



The household. Vol. 5, No. 9 September 1872

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, September 1872

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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1872.

No. 9.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year
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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

Editor and Proprietor,

Crosby Block, - - - Main Street,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

TERMS: — \$1 00 per year.



THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

Last night I sat beside the pane
And heard across the mist of rain
The wild birds twitter low.
And thought how soon the leafy nests,
Now warm with little speckled breasts
Would be filled full of snow.

I saw the withered, wet leaves fall,
And cried, God shield and save ye all,
Black birds, and blue, and brown;
And all ye tribes of noisy things,
With linings on your ashen wings
Soft as the thistle's down.

And ye with top knots on your heads
Of crimson grains or scarlet reds,
And tongues so wild and loud;
God save I said, in kindest care,
Seeing ye drift along the air
Like some bright sunset cloud.

And ye in grey and russet suits,
And ye with ruffles all in flutes
About your necks ashine:
When April sends her lamps of dew,
To light the darkened daisies through,
God fetch ye, darlings mine!

And ye, with tuneful, tender throats,
And ye with white and spotless coats,
And ye that hold in scorn
Soft music, and while summer gleams
Sit by your doubles in the streams,
Snapping your bills of horn.

And let what will my life befall,
I still shall love and need ye all;
Nor can my heart make choice,
Or hold the nightingale preferred
Above the cuckoo, less a bird,
Than "just a wandering voice."

Therefore, I pray, and can but pray,
Lord keep and bring them back when May
Shall come with shining train,
Thick broderied with leaves of wheat,
And butterflies and field-pinks sweet,
And yellow bees and rain.

Yes, bring them back across the seas
In clouds of golden witnessess,
The grand, the grave, the gay:
And if Thy holy will it be,
Keep me alive once more to see
The glad and glorious day.

—Alice Carey.

THE FRONT YARD.

THE beautifying of the front yard and
keeping it in order depends much
more upon the girls than the boys, and
they generally like to do it. With a little

ingenuity and care, and the help of their brothers, a great many pretty, ornamental things can be contrived at very small expense. Hanging baskets can be manufactured of the wire of old hoop skirts, and lined with moss, and, filled with ivy or other trailing vines, can be made to do double duty in beautifying the grounds and getting rid of a nuisance which nobody seems to know what to do with. Urns, made of boards nailed together six or eight sided, the outside covered with rough bark—the rougher the better—either glued or tacked on, and filled with gay and ever blooming plants, are as pretty as they are inexpensive, and are within the reach of everybody.

Another beautiful ornament can be made by taking a large shallow dish—an old tea tray answers the purpose admirably—filling it with wood earth, making the surface into little hills and dales, and covering the whole with the prettiest moss that can be found. In this moss bed can be planted young ferns, white and yellow violets, star grass, painted cups, and almost anything else that likes shade and moisture. If kept out of the sun and given plenty of water it is surprising how luxuriantly the mimic landscapes will grow, and how beautiful they will be.

There are many wild flowers, which, if transplanted, are as pretty as any cultivated ones, and the little girls will find it pleasant to take a basket and trowel with them upon their excursions in the woods in order to dig up such roots for transplanting. Among these is a species of wild phlox, the rose-colored, so much prettier and more delicate than the coarse, showy varieties which are cultivated, that it is a wonder it has not entirely displaced the latter. The wild lady's slipper, one of the most curious and beautiful of our forest flowers, bears transplanting well, and is worth the little care it needs. But the prettiest of all is the wild columbine. Nothing can exceed the airy grace of its gold and crimson bells, hanging from their slender stalks; and the purple and white varieties which are generally cultivated seem stiff and ungraceful beside them. They like the garden, and will thrive beautifully with ordinary care. Trilliums, wild honeysuckles, lupines, and many others will well repay cultivation.

—The Advance.

LAWNS.

A gentleman writes to the Cultivator that he is building a house in the country into which he expects to move about Sept. 1st, and inquires how he can early secure a lawn, and what is the best fertilizer to be used for it. As the reply may be of value to many, we append it:

"If our correspondent wishes to obtain grass as soon as possible, he may

first make a fine even bed of mellow soil, enriched to a proper depth, and then if the weather and ground are soft enough, late in summer or early in autumn, sow the grass seed on the smooth surface, and roll or brush it lightly in. There should be at least eight or ten times as much seed as the amount with which farmers commonly seed down. In order to make the growth more successful, it would be well to dress the surface say half an inch deep or more, with fine pulverized compost or rotted manure, which will not only render the germination of the seed more certain, but will cause a more rapid and vigorous growth, and will also protect the young plants from injury by freezing in winter. A

warm moist autumn will soon cause a dense green carpet of grass to appear; should it happen to be very dry, it will not be quite so successful, but will do well with the assistance of the coat of compost, and a thin sprinkling of clean rye straw, if defacing the grounds in this way will not be a serious objection. This straw covering may lie till early spring, when it must be carefully raked off. It will serve to protect the young grass from the cold winds in winter. If the seeding cannot be done in the late summer or autumn, it must be performed very early in spring, in the way above described. Some prefer red-top alone to any mixture; others prefer a portion of white clover, which should be sown always very early in the spring. In place of barn-yard manure, use guano, fish guano, dead animal matter, contents of vaults, etc., etc., made into a thoroughly mixed heap with muck, loam, turf and other absorbents."

PLAZZAS.

The plainest farm-house should have its broad piazza. To no other persons is the luxury so desirable as to a farmer and his family. When the heat of a summer day has passed, and the cool shades of evening begin to render "all out doors" an inviting place of resort, the mechanic sallies forth from his close shop, the lawyer from his musty office, the minister from his study, the broker from his counting-room, to enjoy with their wives an evening call, or a walk, or drive, and to them, as to the weary seamstress, it seems like a glorious rest. While the farmer who has been bronzing and blistering all day in the sun, and to his wife who has for a large share of it been broiling over a hot cook stove, the thought would prove anything but refreshing and comforting.

To him, when he would rest at will, and surrounded by the lovely evening sights and sounds of nature, refresh his mind with the news of the day, or the pleasant chat of his assembled family, the broad piazza becomes an inexhaustible, almost an indispensable source of pleasure and comfort.



ENTERTAINING CALLERS.

BY KITTY CANDID.

A FRIEND writes: "Our room is always patronized by callers. It is filled, and by those who seem to enjoy it, and so do we. We rarely if ever rise on their entrance to give them a chair, or hunt up the most desirable location for them, and never apologize. If we are busy, we say so; they amuse themselves till our hurry is over, and then we entertain them, or vice versa—and in that, I think, lies the great secret of our success at entertaining callers."

Reader, did you ever think of that? Did you ever try to find the reason why some parlors in your neighborhood are so well filled, and yours so empty? Did you ever wonder why some young ladies so unattractive in person can make an evening pass so agreeably? I know you have. I've heard some say that they'd "just like to know what magic Miss Brown possesses, that Mr. and Miss So-and-so, and a bevy of others like to infest her parlors continually. She certainly cannot perform as well as Miss Smith at the piano, and isn't half as pretty as Miss Jones, the furniture isn't near as costly as Mr. White's, and the carpet shockingly worn!"

Bless your soul! that isn't the reason. Acquaintances and friends who visit Miss Brown don't go to see the furniture and carpets; neither do they go simply to see Miss Brown. They go to enjoy what she creates. She is natural; that lies at the bottom. She doesn't put on company airs as soon as you cross the threshold. She doesn't ask about the weather, your mother, father, brother, sister, and last Sunday's sermons, and then sit like any automaton, and waiting Micawber fashion for "something to turn up" that may start a new topic. If no such event should occur, the visitor with folded hands must bide the issue. If he is very venturesome, he may venture an observation. If he receives monosyllabic answers he tires of the tax on brain and body, and excuses himself early. Not so with Miss Brown. She forgets self and easily sets about ministering to the comfort of those who honor her with their company. The furniture doesn't sit in strict rows and at right angles with each other. The books on the center table have not been taught to assume that look that says plainer than words, "Don't move us out of our places, please!"

In fact, the secret of entertaining callers successfully, is in being at ease yourself and allowing them to be the

same. Half the comfort of the call is destroyed at the beginning, if on our entrance there is a great commotion and a series of gymnastics gone through with before we can be safely seated. I think I would not advise another to adopt the way of my friend and offer none at all, but really there is more in the way in which one is received, than the receiver imagines. To a bashful or sensitive person the manner of welcome is of the utmost importance. Their whole afternoon or evening's pleasure may depend upon it.

Of course the room should be tidy and appointments cleanly, but it is of no consequence if the chairs were less than fifty cents apiece when purchased twenty years ago, or if the table is soft wood, and the carpet made of hemp, if the inmates of the room know how to be themselves, and how to treat others with unstudied kindness.

Every family should keep upon their table a variety of simple games, easily learned and interesting, that the "young folks" may find entertaining occupation when conversation flags. Poems or other interesting reading matter should be scattered between, which the entertained may become conversant with if he chooses, but above all the entertainer should have a good knowledge of the same himself. In fact, the host must be home-like and natural, if he or she would have the guests care to repeat the call, or enjoy their company.

"I THANK YOU."

There is nothing that costs so little as politeness, and yet it is a commodity that few possess, or take pains to enrich themselves with. Rudeness and ill-manners are so prevalent that, when we come in contact with a polite person, we are apt to be astonished. With some persons, this polish is innate, also hereditary, for there is more good and evil inherited than is generally credited; and in others it is developed by proper home-training and refined associations.

True politeness springs from goodness of heart; a person who is sympathetic, who looks upon his fellow-creatures from a personal standpoint, cannot fail to be polite, for feeling prompts generosity, and what is politeness but generosity? The contrast visible between dress and mental caliber is curious to a student of human nature. The genuine jewel shines forth the brighter in proportion as the setting is dull; the patched coat or humble dress often fails to conceal the true nobility of character within.

To those desirous of impressing this subject upon their friends, we would refer to railway travel which from day to day affords opportunities of judging what is due to those with whom we come in contact. We have heard a poor person say, "Thank you," when offered a seat; and have seen elegantly dressed ladies, whose position in society is supposed to afford advantages for acquiring good manners, take a seat under similar circumstances, without a word of recognition, as if conferring a favor. Ah! the simple "Thank you," how it warms the heart, and how easy it is to say! It is like an electric shock passing from heart to heart, kindling pure emotions, strengthening one's faith in humanity, and carrying joy to secret places.

Those of us who possess the advantages which good society affords, should surely be careful not to lower ourselves below the humble classes, whose sur-

roundings all tend to rudeness and vulgarity. According to our action, so is our reward. If we grudge the simple "thank you," the appreciative glance, we openly acknowledge our inferiority to men and women in whom the omission would be excusable.—*Ex.*

PAPERING OLD WALLS.

Housekeepers frequently meet with difficulty in their efforts to cover with paper old walls that have been whitewashed. Perhaps the walls have had a dozen coats of whitewash, laid one over the other, and each one is now scaling from the rest in thin flakes. To get paper to stick to such a wall would be very difficult. It is not difficult to get the paper to stick to the outer layer, but when this layer peels off, the paper, of course, comes with it.

The only reliable remedy for this state of things, says an exchange, is to remove all the old whitewash by scraping and washing. The process is laborious and tedious, but it is the only one that is good for anything. Some persons wash the wall with vinegar, which "kills" the lime and allows the paste to adhere, but the compound formed by vinegar and lime attracts moisture so freely that the wall is always kept damp.

If the labor of scraping be objected to, the best plan is to wash the wall with a solution of sulphate of zinc or white vitriol, a cheap salt that may be had from any druggist. When this substance comes in contact with lime, it is decomposed and there is formed a quantity of sulphate of lime or plaster of Paris and white zinc. The surface is therefore rendered hard and white, and as these substances have very little attraction for moisture they are not liable to the same objection that holds good in the case of vinegar. In fact the effect is to produce a surface that is composed of nearly the same materials as hard finish.

ALWAYS NEAT.

Some folks are very charming at evening parties, but surprise them in the morning, when not looking for company, and the enchantment is gone. There is good sense in the following advice to young ladies:

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a "sloven," in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain; a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair-brush, nail-brush, and tooth-brush. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner-work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may not, or need not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed.

A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a stranger or neighbor come in. Moreover your self respect should demand the decent appereling of

your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

—Among well-bred people a mutual deference is shown; attention given to each in his turn; and an easy stream of conversation maintained, without vehemence, without eagerness for victory, and without any airs of superiority.

—Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will.



FLOWERS.

Flowers for the humble poor,
Flowers for the weak and lone;
Let them gently, gently fall,
Where the weeds of toil are sown;

Lifting up foul discontent
From the lonely tenement,
As the fainting toilers there
Catch the breath of heaven's air.

Flowers—lay them by the bed,
Where the restless sick are lying;
Let their freshness heal the air,
Wounded by the sufferer's sighing:

Let his eye a moment rest
Where his seeing may be blest,
Ere they mingle their sweet breath
With the heavy one of death.

Flowers for the rich and proud;
Lay them in the costly room,
Where art's thick, luxuriant air
May from nature catch perfume;

And like whispering angels start
Pity in the rich man's heart—
Pity for some humble one
Who of flowers and fruit hath none.

Flowers for each one of earth,
Under and above the sod.
That the dead may sweeter sleep,
And the living think of God.

When we from our walks of sin
See where His soft steps have been,
Leaving these to bless our eyes,
As a glimpse of Paradise.

ARRANGING BOUQUETS.

To some persons the arranging of a bouquet of flowers is a very difficult art—to others it appears to be an intuitive affair, requiring no study and scarcely any deliberation. As the whole art consists in a proper appreciation of the effect produced by harmonizing varied colors and forms, so those who understand the art of dressing well can, with a little practice, soon learn to arrange a bouquet; and, on the other hand, the knowing how to do so will be of great service in aiding those who learn it to dress well, as it will show them how to avoid those incongruities of color especially, which are so commonly seen in the various dresses worn by ladies who have spared no expense in, as they think, dressing becomingly.

In arranging a bouquet, avoid sentimentality; it is all well enough to talk about wild flowers and carelessness of arrangement, and that sort of thing, but it only results in a *bunch* of flowers "without form and void"—a mere chaotic group of confusion, in which the beauty of each individual component part is lost or destroyed; whereas a real bouquet is an affair of art and order, a strictly artificial production, in which each component part heightens and brings out in stronger relief the beauty of the other without weakening or destroying its own.

Now, first, as to colors: There are three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow; these harmonize with each other, and may be placed in contact. The next are the binary colors—orange, composed of red and yellow; purple, composed of blue and red; and green, composed of blue and yellow; these harmonize with each other, but not with the primaries from which they are derived. Then follow the tertiary colors—olive, composed of purple and green; citron, of green and orange; and russet, from orange and purple; these harmonize with each other and with the primaries, but not with the binaries, the rule being that each color harmonizes with the others of the same class, but not with those from which they are derived. After these three classes follow the neutral tints, such as lavender, slate, brown, puce, maroon, etc., which may be indiscriminately used except with the color or shade that predominates in them. To illustrate the above: citron will go with yellow, red, or blue, but not with orange, purple, or green; orange will go with purple and green, but not with red, blue, or yellow; the first two will make it look muddy, and it will pale the yellow. Arrange the colors so that they produce a softness of tone, and that the contrasts heighten and do not conflict.

It may be said that the above deductions as to the harmony of colors are not exactly correct as regards green, as that is such a universal color in nature, and that red, blue, and yellow flowers have green leaves; but it must be remembered that the flowers themselves are rarely, if ever, brought in close contact with the leaves, they generally being borne on spikes, racemes, or in similar forms of arrangement, which separate them from the foliage. When you have to use two colors in a bouquet that do not harmonize well with each other, their injurious effects one upon the other may be neutralized by inserting white flowers between them.

In arranging a bouquet for a vase it is well to do so without tying the stems together, merely holding them firmly in the hand while arranging them, and when the bouquet is made up, slipping it deftly into the vase, the flowers then separate somewhat, and give the bouquet a more light and airy appearance than when they are tied together firmly. Be careful not to get all the flowers of one shade of color on one side of the bouquet, but distribute them through it with a regular irregularity. The center flower, if possible, should be a spike, so as to give a determinate pyramidal form to the bouquet, as that is the most pleasing form to give it. Sprigs of green foliage should be liberally interspersed with flowers, but it is best to use the foliage of the particular flower with which it is in contact. The foliage of the rose harmonizes better with its flowers than any other foliage that can be used for this purpose; so of the lily of the valley, and all other flowers. This may appear hypercritical taste, but it is so ordered in nature, and without going into a learned dissertation to show why it is so, we may say that the science of structural botany proves that flowers are only abnormal developments of the leaves, and that there is in consequence a more or less general resemblance between them.

When flowers are used for table decoration, those that are scentless should be used for this purpose, as the mixed odors of flowers and viands are disagreeable to many persons. If highly perfumed flow-

ers are employed, they should only be used when the fruit dessert is brought on the table. To fruit, flowers add additional zest, as their colors, odors, and associations generally are harmonious; dishes of fruit intermixed with foliage and flowers form novel and beautiful bouquets of themselves.

This may be sybaritic taste; but all such means of elevating a meal for human beings above that of a mere animal feeding are proper and legitimate, and in country homes add nothing to the expense. The prevailing evil of Americans in eating is their haste, leading to a long list of dyspeptic disorders. Anything that will induce them to linger at the table and take time to masticate their food is a benefit. Floral adornment of our dining-tables will go far to do this.—*Selected.*

SKELETON LEAVES.

Mr. J. F. Robinson describes in Hardwick's *Science Gossip* a simple method of preparing skeleton leaves, which seems preferable to the old and tedious method of maceration, and which he recommends to all young botanists, especially to his fair friends, who take up the science of botany more as an intelligent amusement than for severe study. First dissolve four ounces of common washing soda in a quart of boiling water, then add two ounces of slacked quicklime, and boil for about fifteen minutes. Allow the solution to cool; afterward pour off all the clear liquor into a clean saucepan.

When this liquor is at its boiling point place the leaves carefully in the pan, and boil the whole together for an hour, adding from time to time enough water to make up for the loss by evaporation. The epidermis and parenchyma of some leaves will more readily separate than others. A good test is to try the leaves after they have been gently boiling for an hour, and if the cellular matter does not easily rub off betwixt the finger and thumb beneath cold water boil them again for a short time. When the fleshy matter is found to be sufficiently softened, rub them separately but very gently beneath cold water until the perfect skeleton is exposed.

The skeletons, at first, are of a dirty-white color; to make them of a pure white, and therefore more beautiful, all that is necessary is to bleach them in a weak solution of chloride of lime—a large teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water; if a few drops of vinegar are added to the solution, it is all the better, for then the free chlorine is liberated. Do not allow them to remain too long in the bleaching liquor, or they become too brittle, and cannot afterwards be handled without injury. About fifteen minutes will be sufficient to make them white and clean-looking. Dry the specimens in white blotting paper, beneath a gentle pressure.

Simple leaves are the best for young beginners to experiment upon; the vine, poplar, beech, and ivy leaves make excellent skeletons. Care must be exercised in the selection of leaves, as well as the period of the year and the state of the atmosphere when the specimens are collected, otherwise failure will be the result. The best months to gather the specimens are July and August. Never collect specimens in damp weather; and none but perfectly matured leaves ought to be selected.

THE EXPENSIVENESS OF FLOWERS.

As the love of flowers is developed, the demand for them increases. Boston and Philadelphia are called upon, almost daily, by telegraph, to make up the supply for New York. None but perfect flowers are wanted, rare varieties eagerly sought and handsome prices freely paid. Here, during the winter, the usual price of handsome rosebuds is twenty-five cents each; violets bring about the same price per dozen. Camellias sell rapidly for twenty-five cents apiece when in large supply, and range from that to one, two and three dollars apiece during the winter and near the holidays.

Hand bouquets are sold for fifty cents and upward. What the florists term good hand bouquets bring five dollars; extra fine, from five to ten dollars. Occasionally some are sold for fifteen and twenty dollars. Baskets of flowers, well arranged, sell from five to twenty-five dollars. Stands range from fifteen to fifty dollars, and extra large ones from fifty to one hundred and fifty. They have been sold here as high as three hundred dollars. Crosses and wreaths usually range from five to thirty dollars. A cross of flowers, in one of the Brooklyn churches, on Easter Sunday, cost one hundred dollars.

Refreshment and dinner tables are decorated with bouquets ranging from five to twenty dollars, and sometimes higher. At private entertainments it is not unusual to see from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars worth of floral decorations, and at a wedding reception given in this city a short time ago three thousand dollars were represented in flowers and plants.

It is said that at the last ball given in this city by the Americus Club, when Irving Hall was connected with the Academy of Music, and filled with exotic and native plants, rocks and fountains, rustic arbors, flowers and singing birds, the botanical collection was loaned to the club that night for the sum of six thousand dollars.

Fifteen years ago the average cost of flowers at a funeral was about ten dollars. Now it exceeds one hundred, and sometimes more than one thousand dollars' worth is required.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

ENGLISH IVY.

The use of English ivies for the use of decorating living rooms is more extensive every year, and cannot be too highly recommended. Being very strong they will live through almost any treatment; but study their peculiarities and manifest a willingness to gratify them and they will grow without stint. Most houses are too hot for them, as indeed they are for their owners. Neither plants nor people should have the average temperature over sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Take care and not enfeeble your ivies by undue heat or excessive watering, and you will find that they will not seem to mind whether the sun shines on them or not, or in what position or direction you train them. Indeed, so much will they do of themselves to render a room charming, that we would rather have an unlimited number of them to draw upon than anything else in nature or art.

Do you wish the ugly plain doors that shut off your tiny entry from your parlor to be arched and curved, like those in

the drawing rooms of your rich neighbors? Buy a couple of brackets such as lamps for the burning of kerosene are sometimes placed in, and screw them on the sides of the door. Put in each a plant of English ivy, the longer the better; then train the plants over the top, against the sides, indeed any way your fancy dictates. You need not buy the beautiful and costly pots the flower dealer will advise; common glazed ones will answer every purpose, for by placing in each two or three sprays of Coliseum ivy, in a month's time no vestige of the pot itself can be discerned through their thick screen.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

WATERING IN HOT WEATHER.

Injudicious watering is an injury to most garden plants; but properly performed, (for there is a right and a wrong way of doing it,) it is a great aid to the plants, and few are the gardens, flower or vegetable, that are not watered artificially during the period of summer drought. A slight watering in the middle of the day is an injury rather than a benefit. The heated earth at once absorbs the water thus applied, it bakes and forms a hard crust about the plant, the dews are not absorbed, and the plant is in reality worse off than if no water had been put on.

It is more important to keep the soil light and loose about newly set plants, etc., than it is to drench them with water. Where this is done the moisture comes up from below, the dew is absorbed, and the plant thrives, which it cannot do so long as the earth is crusted over. Always water at night; and before watering have the ground loosened up with the garden rake. Then water liberally—the application of a little water is often no better than none. Indeed we would rather keep the hoe going in a flower garden, in hot, dry weather, than the watering pot. The plants will stand the drought better by the former than the latter mode.

Too much water is as injurious to vegetable life as too little; to drown out your plants is as bad as to have them scorched—therefore use judgment in watering, as well as in other matters connected with the care of your gardens.—*Maine Farmer.*

ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

Plants of luxuriant foliage are of great value in large gardens, and also very effective in smaller ones. The glaring midsummer sun which causes other plants in bloom to wilt and droop, seems just to bring out their glory of richly colored leaves. When a rain storm passes over, beating down the bloom of smaller plants, and despoiling them of their beauty, those of broad expanse and stately growth stand up uninjured. But many say it requires a greenhouse, hotbed, professional gardener and other expenses to have a fine garden and splendid plants.

On taking up the seed catalogue of a prominent florist, it is found that a package of mixed seed of the well known canna costs 10 cents; castor bean, 10 cents; a package of perilla, a new ornamental plant, 5 cents; wiggandia, a magnificent plant several feet high, 25 cents; tritoma uvaria, or red hot poker, from its long spike of flame-colored flowers, 25 cents; double datura, fine foliage and flower eight inches long, 20 cents.

Others might be named, to show that it does not cost much to start a few

plants to be grown for other attractions than beauty of flowers. The roots of these can be kept over winter in a warm room, or a warm, dry cellar, to be put out again in spring. So none need deprive themselves of this class of plants for fear of their costing too much or being too hard to winter.

FORCING LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

In autumn take up the desired number of good, strong roots, such as have plump buds or crowns. Pack them closely together, either in pots or broad, shallow boxes, covering the crown about an inch deep with fine rich soil. Give sufficient water to settle the earth firmly about the roots, then place them in a position to grow and bloom. If wanted for the holidays, they should be placed in a warm situation about the first of November. If it is not desirable to have them all bloom at one time, a portion can be kept in a cellar, and brought out as required. If one has no conservatory in which to force them, they can be placed near a stove, or in any warm position until the leaves appear; then set in a window where they will receive the light. It is not necessary, however, that they should receive the direct rays of the sun the entire day, as a partial shade seems to suit them best.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE DIADEM PINK.

No flower novelty introduced in the past ten years has given so much delight as the diadem pink. At first some trouble was experienced from mixed seeds, and sports untrue to name, but now propagators have obtained a strain of true character, and the bloom of perfect plants is unequalled for brilliancy by any other plant in the flower garden.

The diadem pink is a flower that is so eminently worthy of culture in every garden we can recommend it for general trial. With us it has done exceedingly well on light, warm soil. They will bear considerable manure, applied well rotted in either the fall or spring. The same treatment given to sweet williams will produce good blooms of this also.

INVIGORATING HOUSE PLANTS.

House plants ought to be stimulated gently once or twice a week. Rain water, so refreshing to summer flowers, always contains ammonia, which also abounds in all liquid manures. If you take an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in one gallon of water, it will make spring water even more stimulating to your plants than rain water. Keep the soil in the flower pots loose.

COLORS OF FLOWERS.

An English writer says that "the three primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, are not to be found pure in any species of flower." Thus we have red and blue in the fuchsia, but no yellow; yellow and red in the rose, but no blue; blue and yellow in the pansy, but no red; and so on. If this is universally true it is certainly very curious. According to Humboldt and other modern authorities, however, the three primary colors are red, green and blue, as maintained by Brewster.



HOW BROADCLOTH IS MADE.

STAGE by stage, from sheep's back to gentleman's back, we will trace the history of broadcloth. The wool being shorn, goes to the stapler's and by him is sorted. It is neither long nor short, for the cloth manufacture, if wool be not moderately short it must be shortened artificially. It is next well oiled and spun into thread or yarn, then woven into a tissue that will be cloth by and by, though a long distance from cloth when it leaves the weaver. The tissue, if examined at this stage of manufacture, would display its threads just as madam's stuff gown does. A coat of this material would be threadbare all over, despite its newness. Before this material can become commercial cloth, five chief things will have to be done to it. Its texture must be closed, that is to say, it must be shrunk; it must be cleansed; a nap must be put upon it; superfluous nap must be shorn off; finally, it must be hot-pressed. First, as to the closing or shrinking. If we bear in mind what has already been stated about the quality of felting possessed by wool, due to the presence of certain saw-like teeth, the reason of shrinkage will be understood. To accomplish this is the fuller's task, and he goes to work as follows: He takes the material to be shrunk, wets it, soaps it, and submits it to the fulling-mill for a considerable time—seven or eight hours—under which operation the shrinkage is effected. The fulling machine is an engine so contrived that certain heavy piles or hammers are brought to bear upon the texture, already soaped, wetted, and laid in a trough. The hammers are so fixed in the machine that not only do they fall upon the texture with heavy thuds, but, at the same time, turn it about, each stroke being delivered on a fresh portion.

Now, bearing in mind the saw-like teeth, and the quantity of felting, what happens will be easily understood. The wool fibers are well soaped, as we already know, and, but for their serrations, all looking one way, they would slide upon each other in various irregular directions. Practically, however, they can only slide one way—namely, with the roots foremost. The result is that the saw-like teeth catch among each other, at every catch making the wool fibers shorter, whereby the entire texture is shrunk, and, of course, proportionately closed up and thickened. This result being accomplished, the workman clears away the soap by means of fuller's-earth and water, the fabric still remaining in the trough, and still wrought upon by the falling hammers or piles.

Being taken from the fulling-mill, the shrunken material has next to be dried. This is done by hanging it on tenter-hooks stuck into the margins of the texture at convenient distances. Obviously, this is an operation that admits of considerable deceit in dishonest hands. The wet fabric might be injuriously stretched—made broader and longer, to the prejudice of the material. Formerly, the exact amount of stretching to be used was regulated by act of Parliament, so important did the matter seem. Well, our material, woven, fulled and dried, is

not cloth yet—though considerably advanced on its way to cloth. It has no nap; so the next process will be imparting a nap to it.

Let us suppose, now, by way of introducing the nap-imparting process, that a piece of our material having been laid flat on a board, a cat gets on it and scratches it. Puss would get a sort of nap on our material, though she would deal with it somewhat roughly. If the scratching effect of a cat's claws were such as the cloth-worker required, he might imitate the operation by some sort of wire-tooth machinery. Altogether too violent it would be; for, although nap is really scratched up out of threads, it is effected by little hooks incomparably finer than the claws of any cat; finer than any hooks man's ingenuity has enabled him to devise—the agents used by clothiers of to-day, as by the Romans, being the hook-like growths of the *Dipsacus fullorum*, or fuller's teasel. This plant, in growth, is something like a thistle. It bears round heads, each about the size of a small apple, and studded all over with fine hooked protuberances. Many of the teasel-heads being packed together, and bound up tight on a flat surface, make a sort of comb, or curry-comb, and this was the invariable way of packing teasels for use in cloth manufacture once. They may also be packed on a cylinder, but, however arranged, their use in getting up nap out of threads will be obvious. Caused to rub against the incipient cloth, they scratch out little odds and ends of wool, and produce a hairy surface.

One stage further—then our woven material has advanced on the road to perfect cloth; but it is not cloth yet. The nap just scratched up by the teasel-hooks is of all lengths, within certain limits. The manufacturer wants an even length, which he accomplishes by shearing. Next follows hot-pressing, and this being done, we regard the cloth as made. — *Morgan's British Trade Journal.*

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

"Twenty-three inches is considered the proper size for a lady's waist at the present day, when small wasp-like waists are no longer admired." — *N. Y. Mail.*

Hurrah! the dawn of a new day is being ushered in! New beings begin to traverse the earth already, and with an even gait, that only waists to match the shoulders, can assist at.

Let every paper, daily, weekly, monthly and yearly; magazines of fact, fashion and frivolity; journals of health, art and cultivation; manuscripts of science or folly—in fact, everything that cometh under the pressure of printer's ink, published in the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Provinces and Territories—please copy, and may the Atlantic Cable echo and re-echo it gratuitously on the other side. Herald it forth in clarion accents till the rollicking Irishman, the bonny-haired Scotchman, the dark eyed Spaniard, the indolent Italian, the Parisian fashionable parasite, the buttermilk and lager-beer-drinking German, the hardy Norwegian, the fur-clad gutteral, muttering Russian and Dane, the roaming, cadaverous Hottentot, the historic Egyptian, the swarthy Moor, the tent-dwelling Arab, the half-clad Australian, the walrus-catching Kamtschatkan, the benighted Hindoo, the shivering Siberian and the "heathen Chinee" shall hear and fall

immediately a happy victim to the demands of our American style!

Let every pair of lungs that has been kept in base, compressed servitude for years, hear, let every twenty-four ribs that have been doubled by whale-bones, tight dress-linings and corset strings, straighten themselves with one prodigious bound! Let the glorious air enter the long-closed cells and revel in new and untried places.

Liver, poor depressed liver, who has secreted the noxious bile for so many years in silent awe at being crowded down by tight lacing into the viscera, far below where nature intended, rise up in honorable rebellion! now is your hour. No wonder that the fluid you have secreted has been so zealously green—you have had enough to make both lobes turn green with envy. No wonder you have enlarged, hardened, withered and ossified! All I marvel at, is that you haven't petrified, crowded down as you have been, with crooked, jammed ribs mercilessly bending into your glandulous composition, withered, cramped lungs wheezing above you, heart beating so irregularly as to confuse you, just for lack of room to pulsate in, distended stomach and duodenum lurching over towards you—what but a liver could have endured so much? Yes, I know you have taken revenge in sunken cheeks, sallow faces and saffron-colored eyes; have even hurried off the victims to untimely graves, but after all you hadn't the satisfaction of realizing that they knew that tight lacing was at the bottom of it.

You see readers, that twelve, fifteen, eighteen and twenty inches do not sound so very much smaller than twenty-three, but it does make a vast difference to the lungs, heart, liver and other organs whether they have eleven, eight, or even two more inches to work in. It is of no use for me to rehearse the past, you know how it is. You have seen girls with shoulders that would match a thirty-five inch waist going mincing and sidling along with as much grace as a decapitated crab, yet owning and boasting a waist of fifteen inches or perhaps less. Style demanded it. Fashion commanded it and down came the waists to the fashionable size.

Year after year they have been growing beautifully less. Belles have envied, beaux have admired, and our American women have been peopling the grave yards obediently and thoroughly and in mute ignorance, when they might have run and read.

Doctors have been called, given ominous shakes, written voluminous prescriptions, pronounced hard Latin names to hide the truth of the cause of the disease, condoled with the afflicted ones, sent in surprising bills and pocketed the receipts. But never once told the misguided victims to burst buttons, hooks, strings, and live; and for twenty per cent of such graves the doctors are to blame, and Fashion must shoulder the remaining eighty per cent.

For years, the only hope I have seen for American and European women and their children, was for Fashion to inaugurate a new era for health, by issuing the edict that "to be fashionable, the waists must be larger," and it has come.

Now do you understand why I am so enthusiastic? can you wonder? That is the only way to restore our health, give us rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and rounded forms; banish heart disease,

dyspepsia and liver complaints, and I wish it were twenty-eight inches. Slave to style, Paris has decreed it, Berlin has sounded it and apish America has adopted it, so be as ready to cut the strings, as you were to tie them, as ready to rip the seams as to sew them, as ready to lengthen your breath as to shorten, as ready to bound as to creep, as willing to enlarge as to compress, and as willing to recompense the body as you have been to defraud it. In a surprisingly short time you will not need cotton pads and whalebones over the liver and ribs to reach the twenty-three fashionable inches, but will know it by the absence of the awkward gait and asthmatic panting, and the different state of affairs in the stomach, and when the stomach and lungs are set right, never you fear but that the other members will right themselves.

But here is one, who by careful measurement, finds that she over goes the required size by a half inch; another by a whole inch; another by two or more, but my dear misses don't change your regime; if fashion has made the desperate plunge which I have repeated to you, rest assured she will dive again soon, and rise with added inches, so you will not be noticed now as formerly, and I tell you again and again, it is your only and last means of bodily salvation.

The only way for you to rid yourselves of disease, deformity and consequent unhappiness, is to obey this mandate, and for once I care not who issued it, or why. Perhaps our fashionable authority finds herself growing stout and presto! others must become so—never mind, if we will be half as ready to ape in this, as in other absurd follies, I promise you rosy cheeks and strong limbs in an incredible short space of time.

So let the press repeat and sound afar, girls adopt and men admire, and the foundation will be laid for healthier men and women and our children's children will rise *en masse* to bless the faithful papers who copied and every one who read. Promising to report if Fashion decrees a few inches more, I am, yours for reform.

KITTY CANDID.

LAMP MATS AND TIDIES.

MR. CROWELL, DEAR SIR, I saw a request in your June number for some directions for making lamp mats or tidies of zephyr. I will send my way of making a beautiful lamp mat. Take the desired shape of black broadcloth. Have double zephyr, green, red and yellow or every shade that may be desired and afforded. It will take an ounce and a half each of the green and red and only half an ounce of the yellow, for that is for the center. Take a silver plated four tined fork or a stick with a place in the center to sew through—a stick in the shape of a two tined fork only larger

—and wind the zephyr quite thick around it for the space of an inch, then take a strong thread and sew through the center having a piece of stout cloth at the back; then slip it off the fork and cut the edges apart and shear it and you have a rose leaf. And you wish to wind a longer place and thinner at one end for a green leaf and have a stick that is narrower or an old fashioned two tined fork which would be better, for the vine, all made in the same way and cut and sheared.

It is very pretty to be made with six serpentine curves of the vine, sewed on a round piece of broadcloth. And then

have one yellow for the center and six red ones around it for a rose although there are various ways of shaping a rose, then have twelve of these roses and opposite each rose a green leaf. Have the roses in the inside of every curve and the leaves on the outside of the vine, and between them have a bud in every place between the roses. That can be made just the same as the green leaf only with some red on the ends, and smaller.

MRS. H. M. S.

Directions for making lamp mats of zephyr in reply to questions by "a Reader."

Purchase one-half ounce each of four shades of single scarlet zephyr. Take the darkest shade, open and cut where the thread separates it into small skeins. Take four threads of the zephyr, tie a knot very near the end, then divide, holding three threads in the right hand and one in the left hand. Now tie a square knot about three-fourths of an inch from the first knot continue tying knots, that distance apart till the zephyr is gone; should the one thread be used up before the others, tie on more zephyr, and finish after all the zephyr is tied up. Take the work in the left hand, untwist if twisted, cut with scissors the three threads in the middle between the knots. Procure a thin card board a little larger than the lamp or vase bottom you wish to use. Cover with the material you wish the center of the mat to be. Wind the tied and cut zephyr loosely around a card two and one-half inches wide and cut once. Now sew the darkest shade around the outside edge of the foundation, each piece sewed in the middle, leaving the ends loose, one-half of an inch apart. Put the next darkest shade inside this, in the same manner, with the lightest shade inside, leaving a space large enough for the lamp. Cover a stiff card board with scarlet thibet or flannel and fasten the mat firmly to this and you have a pretty mat.

Java canvas one-half yard, square, fringed out on the edges, worked cross-stitch with scarlet zephyr, a Grecian pattern around the edge, with a figure in the center, make durable tides, as they can be washed and look as well as when new.

M. T.

HIGH HEELS.

Science, skill and care reduce the sufferings of those compelled to undergo surgical operations, to the lowest possible point. But enough remains to frighten people from paths, the end of which is the operating table and the surgeon's knife. One of these paths, which just now is filled with victims, is the wearing of high-heeled boots by ladies and children. The practice is openly condemned by learned surgeons, and Dr. William H. Pancoast remarked the other day after performing a painful operation on an interesting little girl whose feet had been ruined by wearing wrongly constructed shoes, "this is the beginning of a large harvest of such cases."

And what else can we expect? Mothers walk the streets with heels on their boots from two and a half to three and a half inches high, and not more than an inch in diameter, and their daughters follow the same bad and barbarous practice. In many cases severe sprains of the ankles are suffered. But these are not the worst fruits of the high heel torture. The toes are forced against the fore part of the boot, and soon begin to

assume unnatural positions. In many cases they are actually dislocated. In others the great toe passes under the foot, the tendons harden in that position, and lameness is contracted, from which there is no cure but the knife. When the injury does not take this form it assumes other aspects almost as horrible and distressing.

There are thousands of young girls tip-toeing it along our streets to-day, who, in a few years, will be cripples if their parents do not interfere and remove the cause. We will have a race of women almost as helpless, so far as walking is concerned, as those of China. We condemn the practice of confining the feet of Chinese children in wooden shoes, and yet that practice is no more injurious to the feet than forcing them into a small boot with an Alpine heel. This is a matter of grave and serious import, and hence we press it upon the mothers and fathers of the land. If they would not feed the surgical hospitals and have groups of maimed daughters in their homes, they must commence a crusade upon high heels. No father should have high-heeled boots in his house, any more than he would keep a vicious dog in the parlor.

When skillful surgeons, like Dr. Pancoast, from the operating room, raise their voices against high-heeled boots, it is time for young ladies to pause and listen. At this period they can choose between high heels and the operating knife. In a short time it may be the latter or permanent lameness.—*Philadelphia Age.*

FASHION AND HER WHIMS.

Fashion has at length reached a point in dictation at which we rejoice, for its laws are not now simply for the mere apparel. A foreign magazine has a description of a dress of which it says, "with this costume the mouth is to be worn slightly open." This is happy, for there are some women who do not know what to do with their mouth, any more than timid young men know what to do with their hands; and minute directions of this sort, studied with every style of dress, will be very convenient. It is to be hoped that some costumes will require the mouth to be worn shut, for the effect in the street would be anything but agreeable if every lady went about with her mouth open.

So much depends upon expression in combination with costume that the subject is worthy of study. The effect of the prettiest dress is often spoiled by a sour expression which is simply an affair of the muscles, and can be prevented by the artistic dressmaker. We are very anxious to see, by the way, what women will be like when the Worths and other artists have finished with her. She is already with her three story hat, panier built up like a dome, high heels and fascinating wiggle walk, a creation of great interest, and if she "wears her mouth slightly open" there will be no resisting her. If, now, she were to nearly close her eyes, and if not irreverent, "go it blind," we could suggest nothing more. We could say, however, that these fashions are not universal.

The women in Lancashire, England, are driven into still stranger apparel. They often put on the coarse clothes of the miner and work at the mouth of the pit with pick and shovel. They also engage in the heavy work of the farm, and are employed on the canal barges, har-

ness and lead the horses, and take their turn at the helm and help to load the vessels. These girls are rough in manner and coarse in language, but honest and industrious. They take their pint of beer and enjoy their pipes, and never grumble. The question of how to wear the mouth has not yet got down to them.

—Ex.

THE CHIGNON.

Taken as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly fashions than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. Take, for instance, the waterfall. First, it represented a bladder of Scotch snuff; next, it is hung down a woman's back like a canvas-covered ham; afterward, it counterfeited a turnip on the head; now, it sticks straight out behind, and looks like a wire muzzle on a greyhound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of hair, reposes a little batter-cake of a bonnet like a jockey saddle on a long-backed race-horse.

It may interest some of our readers to know that chignons should be called *choux*, or cabbages. The chignon was defined by Colgrave in 1611, as follows: "Chignon, the chyne or chyne-piece of the necke; also a knot or knurre in a piece of wood or tumber." The earliest description is found in the "Mundus Muliebris," 1690:

Behind the noddle every baggage
Wears bundle *choux* in English baggage.

Fairhoit defines the "Choux" as "the great round bass or bundle of hair worn at the back of the head, and resembling a cabbage, from whence the French gave it that name." The ladies of our day have, therefore, only taken up an old fashion; thinking, doubtless, that "two heads are better than one, if one is a cabbage-head."

Speaking of the odious "chignon," Jennie June says that it has had the most disastrous effect upon the natural hair. It has brought it out by the roots, and has hardly left one to tell the sad tale. This is a universal cry of despair from women concerning their hair, "what can be done to restore it?" and answers come from nostrum venders of every description, who will quickly continue to despoil them of the little they have left. The very best thing they could do would be to cut it short and wear it short, without any covering—washing it every day with borax and camphor water, to which a little pure glycerine has been added, and drying it thoroughly."

THE VIRTUE IN GOOD CLOTHES.

Literature has lately been enriched by a work on the philosophy of dress, in which the subject is exhausted both from an aesthetical and an ethical standpoint. The author is a merchant tailor, and unites business with philosophy in a manner that is deserving of all praise, thus:

The influence of dress on morals presents a theme for the pen of a philosopher: a merchant tailor, however experienced, can scarcely hope to do it justice. We will, however, venture to submit that no civilized man is apt to commit a crime in a good suit of clothes, an easy and graceful garment is incompatible with a deed of violence. The serenity produced by a perfect fitting suit puts one in good humor with all mankind. * * * * *

Indeed out of the immense number of customers who have honored the author with patronage, we do not know of one who has ever been convicted of a crime. Many we have seen raised by that influence to exalted stations. Not one has been before a court of justice; not one but who sustains a fair and estimable character as an American citizen. Is it not evident that the secret of virtue is often found in the wardrobe—that a good dress is a great preservative of good morals?

There is a good deal in the philosophy of the merchant-tailor author. Good clothes exert a refining and elevating influence on men, and a well-dressed man usually finds his neat-fitting garments a passport to good society. So well is this understood that sharp-witted rogues disguise themselves in this manner. There is virtue in good clothes, if they are sometimes put to bad account.

TRAVELING DRESSES.

"Send us," writes country Cousin, "something for a traveling dress which will be becoming, useful and cool. Do not send us that bluish drab shiny poplin, which makes every one look like an elephant, or anything with a woolly feeling, which will be so detestable of a hot day in the cars."

Then we go to one of our great shops and get a Japanese silk called "Tussor," a most desirable fabric in soft buff, or durable brown. It costs two-and-a-half dollars a yard, but will take one to California and back handsomely, and then wash like a piece of linen. It never wears out, nor fades, nor grows rough. Water does not injure it, nor does usage crumple it, or, "custom stale its infinite variety." Also there are China silks at one dollar a yard, not so durable but very good; and a lovely material, called "Linen Batiste," of delicate shades, with satin stripes (still of linen) running through it, very elegant and durable and cool. But these dresses only answer for short journeys and sunny days, while the "Tussor" is a joy forever. For foreign traveling, where the climate is cooler than ours, alpaca, serge, and black silk suits are most convenient, as they bear the dust and rain with equanimity, but here they are too warm for our hot, dry atmosphere and crowded cars. If a lady is going only for a day's journey something which will wash is the most desirable—some luxurious ladies even travel in white pique. Brown and yellow linen, so much worn last summer, has the disadvantage of wrinkling and losing its shape, so that a lady arrives at her journey's end in a faded condition, rather like a yesterday's bouquet.—*Scribner.*

DRESS.

I know of thousands of parents who have received from God a child, and then they turn the young immortal into a dressmaker's doll! As if God had not made the little creature beautiful enough, they must overload it with silks and laces, and then torture its freedoms into the thongs and screws of arbitrary fashion. This overdressing of the body strikes through into the heart. How can a stop be put to the crop of fops and fashionists if children are to be trained into toperry and coxcombry from their cradles? How can our children be taught self-denial and spiritual-mindedness while under the artificial trappings of pride and extravagance?—*Theo. L. Cuyler.*



THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

BY GEORGE MACDONOLD.

A harebell hung its willful head;
"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell;
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;
"Leave me alone—I am not well."

And the wind, at the voice of the drooping dame,
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she sighed and said;
"I am withering up; I wish I was dead."

Then the sun he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried:
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its million-fold path;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray;
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come dear wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak,
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she drooped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me—come, please do."

The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will it did her no good.

She shuddered and shriveled, and moaning said:
"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next
year,

She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

JIMMIE'S PREMIUM.

YOU can never do it in the world,
Jimmie," said his mother.

"You'll have to wash him all over
with soap-suds," put in uncle Charles.

"And tie a blue ribbon round his
neck," continued aunt Mary.

"And another round his tail," laughed
papa.

Jimmie stood in the center of the
room, his hands clasped behind him,
looking from one to another with the
air of a small prisoner, waiting for a
small death-warrant. Indeed, it was
intended as the death-warrant of a pet
scheme, which he had been revolving in
his mind for weeks, *viz.*: entering his
pig for a premium at the county fair.

"I could wash him, and father's got
the ribbon in his store," he said, at
length.

"How could you get him there? it's a
mile and a half from here," said mamma.

"I could carry him a little, and pull
him by a rope."

"No, no, Jimmie; it would never do.
Major wouldn't go; besides, he isn't fat
enough for a premium. Don't think
any more about it now. Feed him well,
and perhaps he'll be ready for next year."

Jimmie turned away with a sorrowful
face, and went out into the yard, just to
look at piggy who was sleeping sweetly
in the sty. He was very dirty, there
was no question about that. He must
have a bath. To-morrow would be a
good time to try it, Jimmie thought,

after his mother and the rest had gone
to the fair. He wouldn't go with them.
He would wait. He didn't mean to be
disobedient, oh, no; but he would just
like to see how Major looked "right-
clean."

To-morrow came, bright and beautiful,
—just the day for a fair. "Made on
purpose," Mrs. Lawson declared, "with-
out a single zephyr! But, Jimmie child,"
she exclaimed, "you'll never be ready if
you stand there looking at us. Go right
up and change your clothes. Father
can't wait you know."

Jimmie went slowly up stairs, and
slowly took his best clothes from the
drawer. Then he slowly examined each
garment as if to make sure of its good
condition, and by that time the "team
had come round," papa had called three
times, mamma had been twice to hurry
him up, and finally both had departed,
quite out of patience, telling him, if he
succeeded in getting his clothes on before
sundown, to come in the "bus," with
Capt. Runnell.

No sooner were the horses' heads
turned fairward, than Jimmie rushed
down to the pig-sty. Major had a bath,
the like which he never dreamed of be-
fore. It left him frantic with astonish-
ment and rage; but his little master, for
the first time deaf to his piteous
squeals, flies into the house for a rope.
Sam Knowles, the doctor's son, kindly
volunteered his assistance, and poor
piggy was securely fastened. As for the
blue ribbon, he must go without it.
Jimmie had no money to pay for it, and
had been strictly forbidden to purchase
on credit, even at his father's store.

Sam went home to don his pepper-
and-salt suit, and catch his Indian pony.
"Wish you could come on behind," said
he, regretfully. "You could if it wasn't
for that old pig; I don't believe you'll
get a cent for him."

But Jimmie was firm. Though tucked
away in the darkest corner of his little
heart was a faint misgiving, he resolved
to keep it there; not on any account let
it see the light, lest it persuade him to
change his mind. He didn't realize all
this, but it was true, nevertheless.

Major started in a state of extreme
bewilderment, headed toward the fair-
ground; but, alas! he could by no means
be prevailed upon to confine himself to
any one point of the compass. He
wheeled round and round, not coming
back to the spot from whence he started.
He squealed, he grunted, he ran, he
walked, he kicked. The rope upon his
leg he evidently considered an insult; hence—

About an hour afterward, two gentle-
men, riding along in an open buggy, not
a stone's throw from Mr. Lawson's, were
surprised to find a disconsolate youth,
reposing wearily upon the grass, having
in his hand one end of a rope, which he
twitched occasionally, without making
the slightest impression upon the other
end, attached to which was a small pig.

Major had, for a while, persisted in
going wrong; then, to mend the matter,
he persisted in not going at all. At
present he seemed to be asleep, and Jim-
mie was patiently waiting, hoping that a
nap would restore him to his wonted
amiability.

But the arrival of the gentlemen quite
changed the face of affairs. He knew
them well, as he did nearly every one in
Pratt's Creek, where he was a general
favorite. They stopped their horses as
they came up.

"Halloo! If here isn't Jimmie Law-
son! Going to the fair, Jimmie?"

"Yes, sir, when my pig wakes up."

"Going to enter him?"

"Yes, sir," and here Jimmie blushed
until his cheeks looked like a couple of
red peonies.

"Better ride with us," said Capt. Ran-
som. "Jump in. I'll take care of your
pig." And before Major could open his
sleepy eyes, he was "dumped" upon the
floor of the buggy, the horses started,
and he and his little master were rapidly
approaching the fair-ground.

"How old is your pig?" inquired the
Captain.

"A year old next June."

"Four months, then; not very fat, is
he?"

"Not very."

"What are you going to enter him
for?" asked Col. Dent, the other gentle-
man.

"For a premium," replied Jimmie, in-
nocently.

"But if he isn't fat?"

"He's a good pig," replied the little
fellow earnestly. "At home, he follows
me about like a dog."

"But that wouldn't do on the fair-
ground," replied Captain Ransom. "There
isn't room; besides, you'd lose him."

Jimmie looked serious. "You'd better
take him home," continued the Captain,
kindly.

"Never you fear," exclaimed the
merry Colonel, who always enjoyed a
joke. "I'll see to him, Jimmie. He
shall stay in my stall, with Dandy.
Come for him at three o'clock. I'll
attend to the premium business."

It was funny enough to see the Colonel
as he walked up to his stall, with Major
in his arms. Funny enough to hear
piggy squeal, and the Colonel's hearty
laugh. Indeed, one could hardly tell
which made the most noise.

When Jimmie saw his charge estab-
lished in his comfortable quarters, and
realized that he was really entered, he
went in search of his mother, with a
face scarcely as expressive of happiness
as one might expect. He found her
busy examining pickles, preserves, bread
and needle-work; for being a woman of
judgment, forming her opinions care-
fully, and not afraid to express them,
she was considered one of the notables
of that little western town. She was
amused at her own notoriety, but bore
her honors meekly. Hence they in-
creased; and now, at fair time, she was
considered one of the indispensables.

She was not, however, too much eng-
rossed to observe the anxious expres-
sion of Jimmie's face, and wondered at
his frequent inquiries about the time.
"Quarter past one," said she at length,
shutting her watch for the fifth time.
"Run out and look round, for you haven't
seen anything."

And Jimmie went, wondering what
he should do with himself for the next
two hours. Wondering, also, what made
him feel so tired and out of sorts; where
so many people came from, and if they
would all get a sight of his pig. He
wished the man at the swing wouldn't
make such a goose of himself; dressed
in such queer-looking bright colors—
just like the calico at his father's store.

He refused all his pressing invitations
to ride. Neither did the prize-candy
man succeed in tempting the nickle from
his pocket, though he "talked a steady
stream," and waxed eloquent in praise
of his packages.

Once Sam Knowles made his appear-
ance through the crowd, and generously
offered his pony for half an hour. Jim-
mie longed to accept, but couldn't.
"Mother wouldn't like it Sam," said he.
Sam rode off, but Jimmie had uncon-
sciously given himself the clue to his
own discomfort, and couldn't help
thinking.

He was walking slowly all the time,
and strangely enough found himself at
Dandy's stall, and there was Major, re-
galing himself with a meal of apples-
skins, generously contributed by a couple
of boys, who were looking at him with
much curiosity.

"It's a Chester white," said one.

"Chester grandfather!" replied the
other disdainfully; "look at his eyes!"

"What's he doing there in the horse-
stall anyhow?" demanded the first.

"That's more'n I know, I'll be
switched if he hasn't got a premium
ticket. What in time?"

A premium ticket! Jimmie waited to
hear no more, but rushed off in search
of Colonel Dent, whom he found watch-
ing the racers. The little boy seized
the fore-finger of his left hand, and an
instant after found himself sitting upon
one of the broad shoulders. A most en-
viable situation, had he not been too
much excited to enjoy it. As it was he
just put one arm about the Colonel's
neck, and whispered in his ear, "Major's
got a premium ticket; please come
quick."

"The dickens he has! Wait half a
minute, Jimmie, till Jerry Mason's horse
comes round. There! I've seen all I
want to of this; might as well enter my
old Nellie." And he moved off through
the crowd, his little companion till
perched upon his shoulder.

There was no mistake about the ticket.
There was the ribbon affectionately en-
circling piggy's neck, notwithstanding
his efforts to get it off. Colonel Dent
removed the pasteboard, and read aloud
the inscription, "for most emaciated
specimen, seventy-five cents, James R.
Lawson."

"Here it is, Jimmie," said he, produc-
ing three bright, clean pieces of currency.
"And now if you are ready, I'll take
you home. Major's had as much ex-
citement as is good for him, I guess.
He looks homesick."

Piggy seemed much delighted when
he saw the old sty again. He grunted
his thanks for safe deliverance from
peril, and ate his supper with unusual
gusto. But his little master sat at the
window, listlessly watching for his moth-
er, and when she appeared, he had noth-
ing to say. "Poor little fellow!" she ex-
claimed; "he's all tired out," and she
took him in her arms, and pressed her
cheek close to his. "It's all for the best
that Major didn't go, Jimmie. Joe
Stark's pig was the fattest. We'll see
what we can do another year. If Major
knows how to grow fat, he's got to do
it." And she kissed him, wondering at
the quivering little lips that made no re-
turn.

Jimmie couldn't stand it. The tear
drops chased each other down his cheeks.
They overtook and caught each other,
coming down pell-mell, before he could
wipe them away. Mamma said nothing,
but waited patiently for a solution of
the mystery. At last it came.

"Major — did — go. I — took — him.
He — got — a — premium. He — was — the
most — eman — shated — pig — there. Col-
onel — Dent — said — so."

"O, Jimmie!" and for a moment she

held him close. "How could you get him out there?" she inquired at length.

"Colonel Dent—let us ride," continued poor Jimmie; "and he—gave me—the money. I—don't—want it now."

"Where's our youngest competitor?" called a voice from the hall; and, before any one could answer, a tall form appeared in the doorway. The Colonel looked astonished and distressed at the sight of Jimmie's tear-stained face. "What! salt water, hey? What is it sonny? Tell your uncle all about it."

But, as Jimmie couldn't speak, mother had to do it for him. "It was very kind in you," she said in conclusion, "to give an extra premium to suit Major's case; but Jimmie thinks he doesn't care for it now. So you'll have to take it back again."

The Colonel demurred; but mamma insisted, and succeeded at last in making him see that it was for Jimmie's best good. And the little boy, feeling his heart lightened of its heavy load, ate his supper, and went happily to bed.

"What curious creatures those little chicks are!" exclaimed the Colonel, after a few moments of deep thought. "There's more hard study to be done in bringing them up than in managing a regiment."

"Yes, but it is study that pays," replied Mrs. Lawson, heartily.

"Queer books! no two pages alike!" continued the Colonel, waxing poetical. "But" (veering quickly round to the practical) "that little fellow's pig shall get a 'sure enough' premium next year, if there's a fat one to be found in the country."

And it did; but, alas! it was not Major.—*Christian Register.*

LETTER FROM WILLIAM WIRT
TO HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

The following letter was addressed by William Wirt to his daughter, eight years of age.

RICHMOND, Sept. 13, 1811.

MY DEAR LAURA:—I would have answered your letter sooner, but that my courts and my clients hardly leave me time to write to your dear mother, to whom, of all other earthly creatures, you and I owe our first duties. But I have not loved you the less for not writing to you; on the contrary, I have been thinking of you with the greatest affection, and praying for you on my bended knees, night and morning, humbly begging of God that he would bless you with health and happiness, and make you an ornament to your sex, and a blessing to your parents. But we must not be like the man that prayed to Hercules to help his wagon out of the mud, and was too lazy to try to help himself. No, we must be thoughtful; try our very best to learn our books, and to be good and then, if we call upon our Father in heaven, He will help us.

I am very glad your Latin Grammar is becoming easier to you. It will be more and more so, the more you give your whole mind to it. God has been very kind in blessing you with a sound understanding; and it would be sinful in you to neglect such a great blessing, and suffer your mind to go to ruin, instead of improving it by study, and making it beautiful, as well as useful, to yourself and others. It would be almost as bad as it would be for uncle Cabell to be so lazy himself, and to suffer his laborers to be so lazy, as to let his rich low grounds run up all in weeds, instead of

corn, and so have no bread to give his family, and let them all starve and die. Now your mind is as rich as uncle Cabell's low grounds, and all that your mother and father ask of you, is, that you will not be so idle as to let it run to weeds, but that you will be industrious and studious, and so your mind will bring a fine crop of fruits and flowers.

Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves, and they were opening their little mouths, and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them anything, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died, would not they be very wicked parents? Now, your mind is this nest full of beautiful little singing birds; much more beautiful and melodious than any canary-birds in the world; and there sits fancy, and reason, and memory, and judgment; all with their little heads thrust forward out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink.

Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, and without which those sweet little songsters must, in a few years, hang their heads and die? Nay, will you not do your very best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs? And, moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed some of them only, and let the rest starve?

You are very fond when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can, just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one, and that one. In doing this, you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned—that is, fancy, which, to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you most while you are young. But while you are thus feeding and stuffing fancy, reason, memory and judgment are starving; and yet, by and by, you will think their notes much softer and sweeter than those of fancy, although not so loud, and wild, and varied.

Therefore you ought to feed those other birds, too. They eat a great deal slower than fancy; they require the grains to be pounded in a mortar before they can get any food from them. That is, when you read a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop every now and then, and consider why one of the persons you are reading of is so much beloved, and another so much hated. This sort of consideration pounds the grains, in a mortar, and feeds reason and judgment.

Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it; doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding memory and judgment both at once. Memory, too, is remarkably fond of a tit-bit of Latin Grammar; and, though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for, if she was to die, they would never sing again, at least not so sweetly. Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM WIRT.

PATERNAL DUTY.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living, without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires;—is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the most desirable bequest which a father can leave his children?

Surely, well cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order and regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland.*

HOME CONVERSATION.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent mental training, in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing. 2. The latest fashion. 3. Never too old to learn. 4. Fee, fear, feast. 5. Bee, beer, beast. 6. Pay, pair, paste. 7. My, mire, mist. 8. Cart, car. 9. Pear, pea. 10. Heart, hear. 11. Beet, bee. 12. A, 1; F, 2; E, 3; B, 4; M, 5; N, 6; O, 7; R, 8; L, 9; P, 0. 13. Antediluvian.

14. A M O S 15. D A T E
M Y R A A R E A
O R A L T E I R
S A L T E A R S
16. May, yam. 17. Kate, take. 18. Tire, teir. 19. Salt, last. 20. But, tub. 21. Wolf, flow. 22. Saw, was. 23. Adonibezek. 24. Absalom. 25. Barnabas. 26. Narcissus. 27. Nathanael. 28. Marcus.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty-four letters. My 3, 7, 33, 14, 29, 12, 1, 27, 34 is the name of a 15, 26, 15, 29, 24 we all like to have in our 6, 32, 22, 13, 5.

My 30, 17, 16, 10, 29 is a vanity of 4, 23, 8, 19, 12.

My 28, 31, 26, 10, 21, 20, 17, 34 is a town of 2, 13, 26, 9, 11, 3, 4 inhabitants.

My whole is the name of President Lincoln's favorite poem.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of thirty-eight letters.

My 4, 11, 23, 10, 35, 7, 31, 27, 20, 36 is a division of the globe.

My 16, 15, 6, 14, 21, 8, 16 is a lake.

My 5, 37, 5, 26, 14, 34, 14 is one of the United States.

My 9, 20, 2, 15, 3, 16, 15 is a capital of one of the United States.

My 12, 32, 5, 25, 29, 35 is a river in England.

My 38, 24, 14, 28 is a cape.

My 22, 20, 33, 19 is a lake.

My 26, 5, 17, 1 as a town in New Hampshire.

My 15, 16, 21, 30, 18 is a point of compass.

My whole is a proverb. J. A. C.

OMETTRES.

Omit alternate letters of the following:

3. Strong and leave a drunkard.

4. A company of men and the highest point.

5. A violent wind and leave a club.

6. Something to wear and a serpent.

7. The first fruits and an insect.

8. A carriage and what we all must do.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

9. Making clean; a weight.

10. Angry; a pronoun; a male child.

11. To goad.

12. To give.

13. Fullness; an adjective, comparative degree.

14. A personal pronoun; to free; an article.

15. To make clean; to consume.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The centrals read the same.

16. 500; to do wrong; a body of soldiers; to hesitate in speaking; a kind of camel; a three pronged scepter; an iron screw; anger; used in asking questions.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

17. Syncopate a tumult and leave to cook.

18. Syncopate to gather and leave a deep space.

19. Syncopate one of two and leave chloroform.

20. Syncopate to unite and leave a condiment.

21. Syncopate to excite and leave a flower.

REVERSSIONS.

22. Reverse a vessel and have small ponds of water.

23. Reverse a wild animal and have a kind of bush.

24. Reverse a religious belief and have the same.

25. Reverse a part of a house and have a measure.

26. Reverse a manner and have a sentence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

27. A messenger; immature; a river in South America; to strike gently; a bird's nest; a disease of the head; wrong.

The initials and finals read alternately give a novel and its author.

PROBLEM.

A rope broke in three pieces; the first piece was five feet long, the second was three-eighths of the whole, and the third was as long as the other two. What was the length of the whole rope?

R. F.



SELF POISONING.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

VERY few persons understand how easy it is to poison one's self unintentionally, or to what extent we are constantly endangering human life. To illustrate: The liver is the largest gland of the body, weighing in its normal state about four pounds, though very much larger than this in some forms of disease. It is one of the depurating organs, its principal office being to eliminate the waste, worn-out and really poisonous matters from the venous blood, to purify it before it shall reach the lungs, where, in its excessively poisonous state it would injure that organ, and where the process of purification is continued. The amount of this waste and poisonous substance, called bile, is sometimes estimated at two and one-half pounds each day, though of course it varies in different individuals and at different times. This waste matter, or bile, conducted to the duodenum, or large bowel connected with the stomach, the duct pointing onward and not toward the stomach, an indication that it is designed for the bowels and not for the stomach. Indeed, it is the stimulus of the bowels, the natural physic, a necessary element in the bowels, while its principal use in the stomach, when it reaches there accidentally, is to aid in dissolving an excess of fatty matter.

This important organ often becomes very much enlarged, as the natural result of certain forms of intemperance, when it presses against the stomach, bowels, and also against the diaphragm, upward, of course encroaching on the space intended for the lungs. This enlargement, and other forms of disease, are generally caused by the use of ardent spirits, tobacco, the immoderate use of food, and the use of gross, highly concentrated and over-stimulating foods, and general excesses. Sometimes this organ becomes almost a mass of fat, or it may be highly inflamed and then ulcerated, as the livers of most of the hogs are when very fat. But the most usual forms of disease, those from which most of the evils result, are first an inflammation (acute liver complaint) and then a torpid, sluggish condition or jaundice. In this condition, after having been over-worked, in the inflamed stage it ceases to labor, or does not perform its intended functions, that of purification, and hence the direful evils, the rapid poisoning of the whole body.

Some of the more apparent of the results of such torpidity of the liver, and a consequent impurity of the blood are certain discolorations of the skin and irritations of the mucus or internal surfaces corresponding with the external skin. As the sweat—which is only a part of the waste from the blood—reaches the surface, loaded with irritating impurities, it produces some of these discolorations of a brownish hue, with pimples, blotches, and various forms of eruptive diseases, with sores, boils and carbuncles, scrofulous formations, etc. It necessarily follows that the whole system becomes affected and contaminated, a direct and necessary result of this gradual

but sure process of poisoning, this failure of the liver to perform its part in the great effort to remove from the body its waste and worn out particles as fast as they accumulate. These decaying particles, if allowed to remain in the blood, coming in contact with the brain and the mucus surfaces, cannot but produce effects similar to those resulting from taking putrid, or semi-putrid, substances as a part of our food, thus mingling putrescent matter with the current of the blood. The inevitable result, in both instances, is the general contamination of the whole body, a general poisoning, of course resulting in some form of disease, as fevers or inflammations, the design of which is to throw off these results by an abnormal action of all the powers of the system.

Still another result, quite as natural and unavoidable, is constipation of the bowels attended by clay-colored feces. This sluggishness or inactivity of the liver, of course resulting in a meagre supply of bile which is the natural stimulus of the bowels, must be succeeded by a corresponding torpidity of the bowels. It must be apparent that this poisoned condition of the body is greatly aggravated by this retention of waste and feculent matter for an unusual period. Hence the foul odors of the perspiration and the fouler breath, so often attributed to decaying teeth, etc., and hence, also, as these putrid substances float in the blood currents and reach the brain, perhaps aided by particles of alcohol or tobacco, unchanged, since they, as foreign elements, can never form a part of the true body, they necessarily produce that dullness, sleepiness, nervousness, dizziness, gloom and irritability.

This costiveness is naturally, if not necessarily, succeeded by the piles, ulcers, dyspepsia, and a long and fearful train of similar ailments. One means of escaping such evils is to adopt a simple and nourishing diet, exercise much in the open air, avoiding stimulants, alcoholic preparations, tobacco, and excess of greasy food, and all products of the swine in particular.

FIFTEEN FOLLIES.

First—To think the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

Second—To believe the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

Third—To conclude that if exercise is healthful, the more violent or exhausting it is, the more good is done.

Fourth—To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

Fifth—To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

Sixth—To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is "good for" the system without regard to mere ulterior effects. The "soothing syrup" for example, does not stop the cough of children, arrests diarrhea, only to cause a little later alarming convulsions, or more fatal inflammation on the brain or water on the brain; or, at least, always protract the disease.

Seventh—To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

Eighth—To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried on yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

Ninth—To eat without an appetite, or

to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

Tenth—To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

Eleventh—To remove a portion of the covering immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases work in the winter, he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.

Twelfth—To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street, or highway, are hearty and healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure out-door air in joyous unrestrained activities is such a powerful agency for health that those who live thus are well, in spite of rags and filth.

Thirteenth—To presume to repeat later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures and intemperance which in the flush of youth were practised with impunity.

Fourteenth—To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure, cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a crowded vehicle; the latter at most can only cause fainting and nausea, while entering a conveyance after walking briskly, lowering a window thus while still exposed to a draft will give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death, within four days.

Fifteenth—To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late next morning, and staying at home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.—Hall.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN THE SICK ROOM.

Of the value of presence of mind to the success of the physician the following gives a good illustration:—Dr. Cabarus, who died at Paris last year, was one of those jovial physicians whose presence is equally sought in the sick room as in society, and who effect more with humor and pleasantness than by medicine. Being a brother-in-law of Lesseps, the celebrated engineer, and nearly related to a principal family of his native land, he moved in aristocratic circles.

The Duchess of D., one of the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, had got possessed of the idea that she had swallowed a frog. She felt this said frog, she declared she did, and its presence robbed her of peace of mind, sleep, and even health. The Parisian physicians had the rudeness to deny the existence of this animal, ignorant as they were that the poor lady suffered martyrdom. A fortunate circumstance made her acquainted with Dr. Cabarus, and to him she told her tale of woe. He felt, with a seriousness worthy of Hippocrates himself, the pulse of the fair patient, inquired after the various symptoms, and when the charming aristocrat had exhausted all her store of arguments to prove her pet illusion, the youthful doctor said, after a well-feigned pause,

"Madame, the frog is there, but I will remove it."

He then prescribed an innocent emetic, and went to the nearest flower-shop, where he bought a small green frog. Armed with this confederate he presented himself once more before the duchess, and placed a large basin of water in readiness. The emetic began to take effect, the duchess' eyes filled with tears, and our doctor took advantage to slip the green frog into the basin. On seeing the frog a load was removed from the duchess' heart, and for an instant all seemed well. The next moment she turned pale, and as Dr. Cabarus supported her tottering frame, she cried in a despairing tone:

"Oh, doctor, I am not cured, for the frog has left little ones behind her."

"Stop," cried Cabarus, without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be seen in his manner, "that we shall soon see."

He then threw a searching glance upon the frog, which he had by this time taken in his hand, and uttered with a certainty that settled the whole question these words:

"Madame, that is an impossibility, for the frog is a male!"

"YE LAZIE FEVRE."

The following, taken from an old book entitled "The Breviary of Healthe," by Andrew Boorde, Phisiche Doctoure, an Englishman, anno, 1557:

A CURE FOR YE LAZIE FEVRE.

The 151st chapitre dothe shewe of an evyll Fevre, ye wchich dothe much cembre yonge persons, named Ye Fevre Burden, or Lazio Fevre.

Among al ye fevres I had almost forgot ye Fevre Burden, wthy wchich many yonge men, yonge women, maydns and other yonge persons be sore infected now-a-days.

The cause of ye infirmitie:

This fevre dothe cum naturally, or els by evyll and slothful bryngynge upp. If it doe cum by nature, then is this fevre not to be cured—for it can never out of ye fleshe that is bred in ye bone. If it be by evyll bryngynge upp, itt may bee holpen by diligent labor.

Ye Remedy:

There is nothing for the Fevre Burden, as is *Unguentum Baculinum*; that is to sai—take a stick or wand, of a yard of length and more, and lett it bee so grate as a man's fynger; and with itt annoynge ye back and shoulders well, mornings and evenings, and thys doe twenty-one days. If thys evyll fevre wyl not be holpen in that tyme, let them beware of waggyng on the gallows.

Nota Bena.—And whyles they doe, take thys medicine, see you putt no lub berwort in thyr pottage."

—When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

—To remove proud flesh, pulverize loaf sugar very fine, and apply it to the part affected. This is a new and easy remedy, and is said to remove it entirely without pain. It has been practiced in England for many years.

—The editor of the Barrington Courier, who has evidently "been there," advises that "as the cucumber season approaches, it will be well to rig up a match box near the head of the bed."



THE DINING ROOM.

EATING BREAD AND MILK.

The daintiest, prettiest picture
 'Twas ever my lot to see
 Was one of four beautiful children,
 On a door stone *vis à vis*;
 With eyes as bright as diamonds,
 And hair as soft as silk,
 Out of an old-fashioned porringer,
 Eating bread and milk.

In the background, near the door,
 Sit the father and the mother;
 And when the laugh goes 'round,
 They glance at one another.
 What need is there for speech,
 The eye so much had said,
 As they watch the little children
 Eating milk and bread.

The household pet, old Bounce,
 Is sleeping in the clover,
 And in his dreams again
 The hunt he's living over;
 When'er the spoons click on the dish
 He lifts his shaggy head,
 And seems to say, I envy you
 Your sweet new milk and bread.

Through the trees the low sun-shadows
 Were shifting here and there,
 Lighting up each winsome face
 With beauty almost rare;
 While the tired birds came trooping
 To their leaf cots over head,
 Softly twittering, good night,
 To the girls with milk and bread.

What artist hand can catch
 The smile-light coming, going;
 Or tint the restless tresses
 On the dimpled shoulders flowing;
 Or give the arching lip
 So fine a shade of red,
 As it takes a sip of milk
 And then a bite of bread?

Oh, happy little dreamers!
 Upon that doorstone step,
 No shade of care has crossed
 Their sunny paths as yet.
 Oh, would their lives might ever be
 As free from care and dread
 As now, while twilight gathers,
 Eating milk and bread.

—Rural New Yorker.

WHEN TO EAT.

THE instinct, observation, and experience of civilized society have led to the practice of eating three times a day—morning, noon, and night. Circumstances, habit, necessity, have caused the appointment of different hours for eating in some cases without demonstrably hurtful results; but the great general rule, as to those who work, is as above stated, and for them the best time for breakfast is the early part of the morning, before they go out to their daily labor. A habitual compliance with this single, simple rule would almost exterminate the greatest scourge of the western hemisphere, fever and ague; and this would of itself be a blessing of inconceivable value. Any reader who was in the habit of spending a night now and then with the hospitable old Dutch farmers around New York forty years ago will remember it was a custom among many of them to breakfast by daylight, especially in the winter-time, and very early in the morning in summer. Who were healthier and lived longer than the old Knickerbockers?

The longer the interval between eating, the weaker does the body, as a whole, become; and so with each individual member and organ. Five or

six hours is the usual average between breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper; and the reader is conscious of a weakness or faintness commonly preceding the eating hour, especially if work of body or brain has been done.

Another observation has been made, that after a meal, in health, we feel better, stronger, more vigorous. But from supper to breakfast there is an interval of ten or twelve hours, about double that between the other meals; and although there may not have been as much thought or work as between the others, still there has been enough to leave the body more or less faint or languid, as witness our own sensations, when we are about getting up in the morning; witness, too, our indisposition to activity or labor for some time after rising.

Men have been able to discover the laws of action of the poisonous ingredient of the early morning air upon the debilitated body and the unresisting stomach; but every effort has hitherto failed to discover any of the physical properties of that ingredient. It has been so subtle that a bottle of the air has been taken and analyzed by the chemical tests known, and the air so taken has not been found to contain any other ingredient than portions of air of the healthiest regions. This proved, not that there was not an additional element in this disease-producing morning air, but that human skill and ingenuity could not detect it; at the same time, the laws of its action were determined, and also the agencies by which that action could be antagonized with uniformity and certainty, as will be more specially detailed in treating the subject of "Miasm," in subsequent pages. Here it only concerns us to know that in temperate and tropical latitudes the ill effects of early morning air on the human system are measurably avoided by taking an early breakfast, warm and nourishing; the theory being that food, or whatever drink causes a healthful stimulous or stimulating action in the stomach, does, at the same time, give the system power to resist the ill effects of the agencies in question.—Dr. Hall.

HOW TO CARVE.

Although it is a daily duty for many men and women to cut up meat for a family, there are multitudes who do it neither well nor wisely. The following suggestions from the National Agriculturist, on the point, may not be out of place, especially to young housekeepers:

To carve fowls, (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost,) place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry thought, cut slices from the breast, take out the collar-bone, cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the leg of a turkey.

In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next you, (it must be put in the dish with the tenderloin underneath,) then turn it and cut from the tenderloin. Help the guests to both kinds.

In carving a leg of mutton, or a ham, begin by cutting across the middle to the bone. Cut a tongue across, and not lengthwise, and help from the middle part.

Carve a forequarter of lamb by sepa-

rating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs.

To carve a loin of veal, begin at the smaller end and separate the ribs. Help each one to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton in the same way.

To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred.

In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it, and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting. Cut off the ribs and divide them.

In carving venison, make a deep incision down to the bone to let out the juices, and turn the broad end towards you, cutting deep in thin slices.

For a saddle of venison, cut from the tail towards the other end, on each side, in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meats.

WAYS OF MAKING TEA.

The Chinaman puts his tea in a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion of the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar and cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar in a teapot, and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth-keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhriots finds it as difficult to pass a tea-booth as our own dram-drinker does to go by a gin-palace. His breakfast beverage is Schitschaj, that is tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton fat, in which bread is soaked.

During the daytime sugarless tea is drunk, with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand, and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw is calculated to the second; and when the can is emptied, it is passed around among the company for each tea-drinker to take up as many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquid became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed around, and the tea ladled into them; a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

THE DESSERT.

—A farmer who smoked in his barn is now hauling lumber for another one.

—A Chicago sausage maker with unusual candor advertises his wares as "dog cheap."

—It is a curious fact that the poor people are never afflicted with kleptomania, though they are much given to stealing.

—"It is a sin to steal a pin," and a man in Philadelphia has been arrested for that very offense. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

—A freshman exhibiting a very scurilous letter which he had received, to a friend—Friend remarks. "This is anonymous," "Yes," says freshy, "it's the most anonymous thing I ever saw."

—A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked, "what relation do we most neglect?" he answered with the utmost simplicity, "A poor relation."

—A veteran observer says: "I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this sort of people never got there."

—A Rochester lady says that the mortality among the Masons must be unusually great this year. Every time she asks for recreation her husband finds that he is obliged to attend a brother's funeral.

—An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Yea, then Pat, what is the laver I hear the master so often speak about?" "Only a dhrap of the cratur," was Pat's reply.

—It is said that if an icicle forty-five miles in diameter were thrust towards the sun with the velocity of light, say 12,000,000 miles a minute, it could never touch the sun, but it would melt as fast as it came. If this is true, the experiment might as well be abandoned first as last.

—Children invent curious etymologies. Some one sends us this: "Come come!" said a distracted father who endured the children's noise on Christmas day, till patience ceased to be a virtue, "there's no reason why you should scream and holloa so." "Why, father," said one of the little fellows, "don't you know this is a Hollerday?"

—A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away, called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he announced hesitatingly: "I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop gun."

—The following notice a la mode is the best we have seen: Mr. John Smith, a distinguished and popular shoe mender of Chelsea, was surprised by a number of friends at a late hour on Saturday night and presented with a new peg-awl, with brass ornaments on the handle, the whole said to have cost seventy-five cents, and designed by Mr. John Jones. Mr. John Brown made a neat presentation speech, which was appropriately responded to by Mr. Smith. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of the kind.



THE TEACHER'S WORK.

What now you do you know not,
But shall hereafter know;
When the seed which now you're sowing
To a whitened field shall grow.

'Tis a rich young soil you're tilling,
Then scatter the good seed well,
Of the wealth of the golden harvest
Eternity will tell.

The minds of those restless children
Are the soil, and you're sowing there
What in the coming future
Will be the wheat, or flower, or tare.

Some word which now you're speaking
May come to you again,
When these little fair-haired boys
Are strong and earnest men.

O'er that group of lovely maidens
Let your holiest power be shed
That they by their acts may live,
When you and they are dead.

When the wee ones gather round you
In the hour that's given to play,
Begging so hard for a story,
Oh! send them not away.

Though tired and longing for quiet
Take the youngest upon your knee
And tell those eager listeners
Of the "Babe of Galilee."

No rest from morning bell-time
'Till the last has said "good night;"
But constant care 'mid lessons and tasks,
To scatter the seeds of right.

Often times when faint and weary
You may think your toil all vain,
But faint not, your sheaves will be richer
Than sheaves of golden grain.

—M. W.

WHAT HAST THOU GLEANED
TO-DAY?

BY E. A. WILLIAMS.

I HAVE been reading the exquisite story of Ruth and Naomi; and marvelling at the depth and beauty of Ruth's reply, when bidden by Naomi to return unto her people. "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest will I go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

What daughter so devoted now as to leave home and people and toil in a strange land for a poor adopted mother? Verily such friendship is rare and beautiful. "She gleaned in the field till even and took to her mother-in-law what she had gleaned." How simple the fact; how rich the sentiment! And to Naomi's question, "What hast thou gleaned to-day?" How many of us could make good answer?

We are all gleaners in our Father's vineyard, and well for us if we glean and spread abroad beautiful thoughts, bright ideas and pleasant words daily. We know the surest way to win people is to have a heart full of sympathy for them, and the best way to like everybody is to do them a favor. If there is some one we do not specially like, let us watch our opportunity and do something for them they would like to have done. It will warm our hearts toward them wonderfully. Some good words about bearing with the faults of others come to mind

here from that good old saint, Thomas A. Kempis:

"Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of whatsoever sort they may be, for that thyself also hast many failings, which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another just to thy liking? The large liberty of others displeaseth us, yet we will not have our own desires denied us. And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbors in the same balance with ourselves. If all men were perfect what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God? But God hath ordained it that we learn to bear one another's burdens. No man is without fault, and no man but hath his burden; no man is sufficient or wise enough of himself, but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help instruct and admonish one another. Occasions of adversity best discover how great strength or virtue each one hath."

It is all so grand, so comforting, I know not where to stop. If we could only keep our hearts closer to the Divine Guide by acting on such principles how much happier we should be. It is so much easier to resolve than perform!

"Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished for good undone.
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall,
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants are we all."
I was thinking of that half despondently last night, and strolled out into the lane awhile where I soon forgot there was such a thing as disquietude, such a peace and harmony pervaded all nature. Did you ever think what a different face Nature wore to different people? Imaginative childhood views the picture far differently from the practical tiller of the soil.

Whittier, in his "Barefoot Boy," pictures childhood's school of Nature in the happy rhyme,

"How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay;
* * * * *
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!"

The staid old farmer whose practiced eye can estimate to a bushel how much corn an acre of land will produce, has blinded his inner eye to beauty, and sees no value in his grand old forests and fields of waving grain save the market price of wood and wheat. The artist, with his keen sense of beauty and effect, seizes what comes nearest to his ideal, and transfers the scene to canvas. But the heart that looks for the goodness of God in nature, lo! the transfigured landscape, the fragrant flowers, the quivering, varied leaves, the rocks, mountains, and brooks, are full of it, the birds sing it, the sky glories over it, till in joy we exclaim: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

There is such a healing, comforting influence in Nature. A tired mother, who had four little ones depending on her, said to me the other day: "I don't mind working; I like to work; if I could

only get off into the fields every day to breathe the sweet air and enjoy the pleasant summer sights and sounds, I wouldn't ask for anything more. I'd forget for a time that there was anything in the world but joy and peace and pleasant things." Such cheap, pure, health-giving enjoyment ought to be in the reach of every one of God's creatures. A cluster of trees near a home, where you can watch their buds and leaves unfold in spring time, listen to the bird family who have built their nest in the branches, see the glimmering sunshine through the dancing leaves all the long summer hours, and in autumn behold their added glory of crimson and gold, are worth far more than fine rooms and costly furniture.

And now let me close these rambling thoughts by a few selections from "Andrew Rykeman's Prayer," by Whittier, which is so full of deep humility and trust that I would we could hold it in our memories and echo it with our hearts.

"Scarcely Hope hath shaped for me
What the future life may be.
Other lips may well be bold:
Like the publican of old,
I can only urge the plea,
"Lord be merciful to me!"

* * * * *
Scarcely have I asked in prayer
That which others might not share.
* * * * *
Rich alone in favors lent,
Virtuous by accident,
* * * * *
Only strong for lack of test,—
What am I that I should press,
Special pleas of selfishness,
Coolly mounting into heaven
On my neighbor unforgiven?

* * * * *
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant:
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

* * * * *
Thus did Andrew Rykeman pray.
Are we wiser, better grown,
That we may not, in our day
Make his prayer our own?"

HOOD'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Answers to newspaper correspondents" make a leading feature in many of the largely circulating periodicals of the day. The industrious writer must often be at a loss both to imagine questions and replies. Perhaps they may gain something by learning how Tom Hood used to answer his correspondents. Here is a specimen: "The Echoes," we fear, will not answer. "Alien" is foreign to his subject. "W's." "Tears of sensibility" had better be dropped. "B." is surely humming. The "Night Thoughts" are not admired, because the author was young. "T." says that his tale is out of his own head. Is he a tadpole? "Y. Y." a word to the Y's is sufficient. The "Essay on Funeral

Ceremonies of Different Nations" should be printed in the dead languages. We decline it on the part of the English. "Mr. R." complains that we are "backward in forwarding his paper." Does he mean by the clause to take us for crabs?

The "Sonnet to Miss Tree" is forwarded by the twopenny post. "The Captive" is ready to be restored. The "Essay on Agricultural Distress" would only increase it."

A GRAMMATICAL HINT.

No solecism is more flagrant or more frequent among good writers than that of doubling the preterit. It is almost universal among tolerably educated people in speaking and writing. A woman of no educational pretensions will say to another, "I meant to call and see you." But put a girl through the grammar, and teach her "how to speak and write the English language correctly," and she will be almost certain to say, "I intended to have called." Yet the first is exactly right, and the last entirely wrong. The auxiliary "to have" can never be employed properly after a verb of intention or anticipation. We should say "I wished very much to see you," not "I wished very much to have seen you;" "we hoped you could be there," not "we hoped you could have been there." One cannot expect, nor intend, that he could have been or done or said anything whatever. Reader! remember this and improve your speech.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THE REVIEWER.

THE STANIFORDS OF STANIFORDS' FOLLY. Boston: D. Lathrop & Co.

This volume is one of Mrs. Kendall's latest and best, the prominent design of which seems to be to illustrate the influence of wealth, or the tendency of a love of money, and also to show how much good may be done by the wealthy when it is properly employed. It is chaste and beautiful in style, eminently safe and elevating in sentiment, forcible and direct in the presentation of truth and Christian duty, and, as a whole, calculated to exert a good influence, social and moral. Sent, post paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for August is as pure, good and attractive as ever in the mental food it offers to the little ones. If you have not yet taken this beautiful magazine for your children, do so at once. Its influence upon their young and tender minds will be beyond all price. Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR for July has reached us, containing a greater number of choice musical art items than any previous number, which is high praise indeed. Its contents are entirely original. Its able correspondence, from all the leading cities in the Union, is quite a feature. Its editorials are able, bold and to the point. The art, dramatic, and musical news departments are all full and fresh. The musical contents embrace: "Bird of the Wild Wing," by Bliss; "Campaign Grand March," by Page; "Absent, Not Forgotten," by Root, and "The Season at the Springs," by the same author. Its elegant title page, superb typography, fine paper on which it is printed, the manner in which it is made up, being stitched, bound, and cut, all combined make it one of the handsomest musical and art magazines published in America. One dollar per annum. John Church & Co., No. 66 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEXTER SMITH'S PAPER for July contains six complete pieces of popular music, as follows: "Pretty Dolly Varden" (Song and chorus); "If Greeley Wins the Day!" (jolly song); "Erin is My Home" (words and music); "Artists' Life Waltzes" (by Strauss), as performed at the Boston Jubilee; "Up and Away Galop" and "Jubilee Waltz!" In addition to nearly two dollars' worth of music, there are ten pages of reading, etc. Dexter Smith's Paper is edited by the author of "Ring the Bell Softly," "Put Me in My Little Bed," etc., and is sold by newsdealers, everywhere, for only ten cents. Published by Dexter Smith, Boston, at \$1.00 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The July number contains four chapters of "A Chance for himself," showing how Jack was taken before a magistrate, and how he spilled some milk which he didn't cry for; the conclusion of "Wandering Tom," an amusing story; "Our Nan and her Dumb Friends;" "Glimpses of Boston;" and a capital picture story, "Fred's Fire Works;" together with short stories, sketches, etc.

THEY TOLD ME THOU WERT FALSE, JAMIE.

Words by H. A.

Music by E. CLARK.

Andantino.

1. They told me thou wert false, Jamie, And did not care for me; I
 2. Dost thou re - call the haw - thorn glade, Where we sat side by side, When
 3. To - geth - er there we knelt, Jamie, And bent the rev' - rent knee, And
 4. My cheek that erst was red, Jamie, Is pa - lin' day by day; I

heed - ed not their voice, Jamie, I thought it could not be, So lov - ing were thy
 on a sum - mer's eve, Jamie, Thou sued me for thy bride? My heart was ver - y
 prayed our heav'n - ly Fa - ther's love Might rest on thee and me. So ra - diant seem'd my
 feel it in my heart, Jamie, I'm wear - in' fast a - way. Then when the sum - mer

words, Jamie, So win - some was thy smile; I did na think that it, Jamie, Could
 full, Jamie, As in the pale moon - shine, I prom - is'd to be thine, Jamie, To
 path, Jamie, My cup so full of bliss, How could I ev - er dream, Jamie, That
 comes, Jamie, And blos - soms clothe the tree, Be , stow one thought on her, Jamie, Who
 veil one thought of guile.
 be for - ev - er thine.
 it would come to this?
 died for love of thee.



SINCE YOU AND I WERE YOUNG
JOHN!

BY MALASSA.

The times have strangely changed, John,
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one.
Our two wee rooms were sparsely filled;
I smile as I recall
Your wedding coat of homespun blue,
That hung upon the wall—
But then it was the fashion.

The years passed on—you plowed and hoed,
I churned and baked and spun;
While Johnny played about the yard,
With Ruth, the little one.
Oh, those were happy days' John,
But yet for fancied gain,
We left the dear old homestead
For that small village lane—
For 'twas, you know, the fashion.

The village grew and put on airs,
I would not be behind,
And often did things that I'll own
Were not just to my mind.
But Squire Burn lived right across,
And rich folks down the street,
The children must do like the rest,
As they would daily meet—
And so I followed the fashion.

Both John and Will soon left our home,
They're money-making men,
Oh, could I have but for one hour
My merry boys again.
Sarah and Ruth—perhaps 'tis best,
They live in style I know,
And yet I wish that style for them
Was not all dress and show,
And running after fashion.

Eva was married long ago,
Our youngest and my pride—
I heeded not your wishes, John,
But put them all aside—
And toiled, ah, yes, beyond my strength,
That she, my pet, might shine,
A brilliant star among her set;
Alas, this child of mine,
Leaves me now for the fashion.
And Sunday mornings, John, you know,
When they were fair and young,
Our children filled the corner pew,
Folks said "how well they sung."
We never dreamed we'd sit alone,
Because far up the street,
The rich and stylish led the way,
And took each highest seat—
Must FAITH yield to the fashion?

Our home is grand, but lonely now :
John, do the children think
That old folks can have other wants
Than clothes and food and drink?
How pleasant if they'd sometimes ask
Their parents out to tea,
With half the smiles they gave to-day
To that weak General B—
But Generals are the fashion.
The times have strangely changed, John,
Since you and I were young,
And Parson Wellmore spoke the words
That made our lives as one.
We're old and feeble, John, you know,
And to the times must bow,
But one thing I can plainly see—
We should be cared for now,
Could it but be the fashion.

LET SOMETHING GO."

HOW tired you look, Mrs. A.," said the sprightly school teacher, Miss D., as she seated herself at the supper table of the farm-house where she boarded. "I confess I am rather dull myself, as it's Friday night, yet by Monday morning I'll be as bright as a lark; but you weary housekeepers have no Saturday vacations." She turned from sympathizing words to actions, and be-

gan to butter Willie's bread—then drew the baby's high chair, which was in rather alarming proximity to the teapot, nearer her own.

Farmer A.—fine looking and portly, at the opposite end of the table—was a perfect contrast to his delicate little wife. The world had gone well with him; prosperity was written on his countenance; his very manner testified to the fact that he was the owner of many broad acres, and knew how to manage them so as to bring in an income that every few years enabled him to become the possessor of some adjacent farm. His wife was much more refined and intellectual—her face, notwithstanding its cheerfulness, wore a constant expression of weariness that told the careful observer, of work too hard for the slender frame and over-tasked nerves.

After supper, Miss D. and the three elder children drove off to the weekly singing-school, leaving Mr. A. comfortably seated in the rocking-chair, reading his political paper, apparently oblivious of the fact that his tired wife was frequently interrupted in her sewing to replenish the fire, rock the restless baby, and to assist Pellis in the mysteries of long division.

"Nine o'clock, and sewing yet!" exclaimed Miss D., as she came in from singing-school, and playfully snatching the garment from Mrs. A.'s hands, she tossed it on the table. "Indeed you must not work so late; you're almost as thin now as the shad that went over the falls."

"I often tell her to let something go," blandly remarked Mr. A., "but she always will work just so hard. Boys, have the fire made by five; I want John to be off after a load of wood before daylight. Wife, you'll hurry up breakfast; and to-morrow I'd like to have you see that Will puts the apples in the cellar all right, and have Sam feed the little calf and bury the turnips. I'm going to town, and may not be back before dark;" and with these words he departed to his sound slumbers.

"Let something go!" indignantly soliloquized Miss D., as she set her lamp down on the stand in her chamber with such a thump that it came near knocking off the chimney. "What that mysterious, indefinite 'something' is, he don't condescend to explain. Not breakfast, surely, for that's to be 'hurried up,' and dinner and supper too. I know this 'something' to be neglected isn't the missing button on his coat by the tone in which I once overheard him request his wife to sew one on—it isn't the hole in his stocking or anything that adds to his comfort. It isn't the children, neither, for he is proud of them, and wants them always to be the best dressed of any in the neighborhood, and at the head of their classes, if she does have to help each one in their lessons at home. It isn't the garden or dairy—'twould never do to neglect them—a dollar or two might be lost.

I do wonder what that 'something' can be. I believe I can guess now. I heard him say the other evening, as he tracked his muddy boots over the freshly scrubbed floor, 'there wasn't any use of so much scrubbing.' No, there wouldn't be any use for so much of it, if he'd clean his boots better, and make some walks, and do something to improve that muddy back yard. 'No use of so much scrubbing!' If the house wasn't tidy, who'd be the first to complain? Didn't

I heard him the other day speaking very scornfully of Mrs. G.'s housekeeping?

"Let something go!" He'd better do something to make the work easier. There isn't wood enough carried in the house half the time to do the baking—that miserable old pump squeaks as though it had the asthma, and the kitchen is empty of half the conveniences it ought to have. 'Let something go!' How I'd like to tell Mr. A. what I think about the matter;" and with an impatient slam Miss D. closed the shutters and blew out the light.—*Ex.*

CANNING FRUIT.

BY N. F. C.

Having noticed several inquiries in regard to canning fruit, I send you my method which I have successfully practiced for several years, together with the table I make use of showing the time necessary to boil, and the quantity of sugar which will sweeten the fruit sufficiently for table use.

Fill your jars with fruit fresh from the vines or trees, taking care to put in as much as possible without injuring the form of the fruit, and when you have a sufficient number filled ready to boil fill the intervening spaces with cold water, if you propose to can without sugar; if sugar is used it is better to boil the fruit without the addition of water, filling the cans as they come from the fire with a syrup made by dissolving the sugar in boiling water; the fruit is now ready to boil.

Take an ordinary wash boiler and place in it a frame-work of laths, close enough together to keep the cans from resting on the tin bottom of the boiler, as the uneven heat from the fire is liable to crack the jars if placed directly on the bottom of the boiler, and put in sufficient cold water to about half cover the jars when they stand in the boiler.

Next put in the jars, previously filled, taking care they do not crowd each other. If the covers are glass, wet the rubber rings and glass covers and put them on the jars, but not the metal rings. If metal covers are used, leave the covers off as they are not improved by boiling. Cover the boiler with its own cover and let it remain over a slow fire until the steam rises around the boiler cover the number of minutes set against that kind of fruit in table given below.

When the fruit is sufficiently boiled take the jars one by one from the boiler and set them on a wet cloth, shake the can gently until all the bubbles rise to the surface and break, then if the jars are full put on the covers and screw the rings, if any, to their places; if not full fill with boiling hot water or syrup.

As the fruit cools it will shrink a little, and if all the air is excluded, will present an even surface free from bubbles, and your fruit will keep. If bubbles arise at any time the work must be done over, but this rarely occurs if the directions are faithfully followed.

If motives of economy are practiced it is better not to sweeten the fruit, except pears, peaches and strawberries, whose flavor is improved by it, as the fruit will not keep any better for it, and if from any cause you lose any fruit you do not lose the expense of sugar. If the cans have metal rings they will need tightening as the fruit cools. Glass jars are preferable, as they can be used until they break from accident, and the fruit

can always be examined and all imperfections removed.

TABLE FOR BOILING FRUIT IN CANS.

		Time in Minutes.	Sugar to the Quart.
Cherries, -	-	5	6 oz.
Strawberries, -	-	8	8 "
Raspberries, -	-	6	4 "
Blackberries, -	-	6	6 "
Whortleberries, -	-	5	4 "
Gooseberries, -	-	8	8 "
Currants, -	-	6	8 "
Grapes, -	-	10	8 "
Rhubarb, -	-	10	10 "
Plums, -	-	10	8 "
Peaches, whole, -	-	15	4 "
Peaches, halves, -	-	8	4 "
Sour Pears, whole, -	-	30	8 "
Bartlett Pears, halves, -	-	20	6 "
Pine Apples, -	-	15	6 "
Crab Apples, -	-	25	8 "
Sour Apples, sliced, -	-	10	6 "
Quinces, sliced, -	-	15	10 "
Tomatoes, -	-	30	00 "
Green Corn, -	-	60	00 "
Beans and Peas, 3 to 4 hours,	-	00	"

IMPERFECTION IN LAMPS,
WICKS AND FLUID.

To those who, dwelling in cities, enjoy the blessing of paying exorbitant prices for impure gas, and who, in consequence of large bills and inferior illumination seek a refuge in the next best resource, lamps, and to that less favored portion of the human race who, beyond the reach of gas, mains and monopolies, are obliged to use lamps, and to those who are struggling to devise improvements in these useful household utensils, these remarks may prove useful.

The primary object in the use of lamps is light. Some of them are used for heating, but of them we do not speak at present. That lamp which gives the most light with the least consumption of illuminating material will, if it be safe, cleanly and convenient, be the best. Safety is best secured in the use of safe materials, and no consumer of petroleum oils should be without the means and knowledge requisite to determine those which are safe from those which are unsafe. Cleanliness and convenience are matters of considerable importance. Lamps for ordinary use should be portable and free from the liability to get out of proper adjustment in carrying them about. But details of this kind need not be dwelt upon at length. Of much more importance is the correct knowledge of the principle of illumination by hydrocarbon fluids in lamps.

No one who has paid much attention to the subject has failed to discover that wide irregularities in efficiency exists in lamps of different construction, and even in lamps of the same general style and finish. In fact no single lamp will perform its office with perfect uniformity. The cause of these variations will appear upon an examination of the common elements of lamps which burn liquids such as animal oils, melted fats, or the products of petroleum distillation.

The essential parts of oil lamps are a receptacle to hold the material to the place of burning as it is needed. To these essential parts may be added the chimney, which in most lamps is necessary in order to bring the air which supports the combustion to the flame in sufficient quantity to secure perfect burning.

Any known compound of hydrogen and carbon burns with a luminous flame, but, in order that the greatest illumina-

tion with the most economy may be secured, it is necessary that the amount of oxygen supplied to the flame should be nicely adjusted. If too much is given, the flame supplies too much heat and too little light; if not enough oxygen is furnished a part of the carbon is not consumed at all, but passes off as smoke.

Now, in stoves and furnaces we make provision for regulating the amount of air supplied to the fuel; but in the majority of lamps used for lighting purposes, the amount of admission is adjusted at the outset, the only change being that caused by the clogging of air passages by dirt, oxidation, etc., so that lamps which when new work well, often fail to give a good light after a little time, and require frequent attention to keep the draft free from obstruction. There have been some fine lamps provided with dampers, yet notwithstanding the scientific and practical value of such an attachment, we know of no lamp in general domestic use that has it.

The quality of wicks is also a matter of no small importance; for although most lamps provide for regulating the flow of oil by raising or lowering the wick, this alone will not insure a good result. Some wicks do not burn evenly, so that a portion will be too high while other parts will be too low, and the flame streams up from the high parts. This arises partly from unequal admission of air, and also from want of uniformity in the wick. If the threads which, through their capillarity, convey the oil to the flame be twisted unevenly, so that some are hard while others are soft, it will be impossible to make use of them with satisfactory results. Wicks, also, which in burning throw off branches of charred material instead of burning squarely down in all parts, always give trouble.

The burning of petroleum oils in lamps without chimneys is a problem presenting many difficulties. It has been solved by the use of mechanism to produce a current of air directed to the flame, but such machinery adds so much to the cost of lamps, and is attended with so many inconveniences that it probably will never come into such general use as to supersede the old method. It is, however, so desirable to avoid the use of chimneys that, barring its difficulties, the problem is a tempting one to inventors. It is needless to say that a device which would accomplish such a result, and not add materially to the cost, or necessitate greater attention than ordinary lamps do, would be second in value to scarcely any invention ever produced.

Every year brings forth some new invention pertaining to lamps, which shows, that though the field has been long worked, there yet remains something to be gathered.—*Selected.*

ABOUT SCRAPPLE.

In answer to a correspondent who inquires concerning scrapple, how it is made, whether it is nice, etc., we submit the following which gives both sides of the subject in "language which is plain."

In the New York Times a discussion exists as to the cost of living. A lady housekeeper sends the following: "Get a young pig's head (fresh) weighing five or six pounds, which can be bought for twenty-five or thirty cents—'one from the country preferred.' Clean it well, cutting off the ears to enable you

to clean them well inside. (Get the butcher to take out the eyes and teeth when you buy it.) Put the head in two and a half gallons of cold water. Let it boil until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Chop the meat very fine, put it back into the liquor it has been boiled in, and season with pepper, salt, thyme, sage and sweet marjoram. (Don't put in too much of the herbs.) Then take equal parts of buckwheat and corn meal, and stir in until the compound is about the consistency of mush; lifting it off the fire while thickening, to prevent it getting lumpy. Then let it boil for about fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring it to prevent burning. Turn it into pans to cool.

Cut into thin slices, and fry brown as you want to use it. The cost will be about fifty cents. For that sum my family of five grown persons have plenty for breakfast every day for a week. As my husband is, as he calls himself, somewhat of an epicure, and decidedly objects to an uninterrupted course of beefsteaks and chops, which mainly comprise the range of Bridget's bill of fare for breakfast, I have several domestic dishes, the result of a long experience in housekeeping, which I will be happy to furnish at some future time, as I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space."

Pro contra, another writer who signs himself "Anti-Scrapple," says: "Let a few of your economists try the following recipe and they will find it is all it is cracked up to be: Take a calf's left hind-leg, and let it hang until it will just stay hung without falling, then take it down, after cutting the bone out chop the meat into pieces about the size of a walnut, put them on the roof in a rain storm for twenty-four hours, after which (if a cat don't get them) boil with a pound of licorice root, let the lot gently simmer for a few minutes, and then add a paper of Lorillard's century tobacco with a little old rye whisky, and you will have the meanest mess under the sun, except scrapple."

Another man puts in this plaintive protest: "My dear, good wife has caught the economy fever, and the case is a severe one. Doubtless, with a new bonnet in view, she has determined to introduce the epicurean delicacy of scrapple to our hitherto happy home. Sunday morning last I rang the bell, and told the cook that she had spilled grease in the range, and ordered its instant removal—the perfume filled the house. The only reply from Bridget was an idiotic grin. I finally had to open the window, and hurried on my clothes to avoid catching cold, as the temperature of the room was low. I reached the breakfast table, and, well, I can't find words to express my feelings; I never swear. Heaven preserve all contented households from scrapple! Give me a quart of sawdust and a pound of tallow-dips, and with wicks included, I can make a dish infinitely superior.

I have a favorite terrier who is so regular in his habit of sitting at my left side, that he has worn a smooth spot on the carpet by wagging his tail; he received my portion, and Bergh had a good case; the poor brute was doubled up with colic for two days, and now the breakfast-bell is a signal for him to rush down cellar and hide in the coal-bin. At my urgent request the scrapple was generously handed to the first beggar, who dumped it in the ash-barrel and went off insulted. With her nose turned up

to an angle of forty-five degrees, my wife—persistent woman—says she will try it again. Won't some incendiary please set fire to my house before next Sunday?"

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD;—I wonder if in all your numerous visits you find any family as queer and as noisy as ours. Doesn't it sometimes seem to you that we are trying to get up a miniature Babel and are succeeding remarkably well? Just at this moment the children are coming in from school. Through the thin partition which separates our little private parlor from the general sitting-room comes the sound of many voices, singing snatches of Sabbath school hymns in broken English or chattering volubly in Chippewa; for our "family" consists at present of about thirty young Indians, gathered here in the White Earth boarding-school. The children soon scatter, some to their work, (for the work of the establishment is all performed by the pupils,) some to their play and some to chat together in their sleeping rooms. Only three or four are left in the sitting-room. The noise subsided to a subdued murmur, with an occasional loud "Yo—yo—yo" or prolonged "ga—a—a" from the kitchen, indicating some slight disagreement among the girls at work there.

The discussion in THE HOUSEHOLD concerning the different methods of rendering home attractive, I find very interesting but quite difficult of application in such a situation as this. The contrast between the dainty methods of house-keeping set forth in your columns and our laborious attempts at neatness is ludicrous enough: I am afraid it would be painfully so to many careful house-wives whom I wot of. But if the girls spread a dirty towel over the newly baked bread and wash the kitchen floor with the dish-cloth, we try to take a philosophical view of the case and shut our eyes to the dirt and disorder which we cannot prevent. It is no light task to lead these children in the path of cleanliness. The majority of them have spent their lives in wigwams, eating their scanty meals at irregular intervals, from the one frying-pan or kettle in which all the cooking is done. Even the more civilized among them have almost no ideas of neatness and order. But if the girls spread a dirty towel over the newly baked bread and wash the kitchen floor with the dish-cloth, we try to take a philosophical view of the case and shut our eyes to the dirt and disorder which we cannot prevent. It is no light task to lead these children in the path of cleanliness. The majority of them have spent their lives in wigwams, eating their scanty meals at irregular intervals, from the one frying-pan or kettle in which all the cooking is done. Even the more civilized among them have almost no ideas of neatness and order.

When we commenced house-keeping, our supply of table furniture was very limited, consisting of an odd lot of dishes picked up here and there and pressed into the service until we could obtain better from below. We feared that the incongruous character of the dishes would have a bad effect upon the children's manners at the table. Indeed it was hard for us to maintain our gravity at first, when the pater-families was obliged to take his modest rations from a platter large enough to hold roast turkey while his neighbor used a tiny individual platter; when one scholar drank from a wee egg-glass, another from a tin cup, a third from a quart nappy and all used abominable little iron spoons a dozen of which might have been drowned in the larger drinking vessels. But the children learned to use these dishes properly, uncouth as they were, and in due time we received a large supply o-

better ones. Now, we rejoice in plenty of plates, knives and forks, bright tin spoons, nice white mugs, sugar-bowls and cream pitchers—everything we need even to four neat wire castors one for each table. When our family are gathered in the pleasant dining-room, we are proud of them, and with reason, for they behave much better than many families of white children, calling themselves civilized. There is no unseemly haste, no reaching for food, no noisy talking or laughing. When food is passed to them they take it with a modest "If you please" or decline with a "No, thank you." If their wants are not noticed, they have learned to say "Please pass the bread," etc. and will not help themselves even to what is near them. I think, considering our disadvantages, you would call us a model family in this respect, especially as it is like pulling teeth to persuade an Indian to speak a word of English.

But my letter is getting very long. If you will not think me intruding, I should like to tell your readers, occasionally of the strange sights and characters which we meet with in this wild, Indian country.

ALICE L. ARMOR.

White Earth Reservation, Minn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD,—Every number of THE HOUSEHOLD receives a hearty welcome, and the first spare moments are devoted to its perusal. Since having the care of a household, and finding my time for reading so much more limited, I have dropped all but the most valuable reading. When tired I cannot read hard reading, but many times when tired and almost discouraged have I taken THE HOUSEHOLD and by reading the experience as well as the good counsel of others, have laid it down with new resolves to be all that a wife and mother should be. We have placed our standard high, but we look "to the Rock that is higher than I" to help us.

I have read with deep interest the piece written by Mrs. Dorr in April No. Do we all fully comprehend her meaning? If so will we profit by it? Many thanks to her for writing it.

Many are the lessons we are daily learning by experience. One we thought well learned years ago in the schoolroom, is harder now to practice than then, it is to be fully self-controlled while governing others.

Another lesson has been to do willingly and cheerfully, all kinds of work it may be our duty to do, overcoming all dislike as far as possible. To be as glad to see our friends, to be as happy and agreeable in the parlor, knowing that their tea must be prepared by our own hands, as though a Bridget were to wait upon us.

But no cross is so hard to bear as that of want of time for reading. Many times have I come into the study, glanced at the many volumes of valuable reading still unread by me, turned and went out, hardly daring to take one from the shelves, knowing that my time is already so taken up that I have hardly time to read the daily or weekly papers, which must be done if we know what is going on in our own and other countries.

Though we may strive daily to "the steady uplifting and upholding of a higher standard of living," yet there are times when it is hard, and we are hardly sure whether results would tell for or against us. For there are days with all of us when the head will ache and throb, work must be done and these two hands

alone must do it, everything seems to go wrong, the little one's fingers are sure to get pinched, the thousand and one questions must be answered as usual, (and pleasantly too or there will be looks of wonder on the uplifted faces). Until between questions and work, the head swims, and we vaguely wonder whether we really are a dictionary or a machine for work. Happily sleep and rest brings relief, and the unselfish wife and mother goes on day after day determined to make home the dearest place on earth to those she loves and lives for.

La Crosse, Wis. MRS. J. S. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD.—I have often resolved to write to you but always let some trifling cause hinder me. I have just finished reading the June No. and I now feel constrained to write. I was a young house-keeper when I began to take THE HOUSEHOLD, and I feel that myself and family have been greatly benefited by its monthly visits to us. Sometime since two of my Sisters from St. Louis visited me and rather chided me because I read THE HOUSEHOLD first of all my Periodicals; but after reading a few numbers themselves I noticed they did likewise. I hope Mrs. Dorr will do as some of the sisters have suggested, give us a letter on the government of children and the best plan of managing self-willed and stubborn children. I think sister Olive Oldstyle must have a well balanced mind, I coincide with her precisely about "Queen Fashion," I often think our American women are more tinsel than anything else. We were made for a more noble purpose than to spend all our time in decorating our bodies; I greatly admire tidiness and cleanliness in any person, but unnecessary decorations to just please the fancy, I believe to be downright wickedness. In the article on House-cleaning, I think I have a improved way of washing feather-ticks. When the spring rains begin throw your beds out on a clean grass-plat, turn occasionally, when the rains are over hang up to dry, and you will be astonished at how clean your tick will be and how nicely feathers will be renovated. If M. J. R. will apply Acetic Acid often to the corns it will remove them, I have tried it. Will some one be kind enough to explain the cause of corns through THE HOUSEHOLD, it is commonly thought too tight shoes are the cause though I think not.

Adieu.

N. J. S.

STOPPING PINHOLES IN LEAD-PIPE.

A correspondent in the Industrial Monthly writes: "The supply water-pipe which extends from the street, along the top of our cellar to the sink in the kitchen, had a very small hole in one side, so that a stream of water ran out not so large as a cambric needle. If I had known that the difficulty could have been remedied by placing the square end of a tenpenny nail on the hole and hitting it two or three light blows with a hammer, the knowledge would have saved me much trouble and expense. But I did not know that a small hole in a lead-pipe can be stopped by battering the metal just enough to close the orifice; therefore I went and called a plumber.

Of course he was employed by the day. He knew how to stop the issue in less than one minute; but he preferred to make a good job for himself and for

his employer. He was too proud to be seen carrying his solder and tools along the street; hence a helper must be detailed to carry these appliances. His employer paid him twenty cents per hour, but charged sixty cents for his services. He paid the helper ten cents per hour, and charged forty cents, whether they were loitering along the streets, or at work. They looked around, lit their pipes, smoked and chatted, and used about four ounces of solder, for which the charge was fifty cents, as they reported that they had used one pound. The plumber reported one hour each for himself and helper.

Thus the cost of stopping one pin-hole cost \$1.50, when any one who can handle a hammer could have closed the issue in half a minute, if he had thought of how to do it."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Number Three.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As the time has come to enjoy the fruits of the season, let us see if we cannot improve them to the best of our ability, and at the same time add to our health and digestion by partaking of them in a proper manner. To this end let us see if they cannot be made palatable cooked in the following manner:

Rice Fruit Pudding.—For a large pudding take one cup of rice, pick it carefully and put it in warm water sufficient to cover it about an inch, let it soak about an hour, then put it in a double kettle, or in a pail in a kettle, of boiling water and add about a quart of milk. Prepare any kind of green fruit you like, such as raspberries, blueberries, or even dried apple boiled a short time and added to the rice as it cooks—about a teacupful of it—is very good as a substitute for green fruit, add a little salt, boil soft, and serve with butter and maple syrup.

The berry season is here, and the blackberries will soon be ripe, as the blueberries are now. Here is a nice recipe for

Berry Blanc Mange.—Take one quart of berries, stew till soft in sugar or molasses, strain, and add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour wet up in cold water to a thin paste, boil to a stiff mass and pour into a mold till cold. Serve with bread and butter, or eat in milk.

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements, of social life, and then return to your own with a cheerful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you shall have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself, to right and duty, and keep your expenses within your means.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MAKE YOUR OWN BREAD.

A writer in *Hearth and Home* says: There is more of the element that we call happiness arising from the use of good bread than is credited to that source. If your husband's love can grow for you and for his home under the infliction of bad bread, then he is a great man—much greater than men in general.

If you expect your children to be obedient, sweet, and respectful in their accents and behavior, with sour bread-fermenting in their little stomachs, you will be disappointed, unless they are very near to their angel state. Two hours service in your kitchen making bread, if you will give it your whole heart and hands, will yield you a better return than many hours spent in borrowing trouble and looking on the dark side of life, and trying to think that the very darkest side is always turned towards you. Just try the experiment of working in flour, of watching the dough rise, of moulding it into symmetrical small loaves, of peeping into the oven to see the rich brown crust over them, and the sight of the loaves when well done, and better still, of the husband's exclamation, "Oh, what delicious bread!" and then see if you do not feel rewarded, even before you taste the snowy loaf. It will not hurt your hands to make bread, and it will cheer your heart.

DOMESTIC MELANGE.

—An improved method of cooking beets is to bake them. It requires about two hours to a medium sized beet. I hardly think any person will resort to the old method of boiling them after eating one meal of baked beets.

—All salted provisions should be watched and see that they are kept under the brine, for if one piece of meat lies up it will spoil the whole barrel. If the brine looks bloody, it must be scalded and more salt added; when cold, pour back.

—Grease can be extracted from floors by applying a paste of wood ashes; keep it on several days, and then wash off. Stains on wall paper can be cut out with a sharp penknife, and pieces of the paper so nicely inserted that no one can see the patch.

—Kerosene and powdered lime, whitening or wood ashes, will scour tin with the least labor. Kerosene and whitening will also cleanse silver ware, door-knobs, hinges, etc. Wet the flannel slightly in the oil, dip into the whitening, and rub hard; wash off with hot soap-suds, and brighten with a chamois skin or newspaper.

—Alabaster objects are liable to become yellow by keeping, and are especially injured by smoke, dust, etc. They may be, in some measure, restored by washing with soap and water, then with clear water, and polished with shave-grass. Grease spots may be removed

either by rubbing with talc powder, or oil of turpentine.

—To prevent silver ware from tarnishing, warm the articles and paint them over with a solution of collodion in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. A silversmith of Munich says that goods protected in this way have been exposed in his window more than a year, and are as bright as ever, while others, unprotected, become perfectly black in a few months.

—A nice table is often seriously injured in appearance by some one placing on it a pitcher of boiling water, or a hot dish, which leaves a whitish mark. To remove this it is only necessary to pour some lamp oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth; then pour on a little spirits of wine or Cologne water, and rub it dry with another cloth. The white mark will thus disappear, and the table look as well as ever.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

—*DELICATE CAKE.*—*Mr. Crowell:*—Noticing a request in the columns of your paper for delicate cake, I send you the following which we think very nice: One teacupful of butter, one teacupful of loaf sugar, one teacupful of flour, two tablespoonsfuls of milk, the whites of four eggs, and seleratus. D. D.

—*TAFFY.*—Some time since one of your readers asked for a recipe for making taffy, here is one I have tried many times and like it: One pound of brown sugar, one cup of molasses or syrup, three-fourths cup of water, and a small lump of butter; boil twenty minutes, or until the taffy hardens when dropped in water or on snow; spread on tins in which are scattered walnut meats and pop corn. E. W. C.

—*CREAM PIE.*—One cup of sugar, three eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar as for sponge cake. Bake in two tins, while warm cut open with a sharp knife and lay in cream.

—*Cream for Pie.*—Boil one pint of milk; beat well together one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of flour, two eggs, and turn all into the boiling milk, let it boil two minutes, then add a small piece of butter.

—*FROSTED PLAIN CAKE.*—Two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three cups of flour, a little lemon, and frost it. Flavor frosting with lemon.

—*WAFERS.*—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one half cup of new milk, three eggs, half a nutmeg, the juice of one lemon, or extract, one teaspoonful of seleratus, and flour enough to roll out; roll thin and sprinkle granulated sugar over it, and press into the dough with the rolling-pin. Cut as for cookies, and bake quick.

—*RAISED DOUGHNUTS.*—One cup of raised dough, one pint of warm milk, two-thirds of a cup of lard, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of seleratus, flour enough to make it stiff. Raise well and do not mould the dough. C. E. S.

—*VANILLA WAFERS.*—Take two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, half a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of extract of vanilla, flour to work them stiff, and roll out as thin as you can. This rule will make a six-quart pail full.

C. L. B.

—*SPONGE CAKE.*—*Dear Household:*—I send you a rule for sponge cake which, as yet, I have not seen in your columns. Exactly followed the rule never fails. Six eggs, yolks and whites together and beaten five minutes, add three cups of sugar, beat ten minutes, two cups of flour, one cup of water, two cups more of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in a quick oven. My cake is best when a watch hangs on a nail over the kitchen table.

—*LIP SALVE.*—One and one-half ounces

of spermaceti, one and one-half ounces of white wax, six drams of gum of camphor, four table-spoonfuls of sweet oil, a cent's worth of alkanet root to color it, tied in a cloth and let remain in the mixture until it has given sufficient color, and melt all together in an earthen dish. Too much heat will evaporate the camphor. Apply once a day and it will keep all kinds of chaps off, at least it does for me. OLD MAID.

Delaware, Ohio.

BEAN PORRIDGE.—I see in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for a recipe for making bean porridge. I have one which always gives good success. My method is to take fresh beef or mutton, according to the number in my family. I take my baking pieces, stew over after picking off the best, pick the meat all off the bones after stewing two hours. Boil the meat and beans separate. One small cup of beans will make six cups of porridge. Soak your beans over night, parboil in the morning in fresh water, then boil in two quarts of fresh water. Boil the meat in a separate kettle, seasoning with salt and pepper to suit the taste and one teaspoonful each of sage and summer-savory. One hour before eating put them together, and thicken a very little with flour.

A SUBSCRIBER.

BUNS.—*Dear Household:*—As I have just been making some buns, the thought came over me that perhaps some other young house-keeper would like the recipe, so here it is: One-half cup of lively yeast, one cup of white sugar, three cups of warm milk, stir them together, add flour enough to make a thin batter, let it rise in a warm place over night; in the morning add another cup of sugar, one cup of butter, and more flour if necessary, let it rise again, then knead it out the same as biscuit. A few raisins improve it. This rule will make fifty or sixty biscuit.

H.

One of your subscribers, D. M. D., would like a recipe for making sweet pickles. I send two or three which you can use or reject.

SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.—Skin eight pounds of ripe tomatoes, add four pounds of brown sugar, and boil together till the syrup is of the consistency of molasses, then add a quart of sharp cider vinegar, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, (all the spices to be ground,) and boil all together for five minutes, stirring often. More spice can be used, if preferred,

PICKLED PLUMS.—One peck of plums, seven pounds of sugar, one-half pint of vinegar; dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, add the fruit, boil slowly three hours, stirring constantly, take out the stones while boiling, and add two tablespoonfuls each of allspice and cloves.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Cut in strips six pounds of ripe cucumbers, take out the seeds, add one pound of brown sugar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of salt; cover with vinegar, and boil till tender. This makes a nice relish with bread and butter for tea.

PICKLED Currants.—Five pounds of currants, three pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of cloves and allspice, and one pint of vinegar. Boil gently three hours. C.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—*Editor of The Household:*—A lady signing herself "Jane," having called for a recipe for chocolate cake, I take pleasure in sending you one that never fails to please: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Make about as stiff as cup cake. This makes three layers. For the chocolate filling, use one cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sugar, and one-half cup milk. Boil slowly about fifteen minutes. Flavor with vanilla. While warm spread between the layers of cake and over the top.

MRS. J. R. A.

WASHINGTON PIE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. This makes three pies, and is nice, simple and cheap.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-cup of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, one egg, two-thirds

cup sour milk, one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda.

TAPIOCA PUDDING WITHOUT MILK.—Soak four large spoonfuls of tapioca in warm water, after soaking till transparent add more water and set it on the top of the stove for an hour, letting it cook slowly, then quarter half a dozen apples and place in your pudding dish, add half a teacupful of sugar to your tapioca, pour over the apples, set in the oven and bake from half to three quarters of an hour. Try it.

EGIA.

SARSAPARILLA MEAD.—Three pounds of sugar, three ounces of tartaric acid, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of flour, one ounce of essence of sarsaparilla, and three quarts of water. Mix all the ingredients except the flour and essence and bring almost to boiling, then stir in the flour, having previously wet it up with water. Let it simmer three or four minutes, then set it off to cool. When cool strain and bottle it. Add the essence just before bottling. Let it stand a few days before using.

Direction for Using.—Put three or four tablespoonfuls into a glass and fill two-thirds full with water. Now add a third or a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, according to the quantity of mead taken, and stir well and you have an excellent effervescent drink. It will keep a long time if put in a cool place. I hope some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will try this, and I would like to know how they like it. If the directions are faithfully followed, I think they will be pleased with the result.

ALICE. Bethany, West Va.

FOURTH OF JULY PUDDING.—One-half pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, the whites of two and yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, and one cup of sugar. Bake, and when done spread the pudding with jelly or preserves, then frost with the whites of two eggs, one cup of sugar, and the juice of one lemon, spread on top of the jelly. Set in the oven and brown. To be eaten cold.

MRS. G. P. S.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers who have been successful in canning green peas, give minute directions in your next number? and oblige,

C. M. B.

MR. EDITOR:—Your paper has proved a perfect treasure to me, and I would like to ask a few questions.

Will any of your many subscribers tell me the best way to use up cold meats? Also, give ideas how to get a dinner where we have a poor market to go to.

Can any one tell me what will set the colors in a cambric dress where magenta is the predominant color? and oblige,

MRS. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—S. B. L. wishes to know how to make good cookies without cream or hartshorn. My recipe, which we like, is: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one egg, one cup of either sweet or sour milk (I prefer the latter) with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved therein, and put as little flour in as is possible to roll.

W. B. wishes to know how to remove grease from an Irish poplin dress. Saturate with chloroform this will show at first, but by hanging in a dark closet will soon disappear.

An Old Subscriber, wishes to know how to make nice cucumber pickles. We are using pickles which were put down two years since in the following manner: I had a half barrel made like a pork barrel, washed my cucumbers, and packed first a layer of cucumbers, then a layer of salt with a little pulverized alum added; continue in this way, packing as closely as possible. When wanted for use I take out a kettleful, stand on the back of the stove, and fill with cold water; when it becomes very warm pour off and fill with cold again, and continue so to do until it tastes fresh, then put the cucumbers in a jar and pour boiling vinegar over them. The cucumbers will look as though wilted when taken from the salt, but will swell in the water.

J. M. C.

MR. CROWELL:—I often hear the question asked, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" and perhaps some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD would be glad to know that by wetting the cloth in cold water,

and rubbing, the stains will all disappear. Fruit stains may be removed by wetting in hot water. No soaps of any kind should be used in either case.

R. N. S. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to "An Old Subscriber," if she would put a little salpetre in the brine with the cucumbers it will make them hard, and to make them green soak them out in brass.

I have a very nice way of making dried apple turnovers, that perhaps some of your subscribers would like to try. Stew, mash and sweeten your apples. Make the crust like piecrust, (not very short,) make them into small turnovers, grate on a little nutmeg, pinch them together tight and fry in lard. We think it the very best way to fix dried apples.

NETT.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—This is the second year I have taken your valuable paper, and now I think I could not possibly do without it. I am an old woman and have to make my living by doing day's washings, and you will please accept my most heart-felt thanks for the recipe, given some time ago, for removing mildew from clothes. It has amply repaid me for my two years' subscription.

Will some of your many readers please give me a recipe for canning green corn and peas air-tight? I have tried to put them up, but they would never keep.

AUNT LIZA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you permit me to ask a few questions through your columns?

I wish to ask Mr. Colby, or any one, if the mineral water of the springs in Michigan, of which he writes in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, are obtainable through any agency? Is it called "Bethesda Water?" Does mineral water, generally speaking, lose any of its medicinal properties after having been bottled some time, or becomes old? Any information relating to the above subject will be gratefully received.

Can any one give me directions for cleaning a hair mattress without taking it apart? Also, how to keep a kitchen stove bright? The blacking soon burns off mine, and if it does not get blacked every day, one or two hot fires makes it perfectly white.

Please give us some rules on diet. No doubt others beside myself would be benefited.

MRS. S. M. B.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Will you please give me directions, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make a good, cheap ice-house, large enough to hold ice for two or three families?

J. C. G.

Scio, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I notice in your June number a request, "How to make blackberry wine?" Having an excellent recipe, I take the liberty to send it.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water; let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally, then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon add three pounds of nice brown sugar, cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without any further straining or boiling.

Red rose leaves steeped in water, and, when warm, wash weak eyes, is an excellent and harmless remedy.

MARY K. W.

MR. CROWELL:—I am happy to say that I have become a reader of your excellent paper, through the kindness of an aunt in New Hampshire, who has long been one of its readers, and I prize it very highly and hope to help others to it soon. We had never seen or heard of your paper until April last, but I have learned much from its pages. In May I noticed Lizzie K.'s recipe for making vinegar, and thought she was right. If Emma is patient she will have good vinegar, for mother used to make it so, but we have since learned that so much patience is not required. Here is our new way: Boil one pint of dry corn in a quart of soft water, strain and add four cups of brown sugar and six or seven quarts of soft water. If you have no mother to put in, a handful of dry white beans and a few strips of white paper (letter paper) will do just as well. Keep warm and you will have good vinegar in a short time. We had some on the table to-day which is very strong, that was made two weeks ago.

A Housekeeper wishes to know how to keep string beans. If she will pack them in salt as she would cucumbers for pickles, I think she

will find them nice as she could wish. They should be soaked over night before cooking, but leave some salt in them, as string beans are always much better cooked in salt water.

H. B. wishes to know what will remove grease from her Irish poplin dress. Make a paste of wheat flour and cold water, spread quite thick on the wrong side of the goods on every spot, then lay the dress out in the sun until perfectly dry. Rub the paste off with the hands, and when all off moisten and iron. This I have tried many times on different kinds of goods, and never failed. If not removed it is evidence that enough has not been put on the spots. She may think her dress is spoiled when she sees it well covered with batter, for I did when I first tried it on a nice dress.

IDA.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—There is one thing which your all but omniscient HOUSEHOLD seems not to know; it may be I ought to say, seems not to have told us cruelly hard-churning dairy-women, what makes the cream so unwilling to show its butter? I (by my Bridget) have been churning two hours and nine minutes, and have now left off just long enough to inquire of you what is the matter, what the cause, and how to remedy it? Last week my Jersey made eleven pounds of the brightest yellow, and I can't give up. Now just be good enough to impart this little item, and oblige your subscriber,

MRS. C. R. M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish some of your knowing contributors would tell me how to paste newspaper slips into a scrap book so that the pages may look smooth when the work is done. Is there any way to prevent the leaves from wrinkling as soon as the paste dampens them, or to get the wrinkles out afterwards?

Jacksonville, Ill.

J. H. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your correspondents furnish a recipe for making strawberry shortcake, and the process of steaming food instead of boiling, and any simple remedy for nettle rash? and oblige,

M. A. B.

Hopkinsville, N. Y.

Sadie Rex asks for a remedy for weak eyes. If it is a weakness of the nerve with no visible inflammation, bathing them with salt and water is decidedly one of the best and most harmless of remedies. The salt softens the water and gives the eyes a restful feeling. If there is not too much salt it will cause no unpleasant sensation. Use about a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. For inflamed eyes "Thompson's Eye-water" is the best remedy I ever tried.

I will send an excellent recipe for a lemon pie: Dissolve a tablespoonful of corn starch in a little cold water and pour over it a cup of boiling water, letting it boil on the stove a few seconds; two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and one egg. Frost it, or bake with two crusts.

Will some one please tell me how to make a good currant pickle? Also, how to pickle berries, and the best way of canning berries?

NELL.

MR. EDITOR:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD as well as ever. Will some lady reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to make pumpkin butter? Also, how I shall preserve, or save, pie melons and oblige,

MRS. I. A. W.

Park City, Kansas.

MR. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—Being afflicted three months during each year with what is termed "hay fever," I seek through the columns of your paper to know of some remedy for the same. Anything which will be suggested will be most thankfully received by a subscriber.

W. L. W.

Will some of your readers please send a recipe for making omelet? also, what will cure the poison of ivy?

E. D.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one kindly inform me, what will cure old sores caused by freezing?

F. H. F.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—*Sir:*—We commenced taking your paper this year, and like it very much indeed. Can any of your readers inform me how to restore hair that has been cut off, and faded by wetting, to its original color, a very dark brown, nearly black?

A SUBSCRIBER.



THE HOUSE WHERE WE WERE WED.

I've been to the old farm house, good wife,
Where you and I were wed;
Where the love was born to our two hearts,
That now is cold and dead,
Where a long kept secret to you I told,
In the beams of the yellow moon.
And we forged our vows out of love's own gold,
To be broken so soon, so soon, wife!
To be broken so soon, so soon.

I passed through all the old rooms, good wife!
I wandered on and on;
I followed the steps of a slitting ghost—
The ghost of a love that is gone.
He led me out on a vine-wreathed porch,
Where with myrtles I twined your hair;
He sat me down on the old stone step,
And he left me musing there, wife,
He left me musing there.

The sun went down as it used to do,
And sunk in the sea of night;
The two bright stars that we called ours
Came slowly unto my sight;
But the one that was mine went under a cloud,
Went under a cloud, alone,
And a tear that I wouldn't have shed for the
world

Fell down on the old gray stone, wife,
Fell down on the old gray stone.
But there be words can ne'er be unsaid,
And deeds can ne'er be undone,
Except, perhaps, in another world,
When our life's once more begun:
And maybe, some time in the world to come,
When the days and years are sped,
We'll love again, as we used to love,
In the house where we were wed, wife,
In the house where we were wed.

—Will M. Carlton.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

A True Story of Oct. 9, 1871.

BY CAROLINE MAYNARD.

HERE is aunt Josephine!" exclaimed Ellen, Ruth and Marion, almost in a breath, at the same time rushing to the door to welcome a weary-looking traveler whom their mother had just been escorting from the station. "Oh, aunty, how do you do? We're so glad to see you! Wasn't the fire perfectly awful? Did you save anything? We were frightened to death when we heard of it. How did you ever live through it?"

"My dear children," interposed Mrs. Farnham as soon as she could make herself heard, "pray don't annoy your aunt with any such questions now. When she has rested awhile and begins to feel at home among us, it will be time enough to satisfy your curiosity, or I should rather say, to show your interest in her experiences." So saying, she led her sister into the sitting-room, and placed her in the easiest chair. The girls, who were accustomed to obey even the slightest hint from their mother, drew back a little, though their eager eyes betrayed that their aunt Jo was to their apprehension a very distinguished character, whom it would be impossible not to lionize a little.

"You look tired, Josie," said Mrs. Farnsworth gently, after laying aside her sister's hat and traveling shawl, "has the journey seemed very tedious to you?"

"Not especially so," said Miss Harrington. "I shall soon be all right again. The sight of you all is as good as a cordial." And the sad, worn face looked as if a cordial was needed.

While our traveler is resting for a few minutes before going to her room to refresh herself, we will take occasion to say that she was one of the victims of the great Chicago fire, and had fled from the scene of ruin to pass a few weeks with her sister, who lived almost a thousand miles to the eastward. She had been keeping house in a simple way, taking one or two connections of her own into her family to help pay expenses, but all were now scattered, and before beginning to fight the battle of life over again, she felt that she must rest for a little while on the hearts of those nearest and dearest to her.

After a few minutes Mrs. Farnham conducted her sister to the guest chamber, where everything was prepared for her comfort. There would be no need of seeking out some member of the household to ask for a pin-cushion, or a towel, or soap, or some equally necessary article of bedroom furniture, as we have more than once been obliged to do when visiting at very elegant houses. The wardrobe was not entirely filled with the best clothes of the ladies of the family, so that the guest should be without even a hook to hang her own upon; this, too, we have suffered. But here all was in readiness. A clear, bright, kerosene lamp hung in its bracket by the looking-glass, and a candle, with a match-box near at hand, stood ready to be lighted on an emergency. There was a fire kindled in the little wood-stove, for fatigue is apt to induce chilliness; and a pitcher of hot water had been placed upon the washstand, in case the visitor should be one of those to whom this luxury is peculiarly refreshing. Miss Harrington was soon established on a comfortable lounge, and her sister sat by her for awhile, discussing matters of general family interest, for they had not met in many months; then shading the light which streamed in at the sunny windows until it was of a pleasant softness, she left her with the assurance that she should not be disturbed until tea-time, Miss Harrington having declined to eat anything beforehand.

"I am sorry, girls," said Mrs. Farnham when she went down again to the parlor where her daughters were assembled, "that I did not think to warn you in time to prevent your committing a great offence against good breeding, when your aunt first came in. When people have passed through any exhausting or distressing circumstances, never assail them with questions on the subject, especially when you first meet them. Let them be the first to introduce it, and then if you find them disposed to talk it over, you can ask as many questions as you please, within reasonable limits."

Miss Harrington came down to supper feeling, as she said, as bright as a button, though why this article should have been selected as an emblem of brightness, we confess ourselves at a loss to understand. Perhaps the expression took its rise in the days when the brass buttons on the dress-coats of our fathers and grandfathers were noticeable objects in the social horizon. Be this as it may, the traveler's cheery spirits justified her use of the comparison, and the tea-table talk was as nearly gay as it could be with a sense of the great calamity weighing down every heart in view of suffering already endured, and a foreboding, (happily not realized,) of greater evils yet to come.

Of course, the fire in its general aspects was the one absorbing topic of con-

versation, but it was not until the tea-things had been cleared away and all drew up around the blaze in the open grate, that the girls settled themselves down for what they called "a real good talk." Mrs. Farnham was a widow, with no family except the three young daughters we have mentioned, and the five female tongues seemed likely to have a brisk time of it.

"I have often thought over exactly what I should do if the house were to catch fire," said Ellen. "I wonder how near I should have come to it in the reality."

"I was talking over that very matter with a friend, only the evening before the fire," remarked her aunt. "Wasn't it strange? But now tell me what you think you would do, and then I will tell you what I did do."

"I should first put on all my jewelry," said Ruth, "and then get my best clothes together and make them into a bundle."

"I should seize the basket of silver and run with it," said Ellen.

"I'd take my canary bird, if I didn't save another thing," exclaimed Marion.

"And what would you do, sister?" asked Miss Harrington, turning to Mrs. Farnham.

"I think I should be so anxious to know that my children were safe, and to keep them all together, that I should scarcely care what else happened," replied she. "But if I saved anything, it would be my husband's picture, and the family bible with the record in his handwriting."

"Oh, yes, I forgot father's picture," said Ruth, feeling a little ashamed of her selfishness. "I'd take that, and the photograph album, too."

"Well," said Miss Harrington, "I suppose those things are just what every one would naturally think of first. But when you talk of carrying away large, heavy pictures, you must remember that nine-tenths of us had nothing but our two hands to transport anything with, and miles and miles to walk before we were sure of a safe place to deposit it in. If I had carried away only one picture from my house, I could have taken nothing else."

"Tell us what you did do, aunty."

"I had waked up several times in the night, for there was a great light in the sky to the south of us, and I knew there must be a large fire somewhere; but it no more occurred to me that my house was in danger, than it would to you to be alarmed because you heard there was a conflagration in Burlington. The idea literally never crossed my mind. I only felt a vague pity for the merchants who, as I supposed, were losing their property, drew down my shades, and composed myself to sleep again. I knew there must be at least one river, if not two, between the fire and my house, so my sense of security was not so very unaccountable, after all. What I have wondered at since was, how I could be so dull as not to heed the noise and excitement in the street; but so it was. There are always more or less of restless spirits who are aroused by the sound of a fire-bell, and I did not perceive that there was greater confusion than is usual under these circumstances. At a little before three o'clock I heard a loud knock at the back door, and hastily running down and opening the door on a crack, I heard the voice of Mr. Waterman, who occupied a room in the lower part of the house. He said the fire had crossed both rivers, and that I might better pack my

trunks, for the wind was in our direction, but that it might not, after all, be necessary to leave the house. I have since thought that his cautious fear of alarming me was unfortunate, making me more deliberate than I need have been; and neither of us remembered that with a whole city on fire, a trunk would be about as manageable as a piano; but he was all kindness, and I simply did as I was bid."

"Oh, aunty! weren't you horribly frightened?"

"I never felt more perfectly calm in my life. I don't think my pulse gave an extra beat that night. It was incomprehensible to me then, and is now, that I should not have been more excited, but I can only tell you the thing just as it was. The first thing I did was to call my maid, but she, more provident than I, was already dressed and was collecting her clothes. I may as well say now, that one of her friends soon called for her and took her away, so that I had neither any help from her nor any responsibility on her account. I was relieved to get rid of her, for she was both too selfish and too dull to have been of any use. Next I went to cousin Jane's room, you know she is a very nervous and peculiar person, never well-balanced at the best of times, and I feared that she might go off in some kind of tantrum that would make my position a very difficult one; but to my great relief she took the announcement very quietly, and I felt safe in leaving her to make her own preparations. She slept in an inner room, to be away from the noise of the street, and had not been disturbed by what was going on. Then I returned to my room and dressed myself as usual, only omitting unnecessary details, thinking meanwhile in what order I should save my most important possessions. The people were all roused, to begin with; there was the most weighty matter attended to. Next came the pets. The dear old Macaw that mother used to be so fond of, must be saved at all hazards, so I made a mental memorandum of him. I looked for Pussy, thinking I would put her out in the street and let her take her chance of running away, but I could not find her, and I'm afraid she shared the fate of many other pussies. Then I thought of the deeds and other valuable documents I had charge of, but I had lately been re-arranging my papers, and could not at first remember where I had put them. Fully ten minutes of my precious time was consumed in hunting them up, for they had become separated and I could not lay my hands on the whole at once. At last they were all collected and placed in my large leather traveling-bag. Next, as I had decided while I was dressing, came my small stock of money and jewelry."

"Did you save the pin with grandma's likeness in it, aunt Jo?"

"Yes, indeed, and the one with hers and my father's hair, and whatever else was in my bureau drawers and came under my eyes. But I had a beautiful garnet pin stuck into a velvet bow that was in the box with my ribbons, which I never thought of, and the sleeve buttons to match it were in a pair of cuffs that I did not save, and several other accidents of the same kind diminished my stock wofully. It is rather vexatious to remember now that the habit of putting all these things together as soon as I took them off, would have preserved

that valuable garnet set entire, so you may as well take the hint."

"We'll make a note of it aunt Jo."

"Yes, do; and I'm sorry to say that I shall furnish several other 'awful warnings' before I get through, I shall know so exactly another time 'what to do in case of fire.' But the steed is stolen now, and locking the stable-door will never bring back that horse again."

"I hope you'll have a whole stable-full of fine ones, yet, Josie dear, to replace it."

"Thank you, I don't find my organ of hope quite as large as it used to be, but perhaps it may grow again. Well when my little personal matters were collected, as far as I could remember them, I took the basket of silver and hastily seized some clothes to wrap around the different sets; and here comes another blunder. What do you suppose I took for this purpose?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Some old garments that I had laid by to give away! Can you imagine such folly? just as if I were going to store them somewhere; instead of taking the very best underclothes I had, and so saving a few more than I could have done otherwise! However, next time—

There is another provoking thing about the silver business. What I had in the basket was only that in common use. The whole sets were more than I needed, and I had the overplus of spoons and forks, and the heavy soup-ladle, laid in one of my bureau drawers, to be handy to get at when I had company. These I took, but oh! the old-fashioned family silver—those square looking, solid table-spoons and the odd, little, delicate tea-spoons, and the punch-ladle grandpa brought from England with him—all are gone! They were packed away in a closet to be out of the way of burglars, and I never once thought of them."

"Never mind, Josie; when you and I were gone nobody would have cared for the old things. 'A few more years shall roll'—you know."

"Yes, I know, and that is my chief consolation now. 'Life is short,' I say to myself a dozen times a day. When the silver was ready, I took out the trays from my lightest trunk, and put into it what I thought would be hardest to buy again—my best silk dress, my furs, a velvet cloak and mother's India shawl, with a little of my most expensive underclothing, for I began to have a notion, in spite of Mr. Waterman's advice about 'packing my trunks,' that it might not be well to make them too heavy. My bag, after the papers and jewelry were in, still held a change of under-garments—one of each sort—which I put in, for I knew not where the next ones were to come from. My combs and brushes went in next, and also some collars and cuffs and handkerchiefs. Then a few sewing materials, for by this time the confused noises in the street, which were growing fiercer every moment, gave me a sort of vague dread that this might be the end of earthly possessions for every body, and I felt as one might when landing on a desert island, or setting out on a sea-voyage of uncertain length. The gold thimble you gave me, Mary, was down in the parlor where I had been using it on Saturday. I thought of it while I was packing my bag, and meant to go down and get it, but ah!"—

"You shall have another just as good, Josie; the same pattern if I can get it."

A faint smile overspread Miss Harrington's face as she went on, "just then

came another knock at the door—a very decided and peremptory one this time. "I am afraid we must go now," said Mr. Waterman, whom I found waiting at the foot of the stairs. "If we wait any longer, we may not be able to get off. The houses across the street are gone, and we may be headed off in front."

"Oh, how dreadful! Didn't you feel flustered?"

"Not in the least, I had no feeling but one of disappointment at not having the rest of the night to pack in, as I supposed I should have—of course this sudden summons upset all my calculations completely. Then a sort of quiet despair took possession of me. I walked through the parlors to see if there was nothing I could snatch from the walls or tables and take along, but everything looked equally valuable. There were a hundred pretty things in sight, and I could not make a choice. But what drives me almost out of my senses every time I think of it, is that I came away and left the crayon portrait of my mother hanging there in its heavy frame, and never made an effort to save it. I could have broken the glass and taken out the paper without the least difficulty, but it never occurred to me. I don't know how it was, but the utter want of experience seemed to paralyze my judgment.

I stepped to the front door and looked out. The street was full of a thronging crowd, all hurrying in one direction—towards the north. I looked down the road, on a level with my eyes all was dense black smoke, but the sky above was lighted by a horrid glare that made every object fearfully distinct before us. A pile of household goods lay blazing in the street directly in front of our door, evidently hastily shoved off from some truck that had been bearing them away; carriages and drays dashed past, all overcrowded both with furniture and human beings; no soul there had a thought or a hand to spare for us, and my last lingering hope of help from outside faded away.

It was scarcely more than half-past three o'clock—oh, for one hour more! even fifteen minutes' earlier warning would have done so much! But we started none too soon. Our next door neighbors waited until they could not open the front door, and had to escape through a back alley in great danger of suffocation. I had dragged down my trunk into the front hall, and cousin Jane stood ready, bag in hand. 'My trunk is in my room at the head of the stairs,' said she to Mr. Waterman, 'Can you get some one to bring it down for me?'

He sprang up stairs in an instant, but returned with a perplexed and disappointed look. 'I'm very sorry,' he said, 'but it would take two strong men to lift that trunk, and even they could not carry it very far. It is so extremely heavy, I fear you will have to leave it.'

'Let it be,' she returned very quietly. 'I shall never want anything in it again.'

I gave a sidelong glance at her face, dreading some signs of mental aberration, for you know she is subject to that at times; but she was unexcited. Poor soul! she thought it was the end of earth, and accepted her fate, as the rest of us did, with the calmness of despair. Mr. Waterman took hold of my trunk and lifted one end. 'I think I can drag this along by myself,' said he, 'shall we go now? There is no time to be lost.'

But your own things, said I. Why do you not take them?

'I have all I want here,' he answered smiling, and showing me a small carpet-bag. 'Come—we must be off.'

I tried to offer some faint protest, but the moment did not admit of formalities, and after one look around my pretty parlors, fitted with the precious things I had been accumulating for years, and which never looked so lovely as they did then under the brilliant gas-light, I turned my back upon them and left the house.

As we went down the steps, Mr. Waterman picked up the door-mat, which was a mass of flame, and threw it over the railing. As if that would have delayed the destruction of my darling little home. I have no doubt that the roof was on fire at that moment, from the size of the brands which were falling around us, but we did not look up to see."

"How did you feel, Aunty?"

"Not so badly as you would suppose—more stunned than anything else, and I found afterward that it had been so with almost every one. The excitement kept people up all through that awful night, and some of them for a day or two afterward; but the sinking stage had to come, sooner or later. I think I felt rather light-hearted than otherwise, as we went up the street."

"What did you bring away, after all, aunt Josie?"

"I had Moppet's cage in my right hand, and terribly heavy I found him, poor dear fellow, before we got to the end of that terrible night-journey. On my left

arm I hung the basket of silver, and took the satchel in my hand. They did not seem very heavy just at first, but the weight soon became almost intolerable, and my arms and shoulders ached for three days as if I were suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, and I could not move without pain. However, there was nothing to be done then but to lug them along as best I could. And I felt so sorry for poor cousin Jane that it seemed as if I was almost well-off in comparison. Mr. Waterman, like the self-sacrificing soul he always was, dragged my trunk along by one handle, carrying his bag in the other hand, and changing hands every half-block. Again and again I begged him to leave it behind, but he steadily refused; and after a few attempts to make ourselves heard above the roaring din, we all hurried on in silence."

"Was there such a very great noise, Aunty?"

"It was nothing like anything I ever heard before, and such as I hope never to hear again. I could think of nothing but what I had read of the howling of demons, as I listened to it. There was a frightful wind to begin with, and the flames increased this to such an extent that it seemed as if it would carry us along bodily. Walking against that wind would have been no joke, but I

don't know that anybody tried it. My hat and hair soon became one tangled mass of confusion. I tried for awhile to fasten on the hat with hair-pins, but it blew off just the same, and finally I gave up the attempt, put the elastic round my neck, and let the hat swing about as it would. I can tell you, those were bad times for false hair! cousin Jane lost both hers and her hat, and begged an old bonnet the next day to travel in."

"Was that the dress you escaped in, aunt Josephine?"

"Yes, and I begin to feel now as if the one and only sensible thing I did that night was to put on a good suit to come away in. Poor Jane had an idea that for a smoky, dirty walk, an old one would be most suitable, so she put on a shabby thing that was hardly fit to wear in the kitchen. But she has gone among rich friends who can supply her immediate wants, and has plenty of money to repair her losses, so I don't feel so sorry for her on that account as for the loss of things that were dear from association. That was the real sting of all our losses. What can be bought again is not worth thinking of in comparison."

Our way lay straight up the street to Lincoln Park, which is about a mile above my house. After a few blocks the crowd decreased a little, beginning to pile off to the west through the bridge-streets, for you know there was another river between us and safety, and north or west was our only choice. East of us lay the lake, and behind us roared the flames. But the throng was very great, for as the time wore on, more and more people found it necessary to abandon their homes, and the sight was pitiful. I cast some envious glances at the well-fitted carriages that dashed past us, but on comparing notes afterwards, I found that the owners had not saved much more than we did unless they had drays in addition, for the family would naturally crowd in, leaving little room for household goods; the main difference between us was that they rode and we walked.

I repeatedly urged Mr. Waterman to stop and take refuge at some house on the way, feeling sure that the fire could not reach so far, and desirous of relieving him from the burden of my trunk, which he still persisted in dragging along; but his masculine judgment forbade any such temporising, and we kept steadily on towards the Park. In an ordinary walk, my strength would have given out long before this point, under such a weight as I was carrying, and Jane usually thinks herself too delicate to walk more than a quarter of a mile at a time; but we had the strength of desperation, and no thought of giving out. I thought that once within the Park, we might stop to rest, if nothing more, and I think we should have been obliged to do so; but just as we neared the gate, Mr. Waterman spied a man driving two buggies fastened together, each with a horse attached. Quick as thought, he hailed this person and offered to relieve him of one of the vehicles if he would allow us to use it. The gentleman consented, and you can imagine with what eagerness we climbed in. A place was found for our Moloch, the trunk, and having named our destination, we went on our way rejoicing."

"That's rather a strong word to apply to your state of mind just then, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Farnham.

"Oh, everything is comparative, you know! If your arms had ached as mine did, you would have rejoiced at anything that rested them, and above all, at seeing that noble young fellow obliged to give up his attendance on that dreadful trunk. I had some slight acquaintance with a family on one of the Avenues, two miles away from where we had left the fire, and with much vacant land, including a part of the Park, lying between. Here I finally persuaded Mr.

Waterman, somewhat against his judgment, to pause and bestow us and our goods. If he had been left to himself he would have gone half a mile farther, entirely beyond city limits. But I could not take in the idea that the danger could extend so far; it was almost in the country, every house was surrounded by its yard full of trees and shrubbery, and the fire, as I told you, was miles away. So here, somewhat under protest, our kind attendant left us, and turned his face again towards the burning city, to see what help he could give to other poor souls in this hour of universal need."

"And there, I suppose, you found rest at last!"

"Don't be too sure of that. I am going to tell my story dramatically, and you mustn't tempt me to anticipate. You should have seen the sight that Mr.

May's house presented on that dreary morning! The veranda in front was piled up with trunks and bundles and baggage of all sorts, and inside the house was a crowd of women and children, some woe-begone enough, but most of them cheerful, and even jocose. I couldn't even pretend to be in spirits, and so declining the offered cup of coffee which was already prepared to revive the faint and weary fugitives, I found a quiet corner behind an open door, and there, where no one could see me, I sat down on a bundle and let the bitter tears flow down my cheeks until I had exhausted the power of weeping. Then I began to feel better, and after awhile mustered courage to go into the dining-room and take my sip of the good coffee, which by the way was kept hot there all day long, together with an abundant supply of good solid food, for all who chose to partake of it. Our host's first business, when he was roused from his bed by the arrival of refugees, was to go to the nearest butcher's and baker's shops and "buy them out," as people said, even before he went to town to look after his own place of business, which in fact had fallen long before this, though he did not know it. But hundreds of hungry creatures had reason that day to bless his forethought, as one after another stood or sat around that well-covered table. Mem. my children; if ever you have to shelter a host of burnt-out people, be sure to provide, first of all, something for them to eat."

"We'll try to pay back what you received, in that way, aunt Josephine."

"Yes, 'pass it along' as grandma used to say. By this time it had grown quite light, and as there was nothing for me to do where I was, an uncontrollable restlessness took possession of me, and I started off alone on a tour of exploration, leaving Jane sitting bolt upright on a chair, the picture of stony indifference. I was tired almost to death, but I had not gone far when a friend gave me a lift in his carriage, having left his family up north, and being then on his way back to see what he could do for others. He left me at the house of a friend on Washington Square, and from the piazza there I looked down at the rapidly advancing flames and saw them seize on one house after another and make an end of it, as you would watch a bit of pine kindling-wood burning. If the house was a wooden one, no matter of what size, ten minutes was usually enough to finish it off, as far as we could see. Brick houses might take perhaps half an hour. Then the churches began

to go; beautiful white marble buildings, so strong so isolated—it seemed hard that they must be sacrificed! But the demon was utterly relentless, and spared nothing, and after about an hour's watching, it was concluded, from the fierce hot blast that made it impossible for us to open the front door, (we had long before this retreated inside the house,) that this house too must be abandoned, and such bundles as could be hastily piled into a dray were collected, and the mother and children, with two or three almost helpless invalids who had been carried there for safety were stowed on top and among the bundles some how or other, and off they went, while the gentlemen remained to 'fight fire.' And this they did so effectually that the house was finally saved—the only landmark left in miles of desolation."

"How did they manage it?"

"They had a tank of rain-water under the roof, and with that they kept the roof continually wet for hours and hours, until everything in front and on both sides of them was destroyed, and when the fire got behind them, the wind took the flames in the opposite direction. But at this time, as I told you, we were all driven off, and I wandered up La Salle St. looking at the grimy crowd of faces hurrying by, and stopping now and then to talk to some acquaintance whose house still stood intact, but whose goods were being removed as fast as means could be found to take them. Resting in this way, first at one house and then another, I gradually made my way up to Mr. May's again, getting another chance to ride up, on top of a pile of furniture, where I was in constant terror for fear I should be pitched off. Oh, such faces as I saw everywhere! You would hardly have recognized your own mother. Every one was soot-color, and as the water-works had been burned before I left my house, no one had anything to wash in."

"You must have been a funny-looking set of people!"

"It was such a matter of course that we hardly noticed it. Everybody was in the same box, you know. When I got back to Mr. May's the house was fairly packed, but the generous spirit of hospitality found accommodations of some sort for all. The trunks were taken down and stowed in the cellar, for all the room up stairs was needed for people; and our kind hosts were unceasingly active in providing for everybody's comfort. As it drew near evening, mattresses were spread on the floors, (several of the sufferers having brought one or two apiece with them,) and those who could get no farther, among whom of course were Jane and myself, were made to feel that they were cordially welcome. We were utterly worn out, body and mind, and were glad to retire early, so about eight o'clock we undressed ourselves and lay down to rest, though not to sleep. And now comes the last act in the drama."

"I thought the last act was your getting on board the cars two days after, and coming to us."

"No that was leaving the theatre after the curtain had fallen. You haven't had the catastrophe yet."

"How can there be anything more to come?"

"Listen, and you'll hear. At about nine o'clock we began to be aware of an unusual stir in the house, which had be-

come comparatively quiet. 'Some more wanderers to be provided for,' we said to one another; but our shaken nerves would not be contented with that explanation, and we strained our ears uneasily to try to make out the exact meaning of the disturbance. We had not long to wait. Presently the door of our room was opened on a crack, and the kind, earnest voice of our host came through;—'Ladies, I'm sorry to disturb you, but we're obliged to abandon the house. We hoped until now that we could save it, but it is impossible. The sooner you can get down the better. The roof's all on fire now.' So you see there was nothing to be done but to get on the clothes we had just taken off and hurry down stairs as fast as we could."

"And your trunk?"

"I suppose it was down in the cellar with twenty others. When we got to the lower hall we were hurried out by the back way into the yard and on top of a wagon, for the front door could no longer be opened, and it was run or burn. Of course I saw it no time to ask any one to go down and hunt up my trunk and drag it out; nobody would have listened to me if I had. Besides, there was no room for trunks. Every vehicle was packed full of people with such bundles as they could take in their laps. All Mr. May's nice furniture, and even most of their clothes, met the same fate as mine."

"Where did you go then?"

"Oh, they were determined to be out of harm's way that time, so they kept on to Evanston, ten miles north. There we found another 'Refugee's Hotel,' undressed and went to bed once more, and there I stayed until the day but one after, which was the first that I could find any means of reaching a railway station."

"So you lost your things, after all."

"I did; but when I saw people who had escaped in their night-clothes, without even saving their jewelry and silver, or important papers, I thought my case might have been worse. And all the way here, in the cars, I was thinking of various things I should caution you about, if you should ever find yourselves in such a case."

"I'll make a note of them now, aunt Josie, if you'll let me," said Ruth, taking a pencil from her pocket.

"I've no objection, though I hope you will never have occasion to make use of my experience; but it is just as well to be prepared. The first thing is to have a list of the few most precious things in your possession, always ready where you can lay your hand on it at any moment. The next is not to have such things too much scattered. If I had attended to these two rules, I should not have lost

so much of my silver and jewelry, but should have had both them and my papers where I could have found them instantly. Then I lived so all over my house that the heir-looms, which after all make the great loss, were spread about in every room in it. It was very pretty to look at, but when the blow came, you see the enemy had me at a disadvantage."

"Now for another moral."

"The next one is, if you have any pictures you value, knock them out of the frames, the first thing. Frames can always be replaced, pictures scarcely ever. Before I came away I saw dozens that had been saved in that way."

"But yours would have been in your trunk."

"They might have been, but trunks don't always burn, you know. And that reminds me of another thing. If you are escaping in haste, and there is likely to be any difficulty about transportation, don't use trunks at all. A sheet or pillow-case is a great deal better, If my things had been made into a compact bundle which I should have kept in my room, I should have brought them away with me. I saw one young fellow, about fifteen, who took a number of his mother's valuable fancy articles—Parian statues, Bohemian glass vases, and so forth, put them into a bag with some soft things between, and marched off with it on his back."

"I hope he didn't take give-away rags to pack with!"

"I dare say he was a great deal more sensible than your poor, foolish aunty. And I see you don't need to be reminded of my next point—to use the most valuable clothes you have, for packing; and belonging to that is the advice always to put on good clothes when there is a doubt about saving everything."

"I shall learn all these rules by heart. Any more morals, aunty?"

"Only some general ones. One is, that all the members of a family should keep together at such a time. There were some harrowing scenes where people had become separated from their dearest ones, and neither knew what had become of the other, on account of having taken different routes. Even the morning I came away, the wife of one of the richest men in the town was inquiring frantically for her daughter and son-in-law, who took their way to the Lake while herself and husband, being a minute or two late, went on an opposite street; and the previous day I had seen the daughter almost beside herself with the fear that her mother and father had been burnt in the house. Of course we were able to satisfy the old lady, but the other had wandered off on another search, and I don't know how long it was before they met."

"Quite like poor Evangeline's mishaps in hunting for her lover."

"Yes. Now there's one thing more I must warn you against—never imagine yourselves safe, no matter how far off a fire may be, if the wind is against you. Thousands of dollars' worth of household goods might have been saved on that long Monday, if people could only have realized that they were certainly doomed, unless the wind changed. It would be better to pack up and start a dozen times than to wait and be burnt out once."

"I don't hear you say anything about insurance, Josie."

"My furniture was insured for nearly its whole value, but it was in a 'home company,' that is, a Chicago company, and the gentlemen comforted me by saying I shouldn't get five cents on a dollar, for they were all ruined. But if it turns out so, I shan't think it any argument against insurance."

"Well, we've used you up pretty thoroughly. Suppose we go to bed now and have a good night's rest, and tomorrow we can begin to talk over what is to be done in the premises. In the meantime, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that we are pretty well informed as to 'what we ought to do in case of Fire.'"

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-eight.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

So you are going to housekeeping, dear Sue? And you wish that we might have a little talk to-night about home-life and house-furnishing, because those are the themes that most interest you just now? Come out in the garden, then, where the air is sweet with the breath of mignonette and violets, and the great Japan lilies droop with the weight of their jewelled censers; and as we walk up and down the fragrant paths, let me look in your beaming face and gather inspiration therefrom.

Are you happy, Sue? Are you glad that the little cottage just big enough for two—or for three or four if God should send them—is so nearly finished, and that the two years of boarding-house life are so nearly over? Your smiles answer me, dear child; and you may well be glad. For since God placed Adam and Eve alone in the garden of Eden, to be dependent upon each other for society, to study each other, and to learn how to adapt themselves to each other, each man and woman whom he has joined together in holy wedlock have needed their own separate, individual home. Man is said to be a gregarious animal; but nevertheless it is true that every family needs for its own peculiar growth and development that it should be in a measure isolated and set apart; shut in, as it were, by a hedge of delicate refinements and privacies from the gaze of curious eyes. To live always in the broad glare of public scrutiny is not well for any of us.

Yet I warn you that there will be times when, if you have the lot of most American housekeepers, you will find your new duties burdensome. There may be times, even, when you may hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt (though that idea seems utterly absurd to you now) if only they could be set before you without any of your supervision, any thought or painstaking upon your part. It will not be at all strange if there are moments—I hope there will never be hours—when you weary of the routine of household duties, and think with a little sigh of regret of your old freedom from care and responsibility.

But this new life of yours—with its burdens, its cares, its perplexities, its labors—will be greatly simplified if you start with the firm determination that there shall be no shams in it. It is the unrealities, the false pretences of life that worry us and wear us out. We women perplex and fret ourselves more over what we pretend to do or not to do, to have or not to have, than we do over our real work or our actual necessities.

You do not quite get my thought? You are not sure that you understand me?

Let us see, then, if I can make my meaning clearer. Take the matter of house-furnishing, for instance. Did you ever think how much mere sham there may be about it, and how the worry and perplexity of living is increased thereby?

I do not care how much money you may have to spend—nor how little, either, for the matter of that; the principle is the same whether you spend five hundred dollars or five thousand—if your household arrangements are not harmonious and symmetrical, if one part does not correspond with the other part there is a sham somewhere. If you

spend fifty dollars for show here, and then pinch and scrimp and twist to save five there, your house-furnishing is not only a sham but your life is reduced to a system of subterfuges in order to hide and cover up existing deficiencies. If when I go to make you a visit you take me into a handsome parlor—a fine, large, show room, carpeted and curtained, bracketed and pictured a-la-mode, and then when I go up stairs to my chamber I find one, or at the most, two poor little towels ready to collapse from a sense of their own insignificance, a bit of soap no larger than your thumb, and a general lack of convenient toilet arrangements, I shall know that that parlor is just a sham. Everything in it may be very nice; there may be nothing cheap nor tawdry about it. But nevertheless if it is not in keeping with what you can afford elsewhere; if its taste and beauty have been purchased by the sacrifice of conveniences and comforts in chambers and kitchen and pantry, it is a mere fraud. It is a pretence of fine living that you are not able to carry out; and it weighs upon you like a nightmare—for you are in constant fear lest its falsity should be discovered.

The just apportionment of expenditures—so that, however much or however little be spent, there shall be no overdoing in one place and no scrimping somewhere else to make up for it, seems to me to be one of the great secrets of harmonious and beautiful living. Let there be a certain fine correspondence all over your house, so that one thing shall not shame another. Do not use a silver tea-set unless you can afford a good tablecloth; and do not indulge in household ornaments—be they never so choice—at the expense of a plentiful supply of napkins. Do not buy a carved walnut bedstead for your guest chamber and then find yourself minus the requisite complement of sheets and pillow cases.

This same rule holds good in a thousand and other particulars. Did you never happen to meet some elegantly dressed woman whose home you imagined must be perfect in all its appointments? and then upon entering it some fine day did you never find yourself astounded by its meagre barrenness? You have been fortunate if you have had no such experiences. A finely dressed woman and a poorly dressed house are not in keeping, and the contrast jars painfully upon one's sense of fitness; whereas had there been harmony between the two it is quite possible that no deficiencies would have been discoverable. One thing that is too fine for its surroundings spoils a dozen other things.

But to go back to our shams again—the shams that make our lives so much harder than they need to be. It is perhaps well, on the whole, that we Americans are so desperately afraid of being accounted poor. We are too ambitious, too anxious to rise in the world and to leave our children on a higher plane than that occupied by ourselves, to be able or willing to rest contentedly in the hopeless poverty of the European masses. And this is, no doubt, a great and a worthy incentive to eager, aggressive labor. But when it leads us into the folly and subterfuge of living beyond our means; when it induces us to live under false pretences, to sail under false colors, to make a fair outside show—in short, to keep up appearances at the expense of ease and comfort and the restfulness of spirit that can only exist where there is

nothing to conceal—it is surely a great evil. When it takes all the harmony out of our lives and leaves nothing but discord, when it robs our homes of peace and quiet and content we may well cry, “cui bono!”

Sue, I want to whisper a word in your ear—quite confidentially, you know—about that “best parlor” which has been discussed more or less by our HOUSEHOLD. My advice to you, unless you are so rich and so fashionable that your conscience actually compels you to have one, is simply—don’t! Don’t take upon yourself the incubus of a great, elegant, darkened room to be opened only on state occasions—weddings, funerals, grand receptions and the like. Such a room in an ordinary establishment is a perfect ghoul—a vampire. It sucks the life, the blood, out of all the rest of the house. It is so selfish, so rapacious that you would almost think it a sentient being. You get to hate it, by and by, it so remorselessly swallows up all your choicest treasures. Somebody gives you a beautiful picture—a Madonna, or a St. John, or a glowing landscape, a bright bit of color that makes “sunshine in a shaded place.” You think you will hang it in the sitting-room, or on the walls of your nursery where it shall be a thing of beauty delighting your eyes and your soul all the day long. But do you? Oh, no! After a little hesitation and consideration, it goes into the parlor. Santa-Claus brings you a pair of lovely vases, some choice Swiss carvings—a Diana, or a Lesbia. You try to keep them out of the maw of that insatiable parlor—but in they go! You have some new books, and a portfolio of choice engravings. You would like to have them where you could refresh yourself with them occasionally, without the trouble of opening and closing blinds and perhaps warming an unused room. But they are “just the thing for the parlor,” and soon they are “lost to sight” through still “to memory dear.” And last but not least, some friend sends you a basket of the loveliest, sweetest flowers. They are too exquisite for anything, and you put them on the bureau in your own room with a half-defiant air. But presently somebody cries, “Oh, Sue! why don’t you put these flowers in the parlor? They will keep fresh longer there—and besides, I shouldn’t wonder if Mrs. Blank were to call this afternoon.” Now Mrs. Blank is the feminine Grand Panjandrum of your village—and she must enjoy the flowers whether you do or not. So you take up your basket sorrowfully, give one little sniff at the roses—and set it on the cold marble table between the windows of that awful room. Then you come out and close the door carefully lest a fly should get in and leave his horrible regret on your immaculate lace curtains.

No, Sue, I would not have a parlor, if I were you, unless I were sure I should use it every day of my life. A parlor that is used grows human and home-like—it has a heart in it, and warmth and cheer. But as for the other sort—Bah! It is colder and harder than an icicle.

But if the parlor is open, and used by the family, the children will spoil everything?

I beg your pardon—but there is little danger. Children can easily be taught to reverence beauty. I know a parlor that has been a common household room for twenty years—where little children have come and gone at will. It is overflowing with pretty things; books and

vases and statuettes and household adornments of every sort have been within reach of the childish fingers, and have charmed and delighted the childish eyes. The children have been all the better and the happier and scarcely an accident has happened in all those changeful years.

If you must have a parlor sanctify it by using it!

ENVY.

BY MRS. SARAH PERO.

I call envy the thriftiest weed that ever took root in the human heart. And deny it though we may, we have all got the noxious weed in a more or less flourishing condition. Some of us nurture it until it grows, blossoms, goes to seed, and grows again. Others cultivate the good impulses of the heart till envy is nearly uprooted, still a little will cling there; and didn’t you ever notice how strangely it rises up and cleaves the tongue to the roof of the mouth when called upon to praise a friend or neighbor’s superior virtue? For instance: Neighbor Jenkins’ wife appears out of a Sunday with a new bonnet; of course you are called upon (this to the ladies) to admire it; why not say, “yes it is very nice and pretty,” just as you would if it were your own. Some one at my elbow says, “because it isn’t natural.” Well, then, try and make it natural. Almost everybody has got ways, or habits, that after long continuance have become second nature; now I say that if the second nature ways are the most agreeable to those we desire to please, and are strictly in accordance with a higher law of right, then let us attain and cultivate more of them. Every person has the power to rule the tongue, and if we keep the tongue from envious speaking, we shall soon, in a measure, purge the heart of envious thoughts. I often meet people that I esteem highly until some, perhaps trifling, incident brings this baneful quality to light, then the thermometer of respect falls. I might love them the same, in reality, but it would be a regretful affection, and I always try the harder to rule out this black line from my own page of life, that to the regret I feel for their fault may not be added the sin of my own; for envy is a black sin, for which covetousness is but another name.

I have seen young, capable, energetic men commence business with perhaps a small capital, but a firm determination to succeed. Envy comes along with: “Well, boys, I don’t want to discourage you, but you can’t weather it long, for Tough & Tight went by the board with more capital than you have got.” Then the new beginners tremble a bit and lose courage, thinking: “Well, old heads are longer than young ones.” Yes, boys, true enough, but where the hearts are strained to the last tenure with envy, the heads are not so steady as might be. Don’t you know there are some people, although they have wealth in abundance, yet they cannot bear to see another man rise to their standard. ‘Tis top of the heap or out of it altogether with them. As I said before, these young men begin to lose confidence in their own abilities, and soon roll to the bottom of the hill. Now if good natured Praise just comes along patting them on the shoulder, with: “Go ahead, boys, don’t be down-hearted the first thing, but stick to your business, and be true to your impulses of honesty and integrity, and you will

succeed." It is better than gold for them, for praise and appreciation are the greatest incentives to success, and tell these boys (if you can't aid them pecuniarily) that you'll speak a good word for them and give them a God speed: this costs nothing, and boys, in your turn, be thankful for them, for kind words and God speeds are not to be frowned upon in this age of every-one-for-himself-and-devil-take-the-hindmost.

And not only has envy proved a curse in business matters, but worse yet, it has made unhappy homes, miserable and discontented mothers and children, yes, and in many cases bad women, those who have but two desires in life, viz: to outdo, and never be outdone in dress and fashion, even at the expense of their honor. Many truly good mothers plant the seeds of envy (unwittingly) in their children's hearts. I remember a little circumstance, though of long ago occurrence, which made a deep impression on my mind. I was visiting an old schoolmate of mine, who had married a kind and indulgent husband, but of limited means; she had a cozy, pretty home, and a beautiful little girl of seven years. The mother herself, was to me, a model of goodness, but like the rest of us had her little faults, one of these being thoughtlessness of speech. We sat by the window, one pleasant morning, engaged in conversation, when Lottie, the little daughter, came running in, with, "Oh, mamma, Minnie Snow's got such a pretty gold ring." "Has she, dear? Well that's too bad, now you ought to have one, too, you are as good as Minnie, and her papa has got no more money than your papa has, with all their fine airs." And I knew then the mother's heart was filled with envy at this trifle, and worse than all one little grain fell deep in the child's heart.

Little Lottie did not say much, and soon the dinner hour came br'nging her father and a friend. She waited till the bustle of serving the dinner was over, and there came a lull in the conversation, then broke out in this wise: "Oh, papa! Minnie has got a pretty gold ring, and mamma says it is too bad for her to have one and me none, for mamma says I'm good as her, and you've got as much money as Minnie's papa, with all their airs." I cannot describe the mortification of the parents at this little denouement. All the father's words could not convince her of the inconsistency of the idea after the mother had let drop those foolish words, for have not the mother's words and ways seven times the weight of the father's? and they often sink so deep that a lifetime could not eradicate them. So, young mothers, do not plant the seeds of envy in their little hearts by such words as "too bad" because your neighbor's children are better dressed than they, but rather teach them that a contented mind and honor for their parents are jewels beyond price. 'Tis well when they are very young to contrast, not the rich men's homes, but those lower down on the golden ladder. Do not let them take all the comforts of life as a matter of course, but teach them that they are blessings, and do not let slip one opportunity to show them that there are many suffering for what they enjoy. Oh! for more of contentment, and less of envy; but can we have it while gold and fashion are king and queen?

To speak to the purpose, one must speak with a purpose.



HOME.

I have traveled o'er the spacious earth,
For many and many a year;
I have been in lands where art and wealth
Their monuments uprear.
Though sights undreamed of met my eyes
Wherever I did roam.
My thoughts, despite of all I saw,
Would wander back to home.

I have been to kingly palaces,
Where all that wealth could buy,
At every turn, where'er I looked,
Did meet my wilder'd eye.
But even there, mid kings and peers,
Beneath that golden dome,
Unsatisfied, my prisoned soul
Would wander back to home.

I have been within the festive hall,
Where all was joy and light;
Where magic song and witching dance
Fell on my ear and sight.
But even there, mid that gay throng,
My soul away would roam,
And like a bird from bondage free,
Would wander back to home.

I've sought for glory on the field
Of fierce and bloody strife—

In search of fame I've freely spent

The best years of my life.

But even mid these stirring scenes

One thought to me would come,

And then my soul, on fancy's wings,

Would wander back to home.

WAY NOTES.

Number Twelve.

NAPLES, January 18, 1872.

After a night of refreshing sleep and a substantial breakfast, I engaged a carriage for the day, and set out for Pompeii, intending to visit its ruins and the late excavations of Herculaneum the same day. An hour's drive brought us to the latter place, where with guide and torch I descended the steps cut in the solid lava to a depth of some seventy or eighty feet. All around was a darkness which might almost be felt; naught but solid walls of lava above and around. Soon we issued from the corridor, and the guide pointed out the orchestra and stalls of the theater, and at one side I saw the little room to which the actors retired to prepare for their appearance on the stage. The auditorium, semi-circular in shape, and consisting of stone steps or grades, (capable of seating 8000 spectators,) similar to those of the Colosseum of Rome, was one mass of lava, its excavation being impossible on account of the danger which would attend it to the village of Resina, which is built directly over this portion of the once beautiful city. Leaving this section of the ruins, I visited the later excavations where, under the broad light of day, we traverse the streets, enter the shops—where still stand the huge earthen vases for oil and wine, in one of which a skeleton was found clutching a bag of coin, the vases being some three feet in height, large in their central circumference and tapering at the base and neck. We were also shown the prison and the houses of the rich and poor, the former decorated with tasteful frescoes.

Although the population of Herculaneum far outnumbered that of Pompeii, the excavations have as yet been very limited, disclosing but a small portion of the once great seaport to the light of day. Its discovery was the result of an acci-

dent. Buried with its sister cities by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year A. D. 79, it remained concealed from human sight for over sixteen centuries, when the Prince of Elbeuf, requiring marble for the completion of his palace at Portici, learned that a baker residing at Resina while digging a well had found it in abundance, he at once ordered excavations to be made, which resulted in the discovery of the theater described above.

Continuing my route, a drive of two hours brought us to Pompeii, where I was furnished a guide to point out the wonders of the once beautiful city, whose ruins form one of the greatest curiosities of Italy. In a niche in the wall before entering the city gate was found the skeleton of a soldier, who, faithful to the stern discipline of the day, kept his post while all were flying from the doomed city, for out of a population of over 80,000 less than 1000 perished in the ruins, about 600 bodies and skeletons only having been found. Just without the city walls is the beautiful villa of Diomed, so admirably described in Bulwer's "Last days of Pompeii." The banquet hall still retains the frescoes of nearly 2000 years ago, and descending to the cellars we saw in the walls the marks of bodies just as they were taken crouching before the storm of fire and lava.

Entering the city we traverse the deserted streets, most of them scarcely more than six or eight feet in width, their stony pavement still retaining the deep ruts made by wheels when Pompeii was one of the busy commercial ports of the Mediterranean. We enter the house of Glaucus, the dramatic poet; in the side walk before the portal we read the word "HAVE" in bold characters of mosaic work, bidding welcome to the guest. Passing the white marble casing of the door we traverse the vestibule and enter the inner court, or "Impluvium," in the center of which is a marble flooring sunk a few inches below the level, and designed to receive the rain through an opening in the roof which is closed at pleasure by an awning. On three sides of the court are the sleeping apartments, each scarcely ten feet square, with mosaic floors and frescoed walls. From the fourth side or end open the garden, raised a foot or two above the level of the impluvium, and containing fountains and statuettes, with a central plot for flowers. This is the general plan of the dwellings of the wealthier class. Many of the frescoes are quite perfect, and disclose the perfection to which art had been brought even in that remote age. The designs are tasteful and represent various subjects, nymphs, gods, musicians, and mythological scenes. Cicero, Sallust and Pliny had here their villas, and their libraries though small were sufficient for the few rolls of manuscript which in that age constituted a literary collection.

We pass on to the baker's shop, the oven of which, very similar to those of the present day, was found full of loaves of bread, black as night, but retaining perfectly the various designs in which they were made. We visit the house of the emperor, the forum and market place, the prison and heathen temple of the tutelar divinity of Pompeii. On a pedestal stood the idol, and communicating with its mouth was a secret passage leading to a side aperture where the priest, hidden from view, gave forth prophetic oracles to the people.

We saw also the bodies of those who

had been overtaken by the shower of ashes and water and petrified just as they died. One man was grasping a purse or bag of money; in another group were a mother and daughter, on whose finger was still the ring she wore 1800 years before, the hand smooth as that of a statue, while a broken finger revealed a bone in its stony casing, and the features and form natural as in life.

In traversing the deserted streets, market places and dwellings of this once proud city, one cannot but be impressed with the evidences on every side of the high intellectual culture and development which characterized the better class of its inhabitants; the refinement of pure and elevated appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, but which, as in all heathen communities, co-existent with the most abject slavery and oppression of the less fortunate class, and the no less degrading slavery of their masters to sensual passion and desire. Virtue was interpreted according to the low standard of an age of purely physical and intellectual development, and made synonymous with physical courage and valor. Morality, in the higher sense, was unknown to the devotees of Isis, and the evidences of a degree of social vice and degradation scarcely conceivable in the light of the present age, which are brought to light after the lapse of ages, furnish a key to the terrible destruction which in three short days swept from the sight of man one of the most beautiful and luxurious cities of the old world.

I cannot more appropriately supplement my letter than by quoting the concluding passages of Bulwer Lytton's "Last days of Pompeii."

"Nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, all vivid with undimmed hues; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday; not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors; in its forum the half finished columns as left by the workman's hand; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its baths the strigil; in its theatres the counter of admission; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp; in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast; in its cubicula the perfumes and the rouge of fated beauty; and, everywhere, the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and life!

In the house of Diomed, in the subterranean vaults, twenty skeletons (one of a babe) were discovered in one spot by the door, covered by a fine ashen dust that had evidently been wafted slowly through the apertures, until it had filled the whole space. There were jewels and coins, candelabra for unavailing light, and wine hardened in the amphoræ for a prolongation of agonized life. The sand, consolidated by damps, had taken the forms of the skeletons as in a cast; and the traveler may yet see the impression of a female neck and bosom of young and round proportions—the trace of the fated Julia! It seems to the inquirer as if the air had been gradually changed into a sulphurous vapor; the inmates of the vault had rushed to the door, to find it closed and blocked up by the scoria without, and, in their attempts to force it, had been suffocated with the atmosphere.

In the garden was found a skeleton with a key by its bony hand, and near it a bag of coins. This is believed to have

been the master of the house—the unfortunate Diomed, who had probably sought to escape by the garden, and been destroyed either by the vapors or some fragment of stone. Beside some silver vases lay another skeleton, probably of a slave.

The houses of Sallust and of Pansa, the temple of Isis, with the juggling concealments behind the statues—the lurking-place of its holy oracles—are now bared to the gaze of the curious. In one of the chambers of that temple was found a huge skeleton with an axe beside it: two walls had been pierced by the axe—the victim could penetrate no farther. In the midst of the city was found another skeleton, by the side of which was a heap of coins, and many of the mystic ornaments of the fame of Isis. Death had fallen upon him in his avarice, and Calenus perished simultaneously with Burbo! As the excavators cleared on through the mass of ruin, they found the skeleton of a man literally severed in two by a prostrate column; the skull was of so striking a conformation, so boldly marked in its intellectual, as well as its worse physical developments, that it has excited the constant speculation of every itinerant believer in the theories of Spurzheim who has gazed upon that ruined palace of the mind. Still, after the lapse of ages, the traveler may survey that airy hall within whose cunning galleries and elaborate chambers once thought, reasoned, dreamed, and sinned, the soul of Arbaces the Egyptian!" G. W. T.

RECREATION INDISPENSABLE.

Mrs. Stowe expresses the opinion, in *Hearth and Home*, that every human being needs to have one thing in which he takes pleasure for itself alone—not as work, not as duty, but as diversion. In old times the children, strictly schooled and ruled through all the week, had Saturday afternoons when they did their own pleasure, and haleon hours they were. She adds:

Grown children need something corresponding to this. They need time when they let off the strain of the dreadful MUST—something which they can do or leave undone at pleasure, but which they do for the pure love of it.

Where, poor, dear mother of a great family of boys and girls, is your little comfortable play-ground? These noisy, bright, romping, crowding boys and girls, who every one of them, press upon you and leave you not a moment to yourself, have they each a favorite little amusement or solace? Tina and Bessie have their dolls and baby-houses—Tom and Jack their boats and railroad cars—your daughter her embroidery and music. What have you? Is there a moment anywhere sacred to your own private, peculiar pleasure? What is your Saturday afternoon? What thing do you do purely for the pleasure it gives, and not as a duty?

Some mothers have their reading, which leads to late hours. When every gay head in the hive is on its pillow, and the clock ticks in the still hours, then comes the precious, quiet hour of reading. Blessed soul! who shall forbid it to her, but who does not wish she had been able to take it fresh, and unwearied, out of her morning hours?

Some mothers have learned in early days pencil-craft, or artistic skill, and laid it aside in motherly self-annihilation. Dear mother, keep this gift for

yourself—get out your boxes and colors—sharpen your pencils—sketch—paint—it will do you good; it will rest your nerves; it will brighten your thoughts; it will give spring, elasticity and cheerfulness to your life; and the more you are, the more you will have to give to others.

Every good husband should try to make his wife have some resource of this kind, and every wife should do the same for her husband. Don't infringe on each other's little Saturday afternoon; reverence each other's pet pleasures. Life is not so very long at the best, and a bit of pure pleasure is not a thing to be despised.

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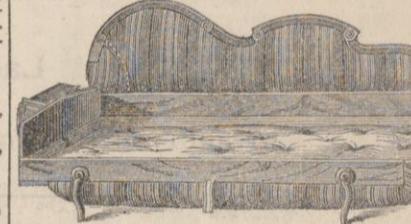
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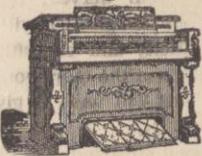
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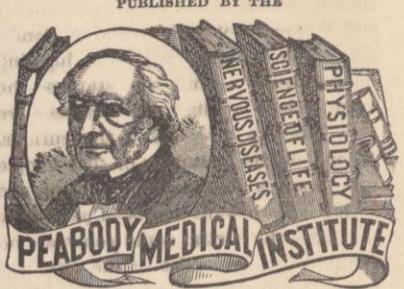
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