



## The household. Vol. 9, No. 6 June 1876

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THE  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE  
HOUSEHOLD  
IN A JOURNAL FOR THE  
HUMBLE,  
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME  
ESTABLISHED 1868.  
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JUNE, 1876.

No. 6.

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**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

**GEO. E. CROWELL,**

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, -- MAIN STREET,

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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**THE LONG, LONG DAYS.**

BY W. G. HOWELLS.

Yes! they are here again, the long, long days,  
After the days of winter, pinched and white,  
Soon, with a thousand minstrels comes the light  
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

But the long days that bring us back the flowers,  
The sunshine and the quiet-dripping rain,  
And all the things we knew of spring, again,  
The long days bring not the long-lost long hours.

The hours that now seem to have been each one  
A summer in itself, a whole life's bound,  
Filled full of deathless joy—where in his round,  
Have these forever faded from the sun?

The fret, the fever, the unrest endures,  
But the time flies.....Oh, try my little lad,  
Coming so hot and play-worn, to be glad  
And patient of the long hours that are yours!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

**SHADE TREES.**

THE anniversary of tree planting has again arrived. Every season has its duties, and it should be the duty of all to devote one day in the year if no more, to setting shade trees. Shade trees surround the home with charms unequalled by any similar expenditure of time or money. The modest cottage nestling in the shades of magnificent elms, is made attractive and desirable far beyond the "bleak house" of larger pretensions. These adornments to the outside are what paintings and decorations are to the walls, and convert the barren waste into a cheerful home. The expense of shade trees bears no comparison with inside paintings; with good selections and little care nature does the work, adding new beauties every year. The character of a people, their culture and refinement, can be determined largely by their recognition of the importance of shade trees.

Whether on the farm or in the village, the rule holds good alike. How beautiful the long lines of shade trees in summer time, marking the course of the highway or county road through the farms and fields where you have never traveled before: but how much more fascinating and satisfying to the

eye of him who finds his home there. There is money in the trees. The trees become attractive and adorn the farm attire, outvying the ornaments of your wife and daughters in dress, and with so much less cost. Other things being equal, who would not purchase a farm of this description, or a home in the village, and pay a larger profit on the trees than on all the rest? The Grangers, as an organization, devote their attention to these matters and are to be honored for it.

The elm is preferable for street planting, for the reason that it makes a more rapid growth than the maple, is transplanted with more certainty of success, is not sunburnt on the south side in our hot summers as the maple has been of late years, which sets the borer at work and nearly ruins the tree. One of the most important points in transplanting is in the manner trees are taken up. Great care is necessary to prevent bruising the bark from the roots and in giving sufficient root to support the tree until it becomes established in the soil, and if so transplanted in a different soil from that which it was taken from, every particle of soil should be removed. For instance if taken from a clay and removed to a sandy soil, the clay upon the roots will become dry and hard. Remove most of the original head, but it is better to save a few twigs if possible.

Select trees that have stood in as open ground as you can obtain. Take care of the trees through the first summer, water them frequently, and they will take care of themselves afterwards. As we have said, select the elm, as the maple, although a beautiful tree, is naturally an inhabitant of the forest and thrives best and longest in the thicket. It has not the stamnia to stand alone.

Our fathers did not live for themselves alone, and neither should we do so for ourselves. Every generation should do something for the next, if they would be remembered. These shade trees will be the landmarks of beautiful memory in the future. Generations yet to come will sing anew the familiar old ballad:

"Woodman spare that tree,  
Touch not a single bough,  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
  
'Twas my forefather's hand,  
That placed it near his cot,  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thine ax shall harm it not."

**CONCRETE FOR WALKS.**

John Turner, in the London Agricultural Gazette, gives his experience in making and using asphalt as follows: I have done much success-

fully in walks and some kinds of floors such as the floor of a pig house, but have never attempted it for heavy traffic. It is neither difficult nor expensive. Of course a great deal depends upon the cost of material; the labor is trifling. I have used screenings of gravel (I don't like it clean, but mix with sand:) I have used sand alone (when I could not get anything better,) blacksmith's ashes, and ashes from my engine. The last I did was for our churchyard walks; for those I got the screenings of Leicestershire granite, which made a splendid path, but of course more expensive—the granite cost \$2.50 per ton.

It is quite an unnecessary expense and trouble to boil the tar. Get your material dry, mix it with tar, turn it over twice, and let it lie a couple of days, then turn it again, and mix a little lime with it, about a tenth, let it lie another day, and then on a fine sunny day lay it on, rake it even, and roll well as soon as it will roll, in an hour or two's time; if the roll does not work well (it ought to if the stuff is not mixed with too much tar,) scatter a little dry sand over it. Every summer I brush my walks over with cold tar, and give a good sprinkling of sand, and they are as good now as when first put down, fifteen years since.

Any laborer can do it, only take care, before laying it down, it is of proper consistence. When ready it ought not to show the least tar, but should be a dull dead black, and, when moved with a shovel, ought to be lively, exactly like a mass of mites in a cheese. The stuff will keep a long time in a heap if covered up, or otherwise kept dry.

**SAWDUST FOR WALKS.**

In the extensive wild garden adjoining the well-kept pleasure grounds at Cadland, near Southampton, the gardener, has used sawdust as a dressing for the pathways cut out amongst the heath and trees in the woodland. The transition from smooth mown lawns, bright, clean gravel walks, and brilliant flower-beds, on the one side, to the adjmets of this wild garden, is both pleasing and refreshing, and seems specially enticing when the sun sheds a tropical heat, and quietness and solitude are most appreciated.

The walks are firm and yet soft to the tread; the sawdust soon becomes of a neutral tint, closely allied to the crushed, dried leafage of the beech, which here so much abounds. Weeds seldom grow, and these are easily kept in check with a hoe, and a light sweeping with a broom keeps all clean and neat.



**HOME ADORNMENT.**

FIRST of all have a clearly defined idea as to what you want your rooms to look like—picture them out to yourself till you give them character and tone—adapt them to yourself, your means and your purposes just as you do your dresses or hats; before buying these you calculate something about its color, the style of making, and its service. If you have a parlor, decide whether its tone shall be light or sombre, what color, or shade of color rather, shall prevail, and what usage shall be exacted of it; if for family enjoyment as well as visitors, cheerful, substantial things should be chosen, even if delicate colors and fragile furniture be very tempting. Lavender walls and dainty reps are exceedingly apt to soil, besides not being in good taste in a room for general use—just as a pearl-colored silk is exquisite in a ball room and absurd for a promenade. Decide all these particulars first, then attend to the walls.

A pure white wall is always in good taste, but since wall papers are made so exquisite, and so generally used, and kalsomining and painting in tints are so popular, the walls are usually changed from white to a desired tone, corresponding with carpet and furniture. Green is not advisable because it is rather conspicuous, and startling, unless a silvery gray-green is chosen, and because it necessitates green in the furniture, which is sure to fade and grow ugly. Perhaps a soft drab or gray, or warm light brown—not darker than coffee when richly creamed—proves the most satisfactory tone for living rooms; pink, pearl, or blue for bedrooms. Plain papers are vastly preferable to figured ones, if pictures are to be hung over them, if no pictures, paper in panels or columns should be chosen.

The great red cords so invariably used to hang pictures with, so conspicuous that one hardly looks at the picture held by it, should be banished at once and forever. Either use fine cord of the same color as the wall, and have it reach entirely to the top of it, or else completely hidden behind the frame. A kind of silvered wire, or light rope, inexpensive, very strong and almost invisible, is now sold for hanging pictures with and is very pretty. As to the pictures them-

selves, burn up every chromo, print or imitation thing in your possession, that has not some redeeming feature, something essentially good and true in it. Do not even leave them for the children to play with. They are lowering your taste, and depreciating your art-perception every time your eye falls upon them.

Cart all the family photographs (unless you have one or two really lovely ones doing justice to a fine face) into your bedrooms, but do not hang them on the walls of rooms in oval black frames, eight and ten deep, where people sit and are stared out of countenance by representations of your husband, whose face is not natural even to you in its forced repose; by innumerable aunts with their hands crossed spasmodically over their persons, as if in pain, or stoutly grasping an absurd railing or book; by all the children and nieces of your family in every state of misery and dejection arising from the agony of having their "pictures took." Take them into your own room, but do not torture people of good taste into looking into unjust representations, often amounting to downright caricatures of those dear to you, but totally indifferent to them. One gets very queer and incorrect ideas of another's family and status from these very photographic displays.

In place of these things hang a steel engraving (always refined, frequently more beautiful than oil paintings,) good chromo-lithographs of flowers or ferns, a pair of lovely chromos issued by a reliable firm, and some photographic copies of fine statuary. Lovely flower pictures—true to nature, delicate and graceful, can be bought in odd pretty frames very cheaply (less than a dollar will do it,) and what is a richer feast in color than the exquisite gems now chromed so perfectly that they rival nature in beauty? One lights up a whole room with its rich flame of color.

True, these last are rather expensive, costing about five dollars apiece without frames, and may not be within reach of all, but they are mentioned merely as illustrations, and may be of service in the choosing of wall decorations, so far as the idea of a point of color is concerned. A little rich warm color sparingly used in a room is of incalculable service in giving it tone. If you cannot replace your family photographs and premium chromos by these expensive ones at once, wait till you can, but put them out of sight.

Your clean, soft-toned walls are much more refined pictureless, than so disfigured; or have but one, so it be good and true—then add to that others, as your purse lengthens—collecting as you would a library.

In furnishing windows, regard your house outside and in, and choose a linen or a muslin roller shade—never paper; either white, brown, drab, or very dark green, according to the color of your house outside—if it be red brick or white frame, white or dark green shades; if drab or brown, the same color should be used at the windows. Curtains cannot be mentioned here, and carpets must bide

another time.

Above all, do not load your mantel with vases and ornaments; one pair of the former, and those perfectly plain, unless very handsome, or with merely a spray of flowers, or some storks painted on, is admissible on one mantel; a pretty clock, if you possess one, is always desirable as a center piece, unless there is a large mirror hanging there—in which case a vase of ferns, or a good bust in plaster, of Diana, ay, or a statuette in bronze or Parian is lovely set in front so that it is reflected back into the room. Scatter books around promiscuously, not fancy touch-me-not, gilt-covered toys, but solid thumbbed books of current interest, and a late magazine or two. A French woman of refinement understands to perfection the harmony of colors, and the charms of a dainty home, and she drops a bit of bright wool fancy work into a dull chair or on a table in an obscure corner, or lets a fragrant handkerchief lie as if carelessly dropped in the dark recess of a sofa.

Above all give a cheerful, used, but by no means abused look to your parlors. A few pots of flowers in a window, a bracket with a pot of fragrant mignonette, a vase full of the always graceful and every-where-to-be-found ferns pressed carefully, these and innumerable trifles, aided by sunshine or softened light, and a hostess whose guests are received with a cordial ease, go to make up a room whose charm is only as indescribable as it is evident.—*Mary Gordon Gray.*

#### A PERFECT HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen, even the dull common-place man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf which in spite of her hard house work she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening. She has always been, and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, and a home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite face had been added the appliance of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—*Helen Hunt.*

#### GOOD MANNERS.

Every household should cultivate good manners. They are indispensable even to the young; a churlish, rude deportment bespeaks a low, unfeeling mind; no position, wealth, or education can make amends for it. Good manners are attractive and winning, and should be carefully observed in every family circle.

Parents should never indulge themselves in careless manners or coarse

language, much less to their children or domestics. The feelings of those in inferior stations should be regarded as well as those of the highest. The smile, the pleasant tone, and the courteous bow, is quite as highly appreciated at home as abroad.

If we wish a free and easy code of manners, we must cultivate them at home, by being courteous and polite to those who surround us, and we will not only add to the happiness of those we love, but be at ease in society.



#### RUSTIC BASKETS AND WILD FLOWERS.

I THINK that the last crowning touch to a pretty room is the hanging-basket in the window. Who does not admire the effect produced by a greenly filled, vivid blossoming basket, pendent in the sunlight, which sifts through the stems and casts tremulous dancing shadows on the floor? Such a bit of beauty is a comfort in the sick-room, where it cheers the convalescent and brightens weary hours; it is an occupation to the aged and a delight to the young; it adds greatly to the simplest apartment, and is not too much in the richest.

You need not go to the florist's and order your basket, for with the exercise of a little skill and ingenuity you can make one at home that will quite equal his prettiest specimens. For a trifling amount you can purchase a round or oval wooden bowl, which will be your basis of operations. To trim this you will need some crooked and gnarled roots, the more crooked and gnarled the better for your purposer Laurel roots, and those of the briar rose, which grows so plentifully along the roadsides in the country, will answer admirably. Cleanse them from the earth that may adhere, and then—having previously bored several holes in your bowl, that moisture may have way of escape—nail your roots on securely in any fashion you please. The odder and more fantastic your arrangement, the prettier it will be. Make your handles of stout branching pieces of root, or of strong cord, as you prefer, or perhaps of twisted wire. Cover your basket with a coat of shining copal varnish, and it will be presentable enough to suit the most fastidious critic.

I have seen very graceful little tables made in the same way. The lady who constructed them had the table part proper—the round top and the standard—put together at a neighboring carpenter's shop; after which she fastened on the roots, did the varnishing, and had for little niches in her rooms, tables very much prettier than any she could have found for sale.

To hold a dish of flowers, a portfolio of engravings, or a card receiver, a little table of this kind is really unique; and where there are boys in a house, who like nothing better than to work with tools, there would be no need of a resort to the carpenter. Beautiful stands for plants

can be contrived in a similar way. Henry T. Williams, in his work on Window Gardening, says:

"A simple rustic basket may be made of three forked branches of any old tree, the more thickly bestudded with little branches, and the more gnarled and mossy, the better. Get those with drooping gray-beard moss, if possible. The sticks should be less than an inch in diameter, and six or eight inches in length. Unite the three forks by their heads, winding them with very strong twine or pliant wire, and then with the same material fasten the branches here and there, to form a sort of lattice work, and wind the gray moss over all fastenings. Then in the same way attach stout cords for handles. Set in this a common clay pot with its saucer, crowding around it plenty of moss, and you have a pretty thing complete."

A cocoanut shell with the husk on is very nice for a basket. You must saw off a portion of the nut, and dig out the meat. Bore two or three holes into the sides for the cords which are to hold it. Wire covers, which are worn out for table use, can be lined with gilt, white, or scarlet paper and utilized. Their handles should be of bright ribbon or crochet-cord to match the paper. Mention has lately been made of broken goblets, covered with net-work of worsted and filled with plants which will grow in water; but the miracle of fairy-like daintiness is found in egg-shells. Pierce each end of an egg with a fine needle, and blow out the white and yolk. Dip the shell into hot water, and while it is hot cut it carefully with a sharp pair of scissors. Filled with a fine sandy soil, and planted with a feathery vine, a cluster of these shells will make an ornament fit for Titania's bower.

Almost anything will do for a basket. Now what shall we plant in them? I saw lovely ones last summer, in a friend's porch. They were filled with money-wort, which grows so fast that it is like magic. You fancy you see it grow. The steadfast ivy is a stand by for baskets. We never tire of it, and nothing else has such a vigorous, determined way of holding fast every inch it gains. It is the plant for a climber. The cranberry-vine, which has glossy leaves, white waxen blossoms, and scarlet berries, is very beautiful for a basket; the partridge-vine is exquisite, the lobelia is dainty and lady-looking, the tradescantia is deservedly a favorite, and the radiant morning-glory is not to be slighted. A single upright plant in the center of a basket is enough. For this choose a large leaved begonia, or a geranium with its showy petals, or, if you like, a monthly rose.

The garden, the woods, and the hedges will help you in this delightful work. Some of the most perfectly enchanting hours that I can remember were spent when I was a child, in the woods, gathering flowers. How coy and sweet they are—the wildwood blossoms, that I used to fancy the angels came down to water and tend in the silent night! Those of you who live near forests or groves will miss much pleasure if you do not go out to meet the wild flowers, and

bring them in to adorn your homes. Brothers and sisters could work at this together. The boys would find it just the occupation they would enjoy, to dig up the tough laurel roots and help the girls nail them on. In fact, anything that brothers and sisters can do together they ought. Cooperative ornamentation is a great charm in a household, and the strong hands and bright eyes ought to aid each other. You could make your school-room much more attractive if you devoted a Saturday or two fixing up verdant baskets for its windows; and I know some Sunday-school halls that the scholars could brighten in the same way if they would only set about it.—*Selected.*

## CARE FOR BIRDS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Perhaps I can give a New Member some information about insects on birds, as my canary is just recovering from such a visitation. As soon as I discovered them I obtained, from Brewster's Bird Store, Washington Street, Boston, an insect poison, with which I thoroughly powdered the bird, gently rubbing it into his feathers wherever he pecked, and under his wings; but do not apply it towards night as it seems disagreeable to the bird and prevents his putting his head under his wing.

I then examined his cuttle fish finding between the shell and soft part some very large insects. But the greatest relief came from taking the cage entirely to pieces, and in the cup-like brasses forming the handle there were numberless insects. A white cloth laid upon the top of the cage when the bird goes to roost is of great use, but it should be examined during the evening or early in the morning. A lump of sulphur in a muslin bag, tied to the top of the cage is said to be a preventive.

As to why they come I cannot say. I have had my bird nearly three years and this is the first time he has been annoyed; he is carefully cleaned every day and usually takes a thorough bath. I confess it is a mystery to me how my bird caught them or bred them. Perhaps some other reader can give us information on this subject.

## A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Dubuque, Iowa.

If New Member will hang a little bag of sulphur in her bird's cage and then cover the cage at night with a white cloth, I think she will find in the morning the insects have collected on the cloth, or at least some of them. I should follow this up every night until I thought all were removed.

FANNIE J.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having read several pieces in your columns on the treatment of canary birds, I thought I would like to write a few lines. I agree with Fannie in regard to feeding them. We ought to make their cage life as pleasant as possible. Perhaps they live longer on seed and water alone, I can't say. I have one six and another eight years old, have never been sick, and they sing the year round. A piece of fat salt pork is a benefit to the singers. Sometimes

give them a diarrhea; in that case I place a rusty nail in their drinking cup, give them dry toasted cracker, seed, and nothing else, till they are better.

The greatest pest the little creatures ever have, is a little red mite or bird louse. If birds are troubled with these they will be very restless on the perch after dark, and the only way to get rid of them is to place a white cloth over the cage on going to bed, remove it in the morning and you will see tiny red specks; repeat the operation till you are rid of them, then it is a good idea to varnish the cage. I would rather kill my birds with kind care, than neglect them and have them die, or keep them on prison fare.

MRS. M. E. H.

So. Boston.

MR. EDITOR:—Let New Member remove her birds from their cage, immerse it in scalding hot water; be sure and make it too hot for any living thing.

The citadel of bird insects is the wooden knob on the top of the cage through which the wire runs that is used to suspend it. This must be taken off, and water boiling hot from the teakettle poured through it. This severe treatment will turn the colored paint and varnish of the cage white, but if thoroughly dried and rubbed over with sweet oil while warm, in half an hour it will be bright again, then rub the oil off and it is nice as new for birdies. In a week or so if you find the mites are not all destroyed repeat the scalding process, and my word for it you will be entirely rid of them.

Now I wish to ask a favor. A year ago last July I began taking THE HOUSEHOLD. In some number before the year was out a lady mentioned the success she had had in using a prescription some other lady had sent THE HOUSEHOLD for destroying cockroaches. She had been so much troubled with them that she contemplated shutting up her house in the coldest winter weather to see if she could freeze them out. If this lady will send to THE HOUSEHOLD the *modus operandi* for killing cockroaches, she will confer an exceedingly great favor on

MRS. L. P. B.

## SOME NICE CALLAS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I hope the latch string is not drawn in, and I am entirely forgotten.

At each of our re-unions I have been an attentive

listener thinking each time I would "put in my little say" again, but having hands and heart full too, as the saying is, I find little time for writing letters. But noticing in the April number a description by C. E. H. of her calla, I fain would speak of mine also. It is a little ahead of her's in size, owing perhaps to its being some older, a year old this month. I have just measured its longest stem, two leaves being thirteen and one-half inches in length from stem to apex and two feet and six inches high.

I keep it in an eight inch pot. My friends have laughed at me somewhat in regard to my over anxiety about its blooming. Ever since January I have watched the swelling of the leaf buds hoping that each one would prove to

be a flower, but have been dis-

pointed until now the fruition of my hopes seem near at hand, as there is unmistakably a large flower bud coming out of an inside leaf stalk, which

I think will be in full bloom on my wedding anniversary day, which I shall accept as a grateful tribute for all my care.

Plants do repay us for our trouble. I have often thought so this past winter, although not having many varieties, or blossoms; yet the cheerful look they impart to my home with their bright green leaves, as I said before, repays me for my care. I notice a mistake in regard to the calla, that

is made by florists as well as others.

It is classed with the lily family, and it does not belong to that class of plants, but belongs to another order. The species we cultivate in our parlors and conservatories is calla *Ethiopica*, a native of Good Hope. MARY S.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I notice in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD C. E. H. thinks she has a nice calla lily and I think so too. Now I should like to tell you about mine; it has several leaves that measure three feet in height the largest leaf is twelve inches in length and nine and one-half inches in width, it has one blossom that stands two feet and six inches high from the earth in the pot, and measures six and one-half inches in length, and another bud nearly as high; it is in a nine inch common flower pot and has plenty of warm water.

M. A. S.

## FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please allow room in your paper for the following, and greatly oblige a subscriber:

Will the much-to-be-envied person who signs herself M. E., and is the happy possessor of over thirty house plants, which have blossomed more or less all winter, be kind enough to furnish some desired information to a less fortunate sister?

I would like to ask if in the fall, you take up the plants that have blossomed all summer, or if you only take cuttings from the old plants, and when is the best time to take cuttings, and how do you prepare the soil for potting plants? I have a south window for my plants, but never have a blossom, and I am getting about dis-

JESSIE.

MR. CROWELL:—May I ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if some of the many readers can tell me what alls my rose? It was given to me over two years ago by a friend who said it was a very choice rose; thus far it has been so choice that it has

not once blossomed since I had it, although I have taken the best of care of it. If any one can tell me what to do with it I shall be truly grateful. It grows all to bush and seems perfectly healthy. If it will not trespass too much on your patience I would like

to thank A. C. D. in the March number for directions for making picture frames of gilt paper. And if she will send directions for making the coral one I for one will be obliged to her. I have seen small brackets made to

represent coral and presume the potted?

frames are made in much the same way but could never learn how they were made.

M. E. W.

Galena, Ill.

Will any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me what soil to use and what treatment to give a Chinese primrose? We had one early last summer from the conservatory; I do not think it is any larger now than it was then. The edges of the leaves turn black and blight. We treat it the same as our other plants and they are in a flourishing condition.

X.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—A subscriber wishes to know if any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD can tell her anything about the unanimous japonica? Whether it ought to be grafted before blossoming or if there is any particular way of making them grow.

A. M. J.

Is any one acquainted with the raising of heliotrope from the seed, or is it usually propagated from cuttings?

FLORENCE.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Ellen asks for information regarding gold fish; I will tell her what I know about them. They should be kept in soft, clear water, which should be changed every day or two. The fish should be fed daily in summer with the wafers prepared for the purpose, or with a little fresh beef finely cut, or a few crumbs of stale sponge cake. In winter the feeding, and also the changing of the water, is not so imperative.

ETTA.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Dear Sir:—I saw in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD an article on "Keeping Canaries;" can any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD give me any information on the care and food of the parrot? If so they will greatly oblige me.

R. R. T.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to care for a night-blooming cereus? My cereus is five years old, has bloomed once, it is growing very rapidly, is nearly seven feet in height. Shall the plant be dwarfed or permitted to grow?

A CONSTANT READER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Please to tell me in your next issue, if it comes under the head of your general knowledge, what I can use to fertilize window plants during the winter, such as roses, lilles, fuchsias, etc.? the earth is rather poor. Also, please give directions for coloring grasses.

H. C. C.

Will some of your readers inform me how to get rid of a little black flea that destroys sweet alyssum, just as it appears above the soil? It also destroys turnips and cucumbers, in the seed leaf.

MABEL.

Will some one tell me how to make a fuchsia bloom in winter? What are zonal geraniums? What time in the spring should the caladium esculentum be taken out of the cellar and represent coral and presume the potted?

MRS. B. W.



## SPRING FASHIONS.

NETS are gradually coming in fashion again to wear when the hair is loosely plaited or coiled at the back of the head. These are made as a general thing of soft, woven braids, though the Figaro nets of thick cheville of all colors are equally in style. The invisible nets, composed of hair and coming in all shades, so that the hair of the wearer can be perfectly matched—to wear over the front of the head—are fast gaining ground as protectors to crimps or frizzles, as the case may be, taking in large measure the place of the little mask veils worn heretofore for this purpose.

For ball and evening coiffures, feathers are popular, especially white and creme ones; also, very pale tints of blue, mauve and rose; these are used both with and without lace. High combs are now placed much on one side, instead of straight in the center of the back of the head. Among the novelties in hoods and other evening wraps for the head, are white zephyr ones, embroidered in silks of all colors; also, capulets of ecru Spanish blond lace, forming a sort of hood, and finished with bows of black velvet and those of black blond trimmed with cardinal ribbons. Black lace is rarely used for millinery purposes, but the white and creme assist with gold, silver and steel braids and buckles, to further embellish the feather-covered hats and bonnets of the season. Capotes are the very newest models in bonnets, and show, in very diminutive form it is true, the anticipated curtains; these revived appendages, while not yet popular, are received by the elegantes of Paris, and it is thought will grow larger when they are more commonly worn.

In illustration of the curtained capotes was seen an imported bonnet of ecru faille and green velvet, the green being the new shade known as the "dead-leaf green;" its plaited front was very much turned up, and was composed of ecru faille lined with the green, with a small double green ruching and a green torsade that grew under toward the center, where there was a handsome green bow with four loops held by a silver buckle. The crown was of puffed ecru faille, and the space between it and the brim filled in with a wreath of large velvet leaves; the ecru curtain was edged with a ruching falling over a green bow.

Hints for spring wraps are gained in the new cloaks, which fail to show short backs and long points, but are invariably long and round. A stylish model, recently imported, extends its back seams about six inches below the waist over the tournaire, where the skirt is plaited on in two deep box-plaits or in the Russian plaits, to make the mass hang the rest of the way full and long. Where the corsage and the skirt unite is placed a wide corner.

ribbon sash, which, fastened on either side, ties in the center, to fall in ends over the plaits.

Feather trimming is disappearing from cloaks, but only to re-appear as feather fringe on dresses.

A pretty costume recommended for little girls has its well-fitting bodice continued in a sort of plain basque down below the hips; the skirt is fastened on this basque in full plaits behind and plain in front; the garment is buttoned all the way down the front with buttons the color of the dress, which is usually gray or brown, and there are fancy little aumoniere pockets on either side. Little girls of nine and ten years of age often have their dresses made in princesse shape, trimmed with work of fine mohair braid, or black silk-plaited braid with steel edging, or with bouillons, tabs, pipings, etc., of faille, and passementerie buttons. For the same age is also given a dress having a plain cuirasse and skirt-plaited low down at the back under a wide bow of faille. The paletot is very short at the back, not coming below the sash bow, but lengthened into two wide square lappets in front. This paletot is trimmed all the way down the front with a quilting of cream cashmere lace and ribbon, matching in color the material of the garment. The lace is continued in a double border round the lappets and about a large pocket placed upon the left side. Lace quillings and faille bows also finish the sleeves.

The two styles most popular for little girls' outside wraps are the long, close-fitting paletot, and the one just described—short in the back, with long lappets in front. The little hats or bonnets match in color, at least, the costume with which they are associated. The drawn silk and velvet capotes are equally popular with the various shaped felt hats.

In fans, those of feathers, mounted on bone, tortoise shell, ivory, or smoked pearl sticks, are by far, the most fashionable ones; though the folded ivory fan, painted and carved, the silk ones on sticks of ebony and violet wood, ornamented with hand-painted flowers, and the satin and silk fans, trimmed with marabout fringe, are equally in style. The feather fans range in all prices from five dollars up to \$125 and \$130, according to the rarity of the feathers and the value of the sticks employed. Very handsome ones are seen composed of natural-colored marabout tips, mounted on thin ivory sticks; also ostrich tips (natural color) on amber tortoise-shell. Amber and dark mottled shell are favorites for both feather and black lace fans. Lace fans, by the way, have lost none of their old favor. In white they are made of the combination lace so largely used now in all confections; one of those seen comprised point duchesse, point d'Alencon and Valenciennes; the duchesse providing the groundwork for the medallions and other ornamentations of the two remaining laces. Painted designs represent landscapes and figures, more largely than flowers alone perhaps, and these cover the entire face of the fan instead of one

## HOW TO PROTECT FURS FROM MOTHS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one, at some time in the past tense, inquired how to keep moths from furs. In reply, I give a most reliable rule, viz.: keep your furs from the moths. To this I will add the directions given by a most reliable, and somewhat extensive fur-dealer in our place; and having followed this mode and no other, and having never yet found a moth in my furs, or been able to whip from them a loose hair, I think it may be safely recommended, and if it is implicitly followed will give satisfaction to all.

Here is the fur-dealer's communication, which I copy for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD, and hope I shall not be indicted for stealing or plagiarism, for so doing:

"The common practice is to put away furs in something perfectly tight and put into the fur strong scented articles, such as gum-camphor, tobacco, cedar, and even turpentine. All these have the effect of drying and injuring the furs, and are of no protection because if the furs are in tight boxes, no moths can enter. Ladies are surprised after all their pains to find their furs injured. The simple answer is, the embryo moth was in the furs when put away. The miller is so small that it is not noticed, and the worm, which grows rapidly, does the mischief, the cedar and camphor having no effect upon that. While the miller dislikes the smell of these, yet its deposit being made before the furs are put away, the after use of strong scented articles is useless.

Furs should be thoroughly whipped with a small round stick to get out all the dust and deposit, before putting away, and put into something so tight that a very small miller cannot crawl in. A linen pillow case is good to slip the box into. Then in June, say, take the furs out of the box and whip them again, and if there are any moths in them they will be in the form of worms, and may be easily seen and whipped out. Never hang furs in the air, but put them back in the boxes as soon as examined. If in whipping the fur is found loose, it is an evidence there are moths in them, and they should be whipped till the fur will not fly at all."

To this I will add that I am careful to put my furs into the box each time after using, and am especially careful late in the season, when the miller may be about, to do so, and to keep the box covered or in a dark place, and this without ever using cedar, tobacco, or anything else, have kept my furs perfectly preserved. W.

## SPIDER WEB TIDY.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—For six years I have watched for your letters as well as all the rest of the good things that come in our paper, never thinking that I should write to you, but as I wish to ask some questions, I will venture for once. I would like to know what purl is in knitting? also, the terms picot and lock stitch in crochet?

I will now give you directions for a spider web tidy in crochet. With

number ten thread make a chain of twelve stitches and join;—into this ring crochet twenty-four long stitches; second round, chain three, miss two long stitches and make a long stitch between the second and third of the previous round, chain two and make another in the same place, chain two, miss two and make another long stitch and so on around; third row, chain three and make four long stitches between the first two in second round with two long stitches between, chain two, and make one over the one in second round, and so on around; fourth round, chain three and make six long stitches between the four with three long stitches between, chain two, make one long stitch over one long stitch in last round; fifth round, chain four and make eight long stitches (three chain between) between the six long stitches, chain two, make one long stitch over long stitch in last round; sixth round, chain four, make ten long stitches between eight long stitches, chain three very loosely between, chain four and make one long stitch over long stitch in last row; seventh round, chain five, make twelve long stitches between ten long stitches in last round, four long chain between, chain five, one long stitch over long stitch in last round; eighth round, chain six and make fourteen long stitches between the twelve long stitches in last round but make no chain between, finish the round and this will form one wheel. Make fourteen of these and join together; first two wheels, three under the two, four under the three, three under the four, two under the three, and crochet four rows of long stitches around it, two stitches between, then finish with a fringe.

As some may not know how to make the fringe I will try to tell them my way. I take a Sabbath School singing book and wind my thread around it the longest way, as many times as I please. This will make only a part of the fringe. Hold this firmly in place while you cut it at both ends, then take seven threads double, and with the crochet needle draw them through a mesh, then take the ends and draw them through the loop, and so on for all the meshes. I hope I have made myself intelligible, for tidies are so pretty made in this way.

I am especially interested in the fancy work department of the paper, so, sisters, please send all the directions you can.

BERTIE.

## TO WEAVE HAIR.

No one feature is more important to a woman's personal comeliness than a good head of hair; it not only adds a charm to the plainest face, but it is a "glory to her for it is given her for a covering." Where nature has not been profuse in this desirable gift, or disease has caused the loss of the hair, custom requires us to adopt some method to supply the deficiency, either from the hair dealer, or else from the combings of our own head, which is generally the most agreeable to one's personal feelings.

A few plain directions will be given for the benefit of those who desire to

manufacture their own braids and curls. If combings are used it will require a large accumulation, as there is unavoidably much waste, as the hair must be straightened and evened; but if hair as cut from the head is used, it will be sufficiently even, and if of good length a nice switch can be manufactured from it.

Take a smooth board one and one-half feet long, and six or eight inches wide; near one end drive three shingle nails in a row, the nails being one-half of an inch apart and the row running parallel with the end of the board. At the other end opposite the middle nail, drive one nail; wax three pieces of linen thread, tie together at one end, and about a quarter of an inch from this knot tie another; now slip it over the nail that stands alone, then tie one to each of the three nails, drawing the thread considerably tight.

Take the board in your lap, the three nails toward the right hand. Next take a small quantity of hair the size of a knitting needle, make one end even; then wet the end in a little water and put it under the thread nearest you, over the middle thread and under the last, then bring the end back on the left side, reversing the order; now push up close against the knot. Proceed in this way until the strip is of the required length. After it is dry it can be pushed together more closely and the threads securely fastened.

ANNA B.

#### NEW BLACK SILK COSTUMES.

Notwithstanding the effort to introduce colors for street attire there still remains a decided partiality for black silk suits. The newest of these are trimmed with netted fringe with very deep heading and without beads. Many fanciful arrangements of aprons and over-dresses are introduced, but conservative ladies still like the full, round over-skirt with deep apron front, sides draped very high and far back, and straight back breadths, caught up with tapes to give a buffant effect; sometimes the edge is simply faced with a bias hem, sometimes it has fringe, but in the greater number of cases it has knife-plaitings of the silk sewed on with a seam underneath without heading. A plain jockey basque, simply piped on the edge, and a short walking skirt, trimmed with two or three knife-plaitings; complete a tasteful suit that, while it is not the latest novelty, is liked for its stylish simplicity.

Among the newest black silk costumes are those with two aprons edged with fringe and draped on the sides only. Down the middle of the front breadth is a puff, widening gradually toward the bottom, and held by seven rows of shirring on each side and a ruffle; this shirring must be done with exquisite neatness, and the rows placed very near together. Two reverses the length of the skirt meet the curved sides trim the back. A box-plaited flounce, held down in two places, trims the foot. The long basque has two square tabs behind, trimmed across with rows of jet fringe. The cuirass front has whalebones to the end of the darts. The fringe forms a Pompadour square in back and front for trimming. A similar dress has

five box-plaits set on the front breadth, with a narrow knife-plaiting at the foot, while three knife-plaitings trim the other breadths of the skirt. This has also two curved aprons draping the sides, while two long sashes edges with fringe are crossed and knotted on the back.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

#### BLEACHING CLOTHING.

MR. CROWELL:—For the benefit of Mary Elizabeth and F. I take pleasure in sending the recipe of which I spoke. Chloride of lime five parts, sal soda six parts, boiling water half as many gallons as you have ounces of chloride of lime; put the lime in a convenient vessel and pour about two-thirds of the water on it; stir well five or ten minutes and add the soda; when dissolved let the liquid settle, then pour off and add the rest of the water to the settling, stir, settle and pour off carefully as before; strain the liquor through a woolen cloth or two thicknesses of new cotton, being careful not to allow a particle of settling to pass through.

By exposure to the air and light this liquid loses its strength, but may be kept in well corked bottles in a dark place for any length of time. It is designed for bleaching as well as removing mildew and stains. Most stains can be removed by soaking a few minutes in the liquid, but leather stains on socks require a stronger solution. It may be prepared twice as strong as the above and kept in a dark place and when necessary diluted with water. Clothing to be bleached should be well washed and rinsed and soaked in the liquor from three to twelve hours, then wrung out, scalded, rinsed and dried. Very fine goods should not be soaked more than one or two hours.

If goods are not white enough with once soaking the process may be repeated; but they should not remain too long in the liquid without rinsing, as it may injure them. If there are any stains not removed they might be soaked a few moments in a stronger solution. This process of bleaching will of course answer for Mary Elizabeth's brown muslin.

I think some one asked not long since how to clean chromos. Just dampen a soft cloth in warm water and wipe them, then wipe dry. The varnish on the surface prevents the colors being injured.

A. S.

#### FASHION'S USES.

A fashion writer, doubtless weary with the work, finds consolation in the discovery that fashion has uses, which is illustrated by the assertion that hoop skirts and crinoline were invented to hide "unequal hips," high-soled shoes to increase height, by Louis XIV., who hoped by this device to appear taller than his rival, the king of Spain, whom he desired to supersede in beauty at some ostentatious tournament. Long armed gloves for balls and parties were introduced by Queen Elizabeth after her arms lost plumpness. This fashion decayed with time, but was revived by the amiable Empress Josephine to conceal the red plebian arms of the democratically seared wives of her husband's marshals and generals.

An English lady of exalted rank in Queen Anne's time lost her front hair, and no art could make the hirsuit appendage grow upon the barren spot. To hide the defects of her wig, she invented a slanting-shaped hat, which became universally fashionable. To Queen Elizabeth's long, yellow, skinny neck we are indebted for the standing ruff, and to the Puritan wife of Cromwell, who had a bad complexion, and was not above the vanity of hiding the same, for the pretty, dotted, black lace veils still popular.

Contemporary ladies of the "Praise-God-Barebone" stripe who were similarly afflicted, went even further, and used pearl powder and rouge, though they applied it so skillfully that only those who were in the secret knew it, and thus countless instances can be enumerated where a prevailing fashion owes its existence to some personal defect or deformity, or arose from a desire to crush a society rival by some article of dress which added peculiar beauty to the inventor.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

I wish we might have more such pieces as that in a recent number, of Fan's advice to Kate. Soon after reading it I had occasion to put it in practice. I got a bad spot of oil on a dress, the oil is so perfectly removed, and without fading it, that I cannot now tell where it was.

C. R.

In the April HOUSEHOLD L. and M. M. P. ask to know of something to remove grease spots from silk. Cover the spots with French chalk, scraped fine, and allow it to remain an hour or more; it is well to put it on both sides if it be a bad spot. A good brushing will take off the chalk and leave no mark.

F. B. A.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

It Emma H. will take Indian meal and vinegar and bathe the "rough skin," and then thoroughly wash off and rub with glycerine, she will find it very beneficial.

M. M. M.

A Subscriber wishes to know how she can use small pieces of Canton flannel left from children's garments? The best use she can put them to would be to save them to patch the holes in the garment when it gets old.

SUB.

MR. EDITOR:—Will some one send me a recipe to keep colors from fading when washed? and oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Lizzie can color her woolen goods coal black by first coloring it a good sorrel color, then dip it in a good log-wood dye. You will then have a coal black.

MRS. LUKE HILTON.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I saw in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD an article on making worsted flowers. I have some knowledge of the art, not sufficient to be satisfactory. Will Meta be so kind as to send me instructions with sample, and oblige one who is anxious to learn?

Also I am very desirous of learning how to make feather flowers. I have a mania for the beautiful both in peat the operation until it works a

1 earn the right way, the way par excellence. Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD enlighten me on these important subjects, and on other articles of fancy work, and thereby confer a favor upon us delicate ones?

Perhaps when I become a naturalized member of THE HOUSEHOLD, I may contribute my moiety for their edification.

MRS. S. E. H.

Newark, Delaware.

Will some one please give me directions to clean a shawl which has first a white stripe, then one of bright colors? And exceedingly oblige,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for coloring furs dark or black without injury?

HUNTER.

IRON RUST.—MR. EDITOR:—Dorcas wishes to know what will remove iron rust from cotton and linen goods. I will give her my recipe: One teaspoonful of oxalic acid, one-half pint of boiling water. Dip the spots while hot, let them remain a few minutes, if it does not remove them add a little more acid. Rinse well.

ADELL TASCOTT.

TO KEEP THE HAIR FROM COMING OUT.—To one-fourth of a pint of number one castor oil, add one pint of alcohol, one ounce flour of sulphur, one-half a pint of rain water, enough perfume to give an agreeable odor. Wet the head and scalp thoroughly; the hair will cease falling off in a few days, and will have a lively, fresh, glossy appearance. Let M. Lou and H. D. N. try this recipe, I think they will like it.

MR. FRANK L.

Freedoms Home, Ky.

A lady asks for coloring with cutch, here is my recipe which she can try; I like it.

Cutch on cotton or wool. To four pounds of cloth one pound of cutch, and boil a few minutes, put in the cloth, first wetting it in warm water, boil a little while, then take it out, put in a tablespoonful of oil of vitriol, and dip in the cloth again. Dissolve in a separate dish one-fourth of a pound bichromate of potash, by pouring boiling water on it, and dip the cloth in it, if not dark enough repeat the process of dipping from one to the other until it is; then rinse in soap suds and dry. Color in brass. The potash may be dissolved in wood. I hope these recipes will prove satisfactory.

ABBIE.

Will some of the readers give directions for making a pretty rag-bag? Also, what will remove varnish from woolen goods?

W. T.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—M. M. C., in the April number, wishes to know how to remove grease spots from a brown silk. I answer, magnesia. Spread your ironing cloth as for ironing, have plenty of soft, fine brown paper; spread magnesia upon the spots, then the paper over that, also under the goods, then place a warm (but not hot) flat-iron on the paper, let it stay a while then brush the magnesia off lightly and carefully and repeat the operation until it works a

MOLLIE.



## LITTLE MARGERY.

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes  
Peeping through the tangled hair.  
Now I lay me—I'm so tired—  
Auntie, God knows all my prayer;  
He'll keep little Margery."

Watching by the little bed,  
Dreaming of the coming years,  
Much I wonder what they'll bring,  
Most of smiles, or most of tears,  
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith,  
Shining in the childish breast,  
Always be so clear and bright?  
Will God always know the rest,  
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,  
And you are a child no more,  
But a woman, trouble-worn,  
Will it come—this faith of yours—  
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,  
And your idol turn to dust,  
Will you bow to meet the blow,  
Owning all God's ways are just—  
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark  
You can see no step ahead,  
Will you lay your hand in his,  
Trusting by him to be led  
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down  
Peaceful hands across her breast,  
Whisper, with her old belief,  
"God my Father knows the rest,  
He'll take tired Margery?"

True, my darling, life is long,  
And its ways are hard and dim;  
But God knows the path you tread;  
I can leave you safe with him,  
Always, little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith,  
Through your weary woman years;  
Shining ever strong and bright,  
Never dimmed by saddest tears,  
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet  
To a yearning, restless soul;  
We pray in snatches, asking part,  
But God above us knows the whole,  
And answers baby Margery.

—*Woman's Journal.*

## THE KINDERGARTEN.

THE Kindergarten, or "Child's Garden," system of instruction, which is now established throughout Germany, is practiced to some extent in this country. Nothing, says M. Bourleton, a French writer, is more interesting than a visit to a German Kindergarten. It consists of a large, well-ventilated structure, to which is attached a garden planted with trees and flowers. The children occupy its various rooms according to age, the boys on one side and the girls on the other; a child is admitted as soon as it can walk; they number all sizes from two to six years of age. Fröbel, the originator of the system, was averse to sending children to regular schools before the age of seven. The children of the rich have a kindergarten of their own, for which a charge of seven dollars a year is made, while the kindergartens for the poor are free excepting an average charge of one and a half cents per day for two meals supplied to them.

Fröbel's educational system is based on experience. All infants like

to play; give them, then, as curious playthings as you can. They soon tire of curious things which they do not comprehend, and before which they remain passive spectators; infants accordingly break toys to pieces and in turn fashion something else, a restless activity ever obtaining out of fragments new materials for more interesting objects. The fashioning of something new out of something old or chaotic, is a natural instinct, the recognition of which is so important in the development of the faculties of observation and imagination. He accordingly organized the kindergarten with a view to an exercise of the infantile hand and mind by easy work and simple amusements, while he disciplined the understanding by singling and by games of ever increasing complexity. In carrying out this plan never did he depart from the scope of infantile accomplishment.

Let us visit one of the kindergartens for the poor. It is nine o'clock in the morning, and the children enter, bringing along with them a small bit of bread to eat before the mid-day meal. An inspection for cleanliness takes place; no large spots, holes or rents are allowed, all this, indeed, being forestalled by the pride as well as interests of the parents. Each child passed to its place at a table on which playthings are displayed; the smallest occupy themselves with little wooden blocks, building walls, gateways and houses, each competing with the other. An idea of lines, shapes and proportions—every conception, in fact, necessary in the perfection of a high or complicated edifice is awakened in their little brains. Each observes his neighbor's work and, when invention flags, copies and imitates. Talking is permitted, and, thanks to every one being occupied with his own work, there is no noise.

The more advanced pupils are given more difficult tasks. Some weave together strips of paper of different colors and of symmetrical design, like squares, circles, stars and other shapes which require closer attention. Practice renders the children skillful, it being surprising to see how rapidly the paper glides through their fingers and issues from them in proper shape. Others fill up with a lead-pencil progressive geometrical designs traced beforehand, and, which are afterwards reproduced without the model with remarkable accuracy. Others execute in transparency, with the point of a pin, houses, dogs and flowers, or repeat the outlines of these objects in worsted work.

An hour of physical exercise always follows an hour of labor. Then comes singing, which is learned by ear; then marching about the floor, turning and winding as in a ballet; then sporting in the garden with small spades, consisting of digging in the ground and building up or excavating tenements of all kinds. A part of the time is devoted to gymnastic exercises. The children are made to stretch their arms and fingers, and stand on tiptoe; play soldier, and finally practice games, devised by Fröbel himself specially to exercise the organs of hearing, touch and sight. Many a time, says our author, the results have astonished me. On visiting a kinder-

garten of sixty pupils I have witnessed a sort of blindman's buff, in which every child in turn had to guess, by an exclamation, the name of the child who seized its hand. Not one in so large a crowd made a mistake.

These exercises develop, to a remarkable degree, perspicacity and thoughtfulness, while a love of labor under this form becomes seductive. The children are eager to get to a school where all is frolic; and every evening they take back some new acquisition to their families. Children are naturally open and communicative, and are consequently cheerful; the child who is supposed, *a priori*, to be of a good disposition, is led wholly by gentleness and kindness. Boys and girls are treated alike. The children are not taught either reading or writing; but when they leave the kindergarten and go to regular schools their progress is much more rapid than that of other children; the schoolmasters all agree that the kindergarten graduates excel others in vivacity of intellect. Fröbel's aim was to make children thoroughly understand that which is ordinarily only indicated to them; they are obliged to talk and get excited, their intellect, in a word, being rendered active in matters where it is usually passive.

There remains one point more on which to say something, and that is the philosophy of punishment. In principle, punishment is not considered either as curative or with a view to make an example. It is avoided as much as possible. Never is the child whipped; on the contrary it is placed in a corner, away from the playthings, and when convinced that it has done wrong, the punishment ceases, lasting but a short time and ending when repentance shows itself. The object is to let the child see that labor, far from being a trial, is really a pleasure, true punishment consisting of a privation of work. Children are never praised on account of their dexterity, skill being regarded as the natural result of labor; there is no smiling at awkwardness, no word being uttered that will provoke rivalry. Such are the principles and operation of the German kindergarten.

When one considers the mischief done to youth through the stimulating of precocious talent and the injury to the brain by forcing it to entertain incomprehensible abstractions, both being evils in the bringing up of our youth, it is well to study a system like that of Fröbel's, which seems to insure a sound, healthy, natural development, by not bending the twig in a wrong direction.

## A MOTHER'S TALK.

BY SALLY A. HUMES.

Ever since my first child, nine years old to-day, began to run into mischief, the little hands meddling with the work-basket, the little feet defiantly standing on the next to the top rail of the fence, the question has been coming up how shall I govern my children? Now I have five, the youngest not two years old, but well posted in all the tricks of the four older ones. He is learning new words every day, and if a naughty one is

dropped from his lips, they are all ready to hear it repeated; and this is one of my greatest trials. I do not wish to lay blame on my neighbors, children, or say they have learned from others all the naughtiness they sometimes manifest. I believe it is natural for children to say and do many things they have never seen in others, and they gather much from observation. They put into practice, for play, things that surprise and pain us, but are not always to be harshly treated for such conduct. While our mature judgment takes in at a glance the impropriety of such a play, it is best to draw attention from it, without raising any questions in their minds. If the play is repeated tell them you don't enjoy that game, and they try another to please you.

Children will do almost anything when they know we mean just what we say, but a half wavering command or request is very often left undone. I claim nothing uncommon for my children. I have tried as hard, perhaps, as any mother can, who feels that she has greater responsibility than merely to attend to their physical wants, yet they have all the waywardness of other children, and are quite as apt to defy my authority at times as those who never hear the voice of prayer from mother's lips. My best method of late has been to ask Divine help when appealed to, to settle difficulties between them. My children will tell things about each other that are not strictly true, and it is very hard to know which to believe. I am not much surprised to see every kind of sin developing in them as they grow older. They would be more than human if fallen nature did not show itself. But I am as powerless to change their nature as to save a sinner. I may keep it in subjection, and I find the only way to prevent mutiny sometimes is to come among them with a little whip, much as a captain might step among his men with a revolver and say the first one that refuses to comply with the rules of this house will feel the force of this. There is a great deal of persuasion in a little whip.

One great source of comfort and joy remains, that is that our children can early become Christians. My eldest child was converted at eight years of age, and for one year she has lived as consistent as many Christians of maturer years. The folly in which her younger brothers and sisters indulge she will not countenance, their naughty words she never uses and she is almost always ready and willing to do anything I ask of her. Indeed, I have learned the lesson of obedience many times over from my little daughter. Since I have seen the work of grace in her, my prayer has been daily for the very early conversion of my children.

## TOYS ON THE CARPET.

MR. CROWELL:—In the May number, Mrs. H. B. appears with a short letter which contains much. She says she has three happy frolicsome boys, the eldest five years old, and weary and careworn, she comes to the band to know what to do with them. When we read a little farther





## CONCERNING BILLS OF FARE.

BY ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAVE many times wondered why any housekeeper should ask for a bill of fare for the week, or even be constrained to use one in case it were provided. Yet some of our friends do make such requests, and others, from time to time, offer theirs to *THE HOUSEHOLD*. To me it seems that any such formal and stereotyped method of living and cooking would be very tame and unsatisfactory, savoring too much of the practice of prisons, asylums, and other public institutions, to be welcome in our homes. Of course our bill of fare may be very different from any of these, yet the sameness is objectional, for we all know that variety is the spice of life. We have been told by sojourners at some of our public institutions and boarding houses that the monotony, and the pretty sure knowledge of what each day's fare was to be, caused a feeling of antipathy, not to be overcome, and was enough to destroy the appetite in a short time.

What is needed for a genuine relish and the pleasurable enjoyment of a meal is to frequently have the table take the household by surprise, and for the one who acts as cook to devise changes, and to study variety as far circumstances permit. At the same time, we know by experience that some general method is advisable for the housekeeper, yet it need not be reduced to strict formality, where a woman has brains to help her in her planning and her work. For my own part, when cooking, I usually plan my table for a day or two ahead, yet seldom have the same courses the same day of the week for two weeks in succession. On some days the dinner this week was mainly similar to some day last week, though I have no formal rule that it shall be so.

It is desirable, I think, to have the family, as a usual thing, come to the table with the appetite slightly whetted by curiosity, and though the general features of the dinner may be only common, some little variety in cooking, or in preparation of the dessert, is pleasing all around. The children when they come in hungry from school like to be surprised by a favorite dish, and if they smell a plum pudding, or spy an apple dumpling, or a meat pie, or, in fact, some dish that does not come every day, nor perhaps every week, it is enjoyed all the better when it appears. Even hasty pudding and molasses (state prison fare though it be), is relished occasionally as a dessert, though to have it in a regular bill of fare it would soon become repulsive. And so with many other dishes, which come in for a change now and then—very ordinary preparations perhaps, but relished if not too often and too methodically set on the table.

As we all know a bill of fare must vary according to the circumstances

of families, but to season and place as well. Families of about the same means must, perchance, often live differently in the country from those in town, and in summer the bill of fare ought to be, in many respects, different from the cooler months of the year. In fact, each month varies the resources of the housekeeper, and if we follow one course for the four weeks of a month, the next month has something different to offer us in the way of changes at table.

The week's bill of fare given by Mrs. E. I. P. in the April number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* strikes us as applicable only to the spring of the year when "ham and eggs" rather predominate, and few of us I think use ham as often as in that course; while most of us would seek more variety in the different meals of the day, take the days and weeks together. Then fried meats are in the bill altogether too much either for health or to be relished. Not a single broil, or steak of any kind in the whole course!

Just here I wish to ask if this is not too general a method everywhere—this frying meat of all kinds, when many pieces are much superior broiled? It is a sacrilege to fry a nice beef steak or the round of a tender mutton; and there is nothing more delicious than a chicken (not an old fowl) cooked over coals. Where a pair are not wanted for a single meal it is well to select the more fleshy pieces from each for the broiling iron, leaving the bony parts to make a stew another day. And then the leaner slices of ham are much superior broiled to fried, though some may object because a little more broth is required. Occasionally, however, almost any good cook will broil for a change; and also salt pork, well freshened, then floured and cooked over coals is an excellent dish, though rather troublesome to prepare. Men camping out in the woods know how superior is their broiled pork to the fried that often comes on to tables in their homes.

Thus, to my mind, the only sensible weekly bill of fare for a housekeeper to depend upon is to use her own skill and convenience, and adapt herself to her circumstances and the changes which the season variously provides. In summer we need less meat and solid food than in winter, and in families accustomed to a cooked breakfast the year around, eggs and fish are a good substitute for meat the first meal of the day.

In the bill of fare of Mrs. E. I. P. she has cold meat twice on Sunday, with fried meat for breakfast Monday and a stew for dinner. Cold meat is convenient once for Sunday, but we should never think of foregoing one nicely cooked meal—simple, such as a steak, with no parade of vegetables on that day—and if there is any time that cold meat comes in play it is for Monday's breakfast, when the stove is in use for washing, at least where cooking and washing is done over the same fire. For the same reason a stew would be the most inconvenient a lady is rudeness. If there be no dinner to provide, as the top of the ladies about when dinner is announced, we must be used; while a roast of any kind, or a sparerib, or even a steak or fry, which could be quickly cooked would be much easier man-

aged than the stew. I find it economy to use the oven for one thing while the top of the stove occupies the other, and *vice versa*. When doing the Saturday's baking, then is the time to arrange a boiled dish with vegetables, and if some is left cold for Monday, all the better. Thus it is each housekeeper's privilege to consult her own convenience, and to make it a matter of study to do the best she can to provide a wholesome variety, which makes cooking a delight, as it could not be with a set bill of fare.

## A DINNER IN THE CITY.

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

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

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

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

## THE DESSERT.

—An Irish editor congratulates himself that half the lies told about him aren't true.

—When a man has a business that doesn't pay, he usually begins to look around for a partner to share his losses with him.

—Chinese hotels have raised their rates, and it now costs twenty-two cents a day to stop around a first-class hotel. Of course commercial travelers are given the usual discount.

—A letter for "Joseph Kzmigietzki" is awaiting its owner in the Danville, Pa. post office. The postmaster and his family are meantime all going around with their jaws done up in slings.

—A woman who fainted away in a car on the Lake Shore road, the other day, was revived by a man holding a cold door key to her nose. People who buy camphor only throw their money away.

—Elderly agriculturist to season-ticket holder in the train: "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far."

—Punch once told a droll story of a man who, being suddenly raised to riches, exclaimed, in the fullness of his satisfaction, "Oh, that I could stand in the road and see myself ride by in my carriage."

—A boy who was annoyed by a mosquito was told by his pastor that "doubtless the insects are made with a good end in view." "I can't see it, whether it is in view or not. At any rate, I don't like the end I feel."

—It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it, than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man, from the same persons who owe him the money.

— "Some blundering idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled Old Asperity the other day, as he rooted about the desk. "Ah, um, yes; I thought so," he continued in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear.

—Danbury has the champion patient boy. He went to a neighbor's house for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't anything but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

—The first day Artemas Ward entered Toledo, travel-worn and seedy, he said to an elder who was on the street, "Mister, where could I get a square meal for twenty-five cents?" He was told. "I say Mister," said he, "where could I get the twenty-five cents?"

—They were sitting together, he and she, and he was ardently thinking what to say. Finally he burst out with, "In this land of noble achievements and undying glory, why is it that women do not come more to the front; why is it that they do not climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose," said she, "it is all on account of their pull backs." And then she sighed and he sighed, side by side.



**CROUP.**

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

THE April number of THE HOUSEHOLD has just arrived. Mrs. E. J. B. asks, "would Mrs. Carney be kind enough to tell me what would be a good remedy for the croup, if a physician could not be had?" So, as the croup admits no delay, I at once drop the paper and take up the pen, and the many kind friends who have remembered me the past year, must not be offended if I give her request precedence.

Water is a quick and sure remedy for the spasmodic or inflammatory croup, which in nine cases out of ten, perhaps, is the ailment of the suffering child. If you are aroused in the night, as I have been, Oh! so many times, by the hoarse, hard rattle of the croup, and find your child breathing with difficulty, first, with a tea-spoon, try to have it take a little cold water; if it can swallow, let it drink all it will. Then quickly wring a towel in water, soft is much preferable, and hot water is quicker in its action, but you may not have these of a winter's night, and no time is to be lost, either in waiting for them or sending for a physician. Fold the towel into a compress for the throat and lungs, cover with several thicknesses of flannel to keep the dampness from the child's night-dress and bed clothing, cover warmly, and a mother's ear will soon detect change in its manner of breathing. Keep it in bed, if possible between two healthy persons, but give it plenty of breathing space, and if its feet are cold rub with your warm hands, and wrap well in flannels.

If you can induce perspiration, your child is safe for the time. Go quietly to sleep yourself, and be careful it does not take cold again. Guard its diet for several days, allowing it no food that will induce fever. Be especially careful that it eats a light and digestible supper, very early,—an excellent rule by the way for persons in health. A warm or cold bath the early part of the next day, if taken in a warm room and with proper care to avoid draughts, will be very beneficial.

If the croup is the kind called membranous, it will be more formidable to conquer, and I have heard physicians declare there was no cure. I have no experience of my own in this kind, and have often been inclined to think it was the result of common croup—which is inflammation of the trachea or windpipe—neglected or improperly treated.

An excellent physician, who has added to a thorough education in the allopathic system, years of study and careful investigation of all the modern systems, recommends the inhalation of vinegar. He tells me that the efficacy of the old remedy for colds and hoarseness, "Quaker stew,"—i. e., molasses, vinegar and butter boiled together, and sipped slowly before going to bed,—consists in the fact that most patients prepare it themselves and sitting by the stove to stir it, breath its steam for some time. The vinegar also aids to soften or cut the phlegm which would otherwise help to choke the child. Of course none but pure vinegar, from cider or other fruit-juice, should be used.

ing to bed,—consists in the fact that most patients prepare it themselves and sitting by the stove to stir it, breath its steam for some time. The vinegar also aids to soften or cut the phlegm which would otherwise help to choke the child. Of course none but pure vinegar, from cider or other fruit-juice, should be used.

If the first application of water does not relieve your child, as it usually does, repeat it, and if the case is very severe heat water as soon as possible, and apply it as warm as the child's delicate skin will bear, remembering that your hands are more accustomed to hot water, than an infant's chest or throat. Twenty years ago I should have spoken only of cold water. Since then I have used it as warm as the skin will bear, and find in severe cases it gives quicker relief. You must however be much more careful of child taking cold afterwards.

Before closing let me say a few words with regard to preventing croup. You will often hear a bereaved mother say, "My darling never seemed so bright and well as the day before her death. She was so playful, and her eyes shone so like stars, and her cheeks looked like roses. We could not imagine how she took her cold either; for she had not been exposed at all that day."

Look back, sad mother, to three or four days previous, and think if there were not some exposure then, for the croup is not, as most people think, "so sudden!" It is a stealthy foe, whose work is revealed for days, only in the flushing face and sparkling eye, which mean fever, nervous excitement, croup.

Hot foot baths, warm baths in a warm room, light, unfeverish diet, particularly at supper, with all the sleep possible to give tone to the system; and you might have remained forever ignorant that death's arrow was indeed aimed at your child.

Look still further back. Was she not dressed in a low-necked frock with short sleeves?

Perhaps thin shoes and cotton stockings? Did she wear flannel next the skin, particularly across the lungs? I say she because it seems to me that a very large proportion of the sufferers from croup are little girls. Boys, who are out from morning till night, in almost all weather, are less frequently its victims, so far as I have noticed. But they have thick coats, woolen tippets and heavy boots. They run, and climb, and slide, and snowball, in a way that many mothers would consider "unladylike," if practiced by their little girl. Yet there is no reason why she should not play like her brothers, if she is dressed as sensibly as her brother.

Infants require more clothing than adults but are usually allowed to go with far less. They are also more susceptible to the sudden changes of our variable climate, and before the mother, busy and perhaps heated over the stove, has noticed the change her darling is chilled. A few nights afterwards and the rattle of the croup cough awakes the tired mother to her first thought of danger.

Twenty years ago, in journeying across what was then an almost un-

broken prairie, we arrived just at nightfall at the house of a friend, by whom we were easily persuaded to stay over night, although we had intended to ride further. We did this the more readily, as the air was becoming very cool and damp, although the day had been sultry.

My attention was soon attracted by her little girl, a lovely child of six, of more than usual intelligence. She was standing by the open window, and the evening wind blew chill and damp from its course over miles of prairie, across her exposed chest and little bare arms. Yet her cheeks were flushed, and her dark curls damp, as if by previous exercise.

"Will not your little girl take cold?" I asked my friend.

"Oh, no! she is used to the air, and I do not believe in wrapping up a child, as I see you do yours;" was the reply.

I was then an inexperienced mother and for ought I knew her way might be the better one, so with the simple remark, that whooping cough during the severity of winter had left mine subject to croup, and I was obliged to cover her neck and arms, the subject was dropped.

The next morning the little ones were out early, and came in with bright eyes and rosy cheeks but wet shoes. As I directed my little one to dry the outside dampness of her thick shoes, my friend playfully remarked,

"Why! you are making an old woman of your little girl!"

Somewhat mortified, yet unconvinced, I said deprecatingly, "If she takes cold she will have croup, and I think bare feet much safer than damp shoes."

"I should have mine go barefooted all the time if it were not for fear of prairie rattlesnakes, but I cannot burden her feet with thick shoes in warm weather. I mean to have her used to exposure, and not be as delicate as the others were."

She hastily turned away as she spoke, and bustled herself with preparations for the morning meal, and as I knew that "the others" meant two very lovely children, who had died several years before this one had been given to her, I said no more.

As I glanced at the child's shoes, thin slippers soaked with the heavy dew of the previous night, and at the cotton stockings, wet some distance above the ankles, I could not help wishing that the undoubted maternal tenderness had taken the direction of replacing them with dry ones.

One week afterwards my husband rode across that beautiful prairie once more. It was to perform the funeral service for that darling child, and to administer consolation to the afflicted parents. She had died with croup a few days after our visit, and was laid beside "the others."

"It was a difficult task," he said, upon his return. "She thinks God has dealt very hardly with her, in taking the last and only one."

Oh! how many of us are blaming the All Loving Father, because He strictly fulfills His righteous law, that whatsoever we sow, that—i. e., the fruit of it—shall we also reap.

**THE MOST DEADLY DISEASE.**

The most deadly acute disease from which the people of the United States suffer is pneumonia. Many are nearly down with it, who do not suspect it and these can bring it on by a single act of indiscretion. Ten minutes on a street corner in the cold wind; a glass of brandy or whisky; late hours and exposure at night; an evening in a badly ventilated church or theater—any of these may permit the latent disease to manifest itself.

The disease attacks the lungs, but is not as generally supposed, a species of hasty consumption. There is very little expectoration in pneumonia, and in many cases none at all. The cold settles on the lungs, the air passages fill up with mucus, and death is due to the impossibility of breathing, or to the weakness which the disease brings on, as cautious dieting is necessary.

When the trouble in the lungs is overcome the patient is often left in so low a condition that it is impossible to make him rally. It is a rather singular phase of this deadly disease that the percentage of cases is as four to one in favor of men. Women very seldom suffer from it. This may be due to the greater exposure to which men are subjected, and to the more sedentary life of women, who do not suffer from such constant changes and such shocks to the lungs.

The best preventive against pneumonia is to keep the mouth closed when going from a hot place to a cold, and breathe through the nose. It comes like a flash of lightning; there is no preparation or means of averting it. One may go to bed healthy, in all appearances, and wake up with the disease in full blast. Then it is simply a question of constitution. Medical skill avails but little, and physicians pursue but one course—to keep the patient in a warm, even temperature; to give remedies as much as possible to clear the lungs, and seek to keep up the proper animal heat. The patient ordinarily partly loses consciousness on the third day, and the crisis is reached on the seventh. If not dead then there is a small chance of recovery, and all depends on the strength of the patient.

Pneumonia is far more fatal with us than it was years ago. We may attribute the increased mortality from this disease to a multitude of causes. Alcohol gives the disease more victims than all else. Other causes are steam-heating devices, bad ventilation, and tobacco smoke. The devitalized heat of steam-pipes is most injurious to the lungs. The action of the heat on the iron coils sends off a deleterious gas, which seriously impairs the lungs, and renders the inhalation of cold air dangerous. Tobacco smoke dries up the mucous membrane of the throat and air passages, and dispels their healthy action. Alcohol destroys the power of the stomach, and so lessens vitality that a simple "cold" speedily becomes pneumonia. These causes—added to the absurd custom of bunching up the throat while leaving the feet nearly without protection—are sufficient to account for the enormous mortality from this disease.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*



FARTHER HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Number Seven.

BY U. U.

**I**HAD thought this series—commenced with doubts as to its adaptation to a journal of this kind—had closed, but the responses which have come to me, both through THE HOUSEHOLD and private letters, show something of the interest taken in them by a certain class of our readers, and also call, in some instances, for individual replies. In other cases the matter may so far concern the general literary members of THE HOUSEHOLD as to make it proper to respond in a letter open to the public.

Here, for instance, is a pleasant epistle from a young lady, who from specimens of literary efforts sent us, we should judge had a quite ready faculty for composition, with the merit of knowing how to very creditably prepare her efforts for the press. She is, moreover, very fond of writing, though she has little leisure which she can honestly devote to it, unless, in time, it can be made to bring her some fair remuneration in return.

Upon this hope of making writing profitable, we can only reiterate what we have before said, that to do this one must furnish such matter as the public taste demands, and such as publishers readily pay for. At the same time, there are so large quantities of manuscript offered to leading journals, that the "open sesame," by which a new writer can only hope to enter, must be in producing something, not only of merit, but having special characteristics, either of subject or treatment, to recommend it to favor. In a more modest way, one possibly may make writing to a certain extent pay; yet will it pay to give up the time and other pursuits to this end? That is a question no one can answer for another, and each must decide of one's self. We have given our ideas quite fully on this point in a former article in these columns called out a year or more since by Maud's questions, also in one of our Papers for THE HOUSEHOLD, entitled, Making a Business of Writing, so that we will not here repeat, ourselves.

But our correspondent while questioning what she can write that will meet public favor, adds that she has always lived in a small town, has traveled almost none, owns few books and thus her resources are rather limited. She has gradually come to the conclusion that to make a business of writing one needs a pretty good store of general knowledge, at the same time admitting that she lacks this attainment; and questioning if it would not be better to devote her leisure to reading and study for the present, than to her pen. Or, she asks, shall she read upon a subject, to her best ability, and then write out what it has suggested to her mind? And as

she can have access to a good public library, the way is open for her to glean from its shelves.

I have given these facts from the letter, not so much because I feel competent to personally advise in the case, as to suggest to this correspondent, and to others similarly situated, my ideas of general culture as connected with literary pursuits.

For instance, one may originally have no idea of taking up writing, and the art of composition be, in school days, a task of the hardest kind. But with a fondness for study, with scholarly impulses and with a thirst for knowledge and general literature; and more, with a decided conviction of the benefits of liberal culture, the foundation may be early laid which shall bring forth fruit in later days. To one naturally a scholar, odd moments are treasured ones to add bits of general knowledge to more severe studies, and even one's most delightful recreation may be turned to account. Writing, in such cases, may be the out-growth of a cultivated imagination, or the expression of earnest thought and of profound conviction; or, it may be the record of one's observation, or the play of lighter faculties which have been called into action in the course of general culture, and of practical everyday life.

In not a few cases, I think, one's work in the field of letters may come to them, as it were, almost unawares and perhaps scarce by their own seeking; yet it may be only very modest work, while fields, such as the more gifted can fill, may earnestly be sought for by those unable to enter them. But if the work is true and worthy of our better selves, there is no real reason for discouragement, for "one star differeth from another in glory" here, as well as hereafter.

But to go back to our correspondent's letter. Shall she read and study, letting her pen in the meantime rest? or shall she "read up" upon a subject to the best of her ability, then work it into an article, mixing with it a bit of sentiment or fancy as may suggest itself?

To this we might reply, neither; yet either might be commended, and either, taken literally, be condemned. That is, while our young friend is right in coming to the conclusion that to make anything of a business of writing one needs a good fund of general knowledge; there is no reason why the pen should not be put in practice, and skill is tested by its use. The result of that practice may not necessarily be open to the public estimation, though of the benefit of the exercise, as a help in education, and general proficiency in its use, it could not be in vain.

Then again reading up on a subject and giving the knowledge gleaned, or the impression which has thereby been conveyed to our minds, in our own language, is a most valuable method, and one of the best ways to learn the secret of giving terse expression to ideas or facts which may cover a large space of territory.

We have, in our own note-books of various reading, with extracts therefrom, quite a little library of itself; bits from these sometimes come in

play when writing, while the value of the larger portion is in its worth as a means of discipline that the exercise has been and as a part of general and literary education. Thus, as we look upon it, it is not merely for the purpose of writing up on a subject that a young writer will find the truest benefits of enlarged reading; but because all culture not knowledge, and observation, and experience, and scholarly attainments go to enlarge the faculties, quicken the understanding, enrich the mind, cultivate the taste and imagination, and, in a word, lift the whole being into a higher plane of existence. To be a successful teacher, successful in the true sense of the word, even in the primary department of our schools, the instruction should have something more than the rudiments of education, and the more scholarly the tastes and cultivated the mind the better fitted for even that humble work.

And so I think it is with the writer. What is termed genius is a product of rare finding, but respectable talent may achieve much worthy work, when united with liberal culture and a persistent endeavor to do the best it can in its own sphere of action. It is not, "How many talents are given us?" but how we have increased, and used what we have, that is for us to consider.

At the same time there is so much mere mediocrity seeking a place on the top round of the ladder, without either the talents or the acquired qualifications, that it becomes almost discouraging for modest worth to hope to find its true place and work in the world.

There is another point upon which I must touch, as some of my former remarks may have misled as to their meaning. When I said that the writer should give the best of his or her life to the work, I did not, of course, mean that that should be all of life. I only meant this: That the writer, like the artist needs to use all things to help in this art. The true artist lingers over pictures by the hours and even years; he studies the best models; notes different faces, forms, and postures, and makes all nature, and art, and everything in the realm of taste and beauty, help him in the delineation, as Ruskin has it, of "the Good, the Beautiful, and the True."

So the artist of the pen not only makes his knowledge of books, and men, and things, serve his purpose, but he studies the best models in literary fields, both the poet and prose writer, the historian and the novelist, the metaphysical and the humorous, the heavy and the light, and sees wherein their strength or fancy lies. So, too, they treasure bits of fact or fancy they may come upon in everyday life; and, when larger opportunities for travel and observation are granted they glean something from everything that may serve them in their literary art. Some child's play may suggest a story, an outcast's look, a song, and a sentence heard or read, may be the leading to an elaborate essay. It is by making all that one can his or her own, that preparation for after work is made.

If an author wishes to write a his-

torical romance or poem, or to treat upon any subject in which authorities are to be consulted, then of course it is necessary to read with especial reference to that topic. But this exercise by no means takes the place of general culture, and of the need of studying human-nature as well as books, in developing the talent of the young writer.

But while considering one's self but a novice with the pen, it is wise if one has an ambition to write, to feel the way gradually by occasionally proffering something to the publisher. The encouragement met, by way of remuneration or otherwise, will be a help in deciding whether or not to attempt to make anything of a business with the pen. Farther than this we would not advise.

Other points in reference to writing, called out by our correspondents, must wait till another time to be touched upon.

THE REVIEWER.

PRINCIPIA, OR BASIS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Being a Survey of the Subject from the Moral and Theological, yet Liberal and Progressive Stand-point, by R. J. Wright. Second Edition, Crown 8 vo. pp. 524, Price, \$2.00, Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co.

While *Principia* is not a work which would interest the average reader it contains an abundance of wholesome truths and valuable suggestions on a subject which concerns the whole family of man and must be of great assistance to the student of politics, law or theology. Perhaps no more comprehensive idea of the work could be given than the following extract from the author's own aims in, and view of the volume. "Politics, which, previous to the Great Rebellion, he had considered as, in this country, but little more than party squabbles for place, and for words,—rose up before him after the war, as the object to which he desired to devote some of his best time and thought. And this volume is a part of the results. It is one of a series, taking a survey of the subject from the moral and theological, yet liberal and progressive stand-point. The series has been several years under thought and in preparation. And this volume gives only the fundamental political organic principles. He has endeavored to write in such a spirit, and to produce such a volume, that all liberal-minded and liberal-hearted persons might read it without pain or disturbance, and furthermore a volume that could be safely recommended to pious young men, especially to students for the ministry, who really desire to be useful and to be ahead of their age on this subject."

WIDE AWAKE for May opens with a story by Edgar Fawcett, adorned by a fine illustration drawn by Miss C. A. Northam. It will do our independent girls no harm to read this story. Other good stories are "The Doll Mission," by the editor, "The Angel of the House," a Centennial story, by C. H. Woodman, and "Hanging a Bear," a true story of adventure, by Rev. I. L. Beman, with a spirited frontispiece by F. T. Merrill. There is a simple but tempting record on last summer's camping out, by H. A. H., alluring one thus early to the wholesome way we Yankees have taken up of spending the hot summer days, while the initial paper of "A Child in Florence" promises us some pleasant reminiscences of that famous city. The serials, "Young Rick" and "The Cooking Club," are worth the reading. The Departments are well-sustained, the pictures admirable. Last, but not least among the attractions, is a Centennial drama, prepared for the children by the well-known dramatic writer, Mrs. E. D. Cheney. It is given thus early that the children may have full time to prepare for their Fourth of July celebrations. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

SCRIBNER's table of contents for May is suggestive of a treat that does not disappoint in the least. "Bowdoin College" is the institution that is finely illustrated in this number. William Penn, Pocahontas, and John Guten-

## AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind, Should auld ac - quaint - ance  
 2. We've passed thro' ma - ny va - ried scenes Since youth's un - cloud - ed day, And friends, and hopes, and  
 3. Yet ev - er has the light of song Il - lumined our dark - est hours, And cheered us on life's  
 4. Here we have met, here we may part To meet on earth no more, And we may nev - er  
 5. But when we've cross'd the sea of life, And reached the heav'n - ly shore, We'll sing the songs our  
 be for - got, And songs of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne we meet to - night, For  
 hap - py dreams, Time's hand hath swept a - way; And voi - ces that once joined with ours In  
 toil - some way, And gemm'd our path with flow'rs; The sa - cred songs our fath - er's sang, Dear  
 sing a - gain The cher - ished songs of yore; The sa - cred songs our fa - thers sang, In  
 fa - thers sing, Trans - cend - ing those of yore; We'll meet to sing di - vin - er strains Than  
 auld lang syne, To sing the songs our fa - thers sang In days of auld lang syne.  
 days of auld lang syne, Are si - lent now, and blend no more In songs of auld lang syne.  
 songs of auld lang syne, The hal - lowed songs our fa - thers sang In days of auld lang syne.  
 days of auld lang syne, We may not meet to sing a - gain The songs of auld lang syne.  
 those of auld lang syne; Im - mor - tal songs of praise, un - known In days of auld lang syne.

berg, are subjects of other illustrated papers. Half a dozen poets make contributions to this number. The editorial departments are full of information and entertainment.

The ATLANTIC has contributions in prose

and poetry from many of its favorite writers. The only critical article is upon the "Literary Aspects of the Romantic School," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The review of "Recent Literature," in speaking of Good-

win's "Christ and Humanity," says: "His mainly maintenance of the divinity in humanity, is tonic and refreshing to a mind long wearied by the ignominious deductions of Darwinism, and his book is in itself a

refutation of the concealed notion so acceptable in some quarters, that all the learning and ability of the present generation are enlisted on the skeptical and materialistic side."



## IMPERFECT COOKERY.

PEAKING of the subject of imperfect cookery the New York Tribune says: To ascertain just how much really good material is spoiled in the cooking would form an interesting and quite fruitful subject of research, and set some housekeepers at least to thinking. If every loaf of bad bread manufactured from good flour, every overdone or underdone piece of meat prime in original quality, every mess of potatoes ruined in the kettle, every muddy cup of coffee made, every dish of every sort that might be palatable and nutritious, but which by carelessness, ignorance, or neglect is made tasteless and mediocre—if all these could be written down in a book, with dates and specifications, and the average cook confronted with them once a year, what consternation would or should fill her heart, and what a fearful aggregate of material wasted beyond redemption would appear in the account.

The fact is that cookery is entitled to rank among the exact sciences, and that happy accidents are of rare occurrence in the culinary domain, while unhappy accidents are constantly happening. There is continually the golden mean to be sought in the admixture of all the elements that are to make up a savory meal, and such is "the total depravity of material things," as one of our witty writers once phrased it, that if there is one chance in ten of things going wrong that chance is sure to befall.

To cook a potato exactly right, so that it will be just done, and no more, be mealy, white, perfect, requires an exercise of that talent little short of genius, so one would think who eats that vegetable at ordinary tables. The same is true of onions, that odorous bulb, which is almost always served underdone; of beans, which are either burned in the baking or dried to a choking consistency. Now a hungry epicure even can make a good meal off three or four things—nicely cooked meat, perfectly prepared potato, a dish of ripe fruit, and exemplary bread and butter. It is not variety or quantity that is so important as quality, and if those who cook could only realize this and precipitate all their powers upon the perfect preparation of only two dishes at each meal, those who feed at their hands would certainly be the gainers. It is a great deal easier, when one has really made up her mind to it, to have everything just right than it is to let things drift, for one right thing fits into another right thing and then the whole is right. Badly cooked food is not only sheer waste in nerve, muscle, soul power. The hungry body vainly attempts recuperation in trying to digest and assimilate food not "convenient" for it, so that what might have been accomplished had the food been right remains undone.

Apropos hereto and for the help of careless cooks the following extract

from an unpublished business letter is given: "Having written an hour or so I found the inner roominess large and descended to breakfast. The order was scrambled eggs, steak, cod-fish cake, corn cakes, muffins, stewed chicken, and chocolate. The eggs were so old they smelt, the chicken even worse, the corn cakes tasted like sawdust, and butter was oleomargarine or worse. The muffins turned out to be one small but good biscuit, burned to a cinder at the top; the chocolate was flat and bitter. But the hotel is central and elegant; the furniture is costly; the walls are frescoed; the mirrors are large; the darkies are clever; the bills are ample; the lady boarders wear scant skirts with ruffled hems; and how rude it would be to snivel about the mere victuals! I won't do it. I went without my breakfast, paid for it with effusive cheerfulness, tipped my hat jauntily in taking leave of the handsome cashier, and knew that I had just as good a time as the other fellows!"

## DISH CLOTHS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—As this is the first time I have ever written for a newspaper, it is with fear and trembling, that, I take my pen in hand, like all original writers, to thank you for your good paper which has proved such a help and comfort to all housekeepers in general and myself in particular; it has in fact become one of the necessities of life to me. Husband declares I swear by it. I want to shake hands with Sister Jessie over her article on Some Small Economies, it is so instructive to those who never think of such things, and such an aid to those who want to be economical but don't know how! Wish we could have more of that sort to help those who desire to be good cooks and economical housekeepers. I can testify to the utility of white-lead mixed in oil for mending broken dishes as I am daily using dishes which the good mother mended in that way four years ago. I leave them in the hot dishwater, as though they were never mended and when broken, they break anywhere but in mended places.

I have copied an article on Dish Cloths which I hope you will see fit to print, for it is a subject which I have long wished to call attention to but felt a delicacy about it, fearing it might hurt some one's feelings who was more sensitive than neat. It has long been a matter of surprise to me, that housekeepers who were considered models of neatness could use such filthy rags for dish-cloths as some do. My own are washed and boiled as often as dish towels, hand towels, tablecloths, and napkins, and that is every Monday. A lady says in the Rural World, when some of you are sure to be down with typhoid fever; when neighbors are neglecting their own work to nurse you; when doctors are hunting in the cellars and old drains for the cause let me whisper in your ear, look to your dish cloths. If they be black and stiff, and smell like a boneyard it is enough, throw them in the fire and henceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, and see if you ever have that disease again. There

are some other causes but I have smelled a whole handful of typhoid in one dish-rag.

I had some neighbors once, clever, good sort of folks; one fall four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels white-washed and then about forty cents worth of carbolic acid, in the swill pail and departed. I went into the kitchen to make gruel. I needed a dish cloth and looked about and found several, and such rags! I burned them all and called the daughter of the house to get me a dish cloth. She looked around on the tables.

"Why," said she, "there was about a dozen here this morning," and she looked in the wood box, and on the mantel-piece, and felt in the dark corner of the cupboard.

"Well," I said, "I saw some old black rotten rags lying around and I burned them, for there is death in such dish cloths as those, and you must never use such again."

I took turns at nursing that family four weeks and I believe those dirty dish cloths were the cause of all that hard work. Therefore I say to every housekeeper keep your dish cloths clean. You may wear your dresses without ironing but you must keep your dish cloths clean. You may only comb your hair on Sundays, you may not wear a collar, unless you go from home, but you must wash your dish cloths. You may only sweep the floor when the sign is right; the windows don't need washing, you can look out at the door; that spider web on the front porch don't hurt anything, but as you love your lives, wash out your dish cloths. Let the holes in your husband's foot rags go undarned, let the sage go ungathered, let the children's shoes go two Sundays without blacking, let two hens set four weeks on one wooden egg, but do wash your dish cloths. Eat without a table cloth, do without a curtain to your windows, and cake for tea, but for heaven's sake, keep your dish cloths clean.—Yours truly with the best wishes of a

YANKEE.

## WASHING MADE EASY.

In these days of washing-machines, no doubt you will laugh at the idea of the old pounding-barrel being the easiest and best way of doing our family washings, but it is no less a fact founded on experience, and we all know that pounding does not wear the clothes in the least. I now recall one family in particular that, to my knowledge, has as good a washing-machine as any in use, also the pounding-barrel, and the latter is frequently used in preference to the former as being much easier and washing the clothes cleaner in a shorter space of time. The way to proceed is this:

On the day previous to washing put your clothes to soak in warm, soft water, to which a little washing-soda has been added, soaping the soiled spots well, letting them remain in this water over night. Next morning pound them well, and you will find your clothes nearly clean; wring them out and again soap those that are not clean; then put clean, hot water in the barrel, put in your clothes, pound again, and as you wring them out of this wa-

ter observe if there are any soiled spots remaining (such as wristbands, collars, etc.); if so, rub them through the hands slightly, and they are ready for the rinse-water. Your clothes need no boiling (which process only yellows them). They are not rubbed to rags on the board. We hear of no back-aches, nor sore fingers, nor blisters, and we claim it will do all and even more than any washing-machine ever yet invented.

Therefore we say to all farmers' wives and daughters, don't moan and bewail your hard lot because you have not the loose change to buy a washing-machine. Take one of your musty, old pork barrels from the cellar, clean it thoroughly, saw off the top down to the second row of hoops from the top, then nail the top hoop firmly; send to the village for a good, wooden pounder, and you have a washing-machine that will not cost you three dollars and will last a lifetime with good care. Then get at your washing early in the morning, and if you have a kind husband, brother, son or hired man about you they will often when work is slack pound them out for you, and, my word for it, you will find your washing indeed made easy.—Rural New Yorker.

## ORDER IN THE KITCHEN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—R. H. G. asks, "Can a housekeeper keep everything in the best of order in and around the house, have time to keep up with the literature of the day, write letters, read the news, make and receive calls, etc., etc.?" I am a housekeeper of ten years, and I answer no. Yet do not be discouraged. Many a woman with a multitude of cares has found time for improvement.

I have a few thoughts born of experience and they might aid a new beginner. The heart of every true woman goes out in affectionate sympathy towards a struggling sister and then comes a desire to help them.

Now let me suggest a few thoughts. Make order your first law, you know the old adage, "a place for everything and everything in its place." 'Tis a good rule. Little brother and sister can be taught the lesson.

Labor with your head as well as your hands. A person cannot discuss or think about literary or other topics and work swiftly at the same time. The head must guide the hands. Learn to work steadily, take no unnecessary steps, make no false motions. More time is saved by such a course than many would imagine. I have a friend that always brushes up her sitting-room, dusts, puts everything in order, the last thing before retiring. Of course it is necessary to slip on a work dress in order to do so, but she always has a tidy room for unexpected callers.

There is one word to say about work dresses. Have a plenty of neat calico or gingham dresses, but not those elaborately trimmed affairs that it takes half a day to iron. Make the skirt short enough to be tidy and not like some would-be-fine Bridget, long enough to serve the place of a mop. All sensible women endorse J. G. Holland's sentiments in regard to trailing dresses. With a crimped

cambric ruffle at the neck, or a standing collar, you have a suit that no lady need be ashamed to be seen in.

One word more and I am done. Don't let foul mouthed gossips cheat you out of your precious leisure time to read and write. There will be no treasure laid in store from such a waste of time. MINNE OPA.

#### GRAHAM COOKING.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—*Dear Sir:*—Enclosed you will find my subscription for another year. I have quite enjoyed the friendly chats of your genial HOUSEHOLD Band, and received much valued information. As there seems an increasing demand for recipes of graham food, and having had some experience in that kind of cooking the past few years, I would be very glad to impart what little knowledge I have gained, could it any way benefit your readers, believing with Mrs. Carney, that it is a duty all who have experienced its benefits, owe to those who have not.

As one subscriber asks for a recipe for light gems, with soft crust, I will commence with that. My heart was nearly broken over them. My cook utterly refused to have anything to do with such "new-fangled notions;" nobody could make her believe that anything could be made light without yeast or soda, "it was not natural." So I had to experiment alone, and have succeeded to the entire satisfaction of my husband; hoping all the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD will do the same, I send the recipe. Two cups of milk, one of cold water, (colder the better) stir in three full cups of graham flour, a pinch of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; have your gem pans very hot, put in each a scrap of butter or beef drippings, and fill even full with the batter; bake in a very quick oven from one-half to three-fourths of an hour; this quantity makes twelve; we use the cast iron gem pans. Expedition in making and baking, is most requisite. These we consider more healthful than any form of bread.

For raised bread we use any good yeast, stir stiff, as can be stirred with a spoon, and for one good sized loaf put in one-half a cup of molasses, when light put in the pan and smooth the top with the spoon dipped in cold water; it requires no kneading. Bake one-half an hour longer than fine flour bread. I will trespass no longer upon your space and patience, except to tell the same subscriber that she will find the wheat meal makes very nice porridge; mix with cold water and stir into the boiling water very slowly, so not to stop the boiling, to prevent too raw a taste. It also makes nice griddle cakes made like buckwheat cakes. Now if the sisters will allow me I would like to join their circle, though only A BRITISH COUSIN.

St. John, N. B.

#### THE DOVER EGG BEATER.

One great source of perplexity to the housekeeper who, from choice or necessity, is her own "maid of all work," is the lack of time or strength to properly prepare eggs for the demands of nice cookery, which to a

greater or less extent must have a place on the table of every well regulated family. Unless yolks are whipped to a thick cream, and whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone, the texture of cake will be coarse, and if the loaf be not streaked or heavy, there will be a crude flavor about it that will betray the fault at once to the initiated. The same is emphatically true with regard to muffins, waffles and griddle-cakes.

The introduction of the Dover Egg Beater, about five years ago, effected a great change in the manner of beating eggs. Previous to its advent, forks, knives, wires, and various cumbersome machines were in use, requiring from half an hour to an hour to bring the egg to a proper condition, while by the use of the "Dover," the whites of two eggs can be so thoroughly beaten in eight seconds as to permit the vessel to be inverted without a particle of the mass falling, and six eggs may be made to more than fill a quart measure. Well and fittingly does the Boston Journal exclaim in view of the ease and rapidity with which these feats can be accomplished: Think of it ye whose arms have ached with the wieldings of forks and spoons and nondescripts called egg beaters; think of it ye who have been told that to make your cake a success your eggs must be beaten five, ten or fifteen minutes. Here there is no labor, and better still, no uncertainty.

Doth your heart delight in the famed Berwick sponge cake? Then procure the Dover Egg Beater, so shall your desire be gratified. First beat your eggs only twenty seconds, then sift in your sugar, beating till you have a thick, creamy mass; it is quickly done and well done, then lightly stir in your flour, pour the compound into your pans and bake, and success is sure.

Do you take delight in muffins of a flaky lightness, or tea cakes of melting tenderness, fit "food for the gods," but which they never tasted, because in those days the Dover Egg Beater was not? Or do you covet the delicious cream cake, or the quivering custard, or the snowy frosting? Then get the Dover Egg Beater. So shall all these dreams be gratified.

#### BREAD FROM GROWN WHEAT.

I am an old lady and have been an invalid for ten years, mostly confined to my room. I love to read the letters of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD and often think I would like to contribute my mite but it is seldom that I am able to write, but as some one asked how to make bread of grown wheat flour, I will tell her how I succeeded. I put my flour in my bread bowl three or four hours before I wanted to sponge it; set it under the stove and let it dry, stir it thoroughly so that it will be pretty warm all through then proceed as you would with other flour. I made my bread in that way when I could not in any other.

I would like to tell the sisters how to make a kind of yeast that will keep good all winter. Take sweet cider, stir in flour as much as you do in hop water, have ready some good lively hop yeast and stir it in; set your jar

or pan in a warm place, leave it uncovered, and in two or three days it will foam up and run over, don't touch until it stops foaming; then scrape all from the outside of the jar into the pan, now lift the jar and scrape all from the pan; stir it thoroughly together, set it in the pan, as before let it run over in the same way three times, then stir down again and cover tightly, put it in the cellar. There will be a liquid on top, don't stir it in, but with a large spoon dip down to the bottom of the jar, get all the yeast the spoon will hold and it will make four loaves of bread.

MRS. H. D. LAMB.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

Gail Hamilton, in one of her trenchant articles, says that a chop presupposes a roast; that if you are caught dining on hash to-day, it is evident you had a roast for yesterday's dinner.

Now that is by no means certain. There are many pieces of meat besides a nice roast which make an excellent chop, and not only that, but a most wholesome dinner in its original form. We know of families who think there is no part of a beef suitable for the dinner table unless it is a roast or a steak or perhaps, occasionally a dish of canned beef for a change. Hence they purchase only the highest priced meats, not so much because they can afford to do so, as because they scarce think as there is any more economical way.

But let us go to the butchers and ask for some of the cheaper pieces, such as are suitable for boiling, and which will be sold for about half less than the choicest cuts. It is best to have it sent home the evening before wishing to cook it, or early in the morning, so as to have it on the stove in time to boil five or six hours before dinner.

This does not, like soup meat, wish to be put into cold water and simmer, but put it into hot water and let it boil moderately all the forenoon. I think it better not to salt it until partly cooked, as the salt rather hardens and extracts the juice. However, it may be preferred by some to let it stand in a weak brine over night, cooking the meat in that same water if it be not too salt.

This in very hot weather, or if we wish to slightly pickle part of our piece of beef, is a good way, for it by no means becomes hard like corned beef.

The meat can be cooked down in the kettle or placed in the oven to brown nicely for the table. There will usually be considerable fat to remove before cooking it down and making the gravy, and this is good for shortening, or to put in with lard for frying doughnuts. When done, your meat, thus treated, is often as tender as chicken, and at the same time sweet and juicy, making a most excellent dinner at a moderate cost. Then there will be nice slices to put on cold for breakfast, while the smaller bits and the fat pieces chopped together, make a good choped dish or a hash, as suits best.

The bones if the piece has in it a marrow bone, will do to boil over to make a dish of rice soup or another bowl of gravy, as will the bones from a roast of beef, and then all parts be

saved, though many throw them away and thus waste much of good food.

Cheap meats may also be boiled very tender and minced up, then seasoned and pressed in the liquors in which it boiled, and this is nice for breakfast, tea, or lunch and will keep for several days unless the weather is very hot. Of course I do not recommend depending on the more ordinary grades of meat, but taking the better, then the cheaper, for a change and for economy's sake. It not only saves in the price paid, but in requiring less butter for cooking than does beef or any other kinds of steak, or most frying meat. We would not by any means forego our steak and roasts nor recommend our friends to do so. When fresh meats cannot be daily procured, as on farms, a piece boiled will serve in different ways for two or three days, while part may be slightly salted and kept still longer.

#### ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL.—I have read THE HOUSEHOLD for several years, and have this year commenced taking it myself. I need not say that I like it very much, but I have found one serious fault with it, and have long wished to call attention to the fact that very many of the recipes given seem to be written for those who do not need them, that is, those who have learned by experience how to use their own judgment in cooking. As a general thing, the recipes are given so indefinitely that beginners learn very little from them.

For instance, I have long wanted a rule for griddle cake but I have never yet found one, that gave the required quantity of flour. To prove this I take from the April number, which I have just received, the recipes for Graham bread. The first says "For gems, stir a batter as for griddle cakes, perhaps a little thicker." Number 2 says, "It should be stirred quite stiff." Number 3, "Graham flour to make it thick enough." Number 4, "Stir flour till it is a little thicker than for pancakes." Number 5, "Flour enough to make a tolerable thick batter." Number 6, "Flour to make a thick batter." etc.

I know there is a difference in flour, but no more than in making cake, but in recipes for cake we are not usually left to guess at the quantity of flour. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of my ignorance, but I confess I don't know just how thick a "batter" is and don't know just how thick to make griddle cakes or pancakes. If those who send us recipes would only remember that they who need them most are the ones who know the least about these things, I am sure they would not omit such an important item.

CRITIC.

DEAR EDITOR AND FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Having been a reader of this paper for a number of years and learning so many good things from it, I have been thinking I should like a corner, in which to give you one or two of my ways of doing things.

I will tell you how to make a delicious toast with very little milk. Toast brown on both sides six slices of nice bread, have ready nearly a pint of boiling milk, put in a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg, and salt to taste,

then pour over the bread and send to the table at once.

I can sympathize with those who have found it difficult to learn how to make linen done up at home, look as nicely as that done in a laundry. I will tell you my way, and if you follow directions you will be satisfied I'm sure. To make the starch, take two large spoonfuls of starch, I use Kingsford's silver gloss, and wet with cold water then pour on, stirring all the time, nearly a pint of boiling water, now put in a piece of spermaceti as large as a bean, and a pinch of salt, and white sugar, and a small teaspoon of epsom salts, stir all nicely together and then starch your clothes, after starching rub each piece separately as though you were rubbing dirty clothes until the starch is thoroughly rubbed in, then fold closely between dry clothes, and roll up hard; after two or three hours, iron and they will make you no more trouble than plain clothes. Iron perfectly smooth and put by the fire to dry, then wet a clean cloth and wring as dry as possible and wipe the linen over, not wetting it too much, let it lay while you iron something else then polish.

To polish hold your polishing iron with the heel an inch over above the cloth, rubbing the other end softly at first then harder until the surface shines. I think you will be paid for your trouble.

In our last I saw something about ironing without heat. When visiting a friend in Concord, N. H., a few weeks ago I was surprised to see her preparations for ironing. First she put her table all ready to iron on, just in front of or under the gas burner, then she brought in something that looked somewhat like a flat-iron only this was hollow and had a wooden handle and a long tube, which she fastened to the burner, and turned on the gas and lighted it, in the hollow place in the iron, which was arranged so the heat was thrown on the bottom. In a few minutes she commenced to work. It seemed to me more like play than work.

Wishing to satisfy myself if it was really doing the work of irons heated by a fire, I tried it and I think it answers the question, how to iron without heat, better than any person living can do. I asked how much it cost to do a week's washing? and was told that it cost in Concord about one cent and a quarter an hour. Now one can do a large ironing in two hours with no fire to keep, and no walking after flat-irons. It is certainly one of the first inventions of this country, doing away as it does with most of the trouble of ironing day.

I have written much more than I intended but like some public characters I did not know when to stop.

BARBARA BADGER.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—From the distant prairies of Kansas I hear THE HOUSEHOLD Band talking, planning, aspiring to a higher plane of thought, better lives and a happier way of living. And the query has arisen, with the consciousness that I have been benefited many times by their suggestions, can I not say a helpful word in return? And if L. E. M. is still in a quandary about frying oysters, I

will tell her how I fry them. Do not commence to fry them until the rest of your meal is ready to serve, for be they fried ever so nicely they will be ruined by standing after they are done. Have your frying pan hot, this is essential, for a sizzling, sozzling mess will not be fit to eat; have ready some rolled crackers, peppered, (the oysters we get are salt enough,) take from the can sufficient oysters to cover the frying pan, drain slightly and then roll about in the rolled cracker until covered; put a piece of butter into your hot pan, which will at once become brown, into this lay gently, one by one, your oysters; the first ones will be ready to turn by the time they are all in, as too much cooking spoils them. Have your dishes hot that you serve on and eat immediately, and "make a note on it" you will find them delicious; repeat if more are needed.

If Connie Cook will take one-half cup each of chocolate, sugar and water and cook together for a few moments my word for it she will have when cold, a coating for her rolled jelly cake that is cheaper and better than jelly. If chocolate is not liked, a delicious lemon coating can be made by using a scant cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, a little flour and the juice of one lemon, whip this thoroughly together for inside, the whites beaten to a stiff froth with one-half cup of powdered sugar flavored with lemon to use for the outside.

Mrs. J. B. cannot have a prettier card basket than one we saw which was intended to imitate coral and was made of fine old hoop skirt springs, made into fanciful shape which will suggest itself to Mrs. J. B.; wherever the wires were fastened little ends of twine, not too long, were left and occasionally little pieces were tied on to make the imitation more complete. Then melt two parts of beeswax and one of rosin, with sufficient sealing wax to give the desired shade; this mixture must be dipped upon the basket while warm, set the basket in a pan to catch the drippings for remelting; when cooling the ends of the string can be twisted and crooked to look very pretty indeed.

If any member of the Band would like to make a pretty but inexpensive tidy for a rocking chair that is much used, let her get a piece of linen such as is used for protecting the center of stair carpets. Those I have seen are in diamonds of black and white with a figure in the center of each, with a border on each edge, this is the linen. You can put as much or as little work into it as like. The center figure of mine is a little star which I worked over in laid work with shaded zephyr, the flowers in the border the same way. It is very speedily done, one can use up odds and ends of worsteds, and it does not try the eyes as you have merely to work over the woven patterns, and they are durable and pretty.

A friend of mine who is quite fleshy says, tell Jennie that a lump of loaf sugar in a goblet of new milk drank every evening will make her as fat—well, as fat as she desires to be. Another who became very lean from sickness was advised to eat baked potatoes "jackets and all," she did so in

quantities and became quite fleshy. Another friend attributes her increase of flesh to eating parsnips. But we mildly suggest to Jennie that we would rather be as lean as a rail, yes, as lean as two rails, than eat those nasty things—ugh! parsnips!

Hoping the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD will not turn the cold shoulder to us because we hail from the land of grasshoppers and that we may meet them again during the centennial year, we are respectfully, S. FRANC B.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have often wished to openly join the Band of which I have been so long a silent member, and now my heart is so full I can no longer keep silence.

First of all I must thank Anna Holroye for her more than excellent article on "Helps to Health, etc., in the January number. It found me with a dear little babe nearly two months old, and the first work of my fingers was to remodel his garments according to her suggestions, for they met a long felt want of mine which I had not known how to overcome, and I profited by them, as I wish every mother in the land would do. The change was very easily made, for I simply plaited the skirts on the bottom of the shirts, and took off all his tight bands which I have always disliked, and the result is he is warmly clad with every garment very loose, not a pin being used, and I am delighted with it, and so I know is baby.

I have worn the new style of undergarments for a year, and wonder now how I ever bore the burden of the old manner of dressing so long. The perfect sense of freedom and lightness is delightful, warmth in winter and coolness in summer are obtained, without a gather or band around the waist. I think my own comfort in these garments made me ready to see the wisdom of the change for baby, whose clothes are now fashioned upon the same principles. As I wished for sensible mothers for the helpless little ones, so I wish all women were sensible in this matter of dress for their own comfort and health.

Louisa M. Alcott, in her new book, ("Eight Cousins,") with her usual straight-forward way, places herself on the right side in this question, and I hope her book "in season" will do good.

With what interest I read Faith Rochester's "How to Govern the Baby." "What is the right way?" is my constant thought. It seems to me I have never seen a child exactly like my own mischievous three-year-old, and I am many times a day sorely tried and puzzled. I am sure the same rules will not do for different children and most boys are so much more difficult to govern than girls. But I have found from sad experience that it will not do to whip or fret at my little one; it arouses all the opposition in his nature and makes him worse than before. I find that untiring patience, the lovingest, happiest tone and way of speaking, and a careful avoidance of what has proved to be a source of irritation, are the only methods which have succeeded with him so far; for instance in the latter case, everything

with which he persists in meddling, I manage to keep out of his way if possible, and lock the door of the room to which he seems constantly drawn for mischief, thus avoiding many a quick, harsh word that would otherwise surely arise to my lips. Thus I find the only real hindrance to successful management lies in myself. A naturally nervous, irritable temperament, greatly increased by ill-health, are the cause of all my failures. When I have been able, by God's help, to hold my own fretfulness in check, I find my child is happy and, as a consequence, good.

The matter of running away has been a great trouble to me. I am sure I have tried every way, both gentle and stern, but the next idea that enters his brain—away go his little feet, with no thought of mamma's caution or his own promises. I do not think anything save keeping in the house (which is to be deplored), or locked gates and picket fences, which they cannot climb, will do for the incorrigibles, till reason and the idea of obedience shall dawn. O, it requires so much patience to keep the restless, active little brains in the right way, and I fail so often.

I have missed the help I obtained from my daily season of prayer, which has of necessity been given up since my cares have increased with the little ones, for I find no time to go away by myself. It has troubled me much, so God sent to my door a comforting word in the shape of an article from the Advocate and Guardian, entitled, "Entering into the Closet," which I will ask Mr. Crowell to re-print for you, for it may chance to help some few, like myself to a greater nearness to the One who will help us the most to increase our patience and tenderness with the little ones He has given us to lead up to Him.

I fear Mr. Crowell will think this letter already too long to be admitted to his columns, and will consign it to the waste-basket, so I will hasten now to sign myself as always, for the right way, an

EARNEST SEEKER.

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Is there room for one more? I hope so, for I am very desirous to tell you what I think about the tonics, sunshine, music, work and sleep, for women. I believe in them in large doses; neither do I believe they are beyond the reach of so many as sister Dora would make us think. Perhaps it would be well to try and find out what places these tonics beyond the reach of any.

We will begin with the blessed sunshine; surely all the middle class can and will have an abundance of that, knowing as they do, that it is another name for life; but they can't, why? what ignorance to ask; it would fade the carpets, injure the furniture, all of which are of vastly more importance than any one's life and comfort; the men are not to blame if they don't have it, I know, for I believe if there is one thing a man hates above another it is a dark room.

It seems very sad that such a large majority of sisters should be deprived of needed sleep. What prevents? If the head of the family will find money

to buy enough dry goods, butter and eggs, two-thirds of the majority wouldn't find time to sleep at all, others with house room enough and a scrubbing brush would accomplish the same result.

Now it is just nonsense to represent or insinuate as many do that the men are responsible in most cases in making it impossible for women to take needed rest. There's many a man weary with trying to be honest and live within his means, that would think the year of Jubilee had come if his wife would just spend the time resting she now uses in planning and making ruinously expensive suits.

But there will be no change, the mother with one child will not have any more time than she who is her own servant, until women care more for their minds than they do for adorning their bodies, when they care more for building up a glorious inner life, and less about outshining their neighbor, when they have a will they will not have to stop five minutes to find a way, and when that time comes there will be less corruption in high places, less making haste to be rich, at the expense of every virtue. But I fear I am taking up to much room, so good-bye.

BERTHA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I do not feel as though I could write anything that would instruct any one of the Band, as I am neither wise with the wisdom of learning, or of experience, as are so many of those who monthly meet you all with words of counsel; but I have often wanted to write to tell how much you are to me, how I love you all, but especially Mrs. Dorr. She has been my friend for a long time, for though I have not spoken more than once before, I have listened for years to THE HOUSEHOLD talks—in other words, have read your columns every month for years we could not spare you from our home.

Mrs. Dorr has written just for me, it seemed; she has cheered me when despondent, counseled me when in the dark; aye, she has comforted me when death brooded over our home and our hearts were torn with anguish. I have often longed to tell her how much I thank her for her noble words and love her for her loving counsel. I do so through you. My home is away down here in the empire state of the south; I cannot hope ever to clasp her hand or look into her face here; perhaps we shall meet and become acquainted "in that land above." But I pray from my heart, God forever bless her for the words that she has written.

E. F. C.

Cave Spring, Ga.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—Is there room among the many members of the Band for one more? If so, may I come in? I am a timid little woman and will not take up much room or time, so please give me a little space for I have stood at the threshold a long while wishing to enter, but fearing I should be considered an intruder.

And now I want to tell you how much I prize the letters from so many dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD Band; I read them with great interest, and feel as though I should like to thank

them personally for the good I have received from them.

Please let me thank sister Jessie for her recipe for warm ginger cake, which she gave in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD. I tried it and found it excellent. I am sure she would have felt well repaid for writing, could she have heard my husband praising the cake at the tea-table.

TRUTH.

Putnamville, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I read with much pleasure THE HOUSEHOLD. May I be permitted to mention a subject in which, in our Granite State, we are deeply interested—the cause of temperance. Not only in the cities are people alive on this subject, but in several villages good templars' lodges have been recently organized, and I believe many readers of this paper are with us, ready to rally round this standard of virtue and truth.

Will you assist us with words of encouragement occasionally in this noble work?

S. J.

#### HOUSEWORK.

BY SALLY A. HUMES.

I have resolved to try a new way of doing my work. Instead of hiring a girl to do my kitchen work, I will hire the best of my sewing done, and with the aid of my two little girls do my family work. I think it will prove more satisfactory, and give me as much leisure as I have had in trying to keep up my sewing and hire help. I have tried this overwhelming burden for ten years and it has never been satisfactory.

I believe I can save as much in my kitchen in one month as the sewing for two months will cost, besides the wages of the hired help. When somebody else pays for the groceries, girls don't always measure by the wants of the family. All work that does not strictly belong to cooking and dish-washing, is pushed aside, and must be done by the mistress or left undone; and with so many odd jobs still crowded upon her, the sewing for a large family must always be a drag.

Town people hire more sewing done because help in that line is always near, but when a farmer's wife departs a little from the old paths, she is eyed suspiciously by her neighbors. If she hires a sewing woman two or three weeks twice a year, at four or five dollars a week, she is called extravagant, but she may hire a girl twelve months and nobody will blame her, though six weeks steady sewing may relieve the wife and mother more than twelve months of kitchen work.

Men too are a little doubtful as to the propriety of having sewing hired, especially if wife has a machine, yet they never hesitate to get just such help as they need, and the work they most dread they generally hire. Few do their own ditching or chopping, though most of them do their own plowing and sowing. Give your wife the same privilege.

#### TOO PRECISE.

MR. CROWELL:—The March number of THE HOUSEHOLD is received and contents eagerly perused. Many your servant and try another.

years ago I made the acquaintance of your Band through a friend. This year finds me a subscriber for your valuable paper; how I ever managed to keep house without it is a mystery.

I have been highly amused at some of the recipes for cooking; several say, "Take a china bowl," (proceed) didn't they forget to add "of the purest white with gold bands or a delicate vine thereon?" Now a stone ware bowl would not have answered, or a common milk crock, or anything less than china is not to be mentioned. Another in making a certain article always uses a silver spoon and sets the precious compound upon a marble shelf: dear, oh dear! A pewter, or tin, or iron spoon would ruin all, and as for setting it upon a wooden shelf or chair, horrors! don't think of it. To bake a pot pie, "Bake in a new tin milk pan." Wouldn't a pan that had seen service have done just as well or even a bread pan have made your pie just as rich?

While exactness is always desirable instances like the above savor of narrow mindedness, for indeed there is more than one right way. Don't imagine me a cross old nuisance, ready to criticize and ridicule everything in my path, for I'll venture to assert, in all your travels, you'll find no happier, cheerier little wife than J. E. M.

#### WASHING FINE UNDERCLOTHING.

A leading firm of importers and retailers of hosiery goods in Philadelphia, gives the Germantown Telegraph the following directions for washing merino, lamb's wool, and silk underclothing, and that paper bears witness to its excellence.

"Use one pound of dissolved soap in four gallons of warm water, in which well rinse the articles to be washed, drawing them repeatedly through the hand; wring them as dry as possible to remove the soap; rinse them again briskly in clean lukewarm water; wring and stretch them to their proper shape and dry in the open air if possible. The only effects of rubbing are to shrink and destroy the material; it should therefore never be resorted to. The material used in manufacturing silk underwear being an animal product, it is absolutely necessary that nothing but the best quality of soap and warm water should be used. All kinds of washing compounds destroy the nature of the material, giving to the fabric the appearance of poor cotton."

#### KITCHEN ETIQUETTE.

Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by real benefits. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. You say they are provokingly stupid; we will suppose they are; but if we have to deal with stupidity, let us use the means best adapted to it. Did you ever find that scolding made an order more intelligible, or caused anything but broken dishes and ill-cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while; if that will

not accomplish anything, send away the same privilege.

You cannot afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom persistent kindness is thrown away can render you no intelligent or permanent service. We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort, and duty, do not require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?—*Scribner's Monthly*.

To mend china, take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into plaster of Paris, until the mixture becomes of the proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MINCE PIES.—Buy a piece of beef, quite large if you choose, and if for soup get a bony piece and boil the day before you intend to use it; this lets the fat rise and it can easily be taken off, and is better used with half lard than lard alone, for any purpose. Take the gristle and poor parts of the meat and part of the liquor it is cooked in, and use for soup, the remaining meat and liquor for pies. If only a few are needed, chop the meat and cover with molasses and put in a cool place and it will keep a long time. Pies are less hearty made of two parts apples and one part meat, and the raisins are improved by boiling in molasses.

MECHANIC'S WIFE.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—For F. R. S. One pint of granulated sugar, six table-spoonfuls of water, boil four or five minutes well, take from the fire and add one table-spoonful of granulated sugar fifteen drops of oil of peppermint and one-sixth of a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; stir two minutes and drop on tins, do not butter your tins. If it hardens before it can be dropped add a very little hot water. LAURA F. K.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.—Use raspberries gathered late in the season so that they will not easily make jelly, wash the berries, put one quart of vinegar to twelve of raspberries, let them stand over night, add one pound of sugar to a pint of the juice and let it come to the boiling point. E. C.

MR. EDITOR, — Dear Sir:—Having received many good things from THE HOUSEHOLD, I would like to contribute a few recipes. Some one wishes for a rule to make liquid blueing. The following I have used for many years.

LIQUID BLUEING.—One ounce of Chinese blue, one-half ounce of oxalic acid and one quart of rain water.

COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, and caraway seeds.

HARD SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four eggs, one tea-spoonful of soda, one-half tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, lemon, and flour enough to roll well.

JERUSAH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, butter the size of a hen's egg, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, one-half tea-spoonful of soda, two-thirds of a cup of raisins, if you like and nearly two cups of flour.

INDIAN CUSTARD PUDDING.—Four heaping tea-spoonfuls of Indian meal, one egg, one quart of milk, salt and spice; sweeten to suit the taste; beat the egg and meal together then pour in the milk and bake two hours; stir two or three times.

LEMON PIE.—M. F. B. will find the following recipe for lemon pie very nice. One lemon, one cup each of sugar and water, and one-half of a cracker rolled fine. This makes two pies.

No. 2. Dissolve one heaping spoonful of

corn starch in a little cold water, add a cup of boiling water and let it thicken on the stove, one-half cup each of sugar and molasses, one egg, and the grated rind and juice of one lemon.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, two spoonfuls of sugar to an egg, four spoonfuls of milk, one half teaspoonful of soda, and nutmeg.

I would like to give my system of bread making for I have not had a loaf of sour bread the past summer and have made six, eight and ten loaves per week for my family, but will defer till another time. I am very much interested in the letters from the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD. Lizzie's on the training of children was true and excellent. Let us have many more like unto it.

Uxbridge, Mass. S. J. A.

E. A. A. wishes to know how to make

MUFFINS WITHOUT YEAST.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda sifted together, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, and a piece of butter half the size of an egg; mix together with milk just thin enough so they will not run out under the rings.

Chicago.

Enclose a few recipes which I like very much.

JELLY CAKE.—One-half cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one cup of flour; spread on three common sized round tins with layers of jelly.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, a lump of butter the size of an egg and one cup of flour; beat thoroughly together and bake one-half hour.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one and one-half cups of flour; spread on three tins the size of a dinner plate.

Cream for the Cake.—One and one-half cups of milk placed inside a pail and set in boiling water; when boiling add one-half cup of sugar, one egg and the yolk to another and one large spoonful of corn starch, beaten thoroughly together; flavor to taste when cold.

KISSES OR DROP CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, three-fourths of a cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda and five cups of flour; flavor to taste and drop on a buttered tin with a raisin in the top of each.

GINGER CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger and flour to roll; cut into small cakes. SUB.

TURKEY OR CHICKEN STUFFING.—Three teacupfuls of grated bread crumbs rubbed through a colander, do not let a drop of water be put in the crumbs and take out every bit of crust; add one teacupful of very finely chopped beef suet, two-thirds of a teacupful of chopped parsley, a good pinch of sweet marjoram and summer savory, the grated rind of one lemon and some grated nutmeg, pepper and salt; now bind all these ingredients together with one or two beaten eggs, stuff your chickens, boil or roast them and invite me to dinner that I may see you enjoy that stuffing. MRS. J. A. H.

TARTS.—One quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda; mix well, rub in one and one-third cups of lard and moisten with sweet cream. MRS. J. B. C.

BROWN BREAD.—If agreeable I will send a recipe for making brown bread which I think is very nice and has no hard crust to it. One pint of Indian meal, one-half pint of rye meal, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half cup of molasses, with salt to your liking; stir this up together (after you have put it in the pan) with cold water and mix it well with a spoon to the consistency of very thin

griddle cakes, then pour into an iron basin and cover it over with another iron basin and set it into the oven to bake which will take about three hours if you have a good fire; it is almost as nice as Indian pudding; remember and mix very thin with cold water.

ESTHER B.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Take nice solid heads of cabbage and after removing all the outside leaves, quarter them or if they are very large cut them in eight pieces, then pack them tightly in an oak firkin or stone crock, sprinkling a small handful of salt between the layers, fill a bag with ground pepper, cloves and cassia, say about a tablespoonful of each to a dozen heads; put this and the vinegar in a porcelain kettle, heat it to a boiling heat and pour it on the cabbage; let it get cold then pour it off and heat again seven or eight times; it will be excellent, so brittle and tender that the toothless can eat it.

This may seem to be a great deal of work but it is not as one can be about their other work only when it is time to reheat the vinegar; some steam the cabbage but it tastes more like boiled cabbage and lacks that brittleness that makes the other way so nice.

CHEESE CAKES.—Roll out some nice puff paste not very thin, brush it over with cold water, spread it half over with grated cheese, then lap the other half over and pass the rolling pin lightly over it, cut into strips four inches long and two wide and bake in a quick oven; as soon as taken from the oven sift sugar over each one. These are a very nice dessert. MRS. J. S.

WEDDING CAKE.—Four pounds each of flour, sugar and butter, one ounce of cinnamon, one-half ounce of mace, and cloves, twelve nutmegs, four tablespoonfuls of ginger, eight pounds of raisins, two pounds each of currants and citron, and twenty-two eggs; rub the butter to a cream, beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separate, then add the sugar to the yolks, add the flour and spices, stir it one-half hour, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then the fruit, (this must be rolled in flour to prevent settling to the bottom), and one teaspoonful of saleratus; bake slowly. MRS. G. H. B.

Northport, Mich.

ROLL YEAST AND BREAD.—Take a single handful of hops, four Irish potatoes large as a guinea egg, boil them in an oven which contains half a gallon of water when the potatoes are thoroughly done pare and wash fine, strain the water into a jar or pitcher, put in the potatoes and a tablespoonful of brown sugar; when cool enough to bear the hand in, add one-half cup of salt yeast or any other which may be convenient, then stir in flour to make the thickness of omelet batter, set in a warm place for twelve hours to rise, then pour it in corn meal; work like English dough, roll thin, cut in cakes the size of a teacup and dry in the shade.

To make the Bread.—For a small family, say four or five, take one of these cakes, dissolve well in warm water, add a tablespoonful of lard and a little salt, pour the yeast into the flour and make up dough with warm water, (for breakfast this should be done over night), set in a warm place to rise before baking, rub through the dough a little and work well, then make into biscuits and put in the oven before the fire fifteen or twenty minutes then bake like any other yeast bread. B. F.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I see in the January number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for recipes for plain cooking. I have some which are very nice; my graham bread is considered splendid; this is it:

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart each of graham meal and white flour, one cup each of yeast and sugar, and enough sweet milk to make it as stiff as you can stir it with a spoon; mix at night, give it a good stirring in the morning and put in pans and when light bake.

BROWN BREAD.—One quart each of Indian meal and rye, one cup each of yeast and molasses, one teaspoonful of salt and one of soda, mixed with sweet milk very soft; steam three hours, then brown the top with a spoon to the consistency of very thin

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. CROWELL:—Would some enlightened sister please tell me how to color with cochineal?

MRS. B.

Elsie would like to know through these columns a nice way to make a sofa pillow?

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask of Mrs. W., of Bridgeport, Connecticut, how to prepare sea grasses, mosses and ferns, as specimens? and what locality of the seashore would be the best to collect them, and the best variety of shells? M. E. M.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—Cannot some of your many subscribers inform me of a positive cure and prevention of moths in furniture and carpets, etc.? Is it possible to destroy them "root and branch" in upholstered furniture?

SUBSCRIBER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—The undersigned would be greatly obliged to THE HOUSEHOLD, if it will tell him what will exterminate cockroaches? W. B. A.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to thank Viva Starr for her directions for a rose tidy; also for toilet mats by Handy, and thanks to A. I. H. for her new suggestions in coloring, with the exception of the last, madder red. I don't really understand what she means about putting in the vitriol instead of the madder compound to produce a madder red.

This is the best way to make a madder red. Will you be so kind to write through THE HOUSEHOLD and inform a novice a little more on the subject? As I understand it that you leave out the madder wholly and by putting in the vitriol with the other materials it produces a beautiful red. Would also say to Meta that I hope she will go on with directions about worsted flowers as I have wanted very much to make them. M. B.

MR. CROWELL.—I wish to avail myself of the opportunity given for receiving information through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. Will A. C. D. kindly inform me how the mats, hair receiver and scrap basket, spoken of by her in the March number, are made?

Also I would like to inquire if the ferns which others press in July or August have a bright, fresh color? mine do not; while those which I gather later are beautiful. It does not seem as if it could be fault in pressing, as the late ones are so pretty. X. Y. Z.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you ask through THE HOUSEHOLD if there is any way of washing a quilt made of patchwork, that the colors will not run together? I have one I think a great deal of, and it has become stained by being rained on. JENNIE.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Helen wants to know what will cure warts. I think if she will try my plan she will be successful in removing them. It has removed warts from many of my friends after other remedies had failed. Take a piece of unslacked lime and rub the warts frequently with it and they will gradually disappear without any soreness.

Now if Helen or any one else will tell me how to remove moles from the face without leaving marks, they will greatly oblige

MARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. Carney speaks in her article on Graham Bread in the April number of gingerbread and cookies made with graham meal; I would like to know if they can be made from the same recipes as with white flour; by leaving out a part or the whole of the shortening, as she says they require very little or none.

I was very much pleased with the article on Dress Reform in the same number, and would like to add my mite in favor of it; I have been wearing the style of dress spoken of, for a short time and am very much pleased with it.

I wish to return thanks to you all for the many good things received through THE HOUSEHOLD every month by which I have been greatly benefited.

MRS. L. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the many sisters of our Band tell me the different ways of cooking and warming over corned beef?

Ventura, Cal.

MRS. L. H. B.

Also how to make walnut catsup, such as we buy at the store in bottles. Also cucumber catsup? By so doing you will oblige your young sister, *shildow*. LORA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to can green peas so they will keep? I boiled them as for the table and canned hot, filling up the cans with boiling water and they soured very soon. I used Mason cans and have good success with everything else.

MRS. C. H. G.

Will some of your subscribers tell me how to make raspberry jelly?

Also how to restore the color to a black crêpe shawl that has turned rusty?

MRS. J. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please inform me through its columns, how to pickle cucumbers without putting them down in salt? It seems to me there must be some better way than so much salting and then soaking out again.

M. D. W.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band for a good recipe for making dog biscuit? My husband is a sportsman and would like to use the dog biscuit, especially when away from home.

MRS. E. S.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—I have seen several inquiries in your paper, so will contribute my mite toward the general good. I have only taken THE HOUSEHOLD this year but I like it very much indeed. I have tried the recipe for coconut cake in the last number and like it.

I use soft soap in my blacking and like it better than molasses, I think the store polishes easier. Do not use but little.

If L. will try this way, I think she can remove the spots from her dress: Take a piece of clean brown paper, such as is used in dry goods stores, and put it over the spot; then take a warm iron and set it on the paper; let it stand a minute, remove, and the grease will be on the paper. Be careful not to have the iron too warm. Try a second time if the first does not succeed. I have taken out spots this way that I could not remove any other way.

TO SUBSCRIBER: I have used graham meal all my life, and should not try to get along without it. We like our bread very much so I send you in my recipe. One cup of cornmeal, one-fourth cup of molasses, one cup of yeast, one quart of warm water. Put all together in a dish and stir in graham-meal enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Let it rise till light, then steam it two hours. When done put it in the oven to brown; if not too hot, let it remain an hour or two.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of your lady subscribers give me a recipe for potted pigeon?

MRS. S. R. C.

MR. CROWELL:—I live in a family who take your paper and noticed a lady asks, "What was good to remove grease from a wool carpet?" Petroleum and benzine are both excellent, if pure; but I would suggest rock soap, a peculiar California product, that will do it best of anything I ever knew, and leaves no unpleasant smell. A package can be procured by mail, by sending fifteen cents to the Rock Soap Company, San Buenaventura, California.

A. T.

Concerning this strange production one of our subscribers writes as follows:

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—I too have used Dobbins' soap and think it splendid for washing; it is the best laundry soap I ever saw. But for all other purposes I find nothing equal to Ventura Rock Soap, a mineral found I think only in California. It washes dishes beautifully, absorbs grease, takes out tea stains and fire-marks, cleans glass, paint and tin-ware, polishing all bright surfaces with almost no labor. It is nice too for the toilet, making the skin soft and smooth, and takes off tan. It is really a wonderful thing. My husband has promised me a visit to the mine which is only a few miles from this city (Ventura) and after I have been I will write again. I really hope the sisters will try it, for I never had anything help me so much in kitchen as that does.

Ventura, Cal.

MRS. L. H. B.



## SOWING AND REAPING.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Sow with a generous hand,  
Pause not for toil or pain;  
Weary not through the heat of summer,  
Weary not through the cold spring rain,  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,  
A table will be spread;  
What matter if you are too weary  
To eat your hard-earned bread?  
Sow, while the earth is broken,  
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow—while the seeds are lying  
In the warm earth's bosom deep,  
And your warm tears fall upon it—  
They will stir in their quiet sleep;  
And the green blades rise the quicker,  
Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then sow—for the hours are fleeting,  
And the seed must fall, to-day;  
And care not what hands shall reap it,  
Or if you have passed away  
Before the waving corn-fields  
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow; and look onward, upward,  
Where the starry light appears—  
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,  
Or your own heart's trembling fears,  
You shall reap in joy the harvest  
You have sown, to-day in tears.

## MR. STEPHEN'S PERICARDIUM.

**N**OW I am going to tell you just what my husband said to me this morning, doctor, word for word," and the invalid, Mrs. Stephens, lay back on the sofa pillow, the very picture of misery. The family physician, who was called on an average to the Stephens' mansion three hundred and sixty times a year, drew a chair close to the couch and waited quietly for his patient to open her book of complaints.

"Last night you see, doctor, I had an ill turn, and he wanted to come for you; but when I got so he dared to leave me, he concluded that we'd better let you sleep."

"Much obliged to him," said the doctor, with sarcastic emphasis on the personal pronoun. "Last night was the first undisturbed night's rest I have enjoyed for a week."

Mrs. Stephens continued:—

"This spell is the same as I had the last time you were sent for, doctor—"

"A slight nervous attack," broke in the physician; "nothing more."

"Well, it don't make any difference what you call it, it was very hard to bear; but let me tell you what my husband said first, doctor, before we go into symptoms. When he was going down to breakfast, he says to me, 'Kate, what shall I send up to you?'

Says I, 'I don't want anything in this world but a good cup of tea. Tell Bridget to send it up in the little teapot.' I saw, doctor, that he didn't move after I said this, so I turned and looked up at him, and such a picture of rage and disgust I never saw in my life. Finally, says he, 'tea! tea! tea! it's nothing but tea from morning till night, Kate,' says he; 'you are the color of a Chinaman now. Why don't you order a good beefsteak,

and a slice of brown bread and a cup of chocolate? That would be a sensible breakfast.'

'But John,' says I, 'you forget that I am sick and have no appetite.' I was all ready to cry, but I was determined that he should not have the satisfaction of seeing the tears fall. 'Forget,' says he, 'forget, I wish I could forget. It's nothing but grunt and groan from one year's end to another. I am out of all patience with you,' says he. 'When we lived in a part of a house, and you did your own housework, you were as well and happy as anybody, and no man ever had a pleasanter little home than John Stevens; but what have I now to leave or to come back to?' and this, doctor, is what he ended up with:—

'Kate,' says he, 'you are nothing more nor less than a drunkard, and in the sight of God, more culpable than most of the men who stagger through the streets, because the majority of those poor creatures have some sort of an excuse for their conduct, and you haven't the slightest. You have a luxurious home, a husband doing his best to make you happy—every-thing under the light of the sun to please you, and yet you will persist in swilling tea.' Yes, doctor, swilling was the word he used—boo! hoo! hoo! O dear me! to think I should ever have lived to have heard such dreadful language out of my husband's mouth, and then he says, 'and making me as miserable a wretch as walks the earth.'

"Pretty plain talk," interrupted the doctor, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Oh, yes," sobbed the victim; "and so awfully coarse and unkind. If I had had a spell and died there before his very face, I don't believe he would have cared the snap of his finger. I tell you, Dr. Ellis, there is such a thing as a man's getting hardened."

"Evidently," replied the physician, with a laconism absolutely painful.

"But my husband has nothing in the world to trouble him but just my poor health; and I am sure I can't help that." This remark was more in answer to her companion's tone and manner than the one single word that escaped his lips, and this the doctor felt.

"Anybody would think by the way he goes on," continued the irate woman, "that I enjoyed myself with spasms and pains and fainting fits. Anybody would think it was a pleasure to me to feel every time I see a funeral procession as if the hearse was going to stop at our door next."

O, yes! such a life is enjoyable, very, indeed."

Dr. Ellis took no notice of these last words; the man's eye grew luminous, and his whole face declared that he considered himself master of the situation; and if Mrs. Stephens had not been so entirely taken up with her own ailments, mental and physical, that honest countenance would have betrayed him.

"You say," he began, settling himself in the large easy chair, and assuming a strictly professional air, "that your husband has nothing to trouble him but your health; how do you know that Mrs. Stevens?"

"How? Why, how do I know anything? By the evidence of my senses. Don't I know that John Stevens has a splendid business that looks after itself, a magnificent income, and money enough to live, on the bare interest, as well as a family need to live if he never entered his office again while he has breath?"

"But money isn't everything, Mrs. Stevens," proceeded the physician, with a calmness almost Mephistophelean. "How about health, madam?"

"Health?" repeated the lady, with a smile she intended to be sarcastic to the last degree, "Health? Dr. Ellis! Why there is not a healthier or sounder man than my husband in the United States. He eats more in one meal than I do in three months."

"There is nothing the matter with your husband's stomach, Mrs. Stephens." Dr. Ellis shaded his face with his hand, and waited further developments. Mrs. Stephens mistook this attempt at forced concealment of emotion, and immediately assuming a sitting posture, brushed her eyes, and looked piercingly into her companion's face.

"Why do you accent the word stomach so strongly, Dr. Ellis?" she inquired, in anxious tones. Mrs. Stephens was forgetting herself, and this the doctor hailed as an excellent omen.

"Only that I might make you understand that a man's digestion could be most unexceptionable, and yet be far from sound in other directions."

"Then you mean to tell me that my husband is sick."

"I do."

"Perhaps you will go still further, and say dangerously?"

"If you desire it."

"O, Dr. Ellis, how cold and unfeeling you are! I should think you ought to know by this time—" and just here Mrs. Stephens broke down entirely, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Ought to know what, Mrs. Stephens?" inquired the doctor, with uncalled for deliberation.

"You ought to know—to know—that my—my husband's health is of a good deal more consequence than my own."

"Ah, indeed," interrupted the physician, with an elevation of the bushy eyebrows immensely suggestive of a contrary opinion, as well as several very excellent reasons for said opinion.

"Dr. Ellis, will you be kind enough to tell me what's the matter with my husband?"

Mrs. Stephens was now on her feet—tears all wiped away, eyes flashing with resentful spirit, and only the little quiver of her lip to show how deep a wound the kind heart in her bosom had sustained. There she stood reproachful, determined, womanly.

"Mrs. Stephens," said he, "you have no cause to be alarmed. If I can only get your co-operation in this business, I feel certain I shall be able to make a well man of your husband in a few months, at the longest; but as true as I sit here before you, I cannot do this alone."

"Why have I not been informed of this before?" broke in Mrs. Stephens imperiously.

"Who was there to inform you, madam? Your husband does not know his condition, and I should really like to be told when you have been sufficiently calm to hear all that was necessary for you to know."

"But Dr. Ellis, I should think you ought to understand that my own health and comfort are for nothing, compared to my husband's." Mrs. Stephens was weeping again. "There is no sacrifice that I would not make for him."

"Curious creatures!" muttered the doctor; "delightful bundles of contradiction. How the mischief should I know, Mrs. Stephens, how much you care for your husband? I am sure you have spent the last hour complaining about him. Is that the way women generally testify their regard for their husbands?"

"O, don't Dr. Ellis, please don't," pleaded the terrified woman. "I will never complain again—never—if you will only let me know what I can do for him. Do you know, doctor, I had begun to think lately that something must be amiss with him, he was growing so irritable. Poor dear! how wicked and thoughtless I have been."

"This, then, is the trouble. I shall take it for granted, madam, that you know something about physiology, and can follow me without difficulty?"

"O—yes, go on."

"Very well: I find that the pericardium—"

"The pericardium?" repeated Mrs. Stephens.

"You know what that is, I suppose?"

Evidently Mrs. Stephen's anatomical knowledge was limited. She shook her head in despair. "Something about the heart is it not?" she asked at length.

"Yes, the pericardium is the membranous sac that holds the heart. Well, sometimes the sac—it is no matter about particulars, Mrs. Stephens," and Dr. Ellis suddenly came to a standstill.

"It is enough, though, for me to say that we are both possibly anxious that his heart should remain where it belongs. Mr. Stephens must be amused. He wants the opera, the lecture, the social circle, entertaining books—a happy home—music. You play and sing, do you not, Mrs. Stephens?"

"O yes—I used to," and Mrs. Stephens' tones were so pitiful now that big Dr. Ellis really and truly was obliged to wipe both his eyes and his nose. Before he was aware the lachrymal duct had got the upper hand.

"Well, try it again; get a teacher and go to practising."

"But how am I going to manage my spasms?" sobbed the lady.

"Well, perhaps between us both—you using your will power, and thinking of your husband, going out with him, taking care of him, and I doing my best in my way—we may be able to subdue them; but you must remember this madam—do not let Mr. Stephens have the faintest suspicion that you think anything is the matter with him; and above all, do not treat him like an invalid. Just amuse him, and all that you know, just as you used to when you were first married."

Another series of sobs from Mrs. Stephens.

The doctor arose to go. His patient had entirely forgotten that he had left no prescription.

"About tea, doctor?" she asked, as he prepared to leave. "Do you think it very hurtful?"

"As an occasional tonic I have no objection to tea, but as a beverage, madam, it is an invention of the devil. Good morning."

John Stevens sought his home that evening with a heavy heart. His wife he believed a confirmed invalid, or hypochondriac—it mattered little which, one was as bad as the other. His remonstrances were of no avail, he was doubtful even whether his wife loved him. He opened the door softly with his latch-key. This had become habitual; seldom did the gentleman show himself to his beloved wife until after the dining-bell had summoned the family to the dining-room.

A strain of music met his ear and transfixed him on the threshold. Abt's beautiful song was being rendered, and his wife was the musician. He was just in time to hear:

"The eyes that cannot weep  
Are the saddest eyes of all."

For a full year this charming voice had been as silent as the grave.

"Company, perhaps," he muttered. Curiosity overcame him. He opened the parlor door and peeped in. There was Mrs. John Stephens, becomingly attired, all alone, as enthusiastic over the fine rendition of a piece of music as he had ever seen her.

"What does this mean, Kate?" he asked with outstretched arms.

"That I have given up tea and I am going to try hard to be well. I guess my voice will come back, John."

"I guess so," he replied, folding her tight to his heart.

Three months after this the cure was so radical that Dr. Ellis made a clear breast of the whole thing; and there is no word or set of words that can provoke so hearty a laugh in the happy home of the Stephensens as this physiologically scientific one—Pericardium.

#### HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Number Five.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

SLEEP versus WORK.

The earnest words of C. Dora Nickerson in "Tonics for Women," in March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, will touch a sympathetic cord in many a heart. I felt almost like cheering her myself, boy fashion, on reading some portions of the article, but will do what is better—thank her in the name of weary, over-worked women who may never see her earnest words in their behalf, but who may be benefited indirectly by them. And who knows but Sir Wisdom's wife herself may be!

Poor Sir Wisdom, as Dora dubs him; I cannot help pitying him just a little, imagining his feelings should he chance to see the sharp but at least partly merited criticism which his very sage advice has called down on his devoted head.

Depend upon it, Dora, he would

rather have met a hornet's nest than have these words of yours come buzzing about his ears.

He says women "should never permit themselves to be roused out of a deep sleep in the morning," that "the body rouses itself when its demands are satisfied;" adding, "retire as soon as you feel sleepy in the evening." These sentences Dora has dissected admirably, and I concur with her views of the matter as applying to the cases of very many working women. Then I find myself wondering if Sir Wisdom is a married man; and if so, after retiring as soon as he feels sleepy in the evening, leaving his wife at her never-ending work for two or three hours after he is sound asleep, her chief entertainment being his musical snore, and then waking at four o'clock next morning, his body having roused itself, its demands for sleep being satisfied, if he ever wakens his partner, thinking it absurd for her to lie there fast asleep when he is wide-awake with no one to talk to, and he wanting to tell her that choice bit of gossip he heard yesterday; about the wedding that folks say is to come off next week; or to impart some other equally important information. I have known men to do this, thus thoughtlessly, (selfishly), depriving the poor jaded wife of the hour of sleep she might have had, robbing her of her rightful strength, and no one knows of how many years of life. However, we will do Wisdom the justice to believe he is wiser than that and less selfish.

I, also, have a somewhat extensive knowledge of a class of women who keep but little hired help, and noble women many of them are, too. Who better than these toiling, care-worn women can tell how difficult it would be to take Wisdom's advice: "Retire as soon as you feel sleepy in the evening, and never permit yourself to be roused out of a deep sleep in the morning."

For women who live in wealth and never work, there is absolutely no excuse for keeping late hours at night, nor for sleeping away the morning hours; and for such this article is not particularly written.

The lack of sleep is undoubtedly one of the greatest enemies to life; it robs many a woman of the strength needed in the discharge of the arduous duties devolving upon her, slowly, it may be, but surely undermining her health. Were it possible for her to obtain enough of that rest which only sleep can give the over-taxed system, it would prove an inestimable blessing to woman. But while few may be able to retire as soon as they feel sleepy in the evening, every one of us should retire as early as possible. There are, undeniably, cases where if women would leave part of the work, habitually, and go to bed at an early hour, they would be able to work to enough better advantage during the day to make up for the time spent (not lost), in sleep. Mind, I do not say this can always be done, nor in all cases; but to the question of work, as well as to others, there is more than one side, and we know of instances where it would be practicable if proper method were observed in planning the work. Of course, where there is a

baby to be cared for by the mother at night her rest is broken and uncertain, and no rules whatever can apply to such cases; but those whose children are a remove or two from babyhood, and no sickness in the family, can be tolerably certain of obtaining some rest if it be possible to drop other work and retire at an early hour; for children should be in bed at seven, most certainly before eight o'clock, and where the mother can retire at nine she stands some chance of securing the needful sleep before three-year-old comes climbing up from the trundle-bed over tired feet with a breezy "good morning" in sleep-shut ears.

I think we do not fully realize the importance of sleep and its relation to our needs, or we should oftener question within ourselves whether we are putting forth our utmost endeavors to do ourselves justice in this respect, or whether we are selling our birthright for a miserable mess of pottage; whether we are unavoidably debarred from a blessing so fraught with golden possibilities, or if, at the expense of health and comfort, we are unduly devoting precious hours to needless labor. Why are not we women wise enough and brave enough to defy Fashion to some extent, and dispense with a few of the ruffles and tucks and endless nothings rather than deprive ourselves of our needful rest in order to secure them?

As regards the time to sleep; clearly if women who do their own work have any hopes of securing rest from sleep, if reform be possible, morning is not the time. To sleep on until seven o'clock in the morning when there is a big day's work to be done, does not facilitate matters, and especially is it poor policy in summer, thus dragging the heaviest burdens into the heat of the day. True wisdom is to retire at the earliest possible hour and rise in time to have breakfast, and the work done up before the heat of the day is down upon us.

And now, dear sisters, let us ask ourselves this question: Might not many burdens of the everlasting round of woman's work be lightened somewhat were more method observed in the planning and performance of them? Let us study to discover how this may be accomplished, and seek to benefit one another by whatever knowledge we gain.

Surely, we women have need enough of help and sympathy and encouragement from each other; none are so wise but they may learn, and none so favored but sorrow may touch them. We should regard ourselves as one great band of sisters; the burdens, the joys and sorrows of one should be a matter of interest to all. All petty deceptions and jealousies and selfishness should be swept from the heart and life of woman; and wherever is a human being ready to sink beneath burdens too great, beneath discouragement or sorrow, sustaining hands should be outstretched on every side.

Not until our hearts shall feel this bond of universal sympathy, shall be fully revealed to us the peculiar sweetness and depth and blessedness

of the divine command: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

#### WHAT IS EXTRAVAGANCE?

"I sometimes think," said Leonidas, in response to Aunt Hulda's remark upon people's extravagance, "that this talk about economy and retrenchment is, in many cases, being carried too far for the general good of community, and that the petty economies of people of means, with the forced frugality of the poorer classes in these hard times, is doing more than anything else to prolong the hard times and distress those visibly affected by them."

"But," replied Aunt Hulda, "I thought that it was extravagance and lavish expenditure which had produced this state of affairs, and that all the papers were preaching economy as the only remedy to help us out of the disaster."

"Yes, this view is partly right, yet carried too far the remedy may be worse than the disease. Extravagant habits had become the order of the day, not so particularly, perhaps, by those who could afford to spend money freely, as by those who went beyond their means to indulge their prodigal habits. For example, the people have been, and are, taxed high to support wasteful expenditure in our government officials, high and low, while speculation and fraud, and all sorts of schemes in attempts to keep up appearances and to live upon the spoils of the people have been resorted to, and not without disastrous results. Then when the high tide of extravagance, which seemed to reach almost everybody, (but the sensible people or the misers,) had reached its limits, a collapse came; failures one after another, taking the honest in with the questionable houses, and here we are."

"And now as a remedy, you and some others would advise people to forego their more frugal ways, and launch out on to the sea of waste and profuse expenditure once more?" said Aunt Hulda, with a rising inflection in her voice.

"No, not exactly that. There is no lack of show and extravagance in the circles where the harm has come to be felt, as burdening the whole people; but the retrenchment which has been practiced more generally by the multitudes, has so seriously affected trade and all business as well as the labor market, that a little relaxation by some might be for the general good."

"You'd have us all, for instance, buy a new dress instead of making over our old ones, so that the merchants might sell their goods and the manufacturers might make more, and thus start the wheels of business more briskly once more?" said I, having interpreted Leo's meaning on the subject quite as well as he himself could express it.

"Just so, those who can as well as not afford to do so, and who might pass the half-worn to some needy lady who cannot afford to buy the new. For it is this terrible stagnation in business that is pressing so hard, not only on business men themselves but upon the worthy working classes, who

in the dull times can get positively nothing to do. Some financier has said that if everybody should forego getting a pair of new boots or shoes, wearing shabby ones instead, that that very saving—saving to individuals who perhaps could well afford the new—would damage the shoe business, I cannot tell now how much, but enough to take the bread from many a shoemaker's mouth, as it has done this last year or two."

"But old shoes are the most comfortable," said Aunt Huldah, "and I never give up a pair as long as they are decent to wear. Indeed, mine are too shabby for even beggars I do believe, before I can wholly leave them for new."

"There is a grain of truth in that," said I, "but I suppose we might buy the surplus pair of shoes and give to some poor barefooted child, for new shoes are more comfortable than none, I do believe, even if you do not like them as well as old ones."

"Yes," said Leonidas, looking towards Aunt Huldah, "if you choose to wear the old yourself you can do so, but you might take the money that the new would cost and give some woman a day's work in your kitchen to do, that she might get the new, or you might let that bright little fellow who is begging for work do errands and odd jobs for you an hour now and then, and help both yourself and him too. That might be extravagant if you had not the dollar to spare without cheating some one, or impoverishing yourself; but you know that you have and it is only false economy to save every dollar possible from a mere habit of so doing."

"But I've been used to doing my own work," said Aunt Huldah, "and can as well as ever, and am accustomed to being saving where I could, even if I am not obliged to do so."

"Well," said Leonidas, "for the good of community suppose you turn extravagant for a little time. Have you a new handsome dress, such a one as you can well afford, and let us see how handsome it will make you look. Then do not work so hard yourself, but help others to help themselves, and depend upon it, it will be economy in the end and you will be doing your little part toward helping business revive again."

Aunt Huldah laughed, while I almost wondered how Leo dared to speak so plainly on what we knew to be her weak points. For you see that she thought everything that could be saved was so much added virtue, as well as added money, to one's stock of good deeds.

"Haven't you seen," said Aunt Huldah, "how the papers are charging Secretary Belknap's disgrace to his wife's extravagance in dress and love of display? She must have money to be one of the most elegantly attired women in the Capitol, and is willing to accept of bribes and have her husband do so also, that all this vain show might be indulged in. Wouldn't a little common sense honesty and a dose of wholesome economy have been wise in her case, I would like to ask, sir?" said Aunt Huldah, triumphantly.

"And here is Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm out in a long letter scolding women for their extravagance in dress,"

I put in on Aunt Huldah's side. "She contends that Mrs. Belknap is by no means a sinner above all those who dwell in Jerusalem, only the fraud has in this case been detected and the worst side of affairs made public, as is not always the result. 'How many women,' asks Mrs. Swisshelm, 'have not been dressing above their means? How many have not been tempting fathers and husbands to dishonesty by their extravagant demands for dress?'

The wives of merchants, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, and even laborers, have alike been straining every nerve to appear in gorgeous costumes, while American women must go to balls, public halls, and all such places to show their dresses and see what other women wear, more than for any other purpose under the sun.' And so she goes on," I conclude, "making extravagance one of the chief sins of our country women, and love of display a chronic weakness in nearly all."

"There is much in all these charges," replied Leo, "and the wholesale extravagance of ladies who are, or seek to be leaders and followers of fashion, can scarce be over stated. But this was not the point I had in view. I am by no means advocating anything like extravagance, as we view the word, or going beyond one's legitimate means for any expenditure whatever. Indeed, it is best to keep well inside one's income, unless dire circumstances make it necessary to use all for the real demands of life. But it is a wholesome use of what is within our reach that adds to our own comfort and real enjoyment and also helps others along."

"But you know," replied Aunt Huldah, "that there are a vast number of things which it might be pleasant to indulge in, both in dress and every day surroundings which are by no means necessary and can be classed only with the luxuries of life. And carrying these too far seems to me, not only a waste but a bad example as far as our influence goes with others."

"That depends something on circumstances, I think," replied Leo, "and what are our ideas of the useful and the luxurious. It would be extravagant for Judge Dayton's gardener to get his daughter a piano, and his wife silk gowns, because he has not the means to spend in such ways, more than he has to have servants, and horses and live in a fine house, as does the Judge. But is that any reason why he should consider it wrong for the family of Judge Dayton to live in good style as long as he keeps well within his means, and when by so doing, he gives in various ways, employment to others? And if he can afford to buy handsome pictures, as well as good furniture, is that a waste? Is it not encouraging art, helping the artist in his creative work and at the same time adorning his home? There for instance," went on Leonidas, "is Mr. Grasp, who has his tens of thousands if not nearly a hundred thousand, the income alone of which would support his family in handsome style without undue extravagance being thought of, as their tastes are by no means showy. But how plain and even sparingly they live! The children cannot do as other children be-

longing to people of means, because of the expense which is grudged them, and at the same time they are not dressed as becomes their position in society. The girls cannot indulge their taste for music because it is voted a waste of time and money, while their home is as unattractive if not more so, than that of many a poor clergyman on a small salary, where taste and culture go to make home attractive."

"They are an exception," said Aunt Huldah, "for not many wealthy families live so closely, and I do admit that it seems more sensible to use a share of the good things of life, as they are going, than to be too frugal in these things."

"And you see," said Leonidas, "that if all whom some people are wont to call extravagant, were to limit their expenses to what you would call the needful, that there would be little enterprise in business, and very little impulse given to create and to manufacture elegant and beautiful things, to build handsome houses, lay out tasteful grounds and drive splendid equipages. All these things may be indulged to extravagance by some, but that does not make the principle wrong where it can harm none and add so much to the well being of others as well as themselves."

"But the example," said I, "what of that? Is it not a temptation for the poor, and for people of moderate means to do likewise?"

"It need not and ought not to be," was the reply. "There is no such thing as equality in these things, and the sooner the world finds it out the more common sense views will become. Why should we aim to do and have things as Judge Dayton does when we cannot afford it? And why should your washer-woman strive to get up a toilet and furnish her house equal to yours when by no stretch of circumstances she can ever hope to do it? The thing of it is, we all of us call those extravagant who happen to have means above ours, but we in turn, never think of reducing our expenses to the level of those below us. It is so in social life as well; we would have others come down to us, not we go down to those beneath ourselves."

"Quite a sermon," quoth Aunt Huldah, "but it scarce fits me because I have only moderate means and cannot be very extravagant if I would."

"No," said Leonidas, "but all over the country are people such as you call quite 'fore handed,' who yet dress and live in so plain and unattractive a manner as to drive their more ambitious children from home, when a little wise expenditure and indulgence in the tasteful and pleasant things of life would not only take from the common placeness of their own narrow lives, but be an incentive to their children to love their home, and to have their lot made pleasant there. This is especially true of many of our country friends, and thus if these would not consider money wasted which went for pleasing dress and household conveniences and adornments there would be beauty added and others helped thereby. It is not in matters of dress that I particularly mean in these cases," continued Leonidas, "but in home com-

forts and conveniences, as well as tasteful things both in the household and in the apparel of the inmates. You may talk about simplicity, and it may be carried to the rudeness of the savages, who certainly live and dress simply enough, and to the other extreme of reckless waste and prodigality. If all should wear calico and the cheapest of woolen cloths, and indulge in no fancied tastes, where would be the stimulus to industry, and to invention, and making the most of the products of the globe? If all should do their own manual labor who would employ those who are fitted only for the 'hewing of wood and bringing of water,' and by which drudgery they are to earn their bread?"

"Well," said I, "I am sure it is not extravagant to have new things when people need them and can get them, but it is the intricate manner of making up the feminine wardrobe that more than anything else is making us

#### MARTYRS OF THE PERIOD."

#### A TALK WITH THE WEARY WORKERS.

BY WINNESHIEK.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BAND:—I have been reading in the February number of our good paper under the title of "PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD," the excellent counsel given to the "Weary Workers." And right here I want to thank the dear one for those tender, loving words, and for the plain clear way in which she presented the condition of so many of the women of our land.

Oh, there are too many of our noble women and daughters who would class themselves among the weary ones. Dear ones whose time and patience are taxed to the uttermost, and who feel that the burdens heaped upon their shoulders are almost more than they can bear. Yes, women of ambition and noble minds are so nearly discouraged that they are willing to let go their hold of life, and would rather be sleeping beside some loved one in the quiet churchyard than struggling with the cares and trials of life.

Oh, my sisters, I can sympathize with you, for I have stood on the same treacherous ground; yes, treacherous, for this feeling of unrest, weariness and discouragement is a deadly enemy to our happiness and to a pleasant, cheerful home.

"No," said Leonidas, "but all over the country are people such as you call quite 'fore handed,' who yet dress and live in so plain and unattractive a manner as to drive their more ambitious children from home, when a little wise expenditure and indulgence in the tasteful and pleasant things of life would not only take from the common placeness of their own narrow lives, but be an incentive to their children to love their home, and to have their lot made pleasant there. This is especially true of many of our country friends, and thus if these would not consider money wasted which went for pleasing dress and household conveniences and adornments there would be beauty added and others helped thereby. It is not in matters of dress that I particularly mean in these cases," continued Leonidas, "but in home com-

Let us not be ashamed to work, for "labor is a noble thing," a thing ordained of God, and no true woman will be ashamed to labor or to do anything that has in it the good of a fellow-being. We complain that the labor expected at our hands is too much for us to perform, which many times is true; but do we take things as easy as we might? do we not spend many moments, yes hours in striving to keep up in appearance with some neighbor who is stronger or has more help than we? Let us be more independent in this respect, having a manner of living of our own and not striving, as we often almost unconsciously do, to imitate others. "Love lightens labor;" let us then revive the love we bear our families, and forgetting self, think first of their comfort and happiness and see if we will not ourselves be blest.

And then, dear sisters, do we ever stop to think that the Death Angel may one day, and we know not how soon, enter our dwellings and carry away the dearest object of our love. Perhaps a dear husband, our loving companion may be taken; the one whom we have sometimes thought did not assist us as much as he might, but who all the time was doing more for us than we were making any return for. No earthly companion then to whom we can go with all our joys and sorrows, as a wife can to her husband; no loving arm to shield from the cruel blasts of adversity, should they come. Or perhaps one of our darling little ones may be taken, a bright bud just opening in all its beauty. Mother, there will be no soiled books or scattered papers for you to arrange then, no more little muddy footprints on your clean kitchen floor, for your rosebud has unfolded in the better land, your treasure is in heaven. And when we are left with our grief made doubly hard to bear because we have thus murmured, what additional labor would we not perform if we could only have our loved ones with us again.

I do not write thus to censure, but with the desire to help some dear sister to live a happier life; and trusting that my feeble efforts may not be wholly in vain, with prayers for the welfare and happiness of all THE HOUSEHOLD Band, I bid you adieu.

—Any great movement for good in social life begins at home. It begins with fathers and mothers. The first and highest social duty is to make home cheerful and attractive. Husband and wife must do this for each other. Without this their mutual affection will dry up. If they have children, it is their duty to make home sweet and precious to them. Children with good homes seldom go to the bad. Girls who have learned to trust their mothers in their whole round of thought, seldom get talked about. Boys who are made to feel the strength of a father's and the tenderness of a mother's love, seldom run wild. Their natural love of fun and mischief does not bind them over to the devil's service. Pleasant, cheerful, bright homes, then, are the great demand. They may be poor, but they can still be pleasant and attractive and good.

#### TEMPTER AND TEMPTED.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Be free.—Not chiefly from the iron chain,  
But from the one which passion forges—be  
The master of thyself. Be free.  
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,  
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet."  
—*Anon.*

"The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?"  
—*Shakespeare.*

Four years ago Robert Grafton was just entering manhood. Of a good old New England family who had bestowed much care and expense upon his education, and watched with love and pride the development of his physical and intellectual powers, ever looking forward to the time when he should reward their fondest hopes. Great was their joy to see him grow up tall and handsome, and with talents even greater than they had expected.

One thing however troubled them. On his return from college they found he had in some way acquired a strong love for wine. His taste seemed in spite of all their efforts to increase, until his now distressed parents began to fear it would prove his ruin. But their prayers and entreaties were not lost upon his warm heart and naturally sound judgment, and to the joy of all his friends he suddenly changed his course of life, and, like Henry V., bidding farewell to his gay companions, and courageously scorning their ridicule, signed the temperance pledge, and began to apply himself diligently to study. After graduating with honor, he came to Brooklyn, and began the study of medicine with an elder brother who has for several years been practicing medicine in this city.

Faithfully did he adhere to his resolution, his whole conduct proving his reform to be sincere, and best of all he became more than ever before interested in religious subjects, and a few months ago consecrated himself to the service of God, uniting with one of the Brooklyn churches.

Among other natural gifts young Grafton had a decided talent for music and his fine voice for singing, and artistic performances, together with his graceful and courteous manners, and social disposition did not fail to win for him a large circle of admiring friends.

The first day of January, 1876, was as lovely in Brooklyn as a day in spring, and, according to the prevailing custom gentlemen closed their places of business, and gave up the day to the duty and pleasure of calling upon their lady friends, who, on their part, devoted the day to the entertainment of their visitors.

Robert, or as he now began to be called, Dr. Grafton, made a list of a very large number of his acquaintances and friends, whom he desired to visit.

More than once during the day a glass of wine was offered to him by some gay and thoughtless girl, and as he afterwards told a friend, it required all the resolution he could summon to resist the temptation. But again and again with many a struggle and inward prayer, known only to himself, he declined the tempting beverage. The day passed and evening found him weary, yet wishing to complete his plans by making a few more calls.

The lovely Grace Dillingham had not yet been visited, and he certainly could not omit seeing her. Entering a handsome brown stone mansion he received a most cordial greeting from mother and daughter, whose conversation were to him always exceedingly delightful, but this evening he felt so unusually weary that he did not enjoy it so much as usual, especially as he found himself only one of a large number of callers who with himself claimed the attention of the ladies. Just as he rose to go a glass of wine was handed him. Faint and fatigued it seemed to him that that glass of wine was just what he needed to restore his strength and spirits. "No one," says he, "who has not himself been so tempted can realize the struggle that arose within me as I declined."

"What, not take a glass of wine?" said Miss Grace, pouting in her prettiest manner. "Oh, I forgot, Dr. Grafton is a temperance man, mama."

Just then Mrs. Dillingham came forward.

"Oh," said she, "this is nothing that can do you the least harm, I assure you. It is only a cordial."

The young man looked into the face of the speaker. Her kind, matronly air, and gray hair seemed to inspire him with confidence, and bowing he hastily took and drank the proffered glass. Alas! too late he felt his mistake. It only seemed to arouse his appetite with uncontrollable fury. He bade them good evening, rushed to the nearest liquor saloon, and drank till he was insensible.

The next day was Sunday; he was not in his accustomed place at church; nor the next day, nor the next, was he seen in the streets. A more pitiable object could not be conceived than he, as he lay upon a sofa in his brother's private office, tortured by remorse and despair.

"It is of no use—no use," he exclaimed, again and again. "If I try ever so hard I shall only fail. I have neither strength nor courage left."

In vain did sympathizing friends try to encourage him to begin again. A gloom and despondency seemed to have settled over him which they tried in vain to dispel.

Again he resumed his studies, but not as before. The countenance which a short time before was lighted with hope and animation and the consciousness of rectitude, now seemed sullen and sad as though hope and gladness had fled forever.

A few days ago a friend calling at the doctor's office, went into the little back parlor. Alas! what a spectacle presented itself! There lay Robert Grafton, prostrate upon the floor in a state of beastly intoxication.

As this is no tale of fiction, I leave the moral to the reader.

#### THE "WEED" FOR MANUFACTURERS' USE.

It is probably not generally known to boot and shoe men that the Weed Sewing Machine Company are producing a line of machines adapted to the wants of a stitching-room, which are proving to be the best ever placed upon the market. For many years one company has almost monopolized the

trade in sewing machines for manufacturers' uses, partly because of their possession of patents, but more particularly because of the inability of sewing machine manufacturers to invent or apply a new mechanical principle which was of such paramount advantage in making a nice stitch as to command itself to the entire confidence of boot and shoe manufacturers. In pursuit of this grand *sine qua non* in machine, building several manufacturers have brought out sewing machines, only to be retired from the market in a short time because of their just barely missing the one point most to be desired. The Weed Company have been at work for five years trying to accomplish what they have now succeeded in doing, but not without bringing out and retiring several machines, at a cost of over \$200,000.

In noticing the result of the untiring efforts put forth in the production of this now perfected sewing machine by the Weed Company, it is impossible to mention in detail all the fine points which are necessary to a successful leather-stitching machine, and even

were such mention otherwise desirable the fact of the peculiarly technical nature of such an explanation could only serve to confuse the reader's mind. The only way in which to comprehend clearly the importance and practical workings of the new machine is a personal examination and a thorough test; we therefore allude to only the main features:—

First.—A first-class leather machine, adapted to fine kid and patent-leather stock, must be so constructed that the upper and under threads will "pull together," as it is called. This is the great and peculiar feature of the "Howe" machine.

Second.—It must run rapidly, the "pull-together" quality being, however, a very great obstacle to speed, and until now never having been successfully accomplished.

Third.—It must be so thoroughly constructed and simple that it will cost little for repairs, and will not require a corps of experts and adjusters continually looking after it to keep it running.

The machine now presented to the public by the Weed Sewing Machine Company complies perfectly with these three essential points above cited. It is constructed with either drop or wheel feed, has its motions imparted by eccentrics, furnished with oil wells, and is warranted to run at 50 per cent. less cost for repairs, and do a third more work, than any other machine. It can be seen and examined by interested parties at the Boston office of the Company No. 18 Avon Street. Manufactured at Hartford Conn. by Weed Sewing Machine Co.

#### 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.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—A copy of your HOUSEHOLD has found its way

to our residence. Those of us from Philadelphia were delighted to see Dobbins' Electric Soap had such an extended sale, and was so well spoken of in your paper. It is no wonder that it has got to be so great a favorite; who would not desire their clothes free from spots, and that yellow appearance caused by the rosin in all the brown soaps, when by using Dobbins' Electric Soap they could avoid it! The work which the washerwoman has had to do, is done by the soap, or I should say, much of her hard labor on the washboard is saved by the use of this soap, as it is undoubtedly *perfectly pure* and thus has a greater action on the clothes. Those who never tried this soap would say in reply to such praise of it, that they cannot see how it can do work so quickly unless it harms the clothes. We have had experience enough of this soap in the last three years, to show us that it *never* harms our clothes, and our gardener who formerly made soap, said one day that the reason of brown soaps being so poor was that they were made of rosin, a little dirty kitchen "soapfat," and the rest water and soda. Of course we saw then that they could all be compared with the substance *called* milk, in our city, which is half water, and kills off the poor infants, because so much is expected to do the feeding, and it cannot because it is not in water to support life. So with a bar of brown or yellow rosin soap compared with Dobbins' Electric. We use it in this way, for a family of five: Shave up a pound of it in five gallons of hot water and boil until thoroughly dissolved, soak the clothes ten minutes in this solution, and a little hand rubbing, does away with that old wash-board that has caused many of our sex diseases for life. The clothes can then be rinsed clean in clear water. If those who try Dobbins' Electric Soap, would note the cheerful faces of the girls after wash-day and add up the expense of other soaps to do the same work, also that of changing girls, they would find themselves gainers by its use to an extent that would surprise them.

MRS. WM. TYNDALE,  
New York City.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After trying a bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, I find it impossible to do without it. I sent for a box and gave away a bar or two and I am now in danger of losing my box, and neighbors have asked me to send for boxes for them. I have given the soap to eight different neighbors to try, and each and every one asks if they can get it all the time, or want a box. They are all delighted with it.

MRS. MARY G. YOUNG.  
Rock Hall, Kent Co., Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I desire to say to all who read THE HOUSEHOLD that by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap I wash for our family, at a cost (for soap) of *four cents per week*. Further comment is unnecessary.

MRS. J. W. HALSTED.  
Englewood, New Jersey.

#### ANCIENT NEWSPAPERS.

At the coming Centennial Newspaper Exhibition at Philadelphia it has been decided to display copies of an-

tique journals and other curiosities of newspaper literature. To this interesting collection all persons having ancient, quaint, or curious specimens are invited to contribute; and should the response be as hearty and general as we hope to find it, this gathering of time-worn publications will prove to be not only a leading trait of the Newspaper Department, but also one of the salient attractions of the Exhibition as a whole. All having the ability and the will to aid on the project should transmit their consignments without delay to the pavilion of the Centennial Newspaper Exhibition, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, addressed to the care of Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, who has the matter in charge.

While on view, these exhibits will have attached to them labels designating by whom they are contributed, and all consistent care will be taken to preserve them from damage. After the close of the Exhibition they will be again at the service of their owners, or in the absence of different instructions, will be transferred to some historical society or museum. During the late war there were many newspapers issued which illustrated the straits in which their publishers found themselves. Pink, blue, and yellow sheets, wrapping paper, and many other substitutes were pressed into the service. Specimens of these now possess a curious interest. The advantages to the public of such a gathering are manifest to a degree which renders elucidation unnecessary, and the opportunity to do a very useful act is placed within easy reach. A single copy of some senile broadsheet may not be of much worth to its proprietor, yet in conjunction with others it will make up a worthy collection. Many people there are who, having preserved such curiosities for years, can turn them to little or no practical account, and it is not too much to hope that the response given by such will be ready and general. Without loss to themselves, they can materially benefit visitors to the Great Centennial Exhibition and appreciably advance a patriotic movement.

#### A TOAST.

Two Important Discoveries: The discovery of America by Columbus, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; the one opening up to mankind a new continent, the other a fountain of health, which is indispensable to the full enjoyment of life and its blessings. In response to the above sentiment come the unsolicited attestations of tens of thousands of grateful patients, who have been relieved of chronic ailments through its instrumentality. Those voices are limited to no one locality, but from every city, village, and hamlet, in our broad domain, as well as from other climes, and in the strange utterance of foreign tongues, like the confused murmur of many waters, come unfeigned and hearty commendations. It is, in combination with the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the great depurator of the age. Under its benign action eruptions disappear, excessive waste is checked, the nerves are strengthened, and health, long banished from the system, resumes her reign and re-establishes her rosy throne upon the cheek. All who have thoroughly tested its virtues in the diseases for which it is recommended unite in pronouncing it the great Medical Discovery of the age.

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#### LOSS OF APPETITE.

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#### LETTER FROM MME. TITIENS.

Under the date of April 12, the famous prima donna of Mr. Strakosch's late season indited the following letter: "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the excellence of the Hallet, Davis & Company pianoforte. I have never heard a piano to which I have listened with more pleasure or in which sweetness of tone and power were so well combined. I should think that this piano would be received with great favor everywhere.

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Our readers will notice an account of the Kindergarten system of Education in the Nursery department of this issue. This system with its instruction plays, games and amusements will attach children to school and engender a love for books and studies—an effect no other method of instruction is able to produce. It is based upon a sound philosophy of child nature and promises to work great reform in youthful instruction and development. In the belief that it is through play that nature develops in children all the faculties both of body and mind, in a safe and healthful manner it seeks by properly studying and guiding their play to fit them for the school in a natural manner and amid pleasant surroundings. To this end toys, or as they are called, gifts have been devised to interest the infantile mind and at the same time afford more than momentary surprise and novelty. These gifts consisting of balls, sticks, cubes, rings, etc., in great variety, with a full and complete manual of instruction are furnished at a very low price by E. Staiger, 22 and 21 Frankfort St., New York city, and we earnestly recommend every mother whose little ones are too young for the primary school, to send for a catalogue of these gifts and a Kindergarten Tract entitled, "A Few Words to Mothers."

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Chesterfield, N. H., March 26, 1867.  
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Gentlemen:—I feel in duty called upon voluntarily to give my testimony in favor of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. I was taken sick last October with a lung complaint, accompanied with very serious cough; and after having been treated a number of weeks by the best physicians, they gave me over as an incurable case of consumption, and for about six weeks my friends expected that I might die any day, having entirely despaired of my recovery. At this time I read the advertisements and certificates of the WILD CHERRY BALSAM, and was induced to try it myself. I have taken five bottles, and from the commencement I have been gradually recovering. My cough has now entirely ceased. I have regained my flesh and strength, and am feeling quite well. I attribute the cure to DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, as I have taken no other medicine since I commenced taking that.

Very respectfully yours, MRS. MILA S. SMITH.

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Gentlemen:—Mrs. Smith gives me the foregoing certificate of the efficacy of your medicine in her case. She is an acquaintance of mine, and took the BALSAM on the strength of my certificate, which she saw in the papers. Her story is literally true. Yours truly,  
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## GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures Neuralgia. Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every kind in man or animal.

A valuable horse had Swelling and Hard Lumps in his Throat; could not swallow; applied GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA; instantly soreness and lumps disappeared. I fell and cut my hand on a rusty nail, applied the LINIMENT, healing it up without experiencing any soreness. No stable or family should be without it. THOMPSON & BROTHERS, 17th and Vine Sts., Philadelphia.

Sold by all Druggists. Depot No. 451 Sixth Avenue, New York. Only 50c. and \$1 a bottle.

## NEW AUTOMATIC SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

WILLCOX & GIBBS Sewing-machine

Company invite the public to inspect this marvel of sewing mechanism; completely revolutionizes machine sewing.

Call and examine or send for Prospectus.

658 BROADWAY (cor. Bond), New York.  
Branches in leading Cities. 3-1c

10 DOLLARS PER DAY AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine  
Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Warner's Sanitary Corset

With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads.

Secures Health and Comfort of Body, with Grace and Beauty of form.

Three garments in one. Approved by all physicians.  
Pat. Sept. 28, '75  
Short Front and Jan. 11, '76. Long Front.

Agents Wanted. Samples by mail in London cord, \$1.75; Satin, \$1.50. Give size of waist, and state whether long or short front is desired.

Warner Bros., 763 Broadway, New York.  
5-3b



## PLANTS BY MAIL.

I invite particular attention to my \$1.00 collection of *Plants by Mail*, 12 of which I will forward free of postage to any part of the United States on receipt of \$1.00.

Those marked B can be used for basket plants if so desired.

12 Alternantheras, B,	3 varieties, \$1.00	12 Ivy Geraniums, B,	6 varieties, \$1.00
12 Achyranthes, B,	3 " 1.00	12 Gladiolus, mixed colors,	1.00
12 Begonias, B,	6 " 1.00	12 Feverfew,	1.00
12 Bouvardias,	6 " 1.00	12 Varieties Foliage Plants,	1.00
12 Carnations,	6 " 1.00	12 Salvia,	3 varieties, 1.00
12 Centaurea, B,	2 " 1.00	12 Pelargoniums,	8 " 1.00
12 Coleus, B,	6 " 1.00	12 Double Petunias,	4 " 1.00
12 Fuchsias,	8 " 1.00	12 English Ivy,	1.00
12 Heliotropes,	6 " 1.00	12 Verbenas,	12 varieties, 1.00
12 Geraniums, single,	12 " 1.00	12 Tuberose,	1.00
12 Geraniums, double,	6 " 1.00	12 Varieties of plants from above list,	1.00
12 Chrysanthemums,	6 " 1.00	15 " my collection not named,	1.00
12 Calceolarceus,	9 " 1.00		

Six \$1.00 packages for \$5.00.

For \$1.50 I will send 12 plants of the following: 1 Centaurea Candida, 1 Mrs. Pollock Geranium, 1 Variegated Hydrangea, 2 Varieties Ferns, 2 Varieties Tea Roses, 1 Cyclamen, 1 Palm, 1 Fuchsia (sunray), 1 Choice Begonia, 1 Calla Lily.

The above are all grown in small pots, well rooted, and will be carefully packed and correctly labelled so that each package will give perfect satisfaction. Prices given refer only to this list. Persons ordering from catalogue must pay catalogue prices. No orders received for less than \$1.00.

For \$2.50 I will send the following: 10 packages of Choice Annuals, 12 Fine Gladiolus, 3 Double Tuberose, 1 Japan Lily, 1 Calla Lily.

For \$5.00 I will mail the following: 20 packages Choice Annuals, 20 Gladiolus, 6 Double Tuberose, 3 Japan Lilies, 1 Lilium Auratum, 1 Amaryllis, 1 Canna, 1 Calla Lily.

## Collection of Choice Flower Seeds.

12 Choice Varieties Aster,	\$1.00	6 Varieties Balsam,	\$0.50
6 " " Dianthus,	.50	6 Choice Varieties Everlasting Flowers,	.50
6 " " Ornamental Grasses,	.50	6 " " Pansy,	.50
6 " " Phlox Drummondii,	.50	6 " " Ten Weeks Stock,	.50
6 " " Sweet Pea,	.50	25 " Annuals,	1.00
		20 Biennials and Perennials,	\$1.00

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

C. E. ALLEN,

Florist and Seedsman, Brattleboro, Vermont.

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

## MUSIC BOOKS!

Centennial Collection of National SONGS. [In Boards, in 50 cts., Paper 40 cts.] A truly elegant and attractive collection of the Patriotic Songs of all nations, arranged for Solo or Chorus Singing, and especially fitted to the celebrations of this year.

Living Waters, [30 cts.] By D. F. HODGES.

No better book of the kind has ever appeared. For Conferences, Praise Meetings, Prayer Meetings, Camp Meetings, etc. Hymns and music all in perfect taste, and of a high order.

Dictionary of Musical Information. [\$1.25.]

The only Musical Dictionary, and a most convenient book of reference.

Shining River, [35 cts.] This charming Sabbath School Song Book is received with great favor, and is worthy of universal adoption.

High School Choir, [\$1.00.] In extensive use in Academies, Seminaries and High Schools. Music in two, three and four parts.

The People's Chorus Book, [\$1.00.]

Each glee or chorus is a gem, and as a collection of glees is quite equal to anything of the kind that has appeared.

Any book sent, post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

C. H. Ditson & Co., J. E. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, Successors to Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

FINE BRISTOL VISITING CARDS, 25, with your name beautifully printed, sent by return mail, on receipt of 10 cts. and 3 cent stamp. I have 70 kinds of cards, a list of which, with samples of 65 styles of printing and agents, price list, will be sent with each new order; and I make the above offer, as I wish to introduce my cards into every family. 5 packs, 5 names, to one address for 50 cts. You will want more when you get the first lot. "More than pleased," "Never was so well suited before," are almost unanimous expressions. I employ expert and skilful printers and furnish the best of work, and printed nearly one million cards in Dec. 1875. Write name, town and state **plainly**. Address, W. C. CANNON, 30 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

2-12 smpb

DECORATE YOUR GARDEN!

12 flowering plants for \$1.00, post paid; descriptive catalogue free.

WM. S. EWELL,  
Howard Street, (Ward 20) Boston, Mass.

\$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

4-3smpb

CHROMOS of all kinds. Twenty 9x11 mounted for \$1.00. Largest assortment. Two samples free by mail for 20c. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

4-12r

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine,

4-12r

"DON'T FORGET IT!"—Singer's Safety Guard is worth all the Burglar Alarms ever invented. Agents wanted everywhere. Silver plated sample prepaid on receipt of 25 cents

Address, A. H. SINGER, 438 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

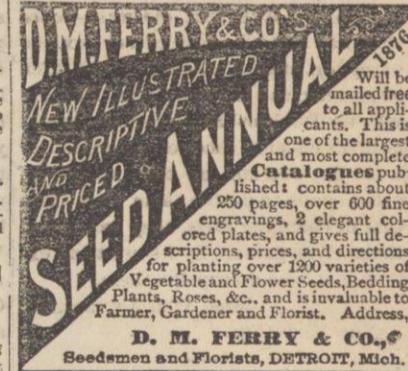
4-12

DO YOU WANT MONEY

Male or Female. Send your address and get something that will bring you in honorably over \$150 a month

Address, Inventors Union, 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

2-6b&1



## STEINWAY PIANOS.

The Best is the Cheapest.

The Steinway Pianos, for FULLNESS, CLEARNESS and PURITY of TONE and THOROUGHNESS of WORKMANSHIP, are unequalled. The majority of the leading artists throughout the world prefer them for their own use and concede to them the highest degree of excellence.

EDWARD CLARK, Agent, Brattleboro, Vt.

Also, Agent for the Behnlin & Klix Pianos, and the Estey Cottage Organs.

FOR We will send either of the following:  
300 Decalcomania Pictures; OR  
2 Sheets Scrap Book Pictures; OR  
25 Gem Chromos; OR  
3 Card Chromos, 5x7; OR  
1 Doz. Faber's Lead Pencils; OR  
CTS. J. W. Russell & Co., Medford, Ms. \$1

CHROMOS of all kinds. Twenty 9x11 mounted for \$1.00. Largest assortment. Two samples free by mail for 20c. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

RENEWED OFFER  
OF  
SPECIAL PREMIUMS!

Open to All.

The attention of our readers is called to our third offer of Special Premiums which will be given to our agents, in addition to the regular premiums and commissions allowed them.

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to July 1st 1876 we will give

A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.

For the Second largest list

A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.

For the Third,

either A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80, or APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80.

For the Fourth,

either AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50, or A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.

The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentleman for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

ANOTHER LIST

DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.

The campaign of 1876 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before another year. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before July 1st 1876 will receive

A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.

or the Second largest list we will give

A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.

For the Third

AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.

For the Fourth,

A BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE, worth \$30.

For the Fifth

A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.

For the Sixth

A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15.  
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,  
SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.

For the Ninth

Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.

For the Tenth

A Gold Pen, worth \$3.

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers in proportion to their quotas—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

To Single Subscribers.

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore inter-

ested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of subscribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.

For the Second largest list we will give  
A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.

For the Third,  
A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.

For the Fourth, a copy of  
GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.

For the Fifth,  
A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.

Many of these single subscribers will, we hope, become County Agents and thus compete for the other prizes also.

4thly and to Conclude.

To the agent sending subscribers from the GREATEST NUMBER OF POSTOFFICES we will give a copy of

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.

Send for circulars giving all the particulars.

'Fifty Thousand More,' for 1876.

The tide of emigration has turned South. All who wish to join colonies for any part of the South, or desire reliable information as to its climate, soil, productions, health, price of lands, welcomes, &c., should order the best Agricultural paper in the South, a weekly of 8 pages, 3 wide columns to the page, at only fifty cents a year. Address SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES, 19 Mardi St., Atlanta, Georgia.

HENRY N. HOOPER, Manager,  
5-2d 22 Broad St., Boston.

50 FINELY PRINTED BRISTOL VISITING CARDS SENT POST-PAID FOR 25 CTS. 9 ELEGANT SAMPLES, INCLUDING GLASS, MARBLE, SNOWFLAKE, DAMASK, STYLES OF TYPE, PRICE-LIST, &c., SENT ON RECEIPT OF STAMP. **YOU MAKE A MISTAKE IF YOU DO NOT PROCURE OUR SAMPLES BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.** WE HAVE OVER 100 STYLES. AGENTS WANTED. LIBERAL COMMISSIONS. A. H. FULLER & CO., 97 MAIN STREET, BROCKTON, MASS.

11-12adv

200 DECALCOMANIE PICTURES AND LIST SENT POST PAID FOR 25 CTS. GEO. BOLES, 165 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

\$12 A DAY AT HOME. AGENTS WANTED. OUTFIT AND TERMS FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE

10-12r

FORCE PUMP  
and Plant Syringe, \$4.50.

Page's Improved with Graduating Sprinkler—will throw water 50 feet and change to coarse spray or fine mist instantly—unequalled for washing windows and blinds, or, applying liquids to destroy insects on trees and vines. The cheapest efficient Fire Extinguisher.

4-2adv N. PAGE, JR., DANVERS, MASS.

MRS. D. A. INWOOD'S CELEBRATED DIAGRAM FOR DRESS CUTTING, WITH ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, \$1.50. ALSO, STAR FLOUNCE, FOLD, POINT AND SCOLLOP CUTTER, \$1.00. SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. AGENTS WANTED. SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR. EAST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

1-9eond

2-4

C. E. ALLEN,  
Seed Grower and Florist,  
Brattleboro, Vermont.

2-4

SEED!

Vermont Grown!

Buy direct from the grower and get seed that are fresh and reliable.

ALL FARMERS AND GARDENERS OF EXPERIENCE KNOW THAT EARLNESS IS AN OBJECT THAT THE FURTHER NORTH THE SOIL HE PLANTS IS GROWN THE EARLIER HIS VEGETABLES WILL RIPEN.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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

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

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

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

GOING NORTH.

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

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

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

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

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:25 a.m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p.m., for White River Junction and Rutland.

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

PULMAN'S DRAWING ROOM AND SLEEPING CARS

ARE RUN ON NIGHT TRAINS BETWEEN SPRINGFIELD AND MONTREAL.

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

St. Albans, Vt., Nov. 22, 1876.

31

EMPLOYMENT,

Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. E. M. DOUGLAS,

12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.

A LARGE 8 pp. Illustrated Family Paper,

with first-class premium, postpaid, for \$1.00.

Send 3 cts. for specimen copy and Agents' terms, to

THE LEISURE HOUR, Brattleboro, Vt.



[Established 1846.]

J. ESTEY & CO.  
Brattleboro, Vt.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Household Premiums.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch PP'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
21	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
22	Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles),	2 50	7
23	Pie Knife, (silver plated),	3 00	9
24	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 50	9
25	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	3 50	8
26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
27	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated),	4 00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),	4 00	9
29	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
30	1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle),	5 00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agt's. selection)	5 00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5 00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	8 00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated),	8 00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8 00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),	8 00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated),	8 00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8 00</	

## THE HOUSEHOLD.



SCHUBERT - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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

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

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY FREE.

*See Trial Trip, in next column.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of

the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

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

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary  
to the one who sends us the greatest number of trial subscribers before July 1st, 1876.

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

## ROOFS

that leak are costly property. You cannot afford them. The damage to your house & crops, which results from one storm, is often more than the cost of putting your Barn-roof in order. The yearly decay of agricultural machinery implements, arising from leaky roofs on outhouses, would more than pay the cost of roofing every shed, crib and storehouse on your farm. Your stock suffers from the drippings of your stable-roof, and the necessity of their lying in wet stalls. These evils affect property, but when your house-roof leaks, it is worse yet; then comfort departs, and you have a garret full of pails and pans to catch the steady streams; there are wet ceilings and falling plaster; there is spoiled furniture, damp bedding and rheumatism; there is the anxious wife wearied with running up-stairs to guard against new leaks; it is decay, and ruin, and property wasted. You cannot afford it. Our Slate Roofing Paint will end your difficulties and make your roofs water-tight. For new roofs, our Rubber Roofing Felt covered with Slate Roofing Paint will give satisfaction to any one. For full information in regard to roofing and House Paints generally, send for our 100 page Book which is free to all who write at once, and mention *The Household*. Address, N. Y. SLATE ROOFING CO., LIMITED, 8 Cedar Street, N. Y.

TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.—The School is in full and successful operation, and will continue without vacation until the close of the School year—June 17th; will be reorganized for Summer Session, on Friday, March 25, 1876. Send for a Catalogue to HIRAM OR'UTT, A. M., West Lebanon, N. H. Jan. 1876.

LASELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburndale, (near Boston,) Mass. Attractive home; best instruction; special care of health, manners and morals.

CHARLES C. BRAGDON, Principal.

MONTEBELLO LADIES' INSTITUTE, Newbury, Vt. The school is select and home-like. Great attention is paid to the Moral and Religious Education of the students and Physical Culture.

MARY E. TENNY, Principal.

HILL'S (INDUSTRIAL) HIGH SCHOOL for Boys, Long Hill, Conn. 12- BEACH HILL, A. B., Principal.

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