even more) to clothe a family in modern circumstances now, as it was when a good silk dress lasted a life-time, and was handed down as heir-loom to the next generation. Cloth was cloth in those days; and garments were made, not for a season, but for a decade. Philip would think his little wife sadly deficient in taste and dexterity, if she should array his boy in the simple, easily made and easily ironed "slips," with a drawing string to adapt them to the neck, which were considered elegant enough for the wearing of said Philip when he was yet in petticoats. Philip would think his table lacking in an actual necessity if the snowy napkin, neatly folded within its silver ring, did not lie beside his plate. Philip's father had hardly heard of such a thing; much less had he learned to regard it as an

article of daily need. A very small matter, truly. What is the washing and ironing of a dozen napkins?

But "many a mickle makes a mair;" and the same thread runs through the entire "warp and woof" of the household life of to-day. Human nature has acquired, fortunately or unfortunately as you may please to consider it, a host of needs, of necessities, that were unknown fifty years ago. And the satisfying of those needs brings work. Our houses are larger, more elegant and more commodious, but they must be kept in order. If the parlor, rather than the kitchen, is the common gathering room of the family, then the parlor as well as the kitchen, demands daily renovation. Doubtless it is more comfortable, to say nothing of considerations of delicacy, for the family ablutions to be performed in the seclusion of its private chambers. But doubtless, also, it gave less trouble to matron and house-maiden when the whole family washed at the kitchen sink, or when "the boys," if it wasn't too cold, took the basin and the towel and ran out to the pump.

No, Alice, it is hardly fair to compare us with our grandmothers.

But, to go back to yourself, I repeat at the risk of your laughter, do not overwork yourself. Is not a mother's person, at least during the period in which she gives sustenance to her child, in one sense sacred? She is not living for herself alone, but for another. Has she any right, by over fatigue, by exhausting labor, by feverish excitement of any kind, to endanger the comfort, if not the life of the little being who is so entirely dependent upon her? Shall she deem herself worthy of less consideration as a nursing mother than the good farmer gives to his cows, or the dealer in thoroughbred steeds to the petted occupants of his stables? Alas! for those who can have no choice in this matter; for those to whom the slowly recurring days bring only poverty and wearisome cares and never-ending labor! But you are not of that number, Alice, and I pray you for the sake of your baby, to take heed to my words.

If, as you write me, you find it difficult to obtain good "help," you have still one resource. Can you not simplify your mode of living a little? It is surely better that you should entertain less company, or, what amounts to the same thing, be content to entertain less ostentatiously; that you should set a plainer table, and that your weekly wash should contain fewer frills and furbelows, than that you should worry yourself and your child—to say nothing of Phil,—in a vain attempt to keep everything up to your prescribed standard. It is well to aim high; but he who overshoots the mark, fails as completely as he whose arrow falls below it; and he does overshoot it who sacrifices health, comfort and happiness in the endeavor to grasp at an ideal good.

I have never visited your home; yet I think I can see what is likely to be one of your stumbling-blocks. What is the object and end of good house-keeping? Is it merely to have the brightest silver, the clearest windows, the cleanest carpets, the whitest linen, the most faultless ironing, the great-

est variety of viands, the most delicious pastry and the most crispy of pickles? Or is it to create a happy home—a home full of light and warmth and radiance—a home that shall be a perennial fountain of refreshment—a home in whose charmed atmosphere even transient guests shall find rest and peace, and from which they shall go forth cheered and strengthened?

It has been said that we women of New England make gods of our houses and our housekeeping. An overdrawn statement; yet one that may well cause us to pause and reflect. By so much as the house and its appointments is supreme in the affections of the wife and mother, by so much will the home proper, the sacred penetralia, the holy of holies, be robbed of its due. By so much as it is *supreme*, I say. Not that it should be neglected; not that it should be undervalued. But it is the shell, not the kernel. It is the body, not the soul; and as "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment," so should *house* ever be subordinate to the *home*. She makes a sad mistake who shuts out the sunshine lest her carpets should fade; who closes her best and most convenient rooms lest a fly should tarnish their immaculate paint; who buys costly furniture that the children must never touch; who puts her choicest books and loveliest pictures out of the way, where they are unable to do their ordained work as comforters, as strengtheners, as educators, lest, forsooth, they should be injured. Many a house is far too nice to be comfortable.

But, my dear Alice, there is another side to this question. It is as easy to overwork one's self in the pursuit of so-called pleasure, as in the discharge of one's home duties, and far more censurable. I pray you during these few months—the months in which your babe derives its nourishment from your breast, to eschew crowded evening parties with all their concomitants of late hours, late suppers, fatiguing dances, and the changes and exposures that are certainly hazardous. This turning of day into night, this reversal of the order of nature, is reprehensible enough at any time, leaving as it does, the nerves unstrung, the brain unfit for any clear, connected labor, and the whole system deranged and over wrought. All a matter of habit? But if I may judge from my own observation, it is a habit that on the part of most women—I will not venture to speak for the stronger sex—renders the bed or sofa very enticing, if not actually indispensable, for the greater part of the following day. However, we have nothing to do here with the practice in general, but are considering it only as it relates to mothers. No mother can be a self-pleaser, and yet do her whole duty to her child. Self-sacrifice is the very first element in maternal love.

"Madame," said an old physician many years ago, to a lady who had called him to the cradle of her suffering babe, "Madame, you are not worthy to be the mother of this child." "What do you mean, Dr.—!" she asked in indignant astonishment. "I mean," responded the plain spoken old man, "that no woman is worthy to receive the blessing of a child, who is

not willing to give up frolics and fandangos while she is nursing it." Rather harsh judgment perhaps. I leave the decision of the question—was he right or wrong?—to your own common sense. But, Alice, if, half against your will, you should be drawn into the whirlpool of "society," don't tell me that your boy is cross, that he will not sleep o' nights, and that you don't know what to do with him. For I should be sorry to hurt your feelings, and I am really afraid that I might!

I meant to have touched upon another kindred topic; but this letter is too long already, and I must leave it for some future time. So good night, and may God be with the dear dwellers in Cozytoft.

STRANGERS.

BY ALICE W. QUMBY.

It was only a little thing, and it happened long ago, but I remember it still—remember it, too, with a twinge of pain that makes me shiver even now.

We had known and loved each other well, cousin Gracie and I, so well that I had never thought there could be even one little hidden passage in the soul of either, had never thought there could fall between us even the faintest shadow. But in a sunny hour, when my heart was warm with love for her and I thought of happiness alone, turning my ear to catch the old sweet song of joy, the strain that I heard was a sharp, quivering discord, like the harsh echo of jarring spirit notes. And so, because a little deed of well-meant kindness had been rudely thrust aside, I turned away and wept bitterly, grieving most of all that even the dear ones of our households are sometimes strangers, strangers to the inner thoughts and emotions which are our real selves.

It does not matter if in the great outside world there be only strangers—it is enough for us perhaps that we see but the surface currents there; nor does it matter if in like manner we ourselves are strangers in the surging throng. We veil our faces, it may be, drawing our garments about us closely, and when the concealment is perfect we smile a grim smile, and are satisfied. We have our fleeting acquaintances which we are pleased to call friendships, and we prize these friends—even loving them very much sometimes, and rejoicing in love's return.

And this is well, for thus our lives are sweetened and enriched, the world seems a great deal brighter and more beautiful.

But there are times when we weary of these surface currents, these narrow and deceitful friendships, when heartsick and faint we turn from them to the shelter of the home-loves. Unutterably deep and warm are these pure loves, so full that perhaps it matters not how much or how little may be offered to us by the great world beyond, matters not how cold may be its gaze or how empty its hollow sympathies.

Ah, it is when we are forced to realize that even they who sit with us by our own firesides, mingling their

lives with ours till they are parts of ourselves,—when we realize that even these are strangers that the wail is bitterest, and it is so grievous a thing to "walk among our peers unknown."

It is no wonder that there are depths in our souls which no human line can fathom, no wonder that even those who know us best can never understand all the hopes and joys that sweeten our lives, all the griefs that embitter or the struggles that purify them.

Because our daily lives are so full of hollow echoes, our most commonplace words and actions so often misconstrued and unappreciated, we turn aside and take up the sad, sad plaint, "Unknown."

Little sacrifices that cost a secret struggle or a bitter tear perhaps, look so small they are scarcely noticed and the soul that made them is left to famish for lack of sympathy and appreciation. Little yieldings of preferences, of ideals of right, of beauty or propriety, the giving up of a cherished plan, of our love of ease or pride of opinion,—all these are trifles, yet it is just such trifles that make the great whole of life, and so far as we fail to understand them, to just that extent are we making wrong estimates of each other.

Impulses that control, convictions of duty or of fitness, guiding ambitions and inspiring hopes,—all help make up the character of mortals; yet so seldom do we weigh these for each other, so coldly do we glance at them, if indeed we notice them at all, that we are always, always strangers.

And so it happens that words and deeds which had their birth in kindness, inspired by love alone, often seem foul and ill-natured, that we often have little patience with the moods of others, little forbearance for their mistakes, or sympathy for their trials.

O, this lack of tender appreciation is taking from life its richest and sweetest flavor, is depriving us of its deepest, holiest joys, even our God-given birth-right, offering us instead only the miserable pottage of cold and hollow words.

Fainting for the bread and wine of human sympathy, sadly wailing, "unknown, unknown," it is becoming that we give heed to the measure of our own forbearance, that we inquire if we are offering to others the sweet nourishment of our tender love and compassion, if we are always ready with helpful deeds and cheering words to lighten their daily burdens.

And when our eyes are dim with unshed tears and our hearts are aching in their loneliness, when we yearn for the communion of a sympathizing spirit, we may reach out our weary hands unto One who "knoweth us altogether," may rest on the bosom of Him whose love and tenderness is infinite, and find unutterable comfort.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

Those who have studied the chemistry and physiology of animals and plants to much purpose, must have been struck with their many points of resemblance, such as the elements of which they are composed, their de-

mand of food, their functions, their origin and end, and others. Organic beings, under which are included plants of every kind, and animals from the most simple and rudimentary forms to the most complex of the vertebrata, are governed by a similar law, unseen by the careless observer, instructive, and suggestive that some hidden bond of connection exists between them improbable to have come of chance or accident.

There are but four organic elements that compose the animal body, namely, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. These are all found in plants—rarely any others—with the exception of nitrogen found only in those that emit the animal odor in decay. In addition to these there is a small amount of inorganic matter found in both scarcely more dissimilar in appearance than the inorganic matter of different plants. These two kinds of matter are all that remain after the animal or plant is decomposed by natural or artificial means, its functional processes ended, its complex workmanship and beautiful form faded into gas and ashes in which there remain no traces to mark its place in the domain of organic beings.

But it is more interesting and convincing to notice their analogous functions. Man, taken as the representative of the animal kingdom, is formed with lungs by which air is inhaled, and a portion of its oxygen retained to oxygenize the blood and build up the system. The next part of the process is to exhale an equal bulk of carbonic acid. And this inhalation of air and exhalation of gas known as respiration, it is unnecessary to add, is quite as essential to keep the animal machine in motion as food for the stomach. Every substance, indeed, whether gaseous, liquid or solid necessary to sustain life and promote growth is food, whether taken into the lungs or into the stomach. But solids can be of no service to organic beings until they are digested, converted into liquid, the blood, to be carried by the circulation and deposited throughout the system.

Taking an exogenous plant as affording a better illustration of the circulation to be noticed hereafter, similar functions and demands will be observed. Its respiration through the leaves, the homologues of the lungs, is as well demonstrated as the respiration of man; but each part of the process is much more protracted, and is dependent upon conditions. In the day time or sunlight, it inhales carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and at the same time exhales an equal bulk of oxygen. At night the process is reversed; carbonic acid is thrown off, oxygen is inhaled and comes in contact with the sap effecting its oxygenation in a similar manner to the oxygenation of the blood in the lungs of man. If a plant be placed in a vacuum and its respiration stopped, it will as certainly perish as will an individual of the animal kingdom. The roots, moreover, like the human stomach, are in daily demand of food; but if solid matter be thrown around them it can be of no more service than so much granite until dissolved, or digested by water, and thus by some mysterious power of the roots con-

verted into the sap, or blood of the plant. A plant with plenty of solid food within reach, but deprived of the solvent power of water, appears to be in the condition of the dyspeptic with a hearty meal in his stomach but unable to digest it by reason of the abnormal condition of the gastric juice, or its absence in the necessary quantity.

No less striking is the resemblance in the circulation. In man, this great and complex system is made up of the arteries that convey the blood from the heart, the veins that return it, and the capillaries that convey the blood from the former to the latter. Returning now to our exogenous plant, and we are startled to discover these three divisions of the circulating system paralleled with great integrity. The upward circulation through the alburnum (sap-wood) may properly be regarded as the arterial system, for it has its origin in the roots whose office is to take up and digest such portions and kinds of food in solution as the constitution of the plant requires, rejecting all others, and convert them into the sap to be carried to, and leave its deposition of ligneous matter upon the exterior surface of the sap-wood. The downward circulation through the liber (inner bark) is analogous to the venous, for it receives the sap from the arterial system and returns it, or such portion of it as has not been expended, to the roots; to be seized by the upward current and again made to travel over the circuit. The capillary vessels are located in the leaves and twigs, and receive and discharge through their hair-like tubes the whole volume of sap that passes up and down the plant.

The analogy might be pursued and embrace sensation, rest, perspiration, sexuality, etc., all pointing in the same direction and revealing such a similitude as might reasonably be expected if all organic beings have descended from a few closely allied, ancestral forms. Unless there is some bond of connection between them, all these analogous phenomena appear very surprising and mysterious. On the other hand, the analogy becomes more intelligible under the hypothesis that organic life sprang from a few aboriginal forms and has developed under the law of progression into its present, multifarious and complex forms through the "survival of the fittest" which implies the destruction of the feebler forms, and those not fitted for the external conditions of life.

The conflict of new opinions with prevailing notions should be no bar to their adoption. The only inquiry should be, Are they true? Are they supported by evidence? Can all the phenomena be better explained under the new system than under the old? To reject new theories because they conflict with old ones, would be to stop all improvement in science and art, and assume that man cannot err. When Galileo proclaimed the true system of the universe he was persecuted, imprisoned, for daring to combat a long established error. When Sir Isaac Newton gave to the world his great discovery, the dogmatists were alarmed and feared that Christianity would suffer contempt by proclaiming that the Supreme Ruler gov-

erns His universe by law instead of the constant exercise of arbitrary power. Yet no facts in science are better established to-day than the Copernican system of astronomy, and the discovery brought about by the fall of an apple. Nor is there less reverence in thoughtful minds for a Deity possessing that infinite prescience and power that we observe stamped alike upon organic beings and inorganic matter in the form of self-executing law.

S. E. C.

Wilmington, Vt.

MY WORK.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

A great deal of time and strength is lost by attempting to do work for which we have no adaptation or education. If we want to make the most of life, let us orient ourselves; see where we stand in relation to God and those around us; and then consider what is the best thing we can do under the circumstances.

We are all good for something. No human being ever lived who was not able to render acceptable service to God and his fellow creatures. The great questions are, What can we do best? and How can we do most?

Let us never allow ourselves to fall into that terribly depressing idea that we are of no use to any one; that we can do nothing; it is always a miserable lie sent by Satan to torment us. We can do something. We may be able to do far more than we think. God often chooses the feeblest instruments to accomplish the greatest results. "When we are weak, then we are strong, for we can do all things through Christ who strengthened us," says St. Paul. "He giveth power to the weak and to them that have no might he increaseth strength," says the prophet Isaiah. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

The kingdom of Holland was once saved from inundation by a boy, who discovering a leak in one of the dikes, bravely stopped it with his hand, and with true heroism held back the waters through all the long hours of the night, till assistance came.

The Christian religion was given to the world, not by the most powerful, rich or talented of men, but by a poor, despised and unlettered band of fishermen.

But perhaps it is a more common mistake to place too high an estimate upon ourselves, and to choose to do something too high or too hard for us.

Spurgeon tells a story of a little boy who seeing his father moving his library up stairs asked to help him. The father consented and gave him a small book to carry. But the boy scorned the little book. He wanted to carry one much larger. His father yielded to his entreaties and let him try, but before the child was half way up stairs he found the big book was altogether too heavy for him, and more than he could manage. He began to cry and beg his father to come and help him, and the end of it was that the father had to carry both the boy and the book. Let us be content to do cheerfully whatever work God sets

before us. He knows better than we what we can do. The honor or dishonor is not so much in what is done as in the way it is done. The position does not honor the person but the person is an honor or disgrace to the position.

"Pigmies are pigmies still though perched on Alps," says Pope, and Holland says "I would rather be a first rate bootblack than a fifth rate lawyer."

The clergyman, or Member of Congress, or President, who proves unfit for his office, is scouted and dishonored, while the private citizen, or mother, or child, who discharges duty faithfully and well, is beloved and esteemed.

Whatever we do let us do it as well as we can, and with the heart in our work. "Who sweeps a room as for God's laws makes the action fine," says the poet Herbert. Man looketh at the outward act; God looketh upon the heart and the motive. Let us do whatever we do with an eye single to His glory, and He will add His blessing. If we are sincerely desirous of serving God He will open up some way. When we say from the heart, Lord what wilt thou have me to do? He will answer "I will guide thee by mine eye." But we must be ever on the alert to watch the leading of that eye; to catch the first intimation of the Divine will, if we would be so guided.

Let us be sure that our hearts are right; that we are doing well and faithfully the duties that lie nearest to us; the little duties of the hour, which, however trifling they may seem to us are never trifling or unworthy of notice by Him whom we serve. "Be thou faithful over few things and I will make thee ruler over many things," He has said.

And when we study His works we find that He has bestowed as much care and skill in painting a butterfly's wing, as in arranging the colors of the rainbow that spans the heavens; as much care in providing for the wants of the smallest insects as for the largest animal, or even for man himself. Nothing is too small or too trifling for Him. Nothing is beneath His notice.

And when we are tempted to feel that poverty or sickness or misfortune has disabled us from doing what we would gladly have done, let us remember that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

As a great French philosopher has said, "The time best employed is sometimes that in which we do nothing," or at least in which we seem to do nothing.

Moses spent forty years in the desert before he began his great work. But think you these years were lost? Far from it. During these years of solitary thought and meditation his character gained that strength and perfection that enabled him to become what he was.

Jesus Christ spent thirty years in the quiet duties of every-day life before entering upon his ministry, and then further prepared himself by passing forty days in the wilderness.

"To wait is the great secret of success," says De Maistre. Not always the quickest or the most violent action produces greatest results. We must "Learn to labor and to wait." Learn to work or to rest as God chooses; we

must be willing to accept whatever position He assigns us; to do or to be what He pleases; to do cheerfully and gladly what we can.

Whatever work God gives us is to do is the best work for us. What greater honor could we have than to have it said of us, as of one highly honored by the Lord, of whose lowly and humble act the Saviour foretold that "whosoever the gospel was preached it should be told as a memorial of her," "She hath done what she could."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap, for some time, and find it a very great help. It diminishes the labor of washing, one-half. MRS. REV. B. F. HASKINS.

Viola, Mercer Co., Ill.

SISTER LABORERS:—For nearly two years I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and find it all it is recommended to be. I know my clothes wear longer and look better than when washed with any other soap, and with less than half the labor. If we could only find something to do the ironing for us as Dobbins' Soap does the washing, then we weary ones might find rest. To every single reader of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I say, have you tried Dobbins' Electric Soap? If not don't fail to send by the very next mail for a sample as they offer, and you will learn for yourself something of great value, how to do away with the fatigue and discomfort of washday.

MRS. FRANK EDSON.

Randolph, Vt.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—To-day I have done my second washing with Dobbins' Electric, both weeks with the one sample bar, and it has been indeed a happy day, the clothes are so nicely done and with so little fatigue. I hope its manufacturers will live many years to make such soap and when they die that their mantle will fall on others who will pledge their word, as they do, that its quality shall never be lowered. I shall have more of it as soon as it can be obtained from Milwaukee.

MRS. L. E. HEBBERD.

West Salem, La Crosse Co., Wis.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I use Dobbins' Electric Soap and like it very much. It saves a great deal of labor and I shall always use it in preference to any soap that I have ever used since I have been a house-keeper.

MRS. P. B. SMITH.

Hagerstown, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I must say after giving Dobbins' Electric Soap a long and thorough trial that it is the best soap I ever saw. Our store keeper, Mrs. Allman, said when I tried the soap to tell her how it did its work, as she had often seen it advertised but

thought it a humbug. Upon my recommendation she ordered a box, and now she says that she will never use any other kind herself, and she sells a great deal of it to others.

MARY D. KELLY.

Wattsville, Carroll Co., Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I would add my testimony to the many others of your subscribers in favor of Dobbins' Electric Soap. We find it to be the best soap we have ever used and worthy of every bit of praise it gets.

MRS. H. G. BARNES.

Walpole, N. H.

COWARDLY ASSAULTS.

When a candidate for high office is so well liked and so popular with the masses as to make his defeat difficult in a fair and honorable fight, mean and cowardly men are not wanting who delight in manufacturing lies and slandering his good name. There are also those whose selfishness prompt to prostitute their honor, pervert truth and ignore right for the sake of injuring a competitor in business, whose prosperity they envy, and with whose business sagacity they have not the talent to successfully compete in an honorable way. These thoughts are suggested by the mean, cowardly attacks made upon me and my medicines, by those who imagine their pecuniary prospects injured by the great popularity which my standard medicines have acquired and the continued growth of my professional practice. Narrow-minded practitioners of medicine, and manufacturers of preparations which do not possess sufficient merit to successfully compete for popular favor, have resorted to such cowardly strategy as to publish all sorts of ridiculous reports about the composition of my medicines. Almanacs, "Receipt Books," and other pamphlets, are issued and scattered broadcast over the land, wherein these contemptible knaves publish pretended analyses of my medicines, and receipts for making them. Some of these publications are given high-sounding names, pretend to be issued by respectable men of education and position, for the good of the people—the more completely to blind the reader to the real object of their circulation, which is to injure the sale of my medicines. "The Popular Health Almanac" is the high-sounding name of one of these publications, which contains bogus receipts, without a grain of truth in them. Not less devoid of truth are those which have been published by one Dr. L., of Detroit, in the *Michigan Farmer*, and by other manufacturers of medicines, in several so-called journals of Pharmacy. They are all prompted by jealousy and utterly fail in accomplishing the object of their authors, for, notwithstanding their free circulation, my medicines continue to sell more largely than any others manufactured in this country, and are constantly increasing in sale despite the base lies concocted and circulated by such knaves. The people find that these medicines possess genuine merit, accomplish what their manufacturer claims for them, and are not the vile, poisonous nostrums which jealous, narrow-minded physicians and sneaking compounders of competing medicines represent them to be. Among the large number of pretended analyses published, it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors. It is enough for the people to know that while thousands, yes, I may truthfully say millions, have taken my medicines and have been cured, no one has ever received injury from their use.

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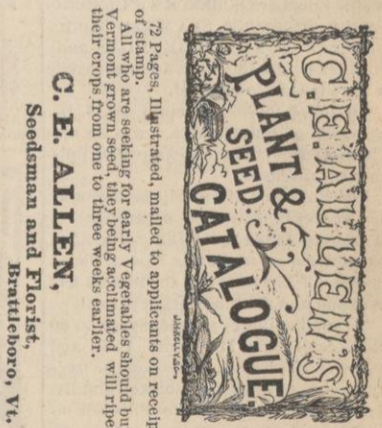
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