



## The household. Vol. 19, No. 9 September 1886

Brattleboro, Vt.: Geo. E. Crowell, September 1886

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Aug  
York, Pa.

# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED  
1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. 9.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

\$1 10 per year. Single copy, 10 cents.

## The Veranda.

SEPTEMBER.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

September is the beauteous summer faded,  
With yet her fleeting life by warmth pervaded;  
Her heart dies not, though, while herself retreating,  
She hears farewells instead of joyous greeting.

Her faithfulness has been full well rewarded,  
And we behold the gifts of heaven accorded;  
Fruits of unceasing love, tho' many blessing,  
While forward with the work committed pressing.

A boon comes to the world with rich September,  
Which grateful ones, partaking, will remember  
Long after harvest-time, when wealth be measured  
By whatsoever of God's store is treasured.

Not only in material things we gather,  
Shall we rejoice our favored selves, but rather  
Give, for the gracious meed, our rightful praising,  
On Him invisible with soul sight gazing.

September days, so soft, and full, and golden,  
Are like a tender story of life olden,  
Whose glory lies in deeds of patient striving,  
Which at the close have found a sweet reviving.

So none can live without at last revealing  
What has been with the hours and days his dealing;  
But, if like true September be the glory,  
His end will better prove than finest story.

TOMATOES.

THESE vegetables should be grown abundantly in every kitchen garden, as they are not only most acceptable additions to the food supply, but very beneficial to health. As soon as reasonable danger from frost is over, the plants should be set out in deeply turned soil. It is necessary that this soil should be quite fertile, but it is not advantageous that the young plants should be supplied directly with fresh manure. If they are very highly manured they will run to bush to the loss of fruit. But if the soil is fertile of itself, they will put on fruit with comparatively little bush. As soon as planted they should be staked with strong brushes like garden peas. But these brushes must be large and strong to bear the weight of vines and fruit. If the plants are well staked when young, they will grow up into the bushes and be well supported, but if this work is postponed until it is evidently needed, the heavy vines can be trained only with difficulty. If well supported by strong brushes, the vines will grow from four to five feet high, and the fruit will not decay from dampness, as it will do if the vines are allowed to trail on the ground. About the middle of May or first of June, the plants should be worked the last time, and the ground between the rows mulched or covered with leaves or straw. In the south this mulching is essential to pre-

### CHUFAS.

Chufas are simply grass nuts, such as are known in the southern part of Europe as earth almonds. When planted one in a hill, it comes up readily, like a sprig of grass, and grows, and tillers from the sides, until a large, luxuriant bunch is formed. At the same time young nuts are being formed at the roots of the first blade, and of those put out by the tillers. The plants grow all summer, until fall, when the tops die down, and the nuts are mature. Then the hogs and poultry may be turned upon them. The cultivation is very simple. The rows should be laid off about three feet apart, and the chufas dropped in the rows about one foot apart. When the plants are well up, they should be worked often with a cultivator or small sweep. Every farmer should have two or three acres planted in them, as the yield is very great, and when well cultivated on good ground an acre will support fifteen hogs for a month. There is no crop that pays better, for the purpose of supporting hogs during the late winter months, after killing time is past; but when hogs are fattened upon them alone the flesh is apt to be soft and inferior, but after they have become fat, they should be penned and hardened with corn before being killed. All stock are fond of these nuts, particularly poultry, and as soon as the fowls and turkeys find them out, they will spend the whole day in the patch, scratching them up and eating them. Half a bushel of the nuts will plant an acre of land.

A. P. F.

### SOILS AND THEIR COMPOSITION.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, upon the subject of soils, gives advice which is correct, when we remember that clay is aluminum—a metal the base of clay—in connection with silica:

"Every farmer knows that the funda-

mental character of good soil is sand, clay and decayed vegetable matter, or humus. These important constituents vary greatly in their proportions. A strong clay soil has five to fifteen per cent. of silicious sand. Clay loam has fifteen to thirty per cent. of fine sand. A loamy soil has thirty to sixty per cent. of sand; a sandy loam sixty to ninety per cent., and a sandy soil has no more than ten per cent. of clay, and often less as it becomes more barren. A strong clay soil, by constant cropping, is robbed of its accumulations of vegetable matter, and soon becomes too compact for the roots of plants to penetrate freely. Its improvement is much quicker and more certain than the other extremes of sand, but the same process must be employed. The roots of clover, in penetrating, open and loosen the stiff clay, diffusing themselves everywhere. They gradually raise, by increasing the bulk of the surface soil. The upper soil is thus converted into a mixture of clay and decayed roots, and is necessarily more loose and friable than before. This admixture of roots affects the chemical composition as well as the physical condition of the soil. The roots and stems of plants and grasses contain much inorganic—earthy and saline—matter, which is gathered from below, wherever the roots penetrate, and is by them sent upward to the surface. A ton of clover hay contains about one hundred and fifty pounds of this inorganic matter. Suppose the roots to contain as much (and they doubtless contain more), if the product of both top and root equals four tons to the acre, we have six hundred pounds of inorganic matter added yearly to the soil, which, if purchased in the open market, would amount to \$10 per acre. Much of this is doubtless washed back again into the earth, or eaten and carried away by stock, but the possibilities are very promising to those who are endeavoring to improve heavy clay."

—Clover growth is helped by lime and plaster. Large quantities of nitrogen are contained in the earth and air, and clover absorbs nitrogen more than any other plant. The plant and air work together in furnishing an exhaustless supply of food for all kinds of food plants.

—While trees have their foliage is the time for farmers to go through their wood lots, and mark such as are dead at the top for cutting next winter. The bare top is readily distinguished at this season, and if the trees to be cut are marked, it will save perplexity and perhaps loss hereafter.

—Some one has taken the trouble to find out how far a farmer must walk to put in and tend forty acres of corn. To plow the ground with a sixteen-inch, three-horse plow, he travels 350 miles; to harrow the ground thoroughly before planting, he will have to travel 100 miles; to mark out the same, he travels 50 miles; to cultivate it afterward, he will have to travel 300 miles, making a grand total of 800 miles, besides the gathering.

## The Drawing Room.

### HINTS FOR HOUSE-FURNISHING.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

WHEN planning to furnish or re-furnish a room, the carpet seems always the bug-bear, the "lion in the way," which so often puts an end to the attempt before it is fairly begun. For good carpets are expensive; and we all know that the money put into poor ones is as good as thrown away.

There is certainly no economy in buying cheap carpets. We realize this, look wistfully at the hollow cheeks of the family purse, and ask for the fiftieth time: "What shall we do about it?" The answer, very likely, is one that has come many times before: "Better wait another year and see what we can do then." The year comes round, and we are no better off than before. The need has become still more pressing, and again we ask, "What shall we do?"

Wonderful pieces of furniture are evolved from a little amateur carpenter work and odds and ends of cretonne. But this will not do for carpets. They refuse to evolve. They will have nothing to do with shams. Honest or nothing is their motto. But they will sometimes yield themselves to an honorable compromise.

I wonder if all the sisters know how much can be saved, and therefore gained, in the matter of carpets, by staining or painting the floor around the edge, some eighteen inches from the walls, and making the carpet only large enough to reach the inner edge of this stained portion. This plan has several things to recommend it. It is pretty, fashionable, neat; and it will save a third, at least, possibly a half in the cost of the floor-covering.

A waxed floor, with a few pretty mats laid here and there, is lovely, and thought very elegant; and if one does not mind the work it involves, she may have such a floor, and avoid the cost of a carpet altogether. But it is a great deal of trouble to keep a waxed floor in good order, and it would be hardly wise to attempt it where there are many children, or in a room where the furniture must be much moved about.

Stained or waxed floors are especially pretty and appropriate for sleeping rooms, where, physicians tell us, carpets and heavy curtains are, on account of their dust-hoarding capacities, unhealthful and out of place. The inexpensive white and checked mattings are also very pretty for many rooms, and are easily swept and cleaned.

I read not long ago, in a fashion magazine, of a pretty and inexpensive way of carpeting the floor of a dining room. Perhaps some one may like to try it. If so, she may put on the center of the floor a piece of plain felt of a brilliant color. Around this put a strip of pretty ingrained

carpeting of contrasting colors. Nail the felt down on it with brass-headed nails of moderate size. Nail the outer edges of the carpet with ordinary tacks. The floor outside of the carpet may be painted or stained a black walnut, cherry, or mahogany color. And the whole effect is excellent.

While on the subject of carpets, I must hint to the sisters that the old-fashioned, sometimes despised, rag-carpet seems lately to have been given a new lease of life in distinguished favor. In some places artists hunt for it as they would for old china, and sometimes, it is said, pay extravagant prices for it. They treasure it carefully, and use it in their studies for rugs, portieres, drapery, etc. A Washington lady of wealth and high social position, is said to have her stair way carpeted with it.

Now that machinery is doing all the ordinary, necessary work of the world, old-fashioned hand-work is becoming very rare and precious, and is more and more sought after. In fifty or a hundred years from now, it may be—who knows—that a piece of the grandmother's rag carpet will be valued like a bit of old tapestry.

Portieres add much to any room. They seem especially artistic and appropriate when the room is so fortunate as to possess some little alcove, recessed window, or irregularity, which with the help of curtains, may be made into a cosy, restful, sheltered corner. They are also extremely pretty and elegant in the place of double doors.

But as to look well, they must be made of heavy materials, which are usually expensive, we do not all indulge our taste in this direction as much as we should be glad to do. I read not long ago that some ingenious and tasteful women are using cheap carpeting for this purpose, outlining the design with coarse embroidery silk. Finished in this way, and hung with brass rings from long curtain poles, these portieres are said to look very rich and handsome.

Still less expensive, and yet pretty and rich looking portieres, may be made from figured, double-faced canton flannel, in the handsome oriental designs which can now be found at all large dry goods establishments. Trimming is not so necessary to this as to the plain canton flannel. Beautiful patterns in lasting colors could be bought for thirty-seven and a half cents per yard two years ago. They may be less now.

Carpets and curtains do not furnish a room, though they go a long way toward it. The ordinary furniture we usually have, sooner or later, because we must have it. It is the extra pieces that we hesitate longest over, and, possibly, covet most. We, for instance, have long wished for a book-case in the sitting room. Failing, as usual, to do what we wished, we did what we could. I think I shall have to relate our experience in this line, that others who have cherished books spoiling, and no place to put them, may, if they choose, go and do likewise.

First, I made a rough plan in my mind, jotted down the desired dimensions; then I went to a young man in our little town who, without being a regular carpenter, has a knack at such work, and is glad to get it. I described what I wanted, and asked him if he could do the work. He said he thought he could, and suggested some slight alterations which were a decided improvement on the original plan, making the work stronger and less amateurish; and when it was finished, I was very well pleased.

This precious article of furniture is a book-case, or set of shelves, as you may choose to call it. It consists of two side pieces about forty-eight inches long and eight or nine wide, and five shelves thirteen inches long and eight or nine

wide, that is, the shelves are the same width as the side pieces. The shelves are fitted into grooves made in the side pieces, the lowest groove being a few inches above the bottom, the highest two or three inches below the top. The shelves have no back, the wall forming a back when the case is fastened against it. A strip is nailed in across the back edge of the top shelf and projecting side pieces. This finishes the top shelf, holds the sides firmly in place, and through it the upper part of the case is screwed to the wall. A similar strip is nailed across the bottom. Brackets of the wood are put under the bottom shelf, and screwed to the wall. Their lower edges rest on the top of the base-board, which, with the screws, forms a firm support. We used long screws, and were careful to find the joists in the wall to screw them into.

Just above the top shelf a pole crosses, passing through holes in rounded pieces nailed on for the purpose at the upper corners. Small nuts or knobs screw on the ends of the pole and can be taken off when necessary in putting the pole in or out. These knobs, and the pole are of hard wood. The shelves are of white wood. Pine would be better, but my young man did not happen to have pine.

We stained it all black walnut color by mixing burnt umber and Venetian red in linseed oil, to about the consistency of cream, and then rubbing the staining into the wood with a cloth. After the color was evenly put on, and carefully rubbed in, with the endeavor to bring out the grain of the wood as much as possible, we took some of the clear red on a clean cloth, and put it on here and there in dashes and streaks; then we used a little of the clear brown in the same way, taking care to blend the colors a little so they would not look too crudely distinct, and yet not to mix them too much. When all was done, the imitation was so perfect, that several persons to whom it was proudly exhibited said they would never have known it was not black walnut if they had not been told.

Of course the pole across the top, and the dozen brass rings adorning it, suggest a curtain to come. In fact, a curtain was a foregone conclusion from the first. I am not sure but the book-case was built for the express purpose of accommodating that curtain. But when the shelves were finished and fastened to the wall, I found that the curtain was not quite wide enough. It was a piece of figured canton flannel, the prevailing colors of which were blue and golden brown and yellow on a garnet ground. I did not wish my shelves narrower. They could not have been narrower without being much less satisfactory in all respects. But I could not give up my curtain, for it was just what I wanted. No more goods like it could be had; so I bought a piece of garnet velveteen for a border down one side. As economy was the rule, I did not feel that I could buy enough for the whole length, so I pieced it through the middle, the width of the border being just half the width of the piece of velveteen.

Then I took blue zephyr, as near as possible the shade of the blue in the flannel, and made a loose twist of three strands. I tried to find double zephyr, but could not, so I twisted the single, and liked it better in the end. This cord I put down the seam where the velveteen and flannel joined, and caught it down in couching stitch with coarse, gold colored silk. The couching stitch is simply a stitch taken over the cord of zephyr at intervals of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch, generally the former, and serves to hold the cord in place. On the velveteen, about a quarter of an inch from this, and parallel with it, I put another cord. Across the place where the

velveteen was pieced, I put diagonally three of these cords, a little distance apart, above this, about half way to the top, another group of three; and below the piecing another group—three in all. The edge was finished with a twisted cord, made and fastened in the same way. The border of velveteen was lined with cambric of the same color. Silesia would be prettier.

I wanted some large, open, geometrical figures to put on the border with the zephyr and couching stitch; but I failed to find any patterns that would answer, and getting in a hurry to have the curtain hung, I finished it hastily as I have described, and it is very pretty so, though I still think I could have made it prettier if I could have given it more time and thought. The twisted cord and the gold stitch are, however, very effective, even in the plain work.

We hemmed it all plainly at top and bottom, sewed it to the rings, filled the shelves with books, put a big blue vase, my letter scales and some other articles on the top, hung a photograph of Apollo above; and we have a very useful, pretty and fashionable book-case. Indeed, I can not see why it is not nearly as good in every way as one of stained cherry which was offered me at a furniture store for sixteen dollars—the bare shelves with no curtain. That would have cost from five to fifteen dollars more. My shelves may not be quite so smoothly finished as those, but it might have been if the wood had been pine instead of whitewood. Whitewood has not a pretty grain, and so does not take staining well.

I think my book-case is larger than the one I saw at sixteen dollars. It is as strong and durable, and looks as well in the room. And including shelves, curtain, pole, rings, every thing, it cost me but a little over four dollars.

If a home carpenter should put the shelves together—and he easily might—no money would be spent except for wood and the other materials. In such a case, the wood and the curtain would make the chief part of the expense, and even that would be very little.

#### DO THY BEST.

A young painter was directed by his master to complete a picture on which the master had been obliged to suspend his labors on account of his growing infirmities. "I commission thee, my son," said the aged artist, "to do thy best upon this work. Do thy best." The young man had such reverence for his master's skill, that he felt incompetent to touch canvas which bore the work of that renowned hand. But "Do thy best," was the old man's calm reply; and again, to repeated solicitations, he answered, "Do thy best." The youth tremblingly seized the brush, and kneeling before his appointed work, he prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." His hand grew steady as he painted. Slumbering genius awoke in his eye. Enthusiasm took the place of fear. Forgetfulness of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and with a calm joy he finished his labor.

The "beloved master" was borne on his couch into the studio, to pass judgment on the result. As his eye fell upon the triumph of art before him, he burst into tears, and throwing his enfeebled arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no more!" That youth, Leonardo da Vinci, became the painter of "The Last Supper," the ruins of which, after the lapse of three hundred years, still attract annually to the refectory of an obscure convent in Milan hundreds of the worshippers of art.

—Act and speak to your servants as

you would wish others to do to you if you were a servant.—*Dionysius the Carthusian.*

—Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.—*D. Webster.*

—Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great.—*Emerson.*

—A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—*Maria Edgeworth.*

## The Conservatory.

#### THE FALLOW FIELD.

The sun comes up, and the sun goes down;  
The night-mist shroudbeth the sleeping town;  
But if it be dark, or if it be day,  
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,  
Still here on this upland slope I lie,  
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;  
Never a crop my acres yield.  
Over the wall, at my right hand,  
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,  
And I hear at my left the flying feet  
Of the winds that rattle the bending wheat.

Often, while yet the morn is red,  
I list for our master's eager tread.  
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,  
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight;  
But he glances not at the fallow field  
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shouts of the harvesters  
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,  
And as one in a dream I seem to feel  
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,  
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain  
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud,  
Though on every tongue your praise is loud.  
Our mother nature is kind to me,  
And I am beloved by bird and bee;  
And never a child that passes by,  
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue;  
I have my share of the rain and dew;  
I bask like you in the morning sun,  
When the long, bright days pass, one by one,  
And calm as yours is my sweet repose  
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares  
Which the corn or the daisy bears;  
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,  
Which with the violet's breath is sweet;  
Which is red with the clover bloom,  
Or which for the wild sweet-fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky,

Year after year men say I lie.  
Little they know what strength of mine  
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;  
Little they know how the wild grape grows,  
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill  
For the mosses creeping under the hill;  
Little they think of the feast I spread  
For the wild, wee creatures that must be fed;  
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,  
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know  
How the summers and winters go.  
Never a ship sails east or west  
Laden with treasures at my behest;  
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God  
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

#### MY SMALL CONSERVATORY.

FOR a long time I have had a great desire for a nice place to put my plants, and one that would be pretty, cheap and handy, but what to have and how, was for a long time a puzzle to me. But at last I have them so they are nearly satisfactory.

I saw in one of last year's HOUSEHOLDS a description of a small conservatory, and as I read along in it, kept thinking, "That is just what I want and will have." But at the close, where the cost was stated as nearly three hundred dollars, I threw the paper down discouraged, wondering how many of the sisters could ever afford any thing like that. But now, I think my plants are arranged with good effect for as many cents, as the writer of the article spent dollars.

I have a bay window on the south, in my sitting room. In it is an old toilet table, the legs being cut down so the top comes even with the window sill. A tem-

porary top is made of white pine to fill the whole window, three feet wide and nine feet long at the front edge, and slants in to fit the window. Across the front to cover the edge I have made a crochet edging of white knitting cotton six inches deep, and knotted fringe five inches deep in that, leaving large holes in the edging into which I run cardinal cotton flannel three inches wide, basted on ribbon paper (to make it stand up). The edging I did in a short time while tending baby. It is an imitation of the macramee trimming so much in vogue.

Directly in the center of the table stands a prickly pear cactus, four feet high, on it near the top, a feather butterfly which seems to have just lit for a moment's rest. Around the cactus are arranged eighty-six pots of the healthiest looking geraniums, fuchsias, cacti, and several other kinds of plants I ever saw. Most of them slips, started last July, full half of them in bud or blossom now.

The shortest plants stand in the window, the tallest next the room. A wire trellis eight inches wide and sixteen feet long, forming an arch is made stationary to each end of the table; nearly covering the trellis is a madeira vine starting from a pot at each end. From the middle of the arch hangs a stuffed white dove in the act of flying down. On the wall outside the arch half way up, are two brackets, each holding a cactus. Across the two middle windows half way up, extends a plain board shelf five inches wide, covered with fancy white shelf papers. (Sold everywhere, twelve yards for five cents.)

On this shelf at each end is a small century plant, in the center a pot of maurandya vine running on a lyre fifteen inches high, made of wire, by my husband. In the center of one window is a large Happy Thought geranium, in the center of the other, a Cloth of Gold geranium, and each side of these a small geranium. In the center of each outside window, hanging from hooks at the top, is a pot of oxalis, two yellow and two pink, in each.

The sun shines in from the time it rises till it sets, and I think it looks like a little piece of summer. Often, as people come in, even those who usually notice flowers but little, say, "Oh, how pretty!" "How beautiful!" "Its just like summer, isn't it?" So I think that must be the impression it gives. To me as I sit at my work, it is a great comfort to just look at them, it seems to rest me. My little six months old baby seems to enjoy a look over them a dozen times a day, and will put his little hands out to try and catch a leaf or blossom. My husband, too, often finds the new buds first, and cares for them as much as I. There are one hundred pots in all, and fifteen minutes a day will care for them all they need. I have an old tin tea pot with an addition of six inches soldered on the nose, to water them with. Another winter I want a zinc pan made the size of the table to put the pots in, then I can shower the plants instead of just wetting the soil. The cost of such a pan would probably be about three dollars. The boards for my table cost forty cents, the arch sixty-eight cents, the trimming eight cents per yard, (there were three yards,) the hooks ten cents, the brackets for shelf fifteen cents, addition to tea pot, ten cents. in all, one dollar and sixty-seven cents. The door was given me.

Now don't think because you haven't a bay window, or one on the south, that you cannot do any thing, any shaped window, any situation will do, only have plants that do best in such a situation as you have, you can tell by looking in a seed catalogue. If I had the arch I think I could substitute something equally as pretty for every thing else.

Massachusetts. INTERESTED SISTER.

#### A FLORAL CLOCK THAT GOES.

The judge's house was over in the French quarter of New Orleans, unattractive outside, but as soon as you got into the broad hall a cool breeze struck you, laden, without exaggeration, with the balm of a thousand flowers. The hall led right through the house, and opened into a regular fairy land of flowers, a garden the like of which I had never dreamed of. It was surrounded by a high wall, and had plants in it from every country under the sun. The white-haired old gentleman, and a group of grandchildren hanging about him took us about, and the first thing we stopped at was a large oval plot set out with small plants around the edge.

"This," said the judge, "is my clock. What time is it, Clara?" he asked one of the children. The girl ran around the plot and said it was four o'clock and so it was. The four o'clock was in bloom.

"In fact," said the story-teller, "the clock was made up of flowers." In the center was a pair of hands of wood, covered with some beautiful vine, but they had nothing, however, to do with the time telling.

The plan was this: The judge had noticed that at almost every hour in the day some plant bloomed, and working on this principle he had selected plants of different hours and placed them in a circle, twenty-four in number, one for every hour.

For example, at the top of the earthen clock, at twelve o'clock, was planted the portulaca, and he told me it would bloom within ten minutes of twelve o'clock, and rarely miss. At the hours of one, two, and three, he had different varieties of the same plant, all of which bloomed at the hour opposite to which it was planted, at four o'clock he had our common plant of that name, and you all know how you can depend on that.

At five the garden niotago came out, at six the geranium triste, and at seven the evening primrose. Opposite eight o'clock he had the bona nox, and at nine the silent noctiflora—all these blooming at or near the time given. At ten o'clock, if I remember rightly, he had a cactus, at eleven another kind, and at twelve the night-blooming cereus.

Half the year some of the plants don't bloom at all. The plants opposite one and two in the morning were cacti that bloom about that time, and at three was planted the common salsify, and at four the chicory, at five the snow thistle, and at six the dandelion.—*San Francisco Call.*

#### WATER-PITCHERS, OR SIDE-SADDLE FLOWERS.

As is pretty generally known, all of the water-pitchers are insect-catchers. Every one who has eyes and knows how to use them, has probably observed the strange fascination which purple colors have for insects. If we break off, close to the root, one of the funnel-shaped tubes of *S. flava*, on inverting it there will flow out a putrid mass of the consistency of pea soup, wherein dragon-flies, ants and moths of various species do duty instead of peas. Though *Sarracenia* be the name, the odor from the tube reminds us of any thing but the spiciness of Arabia Felix.

An examination of the tube discloses the appliances by which the plant so successfully captures its prey. From the curved rim of the wide-mouthed funnel broad streaks of Tyrian purple extend downward toward the bottom of the tube. These streaks or veins are polished as smooth as glass, and make very slippery pathways even for insects. From the upper portion of the interior surface of the tube exudes a sweetish substance akin

to the nectar of flowers. This is the bait that attracts the insects, and the foolish creatures seem utterly unable to resist the seductions of the painted and slippery paths referred to, and following the purple streaks downward, they are not long discovering a great change in the character of the nectar, for while that above is wholly innocuous, below it has intoxicating properties, as many botanists think, or as seems to me the case, it becomes more sticky, and getting into the minute orifices by which the insect breathes, suffocates him. No sooner does the silly fly discover this unlooked for change than he tries to retrace his way, but, though the ingress was easy enough, the egress is, ah! how difficult. Stupefied, or asphyxiated, by the treacherous nectar, he is unable to maintain his foothold upon the polished surface, and down he tumbles into the pot below.

Thus the complicated arrangements of tubular leaves, purple streaks, innocuous nectar above and poisonous nectar below, together with water secreted by the roots, for dissolving the bodies of captured flies, are exceedingly favorable to the destruction of insect life. Any one who affects to doubt the matter can easily examine it for himself.—*Vick's Magazine.*

#### THE DAISY.

The daisy is not well suited with our bright, sunny skies of summer, and consequently does not overrun our fields and lawns, as it does in Great Britain and many parts of Europe, yet it can be successfully cultivated in the northern states. It thrives best in partially shaded borders, or wherever foliage shades during the warmest part of the day. Even in such places the plants rest for the most part during July and August, but they put forth their lovely flowers again when cooler weather succeeds. It is a favorite in many gardens.

We know of no flower more appropriately named than this one. Its Latin name, *bellis*, evidently being derived from *bellus*, pretty, handsome, lovely, etc., and the best authorities agree that its common name is from the Anglo-Saxon, *dag-es-œye*, or day's eye, in allusion to its habit of closing up at night and opening with the light. This habit of the flower is thus noticed by one of the minor English poets:

"Now the blue fog creeps along,  
And the birds forget their song;  
Flowers now sleep within their hoods,  
Daisies button into buds."

In one of his poems Wordsworth addresses the daisy as "bold lover of the sun," and the expression is very proper for the climate of the British Islands, with their clouded skies, but it would never have been suggested here, where timid lover would seem far more suitable. It loves the light, but it cannot well bear the full force of the summer sun. In selecting a spot for it, let it be, therefore, one that is slightly shaded at midday, and, if possible, a deep, moist soil. The little care we may be obliged to take to raise this "bonny gem" will make it all the dearer to us.—*Vick's Magazine.*

#### HOW TO TREAT A CALLA.

In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. S. L. Towde wishes to know how to treat her calla lily. I will tell her how I treat mine, and I think she will have no trouble. I turn the pot down on the side under a tree the fifth of June, and let it be until the first of September, then take it out of the pot, break off all the dead roots, put new dirt in the pot, taking half garden soil and half-rotted manure, water freely, and after a week place in the sun. When she re-pots it the leaves will be dead or nearly so, but the bulb will be all right. They do best in a south window.

In the winter I pour almost boiling water around the edge of the pot but do not touch the plant. Mine commences to blossom in about a month and blossoms all winter, and until I turn it down.

New Hampshire. LUCIA.

#### THISTLE BALLS.

Some one inquired what to do with thistle balls. While away on a visit last fall, my niece showed me how her teacher taught her to make ball thistles. Gather them when first blown, (the larger the better,) take off the outside or skin them, pull off all the pink, leaving only the white down, tie a string around the stems, and hang them up to dry near a stove. In a few days they will be blown out large. I put mine into my vases among my dried grasses. They look nice enough to pay for pricking your fingers.

S. A. MORRILL.

Derby, Orleans Co., Vt.

—Soot is a valuable fertilizer for plants. —The mulberry is a good tree to raise in a poultry yard. It is hardy and long-lived, and the fruit is popular with the hens, besides being very nice for the children. The leaves are large, and the shade it makes is dense, which is desirable also in summer.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a wisteria that is about fifteen years old, ten feet high, the trunk as large as a child's wrist. During all these years it has never blossomed, although growing in a sunny spot, on good soil. Can't you tell me what I have neglected in its care, for my patience is nearly worn out with it? I have cut it down once, as that was recommended. It sprang up more luxuriantly than before, but still no blossoms.

BOSTONIA.

Delia M., in a late number, as soon as your lemon tree shows signs of fruit, fertilize it. Take soil from the surface, and give rich earth containing a good deal of vegetable mold. When you water the tree, take the most ancient tin pail you have about the premises, repair to the cow stable, take a shingle and gather up some well decayed refuse, straw, etc., which has been thrown out when cleaning old Brindle's department, and pour upon this a sufficient quantity of warm water to soak the earth about the roots of the tree. But don't feed it too bountifully. Once in three weeks will be often enough to apply the fertilizer. Try it on other plants and you will be surprised at their growth. For the scale insect, I mash the little fellows with a piece of muslin wound around my forefinger, then wash the branches with soap suds and a brush.

A Kansas Sister wishes to know how to start and to keep a fernery. Obtain good sandy loam for the plants to grow in. Select such plants as lycopodium, any of the begonias, the finer varieties of tradescantias, peperomia, in fact, any plant which thrives in a moist, cool situation. Arrange the taller varieties in the center, with smaller varieties around the edge. Place sea shells among them for the vines to partly cover. Make a miniature ruined castle of plaster of Paris and broken pieces of rock, and place it among the tallest plants. Let the vines run upon and about it. As soon as the plants are all arranged, give them a liberal watering, cover and let them grow. Watch for mold and mildew, and when it makes its appearance, raise the cover to give it air. Water only when it needs it, perhaps once in three or four weeks, and give it only the morning sun. If moisture gathers on the glass, give the plants air and wipe the glass dry. With this treatment our fernery has always been "a thing of beauty." Do not forget to have plenty of ferns with the other plants.

If Mrs. H. W. M. will cut back her oleander just after it has bloomed, she will have a fine growth and blossoms the next season.

Please tell A Subscriber that I once had a snowball with curled leaves, which were filled with the little green aphids, and a liberal supply of small black ants, and I dug around the shrub, gave it plenty of rich soil, and the next year was rewarded with a supply of white balls and thrifty green leaves. MRS. J. J. LAWRENCE.

St. Mary's, Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD from S. F., requesting information on the management of fig trees. Please inform her that they require neither grafting nor budding, neither do they bloom, the fruit grows out upon the branches just above the leaves.

N. H.

## The Nursery.

## GOOD NIGHT.

The tales are told, the songs are sung,  
The evening romp is over;  
And up the nursery stairs they climb,  
With little buzzing tongues that chime,  
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts  
Are full of crowding fancies;  
From song and tale, and make believe,  
A wondrous web of dreams they weave,  
And airy, child romances.

The starry night is fair without,  
The new moon rises slowly;  
The nursery lamp is burning faint;  
Each, white-robed, like a little saint,  
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good night! The tired heads are still,  
On pillows soft reposing,  
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep,  
About their thoughts begins to creep,  
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air  
The moonbeams pale are streaming,  
They drift from daylight's noisy shore;  
Blow out the light and shut the door;  
And leave them to their dreaming.

—Our Little Ones.

## A DAINTY LITTLE TRENCHER-MAN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE sun was streaming cheerfully into the windows of the breakfast room at the Gales'. It lighted up a pleasant picture—a neatly spread table, a bright fire, and a group of merry children enjoying a meal of oatmeal porridge, poached eggs, cold beef beautifully cut in thin slices and garnished with parsley sprigs, delicious bread and fresh butter. Mrs. Gale always said that breakfast was the important meal of the day to her children, and that, if she could send them off to school fortified by plenty of good food, they were sure to come home well and happy.

Surely, the meal described was a good one. The children evidently considered it so, from Etty, a tall girl deep in her second egg, to Tom, the baby, whose rosy cheeks glowed over a porridge bowl almost as large as his own head. But there was one exception. Howard, the eldest boy, having carefully measured one spoonful of oatmeal into a saucer, added a carefully estimated quantity of milk and sugar, and eaten it fastidiously, was looking about for something farther with a dissatisfied look on his delicate, handsome face.

"Mamma, could I have a scrambled egg," he asked.

"I'd rather you ate one of those on the table, Howy. There is hardly time to scramble another, and Mary is making bread."

"Here, Howard, hold your plate," said father.

"No, thank you, papa; I don't like poached eggs."

"Have some beef, then."

"No, thank you, sir," and Howard began to fold up his napkin.

"My dear, you can't go to school and study all the morning on one spoonful of oatmeal," said Mrs. Gale in a distressed tone. "Pray eat something more."

"Thank you, mamma; I don't want anything. May I be excused?"

"O Howy! you must—" began Mrs. Gale; but her husband broke in.

"Howard, hand your plate. There; now eat that before you go."

"That" was a nice slice of rare beef. Howard eyed it with a look of disgust.

"Papa, I can't. Really, I can't. I hate cold beef!"

"Never mind whether you hate it or not. Down with it," said his father firmly.

Howard dare not disobey. Slowly and reluctantly he ate the beef bit by bit,

making a wry face over every morsel. Then he asked again to be excused, and went away without a word of farewell to any one. He was much put out by his compulsory nourishment.

"My dear, I am sorry you did that," observed Mrs. Gale, as soon as the children were gone. "Howard's appetite is very delicate. He really cannot eat the things that the others do."

"Now, Mary, that's nonsense, if you will excuse me for saying so. Howard was delicate when he was a baby, and you got into the way of pampering and spoiling him, and you have never got out of it. His appetite is not in the least delicate now when he has any thing he particularly likes to eat. He had four helpings yesterday, of that wild turkey, and three helps of plum pudding; but, if it had been roast mutton or rice pudding, his delicacy would have prevented him eating any thing. It's a bad habit. I want to break him of it."

"I don't believe you can by making him eat things he dislikes."

"But only consider how many things he does dislike. He never eats soup, he doesn't like fish, he hates almost all vegetables—in fact, there are just about six things in the world that he likes. When he can get those, he eats enormously; when he can't, he don't eat at all. Now it stands to reason that he can't go through life subsisting on those six things and nothing else."

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Gale, reluctantly. "You are right, John, of course. And certainly Howard is more troublesome about his meals than all the rest of the children put together. But really I don't see how to stop it."

"Nor I, either; I wish I did," replied her husband. "I shall do what I can, though. It's easy enough to lead Howard to water, but it takes a deal of trouble to make him drink after he gets there."

One o'clock came, and in rushed the children, rosy, hungry, full of tales of the morning's lessons and adventures.

Howard was as bright as any of them till dinner was announced, when a damp began to fall upon his spirits. The meal began with tomato soup. Howard never ate soup, so his mother forbore to urge it upon him; but when he looked critically at the stewed beef, and said, "No, thank you," she protested.

"Do try some, Howard! You liked it last week."

"Yes—so I did—pretty well, but I don't want any to-day. My head aches a little."

N. B. Howard's head was apt to ache a little when he did not fancy his dinner.

Squash, stewed celery, and mashed potato were offered him in succession, and to each he made the same answer, "No, thank you."

"I wish you had roasted potatoes sometimes, mother," he remarked, helping himself to four large tablespoonfuls of cranberry sauce.

"Why, Howy, mother does. We had them last Sunday," cried little Emmy.

"Well, I wish she'd have them every day instead of having these nasty mashed ones," retorted her brother.

"Children, don't quarrel about your food," said Mr. Gale. His wife looked at Howard, dining on bread and cranberry sauce, and could hardly eat her own dinner for worrying over his lack of appetite.

A pumpkin pie appeared next. To this he made no objection whatever. He made short work of his first piece, and sent his plate for a second. His mother cut a liberal triangle for him. She was so glad to see the boy eat something; but when he demanded a third help, his father thought it best to interfere.

"No, Howy," he said. "No more. I can't have you stuffing yourself with pas-

try when you refuse to eat any thing more solid."

Howard looked injured.

"I hate beef," he replied in a pettish tone. "I hate all the things we've had for dinner to-day except just pumpkin pie."

"I think you must go to boarding-school, young man," remarked Mr. Gale. "That is the place to learn how to appreciate home cooking."

This remark was half in jest, but it grew to earnest as day after day passed, and Mr. Gale watched Howard daintily declining one thing after another, starving himself, so to speak, and only rousing into an abnormal hunger once in a while, when some particular dish happened to meet his approval. Mr. Gale was a man of few words; but when he once made up his mind, he was prompt to act. Almost before he knew it, Howard Gale found himself entered at a big boys' school in central New York, celebrated for its exact military drill and rigid discipline.

The first supper was a revelation to dainty Howard. The tablecloth and the white crockery were clean; but the long board looked bare and uninviting, and there was nothing pretty to look at. There were bowls of milk, brown bread, soda biscuits, and big yellow ginger cookies—fare which to Howard seemed very unsatisfactory.

"No, thank you," he said, when the brown bread was passed. The boy next him stared, but gladly took the extra slice. Howard drank a little milk, and went up stairs quite hungry. Nobody pitted him, or noticed that he had eaten nothing.

Sheer famine forced him to swallow two fish balls at breakfast time, though those savory and economical compounds had always been included in the list of things that he disliked. At dinner a thick slice of mutton with a good deal of fat about it, and a huge help of mashed potato was put before him. "No, thank you," he said from force of habit; and he looked about him for something more acceptable, but there was nothing else but mashed turnips, which he especially detested. And the rice pudding that followed was scarcely less disagreeable. That was a hungry afternoon, and, what was worse, the boys began to notice his fastidiousness, to laugh at him as dainty, and to call him "My Lord Nibble Nothing," which was most grievous of all.

It would take too long to go into the particulars of Howard's cure. None of us get over a bad habit in a moment. If it takes months of struggle to eradicate plantains from a grass-plot, we can scarcely expect it to require less time or effort to extirpate the weeds of human character. It was a long fight and a hard one, but Howard did improve. The change of air and the drill and exercise made him so hungry that he was glad to eat whatever he could get; and, in time, he learned that he really did not dislike many things as he had fancied that he did.

Mrs. Gale could hardly believe her ears when her spoiled boy came home for his long vacation, and in place of the accustomed "No, thank you," she heard him saying: "Mother, how nice this is!" "May I have some more of that?" and "Oh, how good every thing tastes at home!"

"It was the best thing in the world that you sent me to that school," Howard told his father years afterward. "What a whining little chap I was! I can remember how my heart sank at the sight of that fat mutton the first day. But it was a capital thing for me. What should I have done with myself in Germany at the School of Mines, if I had grown up to be fussy and messy, or out on the

plains, where its mule or nothing for a fellow sometimes? I'm everlastingly obliged to you, sir."

"I thought you'd come to being obliged some day," responded Mr. Gale with a laugh.—*Sunday School Times*.

## A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

"The pebble in the streamlet scant.  
Hath turned the course of many a river."

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And so make life, death and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song."

Did it ever occur to you, seriously, that each one of us has a certain circle of influence? We may not know to whom our influence extends, but the fact remains none the less true. Every human being, to a greater or less extent, looks up to some one older as a pattern to follow. How many failures can be traced to this cause! Few indeed are there among our acquaintances whom we can follow implicitly. Many who seem to be on the road to good fortune and prosperity, if we could follow their course, we should find they ended in utter ruin of mind, body and soul. Yet, for every one there is some individual, either living or dead, who will shape his course. If living, some one he knows well and in whom he feels that he can trust. If dead, some author or dear friend, who has impressed noble ideas upon him.

Now, since we are put in this world to work, and to help others as well as ourselves, let us think it over. It is taken for granted that we all desire to do good. But how? There is no way in which we can do it better than by living up to all that is manly, noble and pure.

How much we respect a manly, self-reliant, muscular man. How much more we respect him, if, added to these traits, he has the graces of courtesy and a genial countenance. Yet, did you ever reflect how that man came by all those traits. He is a man like other men in feelings and sensibilities. Why shouldn't he have been a shiftless vagabond? Doubtless he had a purpose and an aim. There is the secret. He fought toward a certain mark. You may not know it but I'll venture to say that that same man is fighting every day. He has much to conquer. He commenced early in life, and is, therefore, enabled to reap the benefits of his constant striving after a higher, nobler life in this world.

He feels a certain exhilaration in working, day by day, toward the final victory over self. The more troubles he has the more inspired he is to go at it again. We cannot say how much good he has done in his life. From the time when he was a hale and hearty fellow of seventeen or eighteen years old, befriending those weaker than himself, to the present time, when at forty years of age or more, he is the life of the house—the one above all others whom invalids and cripples desire to see. His life has been a series of good turns for those around him.

Should you ask him about his own wishes, hopes, aspirations, and time for enjoyment, he would probably say, "I have all the time I want for my pleasures, but look at these suffering ones who need help. I must share my time with them. It does me good to help them on their road. I am strong and need not stop to think of self, therefore, I will spend some of that strength in caring for others."

Look for the man. You will find him, for there are many that are seen throughout the land. Every town or city has its philanthropist, who is continually doing good for others. You will find him as ready and capable of telling you about games as to help you out of a scrape. He is the one to whom young people most readily go, for he is full of ready sympathy and cheer. Yet, if he had not had an aim in life, and a stronger support

than human strength, he would have turned out a very different sort of man.

One of the first things to think about then, in this influence of others, is, how does our individual influence tend? Are we, by our unerring aim, toward the mark of true manliness, making our life a fair pattern for others? One which, if followed, will not lead to harm? Or, woven in with the threads of thought and action, are there dark, unsightly strands? It is no light matter, we are put here for many a purpose, but one of the greatest is the lives we lead, and the influence we exert on others.

How often we hear men, women and children say, "Well, there's A., he does so, and he is a good man, why shouldn't I follow him?" Not that the person who says it, is justified in making A.'s actions an excuse for his own. Only it is human nature to excuse ourselves, especially if we have seen others doing likewise. I cannot see that we are less liable for our action, because we don't know whom it affects. There are nine chances in ten it will affect some one, and that individual, if weaker than yourself, will fall when you are unconscious of it.

Think of it, boys, at home and abroad, let your actions be such that they can bear the strongest light shed upon them. Not in one place, or at one time, but everywhere. Depend upon it you will feel better for it, and others, through your example, will learn the force of that grand old text: "Be strong, and quit yourselves like men." CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Where do you think I heard it?

In a place so many centuries old that we will not try to count them. The roof was a beautiful arch of blue, and all around below this hung pictures, not of saints, but of green trees, bright blossoms, curling waves and pleasant homes. The choir was very old, too, though you would never think of that when they sang so low and sweet, like a little child singing to herself as she played. Sometimes the great organ added its deep voice, then the music was full of power and very grand.

The pulpit was a great rock. Very likely many excellent sermons have been preached from rocky pulpits, but there was something peculiar about this one, and especially about the speaker. He had grown up in his pulpit, and was fastened so firmly to it that a hard pull never loosened him at all.

Sometime the ice and snow, the freezing and thawing, had rent the rock, made a little cleft in it, not half an inch wide, which the winds and waves had filled with sands and soil and into which dropped one day a tiny seed. Very scanty food it found in that narrow slit, but using what was there, from the seed had grown a plant which had borne blossoms and was now ripening seeds. This was the preacher, and as I sat down on the pulpit steps that summer afternoon, I listened to his little sermon from this text: "Grow."

To be sure the discourse was mostly text, but I heard a minister say not long ago that the text was always the best part of the sermon. And this sermon, which was excellent because it was short, could be understood and practiced by all, and was illustrated by the preacher's own example, led me to think how many people, how many boys and girls in the world are,

like this plant, in very tight places, where there are few play days, a great deal of hard work, and not much to help one. Make the best use of what you have. If it is but one good book, master that; one good friend, learn from him all you can. If you can do but one thing, do it so well that if you are a rash boy, No. 15 can be depended upon not to idle about or stray

away, or if you only wash dishes they will always be clean and shining and sweet.

The person who does one thing as well as he can, seldom fails to grow, so that he is able to do more things, or, at least, learns how to perform that single thing in a better way. You have heard of the boy who, wishing to paint but having no brushes, made some from the fur of his pussy's tail, afterward becoming a famous portrait painter; of the man who worked at the forge, yet found time to master many languages; and of the woman who spent her days in teaching music while pursuing her medical studies, and who became the pioneer woman physician in this country, opening the way for hundreds of her sisters who have since practiced the healing art.

In another way this preacher was like a large share of the world; he was one of a great family chiefly of common people. As the blossom had fallen and the plant was new to me, I could not tell its name, but it was one of the composite family, one of the largest in the flower world.

Now and then there is a famous man or woman, but the great majority of us are in the common walks of life. This plant might have thought, "It is of no use for me to try. I can't be a gorgeous sunflower, a star-like aster, nor a daisy, white or pink-tipped." What it thought I cannot say, but what it did was to grow. Up toward the light stretched its branches, down into the scanty soil crept the roots, reaching out and drinking in all life-giving elements it found in earth and air.

What was the end of its growth? The seeds, soon to be wafted away to other rocky clefts and barren places, some perhaps would feed a hungry bird, while others may find larger room, grow to finer form, and ripen a greater harvest.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

GOOD MANNERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Good manners are not so easy to get, after all. Perhaps you never thought that manners was something to be got, but that they just came of themselves, or grew up inside of you, and somehow got outside, and that you need not show you had them unless you wore your best clothes and felt just like it. That is all a mistake. They have to be got, and then they have to be worn all the time.

First of all, you want to have manners that will last. You do not want to borrow them by imitation; for then people will know they are not yours, and imitations wear out. Much rubbing shows the real composition of any thing, just as the constant polishing of plated silver shows at last the base metal beneath. So, if a boy is at first very polite, but, when somebody bothers him, or asks him to do errands, or rubs him the wrong way, he then begins to get cross and rough, he proves that his politeness was of very thin plating.

Good manners must be founded on simple, sincere purposes; else their polish vanishes. It is not looks that makes good manners, and it is not money that makes style.

If you want to make other people and yourself happy, you must not be selfish; and you know what selfishness means when you are teasing some one. You must be really in earnest, and not be kind because it is fashionable, or because you can get your own way better; but because it will help some one else, though it may not help you; and then you will not have your conscience tormenting you, which is a great hindrance to happiness. But as we cannot get rid of it, we have to keep it silent by obeying it right off, else it even spoils our dreams.

Yet if you have simple, sincere purposes, you may not have good manners. Do you not often say of some boy: "Oh, he is good enough, but he is so awkward. He has not any manners." Or of a girl, "What is the use in her being so good when she has not any tact?" So you admit that goodness is the first thing. But your toes do not feel much better if they are stepped on by accident rather than on purpose, though it makes a difference as to whether you will knock down the offender or tell him to take care. When a kind-hearted sister hunts for your ball, you wish she would not tell all the other fellows that you are "the plague of her life;" and when the sister asks her brother if he likes her new dress he need not reply: "Well enough. If girls didn't have new clothes they wouldn't amount to much."

Very good boys and girls pick their teeth at table, eat fast and eat with their knife, slam doors, rush through a room, talk loud, sit with their knees wide apart, swing their arms, shake their shoulders, bow as if they were as stiff as ramrods or as loosely jointed as a jumping-jack, so that they bow all over themselves, never offer older people a seat, make up faces, say careless things, and use bad grammar and slang. Besides being good, you must have enough taste to see that all these things are ungraceful, unneat and rough.

You may not think so at first. But I have known many a boy very much out of sorts just because he has seen some one who never does these things, and yet as good as he is, and whom everybody likes; and I have seen many a girl stand before the glass and wonder why people look askance at her and never ask her to parties.

So manners are something to be studied, but are not all to be of the same pattern, else they will be borrowed. Affected girls, and swaggering and "dude" boys, always borrow, and are always laughed at.—*The Independent.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The pitiful recital of Zenas Dane's woes in a recent number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* excited my sympathies, and, at the time, I promised myself that only a few days should elapse ere I would tell him how we manage. But time went, as it always will, and each day brought its crowded duties, until Mr. B.'s article appeared in the June paper, then I decided to wait no longer, so here I am to tell Zenas and Mrs. Dane of our successes and failures, triumphs and disappointments in the management of our little "olive branches."

Among our four we find great diversity of natures, and each must be studied upon and fully understood in order to know how to manage them all. Shy, reticent Alton, frank, hot-tempered "baby boy," impulsive, selfish four-year-old, and strong-willed baby Faith, each need developing in entirely different ways.

Obedience is the first and most important lesson, and cannot be learned too early, although it may take years for graduation.

I well remember one morning, when our youngest boy was three years of age, I desired him to replace a chair that he had overturned in a passion. He stoutly rebelled and after requests and refusals I told him that neither he nor I should leave the room until he did as I wished. At the end of eight long, tedious hours, he came and stood beside me and said, "Won't mamma ever love Bertie any more?"

"Mamma always loves you," I replied. "But her little boy must obey." He went to where the chair lay and quickly stood it on its legs, then bounded back to my lap and burst into tears. I consoled, ea-

ressed and petted him, and soon he was running about the house as happy and gay as ever. But the lesson was never forgotten. He is eight years old now, and from that day to this he has rarely disobeyed a command given him.

I do not say that this course is commendable for all. I merely found it to suit my case. Each parent must know for themselves what management their child requires. No person can mark out a path for others to follow in, although all may give aids and hints to help others.

Be all and every thing to your children. Confide and sympathize with them. You cannot be too careful about their associates, as children are naturally imitative and therefore the example set before them should be worthy of imitation. And I charge you, fathers, to carefully note your habits and see if they are such as you wish inculcated in your sons. For Willie will smoke if papa smokes, and chew if papa chews, and swear if papa swear, and the precepts of the mother will be in vain.

We endeavor to surround our children with good home influences, at the same time teaching them that wickedness and sin exist in the outside world, that we would keep them from as long as possible.

Our children have never attended school and are, therefore, exempt from the many demoralizing examples found in all public schools. The gong sounded at nine o'clock, five mornings of each week, vacations and holidays excepted, invariably summons the two noisy, romping boys from their play, and with shouts, bounds and whoops that would do justice to an Apachee war chief, they scamper up the stair case to the pleasant little school room where for two hours the lessons are learned and recited, with an intermission of five minutes. It is five years since I began the practice of being our boys' tutor, and to-day I say with emphasis, that I have never regretted the time spent. On the contrary it has been a source of great pleasure and profit, and as our boys have progressed more rapidly in their studies, and have more thoroughly understood the "ground gone over," thus laying a basis upon which the after education may safely rest, I am amply rewarded.

I don't wish the fathers and mothers, who read this to think that I am too precise and strict with my children, for I do want them to get all the healthy enjoyment of this life possible, but I think a child properly taught and trained, enjoys life far more than an untutored and spoiled one.

Let us remember that we are schooling them not alone for the few years that they remain with us under the home roof, but for the hereafter when they go forth to fight "life's hard battle" alone, and if we do our duty now, the reward will come then, when we see noble and honored men and women of our boys and girls.

Well, Zenas, this paper falls far short of what I intended it should be, but, perhaps another time I will again take up the never worn out subject of managing children, and give you a more concise idea of our management.

A. A. A.

—Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

—Happiness is something to hope for, and something to love.

—We hear a great deal about the duty of filial obedience, but who says any thing about parental obligation? Neglect of children is a common sin of the times, and not so much among the poor as among the rich. It is not enough to bequeath money to children. Give them counsel, example, discipline—that is, give them a share of your time.

## The Library.

## PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone  
Beyond earth's weary labor,  
When small shall be our need of grace  
From comrade or from neighbor,  
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,  
And done with all the sighing,  
What tender ruth shall we have gained,  
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise  
Will tell our merits over,  
And eyes too swift our faults to see  
Shall no defect discover.  
Then hands that would not lift a stone  
Where stones were thick to cumber  
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers  
Above our pillow'd slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and  
Ere love is past forgiving,  
Should take the earnest lesson home—  
Be patient with the living.  
To-day's repressed rebuke may save  
Our blinding tears to-morrow;  
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge  
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when  
Death's silence shames our clamor,  
And easy to discern the best  
Through memory's mystic glamor;  
But wise it were for thee and me,  
Ere love is past forgiving,  
To take the tender lesson home—  
Be patient with the living.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## THE PENMANSHIP OF AUTHORS.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

"What, his autograph—his letter!  
Every line his own handwriting!"

—Old Play.

ONE'S handwriting is interesting for this among other reasons: that many persons believe in the possibility of judging the mental character and habits of a man from his caligraphy. It was Shenton, if I remember rightly, who said, "Show me a man's handwriting, and I will tell you his character." Cibber, in his life of Andrew Marvell, says: "The person whom he addressed was an abbot famous for entering into the qualities of those whom he had never seen, and prognosticating their good or bad fortune, from an inspection of their handwriting."

Whether or not we can really determine a man's character by his handwriting, we can almost certainly identify him by its means. If one will observe the habits of persons whom he knows, in regard to peculiarities of caligraphy, he will acquire much more power of identification than might at first appear attainable. The wits of the last century used to say that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, carried her penuriousness to such a degree as to dispense with dotting her i's and crossing her t's, in order to save ink. However, this little bit of scandal loses its face when tested by the fact that such omissions in letter writing are generally the result of mere carelessness. We know harum-scarum, careless men whose handwriting is small, neat and careful, and slow, cautious, methodical men who write a large, bold, flowing hand. It is rather fashionable to write illegibly, many supposing that because Choate and Greeley wrote in characters which were the despair of printers and correspondents a bad handwriting is somehow connected with genius. We do not think there is any excuse for such writing, and it is an interesting fact that few writers of renown, living or dead, can be charged with this sin. Most men of letters write hands that, though they would not do credit to a teacher of penmanship, are still legible enough. Some write as clear and plain letters, if not quite so beautifully regular, as copperplate engraving.

Goethe wrote a large, flowing hand, very legible, but, as students of chirography would say, "without character." Schiller's penmanship, on the other hand, was a much more self-showing hand, full of

individuality, odd quirks, and rather difficult to read.

Milton's manuscript shows a fine, ornate style of chirography, and his signature is as characteristically handsome and ornamental as his verse. Shakespeare's shows more hurry and dispatch, and less sense of the beautiful. It is perfectly clear to read, however. Montaigne was a miserable penman, and could not read his own writing a few hours after it had passed from under his hand. Thomas Carlyle's chirography is as strong, as eccentric and as nervous as his style, and as difficult to describe. His manuscript bore the marks of careful revision, and was the dread of compositors.

The writing of Jared Sparks, down to the smallest scrap, shows certain characteristics, so that one would know it anywhere in a collection of specimens. The letters are large and heavily made, as if, instead of a pen, he used one of those square-pointed tools with which engravers cut their strong lines. No slant at all, but just up and down, straight and rigid as the grenadiers of Frederick of Prussia. Black, solemn, clear and plain as print, you can read it across the room.

Fitz Greene Halleck's autograph is small, elegant and delicate, but pointed as if he wrote with a very sharp pen. Washington Irving also wrote a small, uniform hand, but heavier and more angular, and Thomas Moore's is small, round and graceful.

Palfrey, the historian, wrote with the finest pointed of pens. He could almost have used a needle to do it with. It is like reading through a spy glass, with the writing at the remote, small end, reduced to the least possible size. The chirography of Mrs. H. B. Stowe is almost as fine. It is very free and easy, and looks almost as if it might have done itself without any effort of hers.

Nothing presents a more striking contrast than the signature of Horace Greeley and that of William Cullen Bryant. The first is irregular, cramped and illegible, as if the writer was in haste and looking with both eyes in a different direction; the other is bold, handsome, regular, and as easy to decipher as a writing master's copy. Charles Dickens wrote horribly, and his autograph is as formidable as that of Douglas Jerrold's whose copy was so nearly illegible that only one or two could read it, and it was usually transcribed before publication.

Alexander Pope wrote a plain, set hand. He was more careless of the quality of paper he used than of his caligraphy. His contemporaries gave him the sobriquet of "Paper-saving Pope," because of his habit of writing his poems on the backs of old letters and other waste paper. Addison's manuscript was clean, elegant and regular. I don't believe he could ever have written a careless line in his life.

Robert Browning's copy is fastidiously neat and free from erasures, and his punctuation is perfect. He writes a fine, easy, running hand. Disraeli had a bold, showy style of penmanship, but it was not always legible. Lord Byron wrote an angular, dashing, irregular, illegible hand, indicative, as chirographical students say, of genius as well as of the want of mental symmetry and self-control.

Mrs. Sigourney's hand was the old-fashioned, round kind, just like what one will find in his grandmother's copy book. It is very distinct and legible. Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Lippincott, has a graceful, beautiful, very decided hand, speaking of energy and independence. Miss De La Raime—Ouida—writes a bold but rather hasty hand, some of the letters being imperfectly formed, rough, alphabetic sketches, as it were, which needed filling in.

Thoreau was a careless writer, and his manuscript was difficult to read, but Longfellow furnishes us with an elegant autograph, free, rounded, backward, sloping and somewhat dashing, but very legible. Edgar A. Poe's signature is bold, dashing, irregular and full of originality. His manuscript was a model for neatness, clearness, correct paragraphing, and the like. Hawthorne's handwriting indicated genius. It was an easy, flowing hand, but often illegible. His manuscript, however, was as clear and free from interlineation or italicised words as Poe's.

The writing of Henry B. Tuckerman is graceful and even, with plenty of room between the lines. A smooth, half-angular hand, written with great ease, the words being frequently connected by hair lines, sweeping on from the one just finished to begin the next. It is suggestive of culture and refinement.

Victor Hugo wrote a fluent, hasty hand, quite legible, and not at all commonplace. One of its peculiarities is the formation of the small "v," which is generally larger than the other letters and looped like the capital "V" of the signature. N. P. Willis wrote in a rather heavy, angular, even, firm style. Tennyson's writing would be taken at once as that of a genius. It is elegant but decidedly original. George P. Morris's manuscript was hailed with delight by the printers. He wrote a very handsome, running hand, and the sheets always had the same clear, fair, legible appearance. The letters were of generous size, the space uniform, and the margin broad. Nothing could be finer.

John G. Whittier writes in a bold, dashing, but irregular and uneven style, as different as you can imagine from the plain, precise, unassuming Quaker that he is.

Emerson's penmanship was plain and legible, with a ruggedness and practical business style that was consistent with the Concord philosopher, who combined Greek acuteness with Yankee thrift and Roman strength.

P. B. Shillaber—Mrs. Partington—writes in a facile and legible, but irregular style, the letters sloping both ways. Mark Twain's handwriting possesses the first requisite of caligraphy, distinctness, and is eminently a literary hand. It is strongly individual, running ever and anon into twists and conceits that no other man would make. His capital "T" is not a capital at all, simply a small "t" with a straight stroke above it.

Lowell's chirography is hard to read, but it shows character, and is fine and elegant.

## WHAT SHALL OUR CHILDREN READ?

With many people the fact of their children being so-called "great readers" is enough. They neglect to inquire what sort of literature is attractive to them, and what influence it is having in the formation of their characters, and if they provide at all for this want it is in the most economical (?) manner. The mother is very anxious as to the materials and manner of making of every garment and of every meal prepared for her child. She feeds the body and arrays and beautifies it, and neglects the jewel within the casket till it is seared by the fires of vain imaginations, fostered by the improbable, too often impossible, tales of the modern writers.

First of all, every child should be taught a love for "the old, old story." Let the bible be the most attractive book in the house. We frequently look at the "big bible" pictures and talk about them, and read its large print together, and the time when each child is old enough to own a bible of its own is one eagerly looked forward to. I do not approve of

ever making a task of committing texts, but every little one may learn faith in the Saviour who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In learning each text its application may be taught, and soon an interest in such matters is established.

There are books now that should be in the hands of all children, specially adapted to every-day use, and from which they may learn texts, and gain strength and help for the little daily cross bearing that comes to us all. We have in use "Morning Bells," which has a morning text, reading and hymn for thirty-one days. A suitable book for evening readings is "Little Pillows," which the least child may read and go with sweetest thoughts to its rest.

For struggling young Christians there is another excellent book, "Coming to the King," which has lovely forms of petitions and readings, and coming from a mother to her child, a teacher to pupil, or a pastor to one of his flock, is a most suitable gift, and furnishes "milk for babes," and nourishment for any who will avail themselves of it. These books are prepared by Frances Ridley Havergal.

This sort of reading matter is most important, and the many helps to the Sabbath School lessons now in use should be studied by parents, and the best to be had furnished to those who need them.

Natural history and biography in attractive forms and by really good authors are now within the reach of many. But to those who do not have "wherewithal" for the purchase of books, these are unattainable.

Can we not encourage our young folks to deny themselves some luxuries, some extra ornaments, and devote that much to the procuring of really suitable literature, for the everlasting adornment of their minds.

Great care should be exercised in selection—not all instruction—some sugar. Sweets to the taste of each, spiced or acidulated. Many homes now mourn the loss of their hold upon the children whose ideas of life have been formed by the highly colored, overwrought, if not immoral, tales of some so-called "young folks' periodicals." Parents, see to it you do not one day wish you had cared to know what sort of tastes your children are forming, and guided them in a proper choice, by furnishing what is good and pure and true even if their stomachs and bodies go without unnecessary luxuries.

ROSAMOND E.

## THE HALF-DAY SCHOOL.

Could the facts be placed before the public, the English half-day factory school would be found to be second to no reform that has gained a foothold in the present century.

The suspension of childhood's action and industry would not result from schooling if a daily school were limited to the three hours from 9 A. M. to noon. Teachers, too, employed in school from nine till noon would require a small farm or other industry, and would require occupation and compensation, with no vacation, through the entire year, but such as both themselves and their pupils would have in the twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours outside of all school-room restraint. Let us have schools of letters combined with industry every day of the year, whereby industry and learning are both improved, so that employers get their pay for supporting the schools, and pupils learn very much more than all-day scholars, as well as earn more than all-day workers.

Why then, with the uniform testimony of half a century, is the afternoon school adhered to so tenaciously by teachers and legislators, while half-day schools in iso-

lated but greatly increasing ratio are multiplying as private schools, and they never fail to prove in every respect all we claim for them.

Why are the lives of teachers sacrificed? Why are childhood and youth wasted? Why are labor and laborers rewarded with all the scant pay, drudgery, and blighted rewards of all the world's toil, while the twenty years in which childhood grows to manhood, are by this old cloister-derived, double daily school wasted to the result of the present dismay, disorder and impoverishment of the mass of the world.

The answer is, the school system is old, out of date, belongs not to American ideas and institutions, no more than to child life, whose first law of life is just that action and industry which the school represses. The afternoon schools render intellectual growth impossible for the community such as is uniformly secured by the forenoon school without being followed by that of the afternoon.

But the law of custom—of the ages whose purpose to depress, repress and oppress the people, was as necessary to absolute governments as dangerous to ours, yet rules unexamined and unopposed.

What do we say then? Down with the colleges, down with the schools, with their dead languages and aristocratic learning?

No, no. The diffusion of all the grand learning in all languages, of mathematics and philosophies, which the scholars, the wise, and the pious, and the patriotic, are so earnestly seeking, will follow, when the hands shall be wedded to the head, by a universal, industrial, self-supporting, world-enriching, half-day school.

E. H. FARRAR, A. M.

#### EARLIEST TIME-MEASURING.

The story is that King Alfred had no better way of telling time than burning candles, each of which lasted two hours; and when all the twelve were gone, another day had passed. Long before the time of Alfred, and long before the time of Christ, the shadow of the sun told the hour of the day by means of a sun dial. The Chaldeans so placed a hollow hemisphere, with a bean in the center, that the shadow of the bean on the inner surface told the hour of the day. Other kinds of dials were afterward made with a tablet of wood or a straight piece of metal. On these tablets were marked the different hours. When the shadows came to the mark IX., it was nine o'clock in the morning. But the dial could be used only in the day time; and even then it was worthless when the sun was covered with clouds. In order to measure the hours of night as well as the hours of the day, the Greeks and Romans used the clepsydra, which means "the water steals away." A large jar was filled with water, and a hole made in the bottom through which the water could run. The glass in those days was not transparent. No one could see from the outside how much water had escaped. So there were made, on the inside, certain marks that told the hours as the water ran out; or else a stick with notches in the edge was dipped into the water, and the depth of what was left showed the hour. Sometimes the water dropped into another jar in which a block of wood was floating, the block rising as the hours went on. Once in a while some very rich man had a clepsydra which sounded a musical note at every hour.—*Salem Register*.

—For mental rest and heart rest a select reading circle may be most profitably organized. Every home should be a reading circle, now and then extended to embrace a few friends. An evening with Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Whitney, Mulock, and an evening with the poets and dramatists would be both restful and instructive. Neither should the humorous books be avoided, nor laugh-provoking stories. Parlor charades and amateur theatricals with well selected plays are among the most delightful recreations, but it should be remembered that surroundings is a great matter to be considered in all things. The game of chess affords great recreation for the body and a fascination for the mind.

#### FAMILY LIBRARIES.

Each family should be supplied with books and each household should, as far as their ability will allow, procure a family library. There is no estimating the

value of a few well selected books. Children should be induced to begin early to improve their minds, and nothing draws them more to study than good, sound periodical literature, and well selected books—books adapted to their age and progress and their education. Money cannot be better expended. Instead of toys and perishable gifts, purchase books for your children. Every few months add something new to the library, and be sure to preserve the old works. Let there be in the house a book case, shelves, some place where the books and papers are deposited; have them carefully preserved, and soon a little handful will swell into armfuls, and the minds of the children will expand with the increase of the library until a good store will be found in the house, and much knowledge will be gained by the growing children.

Good books, a taste for reading, will keep the children at home and make them happy in the family circle, when otherwise they will be straying off hunting society, looking for something to engage the mind and satisfy the cravings of a hungry intellect. Games and worldly amusements are substituted for books and intellectual culture, where there is no library at home, no food found for the inquiring mind. Let parents think of these things. Much, very much depends on the early training of the child in regard to study, as well as other things.—*Ex-*

#### A STUDY IN PRONUNCIATION.

The following composition of words in common use will afford much entertainment if read aloud by several, as a test of ability to read it correctly. Hardly one in a hundred can get through it successfully without previous study:

Comely Diana had a voice like a calliope; yet although it was not enervated by laryngitis, she was not a virago. She wore a stomacher set with jewels, that gave an interesting idea of her father's finances. There was no squalor in their vicinage. She sought to inveigle her charity coadjutor into a hymeneal association without tedious delay. She sent him her miniature, a jessamine flower and an invitation to a dinner of anchovies. He was a coadjutor in the church. He had a cadaver-like complexion, and in a joust he had been houghed. Taking some almonds as a bridal gift, he mounted a dromedary with the epizootic, and hastened, without digression, along Pall Mall. The guests were sitting on a divan, with no prescence of evil. The diocesan was waiting, having finished an absolutionary service. When suddenly above the clangor of the wedding bells was heard a maniacal shriek. The groom had pierced his carotid arteries with a carbine on hearing that a deficit in his church collections had been discovered. He was cremated.—*Salem Register*.

—For mental rest and heart rest a select reading circle may be most profitably organized. Every home should be a reading circle, now and then extended to embrace a few friends. An evening with Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Whitney, Mulock, and an evening with the poets and dramatists would be both restful and instructive. Neither should the humorous books be avoided, nor laugh-provoking stories. Parlor charades and amateur theatricals with well selected plays are among the most delightful recreations, but it should be remembered that surroundings is a great matter to be considered in all things. The game of chess affords great recreation for the body and a fascination for the mind.

#### CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you be so kind as to inquire of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, if any of them can supply the remainder of "The Robin's Song," the first verse of which is,

"Spring is here with its warbling throng,  
The robin is on the tree,  
He comes with a song, he comes with a song,  
And he will be neighbor to thee," etc.?

I heard a gentleman say he could never throw a stone at a robin or bird, after his mother taught him those verses in his boyhood.

*Eguinunk, Pa.* MRS. W. M. NELSON.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me the author of the following beautiful lines? They are intrinsically so lovely, and have been in my memory so long as a sweet refrain, that I want to know the author.

"Nothing resting in its own completeness  
Can have worth or beauty, but alone  
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

Dawn is fair because its mists fade slowly  
Into day which floods the world with light;  
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy  
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect love.

*Caladonia, Mo.* MRS. LULA G. HENSLEY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters send me the words, either written or printed, of the song entitled "Sweet Alice or Ben Bolt?" I think the first line of the first verse is,

"Say, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

I will return postage, or repay the favor in any way I can.

H. LAURETTA BURNS.

*P. O. Box 101, Peterborough, N. H.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the Band please send me the words of "Bonnie Blue Flag," also another song the first verse of which is,

"Dead, dead, found dead in the street,  
Dead in the cold night air,  
Dead for the want of a crust of bread,  
With no one to pity or care?"

JOSIE BARKLEY.

*Birdville, Tarrant Co., Texas.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me the title of an old song the chorus of which is as follows:

"The Union as it was,  
The Union as it is,  
The Union now and forever,"

and where I can procure a copy?

MRS. HENRY COOK.

*167 S. Bay St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

#### THE REVIEWER.

THE MAGIC OF A VOICE, by Margaret Russell Macfarland is a pleasing story of German life, refreshing enough after the sensational plots of many of the later novels. The author writes in an easy and graceful style and all music lovers will enjoy the little story. Price \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

JULY. THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. The eighth volume of this admirable series comes promptly with the beginning of the month it celebrates, and furnishes good proof that to some poets, at least, "the hot month o' the year" possesses delights as true and sincere as the season of Christmas brings to colder-minded and colder blooded singers. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a handsome small quarto pamphlet setting forth the method of instruction pursued by the NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, and giving much interesting information regarding its excellent system of management. Music in all its branches, drawing, painting, languages, and other studies may be pursued under the best teachers in the country. Boston: N. E. Conservatory of Music.

We have received a copy of ONE HUNDRED VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS TO SHORT-HAND STUDENTS, by Selby A. Morgan, principal of the Stenographic Institute at Ann Arbor. The title is well chosen, the little book being, seemingly, all that it claims, and most helpful to short-hand writers. Price \$1.00. Ann Arbor, Mich.: S. A. Morgan.

We have received a copy of THE ROMANCE OF THE LILIES, a novel by Chas. Howard Montague. Price 50 cents. Boston: W. L. Harris & Co., 24 Franklin street.

FOREORDAINED. A Story of Heredity and of Special Parental Influences, by an Observer. Price 50 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 753 Broadway.

AS COMMON MORTALS. An anonymous novel. \$1.25. New York: Cassell & Co.

WHO IS GUILTY? By Philip Woolf, M. D. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

The Midsummer number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is a delightful companion for a quiet afternoon. Mr. Warner, in his pleasant story of summer travel takes the reader along with his ideal people to Bar Harbor and the Sulphur Springs, and one cannot fail to appreciate the paper on "Orchids," by Mr. Burbridge, with its charming descriptions and equally charming illustrations. All the readers who have crossed the Atlantic as well as many of their less favored friends, will be interested in the sketches of "Transatlantic Captains," illustrated with thirty portraits. Wm. Winter contributes an excellent paper on "Joseph Jefferson," the actor, illustrated by an engraving of J. W. Alexander's painting of Mr. Jefferson in the character of "Bob Acres"—the frontispiece to the number. Edmund Kirke contributes an entertaining article on "Detroit, the City of the Strait," profusely illustrated. Mr. Blackmore's novel, "Springhaven," grows in interest, and T. M. Coan contributes one of his always readable papers on "French Mineral Springs." Other able articles are given, an excellent short story by Mrs. Lillie, and poems by Miss Mulock, T. B. Aldrich and Mrs. Fields. The Editor's Easy Chair and the Study are full of interesting reading. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brother.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for August is a most excellent number. The opening article, a strong paper on "The Place of Moral and Religious Instruction in Higher Education," by Prof. N. M. Murray, is full of suggestions to the thoughtful reader. This is followed by matter good in quality and variety. The lighter portion—an installment of Miss Hamilton's serial, and a pathetic little story by W. E. Garnet, is well worth reading, and few can read without appreciation of the fine sketch, "Four Naval Officers Whom I Knew," by Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. Prof. Benton brings his series of papers on "The Twelve Apostles," to a close, and other excellent articles complete the number. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1515 Chestnut St.

WIDE AWAKE for August is as bright and pleasing as its cheery title, a verdict in which all its young readers will join. Generous installments are given of the serials, and the stories and poems with their many illustrations are charming, as usual. All the little folks will find something to interest them in the supplement, and the editorial departments are always full of entertaining matter. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of THE STAMP COLLECTOR, a little magazine issued in the interest of those who find pleasure in this novel pursuit. Many young people are busy collecting stamps, and the magazine with its interesting papers and illustrations is just what they need in making a really good collection. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number. Chicago: F. J. Abbott, 90 Randolph street.

#### MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE CENTURY for August. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for August. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for August. \$8.00 a year. Published weekly. Boston: Littell & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for August. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE QUIVER for August. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for August. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for August. \$2.00 a year. New York: The Brooklyn Magazine Co.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE and BAY STATE MONTHLY for August. \$3.00 a year. Boston: The Bay State Pub. Co.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for August. \$2.00 a year. Louisville, Ky.: Home and Farm Pub. Co.

THE BOOK BUYER for August. \$1.00 a year. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for August. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

BABYHOOD for August. \$1.50 a year. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

THE PANSY for August. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

QUERIES for August. \$1.00 a year. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. L. Sherrill & Co.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for August. \$1.00 a year. Boston: The Musical Herald Co.

THE FOLIO for August. \$1.60 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for August. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.

*Moderately slow, with feeling.*

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, . . . Be it ev - er so  
 2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, . . . Oh! give me my

hum - ble there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,  
 low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain, The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call, Give me

seek through the world is ne'er met with else - where. Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, There's

them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

ad libitum.

no place like home! There's no place like home!

## The Dispensary.

## HOW TO GROW STRONG.

THERE are thousands of women all over the world who suffer very much from what they sometimes call general debility. They say they feel dull and heavy, indisposed to action, easily tired, and sometimes they imagine that they need some stimulant, and perhaps try ale or cider or something of the kind and fancy they feel better. This method of relief is a great mistake. The good effects produced are only temporary, and the evil which results may be lasting, not only through the life of the patient, but for generations to come. Indeed, the bad effects are even less likely to be seen in the one who resorts to this remedy than in her sons or grandchildren. Such are the laws of heredity.

Let us examine the causes of debility. As all action and feeling is dependent upon the state of the brain and nervous system, whatever weakens the brain and nerves must produce this feeling of depression of spirits, dullness, drowsiness and indisposition to exertion.

The strength of the nervous system depends upon the supply of arterialized blood. If the blood is impure, either from breathing impure air, as, for example, in crowded cars, churches or unventilated rooms, we experience a sensation of dullness and drowsiness. There is not enough oxygen inhaled to vivify the little blood discs. Care, anxiety or trouble produce a similar result, for the reason that when under the influence of depressing emotions, we do not breathe in so much oxygen. The tendency is to sigh, or throw out the breath, rather than to inhale it in deep, full breaths as we ought. A deep, full respiration of pure air is one of the best ways of promoting health and cheerfulness.

But the nerves also lose their vigor and power of receiving and retaining impressions, whenever the blood is rendered impure by the presence of effete atoms, worn-out particles or discs or an accumulation of bile. Moreover, the accumulations of poisonous matter in the blood must disturb and retard or quicken the circulation, and cause the heart to beat irregularly.

The eminent physiologist, Dr. J. W. Draper, of the New York university, says, "The functional activity of the brain depends on the copious supply of arterial blood. It is computed that one-fifth of the whole quantity in the circulation is sent to this organ. It is delivered through the two internal carotid, and through the two vertebral arteries."

Again, the same author says, "Whatever interferes with due arterialization, interferes with muscular power. This is the reason of the inability for exertion experienced in the thin air of mountain tops.

The converse of this likewise holds good. The higher the rate of respiration the more energetic the muscular power, and therefore in birds which respire most perfectly, muscular contractility is exhibited with the greatest energy."

And in speaking of how nerve centers act he says, "The action of every ganglionic mechanism depends upon the existence of certain physical conditions, among which as being of paramount importance one may be discerned. It is the due supply of arterialized blood. If this be stopped but for a moment, the nerve mechanism loses its power, or if diminished, the display of its characteristic phenomena correspondingly declines. If, on the contrary, the supply be unduly great, or its oxidizing power artificially

increased, there is a more energetic action. 'Nay, even the accumulations of the effete products of the economy are sufficient to give rise to such diminutions of power, as we see when bile or urea is permitted to accumulate in the blood.'

Inasmuch then as we find that debility is a result of impure blood, and that, conversely, strength of brain, nerve and muscle are in direct proportion to the supply of pure or arterialized blood, let us try to find out something about the blood, and how to keep it pure and abundant.

Every drop of blood contains myriads of little living organisms. Each of these comes into existence, carries on its work, has its own life, grows old and dies. They are shaped like a wafer, round and flat, and are called blood cells, or discs, or blood globules. Without them we could not live. They pass their whole existence in serving us and giving us strength. They absorb the fresh air from the air cells as we inhale it, and the oxygen of the air turns each of them from a bluish color to a bright red, the color of the blood. Then these active, useful little carriers take the oxygen round and give it to all the tissues of the body, bringing color to the cheek, strength and vigor to the brain and muscle, and new life and health wherever they go.

Again and again, thousands of times do the little blood discs go their rounds, but at last they wear out, pucker up and die, and the dead discs must go off in the bile through the liver, and new ones take their place.

Every time the heart pulsates twenty millions of these little organisms die. So we see how excitement, undue haste, over-work or emotion exhausts the strength. Intoxicants give temporary strength and exaltation by making the blood circulate rapidly, but the strength is artificial and soon exhausted, and then the patient is much worse than before, for several reasons, among which we may mention that the blood has been poisoned by the alcohol, and that the water in the system has been dried up by the alcohol which has a strong affinity for water, and so the nerve tissues and brain being harder and less moist do not act easily.

What becomes of the millions of blood cells that die every instant? They are carried off from the system by the eliminatory organs, being "strained off as one of the constituents of bile from the liver."

The following analysis of the blood is interesting, showing that it is chiefly composed of water and these little red discs:

CONSTITUTION OF THE BLOOD.	
Water	784.00
Albumen	70.00
Fibrin	2.20
Discs	131.00
Fats	1.30
Salts	6.03
Biliary Matter, etc.	5.47
1,000.00	

We can easily see how important is all this water as a vehicle to carry the discs and other ingredients about the system to give new life. It also serves to carry off the dead particles. We may live for some time without food, but we cannot live long without water, and if the blood is impure the two most important things we can take to purify it are water and pure air.

How beneficent is our great Creator in providing us these medicines free! And how foolish are we if we do not use them freely, and yet judiciously. It is only when we are restricted in their use that we learn to value these inestimable gifts, so essential to strength of body and mind.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

## TO CURE A STOOP.

A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and de-

fective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to the grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. One needs not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty or thirty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put the bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substances will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## PRACTICABLE INFORMATION.

It is always well to know what to do in case of accident. For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove wax from the ear with tepid water; never put a hard instrument in the ear. If an artery is cut compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect. Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons, give alkalies; for alkaline poisons, give acids—white of egg is good in most cases; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving. If in water, float on the back with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

REMEDY FOR CHILBLAINS.—The following is a sure cure: Take a handful of dried peach leaves and pour boiling water on them, and let them stand till cool enough not to burn the patient, then place the feet in that water fifteen minutes. Do this two or three times and it will effect a cure. Now is the time to gather the leaves before the frost touches them.

Massachusetts. MRS. S. P. O.

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

Physical Strength. To a very great extent, we are what we decree, practically, what we make ourselves. If successful, we must pursue a course similar to that adopted in the usual affairs of life, with a careful regard to surrounding conditions, with due reference to the laws of our being. The ordinary student succeeds only by hard study, by industry and perseverance. The success of the farmer usually coincides with his attention to his business, his use of the means at hand, under his control. The mechanic is skillful just to the extent that he makes himself so, by doing the best that he can, under the circumstances. The intelligent man never expects to become an artist while he gives his attention, mainly, to pleasure seeking, utterly disregarding the conditions of success. And so with our health, as in the other cases, a regard for the conditions, the

laws of health, being as necessary as labor on the farm, that success may be assured. In the matter of our food, if we would secure the greatest possible advantage, simplicity must guide us in its selection, such food to be taken moderately at stated times, regularly, eaten decently, not as the swine eat, with the greatest dispatch, allowing reasonable rest for the digestive organs. Pure air was intended for breathing; and, while it is supplied in ample abundance, health demands its free use, by day and night. The sun was made to shine on the animal and vegetable creation, both, alike, needing a generous supply, while it is as free to all as the air, both without restrictions, both absolutely needed as a condition of prolonging life. With a reasonable regard to the conditions of health, we may be as sure of securing it, as we are of obtaining an education, skill in mechanics, success in farming, in music, and the arts. There is no fatality connected with health, no more necessity for being constantly sick than for being drunk! We secure delirium tremens by bad drinking, while gout, dyspepsia, liver complaints, etc., as certainly result from bad eating, as natural results. The results of intemperate drinking may be surely avoided by abstinence, but not more certainly than dyspepsia, etc., can be by a proper regulation of our diet, by proper habits of living. We reap only what we sow in these respects.

MRS. D. S. Dyspeptic Bill of Fare. I cheerfully heed your request to furnish a bill of fare for a very unfortunate class of sufferers. First, let it be remembered that dyspepsia is another name for a fatigued stomach, that the fatigue is caused by too much hard labor, that rest is positively demanded, which is secured by the use of food which requires but little labor for its digestion. It is plain that if one kind of food taxes the stomach twice as much as another, or takes twice as long for the digestion, a fatigued stomach is rested by using that food which will become digested in half the time, with half the labor, affording an extra time for rest. For the morning meal I shall give several articles, the first—for the three meals—being the most desirable in the matter of digestibility. For breakfast take rice boiled, with sweet apples, or eaten with either sweet or sour apples, in moderate quantities, the apple to be a part of the meal, and not taken in addition. An egg, raw, beaten up in milk, eaten so slowly that the saliva may be thoroughly mixed, may be taken as the whole meal in cases of weak digestion, this small quantity nourishing more than twice the quantity, or just what can be digested. Barley soup may be taken by those having very weak digestion—slowly eaten—while barley mush is not quite as easily digested. Oat meal mush with milk, an apple taken first, will make a good meal. Trout or cod-fish, simply cooked, never fried, may be taken by most having only tolerably good digestive powers, particularly when the last meal has been light. Indeed, there is no reason why the breakfast should not be the heaviest of the day, when all of the powers of the body are rested, the stomach included. For dinner, trout, cod-fish, halibut, lamb, venison, one of these, with a moderate addition of potato, a pear, peach or apple having been first eaten, will prove easily digested and nutritious. Toasted "cold blast flour" bread may be eaten slowly, without drink, allowing the saliva to moisten all food, while sago and tapioca puddings, without eggs, oat meal and granulated wheat mush or puddings, may be used for variety. One of these at one meal is sufficient. Let the bread, the "staff of life," be made prominent. Such a dinner is sufficient to nourish any laborer, and is easier of digestion than the usual dishes. The lighter the last meal the better, that the stomach may rest, and the sleep be sound and refreshing, as it is true that good sleep is only secured when the stomach is not laboring, though, when the digestive powers are active, it is probable that moderate digestive labor may be performed during sound sleep, or sleep more or less disturbed. The dyspeptic, however, if blessed with much mind, need not expect sound sleep while the digestive organs are toiling. It would be a great improvement for all dyspeptics to dispense with solid foods, taking simple juices, destitute of all solids. These food extracts nourish as certainly as the solids from which they are taken, while they do not demand digestion, do not tax the stomach beyond the effort of absorption. (Though milk is a liquid, it does not digest till it is solidified.) For example, a piece of fish may be boiled till all of the nutriment is extracted, the juice affording all of the nutriment of the solid. The same is true of the beef, though, on the whole, for the dyspeptic, the juices of the grains and fruits will prove of more advantage. The thin gruels made of oat meal, barley, granulated wheat, etc., the real nourishment pressed out, so strained as to be clear, will make an excellent substitute for the solids, affording all that a dyspeptic can well dispose of, followed by an excellent appetite in the morning, when the best meal of the day may be taken. These may be combined with the juices of fruits, the apple being the best and most nutritious, more so than the potato. Still other fruits may be employed, all to be fresh and clear. Of the dried fruits I give the preference to dates, prunes being next in order.

## The Dressing Room.

### FASHION BURDENS.

WHEN I began to talk of having a new suit, Cousin Fanny, who, of late, has been my assistant and oracle in matters of the kind, said that I had better have it made a plaited skirt, as those seemed to remain rather the prevailing style for such goods as mine.

"But I have withstood the mode thus long," I replied, "and I think I will not begin now. Besides, they have become so very common that I do not believe I want one, even if I were not prejudiced on account of the weight they impose upon the wearer."

"But when nicely made they look well," returned Fanny, "yet plain, and suitable for any occasion. And what fashion is not common?" she added, "or how will you have a skirt made in these days, and it not be heavy, except it may be of a print or gingham dress?"

"But these plaited skirts must be unwarrantably heavy," I replied, "and there can be such a thing done as to put in less cloth than this style demands, even though it may be possible, perhaps, to put in more. And as for carrying such a load of dry goods as this mode demands, it is something I will not do while I have my senses, fashion or no fashion," I said very decidedly. "To be exact, let us for a moment consider the component parts of one of these modern plaited dress skirts. First, comes the foundation skirt of stout material, this faced on both outside and inside at the bottom, and usually a lining up part way of stiff wiggins. To be sure the skirt is not wide, which is its only redeeming feature, if we except the absence of a train. Then over this foundation skirt comes the plaited cloth, three-fold of either silk (often heavy black silk) or wool goods, more or less weighty. The plaits often reach nearly to the top of the skirt, and then over these is placed yards of cloth, draped and puffed on as fashion or fancy may dictate."

"You make it appear quite a formidable affair," said Fanny, laughing.

"And it is formidable, more, it is abominable as well as absurd to think of women and slender girls wearing such skirts, of mothers, who ought to consider the matter, thus weighting their own bodies, or allowing their daughters to carry such needless burdens. And to make it worse, the whole weight is usually borne upon the hips, thus pressing upon the delicate organs of the diaphragm, while men must have suspenders to help them bear the weight of their trousers, scarce a tenth part as heavy as some of the fashionable dress skirts."

"Just so," said Leonidas, chancing to come in at this juncture, "I lifted one of Fanny's dresses from the chair the other day, and it fairly lamed my arm to hold it a moment."

"Poor, weak cousin!" interrupted Fanny, "won't you have the liniment for your lame arm?"

"Weak! Why, if I were obliged to wear such a skirt down town," continued Leo, "I should need two canes and a pair of crutches to help me along, and then quite likely have to hail an omnibus before getting to the office. And how comfortable it must be, to be wrapped up in so much cloth this warm weather," he went on, as he took a fan and commenced to use it vigorously.

But to return to my own skirt. I finally compromised the matter by deciding to have it plaited in spaces, which would require not more than half the width of cloth which is put into close plaits, and also to have them reach only part way up

the skirt, the top being finished by drapery.

"And not too much drapery either, Fanny," I repeat, as she prepares to model the suit, "for I must have a dress which I can walk comfortably in whenever I choose to do so. And we do not wish to spend too much time upon the making either, for life has other work than this to perform, though reasonable attention must needs be given to apparel suited to one's circumstances and tastes."

When at last the suit was finished it looked plain, and yet it was sufficiently trimmed, but not so elaborate as are countless rows of ruffles or fine plaits. Even now it is too heavy for comfort in walking, though lighter than most which are made and worn by others. I could bear my own slight discomfort in silence, only that I am thus led to think of the burdens which the larger majority of women and girls who make any pretension to dress, willingly assume.

Were it only ladies of leisure, who ride oftener than walk, and have few laborious tasks to perform, the matter would assume a different aspect, even though these have no right to set the example to others, or needlessly injure the health, which might with proper sense and care be preserved. But it is not these alone by any means.

Every day I see passing my window or meet upon the street, young women going to and from stores, offices or other places of employment, where they must be on the feet often much of the day, burdened with the weight of heavy, fashionable dress skirts, these weighing upon the hips, and thus bearing upon the more delicate organs of the body. I note teachers in our public schools, the music teacher in her rounds, school girls who need to be much in the open air, and to walk freely and buoyantly, wearing these weighty garments which I feel are helping to bring on diseases and invalidism for the future of their lives. It is this, I believe, with other follies, which harms far more than any right down hard study is liable to do. I also see women, who, I know, are accustomed to severe household labors, dressed for the afternoon in burdensome suits, or out shopping, making calls or visiting, thus causing the walk and what should be out-door recreation to become a complete weariness to the body, on account of the weight borne.

Thus it is all classes are following in the lead of fashion's victims, these often outdoing the best dressed ladies in assuming styles injurious to the health, and a discomfort when adopted. And it is for these reasons that I cannot longer keep silent. I must ask if women have a right thus to trifle with health and all hygienic laws; if common sense has no place in matters of dress, and comfort no demands upon us; if duty to one's self, one's family, and our Creator, is not paramount to fashion's dictates, whenever such dictates call for undue expenditure of means, of time, or of strength in adopting them.

Not only are dress skirts made altogether too heavy, but the long, weighty cloaks of the past winter or two have been extremely burdensome. To be sure, not all the long ones are lined and padded as some are, still a long garment coming to the bottom of the dress skirt is cumbersome to walk in, while the weight of some of these is intolerable. Far better be clothed in warm undergarments of light material than wear such weighty dresses and cloaks as have been more or less adopted of late years. As for myself, while to a certain extent, I must render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, I will not adopt extreme styles if they be inconsistent, though I must continue to be more or less,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

### KNITTED SPANISH LACE.

Cast on thirty-eight stitches and knit across plain.

1. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two.

2. Over, narrow, knit plain until there are nine stitches on the left hand needle, then knit one, purl one, knit three, purl one, knit three. Every alternate row is like this.

3. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit twelve, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* once, over, knit three.

5. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow three together, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, narrow, knit two.

7. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit ten, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, knit three.

9. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit nine, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* once, over, knit three.

11. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eight, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* once, over, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, knit three.

13. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, knit three.

15. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, knit three, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* three times, over, knit two.

17. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* three times, over, knit three.

19. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, knit one, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* four times, over, knit three.

21. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, knit three.

23. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* four times, over, knit three.

25. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* four times, over, narrow, knit two.

27. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* four times, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* four times, over, narrow, knit two.

29. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit four, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* three times, over, narrow three together, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* four times, over, narrow, knit two.

31. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, narrow, knit two.

33. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit six, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* three times, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, narrow, knit two.

35. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit seven, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow three together, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* three times, over, narrow, knit two.

37. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eight, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* once, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow, knit two.

39. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit nine, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* twice, narrow, \* over, knit one, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow, knit two.

41. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit ten, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* once, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow, knit two.

43. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, \* over, narrow, repeat from \* once, over, narrow, knit two.

45. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit twelve, \* over, narrow, knit one, repeat from \* once, narrow, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* once, over, narrow, knit two.

47. Slip one, knit one, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three together, \* over, knit one, narrow, repeat from \* twice, over, narrow, knit two.

48. Like the second row. Begin again at the first row.

MRS. W. H. MURRAY.

Roseville, Calif.

### CROCHETED SACK.

BY TISLET TEMPLE.

The following directions are for a crocheted sack for a child of three months. The materials required are two ounces of white split zephyr, and two yards of pale pink or blue ribbon, three-fourths inch wide. Use a medium sized ivory hook. Make a chain of forty-two stitches, crocheted loosely enough to be nine inches long. This is the neck.

1. Make three more stitches; turn, and put a shell of three trebles into every second stitch of chain. At the beginning of each row make three stitches to keep the edge straight.

2. In the center of each of the shells of the first row make a shell of two trebles, one chain, two trebles. All the shells are now made in this way.

3. Same as second row, except widening by making an extra shell in four

places. These are between the fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, seventeenth and eighteenth shells in the preceding row.

4. Widen between the twelfth and thirteenth, and between the thirteenth and fourteenth shells.

5. Widen between the fourth and fifth, seventh and eighth, twentieth and twenty-first, twenty-third and twenty-fourth shells in the fourth row.

6. Widen at the beginning and ending.

7. Widen between fifth and sixth, tenth and eleventh, twenty-third and twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth shells in the sixth row.

8. Plain.

9. Widen between fifth and sixth, twelfth and thirteenth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, thirty-second and thirty-third shells of eighth row.

10. Plain.

11. Widen between the fifth and sixth, fifteenth and sixteenth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh shells of preceding row.

12. Widen between the fifth and sixth, sixteenth and seventeenth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, fortieth and forty-first shells of the preceding row.

13. Work the first five shells plain, then skip thirteen shells and put the next shell in the nineteenth shell of the twelfth row, work twelve more shells plain, (these are across the back), then skip thirteen more shells, and work the last five shells plain. The shells skipped are for the sleeves.

14. Widen under each sleeve, and on each side of the center of the back.

Crochet six times across plain.

Now, for the sleeve, work plain shells across the thirteen you skipped and your last shell to where you began. Chain three and go around joining as before. Continue until you have seven rows around. The other sleeve should, of course, be made the same, and don't be alarmed if there is a large hole under each sleeve, for this should be filled with a few shells to form a small gore.

For the border which should be made all around the sack, except the neck:

1. Make loops of five stitches each, fastening them into the edge of the shells.

2. Make loops the same and fasten into the tops of those in the first row.

3. Same as second row, except two stitches should be made in place of the five. This forms crosses to run the ribbon through.

4. Shells in every second loop of the last row.

5. Scallops of five trebles in every shell.

6. Small loops of four chain in each treble of scallops.

Make this same border around the sleeves.

For the collar make a chain of forty-two stitches, and work twenty-one shells across it. Make the same border across and around each end. Crochet the collar on the neck of the sack with a tight row of stitches to keep it from stretching.

Now run ribbon through the crosses all around, and in the collar and sleeves, and finish with ties of the same.

I have made two sacks by these directions, and they are lovely. I hope Annie and A New Sister will try them.

#### THISTLE LEAF TIDY.

Cast on eleven stitches to each pattern, and knit three times across plain. Ninety-four stitches will make a good-sized tidy of No. 10, four-ply, Dexter's knitting cotton. Seam every alternate row except edge stitches. "Edge" means knit three on each edge every time across.

1. Edge, knit three together, knit one, make one and knit one, three times, make one, knit two together twice, edge.

3. Edge, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, edge.

5. Edge, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit three, make one, knit two, knit two together, edge.

7. Edge, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit five, make one, knit one, knit two together, edge.

9. Edge, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, edge.

11. Edge, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit three together, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit one, edge.

13. Edge, knit one, \* make one, knit three, knit two together, knit four, make one, knit two together, repeat from \*, edge. (Last time through this pattern row knit one at the end instead of "two together.")

15. Edge, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit two together three times more, make one, knit one, make one, edge. (Last time through this row knit one at the end after "make one.")

17. Edge, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together twice, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, edge. (Last time through Knit one at the end after "make one.")

19. Edge, knit two, make one, knit two, knit two together twice, knit two, make one, knit one, edge. (Last time through knit two at the end instead of one.)

21. Edge, knit three, make one, knit one, knit two together twice, knit one, make one, knit two, edge. (Last time through knit three at the end instead of two.)

23. Edge, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together twice, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, edge. (Last time through, knit one at the end instead of "two together.")

25. Edge, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, make one, edge. (Last time through knit two together at the end instead of "knit one.")

27. Edge, knit one, knit two together, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, knit two together, knit one, edge.

Commence again at first row.

When the tidy is of the desired length, knit three times across plain to correspond with the first end and bind off.

NELLIE MAY.

#### TO BIND OFF A STOCKING HEEL.

When the heel is long enough to narrow, knit seven stitches on the plain side, then narrow, *i.e.*, knit two together, knit across until within nine stitches of the other side, slip off one stitch, knit one, then slip the one slipped off over it; that will leave seven on each side, knit back on the inside, (seam as in the old way,) until you come to the first narrowing, knit two together, leaving six, then turn and knit across the plain side, slip and bind as before, leaving six; repeat the process till all the side stitches are narrowed off. Your heel is now bound off, and part of the stitches for the foot are on the needles. This is much easier than the old way, leaving no spur but making a perfect fit.

#### HOW TO BIND THE HOUSEHOLD.

Each number, after being read, should be laid away in a smooth, clean place, with a little weight on them to press them,

until the volume is complete. When you wish to bind them, lay them even according to their numbers, then get father, brother or some other interested friend, with an awl, to make holes through the back in proper places, to sew them firmly together. Good twine is the best material for sewing. After they are sewed the edges can be easily trimmed by laying on a "straight edge," and using a sharp knife. Be sure to press the "straight edge" evenly and firmly while cutting.

Paste a strip of cloth on the back of your book, (for you have a book now.)

When that is dry, paste on another, sew this to the twine sewing of the book, leaving an edge about an inch wide. Prepare pasteboard covers about three-sixteenths of an inch longer than the book at each end, and about the same wider in the front of the book, and about a quarter of an inch narrower at the back, now place these covers on the book according to the dimension, pasting down to the edges of the last strip of cloth described. A third strip of dark, thin cloth to go over the back and paste on the covers will keep the covers and book firmly together. These pasteboard covers can be covered with any kind of ornamental paper you please, but a very good and useful article may be found in the paper that wraps your cotton batting. Having provided fly leaves when you sewed your book, open your covers and paste down the one edge on the cover, and your *HOUSEHOLD* is bound and will stay bound with hard usage longer than if bound at a book bindery. You can find a very good article of pasteboard for the purpose in the old pasteboard boxes thrown away at the stores.

To prepare paste, mix flour smooth in a little water, turn on boiling water, what you think sufficient, set it on the stove until it boils around the spoon, take it off and stir it thoroughly. IDELSICORAH.

#### A BAG OR SLIP TIDY; ANTIQUE PATTERN.

Materials required: four spools of linen thread, No. 35.

Chain a hundred and ninety-two stitches. Crochet round this five rows of close single crochet, thread over twice. This makes ten counting both sides. The last row contains three hundred and eighty-four stitches. Then one row of holes, one stitch between each. Now fifteen holes directly over the holes in the previous row. Four single over next hole, fifteen holes, four single. This starts a diamond, a diamond of holes and one composed of four small ones in antique pattern. Any one familiar with the lace will readily understand. A half diamond of holes on each side, a whole one in the center. Two large diamonds composed of four small ones compose the depth of the tidy, excepting a narrow insertion and lace, these to be made separately and sewed or crocheted on.

The insertion is made as follows:

Chain eighteen, make \* two holes, seven single, thread over, one hole, seven single, two holes; turn, two holes, four single, three chain, catch into hole with half stitch, three chain, four single, two holes; turn, two holes, two single, three chain, catch into first hole, three chain, catch into next three chain, two single, two holes; turn, two holes, four single, three chain, catch three chain, four single, two holes; turn, two holes, seven single, two chain, seven single, two holes; repeat from \*.

Antique edge with scallop on it is made as follows:

In each hole round the edge, work ten single, thread over once, catching down between the holes. This is quite easy if one understands antique lace and insertion.

The narrow insertion given is lovely for other purposes.

#### SHOE BAG.

This contains eight pockets. Materials: two yards of calico, three bunches of scarlet braid, five little brass rings and a heavy piece of goods for the foundation. The foundation is twenty-five inches across the top, eighteen and one-half inches across the bottom, and twenty-three and one-half inches deep. Baste a piece of the calico across the top and the middle, or cover the entire back if you have plenty, though this is unnecessary. The upper pockets are twelve and one-third inches deep, the lower, nine and two-thirds. Use about two widths of calico in each. Make in each four box plait. Stitch down by placing strip of braid between each. Bind all round, attach five rings to the top, hang in some convenient place, and you will be amply repaid for the little labor, as it is an article quite easily made.

PEARL.

#### NARROW CROCHETED EDGING.

Use No. 40 cotton. It is pretty and wears well.

1. Chain fifteen stitches.

2. Six long crochet into sixth stitch, chain four, six long crochet into fifth stitch.

3. Chain five, six long crochet in center of shell of second row, catch with short stitch into last stitch of same shell, chain four, six long crochet into center of shell, long crochet into last stitch.

4. Chain four, six long crochet in center of shell, catch with short stitch in last stitch of shell in third row, chain four, shell of six, fourteen long crochet in chain of five. After the first scallop, catch in the edge of the preceding scallop with a short stitch.

5. Chain three, catch in between first and second long crochet; repeat six times.

6. Shell of six, catch with short stitch, chain four, shell of six, one long crochet.

I have tried to make this plain. If any one has any trouble with it, I will send her a sample of the edging, if she will send me her address.

I am very fond of crocheting, and sometime I will send some other crochet patterns. I have tried some very pretty patterns from *THE HOUSEHOLD*. Have any of the sisters tried putting together the fan insertion in the December, 1885, number, and the fan trimming in the June, 1886, number? I tried them together and they are very pretty.

Mrs. L. W. WILLIS.

Block Island, R. I.

#### HANDSOME CROCHET EDGING.

1. Chain six stitches and join in a circle with single crochet.

2. Two chain, two double, two chain, two double in six chain; turn.

3. Three chain, two double, two chain, two double in first hole, four chain, and join to the two chain with single crochet; turn.

4. One chain and nine double in the four chain, two chain, two double, two chain and two double in the next hole, one single in the three chain; turn.

5. Three chain, two double, two chain, two double in first hole, two chain, and three double in next hole, four chain and one single in the top of third stitch in the scallop, one single in top of fourth; turn.

6. Nine double in first hole, two chain and three double in next hole, two chain, two double, two chain, two double in next hole, one single in the three chain; turn.

7. \* Three chain, two double, two chain, two double in first hole, two chain, three double in next hole, two chain,

three double in next hole, four chain and one single in top of third stitch of scallop, one single in the top of fourth stitch of scallop; turn.

8. Nine double in the first hole, two chain, three double in the next hole, two chain, three double in the next hole, two chain, two double, two chain, two double in the next hole, one single in the three chain; turn.

9. Three chain, two double, two chain, two double in first hole, two chain, three double in next hole, two chain, three double in next hole, two chain, three double in next hole, four chain, one single in top of third stitch of scallop, one single in top of fourth; turn.

10. Nine double in the first hole, one single in top of center of three double, nine double in next hole, one single in top of center of three double, nine double in next hole, one single in top of center of three double, two chain, three double in next hole, two chain, two double, two chain, two double in next hole, one single in three chain.

11. Three chain, two double, two chain, two double in first hole, two chain, three double in next hole, four chain, one single in next two chain, one single in top of first double of scallop; turn.

12. Nine double in first hole, two chain, three double in next hole, two chain, two double, two chain, two double in next hole, one single in three chain.

Repeat from \*. L. E. N.

#### BABY'S SOCKS WITH IMITATION SLIPPERS.

Knit with two colors.

With pink cast on three needles twenty-four stitches, making seventy-two stitches. Purl three rounds, and knit three rounds plain.

Commence the open work pattern, which is in twelves and is repeated six times in each round, and knit as follows with white:

7. Narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow; repeat.

8 and 9. Plain.

Repeat these three rounds until you have fifty-six rounds of the white open work, knit all of the fifty-seventh round plain, except the last seven stitches, which transfer from the third needle to the first needle, also seven stitches from the second needle to the first needle.

Having thirty-eight stitches on the first needle, commence knitting in rows, instead of rounds, for the instep, leaving the heel until later, as follows:

1. Slip one, \* narrow, narrow, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, narrow, narrow, repeat from \*, end with knit one.

2. Slip one, purl thirty-seven.

3. Slip one, knit thirty-seven.

4. Slip one, \* purl two together, purl two together, thread over, purl one, thread over, purl two, thread over, purl one, thread over, purl two together, purl two together, repeat from \*, end with purl one.

5. Slip one, knit thirty-seven.

6. Slip one, purl thirty-seven.

Repeat from the first row to the sixth row inclusive, until you have done thirty rows, all with the white.

Leave the first needle in the instep, and with pink cast on to your fourth needle fourteen stitches extra. These are for one of the straps to the slippers. Knit with the same needle the thirty-four stitches from the second and third needles in the order named, and cast on fourteen more new stitches for the other strap to the slipper. You have now sixty-two stitches for heel and straps, which work in rows.

1. Knit plain.
- 2, 3, 5, and 6. Purl.
4. Knit two, thread over, narrow, repeat until two stitches remain, which knit.
7. Knit plain.
8. Cast off fourteen stitches, knit forty-eight.

9. Cast off fourteen stitches, purl thirty-four.

10, 11, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24, 27, 28, 30, 31, 34, and 37. Slip one, knit thirty-three.

12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 25, 26, 29, 32, 33, 35, and 36. Slip one, purl thirty-three.

38. Slip one, knit twenty-two, slip and bind, turn.

Slip and bind is slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over.

39, and every alternate row up to and including 57. Slip one, purl twelve, purl two together, turn.

40, and every alternate row up to and including 56. Slip one, knit twelve, slip and bind, turn.

Next, pick up on the left side of the heel sixteen loops, and purl the same as part of the fifty-seventh row.

Turn, knit thirty, and pick up on the other side of the heel sixteen more loops, and knit as part of the fifty-eighth row.

59. Knit sixteen, purl fourteen, knit fourteen, narrow.

60. Purl fifteen, knit fourteen, purl fourteen, purl two together.

61. Purl forty-two, purl two together.

62. Knit forty-one, narrow.

63. Purl forty, purl two together.

64. Purl thirteen, knit fourteen, purl twelve, purl two together.

65. Knit thirteen, purl fourteen, knit eleven, narrow.

66. Knit thirty-seven, narrow.

67. Purl thirty-six, purl two together.

68. Knit thirty-five, narrow.

69. Knit eleven, purl fourteen, knit nine, narrow.

70. Purl ten, knit fourteen, purl nine, purl two together.

71. Purl thirty-two, purl two together.

72. Knit thirty-one, narrow.

73. Purl thirty, purl two together.

74. Purl eight, knit fourteen, purl seven, purl two together.

75. Knit eight, purl fourteen, knit six, narrow.

76. Knit twenty-seven, narrow.

77. Purl twenty-six, purl two together.

78. Knit twenty-five, narrow.

79. Knit six, purl fourteen, knit four, narrow.

80. Purl five, knit fourteen, purl four, purl two together.

81. Purl twenty-four.

82. Knit twenty-four.

83. Purl twenty-four.

84. Purl five, knit fourteen, purl five.

85. Knit five, purl fourteen, knit five.

86. Knit twenty-four.

87. Purl twenty-four.

88. Knit twenty-four.

89. Knit five, purl fourteen, knit five.

90. Purl five, knit fourteen, purl five.

91. Purl twenty-four.

92. Knit twenty-four.

93. Purl twenty-four.

Now commence working in rounds with four needles, but first re-arrange the stitches, by placing those which are on the instep needle on two needles, nineteen on each. Hereafter, I shall speak of these needles as the second and third, and the other needle which holds the stitches forming the bottom and sides of the sock as the first. Transfer five stitches from the first to the third, and five more from the first to the second needle. Having fourteen stitches on the first and twenty-four on each of the other needles, knit plain the five stitches remaining undisposed of on the third needle. Hereafter the stitches on the first needle are all knit plain in every round, and those on the other needles are worked

alternately two rounds purled and three rounds plain.

The decrease for the toe is in the second round of purling, and occurs in this and in every alternate round thereafter, at the first corner of the second and the last corner of the third needles, either by narrowing or purling, as the case may be, until twenty-eight stitches only remain on three needles, then decrease twice at each of said corners in each of the next two rounds.

Transfer the stitches from the second to the third needle, and knit the ten stitches on this needle with the ten on the first needle together, casting off as you knit. Finish the sock by twisting a cord from the pink and running the same into the open work of the ankle and straps, tipping with tassels of the same color.

Veray, Ind. MRS. JAMES S. KNOX.

#### FLUTED EDGING.

Katie Markland asks for a pattern of fluted edging. I send two patterns.

##### FIRST PATTERN.

Cast on twenty stitches.

1. Knit plain.

2. Seam, leaving four stitches.

3. Knit sixteen stitches.

4. Seam sixteen stitches.

5. Knit sixteen stitches.

6. Seam sixteen stitches. Knit the four remaining.

This makes one flute.

For the second flute:

1. Knit four stitches, seam sixteen.

2. Knit sixteen stitches, leaving the four stitches.

3. Seam sixteen stitches.

4. Knit sixteen stitches.

5. Seam sixteen stitches.

6. Knit twenty stitches.

##### SECOND PATTERN.

Cast on eighteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Seam fourteen, leaving four.

3. Slip first stitch of the fourteen on to the four, turn, knit nine, narrow, throw thread over twice, knit two stitches.

4. Seam fourteen, make one stitch of the two loops.

5. Slip one, knit thirteen.

This makes one flute.

For the second flute:

1. Knit eighteen stitches.

2. Knit four, seam fourteen, leave the four.

3. Knit one, narrow, throw the thread over twice, knit eleven.

4. Slip one, seam thirteen.

5. Knit eighteen.

Continue knitting flutes from the first row.

L. H. P.

#### NARROW LACE.

A pretty flannel trimming knit of Saxony wool.

Cast on eleven stitches.

1. Knit three, make one, narrow, over, knit one, make one, narrow one, make two, narrow one, knit one.

2. Knit three, seam one, put the thread forward, knit two, make one, narrow one, knit one, make one, narrow one, knit one.

3. Knit three, make one, narrow one, knit one, make one, narrow one, knit four.

4. Knit two, slip and bind, knit four, make one, narrow one, knit two.

AUNT ADDIE.

#### HOW TO CURL AN OSTRICH PLUME.

Have ready some corn cobs and common salt, and let the fire in the cook stove burn down till you have a good bed of coals, lay the cobs on and sprinkle them with salt, and shake the feather in the smoke. Add cobs and salt from time to time and be sure to shake the plume well,

turning every part to the smoke. The harder you shake the feather the better it will look. Be careful to keep it far enough from the fire to keep it from burning. The livelier the coals without blaze the better. I have tried to make this plain I thought my plumes completely spoiled till I tried this recipe.

I saw a milliner wash a white plume once and recurl it this way, and it looked as nice as new. She washed it in suds, and rinsed it in clear water, and shook it vigorously until about dry, and then shook it over the smoke. P. H. L.

#### FLUTED LACE WITH HOLES.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Purl fourteen, leave four stitches on the needle, turn the work as if to begin at the end of the needle.

3. Plain.

4. Same as second row.

5. Plain. This ends the first flute.

For the second flute:

1. Plain.

2. Knit four, purl fourteen.

3. Knit one, \* thread over, knit two together, repeat from \* seven times, or until you have eight holes, knit one.

4. Knit four, purl fourteen.

5. Plain. This finishes the second row of flutes.

Repeat from the beginning.

Frankford, Pa.

S. R. T.

#### TO CLEAN HAIR-BRUSHES.

The best way in which to clean hair-brushes is with spirits of ammonia, as its effect is immediate. No rubbing is required, and cold water can be used just as successfully as warm. Take a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water, dip the hair part of the brush without wetting the ivory, and in a moment the grease is removed; then rinse in cold water, shake well, and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soda and soap soften the bristles, and invariably turn the ivory yellow.

#### MITTENS.

Mittens may be made easily and look neat, by knitting one stitch plain and purling one alternately. They are nice made of black or any color of Saxony.

Stockings knit of soft woolen yarn, with two stitches plain and two purled alternately, fit well and are warm.

Illinois.

MAY DAY.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertions and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

## The Dining Room.

### CULINARY CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENTS

IN ALL ages, since civilization and Christianity began to develop the higher qualities of the human race, open-hearted and generous hospitality have always been esteemed highly honorable, whether it were the offering of a couch for sleep or food to eat, or both. In the primitive age of the world, there were no public inns or taverns, and such a questionable compound as hotel hash was quite unknown. The wandering shepherds of the East hospitably received strangers among themselves, a form of hospitality of which modern people are more cautious, lest they may harbor an able-bodied tramp, or a villain disguised as a count—a complete titular humbug.

From time immemorial it has been a frequent occurrence with people enjoying the bounties of prosperity to give sumptuous dinners. The ancient Roman banquets, where wine flowed like water, and the Hebrew feasts, where flesh and wine were the chief articles consumed, testify in the annals of history something respecting the cuisine of the well-fed ancients. Concerning beverages, it is said that the plebeian classes among the Mohammedans drank water; the rich and noble a beverage called sherbet, which was formerly used only in Egypt, where ale or beer was also used. Every detail that is connected with modern state dinners was known to the ancients—music, flowers, and choice wines, which were very rich and mixed with spices. The puff paste of the present time possesses an antiquity by no means to be despised, for we learn from the history of Joseph that at Pharaoh's court it was the business of the chief of the culinary department to prepare pastry for the monarch's table, and that he did it with great care, and fashioned it into a variety of elegant forms.

Aside from the wines and the pastry creations, Egyptian cookery consisted of fish, beef, and fowl, gazelles, and kids. As time elapsed, the flesh of animals was used more for food, venison, a fatted calf, and sheep being particularly esteemed. As early as before the deluge, the flesh of animals was used as food, as we may infer from the division of the animals into the clean and unclean. It is doubtful if any sausage factories flooded the primeval markets with their mysterious compound in those days; or if trichiniasis puzzled the brain of the Egyptian medical school.

We well know that ancient and modern Jewish aristocracy would look down contemptuously on the porcine millionaires of America, unless they could be led over to the spare-rib faith through the redeeming portion used in "Boston baked beans," spangled oysters, and the like. Roasting was the oldest method of cooking the flesh of animals; spits being used for flesh of any kind. Spices were grown and generally used, and the use of salt was always an important factor in cooking; the origin of its use is very ancient. Referring to seasoning, reminds me of an historical item respecting Dionysius, a Grecian tyrant. When the ancient Greeks sat at their public meals, the old men preferred a black broth, the most exquisite of all their dishes, to every thing that was set upon their table. When Dionysius was at one of these meals he was not of the same opinion, and that which was a ragout to them was to him very insipid. "I do not wonder at it," said the cook, "for the seasoning is wanting." "What seasoning?" asked the tyrant. "Running, fatigue, hunger, and thirst;

these are the ingredients with which we season all our food," replied the cook. The pith of the story illustrates the importance of a healthful physical constitution, necessary for the enjoyment of food.

The ancient forms of culinary apparatus were very crude. These were eventually improved by chance discoveries and necessity, which has always been the mother of invention. In warm climates, bread had to be made every day, the baking being performed by the head of the house, even though she were a princess. The general cooking was done by women, however high their station, but as luxury increased, it was given over to the housemaids.

Even so early as the time of Abraham, the art of bread making was carried to some degree of perfection. A method was invented to bruise grain and to reduce it to a mass and ferment, to bake it, and thus make bread. Later, water, oil, or honey was mixed with the meal, and bread of a richer quality was produced. In hot climates a flesh diet was not so palatable or nutritious, and so fruit, olives, bread and milk furnished the customary fare. Corn was at first eaten without any preparation. After the uses of fire were known it was parched. Those who found a difficulty in mastication broke to pieces the kernels of corn with stones. This suggested the idea of mortars, and eventually of mills. As there were no public mills, and no bakers except the king's, each one was compelled to own a mill of his own. It is quite probable that some of the patriarchal husbands could get up mornings and make an eatable johnny-cake or meal bannock of the grain which he had raised and ground.

Not only the inhabitants of the east, but the Greeks and Romans were in the habit of taking a light lunch about ten or twelve o'clock of our time, which consisted of fruits, milk, cheese, etc. Their principal meal came about six or seven in the afternoon. Their feasts were always appointed at supper time, for the burning heat of noon in eastern climates diminishes the appetite for food. The hands were always washed before meals, as the food was conveyed from the dish to the mouth with the right hand, a custom which still prevails there. The Bedouin Arabs eat their food in the same manner and recline on the ground meanwhile. Knives and forks were not in use; the flesh hooks or forks, having three prongs, belonging to the cooking apparatus, was used to take flesh out of the kettle. A separate portion was given to each guest, and he was considered highly honored who received two or more portions. At a more recent period, all the guests, sitting or reclining about the round piece of leather which was spread on the ground, ate from a common dish. Drink, however, was handed round in separate cups to the guests. The Egyptians, like the modern Orients, drank after supper. The servants stood by and obeyed the slightest wish of their masters.

During the Spartan government as conducted by Lycurgus, public meals were organized, that the magnificence and extravagance of an expensive cuisine should be suppressed. There was no limit to the intricate and elaborate culinary preparation for feasts and banquets. He ordered that all citizens should sit at the same common table, against which the wealthy classes rebelled. The tables consisted of fifteen persons, and each one was obliged to furnish every month a bushel of flour, eight measures of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, and a small sum of money for the cooking of the food.

The object of this regulation was to overthrow or undermine effeminacy and luxury, and to extirpate the tendency to

culinary extravagance and epicurean display. Throughout all the gradation of culinary education in ancient and modern form, we discover the same universal gastronomic creed that we must "eat to live," which like many other creeds sacred and secular, is often distorted beyond its particular design by riotous living and undisciplined habits. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, and the air we breathe make the material trinity of the physical basis of our lives.—*Home and Farm.*

### HOW TO CHOOSE MEATS.

A few suggestions on the subject of choosing butcher's meat, may not be out of place. Good beef, when fresh, has a fine grain, and is of a vermillion color, with a slight tint of purple on the cut surface. It is firm but tender to the touch, and is so elastic that no mark is left after pressure from the finger. The fat is yellowish white, like fresh butter, and firm. Sometimes the lean is slightly veined with fat, but it must have no flavor of suet. The surface must be quite dry when cut, scarcely moistening the finger. If a clean knife be pushed up to the handle into the raw meat, the resistance will be uniform if it be fresh, but if some parts are softer than others, it has begun to decompose. When beef is lean, coarse and sinewy looking, it is old and tough.

Mutton and lamb should have a fine grain; the lean should be bright and evenly tinted, and the fat perfectly white. In mutton the lean is pale red. In hanging mutton, if it be hung with the cut part up instead of down, as usual, the juices will be better preserved.

Veal should have firm, white fat, and the lean have a pinkish tinge. If the barbarism of bleeding has been practiced, the flesh will be quite white. Veal should be six or eight weeks old before it is killed, else it is unwholesome. Too young veal may be detected by a bluish tint. The vigilance of meat inspectors should, however, prevent the immature veal from entering the market. In choosing mutton or veal from the carcass the quality may be determined from the fat inside the thigh. If there be plenty of clear, firm fat there, the meat is good.

Pork, when fresh and young, is smooth and firm and the rind is thin. The lean must be of a uniform color, and the fat white and not at all streaked. Salted corn-fed pork has pinkish fat. A good test of ham is to run a knife under the bone; if it comes out clean and smells pleasantly, the ham is good. In choosing fish, see that the gills are bright pink, the fins stiff, and the eyes clear and full; the scales and skin must be bright.—*Ex.*

### VEGETABLE SALADS.

The markets at this season of the year afford such an unlimited variety of vegetables, that with a little attention to the different modes of preparing them, every housekeeper will be enabled to provide numerous and agreeable changes for her table, as well as contribute largely to the health of the family, for it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of vegetables as daily articles of diet.

Vegetable salads are among the most agreeable and wholesome dishes that can be prepared for a light summer repast; besides being very economical they are easily made, tempt the appetite, and impart a flavor to the rest of the meal. If desired in perfection, care should be taken in their preparation. The dressing for a variety of light salads is the same, but different flavors can be delicately added, and skill will soon be acquired by practice, if due attention is paid to the directions given. In making salads, the fresh-

est olive oil should be used, or if desired, thick cream or melted butter may be used as a substitute. The ingredients should all be of the best. Powder hard boiled eggs either in a mortar or by mashing with the back of a silver spoon, add the seasoning to the egg, then the oil, a few drops at a time, and lastly, the vinegar. Stir vegetable salads as little as possible, and always with a wooden spoon or fork.

Vegetables used for salads are asparagus, cabbage, lettuce, celery, cauliflower, water-cress, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, salsify, artichokes, dandelion, spinach, kale, chicory, and purslane, all of which should be freshened in cool water, dried carefully, and then shredded with the fingers, instead of being chopped with a knife. Lettuce salad should be dressed only with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar; eggs and mustard should not be mixed with these condiments. Cucumbers should be kept on ice and eaten as soon as made into salad. Care should be taken to avoid bruising or crushing the vegetables in handling and preparing them for salad, as it causes them to wilt.—*Mrs. Parker, in Good Housekeeping.*

### THE DESSERT.

—"Tell me, Thomas, how many voyages around the world did Capt. Cook make?" "Three." "Correct. And on which of these voyages was he killed?"

—Spurgeon tells an amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming, "No, now you don't. I've had that umbrella for twenty-three years, and it's never been wet yet; and you ain't going to begin."

—As the late Professor Hamilton was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known individual of weak intellect. "Pray," said the professor, "how long can a person live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied Jemmy, scratching his head; "how ould are ye yourself?"

—A little fellow of four years went to a blacksmith's to see his father's horse shod, and was watching closely the work of the shoeing. The blacksmith began to pare the horse's hoof, and thinking this was wrong, the little boy said, earnestly: "My pa don't want his horse made any smaller."

—A woman was out in the front yard when a young man came up to the gate and inquired if she had seen a man pass on a bicycle. She said she had not, adding, "but I'll tell you what I did see. I don't know as you'll believe it, I would not have believed it if I had seen it myself. It was one wheel of a wagon running away with a man."

—"Layin' eout another railroad?" "Surveying for one," was the reply. "Goin' threw my barn?" "Don't see how we can avoid it." "Wall, now, mister, I calkerlate I've got sumthin' tew say 'bout that. I want you to understand that I've got sumthin' tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wants to go threw."

—A new reporter on a Boston paper was sent out to do a swell reception on Beacon street, and he returned with an elaborate report and handed it to the city editor. That necessary evil read it over carefully and called the young man up. "You won't do for Boston," he said shortly to the hapless youth. "Wo—won't do?" stammered the poor fellow in sore surprise. "That's what I said." "Why—why won't I? Isn't that report all right?" "Of course not. It is very well written, very complete, and quite comprehensive, sir, but nowhere in it, sir, have you spelled bean with a capital B; and, sir, Boston will not tamely submit to such ignorance, sir. You may go, sir."

## The Kitchen.

THE NOTE BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number Twenty-three.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

NOW that our garden is planted we feel like taking a holiday. Tom takes great pains with this branch of his farming, a good garden is such a pleasant, wholesome means of help in providing for a family. And as he expects me to have a voice in the matter as to what shall be planted, and where, it takes a goodly portion of my attention at this season. It is, "What shall we plant there?" and "Can't you go down to the garden, Jean?" and so on. I might as well give my whole mind to the matter first as last, so I yield gracefully and make few plans for other work until this is accomplished. And, indeed, I have become so accustomed to this, I suppose if he did not call on me for "counsel" that I would find myself out volunteering with questions and advice half a dozen times a day. Interest in the garden never flags from the first pleasant task of selecting the list of seeds to be sent for until the last vegetable is stored away for winter use.

Suppose I tell you what our garden contains, and give some methods of preparing different varieties for the table. Asparagus, beets, beans, sweet corn, cucumber, cabbage, carrots, crab apples, currants, gooseberries, grapes, horse radish, kohlrabi, lettuce, melons, onions, potatoes, peas, parsnips, peppers, pears, plums, rhubarb, radishes, shallots, squash, strawberries and tomatoes, besides the various herbs.

Lettuce has already made its appearance at breakfast. This salad may be prepared in such a variety of ways and remains so long in season that it seems well-nigh indispensable. To be perfect it should be gathered in the morning while yet that peculiar crispness which perhaps night dews impart, is upon it, and served at breakfast; if it cannot be thus obtained or if designed for a later meal it may be kept a few hours in cold water in the cellar.

Our way of preparing lettuce is to carefully look over and wash it in cold water, then slice it by the handful into a suitable dish. It is now ready for whatever dressing is preferred. In our family the majority prefer sugar and vinegar. Use plenty of sugar; if vinegar be very strong it may be watered. We never use salt where sugar and vinegar are blended in dishes of this kind. Lettuce alone, with shallots, or with raw onion thinly sliced, is good simply dressed with salt, pepper and vinegar.

The following is an excellent dressing. One tablespoonful of sweet cream, about one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, beat smooth, then gradually add two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar not too strong. Cold boiled egg thinly sliced may be added to the lettuce and served with the cream dressing if desired.

Tom says we will have plenty of new potatoes after the tenth of July. At this season the prospect of any thing new in the cooking line is especially agreeable. Plainly boiled, as we used to see them, new potatoes are not much relished. The following method is good. Wash the potatoes, scrape them in cold water to remove the skins, wash and cut them in two, cover with boiling water, let them boil a few minutes, pour off the water, (this removes the color,) add a little water, some salt, pepper, and for a

large mess, butter the size of an egg; cover closely and stir occasionally till done. For a change a cup of sweet cream or milk stirred smooth with a teaspoonful of flour, is sometimes added, and just let come to a boil, seasoning to taste.

Another way is, after the potatoes are ready for cooking, cut them in two, put into a kettle, add a little water, salt, pepper, and a lump of butter. Cover closely, stir occasionally, adding more water if necessary, as they cook, but there should be none to pour off when done.

A good way to warm potatoes is to slice them into the frying pan, season well with salt and pepper, add for a good quart of sliced potato about a gill of water, cover, and as soon as they are hot, stir in nearly half a cup of creamy milk (if milk is not so rich a teaspoonful of flour stirred into the milk is an improvement,) replace the cover, let the milk just come to a boil, then stir in a lump of butter and serve immediately. However, we think them nicer to omit the milk, but as soon as the potatoes are hot stir in the butter (perhaps half as large as an egg) and remove them from the fire at once. If rightly seasoned they are delicious.

I told Tom that I hoped he would plant "lots" of sweet corn, as I wanted it to cook every day in its season, and enough besides for a bushel dried.

In summer, vegetables should be used as soon as possible after gathering, they are so much nicer and more wholesome when fresh. Here the farmer's family have advantage, there is no waiting, no worry and no sickness attributable to using stale vegetables. We have seldom known fresh, well-cooked, properly seasoned vegetables reasonably partaken of to cause sickness. For rare instances of this kind, as for all cholera morbus cases, we have a panacea.

To cook green corn. Remove the husk and silk, put the corn in a kettle, cover with boiling water, cover the kettle and boil fifteen or twenty minutes, too long boiling hardens the corn. Serve on the cob, each person using salt and butter to taste, as eaten. There is a knack in eating sweet corn whereby the unwholesome portion may be left on the cob. In this way we think there is little danger of sickness from eating green corn.

Sweet corn is also nice dried for use in winter and spring. This is my way and when cooked the corn is nearly or quite equal to canned corn. With a sharp knife shave off the uncooked corn, then scrape the cob gently so as to extract all the milk and leave the remaining portion of the shuck on the cob; spread the mass on plates, set them in a hot, open oven, stir frequently, and in a day it should be dry enough to remove to bright tins to finish drying, when the plates may be refilled. Dry quickly, so the corn-milk may not sour, but do not have the oven hot enough to burn the corn. As fast as dry, pack away in paper bags or in some securely covered receptacle and keep in a dry place. However, I suppose that if one dries very much corn, this way might be rather slow. I think the following method would be as good and for large quantities, preferable: Cut the corn from the cob as in the first method, put it into a bright tin pail, set this in a kettle of boiling water and cook until the corn is scalded through, stirring it frequently to prevent sticking to the bottom of the pail. Then spread the corn on nice boards made like berry boards, and dry in the sun, stirring occasionally, until done.

To cook dried sweet corn, wash the corn, then put it to soak in cold water a few hours before needed, say over night, after which one has only to add a little more water if necessary, and boil it a few minutes, seasoning to taste with salt,

pepper, and butter, and if desired, some rich sweet milk may be added.

"Cool as a cucumber," is a proverbial saying. This must refer to cucumbers taken from the vines early in the morning as they should always be when designed for table use. At any rate, however apt the comparison may be, fresh cucumbers are a welcome addition to the bill of fare in warm weather. Those not used at breakfast we put into cold water to keep fresh for another meal. They are pared, sliced thin and simply dressed with salt, pepper and vinegar. Also nice with the addition of sliced onion, or with green tomato thinly sliced.

There is only space to give one recipe for cucumber pickles, but that is so good it could not well be bettered. These were the first pickles I ever put up that had no scum gather on the vinegar. However, mine were discolored by the spices. I used a few cloves and onion with the red pepper, but the flavor was excellent. To each one hundred cucumbers put a pint of salt, and pour on boiling water sufficient to cover the whole. Cover them tight to prevent the steam from escaping, and in this condition let them stand twenty-four hours. They are then taken out, and after being wiped perfectly dry, care being taken that the skin is not broken, placed in the jar in which they are to be kept. Boiling vinegar (if spice is used it should be boiled with the vinegar) is then to be put to them, the jar closed tight, and in a fortnight delicious, hard pickles are produced, as green as the day they were upon vines.

### ANOTHER WEEK.

JULY 13, 18—. After Fanny had finished her work this afternoon, she went into the meadow for strawberries for supper. We have no cultivated strawberries, but have had all we have wanted this year of the wild strawberries, which, though they are small, I consider better flavored than the garden varieties. Fanny was not gone much over an hour and picked a large pan full, plenty for supper and a few for preserves.

While lifting a dish of oat meal from the stove, I had the misfortune to burn my hand severely. Now I consider a burn the most disagreeable of all hurts, but a thick coating of flour covered closely with a wet cloth removed the pain entirely.

"This is nice cake," said George at the tea table as he reached for a second slice of my loaf cake. It was good and this is how I made it: I took one and one-half cups of sugar and one cup of butter, and beat them well together. Then I added one egg beaten well, and one cup of milk in which one teaspoonful of soda had been dissolved, and stirred all well together. Then I put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in three cups of flour, and sifted all together, and after adding nutmeg to the butter, sugar, etc., stirred the flour into it. I had previously stoned and chopped one-half cup of raisins and these I put into the sieve, and dusting well with flour, added to the cake mixture the last thing. This makes one large loaf, and grows better with age.

JULY 15. It is, as usual, a hot day. How glad I am that I cooked up enough "fixings" yesterday for the meals to-day. As every thing was prepared, I sat in the shaded sitting room, and with the aid of a large fan managed to keep comfortable. A johnnycake for dinner was all the cooking that needed to be done. The heat made me reckless, and I made my cake by the following recipe: (So extravagant!) Two eggs, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one pint of buttermilk, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful each of soda, salt and ground allspice,

make a batter with two-thirds meal and one-third flour. Such a cake I expected would be excellent, but it was no better than my common cake, which is made by taking two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, salt, and one teaspoonful of soda; bake in flat tins in a quick oven.

Yesterday, besides cooking, we canned the strawberries. A bright tin pan I consider the best thing to cook them in. Part of the berries we stewed with sugar, using about one pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Placing the cans on a cloth wet in boiling water prevented the cans from cracking while the fruit, which was boiling, was poured into them. Seeing that there were no air bubbles in the can, we put on the rubber and screwed the lids on tightly. A few jars of strawberries we put up without sweetening, by filling the jar with the fruit and a little cold water. We then took a large kettle and placed a board in the bottom, (if we had been making a large quantity we should have used the wash boiler, as the lid fitting closely keeps in all the steam,) and set the jars upon this, they must not touch the sides of the kettle or the other jars, if they do the heat will break them. The kettle was then filled about half full of cold water, covered closely and set upon the stove, where it would boil. The fruit requires from six to twelve minutes of steady boiling, to cook it sufficiently. After boiling we removed the jars to the table, and placing them upon a wet cloth, we shook the jars until all the air bubbles rose to the top. All jars which were not full we filled with hot water, and then screwed on the tops. When all were finished we were glad that our canning was through for that day. Strawberry preserves should be packed in a wooden box, with the space between the jars filled with sawdust, and set in a cool, dark place, and when used the following winter, they will taste as fresh as though just picked from the vines.

AUGUST 1. Blueberries are at their best just now, and we live almost entirely upon them. Blueberry pies, cakes and puddings form our desserts for breakfast, dinner and tea.

The "men-folks," are very fond of roly poly puddings, and I make them almost entirely for puddings, during the season of berries and fruit, beginning with rhubarb and ending with apple, and they consider the last one equally as good as the first. These puddings are made very easily. I take one quart of flour, a pinch of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifting all together into the bread bowl. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water, filling the cup with sweet milk, then rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into the flour, and mix with the milk, adding a little at a time until thick enough to roll, roll it out about twelve inches wide and twenty-four inches long. After spreading it with berries or fruit, begin at one end and roll it over and over, until you have a large roll, press the edges well together, place in a cloth and steam one hour. We eat maple syrup or sugar and cream with ours.

AUGUST 8. What a pest the house fly is, everywhere present and still coming by hundreds every day. There is nothing which is such a bother to the tidy housewife as the flies. I have tried several methods of catching these creatures, but I find nothing better than a tumbler of soap suds with a piece of thick brown paper, with a hole in the center, placed over the top, the under side of the paper being thickly covered with molasses. The flies gather on the sweet side of the paper, and striking the paper with the hand sends the wary insects into the water, from which they never emerge. It

has been said they would come to life again if killed by this process. I presume they would if thrown out of doors, but I always burn mine up, then I am sure there are so many flies less in my kitchen. One or two of these fly traps on a window or table, where they can be tended easily, is a nice way of disposing of some of the extra flies which haunt our farm houses.

AUGUST 19. The dinner is started and the kitchen is so hot I have left its boiling heat and retired to my room to rest myself a few moments. This is the time for city boarders, and our city cousins, as the hot weather approaches, remember that they have a relative out in the country, and forthwith pack their trunks, and settle themselves for a month or more in the country home of their "dear (?) Cousin Jane," when they think no more of their country cousins than they do of so many sticks. But I am truly thankful that we live so far away from civilization that we have but little company, so I can do up our housework and then rest myself, and where one has company one feels as though she ought to do a little extra work and entertaining.

There was no cake for supper and no eggs to make one of, and all my recipes called for sour milk to make them without eggs. I finally concluded to make one from a recipe of my own. I little thought that it would be fit to eat, but I took one teacup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teacup of sweet milk, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda, using ginger for spice, and when it was baked I was agreeably disappointed to behold a decent cake ready for the supper table.

We made some potato yeast yesterday. I much prefer the compressed yeast, but we live so far from the grocer's it is impossible to get it as often as needed. Bessie sends us a cake of yeast once a week, but bread in our household disappears as soon as it is baked, and it requires a large quantity of yeast to keep us supplied with bread, for I will not make biscuit in hot weather.

Last night I started some Parker House rolls. I took one pint of milk and scalded it. I then added one tablespoonful of sugar, and let it cool. When cold, I sifted two quarts of flour into my bread bowl, mixing well into it a piece of butter. I then poured the milk together with one-half cup of fresh yeast into the center of the flour, and set it in a warm place to rise. I did not stir it after pouring in the milk. This morning the first thing I looked at my rolls, the milk, etc., was foamy, but there was lots of dry flour. I was fearful that my rolls would be a failure, but I stirred and kneaded it well together and left it to rise again. What was my astonishment two hours later to behold the pan nearly full of as light dough as one could wish. I rolled it out and cut as for biscuit, then I spread bits of butter over the top of the biscuits and folded them together to form a roll. When nicely baked in a hot oven they were just the thing for supper, and every one pronounced them splendid.

New Hampshire. TISLET TEMPLE.

#### MOODS AND MARY.

BY LILY SHERMAN RICE.

Mary is miserable to-day. It is depressing weather, to begin with—a chill northeast storm in May, and the poor apple trees shivering in their white dresses. Then it was a dejected looking omelet that came to the breakfast table for the guest who left this morning. Yesterday young John took advantage of his mother's pre-occupation with her friend and stole away to Sunday school in the commonest of all his common shirts. And his finger nails—we will not speak of

them. One might as well give up having company at all if one's cook and one's children must always do their worst at such times. This morning John, "big John," suggested carelessly, that the spring shopping be postponed a week or two, because he is a little short of money just now. And a week on the end of a woman's clothes is a good deal.

All these trials in house cleaning season. Mary counts up the rooms. Fourteen. Doing two a week, she will be seven weeks about it, even if we have no rainy Wednesdays or Thursdays. All that time it will be on her mind. And next fall it will have to be begun again. Fourteen weeks given to house cleaning every year—more than a quarter of her life, and she may live out her three score years and ten. "Dear me," sighs Mary, "I shall grow to be such a drudge, I shan't even be intelligent." For clouds like these, where is the silver lining?

Not within sight, certainly, you would think, if you could watch Mary as she goes about her morning tasks. Resentment and indignation sound in every tap of her slippers and her pretty eyebrows settle into such a pucker that young John, coming home at recess, deems it wise to make off with his usual cooky without troubling mamma for permission. Back and forth she steps among her cosy chambers, dusting here and arranging there, always with the same contempt of life in every motion, until at last a swing more vigorous than all the rest, brought her up against an unsuspected nail and she stops there with an ugly tear in the velvet panel of her new wrapper.

Down upon the trunk Mary drops and gives way for a minute to the tears that have been hiding all the morning behind her anger. But she soon straightened up, with a new look of determination and began to hold formal conversation with herself.

"Come, Mary," she says, "let's have a little straightforward talk about these afflictions of yours. We'll omit the weather, if you please. I've been telling you ever since you were a child how foolish you were to let yourself be so much affected by it. We won't go all over that ground again. The omelet was a pretty bad failure, I admit. May be you ought to have been up earlier this morning to superintend it. Make a note of that, Mary. But don't think any more about it now. Turn your mind to the canned strawberries you had for tea. Didn't Helen say they were the most delicious she ever ate? Save the pleasant impressions and let the others disappear. It was a pity young John's toilet didn't do you more credit. But if he usually looks better than that, any one who noticed him must have known it was an accident, and an accident you needn't mind now and then. (Do take a little comfort in your reputation.) If he doesn't usually look any better, then you deserve to be ashamed of him, and before visitors too. I defy you to escape from that dilemma Mary.

About your spring clothes, I think you must be embarrassed to have even me know how you've been disquieting yourself on account of them. Don't you suppose the command to consider the lilies applies to any but people who are afraid of going positively ragged? And only last night Helen was laughing at you because you were sure it was no private partiality that made you believe John the most considerate and indulgent husband in the whole world.

As for the house cleaning, who was it wrote to her friend the other day, "The birds sing deliciously and the air is full of the fragrance of the cherry blossoms, and since we do not have to clean house but two days in the week, why should we

I appeal from Mary in the shade to Mary sunny, what has become of those verses of Mrs. Jackson's you are so fond of singing?

One day at a time,  
It's a wholesome rhyme,  
A good one to live by,  
A day at a time.

O, Mary, it makes me a deal of trouble to stop in my work and argue this all out with you. But I won't have you slamming and banging about the house in the sulks unless I know you can give me a good reason for it. If you were at home with your mother now, she wouldn't be satisfied with having you confess yourself a naughty little girl, she'd find out what had made you behave so, and whether you needed to sit in the corner and repent, or to take a bowl of thoroughwort tea for your stomach's sake. What do you think yourself is the matter with you? What was it you drank last night to keep you awake for your gossip with Helen? Haven't you seen the world turn coffee-colored before, often enough to know what it means? Won't you ever give up thinking you can eat your cake and have it too?

I know what you're going to the big black trunk for. You deserved to tear your dress against it. You meant to get out that roll of cretonne and cover your old arm chair. You felt so discontented and morose and ugly that you wanted to do something you disliked to confirm your belief that you were the most abused mortal in the world. Now I'm going to lay out a different line of action for you to-day, Mistress Mary. First you are to mend that cross-way tear. So much because you were naughty, and made extra work for yourself by it. Then you may

put on your best gown, to convince yourself that you are not altogether bereft of something to wear, and take the very plainest and easiest sewing you can find for the rest of the day. That because you're tired. Then for an hour or two before supper I mean to have you settle yourself in the parlor and read the novel Helen left. After that, I trust it will be at least a fortnight before I hear you speak of yourself as a drudge."

A half-day later, Mary sitting before the cheerful fire with young John in a state of delightful cleanliness and tranquillity at her side, and a new book in her lap, said to herself triumphantly, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Mary's troubles cannot always be alleviated for her by this soothing prescription of rest and ease. Often hard work and old clothes must be her diet, whether she will or no. But she holds fast to her old-fashioned belief in the tonic effects of self-examination. And she does not often find that her little elfin grievances can stand forth into the light and hear their names spoken without changing shape.

#### THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Numb'r Twenty-four.

BY THERESA.

What housekeeper does not, as I once heard a lady say, "like to get her mending and week's work all done, so that by Saturday afternoon she will have nothing to do but take her knitting work?"

One can feel free to knit, or, if the pile of reading that has of necessity accumulated through "rush of business," is still undone, read and rest with no thoughts of stockings to darn, no baking or brewing for a few hours, and no worrying, as all is in readiness for the Sabbath. Should visions of callers or unexpected visitors rise up before her, she is undisturbed, for had she not the best of success with her bread, pies and cakes? To be sure, she may sometime come at a more inconven-

ient season, when she would be very glad to visit and profit by friendly intercourse, (I wish to emphasize "friendly,") which is as restful and pleasant as reading often times, could the load of work be off her hands. "Blue Monday" with all its cares will surely return in season, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." How many of us bear that in mind?

Pipsy Potts said not iron starched skirts as they will set out more, and we all know that lying rolled up sprinkled, ready for the irons, takes out the stiffness. They look nicely to be hung away smooth, but as the object of starching is to have them stand out, this one can be slighted, and the one worn over it ironed, if one so choose. If not ironed, pains should be taken in pinning on the line so as not to stretch to a point at the bottom where the clothes-pin comes, as it is difficult to pull straight. If a clean plat of grass is available, the better way is to smooth out all the wrinkles as much as possible, and spread out with the folds in the sides instead of having them come in the front and back, as usual. Dress skirts or underskirts should never be ironed to a sharp point in front or back, neither should the sleeves of dresses. After ironing the upper and under parts, fold with seams together, and iron lengthwise of them alone, with a small or narrow iron, so as not to crease the parts already ironed.

All are not professional ironers, and there is a vast difference in people, in giving garments and articles pretended to be ironed, a "finishing" look, (those worn outside more especially,) but "practice makes perfect," and hints now and then are helps to beginners in all branches of housework.

The bottom of a white underskirt became badly soiled by coming in contact with black stockings, when worn after a shower. Soft soap made but little impression, so after folding evenly in a small compass, and resting it on the wash-board, the binding was completely saturated with ammonia, and after a few strokes on the board, the stains "disappeared as if by magic," as the directions on some patent soaps have it. The skirt being bound with pique braid stitched on with machine washes easier and saves the skirt, and I consider it a wise plan to bind the bottoms in all cases, either when made, or when commencing to wear, even if trimmed with plain or embroidered ruffles. Now ruffles are oftener set up on the skirt than right on the bottom as formerly, and should be set up the width of the binding above the bottom, the same as some dressmakers do on dress skirts.

Sisters, grease your plates before you spread stewed pumpkin on them to dry this fall, and find out for yourselves, as we did, how easily it can be turned over to dry the under side without adhering to them. I was sorry this information was forgotten when giving our method of drying it a year since, but "better late than never." I do not know why it would not work equally as well with corn, and some other articles usually dried on plates, but have not tried it. I shall, however, this year.

A good way to clean rag carpets is to rip and wash the broads separately, using plenty of water for both washing and rinsing, and here the pounding barrel comes in play. Should one have a pounder and no barrel, a common flour barrel can be used by breaking off with a hammer all the nails from the inside, and nail a piece of board on the outside of the bottom, so it will be on a level with the barrel all around, and it will do good service for some time. When that fails, try another. The broads that were outside, should be changed for the center the next time putting down, so they will all wear alike. To make no mistake in sewing to-

gether, sew in a bit of twine for a mark before washing.

Another way of cleansing, if not especially soiled, only "dusty and strong," is to wash up any spots of grease or otherwise, with hot suds, (a brush is better than a cloth to scrub with, using a cloth to rub dry,) letting them dry on the floor before taking up, then spread on the grass in a hard shower, serving both sides alike. To insure satisfaction they must not be left out week after week, to mildew and rot, but lifted, and dried thoroughly, and they will be sweet and clean.

#### HOW TO SAVE ALL THE MILK.

The tea things have just been cleared away, and as the thought occurred to me while I ate a piece of delicious whipped cream cake, that perhaps it would be a help to some one to know how I contrived to have so dainty a luxury, with only our small allowance of milk. I will reveal the secret for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters.

When at home I have all the milk I wish, for we practice on the principle that it is the most healthful and nourishing of foods, and it enters largely into our diet. But when away from home I have been surprised to see how people will deny themselves the luxury to say nothing of the convenience of using plenty of milk. They try to save expense by banishing cream from their table, and substituting milk in its place when it can be done, and going without entirely when it cannot be made to serve the purpose. This I thought was pure stinginess, until I learned by experience what an item of expense milk could prove itself to be when one has it to buy.

Since then I have been diligently at work to solve the problem of how I can sometimes have a little cream, and a great many times milk, and yet not be obliged to face an alarmingly long milk bill at the end of the month. After several years of trial, I think I have arrived at a fair solution of the problem. In the first place I have found that in many instances skinned milk is equally as good, and sometimes better, than milk that has not been skinned. No one would know the difference when used for pumpkin pies. Milk gravies for dried beef or fish are good made of skinned milk, especially if, as many people always do, an egg or small piece of butter is stirred in the last thing before taking from the stove. One would never recognize skinned milk in custard pie or milk toast.

Who will say that whipped cream is expensive when the milk can all be used in so many ways? Many people who keep cows, even, are ignorant of its utility in making otherwise very plain food rich and palatable. It is so delicious and withal so wholesome and easily prepared that every one ought to be able to enjoy the luxury. A very small quantity of cream will make when whipped, sauce for a medium sized pudding. If enough cannot be secured for the whole, make a sauce in any ordinary way, and when cold mix with it what whipped cream you have. This makes a pleasing change from the plain sauce.

To obtain enough cream for a cake like the one we had for tea about four quarts of milk will be required, and if, perchance, it is made on baking day we find none of the milk at night, and have as good food as ever before. The following is the recipe:

One egg, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one-third of a cup of melted butter, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in Washington pie tins twenty minutes in a quick oven. Two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, flavor to taste, and

whip till thick enough to spread easily. Spread between the layers of cake and on the top.

In summer, cream should not be whipped till just before serving and should be kept on ice two or three hours before being whipped. In winter it should be kept some time in a cool room.

Well do I remember my first experience with this cake. It strongly resembled a large floating island, with the water much below low water mark. Since that time, however, the cream has been light and foamy. Having it cold is the secret of success.

Baked Indian pudding is better when made from skinned milk. Indeed, no harm is done if it is somewhat sour. Put in a teaspoonful of soda before boiling and if it does not then thicken, the pudding will be good. It should be baked slowly and a long time. Ours is good when baked three hours, but is much improved with every hour if three more are added. Scald one quart of milk, stir in one cup of sifted Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger. Allow this to get nearly cold, then place in the oven, and when it begins to bake stir in a quart of warm milk, one-half pint at a time.

The other day we were driven to desperation, nearly. Company came just at dinner time, and as a matter of course found us unprepared. No dessert! What should we do? Something must be prepared quickly, and as the day was warm probably the milk would not be nice and sweet. Upon looking, I found it even worse than usual. In fact, it was even thick at the bottom of the pan. I could think of nothing but a minute pudding and determined to try it. I took three cups of the top of the milk, put in a teaspoonful of soda and it boiled all right. This I thickened with flour until the consistency of thick batter, flavored, and poured into a dish wet with cold water. This prevents the pudding from sticking to the sides of the dish. Sweetened cream is the best of any thing to eat on this pudding, but as we could not have it that day, I made a plain sauce which was very good. I could not have told by the taste that the pudding was made of sour milk, and shall never hesitate about proceeding in the same way again.

A good way to use sour milk is to make what is called "Dutch" or "cottage" cheese. Place a pan of thick milk over a kettle of hot water. Do not let the water boil. When the curd has separated from the whey, drain through a thick cloth (we use a piece of linen salt bag) until dry. Mix thoroughly with this a teaspoonful of salt to three cups of curd. Mold with the hands into small balls and it is ready for the table. Care must be taken in scalding the milk not to allow it to get too hot, as that renders it tough.

Thus in these various ways I find I can not only use every drop of milk, but I have more delicacies than many of my friends who have more milk.

HESTER HAMILTON.

#### SOME NOTIONS ABOUT CAKE MAKING.

BY ROSAMOND E.

To have good cake at every company dinner or tea, seems to be part of the religion of some neighborhoods, yet one finds quite a variety of sorts of cake, and not a small majority of inexperienced cake bakers seem to regard soda as a flavor, not as a something to be used, but to be unsuspected. Soda is so cheap they need not use it sparingly. I do not scorn soda. Oh, no! Sour milk or cream enters into many of my recipes, and sometimes, when the cream for our coffee

sours at the last moment, a smart pinch of soda, stirred briskly into the pitcher, restores it to fitness for the use intended, and I wonder if everybody knows "that dodge."

Most people have some tried recipe that they stick to for all occasions, and I am not an exception to the rule. There is what the children call "your one egg cake," and, in winter, "auntie's cake without eggs," but in summer we all enjoy the Berwick sponge cake in loaf and layers spread with whipped cream or tart jelly. One cup of rich sweet cream beaten to a froth in a cold place or on ice, sweetened and flavored and spread between and thickly outside of a nice sponge layer. Have you tried it? If not, do so and report.

The "eggless cake" as auntie calls it, we make thusly: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of buttermilk or sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, two tablespoonsfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of soda stirred into the milk, cloves and spice to taste. This makes a nice loaf.

I often stir some melted chocolate into a plain cake in streaks to make marble cake. It bakes even and we like it. Or a spoonful of ground cloves is better than two sorts of batter, and it is less trouble.

Do you all know my plain one egg cake? Here it is again: The children succeed with it nicely. Beat together one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and one egg. If you want to ice it put in another yolk of egg, saving the white for icing. When smooth add one cup of sour cream or rich milk, and two and one-half cups of flour, with one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted in it. Beat till nice and smooth again, and bake in three layers or in a loaf, or stir in chocolate or spice for marbling, or make two plain layers and one chocolate. See what a variety one can have.

Then for spreading layers, jelly is easiest, lemon butter is very rich, plain icing will do, whipped cream is delicate, and fig paste will allow you to cut small slices, a little satisfies one, it is too rich.

Once we expected visitors and were put to for cake. "Never mind," said I, "we can have jelly cake." So I made sponge gingerbread, baked a tin plain, and the rest in three thin layers, flavored very strong with extract of lemon, spread jelly between the layers, sifted sugar over the top, and served it with no apology. It was good enough for any one. The recipe is, one cup each of molasses and sugar, one tablespoonful of shortening, lard or butter, one cup of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and five cups of flour. It makes two good sized tins for school dinners and is really good.

Betsy rejoices over her beginnings in cookery, and succeeds nicely with every thing she tries. She seems to have the talent for cookery, and has added on the blank leaves several of Emily Hayes' and mamma's recipes. Her pies are very nice, and this is the way the recipe is written: "Two cups of lard, six cups of flour, chop lard in flour with a knife, then dissolve two teaspoonfuls of salt in two teacups of very cold water, mix with knife, and turn out on the pastry board in a mass, roll out once, fold over and over, and roll till it is in good shape, then cut in pieces and roll to fit pie plates. This will make four large covered pies."

Of course, we believe that yeast bread and plain cookery should be taught first, and the girls have their lessons, and practice them, too, and even ten-year-old Tot gets to make the cookies she craves "for

a change," using Emily Hayes' incomparable recipe that gives the rule for flour and mixing, and is, as she testifies, "easy enough."

#### A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

On the first page of the July number of THE HOUSEHOLD is an article headed "Old Rooms Made New." Permit a few comments. No housekeeper is excusable for her whole house being shabby at once, unless she is very poor with a large family, or the women have to earn the living, or they have sickness. Under either of these conditions all deficiencies are overlooked by generous hearts who grasp the situation at once, and think how well to do so much.

But let us enter that dining room. "Cane seats all broken." They will wear out, but perforated wooden seats can be bought by the half-dozen for a small sum. When a seat is broken, take out the fragments of cane, and with a few brass-headed tacks replace it with a new one.

"The varnish is scratched from one end to the other." Take an old scratched up chair, carry it out on to the grass, and scrub it all over with soap suds until it is clean. Do this on washing day when "suds" is plenty. Let it dry. Now rub it all over with a rag saturated with kerosene oil, then rub the oil off with a dry rag. If the scratches have not all disappeared, wet a cloth in water, and dip it in a little linseed oil, rub your chair with this, let it stand a few minutes, then rub off with a dry one. Your chair will be greatly improved. Any old wooden furniture can be renovated in this way. For carvings a small brush first dipped in water, and then in oil, will remove the dust. But they must be thoroughly cleaned before the oil is applied.

"There is that grease spot by the bay window." When you get a grease spot on your carpet treat it to a gasoline bath. Take a small quantity in a bowl, provide old clean rags, take a small rag, dip it partly in the gasoline, leaving enough of the rag dry to take hold of, now rub the spot hard until your rag looks dirty, then take another and proceed as before, keep on changing rags as fast as they are soiled. When the rag you have been using shows no soil by rubbing, stop work for this time, and pin a clean cloth over the spot, and let it remain until you think the carpet is dry. When you remove this cloth, if the grease is not all gone repeat the process as soon as possible. Soap and water will do the work as effectually as gasoline, but is more sloppy.

One more comment: Aunt Adelaide's curtains and covers looked pretty and fresh, but beware of a large purchase of canton flannel, cretonne and cheese cloth for one small house. Don't get every room in your house done up in these goods at the same time. It would become fearfully monotonous. Decorate one room, and wait a little and see how you like it. While waiting put a little money into some one thoroughly good thing, and enjoy it, hoping for more to follow. In the mean time, keep the old clean and mended.

A. A. B.

Ohio.

#### GOOD BUTTER.

Professor Long, of London, England, says: "Feed and breed have much to do with producing good butter. But while you can make a good article from an inferior cow and upon inferior food—if you know how—yet you cannot make good butter from the best cows fed upon the best of food, if you are ignorant of the principles of butter making. Giving good sweet cream, the test of a maker's capacity is what he will proceed to do with it, in order to obtain the largest

amount of high-class butter. I have constantly eaten butter in London, which my friends assure me has come direct from Lincolnshire, or Dorset, or Devon, and this fact alone appears to them sufficient proof that it is good, although it is generally quite the reverse, and I always say in response to an inquiry, that the best butter in England is obtainable in London. Of course, there are plenty of country makers who can equal any thing to be found, but they invariably have their customers, and have no need to send small parcels long distances at competitive prices. The best London butter—chiefly French, by the by—is mild in the extreme, deliciously fragrant and nutty, rich in color and perfect in grain, and cutting clean, even and solid, and with no approach to greasiness. It breaks, too, like cast iron, just as good butter should. Let any person examine the grain of a high-class sample for himself, by deliberately breaking a roll in half, and then repeat the operation upon an inferior sample. Country salt butter—why will people continue to favor the consumer with the flavor of salt instead of the flavor of butter?—is in nine cases out of ten, either bad in grain or streaky. Streakiness which is most obnoxious to the judge, is more common where salt is largely used, because the salt has much to do with the fault. Makers, too, who salt on the table, instead of with brine, make more streaky butter than others. Streaky butter is not only disagreeable to the eye, but it is evidence of inferior workmanship. It tells that the butter is not of high flavor, that it will not keep, and that it contains an abnormal quantity of salt, or water, or both. Indeed, it is the presence of water, for which salt has a common affinity, that causes the undesirable appearance. After a certain point, more bulk of salt is of no value as a preservative of butter, hence the objection of those who prefer to salt on the table instead of in the churn is unfounded. Salting with brine when the butter is granular, gives the maker perfect command over the strength of the salt and is not only the most sensible, but the most practical method."

#### HOW I MAKE BREAD.

A lady asks in THE HOUSEHOLD, for help to make a nice, white, flaky loaf of bread. After some experience in baking I will give my way. The first two requisites are good flour and good yeast. I use white frost flour, but any good flour will do. The day before baking, at noon, put one-half cake of yeast in one-half pint of warm water, and add a teaspoonful of sugar. After it is dissolved, stir into it warmed flour to the consistency of flannel cake batter, and set it away to rise. At tea time boil three or four potatoes in three pints of water, when soft, mash them smoothly, and add one tablespoonful of flour, pour the water in which the potatoes were boiled over the flour and potatoes, stirring it well. After it is cool, by no means cold, stir in the yeast, which will be very light if the yeast is good, cover it warmly and set aside until morning.

To proceed with the bread, in the first place warm the flour. This I do, even in warm weather, as it greatly facilitates the rising. Put in a large tin pan as much flour as will fill a gallon jar, set it over a pan of hot water on the back part of the range, stir until it is thoroughly warmed, then put the flour up around the sides, and use the center to set the bread. Put a large teaspoonful of soda and a tablespoonful of salt into the dry flour, now add a pint of warm water to the yeast, strain through a colander, stir it into the warmed flour, until thick enough to stir easily with a spoon, (I use a wooden

spoon for this purpose,) set it in a warm place where there is no draught, and in two hours the bread will be ready to mix. Now work in flour quickly until quite stiff—not too stiff to work easily. If there is a surplus of flour remove it to another pan. Knead the dough about half an hour, and set it away to rise again. After it has doubled its size in rising, it is ready for the pans. Have them warmed and greased, mould the loaves any size you please, but have the pans two-thirds full, let it rise until almost full enough to go over, and it is ready to bake. If the lady should try my way, I should be pleased to hear the result. CATHARINE.

Ohio.

#### HER HOUSEHOLD CARES AND ANXIETIES.

You think, oh man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light? What if the marketing did not come? What if the clock has stopped? No matter; she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn? What if they don't know their lessons? What if they have lost a hat or sash? They must be got ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan. But what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated? And what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur.

You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes and you must shut out the northern blast. But what if the moth has preceded you to the chest? What if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year? What if the fashions have changed? Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half-a-dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing room, be patient, be lenient.—Am. Agriculturist.

#### POULTRY RAISING.

A word about poultry raising by ladies. There are many ladies of slender pecuniary resources, whose health or opportunities allow them no chance for earning money outside the home circle, but who might, with very small outlay, set up a little poultry establishment, and find health, occupation and money in the undertaking.

In a certain country village a professional gentleman found himself at fifty in possession of three pretty daughters, a slender income, a broken-down constitution, and a gloomy prospect for the future. The daughters were educated, refined, energetic, and devoted to their parents. One opened a private school in the house; the second gave music lessons, not only in her own neighborhood, but in an adjoining city; the third turned poultry keeper. Each succeeded in her chosen way, but Bertha's poultry yard, in her

judicious management, was the most successful of the three undertakings. Elegance and refinement still reigned in the sick man's house; books, music, pictures, and the pretty feminine knick-knacks that tasteful women gather about them, were scattered through the rooms; nor did the little poultry girl lose caste in society, or suffer any letting down in manner or character because she helped to enlarge the family fund by raising poultry.

Another young lady kept account of the yearly expenses of her poultry yard, and at the end of the year, found her net gain \$360, while her yard was better stocked than at the beginning of the year.—American Poultry Yard.

#### HOME-MADE CHEESE.

Place the pan containing the milk in another pan holding water, to prevent scorching the milk. Heat and pour it into the mass of milk in the tub until all reaches 85°. Add sufficient prepared rennet to coagulate the milk in forty-five minutes. When the mass readily splits apart by pressing the finger in it, cut into blocks with the curd knife. Let it rest for fifteen minutes. Now carefully break the curd by slowly lifting it with the hands, fingers apart to the surface of the whey, and when well broken let it rest fifteen minutes. Now dip off a portion of the whey into pans on the stove, and continue breaking the curds until the size of chestnuts, and continue pouring in the warm whey, until the mass reaches 98°. Let it rest for half an hour, when it must be stirred slowly until the curds show a firm consistency. Press some together in the hand, and when released, if it readily falls to pieces, it is ready for draining. Throw a cloth strainer over the tub, and dip off the whey down to the curd. Then put the strainer on a willow clothes basket, and dip the curd into it to drain. Break up the curds with the hands, and when pretty dry, salt at the rate of four ounces of salt to ten pounds of curd. Mix it thoroughly and put to press. After the cheese has been four hours in the press, turn and press again, leaving it in over night, when it may be removed to the shelf. Rub with butter, and turn daily until ripe. Small cheeses need no bandage and little pressure.—Am. Agriculturist.

#### STARCHING.

Allow a teaspoonful of good starch to each shirt and collar. Use just enough cold water to wet the starch, mash it free from lumps, add a little more and stir it well; add for each shirt a little sperm or white wax as big as a pea, and a quarter of a spoonful of salt to three spoonfuls of starch, pour on boiling water, stirring slowly all the time; boil hard for fifteen minutes without scorching, skim and strain while hot. This can be done only by dipping the strainer in cold water, while the starch is in the bag, and squeeze it immediately before it becomes hot.

Wet bosoms and collars in hot water, wring very dry, and starch while damp; rub the starch well in, and wring in a dry towel, and remove all starch left on the outside; spread out evenly, rub down with a dry cloth, and roll tightly together; let it lie two or three hours, and then iron, and you will have a gloss on your shirts and collars, equal in appearance and perhaps better in quality than if it had been done at a Chinese laundry.

#### HOUSEKEEPING IN JAPAN.

A lady writing from Japan, says:—“Housekeeping here has no trials. Capable and faithful servants are plenty and cheap. Our establishment boasts five, and for these we pay about what two would cost in New York. I do not

visit my kitchen once a month, never give an order outside of a spoken wish, yet the domestic machinery moves with an ease and perfection unattainable at home by almost any effort on the part of the mistress. The manners of the servants are amusing, not to say startling, to an American accustomed to the cheerful familiarity of her native help. Every night at bed-time our five retainers appear, prostrate themselves in succession to the earth, and retire. It was difficult at first to preserve the necessary dignity for the ceremony, but now I am as majestically gracious as any other potentate. The other day, on one of my rare visits to the kitchen, a hairpin became loosened and dropped without my notice. I had been seated in my own room only a few moments when my houseman entered, bearing a small salver, which he presented to me with many genuflections. Fancy my surprise to see a little hairpin upon it, and to learn from my proud but embarrassed servitor that it had fallen to the kitchen floor from my head. Afterward I found there had been almost a quarrel as to whom belonged the inestimable honor of bearing it to its owner.”

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent admirer of our paper for several years, and have received so many valuable hints from it that I feel as if I must do my share towards the general fund of information.

To the sister who asks how to clean white silk lace: Fill a bottle half full of water, add one-half teaspoonful of ammonia, put the lace into it and shake well. I think the appearance of the water will convince her that the lace will cleanse itself in that way. When it is clean, dip the lace into hot starch, place between folds of cloth and press it on the wrong side. I am sure she will be pleased with the result.

Canuck, if you wish to make an oil cloth from wall paper I will give you my method. Sew together the cheapest cotton cloth, the size of the room, and tack smoothly to the floor as you would a carpet, then paper it just as you would the sides of a room, with cheap paper of a pretty pattern, and put a border around the edge, if you like. Put a little gum arabic in your paste. After it is thoroughly dry put on two coats of furniture varnish, and when dry there is your “oil-cloth.” It can be washed and looks very well indeed.

Frederica, the \* in knitting patterns is merely to save repetition. You will notice where there is a \* that the phrase, “Repeat from \*,” is always used. As the children say, now you must do that all over again.

I have a recipe for cream cake that never fails which I will send:

Cream Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one cup of flour. Mix all together, and the last thing add one tablespoonful of boiling water. It will make three layers.

Cream.—One pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch or flour. Flavor with lemon.

Hinsdale, N. H.

BIM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to greet you all just once if no more, and tell you how much I appreciate your efforts in behalf of the toiling ones who are so bravely struggling to make home happy. Surely, every home where THE HOUSEHOLD is welcomed and studied cannot be otherwise than growing brighter and better.

Emily Hayes, please allow me to ask a few questions for you or any sister who can answer.

How is the best way to prepare and

serve the following: fern-leaved parsley, green curled endive, and green curled Scotch kale? I want to know how to use them in summer, and if either or all are good for winter use, how can I keep them and how serve them?

Please tell how to make nice, soft, spongy flour bread with water, no shortening. It can be done for I have eaten it but never made it. Tell us the whole process from the beginning until the loaves are baked.

Nellie M., your apple pie, last year's, is very nice. Come again.

Homely dishes are really the most useful, for who cannot do well when there is no need of economy? Perhaps some sister would like to try my way of serving cod-fish. Take nice, white cod-fish, freshen and boil a little so as to mince very finely. Equal parts of fish, and bread crumbs dried and made very fine. Take a small, deep dish, put a layer of fish in the bottom, with just a bit of pepper, then a layer of crumbs, then fish, and so on, having bread crumbs for the top layer. Put bits of butter all over the top, and pour over enough rich milk or cream to nearly cover or enough to have it juicy when done. Bake half an hour. By using rolled crackers and making like scalloped oysters, only using less fish it will be still nicer. A good dish for breakfast.

New Hampshire.

BLANCHE M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a recipe for coloring black which never fails if the directions are followed exactly, and which is easier than any I have seen yet. To one pound of goods, two ounces of extract of logwood, and one ounce of blue vitriol. Dissolve the vitriol in water, soft water is best, to cover the goods, have it scalding hot and put in the goods wet from a strong suds, keep it scalding three-quarters of an hour, not allowing it to boil, taking it out occasionally to air. In the mean time dissolve the logwood, then pour it into the vitriol water after taking out the goods, put the goods back in and let it remain three-quarters of an hour more, airing as before. Then take out the goods and wash in four or five suds, and rinse in clear water.

My husband has just made an easy chair out of a barrel. Leaving one-third for the back he sawed down one foot, then leaving some for arms, sawed the rest away to the middle, and nailed boards across for a seat. He then stuffed it on both sides very heavily and covered it with cretonne. It cost only eighty-seven cents and looks very nice.

I have just finished a crazy table spread but I am not satisfied with it.

I have learned so much from our paper I could not be without it. LOPEZ.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw an inquiry in a late number for a recipe for making ripe tomato catsup. The following is a good one: One-half bushel of ripe tomatoes sliced, cooked and strained through a sieve, then add one pint of vinegar, three red peppers, ground or chopped very fine, three tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls each of ground black pepper and mustard, one-half tablespoonful each of ground allspice and cloves. Simmer slowly three or four hours and bottle. The red peppers may be added before cooking if preferred, and strained out with the skins and seeds of the tomatoes.

Mrs. J. W. asks for a recipe for making tomato figs. The process is to scald, skin, and boil slightly with a little sugar, then dry thoroughly and pack in small boxes with a sprinkling of sugar between each layer. The best size for this purpose is those about an inch in diameter.

For the benefit of those who do not have cream to use for pudding sauce, I will send an excellent recipe for making

cream sauce for puddings. To make a bowlful of sauce, take a piece of butter the size of a small egg, and beat it up with half a teacup of sugar, powdered is best, until it is a light cream, then into a small tin dish put a coffee cup of water, and add to it a teaspoonful of flour mixed in a little cold water. Cook this thoroughly until it is like thin starch, then take the butter and sugar mixture, and while you are beating it, let some one pour into it slowly the hot flour sauce. If the beating is not stopped for a moment the whole sauce will rise and be foamy.

*Cheese Omelet.*—This is a nice supper dish. Butter the bottom and sides of a pudding dish, and cover the bottom with thin slices of cheese, on this put a layer of broken crackers, and season with salt, pepper and butter. Put another layer of cheese and cracker, and season and so on. When ready for the oven, pour over it a cup of milk, or enough to nearly cover the cracker and cheese. Bake until a light brown and serve while hot. MAE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I notice that many sisters are having trouble about their husbands' linen and the various ways of starching it. I would like to give my bit of experience in making starch. I have made my starch this way for eight years. I take a teaspoonful of starch for each shirt, and put it in a tin dish, add salt, dissolve in a little cold water, and then pour boiling water upon it, and place on the stove, and stir until it begins to boil, then let it alone. Boil until it looks clear. While it is boiling I take a cup and put as much starch in it as I put in the tin dish, and fill the cup with cold water. Add water enough to make the boiling starch thin, and let it cool enough so as not to cook the cold starch. A scum will form on the hot starch, remove it, and stir the cold starch into it. If not thin enough, add more water. Starch your shirts, collars and cuffs, wring dry, shake and roll up tight, and let them lie about two hours, possibly longer. I generally make my starch while preparing the morning meal, and after breakfast starch my clothes, and by the time I have my morning work done they are ready for ironing. I usually succeed in getting them to look well, and they are quite stiff. I do not starch the linen with any other starch, but have them washed and dried with the other clothes, and on ironing day starch them. Doing up fine shirts has not been one of the trials of my married life.

The starch I use for my colored clothes I make of flour. I do not boil it as many do. I stir my flour with a little cold water (adding salt) free from lumps, and then have water boiling hot, and pour it upon the flour, stirring all the while I am pouring. In spite of my care it is apt to be lumpy. I strain it through my milk strainer. I can get the clothes as stiff as I wish them, and there are no hard dishes to wash. The irons do not adhere to the clothes. I hope I have been able to help some sister through this difficult and laborious work of starching fine shirts.

Will some of the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me through this paper, what kind of seeds are the best for a canary bird? I have a bird, and I am anxious to know about the seeds and other food they like. How much should they be out of doors in the sun? Any information in regard to birds will be thankfully received.

S. M. E.  
Washington Territory.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—This is one of our perfect New Mexico days. The sun shines bright, the sky is cloudless, and a gentle breeze makes a refreshing change of air, in the rooms of our adobe house. The windows are down from the top and protected with screens, as also is the door. The

sunlight is pouring into the room, and if the carpet wishes to fade it is at perfect liberty to do so. A white oleander and a few geraniums are in blossom in the east window, and an aspiring Madeira vine has clambered to the top of the window and across to the other side, which, with its glossy green leaves is a beauty.

My curtains are cheese cloth, trimmed with crochet lace of my own manufacture. The rest of my household belongings are all for use, and you would all say, could you see them, that they had performed their mission. A dozen years of "knocking around" in the west is not conducive to polish on furniture, and a housekeeper here who keeps a spotless house is a martyr. Such a one am not I. Frequently I take spasms of cleanliness. I sweep and dust and pry into all sorts of corners, and sit down at last so weary.

Perhaps I will not have it done half an hour, when here comes one of our sand storms, and every thing looks worse than before. I thereupon firmly make up my mind to semi-yearly use a shovel, and let the intermediate time take care of itself.

Now, to the Band, one and all, the bane of woman's life is worry. Let us all combine our forces and drive it from the land. What if the dinner does burn? Supposing some other woman is able to mark out a rule for every day in the week and every hour in the day and then live it out. We need to be often reminded that "circumstances alter cases." Many thanks are due Mrs. Julia A. Carney for her seasonable article on the above text.

Artless, I think if the truth were known that a good many numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD are distributed in our territory, and I hold out the right hand of fellowship to each and every member of the Band.

ABBY.  
Lock goes 66, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For nearly a year I have enjoyed your occasional visits, and have often resolved to ask permission to join the Band.

This is a real mining camp, but I am told it is a very quiet one. Still, we have plenty of saloons, gaming houses, street rows, dogs and various other nuisances peculiar and necessary to mining towns. I found a great contrast, coming here from the green hills of Vermont. When I arrived fifteen months ago, this town site was laid out, a few tents were scattered about, everybody was excited and flying about either wanting to buy or sell lots. The ground was broken for the foundation to the "stone store," where we now cater to the wants of the people in general merchandise, and also distribute the daily mail. Now we have a steady growing little town of about five hundred inhabitants, including the men employed at the mines, which are situated about half a mile away.

I have grown to like this country with its constant sunshine, its bare, brown hills and prairie, and days and sometimes weeks of constant wind. And I think our town very pleasant, nestled here among the foot hills of the great Rockies commanding a most magnificent view of prairie dotted with hills and extending for miles and miles and finally melting into a dark outline of mountains raising their lofty heads to meet the clear blue of the sky. Three miles away there is a lake, from which the mining company pump the water used in milling the ore. Water for family use is brought a mile, from a well one hundred feet deep and costs the consumer fifty cents a barrel.

The climate here is delightful. We have had no freezing weather yet, and no storms since the rains in August. This is an unusually fine day, so warm that I have sat on the piazza with my sewing most of the time and found it very nice.

I want to tell Veronica how I made a very pretty and cheap stand cover. I bought three-fourths of a yard of dark green flannel fifty-four inches wide. This cut at the fold made the foundation for two covers. The one I wish to describe was made as follows: One-half yard each of cardinal and dark olive flannel. Each color cut in four strips, and each strip slashed on one side three inches deep, to form a fringe. Sew the red to the cover, allowing the edges to lap, the red on the under side, then sew the green fringe to the under side of the red allowing the fringe to extend beyond that of the red. This fringe might be fulled around the corners of the cover and be complete, but I cut mine square and made four tassels of one ounce of yellow double worsted and fine strips of the foundation, and finished them with red silk cord, suspended them from the corners of the cover with a red cord long enough to allow them to hang a little below the fringe. Then a row of cross stitch in yellow embroidery silk, one inch from the edge of the foundation completes the cover. Mine cost \$1.30.

MRS. E. L. C.  
New Mexico.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It is some time since I made my voice heard in our monthly gatherings, and just now I feel I must speak again. Owing to a late subscription I had five HOUSEHOLDS come at once, and you may depend on it, that I did not do much work until the papers were well looked over. It seems to me that this year's numbers are better than ever.

I was glad to see that Loraine's letters are con-

tinued, and I wish to tell her that her quotation from Arthur Helps was much consolation to me, and explains why I am so charming (?) a housekeeper. I have received several very interesting letters from Loraine and expected to have seen her before this time, but we have given up going south, so I shall have to content myself with a letter acquaintance.

Alta's description of her manilla paper curtains were just in time to help me out of a "pickle." I bought enough for four curtains for twenty-five cents, and I am well pleased with them.

Patty Pitkin, if you are ever victorious over shirt bosoms do let me know how the victory was won. For my part I hope the high cut coats and waistcoats will always be in style.

So far, I have been able to keep my curiosity concerning the various writers to myself, but I must say I would like to know where Jael Vee ever found her name. I have even thought of asking her to write to me, just so I could find out her true name. I made a name by transposing the letters but altogether I give it up. And I always wonder who is Cayuga, for I am especially interested in Cayuga lake, county and village. Do many of the readers know the lovely lake country of central New York?

I was much pleased with Mrs. J. A. Carney's "Circumstances Alter Cases," in the June number. If the old saying was oftener recalled to mind, we should be saved even the few sharp letters which are sometimes found in our paper. If I were to go on mentioning writers and articles that pleased me, I should need a whole paper to myself, but I want to say to Richard that I would like to shake hands with him for so bravely "owning up." I handed the letter to my John at once, and he read it, but would not affirm or deny the truth of it, but I know all the same, and so do all of the sisters who are blessed and bothered with Johns.

My home this summer is within a few miles of the widely known Lake George. I shall not try to describe its beauties to you. I hope many of you have seen and will see it for yourselves. One needs to take time to really see the beauty of the lake, its islands, its shores, and the transparency of its waters. This is historical ground also, and even the novel readers can read of it in the "Last of the Mohicans." Let me advise those who visit the lake to get a view of it from some one of the mountains which can be ascended. A drive over French mountain is charming in many things, and possible to those who could not endure the fatigues of ascending any of the others.

I presume there are many HOUSEHOLD sisters here in Glens Falls, but I have not found them. Glens Falls is a very thriving, busy village, city almost, nearly all of the advantages of a city without the crowding and indifference to one's next neighbors, generally found in cities. It lies in a beautiful country, and has much beauty in itself in the beautiful homes and grounds, while the falls are charming, fascinating to those who care for water falls. At night the sound of them can be heard for a long ways, and I often think how strange would be the silence if the water should be suddenly stopped from going over the black rocks. I am too much of a stranger here to know the place well, so I will let that be my excuse if I have slighted any thing which should be mentioned in even so brief a letter as mine.

It is supper time, so I must give good wishes to THE HOUSEHOLD and all concerned in it, and say good by.

HAL GLEN.  
Glens Falls, N. Y.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**SPICE CAKE.**—Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and the yolks of two eggs. If not stiff enough, add a little more flour.

**LIGHT CAKE.**—Take the whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of white sugar, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. After mixing flavor with lemon or add currants, (about a cup) or use raisins, candied peel, or a few caraway seeds.

AUNT MAB.

**OYSTER FRITTERS.**—Make a batter of one coffee cup of milk, one pint of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, two well beaten eggs and a little salt. Dip the oysters into this batter, and fry singly in hot lard.

**SPICED SALT FOR SOUPS, ETC.**—Four ounces of salt, one ounce of black pepper, one ounce each of thyme, sweet marjoram and summer savory, one-half ounce each of cloves allspice and mace, one-fourth ounce of cayenne pepper, and one ounce of celery salt. Mix all, sift thoroughly several times, and keep closely covered and dry.

SWEET ALYSSUM.

**TO REMOVE STAINS FROM WHITE COTTON GOODS.**—Common salt rubbed on fruit stains before they become dry will remove them. Colored cotton goods that have ink spilled on them

should be soaked in lukewarm sour milk. For mildew, rub in salt and some buttermilk and expose it to the influence of the hot sun. Chalk and soap or lemon juice and salt are also good. As fast as the spots become dry more should be rubbed on, and the garment kept in the sun until the spots disappear. Some one of the preceding things will extract most kinds of stains, but a hot sun is necessary to render any one of them effectual.

LOTTIE ELLSWORTH.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs in a cup and fill up with sweet cream, one cup each of sugar and flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a little salt.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two eggs, one cup each of sugar and sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, dried currants, raisins or other fruit, and one cup of flour. Beat the eggs and stir in the sugar, dissolve the soda in milk, and mix in also the fruit and salt, then thicken with flour rather thicker than for cake, put into a two-quart pan and set in the steamer, and steam an hour and a half.

EMMA S.

TOMATO FIGS.—Take eight pounds of small tomatoes, scald and skin them, add three pounds of brown sugar, place them in a vessel without water, boil slowly until clear, take them out on a dish, flatten and dry in the sun, sprinkle on them a little of the syrup while drying. When dry, pack in boxes with powdered sugar between the layers.

PASTE.—Flour and water stirred together makes the best paste I have ever used. It will not discolor like gum arabic mucilage, or as it does when cooked.

RUTH.

Georgia.

VALUABLE HINT.—To all who may use bottles with milk or any prepared food for infants. To cleanse them easily, cut up raw potatoes in long, narrow slices, and put in the bottle with a very little water, shake round and the bottle will be cleansed instantly.

MARAH.

PAD FOR COPYING WRITING.—*Ed. Household*:—In answer to an inquiry in a late issue of our paper, I send the following: To make a pad for copying writing, take twelve ounces of water, three ounces of gelatine, and eighteen and three-fourths ounces of glycerine. Soak the gelatine ten hours. Drain off all the water not soaked up, boil two hours, be careful not to burn, heat the glycerine, pour the boiling gelatine and glycerine together into a flat tin, the top of a tin candy box or a confectioner's tin pan, cool in a place free from dust. Use common analine copying ink.

Mrs. C. M. HINSDALE.

La Cienega Rancho, Kans.

LEMON MERINGUE.—Make a sponge cake of three eggs, one cup each of flour and sugar, one tablespoonful of water, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in one long tin and one round one the size of a two-quart pudding basin. Take from the oven, place the round cake in the bottom of the pan, cut the long cake in strips and line the sides. Thicken three cups of boiling water, with six tablespoonfuls of corn starch, add three cups of sugar, the grated rind of three lemons, five if they are small, the yolks of five eggs, and the whites of three. Boil five or ten minutes and turn into the basin. Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven. If made in an earthen basin it will keep a week in cold weather.

RAY.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of butter, three cups of sugar, five cups of flour, five eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one pound of raisins chopped fine, three-fourths of a pound of citron, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one pound of currants, and all kinds of spices mixed.

ANOTHER FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, four eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three cups of sifted flour, and spice to taste.

MUFFINS.—One egg, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, and a little salt. Mix with flour not quite so thick as cup cake.

Mrs. O. H.

California.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one tumbler each of white sugar and flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, lemon and salt.

SWISS CAKE.—Two eggs, one and one-half cups of white sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and spice to suit the taste.

BELL'S 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.

AUNT JANE'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Seven crackers, two quarts of milk, one cup each of sugar and raisins, and three eggs, the whites beaten to a froth for the top.

Mrs. J. P.

SOUR MILK PIE.—One-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of raisins after they are seeded and chopped fine, one-half cup of sugar, a little salt, and different spices as one pleases. Use only the thick part of the milk. Bake in two crusts.

C.

PICKLED PEARS.—To eight pounds of fruit add three and one-half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, and one pint of water. Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar and water, let it boil and skim till clear, then put in the pears and cook slowly till done, then take them out and boil the liquid till quite thick and pour over them. The pears should be pared and a few cloves stuck in them.

E. O. P.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two-thirds cup of white sugar, three eggs, saving out the white of one, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in one cup of flour; bake in three layers. Make a frosting of the white of the egg, and sprinkle on cocoanut.

CURRENT PIE.—One teacup of mashed currants (canned ones will do), one teacup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one teacup of cold water; bake with one crust. When done make a frosting out of the two whites and spread on top.

MATTIE SHERMAN.

TOMATO CATSUP.—It will keep as long as there is any to keep. One peck of ripe tomatoes, one ounce each of salt and mace, one tablespoonful each of black pepper, cayenne pepper, and powdered cloves, seven tablespoonfuls of powdered mustard, and one tablespoonful of celery seed in a bag; cut the tomatoes, put them in a porcelain kettle, boil until the juice is extracted and the pulps dissolved. Strain and press through a colander, then through a fine sieve, return to the fire, add the seasoning, boil five hours, stir often the last hour. Put in a stone jar and let it stand in a cool place two hours. When cold add a pint of strong vinegar. Take out the bag of celery and bottle the catsup. I keep it nice without sealing, in the cellar.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—I see no recipe for cucumber pickles so easy as mine which are as good the second year as the first. I get about two hundred small cucumbers, put them in a large butter firkin, put in a pound of coarse salt, pour boiling water on, enough to cover them, let them stand twenty-four hours, pour off and re-heat two successive mornings. The fourth morning drain off the brine and pour on clear boiling water, let it stand twenty-four hours, if not filled out plump then, cover again with boiling water. When plump place in the jar in which they will be kept, and as you pack them put in little bags containing whole allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mustard seed. I use about six green peppers for this amount, and soak with the cucumbers. Heat vinegar enough to cover the cucumbers, and let a piece of alum half as large as an egg dissolve in the vinegar. Pour it over the pickles hot, and cover tight.

J. O.

ELECTION CAKE.—This is for Mrs. G. H. Schraeder. Three and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, three eggs, one cup of yeast, and one quart of new milk. Let it rise over night. Add raisins, cinnamon and allspice.

Mrs. BEE.

Dakota.

FRIED APPLES.—Wipe a few nice, smooth skinned apples, have ready a spider with a little butter and lard in it, let it get hot and slice the apples into it, sprinkle a little sugar over them, and fry slow to a nice brown, taking great care not to let it burn.

SPLENDID COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cup of white sugar, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Sauce.—One tablespoonful of flour, one-fourth cup of sugar, make into a smooth paste with milk, and pour on hot water till thick enough, and let it come to a boil, stirring constantly.

Boston Brown Bread.

One pint of sour milk, two teacups of molasses, three teacups of corn meal, one and one-half teacups of flour,

one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of soda. Steam three hours.

Lemon Cream Pie.—One cup of white

CORNSTARCH JELLY CAKE.—Whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup each of butter and milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one cup each of flour and cornstarch; bake in three rounds.

Jelly.—Yolks of four eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg; flavor and sweeten to taste. Let it come to a boil and be careful it does not lump. Stir continually. Frost with white frosting.

SURE CURE FOR A FELON.—Common rock salt, dried in an oven and then pulverized, mix with an equal part of spirits of turpentine. Keep a rag constantly wet with this preparation on the felon for twenty-four hours. It will cure a felon in that time.

Always let cakes cool before frosting and it will stick much better.

Apply peppermint oil to a burn and find how soon it will cease to smart.

TO MAKE BITTER ALMONDS.—Take the meats from peach stones, put in a bottle and cover with alcohol.

FARMER'S WIFE.

LOBSTER SALAD CREAM.—Yolks of two hard boiled eggs beaten together with one raw egg very smoothly, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one level teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of white sugar, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cream or milk, and vinegar enough to suit your taste. Use milk if it is necessary to thin it any more.

GERMAN MUSTARD.—This will keep a year. Eight tablespoonfuls of mustard, four teaspoonfuls each of salt, and white sugar, a salt spoonful of cayenne, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the juice of one raw onion, (a large onion squeezed through a lemon squeezer,) and mix with vinegar.

Mrs. J. C. N.

APPLE SNOW.—Three eggs, one pint each of milk and apple sauce not sweetened, and one cup of pulverized sugar. Make a boiled custard of the milk, yolks of eggs, and sugar to sweeten, with salt and flavoring. Beat the whites of the eggs to a very stiff froth, and beat the sugar and sauce little by little. Serve the custard as a sauce. This is very nice. Please try it, sisters, and report.

DAISY ALLISON.

Connecticut.

FOR CURING HAMS.—The following mixture has been used by our family, (the country ones,) for about three generations. The hams are sure to keep and are noted for their excellent flavor. For one hundred pounds of meat take four pounds of fine salt, four ounces of saltpeter, and one pound of brown sugar. Rub the hams with the mixture every other day, until all is absorbed. No more salt is required.

MALRON.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar stirred into the flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda stirred into the milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter; bake it in layers. Put either chocolate, jelly, or whipped cream between layers or flavor to taste and bake in a loaf to be eaten when fresh.

O. B.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—One quart of molasses, and one pint of lard or butter, let them boil up, then pour into three quarts of flour containing two teaspoonfuls of soda, add one teaspoonful of alum dissolved in half a cup of boiling water, mix quite stiff, then let the dough cool as it is easier handled, roll one-third of an inch thick, cover the bottom of square tins, cut in cards and bake in a hot oven, being careful not to scorch. These are delicious and will keep as long as the jar is hidden, improving with age. Please try them and report.

Granada, Colo.

MRS. A. B. B.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One teacup of sour milk, or what is still better cream, and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt, stir in enough of the flour to make a thick batter, have the gem pans very hot when the gems are put in, as on this depends more fully your success.

You can by adhering to the above rule, make them very nice out of water and a mite of salt, and stir in the same amount of flour. You will be surprised how light they will be.

GOLDIE GREENLEAF.

SPANISH BUN.—Yolks of four eggs, two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven. Use for frosting the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, add one-fourth cup of sugar, flavor to taste and spread evenly on the cake. If desired it can be put in the oven until a nice brown.

LEMON CREAM PIE.—One cup of white

sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of boiling water, and one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in cold water; stir the cornstarch into the hot water, add the butter and sugar well beaten egg; bake in open tart without top crust.

MRS. A. BUCHANAN.

RAISED CAKE.—Four and one-half cups of flour, one cup of butter rubbed in the flour, one cup of hot milk poured on, two cups of sugar two eggs, and one-half cup of yeast. Let it rise over night, in the morning add one cup of raisins which have been dredged with flour, put in tins and bake immediately.

SAUSAGES.—Twenty-five pounds of meat one and one-half teacups of fine salt, five teaspoonfuls of pepper, and one pint of dried and sifted sage.

HAM PICKLE.—Six gallons of water, one ounce of saltpeter, three pounds of sugar, and nine pounds of rock salt; heat and skim.

BEEF PICKLE.—To one hundred pounds of meat, eight pounds of common salt, six pounds of sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter; no water; pack the meat tight with the mixture; if the meat has been frozen it will need a little water, otherwise it will make its own brine. Meat for drying can be taken out in four weeks.

J. A. C.

SALMON OR OYSTER SALAD.—To one full weight can of cove oysters, or 20-cent can of salmon put one good sized head of cabbage and nine hard boiled eggs, all chopped fine, ground mustard, pepper, salt, sugar, celery seed and vinegar to taste. After opening my can of oysters, I drain the liquor from the fish, cut each oyster, if small, into two pieces, if large, into three. I next put in my cabbage and mix well. I put in mine one-half pint of green chopped catsup or pickle, as you may choose to term it. If I can procure the celery stalks I chop them fine and use instead of the seed. Salad oil seasons it nicely, or cream, or butter, melted but not boiled, answers the same purpose. Put the egg in last and reserve some to dress the salad on the top.

MRS. A. H. SHINDLER.

Blackburn, Mo.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Will M. L. H., Malden, Mass., tell us in the next HOUSEHOLD how much butter to put in the mustard gingerbread?

A. E. J.

Gorham, Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters tell me what will exterminate carpet bugs when benzine, turpentine and insect powder have failed?

MRS. C. W. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send a recipe for making salads, lobster, or other?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one give me information respecting the use of carbonate of ammonia as a leavening agent in bread?

A SUBSCRIBER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will one of the sisters kindly inform me what will take ink stains out of a white bedspread?

M. R. RICHARDSON.

Wakefield, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one wishes to know how to make some kind of summer drink beside lemonade. We use all kinds of berries and grapes for that purpose. Mash them and strain the juice through a piece of old muslin, then add sugar and water to suit the taste. When we lived on a farm, our men in the field relished a drink made of one gallon of water, one teacup of boiled cider, one tablespoonful of ginger.

I would like to tell Mother how to tint lime pink, in imitation of kalsomine. Five cents' worth of powdered vermillion thoroughly dissolved in the lime when prepared for the wall, will give the required color to three gallons of mixture.

Mrs. F. A. P. can remove linseed oil stains by pouring coal oil on the spot, rub it in thoroughly, let it lie one day, and wash in very strong soap suds. Do not allow it to come in contact with boiling water, as that will cook and set the oil forever.

I. L. R. do not try to erase the bronze from your ornament, but rebronze it. The article can be obtained at almost any drug store, in liquid form, and apply with a soft brush.

St. Mary's, Ohio. MRS. J. J. LAWRENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters of the Band please tell me how I can take cherry stains from a dark silk dress?

If C. will try lard for the grease spots I think it will remove them. When my children get wheel grease on their clothes, I rub lard on the spots, then wash in warm water with soap.

Canterbury. MRS. A. J. WIBBERLEY.

## The Parlor.

### THE EVERY-DAY DARLING.

BY H. H.

She is neither a beauty nor genius,  
And no one would call her wise;  
In a crowd of other women  
She would draw no stranger's eyes;  
Even we who love her are puzzled  
To say where her preciousness lies:  
She is just an every-day darling;  
In that her preciousness lies.  
  
She is sorry when others are sorry,  
So sweetly, one likes to be sad;  
And if people around her are merry,  
She is almost gladder than glad.  
Her sympathy is the swiftest,  
The truest a heart ever had:  
She is just an every-day darling,  
The dearest that hearts ever had.  
  
Her hands are so white and little,  
It seems as if it were wrong  
They should ever work for a moment,  
And yet they are quick and strong.  
If any dear ones needs helping,  
She will work the whole day long:  
The precious every-day darling,  
Every day and all day long.  
  
She is loyal as knights were loyal,  
In the days when no knight lied,  
And for sake of love or of honor,  
If it need be, a true knight died;  
But she dreams not she is braver  
Than the women by her side,  
This precious every-day darling,  
Who makes sunshine at our side.  
  
Ah, envy her, beauty and genius,  
And women the world calls wise;  
The utmost of all your triumphs  
Would be empty in her eyes.  
To love and be loved is her kingdom;  
In this her happiness lies.  
God bless her, the every-day darling!  
In this her preciousness lies.

### ECCENTRIC MRS. DILLY.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

HE was the eldest of a large family of children. Her girlhood had been passed in the country, although not as the farmer's daughter which she was, did she manifest ability. But for her eccentricities, she might have risen to considerable eminence above her earliest associates as her womanhood was attained. However, her singularities are themselves the mainspring of this story, offset, as they were, by the very kindly heart that dictated (if such may be the word employed) the life of peculiar Mrs. Dilly. The tenderest period of her life may be left unwritten. She was by no means of the sentimental order, although she had sacrificed her youthfulness to an early marriage, her sacrifice so much the greater as she had given herself—at least, by formality of bond—to an exceedingly worthless young man, whose ignorance and dissolute habits combined, interfered with her progress in certain directions, the while it could not be estimated how far the unwifely course which Mrs. Dilly took, influenced the continuance of her husband's idle living.

Her aspirations were of a nature which he could not comprehend, themselves singularly inconsistent with her own carelessness in other respects—for she had no idea of method, time or contrivance, while womanly judgment was almost wholly lacking. Her pursuance of literary knowledge, and her desire of polite accomplishments, were both viewed, under the light of sensible minds not particularly given to any degree of higher learning, as ridiculous in the extreme. There were some persons, notwithstanding, who could acknowledge the unfortunate woman's intellect as by itself of worth, although the anomalous specimen of humanity was herself a rather unpleasant contemplation. She had her own enjoyment in love of exercising intellectual faculties, yet appeared to be using these as though affected by some mental, or, rather, moral, anopsy, thus unable to measure the distance in which knowledge

needed to direct itself outward towards others to effect a general good. Plainly her learning was for love of itself especially, although she was pleased when any person sought to share a bit of it.

She did not parade her knowledge. Indeed, she would not have understood how, had she been of proud disposition. Casual observers would never have suspected her acquirements. Those who were necessarily well acquainted with the woman could but guess a little at the truth.

Every one recognized her eccentricities. Children were not attracted to her, neither were they repelled. Her nature was affectionate, but there was nothing of this visible. It was rather the effects of her uncomely appearance upon the sensitive minds of children, that held them aloof, than any manner or tone to which they disinclined. Her own little ones were won by the attractiveness of other mothers, gathering from these what Mrs. Dilly, with all her superiority of knowledge, failed in transmitting, herself totally deficient in parental magnetism. How she expected her family to flourish properly, left as it was to its own management—a sort of settled despair—was an open question very generally discussed, as likewise were the inconsistencies of Mrs. Dilly respecting her individual welfare. She would almost entirely ignore bodily comfort at times, for the sake of whatever might be the occupation of her mind. Only the recurrent presence of her dissipated husband in the house, had any power to arrest her strange devotedness to things which could be of little use to herself, (except as solitary solace of mind,) and his tempestuous storming over her lack of provision for himself, whenever he might chance to make himself a member of the household, brought her, as one stunned, most readily to what small sense of the fitness of details she might have had. She would proceed to obey commands from her dictatorial lord as though a slave afraid of immediate lashing for any trivial misdeed. She did not understand that her facing the cowardly man, with somewhat of his own assumption of authority, would have made him shrink from her involuntarily. The man was an object both to pity and despise. Yet why despise a brother mortal, to whose level, by the gracious hand of a merciful God, those in the same image have been spared from falling!

Mrs. Dilly was seldom idle of hand, yet seemed to have no notion, even, of housewifely thrift or of orderly habits. She did not condemn her husband's mode of life, as he did hers, but seized the days or the hours of his absence from home (such home as it might be called) to pursue her fixed purposes, regardless of time, insomuch that he often took her unawares, whereas she should have been, to use a term from her favorite language, upon the *qui vive*. The only thing which either neighbors or friends—she did not have a large number of the latter—would have thought of preferring to her opinion, would have been some purely mental problem. It was not unusual for certain persons frequently to ply Mrs. Dilly with perplexing questions as to the meaning of this or of that expression in literature. She was never perplexed. She was in her element as helper out of such difficulty, yet with no symptom shown of secret pride.

Her nearest friends—by whom are meant her family relatives—had said that she should have foregone marriage and taught in the schools. Perhaps she would have succeeded in such an undertaking, had she chosen. Still, a strict allegiance to her mental nature might have strengthened her eccentricities, by allowing no place to the entrance of important ideas from the living beings so practical

about her, however passively she let these same ideas inhabit her mind and take a portion of her thought. Her relatives seemed anxious to verify her possession of something worthy of acknowledgement, while they did not attempt to cover her singularity of self and of manner.

The way in which Mrs. Dilly manifested her educational excellences was amusing to some persons who themselves were well educated. There was all the substance of thorough learning in whatever she had undertaken, but the polishing influences of refined study appeared only in her desire of all that could belong to it, and that desire was to close observers apparent.

Mrs. Dilly was generous in heart, yet in the singular composition of her nature some did not read this fact, and these believed her "mean," or "close," implying ungenerous motives where simply lack of accustomed thought lay. Mrs. Dilly, as the reader may see, proving herself forgetful of individual comfort, no less than improvident to her family. She had not as much money to spend upon either herself or her family, as was by some supposed, but she could have, by forethought and judgment, contrived a liberal dispensation to both family and outside needy folk, had she possessed the requisite qualities. She was never known to ask assistance from any one as to the ways and means of home living, which she so poorly comprehended. Still she gave of her intelligence wherever needed.

Any disputes as to the correct pronunciation of French words could be satisfactorily settled by consulting Mrs. Dilly. Her assistance was valuable in translating difficult passages in Greek or in Latin. She might well have taken her reward for these favors in seeking enlightenment as to household regularities. She simply did not recognize her need, else she might have solicited help, as well as her neighbors or friends of herself. She had no mean prejudices, nor any envious trait. She merely existed in a world of her own mind's forming, into which no one seemed willing to enter, but upon the borders of which some might gain from its inhabitant much information of no small importance to themselves.

Mrs. Dilly was not only the oldest of many children in the family from whence she had sprung, but the only one of the wealthy farmer's daughters which had exhibited studious inclinations, or which had chosen book-knowledge rather than practical. Little had she cared for dress, while she could have fostered such a fondness as well as her sisters, who vied with the well-to-do farmers' daughters for miles around upon the hills of salubrious, blooming Chesterfield, where so many city people came in summer time for either health or recreation's sake.

No one had seemed to look upon Mrs. Dilly as young, when she came to live at Rockton, which small settlement lay within facilitative nearness to a finely growing city. None knew her there except as Mrs. Dilly, although they sometimes heard her spoken of as "Lazelle," by a younger sister who visited her at certain seasons of the year. The sister was called unusually good looking—some used the term "handsome"—and, indeed, her face was not unpleasant to look upon, although she was of the type of physically robust young women. Her countenance was bright. She had very dark eyes and hair. But no gleam of fine expression lit up the unintellectual features, nor was there any revelation of inner thought to enhance the striking charms—a fact which denotes lack of beauty, considered (as it should always be) apart from merely handsome regularity, since the two terms are not strictly synonymous. Miss Belton had not a trace of the peculiarities

of Mrs. Dilly, while the latter was singularly plain in both form and feature. There was sharp contrast between the two sisters in every respect, except the tone of voice, which in both was distinctly rural, although the elder woman's correct word speaking partially concealed the disagreeable effect of sound. With all her superiority of head knowledge, it seemed somewhat strange to observe the preference which people generally gave to the younger sister because of her personal comeliness.

Miss Belton became friendly to a marked degree with a near-by neighbor of Mrs. Dilly. She was scarcely capable of friendship in a prolonged state. Yet she must be social with people, to fulfill her light nature, and was drawn as far as she could be in affection towards this same neighbor, who was very generally liked by others. Miss Belton confessed to her Mrs. Dilly's failings without misgiving, declaring, "Lazelle has not a particle of common sense. She was always different from any of the rest of the family, and nothing could be done with her. Father said but just to let her keep her head in books. School was all she cared about before she was married, but it seems now as though she would never spend time upon any thing but books and music. They did not hinder her marrying, but I believe that she must have thought Dilly would let her have her own way easily, whereas he has made her wretched by his dissipation, and she makes no sort of home for him. Whatever attracted him, no one knows but himself. What she found to like in him is as much a mystery, for that matter. He is as ignorant as a baby of books, though I know I have not much to say of myself, in that line. I pity Dilly, and I pity Lazelle. I am more provoked, though, because she might have had a different life."

The neighbor took interest in Miss Belton, and learned, without much inquiry, all about the family relatives from the communicative girl, who was, in looks, however, more of a woman than the girl she really was in years. Both herself and sister were very kindly considered by the neighbor who sympathized with the younger in her wish that "Lazelle were more like other people," while all that she could, she aided the elder in better ways of living, without interference, striving to introduce some ideas of domestic kind whenever she talked with the peculiar person.

One of the Dilly children clung to her with childish persistence, and was the means of transmitting many of the beloved neighbor's ways and means to her mother's cheerless abode. What the parent lacked, certainly the child would gain—from as diligent imitation of the neighbor's example as her youthful comprehension could undertake. Her mamma might rise betimes and play the piano as many mornings as she liked in *robe du nuit* long after breakfast hour; but little Miss Dilly (she was the eldest daughter) would find comfort with the wonderful neighbor, who never seemed to weary of children, but to have sufficient affection stored within her breast for an indefinite number besides her own. She did tire, notwithstanding, of little Miss Dilly's proffered companionship oftentimes, yet out of pity bore the repeated visits. Whenever she found it necessary to send home the child, the deed was done with gentle courtesy, so as not to wound the feelings of the little one, to whom there was always a "next day," and who would readily have submitted to adoption had the kindly neighbor been inclined.

Mrs. Dilly had some dormant notions of propriety respecting social matters, as well as faint ideas concerning religious ceremonies, which she did not regard as

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binding by any means. She followed, in a manner peculiarly her own, the leaders of orthodox faith. She had adherence to no particular denomination. She seldom entered a church edifice herself, but allowed her children to attend with the neighboring youth wherever fancy led them. Had she attended regularly to their outer habiliments, they might then have as unfailingly been "clothed upon" in the spirit of their minds, by attendance at the churches and the Sunday schools. They were odd little figures, except the one mentioned when she had begged her favorite neighbor to make her "like other mammas' little girls." The child appreciated herself when thus arrayed, revering the obliging neighbor according to her own instincts as to what maternal interest should be like—the neighbor, of course, her ideal of a *bona fide* mamma.

Mrs. Dilly was once in awhile wide awake as to her own personal looks. She then presented a more peculiar appearance than usual, because of her disregard to colors, and the unfitness of certain articles of apparel to her angular form, which she selected for wear. Her way was to copy some style of dress or of outer garment which had attracted her notice, without thought of suitableness to either her figure or her age. Money could not buy taste nor judgment.

Miss Belton was sadly mortified when Mrs. Dilly would appear in public. She understood every detail of dress, upon which she expended much money, although her father's wealth had no power to secure her an "education like Lazelle's." She seemed to think that education might be a comfortable possession in unison with her own better judgment in things material, and she pitied Mrs. Dilly, whose accomplishments she looked upon as lost in such a life as she were leading. She was "interested in Lazelle," yet many a laugh did she provoke from others, when recounting her sister's comical experiences at home. She contrived with the favorite neighbor, while once visiting her sister, to "have Lazelle dressed somehow according to her means and natural station of life."

The neighbor persuaded Mrs. Dilly to a shopping excursion, which long remained in memory. Mrs. Dilly was rather bewildered with all she saw. She thought cheap fabrics good enough for herself, and, despite the neighbor's fair intentions, was afraid of spending money foolishly. But Miss Belton's hints and instructions were borne in mind, and Mrs. Dilly was prevailed upon to leave examinations of some garments which only imitated the better sorts, and to make her decision in favor of some of real value. She finally parted with considerable money from her purse, and her consciousness of the vanity that her doings savored seemed to distress her mind most painfully. Her neighbor had never had a more exhausting duty to perform. The amusement which Mrs. Dilly's manner had caused the shopmen and their customers made her almost wish that she had left Miss Belton's suggestions unheeded. Mrs. Dilly herself was unconscious of the mild excitement which her eccentric ways were causing, and roved from one place to another, more interested in beholding unusual sights than in her several purchases, thereby losing herself from the vigilant eyes of her neighbor more than once in her wild caprices. It was like a game at hide and seek. Lo! the good neighbor seized upon her just in time, at one interval, to save her from a serious accident to herself, as well as a catastrophe to the large mirror towards which she was swiftly walking in her eagerness, the people in proximity convulsed with laughter upon hearing the remark of Mrs. Dilly to her rescuer: "I thought it strange to see that person,"

designating the person meant by pointing to the mirror, "walking in such a hurry to meet me, and looking so much like myself!"

But Mrs. Dilly appeared at church the following Sunday, her outfit as fashionable as Miss Belton could desire, while little Miss Dilly had been plentifully rewarded for remaining at home in charge of the younger children upon the shopping day, and likewise presented a fair appearance in the pew of her inimitable neighbor.

Little Miss Dilly was a good-humored child. This will be readily believed, when the reader knows her mother's treatment of her sleepy self. Early rising had always been a habit with Mrs. Dilly and her children were usually roused by some effective means.

Little Miss Dilly, however, was obtuse, except when her mamma lifted her from her warm bed into the bath tub, which had been prepared for her presence by plentiful cold water. When the neighbor learned this mode of waking the child, she could not resist expostulations against the harshness of the measures. But little Miss Dilly would only stand till wide awake, laugh as merrily as you please, and jump from her position, aware of the fact that she was at liberty to visit her neighbor as soon as she chose. A warm breakfast was almost unknown to her. A prolonged strain from some celebrated musical composition had small effect upon the child's reflective mind. Little Miss Dilly "hated a piano." Who could wonder? If she could find a crust with a cold bit to devour with it, often sharing these with the younger children, off she would bound for the neighboring home—to her imagination a very palace of content. The neighbor at last removed from Rockton. Mrs. Dilly was later deserted by her husband. She took her family elsewhere.

After a number of years had passed, Miss Belton visited—not her sister, but the sister's well-remembered neighbor. She told of Mrs. Dilly and her troubles, but what great comforts the elder children had become to her. Little Miss Dilly was grown into a young woman of whom any one might be proud, and she (Miss Belton) believed that the former neighbor had been the child's best friend.

"Lazelle, even, seemed to be doing better for herself in her present home." She could never become a housekeeper, but her daughters had undertaken such duties, and she could be "bookish and musical" as much as she liked. She would always be what Miss Belton called her, "queerer than queer." One thing commendable, however, she spared no money in the education of her children, and they appeared to have the mother's love of learning without her eccentricities. They made, moreover, such a home for her as she had never made for them.

Little Miss Dilly—as she would ever be to the good neighbor who in her childish years had so well befriended her—was now a successful music teacher, since she had overcome her hatred of the piano. It was pleasant to know of such changes, and the neighbor rejoiced over them.

Mrs. Dilly made one more visit to her former friends, and this was after many years had elapsed. She had grown aged looking, but a light which age could not dim shone in her face—the surety of a mind intelligent. She had become even well-looking, physically speaking, and some one (probably the daughter) had seen to her dress arrangements, so that she was very pleasing to behold. She spoke of her "dar children," one of whom she called "beautiful." She conversed upon some current literary topics interestingly, citing some poetry illustrative to the subject. She furnished cas-

ually some information about classic lore, much to the delight of her hearers. She spoke some French, in discussing a translated work, which had excited public comment at the time, and her fine familiarity with this language was appreciated by some of her listeners. She was in her element, and it was evident that she could never forsake her love of learning and accomplishments. Tears stood in her eyes, as she recounted the trials which she had endured, and the good that had come to her from the former kindness of her neighbor. It was her turn to tell of Miss Belton, who had spurned her because of her unfashionable life, and who professed affection for the children but not for herself.

Probably, the eccentric Mrs. Dilly had not in all her lifetime more or severer trials than many of her fellow mortals, all of whom are "born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards." She could have relieved herself of certain of these, had she had the understanding. But she had had great solace from her cherished mental faculties, however inconsistently she had used them in regard to those about her. Perhaps some loving, patient home-keepers have missed as much the enjoyment she experienced from intellectual companionship with books, as did she lose the happiness of association with orderly beings, and the sense of a home made restful and attractive, by her own lack of power towards those desirable ends.

It is a signal blessing, to be able to cultivate both home and mental pleasures. Few women can combine these favorably, without a marked supply of both physical and spiritual energy. Indeed, not many possess robustness of constitution wherewith to cope with varied undertakings, although the consistent woman, whatever her faculties, or her range of action, is an object mostly of admiration. Mrs. Dilly was an anomalous in the human world, and no one would willingly accept her extraordinary abilities, had her deficiencies, together with her eccentricities, to be likewise counted with the possession. She could never figure in life except as the eccentric Mrs. Dilly.

#### THE IDEA OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

It may be questioned if we of the nineteenth century ever fully realize the change that has taken place in the world during the last two thousand years. We may, perhaps, by study and comparison bring ourselves to comprehend something of the progress made in the sciences and industrial arts, in the conveniences and refinements of life as regards material things. But there has been a change of even greater importance in those things which we call immaterial, but which are not less real, in the generally accepted standard of morality, the underlying principles of civilization, in the estimate of honor and of the duty and responsibility of man toward his fellow man and his Maker.

We may be ready to acknowledge the fact of such a change, but it is a fact we are apt to lose sight of and so far that it seems to have no abiding influence on our thoughts. It is our inclination to take for granted that the qualities we call virtues were always called virtues, that those known to us as evil were always thought evil, and in reading the history of ancient times, we are disposed to judge the men and manners there discovered to us by our own standard of right and humanity. This is manifestly unjust. We cannot rightfully condemn a man for failing to conform his life to a system of morality which not only has never been taught him, but which is at variance with nearly every thing he has been taught.

It is true that the germ of whatever is pure and noble in the soul of man was put there in the beginning by the Divine Artist who created it, but it is also true that many of these germs lay latent, undeveloped, for ages. They were not dead as might have been imagined. The mysterious life principle was there in unimpaired vitality—not acting, but ready for action. It was biding its time, waiting until the fitting stimulus, the essential nourishment should be given it, to wake and feed, and grow upward and outward into the beauty of a full and harmonious development as a tiny seed, to the eye as dead, inert a bit of matter as any grain of sand in the road, feels, when properly sown, the quickening contact of earth and its elements, and sends upward to the air and sunlight the fresh growth to bear the fruit of use or beauty which is the end of its existence.

And so, though from the first there may have been some hint in the nature of things, some dream in lofty minds, of the beauty of love and sacrifice for others, the idea was never carried far, never taught as an active principle of morals or religious faith, until it was divinely, innately conceived, nourished and carried to its highest by one man—who was more than man—and shown to a wondering, hostile, unworthy world, by the divine sacrifice, destined to change that world, to turn it, as was graphically said, "upside down."

Perhaps the most important instance of any development of the idea of self-sacrifice before the time of Christ may be found in the stories of Buddha, who is said to have taught it, and to have given an example of it by leaving for a time his heaven of painless existence in Nirvana, and taking on the human form with its attendant ills and miseries, that he might teach men to subdue all fleshly desires and lead pure lives, and by such means gain, through metempsychosis, a more exalted spiritual plane, rising by successive steps into stronger and higher life, until at last they are able to break the fetters forged by sin, escape the necessity of new birth and renewal of existence, and attain Nirvana and absolute rest.

The doctrines of Gautama were a great advance on all that had preceded them. His code of morals was gentle and humane in comparison with the cruel usages which it displaced. But from all we can learn of the working of Buddhism it would seem that the idea of self-sacrifice was not so taught by him that it had any enduring influence on the minds of the masses who followed him, or modified their lives in any appreciable degree. If held as a doctrine by the priests, they made no practical application of it. Probably they did not themselves understand it. It may be that the world was not yet ripe for it, and could not receive it.

The caste system, one of the most permanent establishments of India, the pivot on which turn all ideas and customs of Indian society, could hardly retain its power among a people permeated by that love for all men which is the motive of all acts of true self-sacrifice. It is well known that all the people of India who embrace Christianity, a constantly increasing number, at once, and at whatever cost to themselves, renounce the caste idea.

Even if we should grant it possible that Gautama understood the principle on which true and worthy self-sacrifice is founded, we may say with much certainty that his followers and biographers did not. One of the legends recorded of him we may notice as a plain instance of this lack of understanding.

It is said that once in a time of drought and famine, Gautama saw, not far from his path, a starving tigress with her young about her. He felt such compassion for their suffering that he at once gave him-

self to be eaten that they might have food and live. It would seem to us a more god-like act if he had stopped to ask himself if the life of a Boond was not of more value to a suffering world than a brood of tigers, and if he had a right so to dispose of it. Following the idea of some of George Eliot's bright girls we may say: It might have been a noble deed but it is a bad precedent. If generally followed, there would be a great many fat tigers roaming about, and very few men.

Sacrifice of self from which no good, real good, can come to another, is not a virtue; it is a weakness. It is an injustice to one's self which has no reasonable excuse, of which the moral law does not approve. The motive only, gives value to sacrifice. It is love that prompts true sacrifice.

Such love, as an element of life and conduct, as a duty towards our fellow men, was not known in this world two thousand years ago. God the Father, the God of love, was not our God until Christ gave Him to us. Charity, self-sacrifice, meekness, were not conceived of as principles of action or faith, until Christ felt and taught them, adding to the precept of His words, the example of His life—a light that has flooded the centuries and given all things a new meaning.

These are usually named as distinct and different virtues, and they may be such if rigidly discriminated. Yet they are closely connected—so closely that one may almost be said to include the others. There can be no true self-sacrifice without love, no meekness without self-sacrifice. These virtues were not understood by the ancients. They were "unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness."

It is true that in the history and poetry of ancient times, we are sometimes told of the generous love and sacrifice of one friend for another. We all remember the stories of David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus, and Virgil's Nisus and Euryalus, and we find these tender touches very refreshing amid so much that is harsh and revolting to modern taste and ideas. But nowhere in the old chronicles do we find any account of man or woman sacrificing self for an enemy.

Hear Achilles when conquered Hector begs—not for life, but that his body may be given to his parents for burial:

"Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur, Nor by my parents. I could even wish, My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong That I have had from thee. There will be none To drive away the dogs about thy head, Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me, Ten-fold and twenty-fold the offered gifts, And promise others—not though Priam, sprung From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold. Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier, To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth; But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee."

\*The Iliad; Bryant's translation.

This is the utterance of a savage.

When Gen. Lee surrendered, Grant gave him back his sword, and ordered rations for his starving troops.

Some one may say here that if we follow the story, we find that Achilles did, in the end, yield the body of Hector to Priam for burial; and this is true. But not until all the "thronging Greeks" had mutilated the helpless body of noble Hector, with the true red Indian spirit, for "no one came who did not add a wound" and insult, and not until he had dragged him in the dust behind his chariot wheels around the walls of Troy, and three times around the tomb of Patroclus did his savage fury abate so far as to let him listen to the warning of the gods, and receive the suppliant king with any show of milder feeling. Even then it was not pity or humanity that led him to grant the old man's humble prayer—though it is intimated that he felt, for a moment, some approach to such sentiments—but the

bribe of the princely ransom offered. Even then he seemed to feel that an apology was due his dead friend, whose death he was avenging, as he says:

My Patroclus, be not wroth with me,  
Shouldst thou in Hades hear that I restore  
Hector to his dear father, since I take  
A ransom not unworthy."

To have given the body of Hector to his friends, through pity for their grief, would, it is evident, have seemed to the hero of the Iliad, a weak and unmanly act, quite unworthy of a warrior, and an insult to the memory of his friend, though the brutality and malignity of the refusal is intensified by the fact that the prevalent belief of the time was that no departed soul could find rest with the happy shades so long as his bones remained unburied, and are hardly conceivable by us.

The highest morality of ancient times utterly failed to reach any conception of the principle embodied in the command, "Love your enemies." Forgiveness of enemies was not thought a virtue, but the contrary. The Greeks and Romans held it to be unmanly, even impious, not to avenge an injury. Sallust makes Memmius declare in a revolutionary speech before the plebs, that nothing is so disgraceful as to receive injuries without taking vengeance. Yet Memmius being an unusually moderate and high-minded Roman, thought some forbearance might not be improper toward their fellow citizens, except when the interests of the state were at stake. Those who were not fellow-citizens, "barbarians," had no rights to be considered. They were linked to the haughty Roman by no tie of common humanity. Cicero, also, though of a more enlightened and humane disposition than most men of his time, expresses in one of his orations against Catiline, much the same opinion as this attributed to Memmius.

We are accustomed to think of Socrates as far in advance of his age in his conceptions of humanity and justice, yet it is his pupil Xenophon who, in speaking of Cyrus the Great, mentions as an honorable trait of character that he strove to surpass his enemies in doing injuries.

Even the Mosaic law, purer in its morality than any other known before Christ, exacts "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Christ showed us a better way. He put into the world the leaven of a gentler, truer, tenderer philosophy. Brute instincts and savagery, so long in the ascendant, were gradually repressed, and the God-given germs of pity, generosity and love for mankind, at last found room to expand, and with growing power make their way to the light. This has wrought a revolution in the moral and spiritual world. Indeed, it has, as we may say, created for us a spiritual world unknown and undreamed of before. This, naturally and inevitably reacting on the physical world, has made a change in that, in all the conditions of life, which men do not always realize or appreciate.

But it may be questioned if, even yet, after two thousand years, these divine principles taught by Christ are fully and clearly understood. We know they are not always acted on. Love and self-sacrifice are, perhaps, real to us at times. But, do we, any of us, take into our hearts and souls all that is meant by meekness? Has not the word a somewhat empty sound? Do we feel first what is intended by the injunction, "If any man take away thy coat, \* \* \* let him have thy cloak also; \* \* \* whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain?" I think that even among sincerely believing Christians is seldom found one who will silently suffer wrong, turn the other cheek to the smiter, and not feel, like a Roman, that he is doing something unworthy of a man.

We have still much to learn. But these ideas are in the world, no longer inert germs, but active, growing organisms, doing the work they were meant to do. What they have already done cannot be estimated. They influence all. Even those who do not, or will not, recognize their source are different men, different women, from what they would have been, had Christ never lived and discovered to us these noble principles, and our own innate capacity for living by them.

We have a striking instance of this in Shelley, who rejected the Christian religion, as he understood it, yet showed Christ's influence in almost every line he wrote. Some one has said of Shelley that the God of love was never revealed to him that he disbelieved in the devil, not in God. And reading his impassioned words, marking the tender humanity, the hatred of injustice, the appreciation of all pure and noble and generous impulses on which his thoughts were molded, it is impossible not to feel that the fatherly love and care of God must have been strangely hidden or misrepresented in all Christian doctrines offered for his consideration, and, also, that, in spite of this, he felt the Christ spirit in the world, not knowing it to be Christ, and yielded himself to it, growing through its informing power unconsciously toward the likeness of Him he would not own. His interpretation of the character of Prometheus is an indication of this. Indeed, passages without number may be found in his poems to illustrate and confirm the same idea. And what are his Utopian visions but a conception of that regenerated and purified world which Christians hope for in the promised reign of "Peace on earth and good will to men?"

Not only with Shelley, but with most poets for centuries, have love and self-sacrifice been favorite and inspiring themes. This is not strange. These virtues reached their marvelous culmination in Him whose life was a poem, the noblest epic the world has ever known, the beauty and sublimity of which no poet nature can fail to feel.

The densest, the most ignorant, must feel it in some degree. How else could we have such a character as "Jim Blodso,"

"Who saw his duty, a dead, sure thing,  
And went for it there and then,"

though the fulfillment of that duty meant, as he knew, the yielding up of his own life that others might be saved?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend." What then is that which leads a man to lay down his life for an enemy? It must be love, indeed, love for the human being rather than the individual, love so great that every man—even an enemy—is a brother, a friend—in a word—Christ, love.

#### TO THE HOUSEHOLD BOYS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

I suppose what makes me think so much of you boys, is because we are all related, and pretty near of kin, too, belonging to the same HOUSEHOLD. Your mothers are my sisters, so in the course of nature, you are my nephews, and we fond aunts always think very much of our nephews. So on this ground I hope you will take what I have to say very kindly and frankly.

I have found out that there are two classes of boys, reasonable and unreasonable. The reasonable boy may not always think as his father or mother or aunt does, his ideal may be wild, his views crude, but he is willing to listen to them, he is willing to consider, he is oftentimes willing to give up to those who he knows have judgment superior to his,

though it may go entirely against all his inclinations.

The unreasonable boy does not, in the first place want to hear a word of advice from anybody, but if obliged to hear, he will not allow himself to be at all impressed by what is said to him. He poohs, thinks his advisers do not know what they are talking about, or that he knows best, and just rushes right on in his own way, unless stopped by the positive commands of those who have the right to command him.

Now, if you are that kind of a boy, it would be no use for me to talk with you, for I could make no more impression on your mind than "cold water does on a goose's back." A homely illustration, it is true, but very expressive. But if you are the kind of a boy that will look me in the eye, and follow me with your judgment and reason, willing to be convinced if my arguments are good, then, you are the boy for me. Let's talk it over, this leaving home, that I have been hearing of, and that your mother is crying her eyes out about, and over which your father is looking so serious and perplexed. In the first place, where do you want to go, Edward? I like your name. It has a ring of nobility in it, Edward.

"Well, aunt, I don't really know. Somewhere, anywhere, to get away from here. I don't care whether I go to California, or out west, or to Florida, or to some city nearer home, or to sea, but I want to go somewhere."

"Yes, I see. You've got it bad. You want to give up a good home for no home. You want to exchange kind and loving friends for no friends. You want to give up good and healthful employment for no employment. You want to leave the best of society for no society. Yes, I know, it seems as though I was putting it a little strong, but you have all these now, home, friends, work, good society; but in the future you are looking to, they are all unknown quantities. They are not yours yet, we cannot say they will never be, neither can we be sure that they will be. The present is certain but the future uncertain. To go on, what do you want to do, Edward?"

"Well, I haven't thought much about it. I suppose I can find something to do. The world is full of work, and I'm not proud, I can do any thing. I can take up some wild land, or hire out on a ranch, as Tom Erskin has, for forty dollars a month, or herd sheep or cattle, or run a milk cart, or go into a store, or be a runner. On the whole, I'd full rather be a runner than any thing else. They don't have much to do, but ride round. Of course there is something I could get to do. I ain't very particular what it is. But I must say, I am tired of staying right in one place, and working on the farm, and eating the same kind of victuals year after year, and—"

"Stop, Edward, and let me take my turn, now. I must laugh a little about your last cause of complaint, and your mother such a good cook, too; but then, I know boys think a great deal of what they have to eat. I could tell you hundreds of stories of boys that would be only too glad to get the 'same kind of victuals,' and get their mothers to cook them, too. There was Dan Logan, who went out to Nevada, and got a chance to herd sheep. He lived all alone in a little hut, and saw no human being for weeks at a time, and was in constant fear of Indians, besides. He wrote home to his mother for all her recipes for simple dishes, for mind you, every mouthful of food he ate, had to be prepared by his own hands. He did not come in when tired, as you can, and sit down to a bountiful table, neatly spread, no, indeed! He used to write, 'Oh, mother,' if I could only get home again, and get some of your good

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food, it seems as if I should be perfectly happy.' And home he came, as soon as he earned money enough.

Now about Tom Erskin, who works on a ranch in California, and earns forty dollars per month. He wrote, 'I thought I had worked hard at home, but I never knew what hard work and a hard master was till I came here. The climate is lovely, but give me old New England, after all. I can't come home till I get richer. It costs so much to travel, and I have been sick three months, and surgeon's and doctor's bills have cost me one hundred and fifty dollars, besides my board and loss of time.' So you see he is really no better off than if he had worked nearer home for less wages.

It takes more muscle and pluck than you have got at your age to clear new land. If you grumble at the hard work on your father's smooth, well-tilled acres, how could you stand it to rough it alone on wild land? Yes, you could run a milk cart, if you could get some one to supply the cows. But the boys that run milk carts usually have to milk beforehand. You know you hate mortally to milk even two or three cows. How would you like to rise two or three hours before the rest of the world was astir, and milk eighteen or twenty cows, to get your milk ready for said world's breakfast? The fact of the case is, my boy, there is no such thing as living in this world without some kind of hard work, either mental or physical, under a hard master. Even those runners you envy so much, are by no means so care free as you imagine. It takes time, strength and brains to sell goods, and if they don't employ these three factors successfully, why they get their walking papers instead of their riding papers. Then they often get so tired of this very riding. Hot or cold, wet or dry, in storm or sunshine, they must be 'on the road,' often driving in the face of a blinding storm, or even leading the horse through drifts, sleeping in cold, hard beds in winter, or in warm, ill-ventilated apartments in summer, with multitudes, sometimes, of unwelcome bedfellows. No, no, this life is by no means an easy one.

I know a runner, a great, grown up man, too, who in his regular trips, takes in his native town, and he says, 'Oh, mother you don't know what a haven of rest my childhood's home seems to me, and how like a paradise, my old room, with the clean, sweet bed I slept in when a boy. And now, I must start out in the rain for another long drive.'

And really, Edward, I do not like to hear you speak so slightly of your home. It is not respectful to your parents. They have done a great deal for you, stop and think, how much. Cared for you all through your helpless infancy and childhood, (and that means a great deal) clothed, fed, educated you thus far, and are willing and anxious to do still more for you. The small amount of work you have done for them cannot begin to repay them for the bare money expense you have been; and as for the love, care, tenderness, anxiety, expended upon you, why, that can only be repaid in similar coin, and it will take a life time. Now that you have arrived at an age when your labor will be of some value, when your appreciation will be of even more, should you not give them both for a few years, the latter, always? When you come of age, they will not expect you to give them your time and work, nor wish it. You will be better fitted in mind and body to go out into the world for your youthful discipline. Your health will be more firm, your judgment established, your principles good and strong, and you will at twenty-five be more of a man. You will not roam aimlessly and foolishly about, as you would be likely to now, for according to your own showing,

you have no definite plan as to where to go, or what to do.

For some years yet to come you must necessarily be under some one. Who so likely to be kind and favorable to you as your own dear parents? Boys often imagine they are getting away from restraint when they leave home. But there is your employer to whom you must give account of your time, and the use of it, and though employers are often just, they are seldom indulgent. When you are a few years older you will have decided what work to take up, and will have a man's wisdom and strength to accomplish it.

And it wouldn't surprise me at all if you should settle down on the farm, or at least somewhere in this now despised little town. If I was a young man, I think I would rather aspire to take the place of a prominent, respected citizen in some country town or village, than to be ranked several degrees lower in some larger place, or perhaps be so swallowed up in the crowd that nobody but a few home and intimate friends would know of my existence. It takes a man of large ability in every direction to make a name and place in the midst of a great, big, busy world, while in a small corner of the same world he may become very distinguished and very useful. If there is a larger place for you, never fear but you will grow into it. But you want to grow from the bottom, up and out.

The prosperity and influence of many are like Jonah's gourd, 'which came up in a night, and perished in a night.' Away with such, and give us the slow, sure growth, with wide-spreading roots and branches, which lives on and on, and which is a rich and lasting blessing to all who come under its shadow. Yes, my dear boy, let your growth be of that progressive kind which is sure.

Do not think yourself above profiting by the experiences of others. Do not follow the example of the young lady, who when warned by her prudent mother, against a course which was unwise and dissipating, asked, 'Did you never do so, mother, when you was young?' 'Yes, I did, and I have seen the folly of it.'

'Well,' replied the pert daughter, 'I want to see the folly of it, too.' She represents a large class of young people, who have to learn by sad experience in seeing 'the folly of it.' Many things they might learn from those who are older and wiser if they would but listen to them.

No young man, however talented, need to look down upon farming as a profession, (I use the word advisedly.) It is a good, healthful, profitable, honorable employment, and is so considered by those whose opinion is worth the most. I was lately reading a sketch of a large, successful farmer, and when he was asked if he found a farmer's life a happy one, he made this answer:

'The freest, happiest, most independent life in the world. I have not been sick a day in eleven years. When I lie down I sleep. I ask no man any odds. My broad acres are there and they are exhaustless. The best bank a farmer can have is the land. Every dollar he puts there is safe, and will pay him interest and principal. The farmer is the one independent man.'

I cannot understand,' he went on to say, 'why a young fellow will stay in the city and clerk at a small salary with no future, when a farmer's life is open to him. No man could have had a much worse start than I did. Now, in spite of markets, weather, or any thing else, I can live a freeman's life, with health, open air, exercise, and at the end of every year put some money in the bank. This is not chance. It is certainty. It is the most certain of certain things.'

In the February Atlantic you will find a poem by the celebrated John G. Whittier, in which he describes with pathos a deserted homestead, and these are the closing stanzas:

O wanderers from ancestral soil,  
Leave noisome mill and chaffering store;  
Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,  
And build the home once more!

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,  
And fragrant fern and ground-mat vine,  
Breathe air blown over holt and copse,  
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small  
That life's essential wants supply?  
Your homestead's title gives you all  
That idle wealth can buy.

With skill that spares your toiling hands,  
And chemic aid that science brings,  
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,  
And reign thereon as kings!

'Kings!' Think of that, my boy, when you are inclined to look upon farming as a degradation, and be content to be a king.'

A VISIT TO AN OLD PARSONAGE.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

A visit to an old parsonage came in my way a short time since, and I am glad I availed myself of the privilege. It was occupied by others than the minister's family at the time, though owned by the parish. 'Parish house,' I think it is called by older members of society. As I sat by its pleasant windows gazing out, just opposite stood the white church—Congregational meeting-house of good old Puritan stock. What more typical of early New England history than a white church standing on a slight elevation?

This church was in good repair, betokening thrift on the part of the worshippers, and the house, the parsonage, was a standing monument. Its rooms were full of unwritten histories! In the quiet western chamber which my hostess assigned me I found much for reflection and profit.

This room, she informed me, had been used as the ministers' study, and here was a library belonging to the house. Books that various preachers had from time to time left, additions perhaps sometimes made by the society or some benevolent friend, until the number had become quite respectable.

'Perhaps you will find something here to amuse you till tea,' said my friend, noting the interest of my face.

'Oh, I am sure I shall,' I replied, 'and sufficient for a rainy day besides.'

I approached the old library. The first volume I saw turned my thoughts backward. Beyond the sailing of the Mayflower and the little company at Leyden, beyond the stirring times of Cromwell and the days of the Commonwealth, still back into history beyond Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada, beyond Henry the VIII., to Germany, to Martin Luther and his journey to Worms. Had Luther not taken the stand there maintained, this little parsonage had never been, and oh, the intervening links and mighty consequences between! I am reminded of Carlyle and quote his words.

'It was the greatest moment in the modern history of men. English Puritanism, England and its parliament, America, and its vast work for two centuries. The French Revolution, Europe, and its work everywhere, at present, the germ of all lay there; had Luther at that moment done otherwise all had been different.'

But Martin Luther did not fail. To Worms he would go, and he became the touch-stone, the motive power of the Reformation. The revolt began. It continued. England felt its throes, and its fruits the world knows.

It is not necessary to say it was a 'History of the Reformation,' I had found, and it formed a fruitful source for

thought, but perhaps not more so than the next, for that proved an early church record, that is, the early record of that church. From that I learned the church was founded in the year the century bells had chimed seventeen hundred, four years after the township was set off by the Bay Colony, in the reign of William and Mary, and two years before the reign of good Queen Anne began.

The meeting house was built and there were eight members of the church, signers of the covenant and confession of faith. They were of the old Presbyterian faith, and I do not know that the creed has been changed to the present day.

How the church grew and society flourished, to the time when a parish house was needed, continued the record, and then the land was given, conditionally, for it was always to be used for ministerial purposes. The present house was erected, and here a long line of Congregational ministers with their families had lived.

I was interrupted here, by a summons to tea, but I was not sorry to hear the rain-drops patter next morning, for I was convinced a treat was in store for me, and I was not disappointed. I was thinking upon the past, of the wives of some of the ministers who had broken the bread of life to this charge, of their trials, toils, discouragements, and rejoicings, when my eyes rested upon a little book, doubtless once a treasured keepsake of some lady, now perhaps called to her long home, and, by an oversight left here by her family. It was an album for autographs, etc. Perhaps in girlhood's days it had been received when life was before all fair; or, in later time when cares pressed heavier. Ah, little book! methinks a heart history by thee may be related, were thine the power of speech. The lines of advice, remembrance, counsel, and affection are many. Here too, with the Reformation histories, sayings and wisdom of saints of the past, from the contemplation of which doubtless the inspiration for many sermons may have come. Along with these I found a little song book. It was worn and some of the leaves gone, but I recognized some of the songs. The first I noticed was a Fourth of July Ode, written by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney:

'Clime, beneath whose genial sun, kings were quelled

and freedom won,

Where the dust of Washington sleeps in glory's bed,

Heroes from thy sylvan shade, changed the plow for battle blade,

Holy men for thee have prayed, patriot martyrs bled.'

This is the first stanza. It is stirring and patriotic in sentiment and much sung in days gone. Turning a leaf I saw, 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' and I thought as I contrasted the past with the present of the old house, comparing what now is with what had been, it indeed seemed like a 'banquet hall, deserted.' That little singing book was a pleasure in its way I enjoyed not less than the others. 'You may make the laws for a people, but give me the songs they sing,' says some distinguished person.

My mind was wonderfully freshened with the songs of the past, and then I thought of other songs raised beneath that roof. The songs of Mount Zion! The toils, the self-denials, the disappointments, the many hard places these ministers and their families must have seen, but over all, triumphant, like a bugle blast above the clash and din of battle, arose the songs of Zion. Consecrated walls! Unwritten victories are here recorded.

And what is this? Ah, yes, an old diary. Here is the first entry. 'Sent a letter to-day to George, who is taking his second year in college.' I close the book. I will not permit myself to penetrate the personal affairs of this family. But 'George' had been sent to college. I

glance at the date, it was years ago, and the young man's hair must now be silvering with age, and his footsteps grown feeble with time. Doubtless his children and grandchildren have gathered around his board and often heard of the days when his father preached in this town and they dwelt in this same house. Fond recollections and memories have been cherished; the influence of holy lives and teachings inculcated, till, long since passed from the ways of men, of these it may be said, "though dead, they still speak."

Rigid in certain views, perhaps the Presbyterians of the earlier times were, but they were honest, sincere, self-denying, God-fearing, men and women, and has their mantle fallen on stronger virtues than these? Their pleasant homes and firesides in their native England, their friends and kindred left behind and the wilds of America sought and endured for conscience' sake, by the Pilgrims. This was the parent stock. It was not after all, so much for themselves that they crossed the ocean—they could have dwelt and worshipped in Holland—but their posterity. How with them? They might become estranged, follow after strange gods, lose the mother-tongue, and so, America for the children, became their motto. Now history proudly says, "They builded better than they knew," but it remains for this great family of the Republic to prove it, by keeping bright the spiritual fires kindled upon their altars of faith.

My retrospect had taken me some distance from time and place, when I was at once brought back to myself by the opening of another little volume. This I soon saw was not a private affair. It was the recorded account of the sewing society, connected with this church. This had not become so invested with age as many of the volumes, having been written but a few years before, and left there by some minister's daughter.

A sewing circle is of course connected with nearly all church societies. This was no exception. At about the last meeting recorded, a beautiful quilt was given the pastor's wife. An "album quilt," with the name of the maker of each patchwork square written upon it. According to the daughter's record, it was a source of much pleasure to the family, not alone for its beauty and value, but as a token of good will from the ladies of the parish. Without doubt it will be a memento in that family for many years to come, long after time shall have faded its colors, and age worn and defaced.

Besides what I have mentioned, this library contained many standard works of interest and instruction. Here was Macaulay's "History of England," in five volumes. Here, also, "Appleton's Cyclopedia," dictionaries, books of reference, and bible histories. A treasure to any minister and his family, or, indeed, to any family.

But long before I reached the end, the rain had ceased, and my hostess summoned me for a walk in the beautiful, sweet air. Thus my reflections were laid aside, but a refining presence, an unseen influence had penetrated the rooms, the grounds, the surroundings.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside;  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died."

#### ON THE MISSOURI BOTTOM.

Early in December, about eighteen years ago, I came to the banks of the great, muddy Missouri river, at De Soto, Neb. I had been spending a few days on her beautiful prairies, and now turned my face eastward again. I found a ferry boat patiently waiting for a passenger and was soon landed on the Iowa side. I

asked the old ferry man to direct me to the nearest stage station, and was told to follow "that road out through the timber to St. Mary's, about two miles," and there they would direct me to St. John's, which was on the stage route eastward from Council Bluffs. The day was pleasant and after walking a little way I sat down in a sunny spot and ate a lunch that I had bought in De Soto, for it was now past noon. And then on foot and alone I started on the most tedious walk it has ever been my lot to take.

On the old sand-bars, and first bottom but little above the level of the river, there were dense thickets of young cotton wood trees with some willows, birch, and other soft wood trees which start up as thick as weeds along the border of the river, but mostly perish from overflow, fire, and other casualties before growing to much size. But on the level bottom, some five or six feet, as I remember it, above the water, I walked among great, old cotton-woods, rather thinly scattered over the land, tall and straight, sometimes marred by fire near the ground, but noble old trees as compared with the low, spreading and almost worthless ones of the same variety, that I had been acquainted with in eastern Iowa. There was not much undergrowth of young timber or brush, and rarely any other variety of trees than cotton-wood.

Wild grapes were very abundant, the vines were creeping on the ground, covering the low shrubs, and climbing to the tops of the tallest trees, many of them yet loaded with small, shrivelled, but quite palatable fruit, on which I feasted plentifully as I journeyed on. In the middle of the wood I came upon the camp of some wood cutters. They had a small steam saw mill, and were leveling the forest in a very ruthless manner. I passed eight or ten of their small, pole built shanties, and after being thoroughly stared at by children and barked at by dogs, I escaped into the woods again.

After an hour's brisk walking (from the river) over the level road, loitering but a little here and there to sample the partly dried fruit on different clustering vines, I came to the border of the grove, and looked out upon a great level sea of brown grass, limited only by the power of vision to the right and left, but in front at some distance, rose a great wall of bluffs bounding the broad valley on the east and stretching in a strangely beautiful line far as the eye could reach. Near me was a small saw mill and a little dwelling house, and away at the foot of the bluffs, a little village nestled cozily amongst them, and a few farm houses were to be seen in the small coves and little valleys between them. I approached the mill and asked of a couple of small boys who sat astride of a large cotton-wood log, how far it was to St. Mary's. One of them promptly replied, "You are in it, sir." "Then what town is that over there by the hills?" I asked. "St. John's, sir." "And how far is it?" "Twelve miles, sir."

I could not believe it. I well knew how very deceptive these level prairies are in their apparent distances, but this was more than I was prepared for. I did not believe it was half that far. I thanked the little fellow for his information so politely given, and continued my walk, thinking I could reach the town in two hours, easy, but after two hours' hard walking, it is a fact that I could scarcely perceive any approach that I had made to the place, and I would have believed the boy if he had said twenty miles. I had but a dim road or trail to follow, and mile after mile the brown grass rose thick and high on either side, so high that frequently for long distances, I could not raise my head above it and all view was confined to a few feet about me

and the sky over me. Then when I did get my head above the grassy wilderness, the little town and the great bluffs before me seemed no nearer and the timber line behind me looked just a little more distant.

Mile after mile was passed without one foot rise or fall in the level of the plain, save that several times I came suddenly upon a steep bank descending four or five feet, then a grassy flat of perhaps three-quarters of a mile brought me to a corresponding bank rising to the former level. These old river beds, as they undoubtedly are, stretch away in long, crooked paths through the great valley and may be found in all parts of it. I saw in them coarser and harder grasses than that on the higher lands, and in them frequently occur ponds and marshes, and those curiously curved lakes that are a peculiar feature on maps of this country.

Along one side of my road, then crossing it and away into the grass was a row of little freshly made mounds, about a pailful of earth each, where a gopher had pushed forward his subterranean, highway. These creatures do not, like the moles, pass along so close to the surface of the earth as to raise the ground up to make their way, but they go deeper, digging the earth and carrying it out in fur-lined pockets, on, or in front of each shoulder, and as they bring the dirt up a little to one side, and then to the other of their path, it is easily found by digging from six to ten inches intermediately between these two straggling rows of hill-locks. The soil thrown up by this little fellow impressed me as very peculiar. It was like a very fine, almost impalpable sand, of a yellowish color. It is quite fertile, as is attested by the abundant verdure it produces, but its appearance is not in the least prepossessing.

That day I plodded my weary way through many miles of grass reaching above my head and often confining my view to a few yards of frost seared verdure and a canopy of sky over head. The rough stems of the rosin weed and other of the most robust prairie plants were frequently mingled with the grasses. A few little brownish sparrow-like birds flitting about in the tall grass or along the trail before me filled the measure of animal life that cheered me on my solitary way. Thus the afternoon wore on until the sun looked pitifully at me through the tops of the great cotton-woods that were seen with provoking distinctness just behind me. I came unexpectedly upon signs of civilization. Here was the road bed of the Chicago and North Western railroad. The grade was curving southward as it entered the great bottom from the Boyer river valley. It was three or four feet high and about completed, but no cross ties or rails yet upon it.

Here I noticed, while yet at some distance, myriads of little white specks in the newly digged earth, looking much like frost, (which I knew it could not be,) and on examination I found to be small shells of the periwinkle kind. I put a few good samples in my specimen box, and hurried on towards the little town now growing dim in the deepening twilight, for the sun had already gone down in true western glory behind the beautiful undulating plains of Nebraska, I was soon on the banks of the Boyer river. The road that I had for a time been following, though plainly beaten, showed no sign of any recent travel, and now to my dismay I discovered the reason. The bridge lay a mass of shapeless ruins in the muddy waters. I hurried up and down the banks for some distance in search of a crossing, but found none, and the prospect for a cold, cheerless, and supperless night on the bottom, seemed unpleasantly fair, but not being easily balked in my plans, I came again to the ruined bridge and on the fallen,

floating, wet and slimy timbers, sometimes stepping, sometimes jumping, often crawling on hands and knees, with much labor and peril, I crossed that ungrateful stream. It was now quite dark but without much difficulty I soon found my way to a small, poorly kept hotel, only to learn that the stage route had been changed and I was yet six miles away from any means of public conveyance.

Vancleve, Iowa. T. E. BUNDY.

#### A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE

We are convinced, if we did not make the discovery, that Solomon was a wise man, and fully realized the effect of cheerfulness, or he would never have said "A glad countenance doeth good, like a medicine." Who has not experienced this truth? When we meet a long-visaged, sour-faced man or woman, do we feel the better for it? But, on the contrary, if a cheery face journeys by our side, our load is lighter, the distance is shortened, for the "pillar of light" is leading us through our wilderness.

There is an old adage which runs something after this fashion—"Curses, like chickens, come home to roost;" just as truthfully may it be said of frowns and sour looks. Would we have a happy "Harvest Home," we must scatter our smiles broadcast, as our bountiful Father sends the glorious sunshine and the generous rain, upon the "just and on the unjust," and the happy effect will surely return to gladden our own hearts.

An impure fountain cannot send forth a clear, bubbling spring. Just as our hearts are, so will be our countenance; for it is a sure index of the emotions of the soul. We know it is said, "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain;" but the counterfeit can easily be detected from the real, for it is not the cheerful countenance that doeth good like a medicine. The smile of the villain blights all that is fair, and consumes all upon whom it falls. If our hearts are filled with charity, purity, and all things that are lovely, our faces will reflect our inner feelings, and we shall possess the countenance of which Solomon speaks. While, if we are members of the croaking family, everything shrouded in gloom, not enjoying present good for fear of future evil, closing our eyes to the beauties in nature, then we always find enough to murmur about, to find fault with; our faces will portray our unhappy condition, and we shall lack the beauty of a cheerful countenance.

Few lives are so dark but some time the world is full of brightness and sunshine to them, and they feel that "the miles to heaven are few and short;" they are full of smiles and love for all mankind. When lo! the sun is hid beneath a cloud, and all is desolate; their hearts' gladness is gone, and they are gloomy looking as ever, their faces reflecting no hidden joy, but its secret sorrow, for every heart has its own special trial which the world knows not of, and it is on one of these dark days that it is sure to betray itself. But why should it? What if our road be uneven and lined with thorns, does it better our condition to look sad and forlorn? Let us be thankful for our many undeserved mercies; then we shall have a cheerful spirit, and our faces will be radiant with smiles—smiles for young and old, rich and poor. It is but a little thing to do; but who can measure the good a smile may do? The little child will be the happier and better for it. The middle-aged, burdened with the cares of life, need it as they toil up the mountain height, it will shorten the distance, and make their step lighter. The aged need it for in us they are living over their lives, now so near the close; then in their "evening time" light will be reflected upon their path from our cheerful countenance.—*Exchange.*

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I enclosed fifteen wrappers from that excellent soap (Dobbins' Electric) to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for Fatinitza. I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for several years. I would not be without it by any means. I have in several cases recommended it to persons who have used it ever since.

MRS. CHAS. F. STRAND.  
583 Carmen St., Camden, N. J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over eight months, and think there is nothing like it. I can do my washing in so much less time, without any steam in the room too. I will not do without it if I can get it. I have sent seven wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co. for the set of cards.

MRS. ADRIAN WILLIAMS.  
North Sutton, N. H.

FRIEND CROWELL:—We have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for years, and consider it much superior to all others. I send a package of seven wrappers to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and would like some of the Shakespeare cards in return.

Woodford, Me. MARY D. CLARKE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for a long time. I think it is better than any soap I ever used. My washing always looks nice and white.

ANNIE M. MERRILL.

109 Essex St., Lynn, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over one year, and the result has been very satisfactory. I use it according to directions, and our clothes are a beautiful white and we cannot do without it. I recommend it to all my friends who use it and like it very much. I sent I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, seven wrappers which I hope they will receive.

Media, Pa. MISS FRANCIES LORENZ.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have sent to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for one of their dictionaries. We have used Dobbins' Electric Soap constantly for two years and prefer it above all others. Respectfully,

LIZZIE S. JENKINS.

East Vassalboro, Kennebec Co., Me.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap and like it the best of any I have used. I have not been able to obtain any in East Granby. I shall use it hereafter. In haste.

MRS. N. C. RAYNESFORD.

East Granby, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much. I have used it for nearly, if not quite, twenty years, sending to Philadelphia for sample upon the recommendation of THE HOUSEHOLD, and after using it, sending for the first box and dividing with two others, and thus introducing it in this town, so that, after a while, one of our merchants commenced keeping it for sale. It will do all that is claimed for it. Yours truly,

MRS. ROSWELL ATKINS.

Bristol, Conn.

We have tried Dobbins' Electric Soap; it is a very good article; best soap we have ever used. Yours, MATTY LICHTY.

Paradise, Pa.

## PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

I would like postal autographs with verse or quotation. Will return the favor to those that place an x at the left hand of postal.

Lincoln, Me. A. E. BUCK.

Will Jael Vee, Texas, please send her name and address to MRS. N. C. TATE.

Iowa City, Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the ladies of the Band to send me a piece of satin or silk, 6x6, with a flower painted on, also their name and address. Will return the favor to those who wish.

MISS A. L. DOBBEL.  
Haywards, Alameda Co., Cal.

## FRESH AIR AND BATHING AS RESTORATIVES.

We believe in the theory and the practice of resorting to fresh air, mountain retreats, quiet country homes, seaside rambles, etc., as restoratives to enfeebled constitutions, but there are many chronically afflicted who find only temporary relief, and need a different revitalizing agent. The following letter illustrates this point and shows the wisdom of the one most interested in the case.

One of the favorably-known merchants of New York is Mr. J. H. Johnston, jeweler, of No. 150 Bowery, New York, where he has been established over thirty years. His wife is a most estimable lady, and is known as a writer of marked ability. Those who see her now, in the enjoyment of excellent health would hardly suppose that four years ago she was an invalid wavering between the love of life and a constant prospect of death.

To one of our correspondents, who visited her, Mrs. Johnston said:

"When I went to Washington to attend the inauguration of President Garfield I was exposed in stormy weather and caught a severe cold. It settled on my lungs, producing serious results, among which were an obstinate cough and sharp pains in my lungs. Mr. Johnston became alarmed and took me to Florida the following winter. I was by this time unable to sit up for a moment, and was with great difficulty conveyed to the steamer; overhearing the remark from a bystander as I was being transferred from the carriage to my berth, 'There goes another to be brought back in a box.' The sunny days partially restored my health, but on the approach of winter again my cough increased and strength vanished. My appetite was entirely gone. I swallowed food in daily decreasing quantities, and from a sense of duty only. Still I fought the idea that I had entered on the decline that ends in death.

I had heard of Compound Oxygen and I determined to investigate it. My husband and I went to Philadelphia to learn its merits at headquarters. Dr. Starkey examined me, told me what I already realized, namely, that my case was a serious one and that unless the hemorrhages were checked I would not live over three months. I was deeply impressed with

his earnestness. I tried the Compound Oxygen at once and found a prompt benefit. This increased daily and the cure eventually proved permanent. I was inspired with an enthusiasm for life to which I had long been a stranger. The weary, nervous depression to which I had yielded gave way to sunshine and hope. The pain in my lungs gradually faded away and the severe aches in my side no longer afflicted me. My sleep, before restless, became even and quiet. Shortness of breath was succeeded by a facility for using the full breathing power of my lungs. My capricious appetite became a natural one, and I began once more to enjoy life. Though I believe myself cured, I exercise care in avoiding exposure to colds. I always keep the Compound Oxygen in the house and take it on the slightest provocation. It always acts beneficially."

For a valuable treatise on what Compound Oxygen is and what it does, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The treatise will be mailed free of charge.

## OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

J. F. Hollywood, 498, 11 Ave., New York, will exchange 23 papers from Amsterdam, Liverpool, London, Paris, and U. S. cities, for Harper's Young People or Youths' Companion.

Mrs. L. J. Duncan, Cramer, Tulare Co., Cal., will exchange prints size of postal, manzanita foliage and wood, or red wood and bark, for single zephyrs.

Mrs. G. S. Bradley, Putnam, Ct., will exchange patterns and directions for making various fancy articles for a nine-inch square of silk crazy work.

Mrs. Telitha Campbell, Moonfield, Harrison Co., Ohio, will exchange a hair watch chain for one year's subscription to HOUSEHOLD, to begin after this is published. Write first.

Emma Pearsall, McMinnville, Tenn., will exchange "Seasides," seeds, hand painting, old coins, confederate money and specimens, for old clothes to make tufted rugs. Write first.

Mrs. E. S. Staple, box 76, Ingleside, New Canaan, Conn., will exchange HOUSEHOLD for 1883 full vol., perfect order, for coral specimens, or choice minerals. Write first.

Mrs. J. H. Howard, Hatfield, Mass., will exchange adv. cards, sheet music, sheet colored card board and plants, for plants, large specimens, books or pampas plumes. Write first.

Mrs. E. B. Dickinson, Chelsea, Vt., will exchange "Manual of Shorthand," for rug machine, also HOUSEHOLD and other papers, for Turkey red or other print.

Mrs. J. A. Holmes, box 54, Sutton, Que., will exchange knit or crochet, wide or narrow edgings, for swinging flower pot brackets.

Mrs. F. B. Jacobs, Albany, Tex., will exchange Leo Lewis' "Our Girls," "Vicar of Wakefield," Spurgeon's "Feathers for Arrows," Frank Leslie's "Chatter Box," for other books. Write first.

Miss S. S. Hutchings, Jacksonville, Ill., box 541, will exchange Kensington paintings or arrasene work, for silk floss, arrasene, paints, or any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard, Easton, Mass., will exchange chrysanthemum roots, (four varieties,) for different varieties of the same or aster seed.

Mrs. C. Wester, Mason City, Ia., will exchange a cardinal zephyr cape for nice white napkins, also a blue velvet banner for napkins. Write first.

E. G. Ward, box 219, Three Rivers, Hampden Co., Mass., will exchange U. S. and foreign coins and other curiosities, for coins, Indian relics, Century and Harper's magazines.

Mrs. T. J. Wright, La Belle, Lewis Co., Mo., will exchange sheet music and odd magazines, for silks, satins, and velvets for patchwork, or for embroidery silk.

Mrs. M. L. Coder, Glenwood, Idaho Co., Idaho, will exchange bouquet of hair flowers, for choice shells, also pattern of rag doll for stereoscopic views. Write first.

Mrs. Herbert L. Burdick, Westerly R. I., will exchange books and Demorest's magazines for Ingalls' stamping outfit with extra patterns, or HOUSEHOLDs previous to 1882. Write first.

Mrs. Kate Dinswiddie, Tama City, Iowa, will exchange hand painted plaques, panels, or banners, for Roe's books or any standard work. Write first.

Mrs. E. W. Hammond, Rixford, Pa., would like to exchange oil bearing rock, for other cabinet specimens. Write first.

Mrs. E. B. Dickinson, Chelsea, Vt., will exchange stamping patterns, papers, shells, for shells, stereoscopic views, gladiolus, and bulbs of lilies, except tiger.

Mrs. Nettie McDaniel, Guerneville, Sonoma Co., Cal., will exchange magazines, Seaside novels and story papers, crocheted lace and tidiess, and other fancy work, for cabinet curiosities.

Miss Sallie Johnson, Sherman, Texas, will exchange pieces for crazy quilt, for pansy seed and bulbs.

Mrs. J. H. Dennis, Sauk Centre, Minn., will exchange slips of rooted plants of choice geraniums, fuchsias and cacti, for equivalent in scarlet Saxony yarn. Write first.

Mrs. E. B. Ettinge, New Paltz, N. Y., will exchange "History of the Reformation," by Carter, hand painting or fancy work, for a Mason's Chart for the piano.

## "THE MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *especial* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equalled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country. We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as - - "Yum-Yum."  
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Maur, as  
"Three Little Maids from School."  
Kate Foster, as - - - "Pitti-Sing."  
George Thorne, as - - - "Ko-Ko."  
Courtice Pounds, as - - - "Nanki-Poo."  
Frederici, as - - - "The Mikado."  
Fred Billington, as - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each but to any one who uses our soap, and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and free of charge.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,  
No. 119 South Fourth St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

—There are some persons who never succeed from being too indolent to attempt any thing; and others who regularly fail because the instant they find success in their power they grow indifferent and give over the attempt.

They strolled along the broad parade,  
John Jones and pretty Miss Maria.  
"Your teeth are awful, John," she said;  
"Why don't you buy the beautifier?  
See mine! How white! Yes, 'tis my wont  
To polish them with SOZODONT."

Love Turns his Back  
on slovenliness, as regards the teeth. Keep them pure, all ye who wish to be beloved and caressed. SOZODONT is unequalled as a means of whitening, polishing, and preserving them.

Ayer's Hair Vigor promotes the growth and improves the beauty of the hair. This preparation stimulates the roots of the hair, cleanses the scalp, prevents the accumulation of dandruff, and restores to faded and gray hair its original color.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

—The loving heart is the strong heart.

## FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, *always* giving me full satisfaction.

MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

—Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

LAUNDRIES and private families find great advantage in the use of JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It enables the washer to cleanse fabrics without wear and tear of rubbing. It is the best washing compound.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

To eradicate the poisons which produce fever and ague, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It cures without leaving any injurious effect upon the system, and is the only medicine in existence which may be considered an absolute antidote for malaria.

—Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

A good artificial food, flesh and heat producing, with a proper degree of mineral elements, is found in Mellin's Food. Mothers wishing robust infants should not fail to test this article, which is highly lauded by leading physicians as the best substitute ever offered.

—Pay as you go, and don't go till you pay.

If you have sick or nervous headache, take Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They will cleanse the stomach, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, remove effete matter (the presence of which depresses the nerves and brain), and thus give speedy relief.

## HANDWRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Literary aspirants are given some excellent advice on the subject of handwriting, by the New York Critic's "Lounger," who says:

"A reader for a publishing house is almost incapable of judging of some stories, owing to the careless manner in which they are committed to paper. A hastily prepared manuscript must have great intrinsic merit to be accepted, unless the author be well known. I have known manuscript to be sent to publishers written in lead pencil and with half the lines blurred beyond legibility. I have seen others written on immense foolscap sheets in a scrawling hand, all blotted and scratched and soiled. A reader should be something more than a saint who should sit down to read a manuscript of this sort with a predisposition in its favor. Then there are manuscripts which, while they are not blotted and soiled, are written in a very small hand, with the lines close together. These are discouraging to read. But when a reader gets a manuscript written out on a type-writer, or carefully copied by hand, he approaches it with feelings of gratitude; and it is the fault of the story itself if he finds nothing good in it."

Unfortunately, an idea has gained currency that it is 'literary' to write a bad hand. I wish to deny this point blank. It may have been so in old times, when it was 'literary' to wear long hair and soiled linen; but the ablest literary men of this generation turn out manuscripts that are a delight to read. Every letter is perfect, every i is dotted, every t is crossed."

## WASTE OF ADJECTIVES.

"Are your oysters nice, dear?"  
"Lovely! Perfectly superb! Are yours?"

"Just grand!"  
Those were the words that met my ear-to-day in the restaurant. And as I looked at the two enthusiasts, I tried to imagine what their speech would be, were they looking upon Lake Como in a silver moonrise, or upon the shimmer of a sunrise tinted sea, or upon a flock of ruby clouds driven by a lazy wind across a daffodil sky, or upon Mount Blanc with a storm banner unfurled from its battlements, or violet in the shadows of descending night. If an oyster stew is "lovely," if a compound of milk, melted butter, and the unpretentious bivalve, with a dash of pepper and an added cracker is "grand," what is left for nature when the crown of the new year is blossoming upon her brow, or the trumpet of the north wind is at her lips? What is left to be said of love, of heroism, of courage, and of faithfulness, when the waiter at the oyster house can serve us loveliness and grandeur in a four-inch bowl? Verily, the wasted adjective and the superabundant smile make the heart tired.

—It bears the palm—The hand.  
—The first thing in a boot is the last.

—A French lion tamer quarrelled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all round his tent. On being sorely pressed he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "O, you contemptible coward!" she shouted. "Come out if you dare!"

—Young wife—"Now, George, dear, if you say you'll come home early, I'll go to work and have a nice cake baked for you. Yes, I will, although I never tried to bake one before." Young husband—"I'm sorry, dear, but I can't come home early to-day. It will be impossible. In fact, I think I will be a little later than usual."

## AN OPIUM EATER'S STORY.

CRAWLING OVER RED HOT BARS OF IRON IN HIS FEARFUL FRENZY—A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION AND ITS RESULTS.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Opium or death!"

This brief sentence was fairly hissed into the ear of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a person who, a few years ago well off is to-day a hopeless wreck!

One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim?

H. C. Wilson, of Loveland, O., formerly with March, Harwood & Co., manufacturing chemists of St. Louis, and of the well-known firm of H. C. Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of this city, gave our reporter yesterday a bit of thrilling personal experience in this line.

"I have crawled over red hot bars of iron and coals of fire," he said, "in my agony during an opium frenzy. The very thought of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills my bones. I was then eating over 30 grains of opium daily."

"How did you contract the habit?"

"Excessive business cares broke me down and my doctor prescribed opium! That is the way nine-tenths of cases commence. When I determined to stop, however, I found I could not do it."

You may be surprised to know," he said, "that two-fifths of the slaves of morphine and opium are physicians. Many of these I met. We studied our cases carefully. We found out what the organs were in which the appetite was developed and sustained; that no victim was free from a demoralized condition of these organs; that the hope of a cure depended entirely upon the degree of vigor which could be imparted to them. I have seen patients, while undergoing treatment, compelled to resort to opium again to deaden the horrible pain in those organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wilson, that you have conquered the habit?"

"Indeed I have."

"Do you object to telling me how?"

"No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-eating physicians, we became satisfied that the appetite for opium was located in the kidneys and liver. Our next object was to find a specific for restoring those organs to health. The physicians, much against their code, addressed their attention to a certain remedy and became thoroughly convinced on its scientific merits alone that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kidneys and liver. I thereupon began using it and, supplementing it with my own special treatment, finally got fully over the habit. I may say that the most important part of the treatment is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the appetite originates and is sustained, and in them over ninety per cent. of all other human ailments originate."

For the last seven years this position has been taken by the proprietors of that remedy and finally it is becoming an acknowledged scientific truth among the medical profession; many of them, however, do not openly acknowledge it, and yet, knowing they have no other scientific specific, their code not allowing them to use it, they buy it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles.

As I said before, the opium and morphine habits can never be cured until the appetite for them is routed out of the kidneys and liver. I have tried everything, — experimented with everything and as the result of my studies and investigation, I can say I know nothing can accomplish this result but Warner's safe cure."

"Have others tried your treatment?"

"Yes, sir, many; and all who have followed it fully have recovered. Several of them who did not at first treat their kidneys and liver for six or eight weeks, as I advised them, completely failed. This form of treatment is always insisted upon for all patients, whether treated by mail or at the Loveland Opium Institute, and supplemented by our special private treatment, it always cures."

Mr. Wilson stands very high wherever known. His experience is only another proof of the wonderful and conceded power of Warner's safe cure over all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood, and the diseases caused by derangements of those organs. We may say that it is very flattering to the proprietors of Warner's safe cure that it has received the highest medical endorsement and, after persistent study, it is admitted by scientists that there is nothing in *materia medica* for the restoration of those great organs that equals it in power. We take pleasure in publishing the above statements coming from so reliable a source as Mr. Wilson and confirming by personal experience what we have time and again published in our columns. We also extend to the proprietors our hearty congratulations on the results wrought.

## HAPPY CHILDREN IN MUSICAL HOMES.

A sweet voice and a good repertoire of songs are valuable aids where juvenile humanity must be entertained. How convenient and useful, then, are such collections as the following:

## MERRY-MAKING MELODIES.

BY WADE WHIPPLE.

Price in Boards \$0 00, in Paper 65 cts.

By a child-lover, who, in his choice of subjects and his genial treatment of them, displays a happy talent for making home cheerful. "Chubby little Chatterbox," "Grandpa," "Three little Loafers," "Jolly Jack," "Teeter-Tauter," "Pink-a-pank," are songs full of kindly humor, and there are others of higher grade. Sheet Music size; Piano or Organ accompaniment; 20 Songs; 9 Pictures.

## RHYMES AND TUNES.

BY MARGARET PEARMAIN OSGOOD.

Price \$1.50 in Cloth; \$1 00 in Boards.

A larger book than the other, and has, in many cases, German and English words. A true *Home Book*, with such songs as "Snick Snack," "Tootletoot," for non-sense; "London Bridge," "Perri Meri Dixi," "Lavender's Blue," &c., for Mother Goose wisdom; "Sandman," "Sleep, Darling," and other nursery songs, romantic songs, Star, May, Flower, Morning, Bird and all other varieties of song that children love. Full Piano and Organ accompaniments.

Mailed for Retail Price.

## OLIVER DITSON &amp; CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch house of O. Ditson & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

## THE BEST FOODS IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers.

The best bread in the world is made from the Health Food Company's "PEELED WHEAT FLOUR."

Pealed wheat is as different from natural wheat as hulled rice is from unhulled rice. The flour made from pealed wheat is all food, just as hulled rice is all food. Moreover, "Pealed Wheat Flour" is all good food, being free from the inert husks of bran, which exist in "crushed wheat," "grits," "graham," and other coarse and crude cereals. "The Pealed Wheat Flour" makes the perfect bread for the up-building of every tissue of the body.

The mother cannot do her whole duty by her children in the matter of nutriment for the growth of brains and nerves and bones and muscles, unless she provides for them the perfect bread made from the **Perfect Pealed Wheat Flour**.

The best Breakfast dish in the world is made from The Health Food Company's

(Trade)

## WHEATENA!

(mark)

WHEATENA can be cooked in one minute, or it may be eaten in milk without any cooking at all.

AS A NOURISHING AND PALATABLE FOOD IT IS PERFECTION.

READ OUR FREE PAMPHLETS.

HEALTH FOOD COMPANY,

4th Ave. & 10th St., New York City.

## MELLIN'S

TRADE ORA ET LABORA MARK.

## FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Recommended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO.,

40, 41, 42, & 43, Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

## FAY'S MANILLA ROOEING

ESTABLISHED 1866

Takes the lead, does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar compositions, easy to apply, strong and durable at half the cost of tin. Is also a SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. CARPETS AND RUGS of same, double the wear of oil cloths. Catalogues and samples free.

W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

## ALL FOR 24 CENTS

We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for

30 DAYS offer all the following for only 24 Cents: 10 Pieces

Choice New and Popular Music, full size, finely printed; 200 Elegant Designs in Outline for Stamping and Embroidery, 100 Late and Popular Songs, including all the gems from the MIKADO, as well as "DREAM FACES," "LOVE, LOVE, LOVE,"

"SAILING," etc., etc., a large collection of New Riddles and Conundrums, over 250 just the thing for picnic and social parties, 250 Motto Verses, just inside splinters, 77 Tricks in Magic, 200 Juggling, Imposturing and Mystery Pictures, the Great Game of Fortune Told, etc., etc. We will send all the above in one package to any address, all prepaid, for 24 cts. in postage stamps; 2 packages for 50 cts.; 7 packages for \$1.00. Address all orders to

WORLD MFG. CO., 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

## GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

## BAKER'S

## Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure

Cocoa, from which the excess of

Oil has been removed. It has three

times the strength of Cocoa mixed

with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,

and is therefore far more economical,

costing less than one cent a

cup. It is delicious, nourishing,

strengthening, easily digested, and

admirably adapted for invalids as

well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



## THE ACME

Because it is

## THE ACME

This machine is capable of a very wide range of work, has all the good qualities of the best machines of the day, with others peculiar to itself, and is in every respect

is one of the best selling sewing-machines in the market.

Attractive in appearance,  
Constructed in the best manner,  
Managed with the least trouble,  
Easy-running and sure to please.

is the result of more than twenty years experience in the business.

## AN HONEST SEWING-MACHINE.

Automatic Movement,  
Cylinder Shuttle,  
Minimum Weight,  
Elegant Finish,

The Best to Buy or Sell.

Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not buy a Sewing-Machine until you have first seen an Acme and you will thank us for the advice.

Agents wanted everywhere to whom satisfactory terms are assured, with perfect protection in territory assigned.

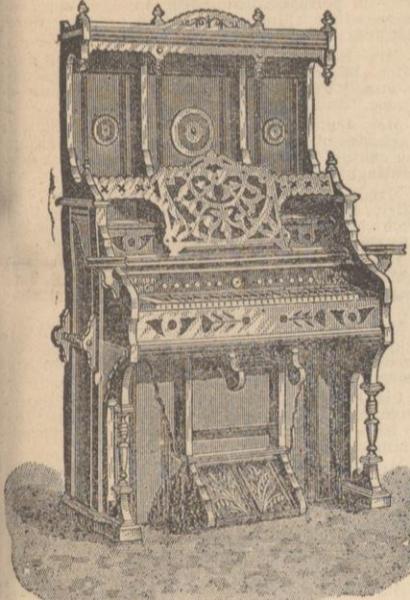
Address for terms,

J. A. TITUS & CO., BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

## Reliable Carpenter Organs.

Manufactory and Home Office,  
BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.



Style No. 120. (PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

N. B. Special Offer for 60 days—Write for particulars and state where you saw this advertisement. Refers by permission to publisher of "Household."

## Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons:

Geo. E. Crowell, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.; Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Winthrop, Me.; Mrs. G. V. Hooper, Leesburg, Fla.; A. J. Fisk, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

NEW 1886  
STAMPING  
OUTFIT  
Free!

Contains all new patterns to be obtained no where else, and not to be compared with the trashy two-cent patterns offered by others. At 40 cents this outfit would be a bargain, but we give it away. It contains 1 set initials 2 in. high; 2 sets, 6x1; 1 Kate Greenaway figure, girl, 7 in. high; 1 five in. Bird; 1 Spray Daisies, 6 in.; 1 Easter Lily, 5 in. high; 1 bunch Panoses, 5 in. high; 1 Fern Leaf; 1 Double Rose with leaves; 1 Spray Golden-rod, 4 in. high; 1 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 1 Rosebud and Buttercup; 1 bunch Goldfinch Hat; 1 Buttercup; 1 Carnation; Pink; 1 Bunch for flannel skirt, 3 in. wide; 1 Design for flannel skirt, 1 1/2 in. wide; 1 Scalloped pattern for flannel skirt, 1 in. wide; 1 Braiding pattern, 2 1/2 in. wide; 1 Vine, Daisies and Ferns; 1 Bar Music; 1 Vine leaves; also 8 other beautiful, full size patterns for all kinds of embroidery and painting. Also Book of Complete Instructions; 1 Box Best Powder; 1 Besi Pad; 150 New Stitches, etc. etc. The value of this outfit is in the QUALITY more than Quantity. We will send the above outfit free to any person sending 40 cents for the National Bazaar six months. A mammoth 48 col. paper of great popularity and literary merit. Address NATIONAL BAZAAR, 7 West Broadway, New York.

## Dining Room Notes,

By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

EMILY HAYES,  
Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

## RUPTURES CURED

by my Medical Compound and Improved  
Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to  
90 days. Reliable references given. Send  
stamp for circular, and say in what paper  
you saw my advertisement. Address Capt.  
W. A. Collings, Smithville, Jefferson Co. A. A.

APRIZE Send six cent for postage,  
and receive free, a costly box  
of goods which will help all,  
of either sex, to more money  
right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes  
await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free.

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO SPORTSMEN. A FINE IMPORTED DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADER with Outfit, only \$12.00.

HANDSOME ENGLISH CARVED & CHECKERED WALNUT STOCK. FINEST STEEL BARRELS & LOCKS. MOUNTINGS CASE HARDENED. CHOKED BORED. AUTOMATIC-SHELL EJECTOR. USES CENTRE FIREPAPER OR BRASS SHELLS.

WARRANTED HAND-MADE  
WILL KILL AT 100 YARDS.

We have just purchased AT A GREAT SACRIFICE from a LEADING NEW YORK

GUN IMPORTING FIRM who have recently failed their entire stock of the well-known and standard "BELDEN" DOUBLE BARREL BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS, AS ABOVE DESCRIBED. It is equal in every respect to COLT, PARKER or REMINGTON for brilliant execution AND OTHERWISE. As we bought a large number, we have decided to offer a LIMITED NUMBER at only \$12.00, each, UP TO DEC. 15, 1886. SPORTSMEN AND OTHERS can now lay aside their muzzle loaders and secure this most SUPERIOR BREECH-LOADER at the UNPARALLELED LOW PRICE of \$12.00. The Barrels of the "BELDEN" AS OFFERED BY US are made of the finest Sheffield Steel, and each Gun is so BRANDED, besides we will send a GUARANTEE with each gun. NO OTHER FIRE WILL DO THIS. Upon receipt of part of the amount, to show good faith in ordering and to cover our expenses, we will ship C.O.D. by Express, with privilege to examine before you accept it, or if the sum amount of \$12.00 is sent with order, we will send a CARTRIDGE BELT FREE and 25 Shells with each gun. ORDER NOW. CEASE THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, to save confusion, AND RETURN WITH YOUR ORDER. This advertisement will not appear again, and it will be a very long time before we will ever again be able to make such another great and most ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER. Nothing gained by correspondence, as the Gun is fully described above. No Catalogue, Money returned, less Express charges, if it is not as represented and satisfactory. AT \$12.00 IT IS THE BARGAIN OF ALL BARGAINS. Complete Set of Reloading Tools only \$2.00. Call on or address, THE BELDEN AGENCY, 9 West Broadway, NEW YORK.

THE  
"Little Detective."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE for \$3.



Weighs from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than \$8. to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any store.

We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50

Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

## INFANT'S OUTFITS.

New Health Patterns, a barrow-coat or skirt, bonnet, princess skirt, etc., 10 pat. in all. 50c. First Short Clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 health pat. 50c. For 20c., pat. coat and kilt skirt. Full directions and amount required. LILLA DROWN, Brattleboro, Vt.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SONS, our authorized agents

The Attractions  
-OF-  
BRATTLEBORO,

By HENRY M. BURT.

A CHEAP EDITION OF THIS WORK HAS been issued containing a full account of the most

## INTERESTING SCENES

in and around this well known

## PLACE OF SUMMER RESORT.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Address, GEORGE E. CROWELL,  
Brattleboro, Vt.

## GAME OF STATES.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent Judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Five Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 Cents. One and two-cent stamps will be received in payment.

If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher,  
Brattleboro, Vermont.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER  
Advertising, 45 to 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with ADVERTISERS.



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

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

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

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

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do Not send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

RESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are *not postage stamps* and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, *every one*, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters *loosely*? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within *one year* from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and *observe these conditions fully*, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other *witnesses* who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to *anybody*—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application *must do that*. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

#### Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a **PERFECTLY pure soap** may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

SEND FOR ONE OF

#### Allen's Patent Sink Cleaners.

Needed in every family, simple, practical, serviceable, made from the best material. It supplies the need of the age; ladies can clean their sinks with one of our Sink Cleaners without soiling their hands. No housekeeper should be without one.

#### AGENTS WANTED

every part of the country, both ladies and gentlemen. Agents can make money faster with this little invention than anything else. Sample sent to any part of the United States, postage paid, for 20c. each. Send for terms to agents and secure your territory at once. Address ALLEN & HOLLAND, Manufacturers, North Grafton, Mass.

#### ELY'S

#### CREAM BALM

We have never handled a catarrh remedy that has increased so rapidly in sales as Ely's Cream Balm or that has given such universal satisfaction.—C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., New York City.

#### CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS., OWEKO, N.Y. U.S.A.

#### HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

D. NEEDHAM'S SONS 116-118 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Red Clover Blossoms, and FLUID AND SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. The BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles Whooping Cough, &c. Send for circular. Mention paper.



## Lactated Food

The Most Successful PREPARED FOOD

### FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS.

It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

### In CHOLERA INFANTUM,

This *predigested* and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

### FOR INVALIDS, it is a Perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases.

Hundreds of Physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk is rejected by the stomach. In *dyspepsia*, and in all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of Foods. There can be made for an infant

#### 150 MEALS for \$1.00.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

DRESSES DYED WITHOUT RIPPING

EWANDO'S FRENCH

Dyeing & Cleansing Estab't.

#### MAIN OFFICES:

17 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Cor. Fifth Ave. & West 14th St., New York.

Price-List sent free.



EXCHANGE & MART is the only paper in America devoted to bargains; exchanges, sales, and wants of every description appear in it every week. Unique, useful, and entertaining. No lady can afford to be without it. Money made easily by watching its columns. Send 2 cents for sample copy. No. 17 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

T CLUBS

THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

Give away no premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO.

210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

BABY'S WARDROBE

Latest styles. The most Complete outfit of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c. One garment free with each set.

New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

INFANT'S WARDROBE

Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send through Sept. and Oct. garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMINATION PATTERN CO., Poughkeepsie, Vt.

Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania

The 37th Session opens Oct. 7, 1886. A 3 years' graded course of instruction is given in winter and spring terms.

For further information, address

Rachel L. Bodley, M. D., Dean, PHILADELPHIA.

LADIES HANOVER'S Merchant Tailor

System of garment cutting is the latest and the only work used successfully without a teacher. Consists of a Square, all the Curves, and a book of explicit instructions, with diagrams to cut all garments worn by ladies or children. Also teaches draping, padding and finishing. We have the only perfect rule for cutting sleeves. Price \$5.00. To introduce, will send sample by

AGENTS WANTED.

JOHN C. HANOVER, Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, O.

TURKISH RUG Patterns, Catalogue Free.

E. S. FROST & CO., 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

### OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an *advertising* column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges that we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. F. W. Tibbets, Correctionville, Iowa, will exchange books or Seaside Library, pocket edition, for the same.

Mrs. D. E. Peacock, Interlachen, Putnam Co., Fla., will exchange orange, lemon and citron trees, grape myrtle, passion vine, and other plants, for roses, shrubs or any thing useful.

Ella R. Monroe, Elgin, Ill., will exchange seven vocal and six instrumental pieces of music, for material for iridescent painting. Write first.

Mrs. Claus Buntwell, Box 38 Sunderland, Iowa, will do stamping in exchange for pampas plumes, peacock feathers, books or fancy work material.

Mrs. Jennie Smith, Box 257, Northfield, Minn., has "Middlemarch," by George Eliot, to exchange for "Pilgrim's Progress," or some good book.

Mrs. H. B. Halsted, Gainesville, Fla., will exchange large red Fla. bean, dish-rag gourd seed, and moss, for colored emb. silks, scraps of satin and velvet.

Miss Lucy Mixer, Big Cane, La., will exchange yellow jessamine vines, and gray moss from La. swamps for copies of elementary drawing. Write first.

N. J. Montague, North Adams, Mass., will exchange Youth's Companions, also Peterson's magazines (engravings extracted), for wide tatting, crocheted or knit trimming. Write first.

Mrs. D. D. Rogers, lock drawer D, Dayton, Volusia Co., Fla., will exchange fish scale flowers and jewelry, sea shells and mosses, for something useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. L. Buffe, Franklin, Morgan Co., Ill., has needle caskets to exchange for something of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. Will Beverly, Collins Centre, New York, will do permanent stamping in exchange for stereoscopic views and reading matter. Send list first. Also for other articles.

Mrs. Byron J. Allen, Buchanan, Berrien Co., Mich., has articles to exchange for large scrap album, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Bible Concordance," and other bibles helps. Write first.

Mrs. Jennie Woods, Cedar Creek, Tenn., will exchange book, "Beyond the Gates," for album for cabinet photos, also horns prepared for decoration, for sea shells. Write first.

Mrs. G. B. Herriman, Cheshire, Allegan Co., Mich., will exchange handsome knitted collars and knit or crocheted toilet and tab mats, for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Miss Georgie B. Campbell, Moorefield, Harrison Co., Ohio, will exchange a dark brown hair switch for pieces of silk, satin or velvet, suitable for crazy quilt. Write first.

Mary Ann Dukes, Fairmount, Prairie Co., Ark., will exchange silk worm eggs, cotton balls and seed and cuttings of three monthly roses for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Ida I. Beales, Winchendon, Mass., will exchange rare achimenes bulbs, for rare amaryllis or lilies; roses and hardy perennials, for pampas plumes, Florida curiosities, or tube paints.

Mrs. M. A. Walen, S. Middleboro, Mass., will exchange a pearl rug maker, for stamping outfit or fancy work. Write first.

Mrs. C. H. Young, Merrimac, Mass., has Peterson's of '64, bound, to exchange for reading material of equal value. Write first.

Florence Harbin, Pleasantville, Ind., will exchange "Woodland Home Schottisch," for "Silver Lake Quickstep." Write first.

Mollie Wilson, New Windsor, Mercer Co., Ill., will exchange calico quilts ready for quilting, for bound books, or quilt blocks for sea curiosities or cabinet specimens. Write first.

Mrs. Eva Wade, Danville, Ind., will exchange crazy pillow, magazines, mats, tidy, lace scarf, portfolio, fancy work patterns, and pair of cheese cloth curtains. Write first.

Mrs. Hugh Logan, Seward, Neb., will exchange white aprons, crocheted or knitted collars, or crocheted tidies, for two yards gingham, muslin, or two skeins red or white yarn.

Mrs. S. J. Worster, Cape Elizabeth Depot, Me., will exchange two piano instruction books, also sheet music, instrumental or songs, for any thing useful or ornamental. Write first.

Alpha L. Faulkner, Santa Paula, Ventura Co., Calif., will exchange small sea shells, moss and kelp from the Pacific, for moss and shells from the Atlantic or other cabinet specimens.

Jessie E. Powers, Niobrara, Nebraska, will do stamping or exchange choice flower seeds for bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. Ida E. Allen, Buchanan, Berrien Co., Mich., will exchange recipes for stamping powder, for ten skeins, or one spool, of embroidery silk, any color. Write first.

Idyl Dexter, box 1369, Los Angeles, Cal., will exchange pressed ferns or bark from cork trees, for new stiches for silk embroidery. Write first.

Mrs. M. Hartman, Genoa, Ill., will exchange magazines, oxalis bulbs and perforated patterns with directions, for hand painting, tidies, peacock feathers, ferns, mosses, or fine all wool scraps.

Mrs. Densil Royce, Waterville, Worcester Co., Mass., will exchange story magazines with one steel engraving in every book, for common brown sheeting. Write first.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

#### Outward bound—Books.

Lawyers always look with calm thoughtfulness upon the site of a new court house. They probably think that is the place where, ere long, they will lie.

A man advertised for a "helpmate, who shall be a companion of my heart, my head, my lot." A candidate for the situation wrote: "I don't care to know any thing about your head or heart; but how big is your lot?"

Maud—How becoming your Easter bonnet is, dear! Mabel—Do you really think so? Maud—It's lovely! Why, it looks almost as well as it did last Easter. What an ingenious girl you are. (And now they never speak.)

"Good morning Mrs. Gilligan; how is Patrick, this morning?" "Sure, he's no better, sir." "Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?" "To be treated, is it! Faith, an' it's the delirium trimmins he has already."

The only way to cure fever and ague is either to neutralize the poisons which cause the disease or expel them from the system. Ayer's Ague Cure operates in both ways. It is a warranted specific for all forms of malarial disorders, and never fails to cure. Try it.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

The new, Artistic Cake Frosting Molds recommend themselves to all ladies. See advt. in another column.

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience.

People who live in new countries are liable to be prostrated by malarial fevers. Inhabitants of cities, by reason of bad drainage and unwholesome odors, suffer from similar diseases. Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a specific for all malarial poisons.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

#### ALPHABETICAL FARMING.

There is a farmer who is Y's  
Enough to take his E's,  
And study nature with his I's  
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's  
As they each other T's,  
And Z's that when a tree D K's  
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's  
With many haws and G's,  
And their mistakes he will X Q's  
While plowing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,  
And therefore little O's,  
And when he hoes his soil by spells  
He also soils his hose.

#### CELESTIAL ODDITIES.

The Chinese wear white during periods of mourning, never black. The old men playfully fly kites, while the boys look on, as in Japan. They whiten their shoes with chalk, instead of blacking them, and mount their horses from the off side. The men in China wear the petticoats, while the women invariably wear pantaloons. Men run the dressmaking and millinery stores, and every man carries a fan, either in his hand or tucked in the collar of his dress behind his neck. Women smoke on all occasions. When a man has suffered an injury at the hands of another and desires revenge, instead of killing the offender he kills himself, believing that the man whom he hates will be held accountable for his death, and will be fearfully tormented by demons in this world and in the next. If a Chinaman wishes to especially honor any one, he assigns him to a standing or sitting position on his left hand.

Instead of a Japanese woman compressing her feet as her Chinese sister does, she has a custom far more disgusting. They naturally have fine teeth, but when a woman marries she is compelled by custom to dye her teeth black, which process is repeated every few years. The effect is hideous in the extreme. The most important article of a native woman's dress is the obi, or sash. This is usually of a costly material, and is tied behind in a huge bow with the strictest care. When a Japanese woman becomes a widow and signifies her determination never to marry again, she ties the obi in front. They seem to smoke all the time. The tiny Japanese pipe contains but two or three whiffs, and as the tobacco is rolled up tightly in the fingers before it is inserted, the ash when shaken out is a small fire-ball from which a second pipe is lighted. At a Japanese feast the same cup is passed from hand to hand, each person rinsing it in a bowl of water after using and before offering it to another.

The lowest classes of Japanese are buried in a squatting position, in a sort of barrel. The rich and noble are buried in square coffins, the bodies being partially preserved from decay by filling the nose, ears and mouth with vermilion. After death the person receives a new name. This name is "Okwuna," or the accompanying name. It is customary on the occasion of the first visit to a house to carry a present to the owner, who gives something of equal value on returning the visit. Cats in Japan are found with stumps where there should be tails. Sometimes this is the result of art and sometimes the result of shortening.

All the temples of Japan, as well as of China, have guests' apartments, which may be secured for a consideration, either for a short or long period of time. It is wrong to suppose that there is any desecration of a sacred shrine for the purpose of using it as a hostelry; it is the custom of the country. The practice of suicide by disemboweling is of great antiquity. On entering a Japanese house the native removes his sword, leaving only his dirk. The rooms of the house are divided by

paper screens, which form partitions, and they may be made into one room at will. —*Hong Kong Letter, Baltimore American.*

#### EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

A pretty young mamma, with a little girl by her side, nearly as pretty as herself, was being entertained by a male stranger, who had struck up an acquaintance through the usual and always convenient mediumship of the little girl. The stranger did all the talking. He was one of those men who think they know every thing, but only rarely get a chance to tell it. The lady answered only in monosyllables. The little girl listened patiently and demurely for a time, and then began to fidget around in her seat. Finally, as the stranger stopped for a breath, she said:

"Mamma, you've found one, ain't you?"  
"What, my dear?"

"Why, don't you remember what you told papa when he said you'd be lonesome on the cars? You said you'd find some bore to talk you to sleep."

Mamma looked out of the window, and the stranger suddenly thought he had better go into the smoking car to find his friends.

Writing poetry is like putting up stoves. Everybody knows how until they try.

We have all heard the story which one of our modern poets has emphasized and adorned by his verse, of a man who laid a wager with regard to his wife's equable temper, and the other man, whose experience, it would be judged, had been of a different sort from that of his friend, told him that if she were tried with crooked wood her even temper would give way to fault-finding.

The wager being laid, the owner of the pleasant wife purchased a load of gnarled branches, and awaited, not without his misgivings, the result.

Days and weeks passed, and still the home fires burned undimmed, and the home table was loaded with the good things from housewifely arts. At last the wood was nearly gone, and when the husband spoke of getting more, the wife urged: "Do get some more crooked sticks, they lie so nicely around the pot."

It is the power of making the best of things which this illustrates that will insure a woman against becoming a scold, and make her a help and a blessing to the world.

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## NURSING TROUBLE.

There is many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow,  
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;  
So, sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

## SOMETHING ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

This serviceable article has been long in use. Far back in the past, when the ancient kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria were in their prime, it was carried by their kings and nobles to protect them, not from the rain, which seldom falls in those warm countries, but from the burning rays of the sun. The Chinese, the Japanese, and Burmese had, long ago, their queer-looking parasols, made of paper, and elaborately ornamented with feathers and pictures of birds and beasts. In Burmah, we are told, a man's rank is known by the number of umbrellas he is allowed to carry. The king may indulge in twenty-four, and he is represented in pictures sitting in state under twenty-four umbrellas, all attached to one handle.

It is only a little more than a hundred years ago since they came into general use among the English people. For a long time they were left to the exclusive use of the women; for a man to have carried one would have dubbed him at once womanish, and whatever else a brave Englishman might venture for his comfort or profit, he would hesitate before he would do any thing which would be an imputation on his manliness. But, at last the man appeared who could bid defiance to custom and jeers, and a grateful people have preserved his name for the admiration of future generations. Jonas Hanway, so says our history, was seen one day walking boldly through the streets of London, protected from a driving rain by an umbrella. Men laughed and boys taunted, but Jonas was undisturbed, and, being very comfortable, kept his temper, and as he did not seem to lose any of his manliness, the result was that the people not only soon forgot to laugh but were ready to follow his example, until their use has become so general, and they are considered so indispensable a part of a gentleman's wardrobe, that it has come to pass in our day you can almost say that an Englishman is known by the quality of his umbrella, instead of the number of them, as in Burmah.

A writer, in an interesting article in the Little Christian, has made an estimate of the number of umbrellas made in the United States in one year. He says that it exceeds seven millions, and if they were placed in a row, allowing three feet of space for each, they would make a procession 3,000 miles long. He also says that it takes just fifteen minutes to complete one, but, of course, there are a great number of persons employed in doing it. There are the steel workers, brass and nickel finishers, carvers, cutters, ironers, and a host of others. The most of the umbrellas made in the United States are manufactured in Philadelphia. The beautiful city of brotherly love seems to be doing her part toward protecting us from the showers.—*Exchange.*

—When Georgina was three, she said suddenly, one day, after long quiet: "Mamma, where do the to-days go when they get to be yesterdays?"

—Employer (to collector)—"See Mr. Smith?" Collector—"O, yes." Employer—"Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?" Collector—"Not a bit. He asked me to call again."

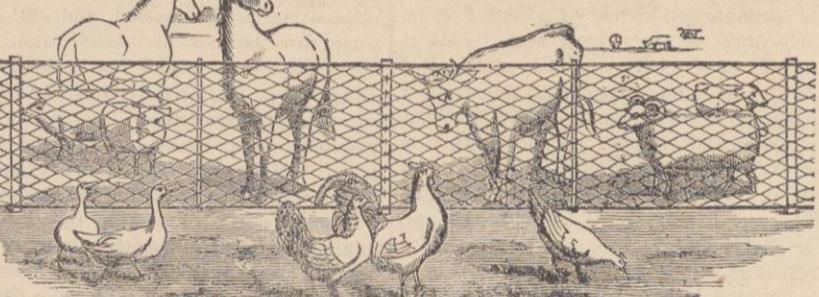
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## THE

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These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of any thing of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

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OF THESE

## SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

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## Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. MRS. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.  
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it.

Yours very respectfully, MRS. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, Vt., April 25, 1881.  
MR. CROWELL.—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the HOUSEHOLD SISERS who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. MRS. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.  
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction.

Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFET.

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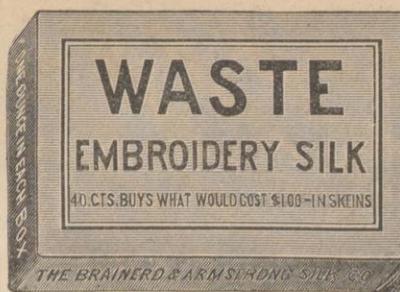
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84	Cash,	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75.00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states,

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.  
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$500 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00
One column, 60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00	

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1886, by Geo. E. Crowell, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Truth as an answer to the Bombastic Advertising of the Royal Baking Powder Co.

We are analyzing all the Cream of Tartar used in the manufacture of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and we hereby certify that it is practically chemically pure—testing as high as 99.95 per cent. and not less than 99.50 per cent.

From a hygienic point of view we regard Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder as the ideal baking powder, composed as it is of pure Grape Cream of Tartar and pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

STILLWELL & GLADDING,  
Chemists to the New York Produce  
Exchange.

NEW YORK, NOV. 25, 1884.

Analyses heretofore made by noted chemists show the amount of Tartrate of Lime found by them in different samples of Royal Baking Powder as follows:

Per Cent. of Tartrate of Lime found in Royal Baking Powder.

WM. M. HABIRSHAW, F. C. S., 5.05

Chemist of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society.

PROF. JAMES F. BABCOCK, 4.52

State Assayer of Massachusetts.

STILLWELL & GLADDING, 5.00

Chemists to the New York Produce Exchange.

These analyses show that the Tartrate of Lime which the Royal Baking Powder Company condemns in its advertisements has been found in its own baking powder.

Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash or Bone Phosphates, and it is ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ADULTERATIONS.

FOR SALE.  
We have for sale a new, first class, double thread

SEWING MACHINE,

with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

FENCES FOR FARMERS  
CHEAPEST and BEST  
FENCE LOOMS  
Wholesale and Retail. Agents Wanted. Catalogue free. STANDARD MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O.

"WOOD'S" PURE  
FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
EXCEL ALL OTHERS.  
THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON

ROYAL



BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S  
PEARLINE  
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR  
WASHING AND BLEACHING  
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Down With High Prices!  
30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF.

ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES  
Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00  
L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.  
Weighs from  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.  
Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.  
Farmers' Forge, \$10.

Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.  
Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.

Only manufacturers in America using nothing but the best of English Steel for bearings of all kinds:

2-Ton (6x12) \$40.

3-Ton (7x13) \$50.

4-Ton (8x14) \$60.

Beam Box and Brass Beam with each Scale, 300 other varieties. Also, Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers, Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money Drawers, Clothes Wringers and all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.

No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,

PRICES REDUCED

FROM \$65 TO \$15.

A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, containing a full set of latest improved Attachments. Warrented perfect. Save money. Send for Circulars.

Chicago Scale Co.,  
151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



## AFTER EXERCISE.

When men and maidens seek the sport,  
They find around the tennis court;  
Or when upon the diamond field  
Their bats the champion players wield.  
When walks, or rides, or bending oars,  
Bring perspiration from the pores,  
Then people all should bear in mind  
The best and purest soap to find,  
For after some such exercise  
The system most in danger lies,  
Absorbing then both swift and sure  
The poisons found in soaps impure,  
And those who keep for face and hands  
Or general use as time demands,  
The IVORY SOAP, need have no fear  
From exercise throughout the year.

## A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

BROWN'S  
CAMPHORATED  
SAPONACEOUS  
DENTIFRICE  
FOR THE  
TEETH

## A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth  
and PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Drug-gists, etc. 25¢ a bottle.

LE PAGE'S  
LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING  
WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c.  
Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used  
by Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., Pullman  
Palace Car Co., &c. M'd only by the RUSSIA  
CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD  
EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Can by Mail, 25¢.

## Infant's Wardrobe.

For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE), Brattleboro, Vermont.

WANTED "Household" readers to use PURE WOVEN SILK TOWELS. Soft, spongy, and very durable. With moderate friction produce delightful electrical effects. Physicians endorse them highly. Large Bath, 55c. Toilet, 45c. Face, 17c. Silver, 22c. Duster, 17c. Postpaid. MRS. SARAH M. TOWER, Sole Agent, Spencer, Mass.

350 Assorted, Embossed Scrap and Transfer Pictures in bright designs. 10 cts. GEM CARD CO., Brooklyn, N.Y.

## INGALLS' STAMPING OUTFITS.

Ingalls' Mammoth Stamping Outfit contains 100 Parchment Stamping Patterns, Alphabet of 26 letters, Ingalls' Instruction Book, INGALLS' BIG CATALOGUE containing Thousands of Illustrations of Stamping Patterns, Box Powder, Pad, FELT TIDY and Imported Silk to work it. This Outfit sent, postpaid, for \$1.00.

## INGALLS' NEW OUTFIT!

ALL LARGE PATTERNS! Our customers have often called for a Stamping Outfit containing all large Patterns. To meet this demand, we offer this New Outfit containing the following Perforated Stamping Patterns. A large branch of OAK LEAVES, size 9x21 inches, used for EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON or LUSTRE PAINTING. A beautiful spray of Wild Roses, 8x15, and a fine cluster of Pond Lilies, 8x15, for Table Scarfs, etc. Artistic Designs for Tidies, Panels, etc. Cluster of Daisies, 8x9; Golden Rod, 6x8; Fuchsias, 7x9; Outline Head, 9x12; Bunch of Forget-me-nots, 7x9; Design for Pinzel Embroidery, 5x11; Vine of Ivy Leaves, 2 1/2x10; Cluster of Poppies, 4 1/2x8; Woodbine, 4 1/2-2x8; for Lustra or Embroidery; Bouquet of Roses, Daisies, Pansies, Golden Rod, and Ferns, size 8x11 in. Box Powder, Pad, Ingalls' Instruction Book and Ingalls' Big Catalogue. This Outfit is actually worth over \$3.00. We will send this Outfit, postpaid, for \$1.25. We will send all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, without Powder, Pad or Books, for \$1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send you the Ingalls' Mammoth \$1.00 Outfit, and all the patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit by mail, for \$2.00.

Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

## RUPTURE CURED ONLY

by the Improved Elastic Truss, worn with ease night and day, also ladies' abdominal Supporters. Send for Circular. IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 822 and 824 Broadway, cor. 12th st., N. Y.

FREE. I will send to the readers of "The Household" a sample of COBB's Pure Soap, for the Hair, Teeth, and Skin, and a valuable Book for 6 cents Postage. A. H. COBB, 33 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

Sisters of The Household Band!

SOMETHING NEW. Everybody likes it! For 15 cts. I will send the Boss Stocking Darner. F. A. PRINCE, Danielsonville, Conn. Both useful and ornamental.—Dr. & Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.