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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., FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 2.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
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BRIGHT DAYS IN WINTER.

Bland as the morning's breath of June,
The south-west breezes play,
And through its haze the winter noon,
Seems warm as summer's day.

The snow-plumed Angel of the North,
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside den forsakes;
The muskrat leaves his nook;
The blue-bird, in the meadow brakes,
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee."

So in these winters of the soul,
By wintry blasts and drear
O'er swept from Memory's frozen pole
Will summer days appear.

Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow,
Lie germs of summer flowers.

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring:
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall,
For God who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all.

—J. G. Whittier.

LEGENDS OF TREES.

THE poplar tree was of considerable note in the olden times. The white poplar was dedicated to Time, because its leaves were continually in motion, and because the dark side was supposed to represent night, and the light, day. Persons sacrificing to Hercules were crowned with wreaths of poplar leaves as it was supposed to be a favorite of his. It was said that after a severe trial of his courage and strength in a cave of Mount Aventine, this god bound his brow with a chaplet of leaves from the many poplars growing there as a token of his victory. Conquerors, in imitation of him, often wore branches of it upon their foreheads during their triumphal

marches back to their native cities. Having been worn into the infernal regions by Hercules, the outer side of the leaves were said to have been scorched and colored by the smoke, while the inner, being protected, retained its natural silvery whiteness.

The ash tree according to ancient Scandinavian mythology was the most favored of trees, because beneath a huge ash was held the solemn council of the gods. The summit of this remarkable tree reached the heavens, its branches spread over the entire earth, and its roots penetrated to the infernal regions. An eagle rested upon its summit and kept careful watch of whatever happened below. Huge serpents were coiled about its trunk. Two fountains sprung from its roots in one of which was concealed Wisdom and in the other Prophecy. The leaves of the tree were continually sprinkled with water from these fountains, and the tree itself was most carefully nurtured and guarded by the gods. From its wood the first man was formed, and breath was imparted to him as a special gift from them.

The mountain ash was regarded by the Druids as a powerful preservative agent against witchcraft. This superstition still prevails in some parts of England, the people often carrying sprigs of it about their persons to keep away the evil spirits. Some keep a bundle of ash twigs over the door of their cottages as a safeguard against harm, and the herdsmen used always to drive their cattle to and fro with ash rods, preserving the same one for many successive seasons if it brought no misfortune to their animals, and so proved itself to be a "good luck rod." In India, too, the same superstition exists to a great extent. There it is believed that the serpent has a great aversion for the ash, and that a decoction of ash leaves will kill the poison of a serpent's bite.

The laurel tree, among the ancient nations, was the token of victory. Generals and conquerors were crowned with laurel wreaths; soldiers during the triumphal marches carried sprigs of it; and the design of a laurel leaf or the leaf itself was considered as an emblem of some great conquest. To be crowned with the laurel wreath was considered to be so great an honor that it finally became the custom to confer this badge of distinction upon any who had distinguished themselves by their bravery and skill. Poets were included among those who were thus favored, and hence was derived the term of "Poet Laureate."

The yew tree, the emblem of sadness and grief, and which is mentioned by some of the earliest writers, has in

spite of its antiquity but few legends connected with it. It is found principally in church-yards from which fact it is but natural that the thought of gloom and sorrow should be associated with it. Why it should have been chosen for such spots has never been fully explained. Some have supposed that the custom originated with the Druids who cultivated these trees near their places of worship, and that our Christian forefathers, it being evergreen, followed their example and set groves of it about their churches also. Others that it was emblematical of silence and death, and consequently best fitted for the church-yards; while still others say that it was planted there simply for convenience as it furnished branches for Palm Sunday, and other religious festivals. Be this as it may, but one idea attaches itself to the tree, and that is one of dreariness. It is seldom mentioned save in connection with death and its sad associations.

In glancing thus hastily at but a few out of the many legends of by-gone days, it is easy to understand how firm a hold they must have had upon the imagination of a superstitious people whose love and veneration were readily controlled by an implicit confidence and sincere belief in each and every one. Trees to them, were something more than objects of mere beauty or usefulness. Each had some weird myth connected with it, which in some way, gave it a peculiar significance. So as the whistling blast swept through the tall tree-tops of some dark forest, or the cool south wind played among the bright green leaves of some wayside grove, it sang strange, low songs, and whispered sweet mysterious secrets to the dwellers beneath their branches. The reality of these superstitions is now a thing of the past; and although they are considered as harmless yet pretty fables, still there is a pleasure and fascination about them which even a more enlightened people cannot wholly forget, or fail to appreciate.—Ex.

FRONT YARDS FOR SMALL PLACES.

Do not attempt to reproduce a plan made for several acres, but make the best of the small area. Where all is formal, the grounds must also be so, and picturesque planting out of the question. Often a single bed of ornamental plants, or a handsome specimen plant, surrounded by grass, with a few shrubs along the boundaries, and vines at the house, are all that can be had. With only these simple materials the yards, if well kept, will be more attractive than one filled with a promiscuous lot of flowering plants.



TOILET TABLE DECORATIONS.

BY DAISEY EYEBRIGHT.

THERE is nothing which adds so much to the prettiness of a bedroom as the little knick-knacks which adorn the toilette table, and which can be made, in a great degree, by the fair owner's own hands; and after having attended to the proper furnishing and decoration of the parlor and drawing-room, the bedroom demands the next consideration. When the chambers are large and servants are supplied, by all means have all the pretty adjuncts which you can procure; but if the rooms are small and the sweeping and dusting must be done by yourself, then it is best to give the most ornaments to the guest room, where you will entertain those who are near and dear to yourself and husband.

If a duchess toilette table cannot be purchased for want of the needful funds, a little display of your innate ingenuity will supply the want. A common white pine framework can be made by any carpenter, as it only requires a half-moon shape, or perhaps half of an oval would be better. Let the dimensions be three feet and six inches in length, and two feet at its greatest width. This can be fastened by a cleat to the wall, underneath the looking-glass, and strips of wood can be placed so as to run back to the wall to strengthen it, as it can be made to hold quite a heavy weight without legs, but if you are the fortunate possessor of an old half-moon table, such as our grandmothers delighted in, you will have a frame ready at hand just suited to your purpose.

If the table is desired to be as pretty as possible it should be draped with dotted muslin over pink silk, but pink cambric will answer the purpose. Lay several thicknesses of cotton over the top of the table and tack the pink material tightly over it. Draw the same over the front edge of the table, laying it in a few plaits, if you desire to keep a shoe box under it. Then nail the muslin all over the top, and box plait a curtain of muslin, leaving a fringe of it at the top, which will conceal the places where the top covering was fastened on. Plait pink silk cut in scallops with a pinking iron, in full box plaits, and put at the places where the muslin was nailed on.

Decorate the mirror with white

muslin and bows of pink ribbon, if its frame is shabby. Place bows with ends half a yard in length, on each side of the table, and your handiwork will not only delight your eyes but those of your friends. If the toilette table is desired for common use it can be draped in a similar manner with a small figured French chintz or cretonne, and the box plaiting can be made of pink French cambric. When the covering becomes soiled it can easily be removed and cleaned to appear as good as new. The white dotted muslin can also be done up and re-made with fresh trimmings.

On this toilette table can be placed a pretty toilette set of white opal china, edged with gold, and ornamented with garlands of colored flowers and leaves; or a pale green or blue opaque china, with a Greek border of gold and crimson, can be selected.

A comb and brush tray, or box, can be made by covering a long paper box with pink cambric and putting a ruffle of dotted muslin all around it, and ornamenting it here and there with bows of pink ribbon; or, if preferred, the box can be covered with the chintz.

A toilette mat of dotted muslin, covered over pink silk or cambric, can be made in dimensions of thirty by eighteen inches, and a box plaited frill put all around it, headed by box plaited satin ribbon, an inch in width.

Two mats, six or eight inches square, can be made in the same manner to hold the bottles of china or glass; and a large cushion, ten inches square, is also desirable. It can be made of thick cotton or muslin, and filled with bran, sawdust, wool, or hair, covered with pink material, and a box plaited frill, headed with ribbon, put all around it. Then obtain your initial or monogram at a fancy store, worked on muslin; sew Italian valenciennes insertion all around it. Then sew on a row of muslin insertion; next another row of valenciennes, and finish the cushion cover with a row of valenciennes edging, two inches in width. Lay this over the top of the cushion, and you will think that you have the prettiest toilette cushion that ever was made. Now purchase a little basket or standing tray and fill it up with pink split zephyr worsted, knitted in fur stitch, for a hairpin holder.

For a holder for matches which have been burned, take a strip of silvered tissue paper and work it with pink worsted in any small pattern of leaves or Greek bordering, making it so as to fit a round tin box or a glass goblet which has been broken from its stem. Sew it so as to fit around the largest part of the goblet, and crochet a border into the upper part of it, finishing it with a scallop. Crochet a row of long crochet also into the under part and narrow it off to a point, so as to exactly fit the goblet. Finish off with crocheted cord and tassels at the bottom, and make similar cords and tassels to suspend it from the gas light or the mirror.

Ornamental bed and watch pockets can also be made of colors to match the toilette table decorations, and whatever is made for use or ornament should be made to correspond in color. If gas is not introduced into a house colored wax candles are very effective, and scarlet ones are always pretty.

A bedroom thus adorned will present a pleasing appearance, even if the furniture is not of black walnut or the rarer rosewood, while common painted sets will be greatly increased in beauty in connection with one of these simple, yet elegant toilette tables.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.

Light is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health giving agent to the physical system; and it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We absorb light, and it nourishes us with strange power. We are more active under its influence—can think better, and work more vigorously.

Let us take the ariest, choicest, and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the work-shop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay-window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin-angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter.

This window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope for eye and mind. We shall hang no picture on our walls that can compare with the living and everlasting pictures which God shall paint for us through our ample window. Rosy dawns, golden hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room as the changing year rolls on.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor. But in light is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets and ivies in the pots, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

DON'T FORGET THE CORNERS.

And here let me say a word about corners. They are woefully neglected. Even in rooms where very much has been done in way of decoration, you will see all the four corners left bare—forcing their ugly sharp right angle on your sight at every turn. They are as ugly as so many elbows! Make the four corners pretty, and the room is pretty, even if very little else be done.

Instead of having one stiff, straight-shelved book-case hanging on the wall, have a carpenter put triangular shelves into the corners. He will make them for thirty cents apiece, and screw them on the walls. Put a dozen books on each of the lower shelves, a bunch of autumn leaves, a pretty vase, a little bust of Clytie, or a small easel, on the upper ones, and with a line of Japanese fans coming down to meet them from the cornice,

the four corners are furnished and adorned. This is merely a suggestion of one out of dozens of ways in which walls can be made pleasant to look at without much cost.

If the room has chintz curtains, these shelves will look well covered with the same chintz, with a plaited ruffle tacked on their front edge. If the room has a predominant color, say a green carpet, or a border on the walls of claret or crimson, the shelves will look well with a narrow, straight border of billiard-cloth or baize (to match the ruling color of the room) pinked on the lower edge, and tacked on.

X.



FLOWERS FOR COUNTRY HOMES.

BY MRS. D. HUNTLEY.

(Concluded.)

MUCH may be done in flower culture in boxes placed on the piazza, on brackets or by an attachment fastened to walls. These are very ornamental on the outside of small dwellings, between windows, or on either side the doorway. In these may be grown many kinds or a single variety. Upright flowers are pretty, vines are always pleasing and trailing plants are charming indeed.

But of all the pleasing ways for growing plants the hanging basket is most attractive. There is something about their graceful beauty that wins the love of all. Elaborate baskets may be purchased, or simple ones may be made at home that will be quite as pleasing. Some of the most beautiful ones we have ever seen were knots of wood from decayed forest trees. Many of these are of curious shape, much like ocean shells. With varnish applied, and slender chains or bright cords attached, they are ready for use. Others may be constructed of grape vines or branches of fruit and forest trees. In this way not only the flowers, but the receptacles in which they grow will become the admiration of all your city friends.

For basket plants the graceful smilax is first of the list. Its dainty glossy leaves will add a charm to everything it touches. Next the English ivy has the richest foliage, and if you can wait for its tardy growth you will have an elegant vine, but we like the German ivy best. It will do such wonderful things in the way of adorning windows and pictures, and do them so quickly. The Kenilworth ivy is the best trailing plant we have ever grown, and unsurpassed for a center basket. Moneywort is also a great trailer, but is prettiest among other plants. All these are of easy culture, and if given much water morning and evening will delight you with their constant growth. If these are too many in a home where work must lead and pleasure follow, two or three varieties in a single basket, or a little hanging garden will become a thing of beauty, and give more pleasure than many a costly thing might do.

Any of these vines are exceedingly desirable for the lawn, for trellises or over rock work, or in rustic vases or lawn baskets.

These may be made of branches of trees interwoven with grape vines, bound with moss, then filled with earth, and are exceedingly appropriate for a country garden where all these materials are just at hand. In these may be grown several varieties. The casena is very showy in the center of large vases or lawn baskets. Around this set verbenas with hore and there a bright pansy, and about the edge set trailing plants. If you wish vines for baskets with handles, maurandya is excellent. One such basket will do more for its possessor if well cared for, than a whole garden of neglected flowers, and these are easily grown as the common kind.

Very attractive baskets may also be made of wire, lined with moss, filled with ferns, wild plantain and lycopodium from the forest. These will grow all summer with very little care, in any shady corner of your rooms, and send up long, graceful, drooping fronds much larger than those first planted. In such a basket place a bunch of pansies or forget-me-nots, and you have one of the loveliest ornaments imaginable.

Many who grow flowers fail to derive from them the pleasure they might. They bloom in the garden where, often, the working women may not see them the whole long day. To be prized they should be gathered for our rooms, placed upon brackets and window-shelves, or made the center of attraction at the daily board. Never have we been more pleased with their exquisite beauty than when some thoughtful friend has surprised us with a fresh bouquet for the dinner table. It is wonderful to see how every member of the household will be touched by their gentle presence. All are made better by the little offering.

These silent teachers of the beautiful will win their way to every heart. The rude and the gentle, the old, the young, the good and the erring alike yield to their charms. With a changed expression and softened manner, the roughest laborer will take from the hand a simple flower with all the gentleness of a child.

"I do not know much about flowers, and do not care much about them," said one fine old gentleman when passing through our garden, "but this," said he, touching the little pearl heart-shaped flowers of the dicentra, "is about the prettiest thing I ever saw." We have seen the gray-haired man watch with loving care the cherished rose bush planted long years before by the young wife who early left him for the land of the fadeless flowers. The conquered Emperor in his rocky island home, could be quieted in his most fretful moods, with only a bunch of violets, such as bloomed in Corsican gardens where he played in childhood. It was the asters and pinks and pansies in a simple garden that touched the heart of the desperate Quantrell, and saved one home from destruction, when a peaceful western city was pillaged and burned.

The pleasures and benefits of the floral world are enough to commend its culture to all, but especially should

they be brought to the farmer's family. To them they take the place of amusements, of society, of friends. They lighten the labors of life and ever make the home dearer where they grow. If trees and plants and flowers add so much of beauty to city homes, surely a country home, set down among all these, may become a bower of beauty, if we only accept the beautiful gifts of nature, gather them about us and make them companions of our daily cares.

It may be difficult to do this. There will be losses and failures and disappointment, still we will work on. Those who have gathered here to talk of the past, and plan for the future, will go back to their homes to do a better work than they have ever done, and while you of the city build elegant mansions with costly conservatories and elaborate gardens, we of the country will grow our splendid trees, will raise our choicest flowers and make our country homes dear as your own. Wisdom, excellence and beauty shall crown our labors, and in coming years, in other lands the story will be told, that Old England has no wiser sons than ours; France, no sweeter flowers; sunny Italy, no lovelier scenes; all the wide world, no happier homes.

CHEAP PICTURE FRAMES.

MR. CROWELL:—A new subscriber has asked how to make a pretty, inexpensive frame; and as I think I can tell her a satisfactory way, I take the liberty to do so with your consent. The first kind is of straw cigar lighters, obtained at any tobacconist's. Place as many of these, as the required width of the frame, on the edges of the picture, making the ends project beyond the picture, to form fancy corners. Then cut short pieces and sew crosswise on these corners. The whole to be confined by stitches to the picture. Small pictures or ribbon bows may be used to cover the stitches. Trim the ends of the lighters as you would ribbon bows, and your frame is completed.

Another kind is of perforated board, cut to fit the picture, worked with any design in Berlin wool. This has a very pleasing effect, when done. A frame of the same material (perforated board) is very convenient for photographs. Cut two pieces of the material a little larger than the photograph you wish to frame. Cut a place, oval or square, as your taste directs, in one of these for the picture, and bind the two pieces together with ribbon, leaving them open at the top to admit the picture. This can be made larger to admit any number of pictures or tinctures, and also made in the form of an album.

These directions may also be suited to Maggie L's inquiries in the same number concerning fancy work. For her benefit I will describe some simple spectacle wipers, which I have been lately making. Cut of chamois leather two circles about two inches in circumference, bind with ribbon, and sew together with a bow. S. S. H.

New Bedford, Mass.

MR. CROWELL,—Sir:—A new subscriber inquires how to make easy, inexpensive picture frames. I am a new

subscriber myself, but I will undertake to answer her question. If the pictures are not very large, cover strips of leather or thin wood with blue (or other color) velvet, cross at the corners, and fasten at the corners with gilt buttons. Leather work is very pretty for large frames. It need not be expensive either, and is a good way to use up the uppers of old kid or soft leather boots. E. E. P.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see several have responded to the requests for a cheap method of framing pictures, but as none have spoken of "passepartout," I would mention it as a convenient way of preserving some kinds of pictures.

Provide yourself with a sheet of "matting" paper (which can be obtained of different shades and thickness at a picture store) and some book-binder's board; unless you have some old box which will answer the purpose.

Cut the paste board the exact size of the glass designed to cover the pictures, (and it should be large enough to allow plenty of margin.) Now cut an oval from the center of the board large enough to show the picture well. The edge of this oval should be bound with gilt paper. If you cut the paper in curved strips it will bind smoother. Cut a piece of matting paper the size of the pasteboard, with an oval a little larger so it will show about a quarter of an inch of gilt all around.

Lay the glass, matting paper, pasteboard, picture and piece of pasteboard over the back, so that you can bind them all together with a narrow strip of cambric, put on with paste or mucilage. When this is dry cover with colored paper, if you prefer, but I have done them with light slate matting bound with dark slate glazed cambric, which looked so well I left them so. Loops may be fastened to the back to hang it up by. Bright pictures of flowers look nicely fixed this way.

And now I wish to say to Octavia, I would like to shake hands with her through your columns. I know there are many who appreciate her earnest words, in spite of the severe criticisms she has received. DODO.

THE WAY TO CUT FLOWERS.

The florists employ a pair of scissors with which the stems are severed. But a writer in the American Garden says, that flowers should never be pulled off, nor should the stems be severed with scissors, but cut off with a sharp knife. The best time for cutting flowers is immediately after sundown—unless to preserve them from a storm, which would otherwise destroy or prevent their being cut in the evening. On cloudy days the time of cutting is a matter of much less difference. The explanation of these rules as to the proper time for cutting is found in the state of the sap at different times of the day and night. From the earliest dawn until sundown the leaves are actively drawing upon the roots and the sap is flowing freely. After that time the leaves are nearly dormant till morning. The plant is then resting—is asleep.

A flower cut in the sunshine will wilt at once, and if not put into water

will quickly perish, whereas if cut at sunset it will remain fresh all night. In a cool place it will not appear to change for a long time, even if not put in water; yet in a close, hot room it will fade in an hour. The usual manner is to cut all flowers with a long stem. Unnatural as it may seem, the true way (for the greater part of our flowers) is to remove them without a stem.

Roses of all kinds should be cut with a long stem, the longer the better, provided other buds are not destroyed. The carnation and all plants that bear their flowers in clusters should be removed without stems. The heliotrope should be allowed a very short stem, and the verbenas should only be cut as far down as the first leaf. A bit of wire or a match stick will serve for a stem, if it is desired to make of these stemless flowers a bouquet. If they are to be placed in shallow dishes—the best way to display them—stems are of no consequence. Do not collect flowers in large bundles or tie them together, as these processes also hasten decay.

TREATMENT OF HEN CANARIES WHILE MOULTING.

Being a lover of dumb animals, I ask you kindly to print the following:

1st. Keep plenty of saffron in the drinking water.

2d. Give sopped bread and milk fresh every morning.

3d. Crush a mixture of canary, rape, and a little hemp seed, and give a little fresh every morning.

4th. Give her water to bathe in when the sun shines.

5th. Be sure she is not infested with parasites—bird vermin; if you have any doubt put a white saucer or small vessel containing water under the bird when she goes to roost for the night, and if she has those tormentors you will see in the morning some floating on the water. It is worth your while to look at them through a microscope.

6th. Take some carbolic acid, and put just enough water to make a liquid, and after cleaning your cage with hot water, put on the carbolic acid, with a paint brush, both on the inside and outside of the cage; let it dry in the sun, and it will be a sure cure, and no injury to the bird.—*Animal World*.

COAL FOR UNHEALTHY PLANTS.

A correspondent of the Revue Horticole states that he bought a very fine rosebush, full of buds, and, after anxiously awaiting their maturing, was greatly disappointed to find the flowers small and of a dull, faded color. At the suggestion of a friend, he then tried the experiment of filling in the top of the pot, around the bush, to the depth of half an inch, with finely pulverized hard coal. In a few days he was astonished at seeing the roses assume a hue as brilliant and lively as he could desire. He tried the same experiment upon a pot of petunias, and soon all the pale-colored ones became of a bright red or lilac, and the white ones were variegated with beautiful red stripes. Some of the lilac petunias became a fine dark blue.

Other flowers experienced similar alterations; those of a yellow color alone remaining insensible to the influence of the coal.

CRYSTAL BASKETS.

The basket, or any other ornament, is first fashioned with copper wire, as a skeleton of the pattern desired. For blue crystals, take a saturated solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern in this liquor and set it in a cool place; as the solution cools, crystals of the sulphate will be deposited on the wire.

The first crystals will be small, but to increase their size, it is only necessary to place the ornament in a fresh solution of the copper salt. For yellow crystals use yellow prussiate of potash; for ruby, red prussiate of potash; for white, alum or acetate of lead. All the salts named are more soluble in hot than cold water.

To preserve these ornaments in all their beauty, they should be kept under glass shades. URSULA.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD F. M. K. gives directions for making a hair chain. As I do not quite understand about the "board," would be glad to obtain all the directions. Would be willing to instruct in worsted flowers, combed or raised, hair flowers, or wax ivy, in return for the favor. Miss E. R. S.

I would like to hear from F. M. K. how to make hair chains and bracelets. C. S.

If Y. will dissolve one pound of alum in a quart of water, her articles will be crystallized properly and look very pretty. URSULA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I had a fine bed of pansies last year entirely ruined by the cut-worm, (I think it is called). Will you inquire if any one knows what will prevent, or kill the worm, without destroying the plants?

All house-plants are better for being watered with water several degrees warmer than the atmosphere in which they are grown. X.

MR. CROWELL:—Do any of your subscribers know of any method of removing slugs, or the mealy bugs, from ivy, and plants of that description? I should be very glad to know of some way which will effectually remove the pests. Com.

TO THE LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I have noticed from time to time an inquiry among the sisters, about zephyr flowers. I would like to say to those who are interested, that I understand many kinds of zephyr-work flowers—have made a good many wreaths. If those who wish to learn will address me by letter, I will send samples and directions. It is clean, simple, and beautiful work for young ladies, is more durable and less expensive than wax flowers, and by many preferred. Mrs. M. E. J.

Akron, Erie Co., N. Y.



RAG CARPETS AND MY IDEAL CARPET.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

RAG carpet making possesses such terrors for some housekeepers, that they look upon it as a hopeless task. But keeping even with the carpet rags takes many of those terrors away, and we exclaim, Inventor of rag carpets! blessed be thy memory.

It is no easy task to sit down and sew rags sufficient for a carpet, even if they are all cut beforehand. The best way I know of, is, as soon as an article of clothing is termed "carpet rags," to cut and put them into a covered basket or box kept for this purpose, keeping it in some convenient place, and have them for pick-up work. By devoting to them a part of the odd moments, and, perhaps, occasionally an afternoon or evening, one is surprised to see how easy the task of sewing them becomes. Since carpet rags are usually accumulated little by little—now a few ounces, and then a pound or so—one may thus keep even with them; that is, have one lot, or garment, sewed and out of the way before the next is ready for the basket. As a matter of economy, knitting cotton, number 16, may be used instead of thread for sewing the rags; it is just as good, and cheaper, one ball going much further than a spool of thread, and costing little if any more.

There are various methods of sewing carpet rags. However, if the ends be lapped an inch, and care taken to make knots and fastenings secure, one seam—running stitch—is as good as two or three, or as to back-stitch them. Then there is a way of joining carpet rags without sewing; it is to "slip" them. Cotton, worsted and delaine rags, also old or thin flannel, may be slipped, and if rightly done will give as good satisfaction to the weaver as rags that are sewed. There is, I believe, a simple invention for slitting the rags, that facilitates the process of slipping; not possessing which, I manage very well with a pair of shears, and even in this way, can slip them faster than I could sew them. This is my way: Take a strip of carpet rag, which, for convenience, we will term number one, double one end over, not less than three-fourths, nor more than one inch, cut into the doubled end, lengthwise of the strip, so that when undoubled there is a slit, or button-hole, nearly or quite an inch in length, and which begins at least one-fourth of an inch from the end of the rag; now take carpet rag number two, slit one end of this in the same way, and slip the two rags together, thus: between the thumb and fore finger of the left hand take the button-hole end of number one, and between the thumb and fore finger of the right hand the button-hole end of number two; lap these ends so the slit in number two comes directly underneath that of number one (or left hand rag) and

hold them firmly between the left thumb and fore finger; now take the free end of number two between the thumb and fore finger of the right hand, bring it up over and put it down through the button-holes, grasp it from the under side and draw it through the button-holes its entire length to the right, keeping the left hand hold firm until now, as thus straightening number two joins the rags securely in a soft, smooth knot. And now, the knack of slipping carpet rags acquired, we proceed to business, by slitting the free end of number two, and joining to it another rag, and so on, passing the strip of joined rags across the lap to the basket at the left side, all the while joining from the right hand. For left-handed persons of course the order would need be reversed.

"Economist," who in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD gives some useful hints in regard to making rag carpet, says that cotton rags wear much better in carpets than very old or thin flannels. Experience has taught us the truth of this, and also that for carpet filling old cotton rags wear as well as good woolen. Aunt Polly Carter used to say that old calico and muslin, if strong enough to hold together to tear lengthwise, would outwear new woolen rags. If the rags are very thin the strips should be torn wider.

Some women, for the sake of a few pounds of carpet rags, cut up clothing that is worth more than a dozen yards of carpet. That should never be done; it is wickedly wasteful. And what, then, shall be said of the woman (we know her) who buys new flannel by the yard, cutting it into "rags" to make the bright stripes for her carpet? Taking this as a specimen of her management, no wonder the farm is under mortgage, and everything fast going to "rack and ruin."

In making rag carpet, I should avoid wide stripes, also the "hit or miss" style for an entire carpet; however, others prefer these styles, and certainly have a right to exercise their individual tastes.

The prettiest stripe I ever saw in a rag carpet was of twisted rags. Two colors—a ball of each—were taken and twisted together slightly, on a spinning wheel, as one would twist yarn; the rags being cut narrower than if to be woven single. When woven, it makes a clouded stripe. My rag carpet in prospective, is to be clouded, woven in this way, the filling entirely of twisted rags, of two colors only, green, with either gray, brown or drab, or gray and brown.

But my ideal carpet is not a rag carpet. My ideals, three in number: First, a carpet of delicately tinted gray, which shall remind me of the river beach, where, in the long, golden summers of my childhood, I spent so many happy hours; second, a rich, a royal brown, wave on wave, like the fragrant, rustling autumn leaves through which, in forest old and grand, I love to wander; and third, a carpet that only an artist could design, a groundwork of gray, over which a delicate tracery of green seems veritably growing, in wild luxuriance, with here and there a glimpse of gray between; so, gazing down upon it, I

yield to the sweet delusion, in its artistic loveliness beholding the old moss-covered rocks and stones, to me so dear.

MI TTENS AND SOCKS.

I often make mittens for my Sam; they are cheaper than to knit them. If you are at all ingenious you can lay down your hand and cut out a pattern. Make them of remnants of cloth, good thick pieces that are of no use for anything else. Line them with soft Canton flannel; cut and fit in the thumb, being careful to get it about the right size to be comfortable and not bungling. The wrists bothered me the most; if I cut the mitten large enough to go on easily, then it looked so awkward after it was on, but I contrived a plan to remedy that. I took a piece of elastic and sewed it on half way round the wrist of the mittens and that gave a snug fit. A woman can cut and make two pairs of cloth mittens in an evening, before bed time, and then have time to read awhile when warming her feet.

Wristlets knit of soft, coarse yarn bring a world of comfort with them on a cold, frosty morning. Many a man suffers more with cold wrists when he is foddering stock of a morning or evening, than he is really aware of. How the fine frosty particles of snow do bite! By all means, then, let the men and boys be provided with knit wristlets; any little girl knows how to knit them, and will be delighted to have an opportunity of putting in red and blue and green yarns to suit her own fancy. No lady with wonderful creative power ever rejoiced more over the beautiful oil painting that grew so charmingly natural under her skillful touch, than I used to over the shapeless little pokes that I delighted to knit in check and speck and diamond and herring-bone and all sorts of cabalistic signs and characters.

Some men are so hard on their socks. It is a good plan, before a new pair are put on, to darn back and forth, the toes and heels, with one thickness of good soft woolen yarn. But if socks are badly worn, instead of new healing I would take a piece of waterproof cloth, lay it smoothly on the inside and darn all over it. You will find that it will last long, and will be soft and pliable and settle down and fit the foot like knit work. This is a good plan where a woman has a large family to do for, and all her spare moments are occupied. — *Cor. Ohio Farmer.*

TO MAKE HAIR GUARDS.

BY LORETTA E. TURNER

The first thing is to construct the apparatus to work with. Procure a round board with a hole in the center. The board should be about ten inches in diameter, and perfectly smooth, so the hairs will not catch upon it. Fix this in an elevated position so that it will be easy working upon it. I have mine on a tall fruit can, and this placed on a small stand. It is necessary to have something like the can, with an opening at the top for the work to drop into when made.

Divide the board, with marks from a pencil, into sixteen equal parts. Begin with any one of these spaces and number it 1, then towards the right hand number the next 4, next 7, 2, 5, 8, 3, 6, 1, 4, 7, 2, 5, 8, 3, 6, which will give all the spaces a number.

Then prepare some delicate strands of the longest hair you desire to use, and tie a knot in each end. There should be sixteen of them. You must have seventeen weights of equal weight. I use small screws, which can be procured at any hardware store. Tie strings about seven or eight inches long through them, one for each, and fasten the end of the string to one end of a strand of hair, one for each. Take a large wooden needle, such as is sometimes used for knitting zephyr, and cover with cloth, put on closely; attach one of the weights to one end of this, and sew the ends of the strands of hair, which are opposite the ones tied to the strings, around this end of the needle. Put the end of the needle and the weight attached through the hole in the board, and arrange the strands of hair, so they will swing over the board, a strand being placed over each number, with the weights swinging clear. They are intended to keep the work in place, while it is being made.

When this is all arranged right, begin with the strands at number one and exchange places with them, lifting them clear of the others, so they shall not become entangled; then take those at number two and exchange, then at three, and so on up to eight, when you begin at one again and proceed in the same way till the hair is all used up. The strands must all be carried towards the right around the needle.

When done tie the ends fast to the needle, cut the strings loose which are attached to the weights, and immerse the work in water and boil twenty minutes. Take it out and dry thoroughly. Then carefully remove the fastenings, and as you slip it from the needle, insert three elastic cords, braided, or bound together with silk. Fasten the ends with a drop of wax, and it is ready to send to the jeweler. It depends upon the length of the hair how many of these links it will take for a chain.

THE GRECIAN KNOT.

Probably no characteristic of the female mind is better developed than the docility with which women accept the fashions of the day. Be they beautiful or hideous, becoming or unbecoming comfortable or torturing, they are the "fashion" and must be worn. Take for example the hair. This, "the crowning glory" of a woman, can be worn as she pleases, and what work many make of it! Now a coiffure called the "Grecian knot" is coming into favor. Of it a woman writer says:

"About one woman out of twenty-five has a head and features of the shape necessary to make this style becoming; given a broad, half-high, white forehead, rather straight nose, well-rounded face and throat, and the careless knot of hair low in the nape of the neck, with a pure white part in

the center of the head, from which the hair ripples naturally over the temples and ears, is beautiful, making the wearer a Greek goddess at once, or, what is better nowadays, a charming American woman. But take the remaining twenty-four women, who have all kinds of foreheads and features, and who are stately with their hair massed on the very top of their heads, or braided and banded smoothly neither high nor low, or bewitchingly coquettish and girlish with a chatelaine braid and a curl or two, finger puffs above the forehead and little rings falling over it; put the severe Greek knot low down on these heads, draw the hair over the pretty pink ears, narrow the temples and cheeks by almost obscuring them, and what is the result? The stately woman looks prim and belittled, the bright, coquettish one is ten years older, and in many cases startling defects of features or odd expressions never before noticed by those who knew them best, and to whom they were once pretty, are developed by the change."

—Graphic.

SOMETHING NEW.

MR. EDITOR:—I've been scanning your columns for months for recipes, information, general and particular, and amusement, and have found them well filled with what interests and pleases nearly all, but have never volunteered a line for the benefit of others. Now I know it is the duty of each of us housekeepers to help each other all we can, and so I am going to give you something new, at least it is new to me.

You have heard it said that imitation is the truest kind of flattery. Be that as it may, I saw a practical illustration of the adage on the street just a moment ago.

You all know how fashionable combination dresses have been for a long time. It may be they had their origin in a depleted purse, and as a matter of economy. How that is I cannot tell. But sure as my eyes can see, a man just passed my window with a pair of combination pants on, real, *bona fide*, combination pants. They were of common woolen goods, of two colors. The fronts were light, and the back dark. Now, thought I, here is a new idea, and why have we not seen something of it in THE HOUSEHOLD?

Such big families of boys, some of us have, and so troubled to keep them whole and tidy. And then, you know, these Young Americans don't like to have patches on their knees. Why, how easy it is. You know the backs of pants never wear out so soon as the fronts. Just put in new fronts and it is done, only just half as much cloth, and just in the latest style, too, and so practical. I shall look for the style to be generally adopted, and trust to hear from the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD how they like it.

IRENE.
Helena, Montana.

TO MAKE A FOOTSTOOL.

Most home-made footstools are foot stools and not rests. The latter should be soft and moderately high. I propose telling you homely ways of making each. An empty box of from six

to nine inches deep, with the sides and ends cut partly away, leaving the corners for legs and painted, answers well for a footstool. On the same, cushioned on the top and covered with a piece of dark or black broadcloth, and a flounce of the cloth set around the sides, looks well and is serviceable. Carpeting may be substituted for cloth, and is perhaps more durable, and may be tacked smoothly on all sides. The same style of box filled with hay, very full, and well covered top and sides, makes a soft and comfortable foot rest.

To make a hassock, cut two circular pieces of stout cloth, or bed ticking, or canvass is the best—make them about the size of the bottom of a six quart pan; then cut a strip about nine inches deep and long enough, so that when the ends are sewed together it will make sides for the hassock of which the round pieces are to be top and bottom. Stuff with hay or curled hair, and when done it will be something like the shape of a peck measure, only perhaps larger. Cover with carpeting or bright flannel, and you have the most comfortable sort of foot cushion known.

If covered with haircloth, or with green, brown, or crimson rep, the latter braided in some fanciful design, it is of course more ornamental. The material of which the foundation is made should be firm and stiff, and then stuffed very full, or it will be apt to crush down and get of proper shape.

BED AND BEDROOMS.

Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad for the reason that it keeps in the exhalations from the pores of the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever. It is better to sleep in a cool room and dress in one that is well warmed, than the opposite. If it is necessary to heat the bed-room let it be by means of an open grate fire rather than by a register or flue.

In view of the fact that most people pass one-third of the twenty-four hours in bed, the importance of having only the best bedding needs no argument. There is no wisdom, therefore, in buying cheap or second class articles for the sleeping room, but true prudence directs to get the very best bedding that your means will command; a first class hair mattress will outlast two of inferior quality. The same difference will also be found in respect to feathers, and with the latter as with hair, the best is always cheapest. Too many young housekeepers neglect to follow this rule, and pursue a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy, when they might just as well have adopted the opposite practice.

A GOOD STOCKING SUPPORTER.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD a lady contributor brought up the subject of children's dress and asked why children seemed to be continually hitching up their shoulders, etc. I would answer this query by remarking

that all stocking supporters for children or misses' wear that fasten at the side and run down and are attached to the stocking will cause a child to do this, and have a tendency to draw the child over to one side. By the use of the Nilsson Stocking Supporter this annoyance is avoided and the health and comfort of the wearer greatly aided.

The Nilsson Stocking Supporter is constructed upon physiological principles, having for its aim health and comfort. It supports the stockings from the shoulders and thus obviates the injurious effects caused by wearing the garter and waistband. Such is its simplicity that it is worn without any inconvenience, and never is discarded as an article of underwear when once worn.

ELLIS.

THE WORK TABLE.

I know of no better method than to dip cuffs, when dry, into cold starch and iron immediately. If any others think differently, I should be glad to profit by their experience.

E. R.

Can any one tell me if I can color a garnet empress cloth dress brown, and just how? Thanks for answers to previous questions.

JEANNIE.

Some one asks how to do double crochet. Put the needle into the chain of the foundation, and draw the thread through, you have now two stitches on the needle, draw the thread through both at once, and thus continue to work.

HANS DORCOM.

The hands can be made white by rubbing them while wet with dry Indian meal. Afterward wash them with honey or glycerine soap and tepid water.

L.

MR. CROWELL:—S. E. A. wishes to know how to color gray hair black. I will send her my recipe. One-eighth of an ounce of crystals nitrate of silver, one-fourth of an ounce aqua ammonia, and three ounces of pure water; apply to the hair with a tooth brush. Do not let any of this touch your face or hands, as it will turn them black. This will not injure your health. Have seen it used for two years.

MRS. C. H.

CLEANING SILK.—Pare three Irish potatoes, slice thin and wash them, then pour on them half a pint of boiling soft water, let it stand till cold; strain the water and add an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right side, and when half dry iron on the wrong side. The most delicate colored silk may be cleansed by this process, also cloth velvet or crape; the two last not to be ironed; crape to be laid between flannels and pressed with a warm iron slightly; velvet to be pressed over a hot iron over which is wrapped a wet cloth.

Liquid ammonia applied to grease or soiled spots on silk or woollens, extracts it immediately.

TO WASH THREAD LACE.—Roll it smoothly around a clean round bottle, previously covered with old white linen sewed tightly on. Tack each end of the lace with needle and thread to keep it smooth; then take some

nice sweet oil and with a clean sponge saturate it thoroughly. Have ready in a wash kettle, strong cold lather of castile soap suds. Fill the bottle with cold water and cork. Stand it upright in the suds with a string round the neck secured to the ears or handle of the kettle. Let it boil for an hour, drain off the suds and rinse. When dry remove the lace from the bottle, roll it around a wide ribbon block, or lay it in long folds within a sheet of smooth white paper and press it in a large book for a few days. E. T. B.

If L. will make a paste of wheat flour and cold water, and rub on the grease spots of her dress, she will find it much easier, and I think surer, way than chalk and benzine. These we do not always have at the time needed. Make the paste a little thicker than for soft cakes, or so that it will spread easy, and spread it on the wrong side if convenient, if not spread on the right side, as it will rub off when dry, or wash in cold water, as it will not injure the nicest fabric. Be sure and let it get dry by hanging in the sun, or by the stove. If once does not take it all out, try again, and I will warrant that it will remove the last vestige.

I would like to add a recipe for the benefit of some young housekeeper that is not used to coloring, as it is so easy and as good as it is easy, as I have proved very many times. It is for woolen goods, stockings in particular, or it would make a very pretty color for a stripe in a carpet. It will be light or dark; this depends on the quantity used or the amount of copperas put in to set the color. If you wish for a dark color take for a dozen pairs of stockings three or more quarts of sumac berries, put in an iron boiler in cold water, let them soak all night; in the morning let it boil, no matter if half a day or more, then strain and add to the dye a little copperas, not too much, as it is said that it will rot the goods if too much is used, but I have no trouble about it in this respect.

LORA LU.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will F. M. K., who in the September number gives directions for making a hair chain please give me directions for making the lace stitch which she uses for necklaces and bracelets. And also, will some member of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make the acorn stitch?

LIZZIE W.

Whitelys Point, Ill.

Will E. P. C. state whether the scarlet colored with cochineal will wash into the white, if the scarlet be knit with white.

AUNT LYDIA.

A SOUTHERNER. Yes, kerosene oil is injurious to sewing machines. I use oil prepared expressly for sewing machines by H. G. O. Cary, of Zanesville, Ohio. It can be obtained from any first class druggist.

Winterset, Iowa. DELLA M. C.

TURNING STOCKINGS.—When rinsed (before wringing) work your thumbs down to the toe, then bring the toe just above the top of the stocking, now it is all right side out except the toe, wring it, then take hold of the toe and top and draw them apart; by so doing you will find your stockings in a good condition to dry.



REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

BY MARY E. TUCKER.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,
Dirty face and bare red feet,
Pass not by the child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He is grown he'll not forget it;
For remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercy; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were to thoughtless
To remember boys made men.

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joy.
Call your boys home by its brightness;
They avoid a gloomy den,
And they seek for comfort elsewhere;
And remember, boys make men.

LITTLE BOY BLUE, AND PUSS
IN BOOTS.

BY JENNIE E. JAMESON.

I HAVE read a great many stories about little "blue boys," but have never lived in the same house with one until within a few weeks. Our "Little Boy Blue" is a sweet little dot, a year and a half old. He goes toddling about the house on his very small feet, looking volumes from his great, starry, blue eyes, and needing, at least, two pairs of grown-up eyes to see that he is not in mischief.

But the blue eyes did not make us call him "Little Boy Blue." I will tell you how he got the name. One day when Maggie, the washwoman, was spattering suds at a great rate, Master Lou persisted in trotting out to the washroom, where he would find the coal-hod, get his hands full of black, dusty coal, sit down in some wet place on the floor, and enjoy himself a great deal more than a king on his throne.

Perhaps I do not need to say that his mamma did not enjoy that little game as well as he did; so, after Maggie had gone out into the yard to hang the clothes on the lines, she tied him up in his high chair near a table, while she made bread at another table not far from him. She was thinking very busily, and did not notice him for awhile. When, at last, she turned to see what had kept him so still, Master Lou seemed to have disappeared, and Little Boy Blue came to take his place, for, with a marvelous stretch of his plump little arm, he had reached the bluing box, which Maggie had left on the table, and, being of a very generous turn of mind, he had distributed the bluing over his dress so thickly

that it sifted through, covering his nice white flannel skirt. Then it was all over his shoes, all over his clean white stockings, and all over his hands, and he looked like a very all-overish baby.

His mamma got to him in time to prevent him from painting his face, but he was just the bluest blue-boy you ever heard of, and that is the reason we call him Little Boy Blue. He and Puss in Boots have fine times together.

Puss in Boots is his four-years-old brother. I have given him that name because he delights in getting into his father's big rubber boots, in which he staggers about the floor, bumping his head on the carpet once in a while, just for a change. Then he will harness up a chair for a horse, have another for a carriage, and be a fishman, crying, "Mack-e-r-e-l! Mack-e-r-e-l!" or, "Haddock! haddock! fresh haddock! all alive, alive, alive, eyes open, tails floppin'! H-e-r-e-s where you get your fresh haddock."

Then he turns into a cabbage man, then he has pie-apples to sell for "dirty cents a peck." So he goes from one vocation to another, until we have our cellar (under the "pannanno" is the cellar he uses) full of cabbages, apples, turnips, potatoes, onions, bread, milk, etc.

Just now Puss in Boots is leaning on his father's knee, eating pop-corn, while Little Boy Blue is emptying his mamma's work-basket. It is Christmas evening, and you should see the Christmas presents Santa Claus left here last night! First, right at my elbow, is a nice large book called "Chatter-box." Then here is a cunning little white rabbit, apparently trying to stick his nose into my ink-bottle. He has pink ears, a blue ribbon around his neck, and a nut in his paws. Mary and her little lamb, done up in sugar, are on the mantel; but Little Boy Blue has bitten off a part of Mary's face.

Then there is a sugar cat and three sugar kittens, a white lamb, a sugar engine, with the smoke stack eaten off; a tiny garden sprinkler, and a street-car with white horses. If you will step into our cosy little home pretty soon you can see them all.

TASSY'S MISTAKE.

Frank is a farmer's son, twelve years old, and he owns a dog and cat. The dog's name is Halifax, and the cat's name is Tassy.

Halifax has two peculiarities: first, he becomes drowsy after a frolic, and drops down and takes a nap, no matter where he happens to be; second, while he lies asleep the tip of his shaggy tail keeps moving.

One day in haying-time, Frank and his dog had been romping together on the new-mown hay in the meadow, when one of Halifax's drowsy fits came on, and down he lay, and was soon fast asleep. Frank playfully covered him up with hay, and went off to the barn, leaving him completely concealed except that wiggling bit of tail. Now, Tassy is a great mouser, and improves her time daily, as a good cat should, hunting far and near for game. Hardly had Frank disappeared,

leaving Halifax asleep, when Tassy made it in the line of her business to visit the meadow where the hay lay. With careful eye and pricked-up ear, she moved softly across the mown field, little dreaming that her canine friend was at that moment near by, taking a nap under the hay. But Tassy had cat-experience enough to know that mice love just such hiding-places as hayfields afford, and, seeing the pile that covered the dog, she stole slyly that way. Nearer and nearer and still more softly she crept.

Then she stopped and stretched her neck to look and listen. Ah! what was that just under the edge of the heap? It moved and rustled about, and even showed the color of its fur among the loose timothy. Surely if her eyes ever saw a mouse, they saw one now.

Crouching down again, Tassy crawled several feet nearer; then gathering herself, and rapidly measuring the distance to make sure of her aim, she vaulted into the air and dropped, all claws and teeth, upon her prey.

Never did cat-expectation come to a more surprising catastrophe. Up rose the pile of hay as if a can of gunpowder had burst underneath, and a big, living mass bounded out, giving utterance to a deafening howl.

Poor Tassy did not wait to ascertain the origin of this ferocious yelp, but with every hair on her body bristling, she darted for the orchard as fast as her four feet could carry her. Her sole object in life just then was to get up a tree. But the cat did not have all the astonishment to herself. Halifax was as much "put out" as Tassy. To have something come and bite his tail just as he was in the savorious bliss of a beef bone dream, was more than he could stand. With his eyes yet hardly open, failing to recognize his feline playmate in the bundle of furry fright before him, he gave chase across the meadow, howling in his anger at every jump. Tassy reached the fence, and undertook to scale it; but making an unlucky step, she faced about with a loud sputter, and put her back up to fight.

For a second or two dog and cat stood staring at each other not three feet apart. Then a whimsical look of recognition came over both their faces that said as plainly as brute features can speak, "We are sold!" Halifax lopped his ears, narrowed his great mouth to a kind of silly grin, and tipped his head in a queer sidewise gaze at the cat. Tassy drew in her claws, and the stiff fur wilted upon her back and tail. Evidently both realized the ridiculous joke, and appreciated it. Exactly what communication passed between them there at the fence no one knows, but certainly good-nature was thoroughly restored; and as they sauntered away, one could fancy that they agreed not to tell anybody how they were fooled. And all the rest of the summer Halifax showed signs of funny recollections every time he met the cat. He would twist his head in a quizzical way and seem to say:

"Well, Tass, how about that mouse over there in the meadow?"—*Youth's Companion.*

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY M. L. SKILLING.

Mothers, give your children something to do instead of trying to hush them into quiet idleness. Their souls are astir, and their bodies must be, or harm will ensue. The attempt to keep a group of healthy, happy children quiet for any length of time, is as useless as to try to hold an engine still under a full pressure of steam. It must run or burst, and so the young life must bubble up and over.

Lambs on a green hill-side cannot be still with the spring sunshine about them; no more can children. The gladness within is overflowing. The active brain and restless hands must have employment. Give them work or play, and a variety of each, and never check the laugh or song of glee. Try it, weary mother, when the noise is distracting and you feel that endurance is no longer possible. Instead of going among the little romps with scolding lip and scowling brow, go with a few of the wonderful plans that should be always stored away in your motherly brain. See if there is not magic in the simple words kindly spoken, "Do this, Eddie; and that, Mary." You will be pleased to see how delighted they are, how eager for a change, and the happy quiet which follows will rest your over-taxed nerves as a forced and unnatural stillness could not.

In the way of indoor amusements, slates and pencils, and colored crayons, are among the best. For the very little ones a box of blocks, such as can be picked up at any carpenter's shop, will afford more pleasure and for a longer period than more costly toys. In the country red and white cobs, or smooth sticks split from a pine board, will take the place of blocks for building material.

All children, boys and girls alike, should be taught to sew. Let each one piece a plain patchwork quilt for him or herself. They will need very little help or teaching about this. Give them a scrap-bag, a square of pasteboard for a pattern, some blunt scissors, needles and thread, and you and they will be delighted with the result.

When the weather is pleasant out in the glowing sunshine is the place for children. There, within home-bounds, they should be gay and free as the birds and bees. Where there is room let them have a plat of ground for little gardens, and with their own hands cultivate a few flowers and vegetables. Do not be afraid of the dirt, it cannot touch their souls, but the sweet influences around them will, and they will be brighter, and purer, for every hour among the flowers and trees.

We who wear the crown of motherhood should never forget that our jewels are immortal, and if earth-stains dim their lustre, let it not be through fault of ours. One thought has joy enough if we could ever bear it with us through the cares and worries of life to cover weakness and hush impatience, the blessed thought that when the Master "maketh up his jewels" ours may be among the number re-set for that noble crown.

GRANDCHILDREN.

Gather together, you great and goodly company, who are interested in the grandchild in your own house, and let us help each to a better understanding of the meaning and richness of this relation. We will not begin with the creation or the deluge, nor undertake to give a history of grandfathers and grandchildren since the days of Enoch; nor will we go into the philosophy of the parental love, that is the key to the whole matter. We know that we love our children first of all, from a certain instinct, because they are ours; and we know that while with the lower animals this love ceases with the dependence of the young animal upon the parent for aliment, with the human being the love deepens as the relation of parent and child is ripened and strengthened by growing sympathy and mutual service.

Now this very affection that we have for our own children does not rest in them alone, as they grow in years and knowledge and rise into youth and maturity. We still yearn for a little child to love, and there is a void in the house where there is none. Good Providence has benignly met this need of our nature by ordaining that when our children grow up, their place shall be supplied, or rather truly filled, by children of theirs, and so the child is not set aside, but rather restored in the grandchild.

I do not exactly know how to analyze the kind of affection that is so ready to cling to a grandchild. We love that little fellow at once without waiting for moralist or theologian to define the feeling or urge the duty. He is blood of our blood, and bone of our bone, and in the form that most expresses dependence and wins protection. He is the child of our child, and we love him for our own sake, for his mother's or father's sake, as well as for his own sake. We see in him not only himself, but the whole world of affection with which he is related. In that boy or girl in our daughter's arms we see as in a mirror the face of our daughter when she was in her mother's arms; and that mother's face smiles again upon us with new grace, whether from the earthly home or from the heavenly mansion.

Then this child is nearer our heart from being an interpreter of the plan of God for our human life. He shows to us how it is that God is ever educating us for himself, and calling us to live in fresh and undying affection by ever setting, like Jesus, a little child in the midst of us. If we have only our own children to love, the time will come when they will grow up and be full of new interests and cares that may come between them and our hearts. When these children of ours have children their affections are softened, and their hearts are quickened toward us and ours toward them by this new attraction, that sends a child into the family not to be a rival of any, but the friend of all.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A PLAY-ROOM.

We want to beg of mothers to make some provision for their children's amusement, not in the way of costly

toys, but by giving them a place to play. It saves time and trouble, it saves your own and your children's temper. In many families a play-room could be given to the children with very little inconvenience.

We know of a family where a little six by ten sewing-room, opening from the dining-room, is vacated every winter when the cold drives the boys from the basement workshop. The carpet is taken up, two barrels with a board across them makes a work-bench, a dry goods box is a storing place for lumber, and an old bureau is tool chest and depository for finished and unfinished jobs. A board slid across the bottom of the door-way keeps the shavings from being dragged upon the dining-room carpet, and here on their own premises the boys work and play in perfect content. They whittle, they cut paper, they paste, they paint.

No tools must be left out of their place at night, and every Saturday the shop must be put in perfect order and all the rubbish deposited in the kindling box under the bench. We have no doubt the mother misses her sewing-room, but the gain compensates for the loss a hundred fold.

If you cannot do this, and many mothers cannot, still let them work and play. A deep box in the corner will hold a young mechanic and his work, and paper clippings are easily brushed up from a square of oil cloth which may be quickly spread down or gathered up. A big apron of old calico is quickly run together, and will keep the neatest little suit tidy, while the delightful artist paints to his heart's content. Let there be a corner somewhere to store the queer nondescript articles so dear to a child's heart, and teach the children to gather them up themselves.

If you can spare neither cupboard, closet, nor drawer, a box neatly covered with carpet or drugget will not injure the neatest sitting-room. But do not sacrifice all the comfort and happiness of your children by a too scrupulous neatness. Why should a home be neat save for the comfort and happiness of its inmates?—*Little Corporal.*

A DROLL WET NURSE.

The very newest thing from France is an artificial wet-nurse. Monsieur Nestle, of Vevey, has discovered, invented, or compounded an article of food for infants, which he calls *lacteal farina*. It is composed of perfectly pure milk evaporated in a vacuum at a low temperature, of bread which has been subjected to a high temperature, and of sugar. Mixed in a certain proportion these produce a food which is said to be identical in chemical ingredients with the infant's natural nourishment.

It is next proposed to add an automatic feeder, so that it will be only necessary to connect the babe to the tender embrace of the machine, fill the tank with *lacteal farina*, connect a hose with the valve opening outward, place the end within the reach of the babe, and leave the rest to instinct and suction. This, of course, would dispense with nursing, nursing bottles, spoon gruel, and all their attendant evils, at once, and consequent-

ly, a large increase in the crop of aristocratic infants is confidently predicted. With a small washing, dressing, and spanking apparatus attached, the nursery outfit would be complete.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet
Dimpled and white,
In your long night gown
Wrapped for the night,
Come let me count
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
Five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest!

A HINT TO PARENTS.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government, and to correct their faults. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love, not dread; respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Brattleboro. 2. Nature does nothing in vain. 3. Mill. 4. I'll. 5. Mix. 6. Id. 7. Civil. 8. Mimic.

9. M I D
10. I
11. D I M

12. Sweet is the love which nature brings;

Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,

We murder to dissect.

13. Bay Ridge, Kings. 14. Fox-glove. 15. Pil-grim. 16. Sham-rock.

17. Proverbs, 1st chapter, 17th verse.

18. Proverbs, 8th chapter, 5th verse.

19. Proverbs, 26th chapter, 21st verse.

20. Proverbs, 12th chapter, 7th verse,

first clause. 21. Proverbs, 10th chapter,

23d verse, last clause. 22. Proverbs,

25th chapter, 4th verse. 23. Proverbs,

25th chapter, 5th verse. 24. Proverbs,

10th chapter, 12th verse,

last clause. 25. Slate.

26. G I V E 27. R O C K

I R O N O V E N

V O I D C E D E

E N D S K N E E

28. Home, sweet home. 29. Hash-

monah. 30. Gederathaim. 31. Ent-

tappreh. 32. Dibzahab. 33. Corinth-

ians. 34. Adonibezek. 35. Sabac-

thani. 36. Timotheus.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of sixty letters.
My 10, 35, 26, 57, 44 is a bird to whom the kings of Babylon and Egypt were compared.

My 53, 48, 30 is a word used in the bible to signify riches.

My 33, 7, 57, 17 is a river once turned into blood.

My 4, 15, 4, 56, 51, 13 was killed by a nail driven through his temples.

My 10, 40, 55, 25, 36 was a master of music in Solomon's temple.

My 1, 19, 8, 44 was forbidden to the priests while officiating in the tabernacle.

My 26, 57, 10, 60, 17 is a bird of prey mentioned in scripture.

My 4, 24, 19, 39, 39, 50, 57, 22, 54, 12 is a word which a certain tribe could not pronounce, in consequence of which they were destroyed.

My 27, 34 was a mighty giant.

My 46, 3, 59, 43, 56, 11, 4 was a plague sent upon the Canaanites.

My 9, 35, 49, 42, 37 was a king whose life was saved by his wife's stratagem.

My 38, 59, 7, 5, 43 is a constellation mentioned by Job.

My 6, 32, 26, 4 is a fruit once used to cure a king's boil.

My 2, 17, 39, 59, 28, 20 one of the most ancient and renowned cities of the world.

My 41, 8, 29, 51, 22, 14 was an apostle.

My 22, 4, 23, 31, 10, 51 is a book in the bible in which the Lord's names does not occur.

My 21, 38, 30, 55, 13, 33 is a town twelve miles north of Samaria.

My 18, 52, 58, 9 is promised to the people of God.

My 22, 57, 42, 4, 31, 48 caused an axe to swim.

My 47, 25, 32, 45, 12, 16, u, 57 is what Christians should be.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon designed for old bachelors.

SQUARE WORDS.

2. An animal, a country, a haystack, to receive.

3. An abode, across, a medley, once.

ANAGRAM.

4. A nyti, drelsen, kesnil dather
Si rishdenfpi, dan we kame ti

Dnib trashe nad silve ot sharet dna viles;

Tub ne'e a traheb yam heska ti;
Nad tof ti skate tbu eno ewe rowd—

Btu noe eew dorw—ot rekab it.

MRS. C. H. G.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. A part of the body; a girl's name; the perfect stem of a Latin verb meaning to sin; beautiful; smooth. My initials make the name of a poet, my finals his most celebrated poem.

ROSCOE F.

DECAPITATIONS.

6. Behead a story, and leave capable.

7. Behead to omit, and leave disorder.

8. Behead an act, and leave to perform.

9. Behead fierce, and leave a measure.

10. Behead a tract of land, and leave part of the body.

11. Behead to discharge, and leave anger.

ROSCOE F.

CONTRACTIONS AND EXTENSIONS.

12. Name a common preposition of three letters; add a municipal division and form a word signifying progress; omit the first three letters and add two more, and you have a custodian; omit the synonym of strife and leave a place mentioned both in Bunyan and Daniel. To this, add an antiquated coin, and, lo! a country of northern Europe. Cut off three-sevenths, and behold! what ignorant men use as their signature; which, with the addition of two letters, gives what a city would starve without.



AFTER DINNER TALK.

BY BARRY GRAY.

THE DESSERT.

WITH after-dinner talk one naturally associates the dessert—that part of the dinner so dear to young women and children, when cakes, fruits, nuts and sweetmeats cover the table. We are indebted to the Italians for this portion of the feast, they having been the first to introduce it. From Italy it passed to France, and from thence to England. An experienced diner-out will never venture upon the dessert—he knows it to be the source of many an indigestion. It is a rock, says Careme, at the end of a dinner, a serious embarrassment for the liver, which it too often harrasses and obstructs. Lachapelle declares that all persons who make a point of eating dessert after a good dinner are fools, who spoil at once their wit and their stomachs.

Now, without denying the truth of the above assertions, we confess to a liking for dessert—something light and simple, however, one composed of “the four beggars,” a handful of almonds, chestnuts, raisins and figs, with a bit of old cheese, is all sufficient for our desires, nor do we believe that it seriously interferes with our digestion.

Dessert, in our opinion, bears a similar relation to the dinner that the little comedy does to the great play of the evening which it follows—the heavy dishes have been disposed of, our stomachs are filled, and we are ready to laugh and chat with those around us. Were it not for the dessert, we would rise from the table feeling a trifle surfeited, perhaps, and scarcely appreciating the dinner we had eaten. Linger over the dessert aids digestion perhaps, and gives us leisure to recall the savor and excellence of the dishes we have enjoyed. It is all very well to say that digestion would go on just as well in the drawing-room; or, for that matter, that we might sit about the table and chat and laugh, without filling the chinks and crevices in our stomachs with indigestible food. True; but it would be almost as dreary an affair as attending a funeral. Imagine yourself seated at a bare table, with not even a knife or fork or spoon to play with—nothing to do but to twirl your thumbs. No one could be jolly under such circumstances, and the important act of digestion would be retarded. There is a charm in being able to busy yourself at dessert with dissecting a fig, extracting the kernel from an obdurate nutshell, or peeling an orange for your fair neighbor. Then, too, with the dessert the good stories, the witty *repartees*, the songs and the *impromptu* little speeches come in.

Many kinds of fruits are proper for dessert, especially apples, peaches, pears, grapes, melons, plums, strawberries, apricots, etc., and when they

are introduced at the beginning of the dinner, just after the soup, there can be no objection raised against eating them; later during the meal, at the dessert proper, they are likely, being of a cooling nature, if partaken of largely to retard digestion. The old adage in regard to the eating of apples—and it is applicable to all of the above named fruits—is that they are gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night.

The dessert of olden times outvalued those of the present, and we learn that battles and sieges were represented in pastry and confections. Nichols describes a dessert where the destruction of Troy was depicted in “a marchpane pattern; there was also a goodly sight of hunters, with full cry of a kennel of hounds; Mercurie and Iris descending and ascending from and to an high place, the tempests wherein it hailed small confections, rained rosewater, and snow an artificial kind of snow, all strange, marvelous and abundant.” The marchpane was indispensable at dessert, and was made of pistachio-nut, almonds and sugar.

There is one practice which some gentlemen (?) indulge in during dessert, that is anything but refined, which is picking the teeth. Sheltered behind one hand or a napkin, they seem to think that their act is allowable, and do not understand that they may shock the finer sensibilities of those near them. One can scarcely conceive of a habit more ungentlemanly, offensive and indecorous. Any gentleman would be shocked to see a woman guilty of such an act, and would put her down as a vulgar creature. It seems though that they once, in merry England, were addicted to the habit, for we read in a work on behavior at the table, written by Mrs. Wolley over one hundred and eighty years ago, and addressed to her countrywomen, the following: “It is uncivil to rub your teeth in company, or to pick them at or after meals with your knife or otherwise, for it is a thing both indecent and distasteful.” Sam Slick, the clockmaker, refers to this habit—evidently regarding it as a national foible of Americans—when he makes Major Bradford say: “‘Now, I’ll give you, Slick, a new wrinkle on your horn. Folks aint thought nothin’ of unless they live at the Tremont; it’s all the go. Do you dine at Peep’s tavern every day, and then off, hot foot, to Tremont, and pick your teeth on the street steps there, and folks will think you dine there. I do it often, and it saves two dollars a day.’ Then he put his finger on his nose, and says he, ‘Mum is the word.’”

Toothpicks were not introduced into England before the middle of the sixteenth century. They probably originated in Italy, and were suggested by the *stecco*, and likewise formed the crude idea from which the two-pronged fork was invented.

According to Nares, toothpicks were worn at one time as ornaments in the hat. Landys observes, “If toothpicks of the lentisc being wanting, of a quill then make a toothpick.” Lentisc, lentisk, or lentiscus, as it is variously spelled, is an evergreen which grows on the shores of the Mediterranean, from which mastic varnish is made.

The resin of this tree is said to be preservative of the teeth, which may account for the reason why toothpicks were formerly made from the wood.

Large quantities of toothpicks are now manufactured, both from quills and wood, and there is scarcely a restaurant or hotel where toothpicks are not placed on the table at the close of every meal, or are to be found conveniently at the counters or desks of the clerks. Farmers pluck straws from the sheaves and use them for toothpicks, and we have seen in country taverns the two-pronged fork used very skillfully. Toothpicks are also manufactured of silver and gold, and made to slide in and out of their cases, like pointed pencils and pens. But of whatever material these little instruments are made, the practice of picking one’s teeth with them is equally reprehensible and vulgar. Their use should not be tolerated in good society. Besides they are exceedingly injurious to the teeth, creating apertures between them, destroying the delicate enamel which protects, and thereby inducing premature decay. — *Home Journal*.

TALKING AT TABLE.

This is one of the very best digesters; there is no tonic known equal to it, as it is of the kind calculated to promote hilarity and good feeling generally. Most parents are prone to prohibit their children from laughing and talking at the table; it is unphysiological; it is a cruelty.

Joyousness promotes the circulation of the blood, enlivens it, invigorates it, sends it tingling to the remotest part of the system, carrying with it animation, vigor and life. The louder the little ones laugh the better; the faster they talk the better, for then they eat less in a given time, consequently chew their food more thoroughly.

Discard controversy from the dining table. Discourage all subjects which invite political or religious rancor. Let every topic introduced be calculated to instruct, to interest or amuse. Do not let the mind run on business or previous mishaps, or past disappointments. Never tell bad news at the table, nor for an hour before. Let everything you have to communicate be, if possible, of a glad, joyous, hilarious character, calculated to bring out pleasant remarks or agreeable associations. On the other hand never administer reproof at the social board to either servant or child; find fault at nothing; speak unkindly to no one.

If remarks are made of the absent, let them contain some word of commendation which if repeated in their hearing afterwards, will kindle kindly feelings, and thus will thoughts of the table come across the memory in after years, when we have been scattered and some laid in their final resting-place, bring with them a sweetness of emotion which makes it a pleasure to dwell upon them. — *Journal of Health*.

HOW TO ENJOY A GOOD DINNER.

To begin with, take your meals regularly; do not dine at two p. m. to-

day, and seven p. m. to-morrow, and four p. m. the day after; but fix some stated hour. Dining late is, as a rule, preferable to mid-day dinners, for dinner ought to be the principal meal of the day, and to be enjoyed as well as digested, admits of neither hurry nor interference. The work of the day should be over; and a long rest, followed by light occupation before bedtime, will be singularly conducive to health as well as happiness.

What profit or pleasure can you get out of a dinner when you know an army of clerks awaits your supervision, or that some very tall and remarkably stout ledgers have to be balanced as soon as the cloth is removed? You wait with impatience for the courses to be served, for the food to be swallowed; but as for the digestion of the same, that is quite beyond your jurisdiction; your business is to clear so many dishes in a given time; your work is cut out before you, and you are not the man to shirk it. But you must consider that you have a stomach to superintend as well as clerks, and that if you do not give the bowels a passing thought, the balance will be dead against you in the ledger of health.

Do not forget the good old adage, “After dinner rest awhile.” Let your meals be considered as important an item in the business of the day as watching the firmness of the foreign markets, the looseness of gray shirtings, or the fluctuating fortunes of the Mexican republic. If you are to ignore the art of dining, you may as well repudiate at once the art of living and working, for rest assured that, unless you dine with judgment, you will not be able to calculate with foresight; and, just for the lack of a little gastronomical knowledge, you may be a bankrupt.

THE DESSERT.

—An Iowa paper compliments a lecturer who had large pedal appendages by saying he left a great impression on the town.

—That farmer understood human nature who said: “If you want your boy to stay at home, don’t bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank.”

—Young - Man - Afraid-of-His-Horse says, he never made any man’s heart feel bad, but he was silent as to the place where a white man’s hair is supposed to grow.

—Presence of mind is a great thing. A Floyd avenue man, whose wife was attacked by a cross dog, promptly crawled under the steps of a cooper’s shop, and did not get hurt at all.

—Crowd at the depot waiting for late train; affable young man accosts gruff old gent: “Sir, I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before. Your face looks familiar.” Old gent—“Does, eh? So’ll yours ’fore you’re as old as I am.”

—“Maria,” observed Mr. Holcomb, as he was putting on his clothes “there ain’t no patch on them breeches yet.” “I can’t fix it no-way; I’m too busy.” “Well, give me the patch, then, and I’ll carry it around with me. I don’t want people to think I can’t afford the cloth.”



INCONTINENCE OF URINE.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

AT THE earnest solicitation of a very intelligent lady subscriber of Ohio, I shall offer a few hints on a subject of special importance to the little ones, the victims of a local weakness. There is a large class of these little sufferers, more particularly during the season of cold weather and long nights. In such weather there is but little perspiration, relatively, and yet the accumulated liquids must find an escape in some way; often in a manner to cause suffering for the little ones and inconvenience to those in charge of them. Now let mothers bear in mind that this inability to "retain the water" results from local weakness, sometimes combined with a general debility. Although the children experience but little pain, beyond a dull pain in the back at times, with slight shooting pains in the small of the back, the involuntary discharges, are the result of derangements, of disease beyond their control, and for which they should not be blamed.

When there is considerable weakness in the back, with deep seated pain (slight), with some heat in the "small of the back," indicating a degree of inflammation of the kidneys, it is well (better than the plaster) to wet three or four thicknesses of cloth, sprinkle on a thin coat of cayenne pepper, applying it round the body, as low in the back as it can be worn, covering warm with dry flannels, worn at night, and when removed in the morning, wash and rub and then replace it with a dry flannel for the day. This pepper is less scalding and burning than mustard, while it is effectual, and more comfortable. When there is much heat of the parts, with special weakness, it is well to take what our hydropathic neighbors call a hip-bath, sitting for from ten to twenty minutes in a small tub of salt and water, at a temperature about comfortable, adding a little cooler as it can be borne. A daily wash of the whole body in salt and water, rubbing with the wet hand and wiping dry with a crash towel, followed by thorough friction with a dry flannel, or a flesh-brush will be found of service. The flesh-brush may be used in the morning, and the wash at night, with great advantage.

Excessive drinking, particularly of hot drinks, should be avoided, the last meal being as light and as dry as possible. Indeed, a plain, unstimulating food is best, fish taking the place of beef, with an avoidance of such excitants as pepper, mustard, etc., internally used. Bread, fruits, and the vegetables, with milk, should constitute the basis of food for the young, of course avoiding the free use of the watery articles at night, and when used, drink as little as possible, simply satisfying a reasonable thirst. It is well, also, to awaken the little one, when the parents retire, for relief.

If the feet are habitually cold, it is

well to soak them in hot water at bed time till thoroughly warm and then dash cold water over them, rubbing them till quite warm. This will soon cause the warm blood from the heart to reach the extremities, and of course warming them.

It may be remarked that the best nourishment for the body is obtained by taking plain and simple food, with but a small amount of the pastry, if any, and that of the simpler kinds, all taken at regular periods. One way to starve children, so far as real nutrition and strength are concerned, is to let them eat all of the time. It may be needful for the younger ones to have a simple lunch in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, but when very nice food is then demanded, and the plainer rejected, there is good evidence that the appetite is not very good, and may improve by waiting till the meal time.

As a means of invigoration, let the little ones be well clad, the extremities as well as the body, (thin serge boots for girls are not as warm as the thick boots of the brother, or the beavers of the older sister,) exercise freely in the open air, though not continuing this as long as it may be pleasant, but stopping short of absolute exhaustion. The pure air and sunlight are among the means of promoting health and strength.

I have omitted all reference to medicines, simply because I would not use them at random, without any knowledge of the child's constitution and of the peculiarities of the case, since no medicines are safer than the use of them ignorantly.

HOW TO SLEEP WELL.

If "blessed is the man who invented sleep," then blessed is the man who helps the wakeful to find it, especially if his way is simple. This is a very simple way to throw the watch off his guard. I have tried it also with success. The heavy sleeper will call it a whim, but I have found wakefulness full of such whims. Mesmerism teaches sensitives at least to lie with their heads to the north. That is simply whimsical to those who do not understand or believe in Reichenbach's philosophy. But I am persuaded by experience, without any hypothesis, that it is the way for me. It is the soothing way—it agrees, as I conceive, with the grain of the nerves, or the nap of the sensibilities. Indeed, I would have every bed-room arranged with reference to this rule, believing it would tell on the temper of the family.

But if you have a wakeful habit your enemy will find you out in any bed of routine, and for a wakeful habit you will sometimes find a magical effect in change—even whimsical change. Change your room, or move your bed, or turn head to foot. If you are lying on a high pillow fling it away and let your head down flat. If lying with your head low, raise it. If you have been trying to sleep without a light, strike one; if otherwise, put it out. Finally, quit the bed and take to the chair. The bed may treat you better after a little quarrel.

Wakefulness may be easily traced to physical causes in many instances, but often it is of the nature of a spell;

and when we say a "wakeful spell," the phrase is capable of a double sense. For one thing, I have convinced myself that sleep does not depend on quiet. I am not always trying to find a still place. I am sure the wakeful can get above petty disturbances. For another thing, I do not worry as I used to in view of not sleeping, or because I have not had my seven or eight hours like other folks. I find that half that time refreshes me if I am thankful for it. It is the discontent which comes with sleeplessness that makes us sick more than the loss of sleep. Then I find this "don't care" feeling a great provocative of sleep. You save your life by losing it in such a case. Sleep is wonderfully susceptible to coquetry. Tell it you can get along very well without it, and it isn't half so willing to part company with you as it seemed. —Ex.

FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is a weak stomach made weak by overwork, and, like a man made weak by overwork, it needs rest, needs repose; but, as we cannot live without eating, the necessity must be met by giving the stomach as little work to do as possible and that work should be easy, just as we ourselves, in the weakness of recovery from disease, invite our strength back by doing but little work and that which can be easily done.

The cure of most cases of dyspepsia becomes extremely simple and very certain, if these few first principles are judiciously applied in any given case, to wit: give the stomach but little to do; let that little be of a kind which is easily done, and let both be so arranged that the stomach may do its work easily and speedily and have abundant time for rest. The work of the stomach is called "digestion," and means the process of preparing the food for yielding its nutrient portions to the system, to give it warmth, growth and strength.

As a general thing, dyspeptics should not drink anything at meals, because there is a liquid in the stomach which dissolves the food—in a sense, melts it. If cold water is drunk, it cools this stomach-liquid, and it loses its power of melting the food, so to speak; as the cooler the water is, the less is it able to melt the ice in it. Of course, every physiologist knows that this comparison is not critically true; but conveys the essential practical idea to the minds of the masses.

TREATMENT OF CORNS.

Hard corns are caused by too much pressure of the shoe, or by its being so loose as to slide back and forth on the spot where the corn afterwards shows itself. Medical books record several cases where paring a hard corn has caused bleeding which no known means could arrest, and death ensued. Nothing harder than the finger-nail ought ever to be allowed to touch a corn, which can be always cured or kept from causing inconvenience by simply bathing the part in warm water for half an hour for several days in succession; often a sin-

gle bathing will accomplish the object of softening the parts adjacent to the actual corn that it can be picked out with the finger-nail, and the shoe can be instantly worn without discomfort, which an hour before gave pain; it may return in a week, or a month, or a year, but the same treatment will always avail. Paring them causes them to spread and take deeper root.

Soft corns are very troublesome, but are sometimes removed by patiently bathing or soaking them in strong alum-water night and morning. It is so much better to know a safe and inexpensive way of doing things that it is really worth while to teach these methods to every child in the household.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

COFFEE AS A DISINFECTANT.

Roasted coffee is one of the most powerful means not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. In proof of this, the statement is made that a room in which meat in an advanced state of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell by an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing one pound of newly-roasted coffee; and in another room the effluvia occasioned by the cleaning out of a cess-pool, so that sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia could be clearly detected, was entirely removed on the employment of three ounces of freshly-burned coffee. Refrigerators sometimes get musty from flesh, fish, or fowl, kept too long in them. No remedy for purifying such receptacles so simple as burned coffee can be employed.

SCALD HEAD.

I would like to send a remedy for scald head for the lady who lately requested one. If there are crusts they must be softened and taken off, which can be done by covering the head with a flaxseed poultice. After the crusts are all taken off, then anoint the head with a mixture of tar water and fresh lard, simmered together. Scald head can be cured in a few days, for I have seen it done. If the hair is long it must be cut, and the ointment put on twice a day. Mrs. J.

—Proud flesh may be cured by simply wrapping the affected part in dry wheat flour, changing it as often as is necessary.

—Dryness of the eyes may be materially relieved by washing them with distilled rose-water, with borax water, or with an infusion of slippery elm.

—The Science of Health says that few persons can, after retiring, breathe deeply and slowly and count one hundred, three numbers to the breath, without going to sleep.

—A French professor has discovered that the poison of rattlesnakes, mad-dogs, etc., can be used with good effect in the treatment of heart disease and other maladies hitherto considered incurable. He says, however, great care must be used in experimenting with poisonous reptiles. We should rather think so.



A LETTER FROM HOME.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Oh, give me a letter from home!
'Tis the place that is dearest to me,
For my mother is there,
And her dear loving care
Goes with me, where'er I may be,
Oh, home! dear home!
Give me a letter from home.

Yes, there are the friends who will last,
The hearts that will ever be true,
In adversity's blast
When troubles come fast
Then old friends are better than new.
Old friends, tried friends,
Ah! old friends are better than new.

Oh, give me a letter from home,
With its words full of comfort and cheer,
For it carries me back
In fond memory's track
To those faces and voices so dear.
At home! dear home!
Yes, it carries me back to my home.

WELL-BALANCED MIND.

AND the teacher of our children should have a well-balanced and highly cultivated mind.

The man or woman of "one idea," the mere visionary of eccentric habits, should never be tolerated in the school-room. Such a person has distorted views of life, and false principles of action; and is an unsafe exemplar and guide of youth. The educator, above all men, should have a sound mind, a clear judgment, and a comprehensive knowledge of men and things. All his mental faculties should be fully developed, and in harmonious action; and this implies not only soundness, but culture. And that culture should be liberal; by which I mean, the mind should be disciplined by hard study, and stored by extensive information gathered from the broad field of science, history, and literature. It is not enough that our teachers understand merely the branches to be taught in our schools; they should be intellectual men and women, who have the power of systematic thought; the power to analyze, classify, and reason; and the power to employ their varied culture and attainments in the business and duties of practical life. Such teachers only are well furnished for their work; and such only should be regarded as suitable candidates for the high office which they are called to fill.

I have urged the desirableness of extensive culture for all our teachers. I must now insist upon the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the primary branches. This implies, first of all, a knowledge of the principles which underlie the science of arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, etc. These principles, with the reasons and application to the science, must be learned and made familiar, or the teacher has no ability to instruct successfully. It is important, therefore, to inquire how thoroughly the candidate (for whatever grade of school) has been trained in these principles and facts.

But this is not enough. Our teach-

ers must be professionally trained. We have given them a position of great dignity; have intrusted them with a work of vast importance; and we require of them duties of fearful import. "To teach," says Dr. Channing, "whether by word or action, is the greatest function on earth;" and can it be that they need no special preparation for their work?

We require of our physician, our lawyer, and our clergyman, that he should be professionally educated. It is not enough that he has been thoroughly drilled in academic halls; not enough that he has been liberally educated. We do not intrust to him the life of our child, unless he has studied medicine; nor an important suit in chancery, unless he has studied law; nor do we regard him qualified to preach the gospel, unless he has studied theology.

Yea, more. We require a professional training for the common mechanic, the farmer, the sailor, and indeed for every art, trade, and occupation. We do not allow a man to build a house, to cultivate a farm, to navigate a ship, to shoe a horse, to repair a watch, nor even to shave the hair from the chin, who has not served an apprenticeship in order to learn the special art we expect him to practice.

Now, "teaching is an art, and the teacher an artist," an art of the greatest difficulty and highest importance. And shall we continue to intrust the business of educating our children to those who have had no opportunity for normal instruction? to the mere novice, simply because she knows a little of arithmetic, geography, and grammar? Nothing can be more inconsistent and unwise than to assign a work so important to those who have no skill, and who have been untaught in the profession. EXPERIENCE.

ABOUT INK.

Ink, says professor Darby, in the American Grocer, stands pre-eminent among useful articles. It is practically the agent of civilization and human progress. By it the records of human history are transmitted. The thoughts of one age are handed down to succeeding ages, and the triumphs of mind in revealing the laws of the physical, intellectual, and moral world are made the possession of coming periods. The poet and the philosopher transmit to posterity their inspirations and their reasonings. There was a time in the world's history when writing was unknown, and those periods, as to their thoughts and doings of those living in them, are to succeeding ages as though they had not been.

Records on stone by the chisel, or the inscriptions on barks by the stylus, are too limited in their application to be of much interest to successors. That writing by inks was of very ancient date there is no doubt, although the precise time cannot be probably determined. Dioscorides gives the composition of ink used in his time, it being three parts of lampblack and one of gum. Cicero and Pliny mention that ink was made from the dark-colored liquid found in the cuttle fish (*Sepia Officinalis*) which when dried, forms the *septa* of painters.

The ink used by the ancients seems to have been much more durable than that used in modern times. It is said that manuscripts of the ancients are in a much better state of preservation than those immediately preceding the invention of printing. The reason of this is undoubtedly, due to the fact that the basis of their inks was carbon, whereas modern inks are usually a chemical compound, containing a complex vegetable substance. We may define ink to be a fluid employed in writing with a pen. A perfect ink would be one that flows freely from the pen, is of a deep color, and will not change by age, and cannot be removed. Many efforts have been made to fulfil these conditions, but complete success has not yet been obtained.

THE REVIEWER.

ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. We have received parts 29 to 32 of the revised edition of Zell's Popular Encyclopedia. This work is among the most useful of its kind. In comprehensiveness and general accuracy it has been generally esteemed as quite the equal of larger and more distinguished cyclopedias, while the brevity of its method, its consequent compactness, and its low price, have made it a favorite with the people. For this new edition the entire work is being carefully revised to date, much new matter has been added, and eighteen colored maps inserted. These maps are admirable. We know of none better. They will materially enhance the value of the work. We advise those in want of a snug and low-priced encyclopedia to give this an examination. As an evidence of the high estimation in which this work is held by competent judges, we may mention the fact that the Centennial Department of Science and Education gave the publishers the award of diploma and medal. A specimen part of 40 pages, containing a map, is mailed to any address on receipt of twenty cents. The general agent for this encyclopedia in New England is Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn.

HOLIDAY MUSIC. Messrs. Ditson & Co., as usual at holiday times, present to buyers a large variety of choice music in bound collections, which make exceedingly attractive and useful gifts. For the present season they have just issued two new collections, entitled "Gems of the Dance" and "World of Song," the former is intended as a companion to the "Gems of Strauss," which has been, so far, the most successful book of the kind ever issued. Contains the newer pieces by Strauss, and other very popular ones by Gung'l, Faust, Zikoff, Lamothe and others. Has 232 pages, full sheet music size. The latter is a new book of popular songs, ballads and duets, and contains nearly 100 of such, by some 60 different authors. These two collections we commend for variety and elegance, and predict for them unbounded success. They sell for \$2.50 plain, and the same with fine gilt bindings are \$4.00.

Another choice collection of the Messrs. Ditson & Co., is their "Gems of English Song" published uniform with the above. It is truly a gem and is invaluable to the lovers of song. To the patrons of classic music they offer Beethoven's and Mozart's Sonatas, Mendelssohn's Songs without words, Bach's Fugues and Preludes, Thalberg's L'Art du Chant, Chopin's Mazurkas and Waltzes, Schumann's Album, etc.—the very mention of which reveals a world of pleasure and profit to the musician and amateur. To music lovers they offer their very attractive list of "Musical Literature" which includes the charming little volume of Polko's "Musical Sketches," Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," Liszt's delightful "Life of Chopin," Mendelssohn's "Letters from Italy and Switzerland," Ritter's "History of Music," Ehler's "Letters on Music," Rau's "Mozart," a romantic biography and a very useful little work just issued entitled "Biographical Sketches of Eminent Musical Composers" which is charmingly written (L. B. Urbino) and will be found very handy and reliable as well. We have mentioned but a few of the valuable works of Messrs. Ditson & Co's publication (we understand they have over 1500 in all) but these will satisfy all who have "musical friends,"

that a visit to 451 Washington Street, will be pleasant and profitable.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January offers an example of the realization of almost ideal possibilities. It is evidently intended by its publishers not as a special or holiday number, but simply as the fulfillment of their promise to produce the best magazine in the world—a promise which they purpose to make good for every month in the year. The immense circulation of this periodical enables its publishers to place it beyond the reach of rivalry, and each number indicates a new step in advance of its predecessors. This number opens with a valuable paper on "Contemporary Art in England," by S. G. W. Benjamin, an accomplished author and artist, whose art criticisms have received hearty commendation from judges of eminent authority. His paper is illustrated with twenty-three engravings—portraits of the representative English artists, and reproductions of their pictures. C. Wyllys Elliott contributes a very interesting paper, entitled "The Good Old Times at Plymouth," which treats mainly of the household life of the Pilgrims, with illustrations of interiors and furniture. The paper entitled "Recollections of Thackeray" gives some new and interesting glimpses of an author people never tire of reading about, and is illustrated with a sketch improvised for the writer by Thackeray himself. "A Woman-Hater" has reached its seventh part, and becomes more interesting every month. The new serial story, "Erema; or, My Father's Sin," by R. D. Blackmore, promises to equal that author's earlier work, "Lorna Doone," in its thrilling situations and the quaint humor of its characterization. The Editor's Easy Chair is especially entertaining this month; and the other editorial departments furnish admirable resumes of scientific progress, literary criticism, current events, and humorous anecdote.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, the first number of the new year, has contributions from two of our greatest poets. Longfellow and Lowell, whose lines, "The Herons of Elmwood" and "Birthday Verses," carry the quality for which these writers are most admired. In this number, also, is given the first of a series of new songs by popular poets, arranged for the piano. The initial one is an exquisite "Matin Song" by Bayard Taylor, and the accompanying music is by Mr. J. K. Paine, composer of the Centennial Hymn. Another novelty is introduced, in the shape of a collection of spicy, humorous, and suggestive paragraphs on various topics, ranged under the head of "The Contributors' Club." The deliberations of this "club," the members of which are to remain anonymous, will be continued indefinitely in future numbers, and the first installment gives hope that it will prove an attractive addition. The design is entirely new, and offers real current opinion in a fresher form than any magazine has hitherto been able to do. The bulk of the magazine provides in addition to these new matters, a fund of various entertainment and interest. Few numbers of THE ATLANTIC have been more striking than this one, and these fresh features noted above promise well for the future.

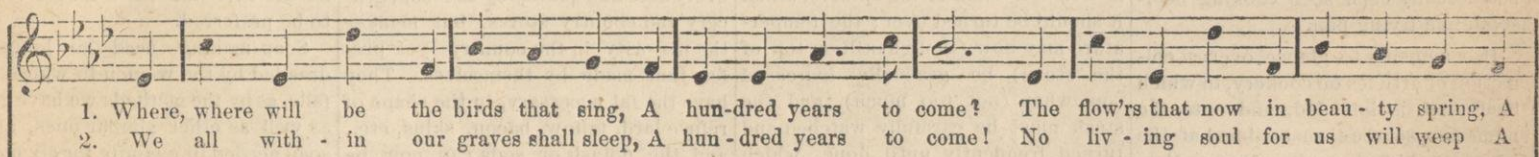
LIPPINCOTT'S begins its nineteenth volume with the January number. It opens with a graphic and readable article by Edward King, entitled "Pictures from Spain." Edward C. Bruce follows with "Our Floor of Fire," descriptive of the phenomena of volcanic eruptions. Magazine articles of greater interest are rare. They are fully illustrated and will be concluded next month. "Phidias and his Predecessors" is descriptive of Greek Sculptures. "The Young Man who went West" treats of Californian characteristics. Many will regret the conclusion of Lady Barker's "Letters from South Africa," and the serial story, "Love in Idleness," "The Marquis of Lossie" is progressing. There are several other shorter articles, some good poetry, and the "Monthly Gossip" is attractive as ever.

THE SANITARIAN opens the new year with a number replete with valuable articles concerning the preservation of health and mental and physical culture. It takes the lead in its special field. Published at \$3.00 a year by A. N. Bell, M. D., New York.

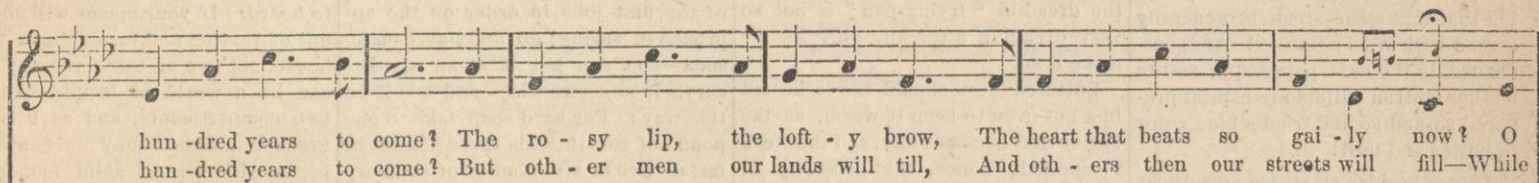
SPURGEON'S SERMONS can be had for five cents apiece by subscribing for THE WATCHMAN, and seven pages of first-class reading matter besides! If you want a first-class weekly in your family send your name and money to "THE WATCHMAN," Boston, Mass.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

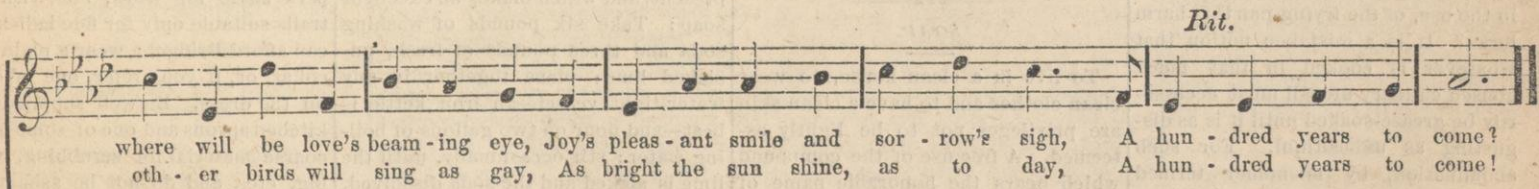
Music by E. CLARK.



1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hun-dred years to come? The flow'rs that now in beau - ty spring, A
 2. We all with - in our graves shall sleep, A hun-dred years to come! No liv - ing soul for us will weep A



hun - dred years to come? The ro - sy lip, the loft - y brow, The heart that beats so gai - ly now? O
 hun - dred years to come? But oth - er men our lands will till, And oth - ers then our streets will fill—While



where will be love's beam - ing eye, Joy's pleas - ant smile and sor - row's sigh, A hun - dred years to come?
 oth - er birds will sing as gay, As bright the sun shine, as to day, A hun - dred years to come!





THAT DREADEFUL FRYING-PAN.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

LET us have that dreadful frying-pan, and its relations to beef-steak, duly considered.

What is better or more healthful than good beef-steak? And by "good" we mean wisely chosen, properly cooked, properly served, tender steak.

The frying-pan seems to have fallen into great disrepute, inasmuch that a family has even been set down in print as exceedingly vulgar, because they had actually been seen cooking beef-steak in a frying-pan.

It is amusing to glance over a collection of articles on cookery, in which beef-steak is included, and note the numerous severe thrusts aimed at the innocent old frying-pan. For, as Mrs. Gamp says, "I will say, and would if I was led a Martha to the stakes [steaks] for it," that it is in itself most innocent. One terms it a "household god" and suggests its banishment to some "high and inaccessible shelf," and another dubs it "everlasting." While both win our respect for their honest opinions by maintaining a consistency not shown by others, who begin by telling us that the frying-pan is an abomination, and that beef-steak should always be cooked on a gridiron, and then ("O Consistency! thou art a jewel") end by saying that that same steak is generally served with fried potatoes! And, perchance, in the next paragraph, assure us that mutton cutlets are capital prepared so-and-so and fried a nice color in butter and lard!

Things besides steak are sometimes considerably overdone, and it appears to us that this frying-pan question is one of them. I sometimes feel like "taking up the gauntlet" in defense of the whole class, if only out of respect for the one in my possession, since it once belonged to my grandmother, and bore an important part in the preparation of food during those days, which some are pleased to term "the good old grandmother days."

Advocates of gridirons, haters of frying-pans! did it never occur to you that it might be in the abuse, and not in the use, of the frying-pan that harm lurks? It is a mistaken notion that whatever is cooked in that much abused culinary utensil must necessarily be grease-soaked until it is as disgusting as unhealthful. For such abomination, by misnomer termed steak, blame the cook, not the frying-pan.

For several years past, our beef-steak has nearly always been cooked in a frying-pan, or a flat-bottomed spider (which amounts to the same thing), but is never fried. And if any one can serve a beef-steak superior to my mother's, why, then I should like to help eat it.

But as to the method of cooking, also the thickness to which beef-steak should be cut, etc., different persons

have different ideas and tastes. The following are ours:

Inferior steaks should be cut full three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and given a thorough pounding with a rolling-pin; for, although such pounding may not make tough steak more easy of digestion, it certainly does render mastication less difficult. But best steaks (and in reality no inferior pieces should be cooked as steak), are tender, and need no pounding; these we cut a good half-inch in thickness.

To cook it, put the steak in a spider, which should either be cool or merely warm, but do not add a particle of grease or salt, nor seasoning of any kind; cover it closely and set it where it will heat slowly, not over the open, blazing fire, but on top of the stove. In a few minutes, if the fire be right, the juices will start from the meat (so it will not stick to the spider), when it should be turned over; the temperature may now (though still on top of the stove) be gradually increased somewhat (not too much), and the steak must be carefully watched and turned frequently until done, which may be ascertained by cutting it, whereupon it will be found to be neither raw nor overdone, not seared on the outside nor dry and "chippy" within, but cooked evenly throughout, tender, and deliciously juicy. Then place the steak on the hot dish on which it is to be served, putting salt, pepper and good sweet butter between each layer and add whatever juices may remain in the spider. When properly seasoned, cover the dish and serve immediately.

And, if you help eat it, I am sure you will agree with me that, like life, the dreadful "frying-pan" is not so very dreadful, after all, only as we make it so.

Buttered steak should never be set in a hot oven to keep it warm, as the butter thus becomes oily, and the steak is spoiled; hence, the necessity of spreading while the steak is warm enough to melt the butter, and serving it quickly.

The woman who, in cooking, spoils a faultless steak, and the healthy man, be he city or country gentleman, who is too fastidious to relish a breakfast of good tea or coffee, good wholesome bread and butter, a dish of ripe fruit or well prepared sauce, dry, mealy potatoes, and such a steak as has been thus served, ought to be obliged to breakfast off bread and water for a month.

SOAP.

To live in a clean house, to wear clean clothes and to have a clean skin are privileges not to be lightly esteemed. A free use of the compound which bears the honorable name of soap aids very materially in attaining these. All of us who labor on the farm, in the shop, factory, kitchen or elsewhere know that the material among which we work very often gets out of place, becomes dirt, sticks where it should not, and, though water alone be applied ever so freely, the "spot will not out," and our only chance of presenting an immaculate appearance after our work is done is by the application of soap.

The quantity of soap used by the

people of a country, it has been said, is a measure of their civilization. A proper use, of course, is meant; and there is truth in this. Habitual personal cleanliness is as sure a sign as can be named by which to recognize the man or woman living under the influence of civilization.

Chemically, soap is the union of fat or oil with an alkaline base, either potash or soda. The alkali, on which its cleansing action depends, used alone, would tend to destroy the substance to be cleansed; this is why washing powders are injurious to the texture of the clothing on which they are used, and the use of the fat or oil in making soap is to neutralize this tendency and to act as a lubricant.

There are many extensive soap factories in the country, and those housekeepers who wish can be supplied with every kind and quality by the soap, grocery and country stores; but many—the majority in the country—yet prefer that made by themselves. They have the fat necessary, in the shape of refuse lard, tallow, bacon, skins, etc., and the potash or soda can now be easily obtained for use with much less labor than was formerly required when the potash had to be extracted from the pile of wood ashes at home. Where wood is used for fuel this is yet done. But we think nothing is gained by it; the unleached ashes can be profitably used on the farm and garden, and there is always so much to be done, especially about a farmhouse, that no extra labor should be engaged in where it can be avoided without loss.

We would then say if you want to make soap (and this is generally one of the first jobs in order on the approach of spring) go and buy caustic soda—you can get it at an apothecary's if nowhere else—and use it in this way: For hard soap take to one pound of caustic soda three pounds of fat, or five or six pounds of ordinary soap fat and three gallons of water; put all together in a kettle over the fire and boil, adding three or four handfuls of salt before the boiling is quite finished; from two to three hours' boiling will be necessary. The experienced soap-boiler will know by its appearance when it has boiled sufficiently. The novice will soon learn.

Where caustic soda cannot be obtained get common washing or sal-soda, and by the addition of lime make it caustic, after the following plan, which is the one generally in use at present, and which makes an excellent soap: Take six pounds of washing soda and three pounds of fresh, unslaked lime; place together in any water-tight vessel—an iron kettle is best—and pour on two gallons of boiling water; stir occasionally, until the lime is slaked and the soda dissolved, then allow it to settle. Take the clean lye from the top and pour it on the fat—of which three pounds common scrapings are to be taken—and commence boiling; then add another gallon of water to the settlings of the soda and lime, stirring as before. This lye is then to be added to the other while boiling; also throw in about six single handfuls of salt about half an hour before it is done boiling. Boil two hours.

Without the salt either of these

methods will make a semi-soft soap; but for a real soft soap potash must be used. This you can buy for the purpose; or, if you prefer, extract from wood ashes by simply mixing a little fresh lime with them and pouring on water. An old barrel or tub will do to hold them, if there is a hole in the bottom for the liquid to drain out. The ash-hoppers formerly used for this purpose are yet standing alongside of some outhouses on many farms, but seldom used now.

For toilet purposes a soap made with a vegetable oil is to be preferred—castile, palm or cocoa, rather than those highly perfumed, but which are sometimes made from the most impure materials. If perfumed soap is wanted the common soap above can be melted, and perfume of any desired kind can be added; but it will be rather strong for delicate skins, and castile is much to be preferred.

Soap-making need no longer be dreaded by the women to whose lot it falls, as by the methods we have given, as well as other similar ones, all the soap needed in a family for six months can be easily made in a single day.

It is sometimes said that home-made soap costs more than it could be bought for. Perhaps it does; but then you have the satisfaction of knowing from what it is made.

We would specially recommend the first method we have given on account of its great convenience.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

After marriage go to housekeeping. Do not allow any one to persuade you to board. If your means will not permit of renting and furnishing a whole house, get two or three rooms; there can be a world of happiness inside two compartments, and as it is your great wish to be happy and contented, begin with a good solid foundation. Vow you will live within your means, and keep that vow religiously. Do not be troubled if your friends Annie and Nellie are making a greater show with an equal income. You will get up after a while when, perhaps, they will have to take rooms and reduce their expenses.

We take it for granted your husband is engaged in some occupation; now as he goes daily to his business you go to yours, determined to be a "help meet" and not simply a "help eat."

Dress neatly, have your calico wrappers made for work, not with long trails suitable only for fine ladies who can afford Bridget; wear a plain linen collar, or, if you prefer, one of calico on the dress. Be well supplied with kitchen aprons and one of some heavy, coarse material for scrubbing, washing, etc., and do not be ashamed to be seen working. Your husband has to work for your bread and butter; is that a disgrace? You answer no; then 'tis none for you to aid him. Don't begin to apologize if a friend drops in and finds you at the washtub—you can be and are as much of a lady in the kitchen as in the parlor.

Arrange your work systematically, by so doing you will accomplish more—have time for visiting, receiving visitors, etc. Of two women whom we know of equal means and time,

one accomplishes one-third more than the other—never seems in a hurry, her house is neat as a pin, herself likewise, while the other—how shall we describe her home? Go in with me; every chair full—“Oh, my! excuse the looks of the house, I am washing, baking, and trying to get some cleaning done, and had not time to make the bed and rig up.” No system there, you mentally exclaim. ‘Tis better to take Monday, if possible, for your washing; you are less liable to be interrupted. Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, sweeping, cleaning up, etc.; Thursday, sewing; Friday, same; Saturday, baking, cleaning, etc.; Sabbath, rest; do not spend it in cooking all the time, visiting or receiving visitors.

As we urged you to be neat in your dress and house, be particularly so in arranging your table, it is not necessary to have the finest linen, china or silver; of course they are something to be desired, and we do not undervalue either their beauty or worth, but with a table covered with a fine white cloth, of course, neat stoneware (white and perfectly plain), good and wholesome victuals well cooked, you can raise yourself greatly in the esteem of a hungry man; no matter if you are not as handsome as you would like, you will get better looking in his eyes every day.

Be cheerful, welcome your husband with not only a neat house and person, but a smile. He may have had many annoyances through the day, try and drive the thoughts of them away, and if it is tea, have an easy chair and the newspaper or favorite book where it will catch his eye on rising from the table. Tempt him to spend the long autumn and winter evenings at home with you, improving yourselves with useful reading, music, if you have the talent, etc. Get him a pair of slippers and make him a dressing gown. These will cost money and labor, but they will pay. Put the gown on the chair, slippers near by, and if he puts these on, picks up his paper or book, you will have your husband safe for the evening. He will feel so thoroughly comfortable that it would take a good deal to get him out; and if business compels him to go, be assured he will soon return; and it behooves every good woman to do all she can to make her home attractive. The saloon keepers understand this power of attraction perfectly, and they are always ready to win your husband away from his home. They care not for the lonely suffering wife and children. *Ex.*

ECONOMY OF TIME AND STRENGTH.

BY MRS. T. C. BATEHAM.

“I haven’t time to do half I want to,” is what we hear on every side. Is it urged that we should store and train our minds by reading or study, or helping to educate the dear children, or aiding in any of the social reforms of the day, the plea is always the same, —“I haven’t time for half my duties now; I cannot add more.” And often there is this sad addition,—“And I haven’t strength to do properly what I am doing.” And yet many of these same wives and mothers are wasting

little portions (sometimes large ones) of these commodities — time and strength, every day, from sheer thoughtlessness.

Keep your mind on your work, is a first step toward reform. Some kinds of work are so purely mechanical, as not at all to require this. Such chances may well be improved to give the thoughts a broader range; but in cooking and common housework, if the thoughts are on the work, it will, of course, be done quicker and better. I have seen many a young girl, not to say older ones, take nearly double the number of steps necessary to get a meal, because they didn’t think! One of the most valuable ends gained by a school education, is discipline of mind, a great part of which is the ability to hold the mind to any given subject at will. Now we have a good chance to train our minds in this very thing, while at our work. Plan the work, and make every step tell. Are you going to the pantry, cellar, or any other room, think what there is to take there, and what to bring back, and how much you can do at one trip, by carrying both ways.

In sweeping, don’t move all the light furniture, then sweep, and then have all the furniture to replace, but move one article at a time as you come to it in sweeping, and replace it before going on, and you will save time every day. And don’t sweep the carpets every day, but besides the saving we are discussing, it will save the carpets too, to pick or brush up the loose litter each morning, and sweep only once or twice a week.

For washing dishes, provide an abundance of hot water beforehand, and soak the most troublesome dishes; indeed I prefer to dip the knife blades first, and leave them on the table wet; then roll or dip the tins and other dishes and let them stand till I am ready to wash them. All dishes wash easier for being wet a little before washing, and all iron ware used, should have water put in as soon as emptied.

In washing painted or unpainted wood, wet considerable surface first, then wash it, then wet more, etc. The soaking is worth more than soap in saving time and strength, and will not injure the paint. The same is true in washing floors. In washing clothes, I believe in a good washing machine, and a reliable washing fluid, but I often think the greatest value of these preparations lies in the directions usually given, to soak the clothes over night. Another trouble on wash day, is the needless lifting of water. If it is too late to choose the position of pump and stove, the pump should be high enough to allow of pumping directly into the tubs on the wash bench, and if possible into the boiler and reservoir on the stove. For this purpose we use a tin pipe to convey the water across without using a pail. A short trough or a rubber tube would do quite as well.

The ironing can be greatly facilitated by sprinkling and folding the clothes over night, laying the large flat things directly on the ironing table, first sheets, then table cloths, towels, etc. Cover the pile with a sheet to prevent drying, and in the morning begin ironing on the top of

the pile as it stands, and each article ironed helps smooth those below, till the lower ones scarcely need a touch of the iron.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In speaking of the household conveniences enjoyed by our ancestors one hundred years ago and their descendants of this generation, Dr. Nichols, in the Boston Journal of Chemistry, says: Our fathers were grouping in almost outer darkness, so far as a knowledge of the sciences was concerned, and but little progress had been made in invention and the arts; scarcely one of the modern contrivances for cooking, and for warming and lighting dwellings, was known. Not a pound of coal, or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron frame fire-place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled upon the brick hearth, or in the brick oven.

Pine knots and tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter evenings, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking “sweep,” and it is a curious circumstance that both the well and the building, meeting the necessities of a water-closet were often at a long distance from the house. In a cold windy night in winter to be called towards one of them was something dreadful to think of. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days by the aid of which a fire was speedily kindled; and if the fire “went out” upon the hearth over night, and the tinder was damp so that the spark would not “catch,” the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor.

Only one room in any house was warmed (unless some of the family were ill) in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men of a hundred years ago undressed and retired to their beds at night in an atmosphere colder than that of our modern barns and woodsheds, and never complained. No hot air furnaces or steam pipes tempered the winter air in their dwellings, and they slept soundly in the cold, even after eating heartily of shagbarks and butternuts, and then washing them down with a quart or two of hard cider. The cooking was very simple, and the nature of the food plain and substantial. But few dishes were seen upon the table; pork, and cabbage, corn bread, and milk, with “bean porridge,” were the every day forms of food consumed.

NEWSPAPERS DOMESTICALLY CONSIDERED.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting our-

selves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flowers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out doors some time later than is common.

One of the oddest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator, constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker’s dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose it is without a rival.—*Scribner.*

WHY USE UNSAFE LAMPS?

BY HANS DORCOMB.

Almost every week we see in the papers accounts of terrible accidents from kerosene lamps. Perhaps in a few cases the mischief is caused by carelessness, but usually it is not. We may suppose the woman here in Vermont, who slipped on the stairs, was as careful as most people are; but in falling she dropped her lamp, and her clothes were set on fire at once by the

breaking. Why her husband did not snatch off his coat, and thus smother the fire, instead of telling her to roll in the snow, has nothing to do with the lamp. But he thus made the matter worse by exposing her to the wind, or the cold air. Her lamp was a glass one, or it could not have broken, and glass lamps have long been known to be unsafe. Until within the last few years we have had no others.

But now we may have them. Perkins & House's safety lamps are of brass, and cannot break. They are so constructed, that in falling, the oil does not reach the wick, and therefore the oil cannot take fire, and only the chimney can break. These lamps are neat and safe, and they are remarkably clean in burning. They have another important advantage; the wick can be turned down, and no gas, smoke, or odor, be given out. In this way much oil is saved. The wick can be turned down more or less, as is needed, even to a feeble glimmer for a sick room, or a night lamp, with no bad effect, and this is a very great advantage in every family. For \$2.50 we have a neat, convenient hand lamp, and from this price to \$9 or \$10 a handsome table lamp. And between these two prices are quite a variety, both in form and beauty and price.

Now I wish it to be understood that I do not offer this as an advertisement, or that I have any interest in their sale. I have no interest in them, except an interest in human life and safety. But I beg my sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD to supply themselves with these safe lamps. Perhaps you say they are expensive; that while you can get glass lamps from twenty-five cents to \$5, you cannot afford to give \$2.50 to \$9 or \$10.

But that is not all. This \$2.50, or this \$9 or \$10, may be the saving of your house. Yes, and the saving of your life, and the lives of your families. That is the way to look at it; and if necessary, save the money from something else.

Go without something less essential; and the smaller your means, the less you can afford to risk. Remember that. Buy no superfluities in dress, or in household fixtures, unless you can honestly afford them. But by all means give up glass lamps and get safe metal lamps. These are necessary in every family. They are indispensable. They are to be found in every large town and city, I think.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD,—Dear Sir:—I was so unfortunate as to be burned out, not long since, and among my losses were several copies of THE HOUSEHOLD. Can you replace the missing papers? THE HOUSEHOLD and I are old friends; I have read each one since its first appearance. It is the paper for us housekeepers. Long may it prosper!

Sister Jessie's recipes are always good. I have tried her method for green tomato pickle, and for ripe cucumber sweet pickle, this fall. Am well pleased with both. Couldn't she be induced to gratify our curiosity by giving her address? I think she hails from the old Bay State. Am I right, sister Jessie?

Tell Emma I made some squash biscuit for supper to-night; they were excellent. Thanks for the recipe.

I was much interested in the discussion on the bread question. I had never heard of salt rising before, so I thought I would try it. The yeast came in good time, and my bread was very light but had a disagreeable odor. I feel in sympathy with Mrs. Dodge, and longed for that friendly ditch. Perhaps some of the sisters can tell me wherein I failed for I can't believe they eat such bread as mine was and call it good.

In the September number F. M. K. gives directions for making hair chains intended for E. B. If it is not too much trouble please explain about the board through THE HOUSEHOLD. I would like to make one.

Rhoda did not tell us how she makes the potato snow balls, she praises so highly. They are an unknown article of diet in this region. I send a few recipes.

Indian Pudding.—For Aunt Lydia. Scald over night, a large cup of Indian meal in a pint of milk; in the morning add a cup of molasses, piece of butter half the size of an egg, one quart of milk, and a pinch of salt. Bake three or four hours in a moderate oven, stirring occasionally at first. Sweet skimmed milk is better for an Indian pudding than new milk.

Chili Sauce.—Pare twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, chop two onions, and four peppers, add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of salt, one cup of sugar, and one quart of vinegar. Cook two hours.

Currant Jelly.—Press the fruit, allow a pint of sugar for a pint of juice. Put the sugar in a pan in the oven to heat, and the juice in a kettle; let it boil five minutes, then add the hot sugar, let it boil one minute, and dip into glasses. This recipe makes very nice jelly, and is in good season for next year. My recipe for sponge cake differs slightly from any that have been given. Try it, friends.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. I use Congress yeast powder.

DOLLY VARDEN.

MR. CROWELL:—Am I intruding? If so I will withdraw, but first let me say that a new ray of light seems to throw its enlivening beams around us at each arrival of THE HOUSEHOLD. We look forward to its coming with delight. Then we shall again hear from our dear sisters of the Band whose writings and teachings are both instructive, and beneficial. A new life has seemed to open in expansive fields, and we drink from the munificent fountain of thought, flowing from the pens of different members of our HOUSEHOLD Band. Dear Aunt Leisuresly, Olive Oldstyle, and many others, we can but love them for their gentle teaching. Also we thank sister Jessie for her recipes. They are invaluable to us young housekeepers.

I would say to L. E. S. who wishes to know the process of frosting white wax flowers, and also if colored flowers can be frosted, that I have made

several wax crosses, wreaths, and anchors, and applied the frosting which I procured of Frost & Adams, Boston, Mass., for the small sum of fifteen cents per bottle, with perfect success. After the flowers are completed and fastened in the box, ready for the frame, with a soft brush, or its substitute, cover them with a light coating of mucilage and sprinkle on the frosting. If you wish a heavy frosting for autumn leaves, pour some of the frosting into a saucer and dip the leaves in it, carefully raising them and laying on the back to dry; then arrange them according to your taste.

The cross will not need frosting if covered with flowers. I think that frosted wax-flowers are the prettiest artificial flowers that can be made.

SISTER MAT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a subscriber but a few months, but think that a remark a lady made with regard to your paper is true, "That it is a joy forever," for there is something new in every number. I would not now be without it. I have read the letters from the different members with interest, and have often felt like writing a word or two to some of them.

To Bessie Brown I would say, that I fear that she has some wrong ideas of married life. It does not follow that because some husbands neglect their wives that all do so. I have been married most five years and although I have had my share of trouble and disappointments, I am not "mourning over lost attentions," for my husband is as tender and thoughtful for my comfort as in our "wooing days." And he is no exception.

If M. Q. will ask her druggist for insect powder, and will sprinkle over her carpet, leaving it for a few days and not use the room, then sweep and air the room, she will have no more trouble with moths. The powder is also good to use in exterminating those pests, the bed-bug.

There is much that I would like to say but will leave it until some other time, that is, if this letter does not find its way to the waste basket.

GERTRUDE A.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say a few words to the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD about their recipes. They are all right among their own class that can understand them. Mrs. A. C. D. in her recipe for cold meats uses the word nappy; there are very few western people what know the meaning of the word. I was asked the meaning of the word several times. I knew at once what it meant, for I am a Yankee, but I have lived here thirteen years and have not heard the word "nappy" once during that time. Every one would know what bread-pan, or pudding dish, meant.

I will give you a recipe for roll jelly cake for A. A. F. To three well beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one cup of sifted flour, stir well and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in long dripping, or meal pans, spread evenly as possible. While baking, have ready a towel and jelly, as quick as it comes out of the oven

turn it out upon the towel and spread with jelly and roll it up, and roll the towel around it until it gets cold. Season to taste. Be careful to grease your pans well, and sprinkle a little flour in the pan. Use baking powder in the room of cream of tartar and soda, if you like; I use baking powder; I like it best, but I give the recipe as I have it.

Now for salsify or vegetable oysters. I like the recipes as they are in THE HOUSEHOLD with one exception. In cooking I do not pour off the water they are cooked in; I cook them in as little water as I can, and leave it in, then I put in my pepper and salt to taste, and butter or cream, then I take a little flour and stir it up in milk, and stir it into the oysters, just cook the flour and it is done and good. Invite me in to help eat them.

As for putting vegetables up for winter, there are a great many people out west that know of no other way than by leaving them in the ground, they do not have the pleasure of good nice dry cellars (that almost all the Yankees have) where they can bury them in sand as my father used to his vegetables of that kind, all but potatoes.

MRS. J. O. L.

MR. CROWELL:—I do not claim to be a sister of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, but I would like to give L. my recipe for indelible ink. It is this: one dram lunar caustic, one dram gum water, three ounces distilled water. Preparation; two drams carb. of soda, two ounces gum water, two ounces distilled water. Articles should be wet in the preparation, dried and smoothed. The ink does not appear bright till after the articles are laid in the sun.

If I am not presuming, I would like to ask who is the author of a poem entitled "The Vision?" Commencing,

The vision was that of a worn-out man,
Who had failed through life in every plan.

If it could be supplied in full through THE HOUSEHOLD it would be a great favor. Many thanks to the sisters and editor, from a friend and well wisher,
Halifax, N. S. Mrs. W. A. C.

POISON IN THE KITCHEN.

The use of copper cooking utensils is not objectionable, if they be kept clean; but certain substances employed in cooking have a tendency to dissolve the metal. Oils and fatty matters have this action. It has been said that they must first become rancid; but this is not the case. Fresh butter has been found to act on copper, and the surface of a copper plate has become blackened in twenty-four hours when covered by that substance, and the butter itself has become green; this only occurred when it was in contact both with the air and the copper. One therefore concludes that the presence of air is necessary to produce this result.

Dr. Christison says that, in fresh hog's lard, he has found that the whole lard in contact with the copper becomes blue, even to a depth to which the air can scarcely reach. Hot oil acts in a similar manner. One knows the effects produced in old-fashioned brass lamps, where the oil which remained in the receiver for the dripings was almost invariably green. Vinegar, and the vegetable acids gen-

erally, dissolve copper, in the presence of atmospheric air. It seems to be necessary to keep the metal covered with the fluid, and then these effects are not produced.

It is however most dangerous to allow any acid substances that are to be used for food to stand for any length of time in copper vessels. Preserves are usually made in copper or bronze pans; these should be emptied out as soon as the operation is completed and the pans should be well cleaned, as the fruit acids would inevitably oxidize and form poisonous salts with the copper. Any amount of carelessness in the use of copper vessels, on the part of servants may be attended with very serious results, so that it seems almost advisable to abandon their use in favor of iron ones, which are not liable to these objections.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR EDITOR:—I was somewhat surprised to see the "blue cross" on my paper and hasten to renew my subscription and also would like to join THE HOUSEHOLD Band and say a few words to the sisters. I see so much said, about the hard life of farmers' wives, and daughters, that I am puzzled to understand it. Now I have never been a farmer's wife, but I was a farmer's daughter.

The first sixteen years of my life were spent on a farm, and that time is one of the sweetest recollections of my life. My father kept hired men, and milked cows, and raised chickens, and pigs, but we arose early, had our breakfast at five o'clock in summer and seven in the winter season, and other meals, with the regularity of the clock; the men came in with good appetites and ate what was before them and went their way. After doing all the work that was to be done in a farmhouse, I had leisure for reading and study, for sewing and fancy work, and for an afternoon's visit at a neighbor's or to the nearest village. When sixteen years old my father removed to town, and the next two years of my life was spent in the school-room, then my health gave way, and for more than three years I was an invalid and could only mourn over shattered hopes and faded dreams, but at the age of twenty-three I was married, and for a year or more I was traveling or boarding all the time; but as my health was again restored and my husband being heartily tired of boarding-house life, we went to house-keeping, and from that day up to the present time it does seem to me I have never had a leisure hour.

I have two children, little boys, aged five and two, have a nurse girl to take care of them, and have help in my kitchen, but I think the secret is this, late rising. My husband is never in from his business till ten o'clock, and often later. Think of that some of you farmer's wives who have your husbands with you every evening in the year. Then of course we retire late and sleep late in the morning, have our breakfast late, and begin our day's work when the day is really half gone.

My want of success I cannot think is bad management, for I plan my work for every week and every day. Owing

to late breakfasts and the constant interruptions from callers both morning and afternoon, when Saturday night comes it finds me always behind, and Monday morning I have to gather up the broken threads from the week before and thus it goes week after week till I feel almost discouraged and look back with longing and regret, to the long golden summer, and the short bright winter days I spent on a farm, where callers were a thing unknown, and if any one came they brought their work with them and we all could work together, as well as chat.

I often think if I could only be on a farm again where I could have fresh eggs, and butter, and good milk, and strain it away myself, in a nice milk-house, and have my husband home with me winter evenings and have a large yard and orchard, for my boys to play in through the summer as I had in childhood, how very, very happy I should feel. Now you do not wonder that it seems strange to me, to hear so much complaint about farm life, I think too many do not appreciate the great blessings they are enjoying, and if they were to exchange places with some of their city sisters for one year, they would go back to their country homes perfectly satisfied and think their lives were easy indeed.

I want to say one word to sweet Bessie Brown, and that is this: I think wives change quite as much as husbands after marriage. Courtship is all romance, while married life is the sternest of all stern realities, and I think that every girl that takes upon herself the name of wife is sure to be more or less disappointed, and the anxious, care-worn wife is as little like the winsome light-hearted maiden as the husband is unlike the lover, and I think that this state of things is unavoidable. There is no remedy, at least none that has yet been discovered. Hoping for admittance to your circle I will close for the present.

Evanston, Wyo. Ter. PATTY.

MR. EDITOR:—May I add my mite of a contribution to your long list of letters from different members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. As each month your very welcome paper makes its appearance, I grasp it eagerly, first glancing over it hastily to get an idea of its contents, then settling to read it in good earnest. And although I am entertained and instructed by all its articles, still I look with most wistful eyes and expectant joy for the Letters of THE HOUSEHOLD, and I seem to bridge over the distance that separates us, and in imagination clasp hands in fraternal and sisterly relations with those who send greeting.

And I could not forbear filling a small space in that corner of your paper so precious to me, that I might express my gratitude for your words of good cheer, advice, and mutual sympathy. I trust that many homes into which your journal goes are cheerful, pleasant, sunshiny homes, the sunshine from happy dispositions, a buoyant, trusting spirit, and noble lives illuminating their hearts. But doubtless there are others into which a shadow has come, caused perchance by sickness, death, or misfortune. But oh! my friends if this be true, let not, I beseech you, the shadow rest too

heavy on your hearts, nor tarry too long at your firesides.

Suffering is good for us, if we make a right use of it, and is sent by the All Wise Father, who knoweth what is best for us, far better than we do ourselves. Misfortunes are oftentimes blessings in disguise. Sickness may be the means of purifying, strengthening, and ennobling the character, and patience one of the greatest of virtues is thus acquired. Death who robs us of our treasures only transplants them to the Heavenly Garden, where they shall blossom in greater beauty than they could have done here. The ties that bound us to them are not broken or severed, only unclasped to be re-united in the future. If there are crosses to be borne, Oh! my sisters, take them up in a patient spirit, and thus half of their weight will be lost. Go not grumbling or discontented through life. Let not the shadows lengthen in your hearts and homes, but chase them away by perpetual sunshine, and you will be happy in this world and reap an abundant reward in the life that is to come.

I would like to say a few words of thanks to aunt Emily for her kind and sensible remarks about farmers' daughters, for being one myself, I know something of the situation. I think Carrie's case has many a parallel. And I agree with her in thinking that her services in the family ought to be appreciated and receive their just equivalent in money, not given grudgingly, but willingly. I think aunt Emily's suggestion that Carrie receive a monthly allowance to be used as she pleased, an excellent one. For no high spirited girl wishes to beg for what she feels to be her just due, and when she wants to purchase anything be compelled to go to father for the money, and perhaps be deemed extravagant. Girls need a good many sundries, and a little pocket money to spend for some trifle which is dear to their girlish heart, but which men are apt to think nonsense and extravagance. And let me suggest to the male members of THE HOUSEHOLD (if there are any) that a very liberal allowance to their hard working wives, would not be amiss. I hope our friends of the sunny south will favor us often with their sunny epistles. SADIE F.

Ipswich, Mass.

HISTORY OF A SHIN OF BEEF.

Undoubtedly we Americans are the most wasteful and extravagant people in food on the globe. A Frenchman or a German will take the odds and ends of an American dinner table, when the family would aver there was nothing left fit to eat, and in two hours will make a more palatable and nutritious meal than the original one which the family discussed. Edibles of most kinds are now quite cheap and none need go hungry. This is particularly the case with meats of all kinds. What is wanted is a knowledge of cooking, and the patience and industry to do it.

Most people in cold weather like a good beef soup, but how many are aware that ten persons can make a good and substantial meal off a shin or huff that will not cost over forty cents? Of course there must be a small addi-

tional expense for potatoes and other vegetables, but we assert that ten persons can make a good palatable meal the whole cost of which will not be over sixty cents. The writer makes a history of one particular shin of beef, and here it is. The shin cost thirty cents—was made into soup, and four persons dined off it. The meat left made five mince pies; the fat skimmed from the pot, which makes the best of "shortening," weighed a full pound, which with butter at forty cents per pound, was worth more than the whole shin in the market. To recapitulate we have the results: Four persons make a good meal; five pies are made of the meat; and a quantity of fat obtained worth more than the first cost of the meat.

—In boiling beef and vegetables, if you put a teacup of vinegar into the pot, the beef will be more tender and the cabbage will give out no odor, and beets will be nicer. Put it in when the water is cold. A FRIEND.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

FRENCH TOAST.—Beat four eggs very light, and stir them into a pint of new milk, with a little salt. Slice some light, sweet bread, or baker's bread, dip the slices singly into this egg and milk, and lay carefully and without breaking in a spider of hot lard, and fry brown. Sprinkle a little powdered sugar over each slice, as it is taken out, and a little nutmeg, or cinnamon, and serve hot. If prepared nicely this is an acceptable and convenient dish for breakfast. H. D.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two eggs for frosting. Make the frosting with two whites of eggs, one and one-half cups of powdered sugar, six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla or lemon. Put on the cake while warm. MRS. M. E. N.

CURRANT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, two cups of currants, two teaspoonfuls of Congress Yeast Powder. MISS HAM.

KING'S PUDDING.—Beat six eggs and with one quart of new milk, then add one pound of white sugar, one dozen of crackers, and four large mellow sweet apples, cut in very thin slices, a little salt, and spice to taste. Bake about two hours.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Grate two large sweet apples, stir in one pint of milk, then add one egg, salt and spice, and bake with one crust. MRS. F. H. T.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of boiling water, to which add one-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of brown sugar, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and ginger to suit the taste. Bake in a quick oven. C. C. A.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Take two cups of the cheapest New Orleans molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil this until it will become hard by dropping a little in a cup of water. Then pull it over a hook until it is white and full of pores. This I never knew to fail. ALICIA.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—To one pint of new milk add three grated sweet apples, two eggs, a little salt, and sugar and nutmeg to the taste. An under crust required.

CHOCOLATE CAROMELS.—Here is an excellent recipe for chocolate caromels for Marie K.: One cup of grated chocolate, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses,

one-half cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of flour, a little salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, when half done; boil half an hour or more if necessary. ALICE E. C.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—Pare and core six ripe apples, place them in a dish, make a batter of one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, and a little salt, pour over the apples and set in the oven to bake; one-half hour is sufficient. LENA.

DOUGHNUTS.—*Mr. Editor:*—I have tried several of your recipes for doughnuts, and I think I have one better than them all. Here it is: One cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut rubbed into the sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one nutmeg. N. D. N.

TART CRUST.—Make a crust the same as for pie crust, or a little shorter, and cut out with a small biscuit cutter; cut narrow strips of crust, wet the edge of the tart and lay on the strip. I think A. A. F. will be satisfied with this recipe.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Seven pounds of peeled peaches stuck with cloves, three and one-half pounds sugar, one-half gallon of vinegar, scald and pour on the fruit, let it stand nine days, then cook twenty minutes.

ANOTHER.—Take ripe but not soft peaches and put a clove into one end of each. Put two pounds of brown sugar to a gallon of vinegar, boil and skim twice, pour it hot over the fruit and cover close. In a week or so pour off and scald again, then they will keep any length of time.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One and one-half cups of nice brown sugar, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour or a little more only, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda, and essence of lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar thoroughly together, mix the acid and soda in the milk, stirring in the flavoring also, now mix in the flour, remembering to bake soon, spread thinly on a long pan. As soon as done spread with jelly and roll up. MRS. C. A. B.

MR. EDITOR:—I see one of the "sisters" wishes a recipe for wheat bread; as we think ours very good I send two ways of making, also a recipe for good yeast, as that is one of the most important parts of bread.

BREAD.—Scald a pint of flour with a pint of boiling hot buttermilk, when only milk warm stir in half a pint of yeast and let it rise three or four hours, then add a pint of sweet milk and stir up and knead; let it then stand until the next morning, when knead it out in baker sheets, let them rise full and bake one hour.

ANOTHER WAY.—Boil five large potatoes in rain-water, when thoroughly done mash very fine, turn out water, adding enough to make a quart, mix potatoes and water with flour enough to make a thin batter; when milk warm stir in half a pint yeast, and let it rise five or six hours, then stir in flour and knead, let it rise again then make out in loaves, let it rise and bake. I think any one who tries these recipes will like them, for they make bread as white and light as baker's bread.

YEAST.—Boil one handful of hops in four quarts of rain-water till the strength is out of the hops, then strain. Grate twelve large potatoes and mix them with one large cup of Orleans molasses, and three tablespoonfuls of salt. Let the hop water boil, stir in the mixture, and boil fifteen minutes. When it is only milk warm, stir in a quart of yeast, after rising several hours, put it in jugs, cork, and set it in a cool cellar, it will keep several weeks. The yeast keeps better when the potatoes are grated than when mashed. BETHIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—It seems selfish to avail myself of all the valuable household hints and make no returns, when I have something which I haven't noticed in your columns.

POTATO SOUP.—Into three pints of water put boiling a small piece of pork and a sliced onion. Boil and mash, meanwhile, a half dozen good sized potatoes and stir smoothly into the water, adding salt and a

pint of milk, and let the whole scald up. It will then be ready for the table, where we break crackers into it as into common soup. Makes an excellent breakfast dish.

M. D. H.

YEAST.—*Dear Household:*—I have a way of making yeast that I think Clara will find full as good as hers and less trouble to make. Grate two large potatoes, or three smaller ones, pour over them two quarts boiling water, add one cup of sugar, one cup of salt, let it stand till blood-warm, then add one cup of good yeast and set it where it will keep warm; in a few hours it will be light and foamy, that is if the yeast was good; I then pour it in fruit bottles and cover, but do not bottle it till well raised. I used to think I must use hops for yeast, but I find this is just as good, having used it two years with good success. For bread I use one-third of a cup of yeast to a very full cup of milk or water.

BOSTON TEA CAKES.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, two cups of flour, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, melted. Bake in railroad pans.

RYE CAKES.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of rye meal, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and salt. Bake in railroad pans.

GREY CAKES.—One cup of cold water, half a cup of molasses, three-quarters teaspoonful of soda, stir in flour to make a thin batter, fry and butter. They are delicious.

COFFEE CAKE.—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of lard and butter mixed, nearly a cup of molasses, one-half cup of coffee, one egg, two and a half cups of flour, half a cup of raisins cut fine, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spices, and one teaspoonful of soda. MARY HALL.

DELICIOUS CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a scant teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three and one-half cups of flour. Stir butter and sugar together and add the beaten yolks of the eggs, then the beaten whites, dissolve the soda in the milk, rub the cream of tartar in the flour, and add the last thing. Bake slowly.

SPONGE CAKE.—One tumbler of sugar, one tumbler of flour, lemon juice and rind, four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a very little soda. Beat all well.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of rose water. B. F. S.

STEAMED RICE PUDDING.—One cup of rice, two cups of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Steam one hour. When nearly done pour over it one-half cup of milk. X.

CIDER APPLE SAUCE.—Boil a gallon of sweet cider away to a quart, in a good porcelain kettle, then add your apples, pared and cored, enough to make it sufficiently thick, cook slowly, and let it set on the back part of the stove all day if you want it to be dark colored. AUNT FRAN.

WISCONSIN FRUIT CAKE.—Take three-fourths pound raw salt fat pork, chopped very fine, pour on one pint of boiling water, add one cup of brown sugar, two cups of molasses, one pound of raisins, one pound of dried currants, one-fourth pound of citron, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, and stir in flour until stiff as can be. Bake in a slow oven for an hour or an hour and a half. The cake can be made as well without citron as with it, and the ingredients called for in the recipe makes two large cakes. E. V. D.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—*Cake.*—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, one cup of milk, the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one tablespoonful of baking powder, mixed well in the flour.

Icing.—Whites of three eggs, enough pow-

dered sugar to make a stiff froth, flavor with vanilla or lemon, according to taste. Have three pans, each nine inches in diameter and one inch in depth, and bake in a quick oven. Spread icing between the layers, and cover the top and sides. S. E. W.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

CREAM CAKE.—I send Mrs. Dora A. a recipe for cream cake without eggs, which I think she will find as nice as any cake made with them. Four cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups of sour cream, three teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a very little water, one-half a grated nutmeg. AMANDA.

JELLY ROLLS.—One teacupful of white sugar, four eggs, one teacup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, beat the yolks and sugar together, beat the whites to a stiff froth so you can cut it with a knife, then add together, flavor with lemon or vanilla, then spread one-quarter of an inch thick in a square tin, bake in a quick oven, then turn bottom side up, spread with jelly and roll up while warm. This will make three rolls. A. G.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—*My Dear Household:*—One of your readers wishes a recipe for chocolate creams. Here it is: Two teacups of white sugar, one-half teacup of skim milk, one-half teacup of chocolate. Boil the milk and sugar three minutes, briskly; then beat till stiff enough to roll into small balls, and set away to harden. Dissolve the chocolate in a bowl, over steam, (I use the top of the teakettle,) then drop into it the sugar balls, until well covered, and set to cool. Flavor the milk and sugar to the taste. C. E. T.

JELLY CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg or lemon to taste. E. L. V.

FRUIT CAKE.—One and one-fourth pounds of butter, two pounds of sugar, eight eggs, one-half pint of sweet milk, one-half pint of sour cream, two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda, four heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two nutmegs, one pound of thinly sliced citron rolled in flour, four pounds of raisins stoned and chopped, one pound of English currants, one cup of molasses, and three and one-half cups of flour. Is just as good at one year as when new.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Mix one and one-half pints of sweet cream with one gill of white sugar, add flavoring, turn in a glass tureen; beat the whites of four eggs to a cream, then stir with one-half pound of jelly, and turn over the top.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, two and three-fourths cups of flour, two-thirds cup of butter, whites of eight eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed in flour, and flavoring.

TUMBLER CAKE.—One tumbler of butter, two tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of molasses, one tumbler of milk, five eggs, two nutmegs, five tumblers of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of citron, and one teaspoonful of all kind of spices. It keeps one year.

SPICE BALLS.—One egg, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda; mix with flour enough to roll out, cut out with biscuit cutter, and then roll in a ball. Do not let them touch together in the pan, and do not bake too hard. Add frosting made with the whites of two eggs. This recipe makes fifty or sixty balls.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—One tablespoonful of gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, let it stand till it softens, then add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and fourteen tablespoonfuls of sugar.

MRS. MEARS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers please give me a recipe for making waffles?

I am troubled very much with jelly cake sticking to the tins so badly, that I have to wash the tins before using them the second time. Will some one please tell me how to remedy it? And oblige. MRS. M. BRAINARD.

MR. EDITOR,—*Dear Sir:*—Will some of the readers of your paper please inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, what will take indelible ink out of cotton cloth? also what will take spots out of a silk brocatelle parlor suit? and oblige an old SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the first time I write to you for information. I have noticed many recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD for cream pies and cakes. I am sure they are very nice, but do not understand what is meant by giving a recipe for the pie or cake, then giving a recipe for the cream. Will some kind friend please give me directions complete, tell just how these are to be put together? and accept my thanks. NELL.

I want to ask some questions to be answered in THE HOUSEHOLD, that never failing knowledge box, so useful to us poor housekeepers. I want a recipe for old fashioned gingerbread such as bakers make, and bake in sheets scored off in narrow sections.

I also want to know how to keep a Russia iron parlor stove and pipe looking like new. You know they cannot be blacked like sheet iron.

And I also want to know if any of your numerous correspondents know anything about the merits of a certain compound (either a powder or a liquid) used to preserve fruit and vegetables so that they do not require to be sealed air-tight. If any one knows that such a compound is what it is represented to be won't they please let others know its merits? and oblige.

A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

If Dorcas will rub lemon juice and salt on her iron rust stains and put it in the sun she will find they will disappear. ALICE E. C.

If Eva will use cold sage tea or the juice of grape vine, she will find her hair would be better than by using cold tea. MRS. C. A. B.

Can some one tell me how to make vermicelli, and macaroni soup? MARY HALL.

If Ruth will mix her dumplings as she would cream of tartar biscuits, just hard enough to take out with a spoon and roll in flour, and be very careful and not let the soup boil over the top of them while cooking, I think she will have no trouble in having them light. To do this I let the bones remain in the soup until the dumplings are done, this prevents them sinking into the liquor. I have cooked them in this way eight years and never have failed. DELIA.

Rhoda wished to know how to keep the tops of lamps bright. If they are already blackened, scour with bath brick and kerosene, then a very little rubbing with a coarse woolen cloth and kerosene, will keep them bright. Few know the value of kerosene for cleaning furniture; it removes all dirt and leaves a nice polish. Mixed with whiting, it is excellent to clean zinc.

I have noticed several recipes for soft molasses cakes but will give my mother's, which I think best of all. Two cups of New Orleans molasses, one cup of butter, one cup nearly full of water, heaping teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, small half teaspoonful of powdered alum, flour to mix smooth and roll thin; do not allow them to touch each other in the tins if you wish them good shape; have a quick oven, and bake thoroughly; lay them out on a towel until cool. They will keep in a stone jar for weeks.

I would say for the benefit of those who cannot afford to buy so much cream of tartar, as Mrs. H. A. B. would have you use, that although it makes your cakes and crusts nice and light, it makes them dry sooner.

MRS. C.



OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue, cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street;
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nested, dreaming in bed—
Carolled their joy in a land of bliss,
Without a care or thought of this:
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless sleet,
Dashing along through the merciless street.
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild;
They could not bear the icicle's blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway was cast.
Alas! none pitied—no one consoled
The little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father, she had no mother,
Sisters none, and never a brother;
They had passed on to the star-world above—
She remained here, with nothing to love.
"Nothing to love"—Oh! men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow;
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled the shivering form from sight,
Then, with cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown,
Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down;
Lay down to rest while the wealthy rolled
In carriages past her out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold—lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm.
Out in the cold on the sleeping child
The sainted face of a mother smiled;
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss—
Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold
That night the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

—Christian Family Companion.

MRS. CLARK'S HIRED GIRL.

BY JEAN HATHERTON.

WHO was that pretty young lady with you at Mrs. Lane's last evening?" asked Mrs. Howard of her friend Mrs. Clark.

"That," replied Mrs. Clark, with a quiet smile, "was my hired girl."

"O," said Mrs. Howard with a sudden coldness and lack of interest, in voice and manner, "I supposed she was a relative, as I saw you introducing her to some of our nicest young people. But then you are always doing such queer things one is never quite sure of you."

"What was there queer about that?" calmly asked Mrs. Clark.

"Queer! Why the idea of your taking your servant to a social party, and bringing her into notice as Miss Gerden, instead of the Bridget she really is! I imagine the wealthy Misses Murdock will feel a little indignant when they find they played the agreeable to your servant girl, instead of to the cousin, or friend, they doubtless thought her."

"But why feel indignant? The very fact they supposed her a friend or relative of mine, proves her to be no 'Bridget,' and if they found her so pleasant, and well informed, that they chose to prolong their conversation beyond the mere forms of intro-

duction, why feel mortified at finding they had been talking with a hired girl? The fact is our American people are forgetting their republicanism in a few things, I think, and allowing caste to destroy their unusually good common-sense. Now tell me, pray, if you can, why this young lady's standing in society should be lowered in the least, because she washes dishes and helps do my housework. Before she came I did the very same work, and no one pointed the finger of scorn at me on account of it."

"O, well, my dear, you will acknowledge that young ladies don't usually go into families to do housework. It is only the low, ignorant class of girls that can be persuaded to work in our kitchens."

"True, but why? Simply because both in the family, and in society, a girl who earns her living at housework is persistently snubbed and neglected. Consequently the better class of girls, girls with good education, good morals, and a healthful amount of self-respect, who are quick to learn and ready to do, in fact the very ones we need in our families will not come to us. And can you blame them? You say Mrs. Howard that only the lower class of girls will do housework, but tell me, please, what satisfaction do they give? Only yesterday you were telling me what a trial your girl was to you, so wasteful, careless, and uninterested in her work; and you are not alone in this trouble. I think no class of employees give such just cause for complaint as the girls who work in our kitchens. Now there are hundreds of our American girls with fair education, good common-sense, and lady-like, agreeable manners, who, nevertheless, are poor, and obliged to support themselves, and they need the work we housekeepers might give them, and we need them. Employment is at present, as you know, very hard to be obtained, and many of them are being driven to absolute want, or worse, a life of shame, when we might help some, at least, by taking them to our homes and treating them according to their worth."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Clark, that we should treat our servants just like our own families, let them come into our sitting-rooms, and parlors, and make themselves generally at home?"

"Certainly; why not, provided they are by nature and education fitted to be comfortable there?"

"But," said Mrs. Howard, "it isn't pleasant to have any one not belonging to the family present at any and all times."

"I acknowledge that," replied Mrs. Clark with a smile, "but on the other hand what is pleasant for the girl? If we are Christians we ought not always to think of our own pleasure merely. What shall she do when her work is done? Shall she sit down in the kitchen alone, or go to her cold cheerless garret; the only room usually allowed a 'hired girl'? There would not be much attraction in either place for the social, affectionate nature of a young girl."

"Well, perhaps not," said Mrs. Howard, thoughtfully, "but to tell the truth, Mrs. Clark, do you really have this Miss Gerden, as you call her, feel at liberty to sit with you evenings,

or at any time when she is at leisure?"

"Yes, I have so far tried to make her feel that this was a home for her, as well as for the rest of us," replied Mrs. Clark, "a home where she has her duties and cares, but where nevertheless she receives those little pleasures and attentions which we all need in order to be happy. It is not always pleasant, I confess, to have her sit with me evenings, for she is naturally talkative, and I like many times to be quiet, or better still, alone. I have often wished," she added with a laugh, "that I had a machine for doing housework, one that when not in use, could be put aside and require no attention whatever, but until one is invented, I cannot feel at liberty to treat a girl as though she was a mere piece of machinery, and utterly destitute of feeling."

"Well, I don't know but we do treat our girls something like that," said Mrs. Howard. "If they do our work well, and keep out of our way when it is done, it is all we ask of them."

"Let me tell you something of Annie Gerden," continued Mrs. Clark. "I had been without a girl for sometime, when a friend told me of Annie, and urged me to take her. He spoke of her as being quite well educated, pleasant and agreeable in manner, and capable of making a noble woman could she be surrounded by the influences of a refined home, but if left in her present condition he feared her life would be a failure. Her home had been one where bickering, strife, and selfishness were the ruling powers, and her step-father had made her the especial object of his dislike; and recently in a fit of passion had shut his doors against her, and she had found refuge with one, who to Annie seemed 'the friend in need who is a friend indeed,' but who nevertheless was a bad, designing woman. From this place she was persuaded to come to me. I found her willing and cheerful in learning the ways of the house; and she has proved herself far more capable and efficient than any other girl I have employed. She has a sweet voice, and baby took to her at once. I have found her very good with the child, and I assure you it is no small satisfaction to feel that my little Grace is well cared for when I am absent. Annie is young, not yet seventeen. Her home training has been of the poorest kind, yet she has such tact and quickness of observation, that she has learned at school, and elsewhere, ways and manners that are pleasing. She has a good mind and a strong will, which evidently has been strengthened by her unfortunate home training. Yet she is hungry for love, and appreciation, and anxious to gain my favor. Now Mrs. Howard, what is my duty to her? Is it simply to pay her good wages and speak to her pleasantly, beyond that having no care? Shall she seek her associates and amusements where she pleases, and while in the house spend her time wholly in the kitchen, and nursery, without interest or thought of mine, save what is required to see that she does her work faithfully? The girl must and will find love, and sympathy, and friends, somewhere. Shall I be guiltless, if left to herself, and neglected by the better class of young

people in our village, she finds that love and friendship where it will prove her ruin? She will go up, or down, have I no responsibility in the matter? A few weeks of painstaking on my part will place her in good social standing, for if I persistently bring her into society and treat her as I would a member of my own family, others will treat her accordingly; at first to please me, but soon, I trust, she will gain friends for what she is in herself, and by giving her a fair chance in life I hope some day to see her a lovely, Christian woman."

"Well," said Mrs. Howard, rising to go, "I suppose if we showed more interest in our girls' welfare, they would have more interest in their work and do more to please us. Aunt Sophia told me last week of a good American girl who needed a home, and I believe I will take her, and try your plan and see how it will work."

Would that other sisters of our HOUSEHOLD might go and do likewise.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Man and his wife gazed with unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just rolling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned the horses' heads homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready," Mr. Man broke the silence with, very grimly.

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Goodness!" cried Mr. Man, in irrepressible impatience, jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes, yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Man, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Man groaned. "This is too much to bear, when everybody knows that if I was going to Europe, I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was, that the Mans should put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get him or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came round in due time. The train was to go at 10.30 and Mr. Man, attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour to train time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Man bulged into this room and rushed through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Man would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room and hung it on a corner of the silver-closet. Then he pulled off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on a hook in the hat-rack, and by the time he reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor!" he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Man, who was standing placidly before a glass, deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Not by a good deal they aren't!" shouted Mr. Man, a little annoyed. "I've emptied every thing out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Man stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do and would stay where she had put it, replied:—

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily observed Mr. Man, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Man, settling herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody puts mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Man plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted, in malicious triumph. "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Man, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Man slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Man coaxing the end and bows of her necktie.

"Where's my shirt-studs?" he cried. Mrs. Man went out into another room and presently came back with her gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Man emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then she said:—

"In the shirt you just took off." Mrs. Man put on her gloves while Mr. Man hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady settling her hat; "didn't you lay them

down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Man remembered, and went downstairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" asked the wife of the family, sweetly, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down that other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Man pityingly kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tagged away at his boot.

"Up in your dressing-room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door-knob; "I had hardly time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate, when the door opened and he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all the money in it."

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called back; "good-bye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Man! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried:

"You threw it on the silver-closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Man chasing up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then, and shrieking up the deserted streets after the unconscious Mrs. Man, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise-key, and if he had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, side door and front door, all the down stair windows, and the front gate wide open. And the loungers about the depot yesterday were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yard, to see a flushed, perspiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned two buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door-key in his hand, dash wildly across the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification, at the departing train and shaking his trembling fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Two.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Fairly established, at length, in the beautiful new home—the home of your own creating—treading the peaceful round of daily duties, and striving to make that home the dearest spot on earth to your best friend; and yet you are not quite at rest, not quite as happy as you expected to be. Such is the inference I draw from your last letter,

my dear Alice, over which I both smiled and sighed. Which shall I do now? Laugh at you, or condole with you? I can do both, perhaps, without any injustice to my own state of mind; smile when I see how little real cause you have for sorrow, and sigh because I know that to you, as to all others, there must come an awakening from some dear dreams, and a death hour to some cherished illusions.

You would laugh at me if I were to make the strikingly original observation that there is no such thing as unalloyed happiness on earth; that every rose has its thorn and that for every sweet there is a corresponding bitter. Yet is it not very possible, Alice, that you have been expecting too much? I know your earnest, sanguine temperament so well, and I do not doubt that through all these months of waiting you have thought of the new home as a very Eden. Did you forget, dear, that "the trail of the serpent is over us all," and that trial and temptation found speedy entrance into Paradise?

Not that I think they have entered yours yet. In their sterner forms may God keep them away from you for many and many a year to come, even unto the end, if such be His holy will. But petty trials, petty annoyances you will encounter every day of your life; and you may as well make up your mind to it first as last.

"Petty!" I hear you exclaim, while your red lip curls, and a flash from your brown eyes threatens to shrivel this innocent sheet of paper—"Petty?" when perhaps the last batch of bread was sour, and Bridget scorched the bosom of one of Philip's new shirts, and contrived to iron all the buttons off another; besides breaking one of the new china teacups and letting two of the best napkins lie just where they had fallen from the clothes-line, until they were mildewed; and more than all, when Philip said yesterday morning that he wished he could have just one cup of coffee as clear and of such delicious aroma as that his mother used to serve up when he was a boy! Now tell the truth, Alice. Aren't your troubles somewhat of the aforesaid nature? Then you must let me laugh and call them petty, disheartening and annoying as they are.

To most young girls the ordering of a home seems a very simple, easy thing. There are few, I imagine, who have not said or thought at some period of their girlhood, when the state of affairs under the paternal roof has been a little awry, and they have seen their mothers worried and harassed, "I will manage better if I ever have a house of my own. My household machinery shall run smoothly, without so much as a clash or jar. Every wheel and band, pulley and axle shall do its own work and do it perfectly. There shall be no friction anywhere." But alas! when the time of trial comes, my lady finds that it is easier to say than to do. In spite of the wonderful administrative and executive ability she was to display, she finds that this wheel turns the wrong way, and that band breaks just when it is most needed; that the pulley sometimes fails to raise the desired weight, and that screws and nuts and pins and axles need continual watching, and free use of the oil of patience and

forbearance, or else there is constant friction. So much for that dream. I am not speaking of things as they ought to be, as they will be, perhaps, in the millennium, but as most young housekeepers find them. Neither do I speak of the fortunate few who have the health and strength, the ability and will, not merely to oversee their own affairs, but to do their own work, even as their grandmothers did before them. In no irreverent or sacrilegious spirit be it said that their names ought to have been mentioned in the Beatitudes. "Blessed are they" beyond all cavil.

Yet it is barely possible that even they may have their troubles. Philip's mother was, as I remember her, a model housekeeper—a strong, energetic woman, keen eyed and quick handed, and possessing in a remarkable degree what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty;" still, for your consolation and encouragement be it said, even she occasionally had "bad luck." I have more than once eaten bread at her table that was not quite the perfection of the article, and tasted coffee that by some untoward fate had lost somewhat of its savor. But to the viands of her preparing, Philip brought a boy's eager, ravenous appetite. He was not critical, not fastidious then. Bread was bread. Little did it matter if it chanced to be a trifle less light, or less white than usual, or if the steak was over or under done. To your table he comes with a man's cloyed appetite and fastidious taste, and therein lies the difference. You have heard me speak of our good old Jane, the colored lady who presided over my father's kitchen throughout my childhood and girlhood? Such baked Indian puddings as she used to concoct! Brown, odorous, richly flavored, and almost too luscious. Well, ever since I have "kept house" I have been trying to make, or to have made, one of Jane's puddings. But do you think I have succeeded? By no means, and I never expect to succeed; and just as long as Philip lives he will wonder why it is that no other woman can make such doughnuts and mince pies as his mother made.

When writing to you, dear Alice, I am not tempted to dilate upon the importance of good housekeeping, and of all that appertains to a well ordered home. Knowing you as I do, I feel more inclined to say this: After you have done your best, and tried to approach your ideal as nearly as possible, do not worry because you cannot quite reach it, or be unhappy because you do not at once attain perfection. You may approach it sometime, but it will be a slow growth—a gradual "going on unto perfection," even in such a matter as housekeeping.

I attended a wedding not long since, and the bride—a lovely, thoughtful woman who in passing the first flush of girlhood had gained far more than she had lost—said to me in reply to my congratulations, "I hope I shall be happy; I am sure I shall be, because I do not expect too much."

Do you perceive the deep philosophy of that short sentence, Alice? Do you see how small a margin it leaves for heart-breaking disappointment! Not that she was cold or indifferent. Not that she did not love her husband

with her whole, large, womanly heart. But she had learned some lessons that few young girls have had time or inclination to learn. She had learned that the perfect bliss of which poets sing and novelists write, is a mere phantom, born of their own glowing imaginations; the expression not of what is, but of the undying, unsatisfied yearnings to which man that is born of woman is sole heir. She had learned that men are not saints, nor women angels; that something of imperfection and frailty belong to even the noblest characters; that no earthly home can be quite an Eden; in short, that the safest and wisest course is to teach our hearts "not to expect too much." And you see that this state of mind, this chastening of hope and toning down of expectation, brought with it nothing of sadness or despondency. On the contrary my friend spoke in the language of assured trust, of undoubting faith. "I shall be happy, because I do not expect too much; because I demand no impossibilities of fate or circumstance."

I have been reading your letter again, Alice, and I fear that there is more in its undercurrent of sadness than I at first perceived. For the sake of our life long friendship you must let me speak plainly, and if what I say is not needed, forgive it and laugh at it.

If God should let you and Philip live together till your eyes behold the dawn of your golden wedding day, you will, perhaps, in all that time pass through no period more trying to your own personal relations, than this through which you are passing now. It is not folly, it is not romance, but God's own infinite wisdom that throws a halo, a glamour, a veil of rosy, misty light over "love's young dream." How many marriages would take place, how many children would be born, if marriage stood out before the young eyes that turn toward it, as God and nature meant they should turn—a bald, naked fact, stripped of all its sweet mystery? A man and a woman united by the close ties of a true marriage—and I speak now of no other—are a thousand fold happier than they could be apart. And knowing this, our wise and beneficent Creator takes pity upon the young souls that might be frightened away from their best earthly good, and tenderly veils from their eyes the cares, the pains, the trials, and the disappointments, that might affright or repel them.

If you are in a morbid state of mind just now, (and I fancy that you are,) you are saying that you never liked sugar-coated pills, and that it would be a truer kindness to tear away all veils, all illusions, and suffer things to be seen as they are. But the young eyes of which I am speaking would not see them as they are. They would not see, underlying the countless cares, the pains and the weariness, supplementing the sowing and the reaping, the labor of the seed-time and the toll of the harvest, that which is the true joy of married life—a joy before which these surface troubles dwindle into utter insignificance. They would not see the deep, slowly maturing love that grows up between husband and wife. Not the love of courtship; not even the love of the honey-moon; but

something far richer, far holier than these—the blessed reality that comes after these may have passed "like a dream when one awaketh."

Your large eyes are opening incredulously, Alice. But I am telling you the truth, nevertheless. There comes a time to every married pair, when the first enchantment loses its potency; a time when the husband discovers that his wife, though still dear, still tenderly cherished, is not quite the angelic being his fancy painted her. He finds that she has her faults, her whims, her caprices and her inconsistencies. Perhaps she is peevish, some disagreeable, rainy day, when the wind is in the east; or she astonishes him with a display of fireworks that was not in the programme. And she, on the other hand, finds that her Knight, her Prince, her Hero, whom she had invested with all the attributes of the Gods, is but a mere man after all, and a faulty one at that. He comes to breakfast some morning with a clouded brow. Nothing is right, from the servant who broiled the chicken, to the dog asleep upon the hearth. Poor fellow! all yesterday he was overburdened with business, and last night he could not sleep. Very likely he takes his hat and goes off to his work without kissing the wee wife who is watching him, half tenderly, half impatiently. And if when he comes in at night he finds the evening paper more engrossing than usual, and spends a couple of hours over the congressional debates, the climax is reached. Mary goes to bed in a passion of tears. She is sure that John does not love her as he once did—that he is tired of her; and she wishes, after drying her eyes with an attempt at martyr-like composure—yes—she is sure she wishes she was back at her father's again, that she might not be a burden to him any longer!

Alice, has some such time as this come to you and to Philip?

Dear child, you have had nothing to awaken you from your rosy dream until now. After your marriage came the long bright weeks of travel, when eschewing the crowded thoroughfares, you lingered beside lonely waterfalls, loitered in lovely villages, on mountain heights, or in sequestered valleys, dreaming the hours away in pleasant idleness. Then came the months of boarding when you had no cares, nothing to do but to please and to be pleased; and with the new home that was in embryo for a constant source of mutual thought and interest. But now your active life—the life that deals with realities—has begun. You are no longer the Knight and Lady of chivalrous romance; nor a Prince and Princess gliding in a fairy boat upon enchanted waters. You are a working man and a working woman, who must needs eat and drink and be clothed. "Love shall still be lord of all;" but he must often submit to lay aside his crown and his kingly mantle, and to do menial service. He must learn that human nature needs food more substantial than the celestial ambrosia.

Philip is no saint, and I am glad he is not; being "free to confess" that I have small faith in sainthood, living or dead. But he is a true and noble man. Nevertheless, he will often be

thoughtless; perhaps I may even venture to say that he will sometimes be decidedly cross. And so will you. You are both erring, both fallible. No two people will always think and feel alike, unless the one or the other is weak and characterless; and you two, unless marriage has worked some magical change in you, will sometimes express your different opinions in a way that will wound each other sorely. Shall you, therefore, doubt each other's love, and make yourselves miserable?

Ah, Alice! Holy writ declares that "perfect love casteth out fear," and it is as true in marriage as in theology. If you are good and faithful and patient, you will take the blessed truth home to your heart at last; and in spite of differences, notwithstanding faults and frailties, there will grow up between you two a love strong to endure, quick to forgive—a love that shall be love and friendship combined, and so founded upon a rock that when "the floods come and the winds blow" it shall not be moved. So mote it be!

HOW AUNT PATTY MADE MUFFINS.

BY JENNIE EGGLESTON ZIMMERMAN.

They were exceptionally good ones on one particular morning, and as I took down the recipe for making them from her own gracious lips I give it to you in her exact words.

I had been up since five o'clock on a dewy summer morning, out in a fork of a spacious elm-tree studying my lessons. From the school-room across the yard came the "ding dang" of the old piano, made in Cornhill, though whether Cornhill, London, or Cornhill, Boston, I have always been at a loss to determine. It was nearly a hundred years old, and very feeble and thin-voiced indeed. From the parlor issued sounds of more advanced music of the older pupils, which reached seven octaves, and therefore needed the stretch of the best piano.

Out in the summer-house sat another knot of students, while I occupied the fork of the elm overshadowing the front porch.

"Anywhere, anywhere out of the house" was our endeavor on this enchanting morning. The air was sweet with the odors of rose and honey-suckle; the mocking-birds in the apple-trees were distracting in their extravagance of song. Far away the Blue Ridge was visible along the distant line of the horizon, and a stone's throw before us stood the enchanting pine woods, the solemn cathedral of nature, where we loved to wander the whole year through. The "dim religious light" was perfect there, the sighing wind made symphonic grander than the highest art can produce, while the brook babbled, the spice-trees and violets and dogwood blossomed there. It was a place not to be resisted except upon severe compulsion.

Altogether, the morning had been a trying one. To resist all these seductions of nature and to study tiresome lessons for three hours before breakfast was a trying ordeal. But such was the regime of our home school in Southern Virginia before the war.

The family who had the greatest number of children in a given neighborhood would employ a teacher, taking to board the daughters of families near by.

When the eight o'clock breakfast was announced there was a fine array of appetites ready for it. Perhaps they had something to do with the goodness of the muffins, but they were always Aunt Patty's specialty.

"I am going to get Aunt Patty's recipe for making muffins," said I, buttering my fourth one.

"Ah, if you find out how Aunt Patty makes her muffins, or anything else indeed, I shall be obliged to you," said my aunt.

"Why, won't she tell anybody?" I asked.

"I never can get anything out of her," said my aunt, "but perhaps you can. I wish you would try," she answered, smiling significantly.

Accordingly, after breakfast I proceeded to the kitchen, a dusty structure of logs, with wide fire-place and smoke stained rafters. Under the kitchen table stood a coop of young turkeys, hatched while the mornings were too cool to admit of their being allowed to run at large. It was a handy place to feed them in, and they were now grown fat and lusty under the fostering care of Aunt Patty, and ready to be transferred to the yard as soon as Uncle Ezekiel found time to do so.

The bread tray and muffin bowl, both wooden and of dazzling whiteness, formed a strange contrast to the general murkiness and dirt of the kitchen. For black cooks are firm believers in economy of force, and, while they keep their cooking utensils scrupulously clean, will not spend time and strength in the kitchen at large.

"Wha's de use?" Aunt Patty would say to all such reformatory hints. "Wash'll be roun' hyuh clutt'n up soon's I get clured out. 'Taint no sort o' use."

"Now, Aunt Patty," I began, seating myself in her own favorite old chair, and producing pencil and paper, "I want to get the recipe for making those muffins. I mean to make some when I get home. I never tasted anything so good in my life."

"You g' long, Miss Jinny!" said Aunt Patty, chuckling over the flattery, yet quite aware that she was too much for me; "you better g' long an' study your polly-bou-franchays, and not come hyuh a-botherin' me."

"But I want to get the recipe, Aunt Patty. Everybody likes to give recipes of their famous dishes. Ladies always do."

"Well, I spec I ain't noways a lady, Miss Jinny, an' I ain't got no sort o' time to tend to yer. Miss May'll be along in a minnit to go to de smoke-house, and I kyahn't stop fer yer foolin', no how."

"O pshaw! Aunt Patty," I began, "you could tell me while you're making all that fuss. Come now, hurry; it's almost school-time."

"Now, honey, don't yer see I'm drefful busy? Got to make up all dis yere dough into pones for de men;" and Aunt Patty tossed a ball of cornmeal dough rapidly from one hand to the other, after the manner of an expert.

"Look out, Aunt Patty!" said I, as the dough traversed space; "you'll let that fall."

"Now, chile," said she in offended dignity, "I've done been makin' pones fore you was bawn. I can tend to dese yere, I reckon."

"Well, I hope you are going to make some for our snack.* Ham and ash-cake and buttermilk are just delicious. But you haven't told me yet how to make corn muffins. Come, I am waiting."

"Kyahn't, chile, kyahn't do it no how; de witches would git into my bread and muffins an' everything ef I tole anybody how I made 'em."

"Well, now, you know I don't believe that any more than you do, Aunt Patty," striking out on a new base of operations "I'll give you some choo-choo-choo-choo if you'll tell me," with my hand promisingly in my pocket.

"Will yer—sho 'nuff, honey? Well, now, dat is handsome, an' ef you'll gimme dem choklates I'll tell ye right off, witches or no witches. Yer see,"—biting into the chocolate drop, which looked as much as possible like her own black face and white teeth,—
"Yer see, I jes' gets all my grejunces—"

"Grejunces! what are grejunces?" I was obliged to ask.

"Laws, chile, don't yer know what grejunces is, an' you a stud'n yer polly-bou-franchays and all dem things?"

"Do you mean ingredients?" I asked.

"Yes, I do; I means jus' dat. Well, I gets all my grejunces together hyuh on yere table—"

"But what are the ingredients, Aunt Patty? That is just what I want to know," said I.

"Now, chile, be still; I kyahn't never tell yer if yer keeps interruptin'."

"But I only wanted to know what you put into the muffins," said I, rather meekly, for she had my last chocolate drop.

"I puts de grejunces, I tell yer,—I just puts 'em all into dis yere mixin' bowl' an' I stirs 'm all up together wid dis yere big wooden spoon, and den I bakes 'em; and now, honey (swallowing the last chocolate cream), run along, cos dar's the school-bell a-rin-ger, and Miss Mary's a-coming' to give out dinner. Like as not you'll forget all I done tole yer fore night. 'Taint no sort o' use to try to tell ye how I makes anything."

This is just how Aunt Patty makes corn muffins; and they are delicious, I assure you.—*The Christian Union.*

*Snack is the Virginia word for luncheon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, JAN. 1.

I have been taking a short business trip in this section of the country, and will give your readers a little of my observations on matters of business, and other items that may interest many of your subscribers.

As I stand at the corner of Broadway and Fulton streets during the hours from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, and see the cabs, carts, carriages, and pedestrians pass in view, I fail to discover any material falling off from the same panorama witnessed from this same

locality one year ago. I call into the wholesale dry goods houses, and find a little doing every day, but not a very large volume of business. Retailers are doing something, but some tell me they are not doing enough to pay their rents, gas bills and running expenses, and so I go on through all departments of trade and the principal industrial interests of the country, which are represented in this city, and find the same state of affairs. From a thorough investigation by close observation, and from conversation with intelligent business men, I find that one great cause is the unsettled and unfortunate political condition of the country. The money market is, or would be, in a very satisfactory condition, if the presidential contest was settled. Gold is coming in every week from Europe, as the balances now are in our favor, and our exports far exceed the imports, and exchange being high the English merchants prefer to send the gold, which would necessarily flow into the channels of commerce by the receivers if anything was known what the result would be of the present political difficulty in the contested states regarding the presidential canvass.

The situation, to say the least, is very grave, but there seems to be a more hopeful feeling to-day that the contest will be settled by the good sense of the American people, through their representatives, without serious trouble.

New York is a world in itself, containing people from all nations, those versed in commerce, arts, sciences, professions, laborers, etc. You have seen and heard of its schools, colleges, churches, hotels, public parks, art galleries, street railways, and hundreds of other things which please the eye and gladden the heart. All these, and more too, may have been published in your valuable columns, but I have never yet seen in your paper a description of the principal places where, and the distinguished gentlemen who educate the youth and young men of our land, to heal the sick and make the poor cripple to walk, and in fact reconstruct him physically with modern inventions and appliances. Since I have been here I have looked over some of these institutions, and through a friend have made the acquaintance of several distinguished professors in the medical colleges in this city, and will in brief give your readers a slight sketch of some of them.

In the University of New York we find Prof. Darby, a very skillful surgeon; Prof. Willard Parker of the College of Physician, who it is said, was successful in a surgical operation which was pronounced by the best French surgeons impossible without sacrificing the life of the patient; Prof. R. O. Doremus, one of the very best chemists, in this country, and of toxicology; and Prof. L. A. Sayre, professor of orthopedic surgery, fractures and dislocations, and clerical surgery. The last two named are professors in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College. I might go on and mention many others, but time and space in your columns forbid. With your kind permission, however, I will say a few words about the skill and reputation of the last named surgeon.

Lewis A. Sayre, M. D., graduated at the College of Physicians in New York, which is located on the corner of 23d street and 4th avenue. From what I saw, and from information from those who ought to know, he is the king of surgeons, and stands at the head of his profession in this or any other country on orthopedic surgery, fractions and dislocations. During my stay here I saw several operations performed by him in the most skillful and scientific manner. One morning in his office on 5th avenue and corner of 30th street, there were assembled several surgeons, and among them was present an eminent English surgeon, and I witnessed with them a practical illustration of what the professor calls "tendo achilles." A young child had a turned or twisted foot, and had been operated upon by Prof. Sayre, and while dressing it he explained to the English surgeon and others his manner of operation and subsequent treatment, modern appliances, etc. When the professor had finished, our English cousin frankly acknowledged that cousin Jonathan was a little ahead of them in some particulars on practice and modern appliances relative to the practice of orthopedic surgery. Prof. Sayre has several assistants. The principal ones are his son, Dr. Louis Hall Sayre, and Dr. Robert Taylor. They are very skillful in their profession, and genial and sympathetic with their patients. When you look at their cheerful countenances as they cheer up a patient here and another there, you almost wish that you had come to them for treatment so as to experience the full benefit of their kindness to those who suffer severe pain.

Since my last communication to you I have been traveling in Vermont in the valley of the northern Connecticut. The scenery in and around Newbury is perfectly gorgeous. It bids fair in a few years to rival Saratoga and the Catskill Mountains. It is a place of summer resort for some of the most intelligent, refined and educated people in the United States. Besides its great natural beauty it possesses the best mineral springs in this country, and rivals the best German springs.

Before drawing this rambling letter to a close will you permit me to add that there is a first class ladies' seminary here, in a very flourishing condition. Physical culture is made a specialty in this institution. Mary E. Tenney, principal of the Montebello Ladies' Institute at Newbury, Vermont, with her corps of able assistants, stand at the head in their profession in New England.

Allow me in closing to use your columns to express thanks to the following named persons for kindness and attention shown your correspondent: General C. B. Norton, Dept. of the Press International Exhibition, Philadelphia; Hon. Geo. F. Edmunds, U. S. S.; Dr. Andrews; E. P. Hayden, Esq., and family, New York. Supts. J. W. Hobart and L. Mills, Central Vermont Railroad; H. E. Folsom, Supt. Conn. River R. R.; John Works, Esq.; Wm. Clark, A. M., Proprietor of the Montebello Springs, Newbury, Vermont, and others which I will reserve for a future communication.

RUSH.

CHEER UP.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"No man will serve you for purse or curse."
—*Ruskin.*

Words of cheer give new strength to the arm, new vigor to the brain, new life to the body. They quicken the pulse, brighten the eye, warm the heart, and nourish the soul.

Tell that little fellow he is doing finely, and see how his eye kindles, how he strives with all his heart and soul to show you that he can do even better than you think.

Tell him he is doing very poorly, that you expected better things of him, and note the air of discouragement and listlessness that will follow. Make a practice of blaming him and you will soon see that he is quite indifferent to your opinion. Fault-finding is a very hardening process, and hearts that have been long subjected to it are very apt to grow callous and indifferent; and it not only hardens the heart but it paralyzes the physical and weakens the mental functions.

If one is in danger of drowning, never talk to him about the probabilities of his being seized with a cramp, or taking a violent cold in the water. Don't say "I'm afraid you will be drowned; do get out of the water quickly or you certainly will drown." But if you see that he has a long way to swim yet before he can possibly reach the shore, do all you can to keep up his courage. Say "You are doing bravely—that was a good stroke—bravo! You'll reach the shore yet—only a few more good strokes—don't give up—you are almost ashore! hurrah!" etc.

"Men," and women, too, "are but children of a larger growth," and commendation or condemnation affect them in precisely the same way that they do the little ones. Whether, therefore, you are dealing with husband, wife, son, daughter, friend, neighbor, or servant, your best course will always be, if you find twenty things wrong and only one right, shut your eyes for the time to the twenty faults and speak of the one excellence. Make the most of it, show your appreciation in the most cordial manner, and then very gently touch upon only one of the faults, and that rather as a suggestion than as an expression of displeasure, and then revert again with evident pleasure to the one merit; and take my word for it the next time you will have two good points to praise instead of one, and one less to criticize.

We cannot choose our lot or our surroundings, and circumstances. We must learn to accept them as they are, and make the most of them. We cannot even choose our daily companions, and since we cannot always have them what we would, let us learn to make the best of them as they are. "It is always a bad workman that complains of his tools."

He is not the greatest conqueror who wins only when circumstances favor, but he who wins in spite of circumstances, who knows how to make even obstacles serve as stairs on which he may mount to a more glorious success.

If this life were all, we might indeed

often sink with despair. But as it is, we must consider, not chiefly our individual pleasure, but the means by which we may achieve the greatest good for the greatest number. Thank God! this life is not all. A little while longer and all our trials and troubles may be over forever. Cheer up! The harbor is almost in sight. May God strengthen and guide us safely into the haven of rest.

GROWING OLD.

It is strange, when one comes to think about it, that women should so dread to grow old. It is natural enough that a vain and selfish girl, whose only idea in life is admiration, and dreams that only youth and beauty may bid for it, should shudder to see her youth depart, and with it her only charm. But from wiser women one would look for better views.

The French have a proverb: A woman is not a woman until she is thirty. The pretty girls blushing through their teens, the fair maiden of twenty, even the fortunate belle whose reign has lingered until twenty-five, may find a precarious existence in the roseate pages of fiction, but it is the woman of riper years, of formed character, of settled principles and matured intellect who lives immortal in the purple royalty of history. May and June are fair in the white blossoms of promise, but it is October that brings the luscious fruit to cheer and beautify the winter of our years.

Youth is the lovely probation time of life, as life itself is the probation time of eternity. The real life, the grand years, are those that follow, each greater than the last, the preparation days. It is then, when speech and thought, each secure in its proper place, no longer at strife, throw wide the doors of conversation, when sure of herself, understanding well her duties and claims, that woman steps firmly forward, with kindly smile, with gracious air and conscious power, to mount her waiting throne, and grasp the jeweled sceptre of perfect womanhood. Every white hair that gleams among the dark, every line upon the noble countenance, telling of gathered thoughts, fresh treasures of human sorrow and sympathy, are new diamonds and pearls in the circlet about her brows.

Our birthdays are rounds of the ladder leading upwards, and ever as we mount, if we do not find the atmosphere purer and more invigorating, the prospect fairer and brighter, it is because we turn our faces downwards, and refuse to breathe freely, or look about us.—S. M. Brownson.

—Never quit your hopes. Hope is often better than enjoyment. A hopeless person is deserted by himself, and soon forgotten by friends and fortune.

—Worrying about things which cannot be helped is a waste of time, energy and health; therefore let the wind and weather come and go without fretting.

—We cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of the warm sunshine and cloudless sky.

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.

The following letter will be read with interest coming as it does so many thousands of miles, to swell the volume of praise of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Mrs. Lyons is one of the most prominent and influential ladies in Hawaii. Dobbins' Soap does as well there as here, it seems.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR SIR:—Some time ago I was induced to send to Messrs. Newton Bros. & Co., San Francisco, for a box of Dobbins' Electric Soap, having heard of its great merit even in this distant land. We received the box in due time. It gives me great pleasure to say that its use is perfectly satisfactory in every respect. I have lived on this island nearly thirty-eight years, where the yellow bar soap is generally used for washing, and other family purposes, with results far from satisfactory. The contrast in looks and smell of the clothes on using Dobbins' Electric Soap is very marked. Some garments, a good deal worn, had such an improved appearance that it was hard to believe they were the same. It is as if the soap searched on every side of each particular thread, and carried away all dirt of any kind. I think other housekeepers will agree with me that the effect of this soap on dishes and wash cloths is like magic. I am sure I never felt such clean dish cloths as we now have. With a feeling of obligation for greatly increased comfort, I am,

Yours Respectfully,

MRS. LUCIA G. LYONS.

Waimoa, (Kawaihae P. O.) Hawaiian Islands.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received my sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap in due time by mail. It does all you, and the many writers for THE HOUSEHOLD, have said it will do. I immediately sent to the New Orleans agency for a box of it, and would not be without it now for three times its cost. I have given several bars to my friends, and all are delighted with it.

Trenton, La. MRS. WILL MILLER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and tested it. I pronounce it a success. Under my manipulation it does all that has been promised. The saving in fuel by its use will more than pay any extra cost of the soap aside from the saving of hard rubbing and straining over the washtub, with a whole house damp and unhealthy, which is the case when other soap is used.

MRS. ISAAC T. WHYTE.

St. Joseph, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap. It is the very best soap I ever used. Our grocer got a supply from Portland, and it sells very readily.

MRS. J. F. PALMER.

No. Boothbay, Me.

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Beautiful Holiday Presents.

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SILVER PLATED BUTTER KNIFE

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Heavily Plated with Silver,

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TABLE CUTLERY,

Both Plated and not Plated.

We refer you to the publisher of this paper as to the quality of our goods, and as to our responsibility.

GOODSELL COMPANY,

Antrim, N. H.

Successors to Woods Cutlery Co., and Sole manufacturers of Woods Hot Water Proof Table Cutlery. 1-2

GOODSELL COMPANY. GOODSELL COMPANY. GOODSELL CO.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE. See Trial Trip, on last page.

TO FARMERS AND STOCK BREEDERS.

Your attention is requested to the advertisement of THE PRACTICAL FARMER that appears in this issue of our paper. It is one of the oldest and most ably conducted of its kind in the country—a large, strictly first class, 64 column weekly, that will richly repay any farmer or stockman many times its cost of subscription.

TEN CENTS for Three Months (postage paid). See A Trial Trip, on last page.

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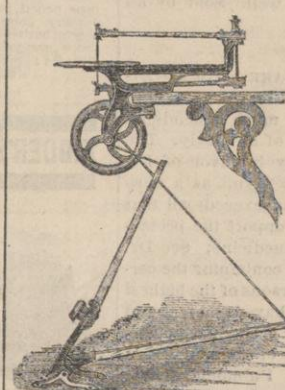
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is often felt by persons who cannot locate any particular disease. If they work, it becomes labor; if they walk, they soon tire; mental efforts become a burden, and even joys are dimmed by the shadow of this weakness which is cast over their lives. Recourse is had sometimes to stimulants of a dangerous character. The advice of physicians to refrain from active labor produces no happy results. Why? The system is debilitated and needs to be built up properly. PERUVIAN SYRUP will do this very thing. Like the electric current, it permeates the entire system, and harmonizing with the corporeal functions, it raises up the enfeebled and brings the color to the cheek again, and hope to the despondent. It does its work promptly and well. Sold by all druggists.

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THE HOUSEHOLD for 1877

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Open to All.

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To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to May 1st 1877 we will give

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either AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50,

or A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

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ANOTHER LIST

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A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

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AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Third

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

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For the Sixth

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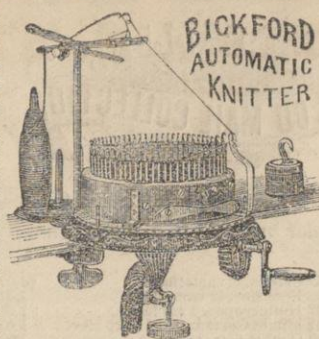
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For the Tenth

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It has cured thousands of this disgusting complaint, when all other remedies have failed. Send stamp for pamphlet, to H. H. BURLINGTON, Providence, R. I. Also for sale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston.

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LEGS

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Rests on chimney. Heats milk, &c., quickly. Great convenience night. Sent postpaid for 25 cents. Agents wanted. 1-6adv

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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

41 PARK ROW, N. Y.

They have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been secured, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complex business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.—Extract from New York Times, June 14, 1875. Send for a Circular.

CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 3:30 and 8:25 a. m.; at 2:00 and 3:40 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:40 a. m., Waterbury at 7:30 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:40 p. m., connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 10:40 a. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 6:00 p. m., Brattleboro at 8:30 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

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

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

GOING NORTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on night trains between Springfield and Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.

St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 22, 1875. 3tf

Household Premiums.

We offer the following list of PREMIUM ARTICLES to those who are disposed to aid in extending the circulation of THE HOUSEHOLD. With the number and name of each article, we have given its cash price and the number of subscribers, for one year each, required to obtain it free:

| No. | PREMIUM. | Price. | No. of Subs. |
|-----|---|--------|--------------|
| 1 | One box Initial Stationary, | \$0 50 | 2 |
| 2 | Indelible Pencil, (Clark's), | 50 | 2 |
| 3 | Embroidery Scissors, | 50 | 2 |
| 4 | Name, Plate, brush ink, etc., | 60 | 2 |
| 5 | Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife, | 75 | 3 |
| 6 | Autograph Album, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 7 | Package Garden Seeds, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 8 | Package Flower Seeds, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 9 | Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 10 | Butter Knife, (silver plated), | 1 00 | 3 |
| 11 | Turkey Morocco Pocket Book, | 1 00 | 3 |
| 12 | Set Jet Jewelry, | 1 50 | 4 |
| 13 | One vol. Household, | 1 00 | 4 |
| 14 | Six Teaspoons, (silver plated) | 1 75 | 5 |
| 15 | Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated), | 2 00 | 5 |
| 16 | Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings, | 2 00 | 5 |
| 17 | Rosewood Writing Desk, | 2 25 | 5 |
| 18 | Rosewood Work Box, | 2 50 | 5 |
| 19 | Gold Pen with Silver Case, | 2 50 | 6 |
| 20 | Photograph Album, | 3 00 | 7 |
| 21 | Gilt Cup, | 2 75 | 7 |
| 22 | Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles), | 2 50 | 7 |
| 23 | Pie Knife, (silver plated), | 3 00 | 8 |
| 24 | Soup Ladle, (silver plated), | 3 50 | 9 |
| 25 | 1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated), | 3 50 | 8 |
| 26 | Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler) | 4 00 | 8 |
| 27 | Six Tablespoons, (silver plated), | 4 00 | 9 |
| 28 | Six Dining Forks, (silver plated), | 4 00 | 9 |
| 29 | Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler) | 5 00 | 10 |
| 30 | 1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle), | 5 00 | 10 |
| 31 | Sheet Music, (Agts. selection) | 5 00 | 10 |
| 32 | Child's knife, fork and spoon | 5 00 | 12 |
| 33 | Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g | 5 00 | 12 |
| 34 | Gold Pen and Pencil, | 6 00 | 12 |
| 35 | Carving Knife and Fork, | 6 00 | 12 |
| 36 | Spoon Holder, (silver plated), | 6 50 | 14 |
| 37 | Folding Chair, | 5 50 | 16 |
| 38 | Croquet Set, | 6 50 | 14 |
| 39 | Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler) | 7 00 | 14 |
| 40 | Clothes Wringer, | 7 50 | 15 |
| 41 | Webster's N'tional Dictionary, | 8 00 | 15 |
| 42 | Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated), | 8 00 | 18 |
| 43 | Six Tea Knives, (silver plated) | 8 00 | 18 |
| 44 | Fruit Dish, (silver plated), | 7 00 | 16 |
| 45 | Gold Pen and Holder, | 7 50 | 17 |
| 46 | 1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated), | 8 00 | 18 |
| 47 | 1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated), | 8 00 | 18 |
| 48 | Photograph Album, | 10 00 | 18 |
| 49 | Stereoscope and 50 views, | 10 00 | 20 |
| 50 | Elegant Family Bible, | 10 00 | 20 |
| 51 | Folding Chair, | 8 00 | 24 |
| 52 | 1-2 doz. napkin rings, in case, | 8 00 | 22 |
| 53 | Child's Carriage, | 10 00 | 25 |
| 54 | Cash, | 6 25 | 25 |
| 55 | Castor, (silver plated), | 10 00 | 25 |
| 56 | Sewing Machine, (Beckwith), | 12 00 | 24 |
| 57 | Cake Basket, (silver plated), | 12 00 | 30 |
| 58 | Chromo, Sunlight in Winter, | 10 00 | 25 |
| 59 | 1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated), | 14 50 | 30 |
| 60 | Photograph Album, | 18 50 | 30 |
| 61 | Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, | 12 00 | 30 |
| 62 | Folding Chair, | 20 00 | 50 |
| 63 | Guitar, | 20 00 | 40 |
| 64 | Silver Watch, (Waltham), | 20 00 | 45 |
| 65 | Ice Pitcher, (silver plated), | 20 00 | 50 |
| 66 | Child's Carriage, | 25 00 | 60 |
| 67 | Silver Watch, (Waltham), | 35 00 | 80 |
| 68 | Bickford Knitting Machine, | 30 00 | 75 |
| 69 | Harper's Pictorial Bible, | 35 00 | 80 |
| 70 | Cash, | 35 00 | 100 |
| 71 | Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s), | 45 00 | 100 |
| 72 | Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant, | 50 00 | 100 |
| 73 | Sewing Machine, (Weed), | 60 00 | 60 |
| 74 | Lamb Knitting Machine, | 65 00 | 125 |
| 75 | Ladies' Gold Watch, | 80 00 | 175 |
| 76 | American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton's) | 80 00 | 200 |
| 77 | Sewing Machine, (Weed), | 100 00 | 100 |
| 78 | Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition, 28 volumes), | 105 00 | 250 |
| 79 | Dicken's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes), | 108 00 | 260 |
| 80 | Gent's Gold Watch, | 125 00 | 275 |
| 81 | Cottage Organ, (Estey), | 150 00 | 150 |
| 82 | Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes), | 144 00 | 350 |
| 83 | Cash, | 400 00 | 1000 |
| 84 | Piano, 7 Oct., (Bening and Klix), | 500 00 | 1000 |
| 85 | Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Bening & Klix), | 700 00 | 1500 |

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture.

A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

*Premiums designated by a star are from the Lucius Hart Manufacturing Co., New York city. The goods are manufactured from the best material and triple plated.

THE HOUSEHOLD.



DON'T FORGET that we want a **SPECIAL AGENT** in every county in the United States. Many are applying for these special agencies and all are pleased with the terms we offer. If you can attend to the business in your county it **WILL PAY YOU WELL** to do so.

WE TRUST our young readers will not neglect the present opportunity of obtaining a

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE.

See Trial Trip, in next column.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUR NEW PREMIUM.—We take great pleasure in placing the Bickford Knitting Machine upon our Premium Lists both regular and special. We can most heartily recommend these machines to any and all who wish a simple, durable, cheap, and every way satisfactory knitting machine, and are confident that at the very favorable rate at which we offer them they will be among the most popular premiums on our lists.

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

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

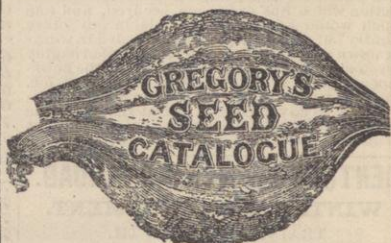
AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 88 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

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

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

Unexceptional advertisements will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents per square line of space each insertion.



My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1877 will be ready by January, and sent free to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for cultivation on every package. All seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should it prove otherwise I will refund the order gratis. As the original introducer of the Hubbard and Marblehead Squashes, Marblehead Cabbages, and a score of other new vegetables, I invite the patronage of all who are anxious to have their seed fresh, true, and of the very best strain. **New Vegetables a specialty.** JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass. 2-3mpb

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY. Winter session opens on **Monday, Jan. 8, 1877.** The full board of instruction will be retained. Parents having daughters to educate are respectfully invited to correspond with the Principal. **HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.** West Lebanon, Dec. 8, 1876.

ASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Auburndale, (near Boston,) Mass. Attractive home; best instruction; special care of health, manners and morals. **CHARLES C. BRAGDON, Principal.**

MONTFELLO LADIES' INSTITUTE. Newbury, Vt. The school is select and home-like. Great attention is paid to the Moral and Religious Education of the students and Physical Culture. **MARY E. TENNY, Principal.**



150 Varieties of Plants, Purchaser's choice, for \$1.00.

12 of which will be forwarded to any part of the United States, on receipt of price, and to Canada for 10 cts additional on every dollar. The purchaser can order by number, and save time.

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 1. 12 Coleus, 6 varieties, 1.00 | No. 8. 12 Foliage Plants, 1.00 |
| " 2. 12 Fuchsias, 12 varieties, 1.00 | " 9. 12 Double and Single Petunias, 1.00 |
| " 3. 12 Heliotropes, 6 varieties, 1.00 | " 10. 12 English Ivies, 1.00 |
| " 4. 12 Single Geraniums, 6 varieties, 1.00 | " 11. 12 Tuberoses, 1.00 |
| " 5. 12 Double Geraniums, 5 varieties, 1.00 | " 12. 15 Verbenas, 15 best named varieties, 1.00 |
| " 6. 12 Chrysanthemums, 6 varieties, 1.00 | " 13. 12 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 1.00 |
| " 7. 12 Gladiolus, 1.00 | " 14. 15 Plants, my choice, from above list, 1.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 15. 6 Carnation, 3 varieties, 50 cts. | No. 19. 6 Pelargoniums, 3 varieties, 50 cts. |
| " 16. 6 Begonias, 3 varieties, 50 cts. | " 20. 6 Basket Plants, 6 varieties, 50 cts. |
| " 17. 6 Calceolarias, 3 varieties, 50 cts. | " 21. 6 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 50 cts. |
| " 18. 6 Ivy Geraniums, 3 varieties, 50 cts. | |

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| No. 22. 10 Tea and Bourbon Roses, 1.00 | No. 25. 10 Ferns, 1.00 |
| " 23. 10 Hybrid Perpetual Roses, 1.00 | " 26. 10 Plants from above list, purchaser's choice, 1.00 |
| " 24. 10 Sweet Scented Geraniums, 1.00 | |

No. 27. Any 2 plants from above list, with the following 9, for \$1.00: 1 German Ivy, 1 Rose Geranium, 1 Lemon Verbena, 1 A. merallis, 1 Tradescantia, 1 Achyrantes, 1 Centaurea, 1 Artillery Plant, 1 Cigar Plant.

No. 28. 6 \$1.00 Packages from above lists for \$5.00.

No. 29. 6 Golden Bronze Geraniums, including the new Happy Thought, and Marshal McMahon \$1.00.

No. 30. For \$1.50 I will send 12 plants of the following: 1 Silverleaf Geranium, 1 Mrs. Pollock Geranium, 1 variegated Hydrangea, 2 Tea Roses, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Calla, 1 New Variegated German Ivy, 1 Palm Tree, 1 Smilax, 2 Ferns.

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

MONEY can be sent at my risk if sent by Post Office Orders, or Registered Letter which can be obtained at any Post Office. Be sure and give your Name, Post Office, County and State plainly, and address all orders to

C. E. ALLEN,

Florist and Seedsman, Brattleboro, Vermont.

My Illustrated Catalogue of Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Seed and Bulbs, mailed to applicants on receipt of stamp.

BENJAMIN R. JENNE, General Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.

GUSTIN'S OINTMENT.

This really valuable Ointment is now for the first time offered to the public. For many years its extraordinary curative virtues have been known but to a few, it having been handed down from generation to generation in one family, who, with their friends, have been the only ones benefited thereby. The recipe for making it was obtained in the last century from the Indians by one of Vermont's early and distinguished physicians, and used by him during his life with wonderful success. It will perform what is promised for it, and we now offer it as standing without a rival for relieving and curing

Piles, Burns, Bruises, Bites and Stings, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Etc.

For the Piles its truly wonderful effects can only be fully appreciated in its use by the afflicted one. It is equally beneficial for the speedy cure of Sore Nipples, no harm coming to the infant. The Ointment is neatly put up in tin boxes, and will be sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of 25 cents. Liberal discount to the trade.

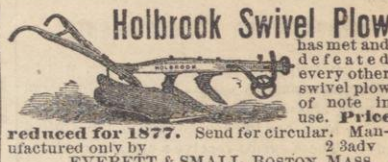
THOMPSON & CO.,
12- Brattleboro, Vt.

We take pleasure in speaking a word in praise of this Ointment. It has been used in our family for several years and always with the most satisfactory results. **ED. HOUSEHOLD.**

A \$2.00 CHROMO GIVEN AWAY. The greatest inducements ever offered to lovers of Flowers.

Purchasers remitting \$1.00 for Flower Seeds in packets receive, postpaid, choice of the following beautiful Chromos: Group of Pinks and Moss Buds, Apple Blossoms or May flowers (sold at \$1.00). Those remitting \$2.00 are entitled to choice of Italian Landscape, either Summer or Winter. These pictures retail at \$2.00. Those remitting \$3.00 are entitled to one picture each from the \$1.00 and \$2.00 premiums. The above Chromos are from the well-known house of **L. Prang & Co.** For further particulars and prices, see our Illustrated Catalogue of 150 pages, which will be sent on receipt of two 5 cent stamps. The well-known reputation of our Seeds for the past twenty years is a sufficient guarantee of their quality. Address, **WASHBURN & CO.,** 2-le 100 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Hall's Hair Renewer Turns gray Hair dark. Removes dandruff, heals humors of the scalp and makes the Hair grow thick and glossy.



Holbrook Swivel Plow has met and defeated every other swivel plow of note in use. Price reduced for 1877. Send for circular. Manufactured only by **EVERETT & SMALL, BOSTON, MASS.**

SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS. Superior quality, by mail, postpaid. 10 Gladiolus, 10 sorts, with name; fine, - 50 cts. 10 Double Tuberoses, fine flowering Bulbs, 75 cts. Catalogues FREE. Send for one at once. All kinds of Flower Seeds at FIVE CENTS PER PAIR. Bulbs and Plants at extremely low prices. **JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Queens, N. Y.** 2-2adv

containing 192 pages on **SEEDS and Plants** mailed free. **H. A. DREER,** SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, PHILADA. 2-3

The Greenbrook & Paterson City Nurseries Floral and Fashion Journal. Free for 1876! Address **GREIVES & CO., Box 2853, New York**

LADIES WANTED to canvass every town in New England for the best patented article of Ladies' wear ever offered. Large profits. For particulars address, **WM. H. HYDE & CO., Office, No. 1 Todds Block, 2-1h Elm St. New Haven, Conn.**

25 Fancy Mixed Cards, latest styles, with name, 10 cents, postpaid. 2-1r **NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

SEED CATALOGUES FREE! All about **FLOWERS and VEGETABLES, BEST SEEDS** in the market; sure to grow; large packets; low prices; liberal discounts. Books and Papers as premiums. Address, 2-le **COLE & BROTHER, Seedsmen, Pella, Iowa**

A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO—A Sleighride Party, of excellent finish and artistically colored, size 18x20, sent by mail postpaid for 30 cts.; 4 for \$1. **E. BUSENELL, Brattleboro, Vt.**

PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS, by mail, or express. Cut-flowers and floral designs for funerals, weddings, etc., a specialty. **C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.**