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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

T. CHUBBUCK, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1872.

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The Household.

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SO GOES THE WORLD.

Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away,
And things which seem the life of life,
Are taken from us day by day:
And yet through all the busy streets
The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng
The puppets play, the showman calls,
And gossips chat the whole
And so the world goes on!

Our little dramas come to naught:
Our lives may fail, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness.
Our firmest castle fall to sand;
And yet they sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on!

The house grows sad that once was gay:
The dear ones seek their blessed home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come:
And yet the sunlight checks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long,
The rosebuds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on!

And God goes on, and with our woe,
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace,
Guarding within His heart of hearts,
Our days of pain, our days of ease—
He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The dancer's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—His children all—
Through all these vernal years,
And so the world goes on!

FAULTS IN THE PLANS OF DWELLINGS.

HOW frequently it happens that in the most elegant houses there is often to be met, somewhere, a want of comfort or accommodation! The hall is either too wide or too narrow; the stairs communicate too close to the hall door, or have the leading flight too long, making the ascent tiresome. This latter is a very serious fault, and yet one that is too general. The parlors, which are always laid out with great attention to effective appearance, are seldom really comfortable. There is no room for furniture, unless the cabinet-maker manufactures articles to fit the spaces left to his care. Many a sofa or piano has to

intrude on a window—nay, sometimes to block a door-way—whilst spacious openings are left for sliding doors, in order to give an appearance of extent by throwing the front and rear parlors into one.

The invasion on the space properly intended for furniture has become so "fashionable" of late days, that it has compelled the introduction of many little trifling articles which rather tend to take from the dignity of the chief rooms of a pretentious dwelling, and make of it a mere "baby-house;" but like everything that custom has inured us to, we derive pleasure from these miniature comforts, just as we become satisfied with the nut-shell state-room of a steamship to which we are confined.

But it is in the plan of the chamber story that the most uncomfortable arrangements are to be found. As, for instance, there is either no space for the proper location of a bed, or it must be so placed as to subject the occupant to a strong draught of air, and its unfortunate consequences. The toilet table, the bureau, the mirror, are all, or some one of them, without a fit location. The windows are all injudiciously placed, or the chimneys so inconvenient, as to be worse than useless. The door opens awkwardly from the placing of a chair or table behind it; or perhaps when open it exposes the room unpleasantly. Wardrobes are either wanting, or if present, are away from the window, so as to be dark and otherwise inconvenient.

These are but a few of the serious faults of our modern dwellings—faults which might have been avoided if the necessary room for furniture had been taken into consideration during the composition of the plan, and if the artistic effect strained at in the exterior had not been permitted to crowd out the comforts of the interior. But, as the great majority of the people build to please the passing throng, it is not to be wondered at that they have to put up with whatever inconveniences their sacrifice to vanity may impose upon them.

He is a sensible man, indeed, who weighs well the wants of his household, and lets external display occupy a secondary place in his plannings. The comfort of his inner home is more valuable and more lasting to him than the passing praise which an architectresque appearance might call forth from the outer world.

How few there are who build understandingly! The architect produces his design, and it is canvassed as to its merits and demerits, but always with a view to "appearances." "This will be a fine room, pleasing in all respects," is a common remark, but the necessities which we have mentioned convince the proprietor, that he overlooked the points that go to make it comfortable, and he and his household now unite in blaming the architect for want of forethought in the

erection of so pretty yet so very uncomfortable a house.

To avoid the objectionable length of the leading flight of stairs, where sufficient head-room is wanted for a back door, it would be far more advisable to introduce a few descending steps to attain the desired end, and rather to keep the kitchen, etc., on a lower level than that of the front of the house, than to construct so great a nuisance as a long flight. It is better to leave the hall clear, and have a stair-chamber on one side—an arrangement which a first-class house can always admit of.

Doors should always slide. This mode is far superior to hanging on hinges, as the opening of the door does not interfere with the regulation of furniture in an apartment, and the sliding mode is so simple, and easily acted on, that it presents great advantages over the old-fashioned door, which it will doubtless yet supersede. In the middle and lower class dwellings, the sliding door is far more convenient than the present one, and indeed, on the principle of economy in space, we would always recommend its use. At present it costs more than hanging, but if it became general, the sliding mode would be cheapened down to a figure that would bring it within the range of all. A partition wall need never be over six inches thick to give room for sliding doors. In fact, in small houses, a four-inch partition may be made available for this purpose, by using inch plank, in four-inch breadths, for the enclosing of the door slide.

Sliding doors for wardrobes and closets would often prove most desirable; they do not impede the light as hinged doors often do. Above all things attention should be given to the accommodation of bedsteads in chambers, and at the same time secure a fitting place for the toilet table. Light and ventilation are great objects in sleeping rooms, for on these depend the health of the occupant.

As regards the ventilation of a house, the object is most easily accomplished by means of a cupola over the stair chamber. All the rooms can be ventilated by this means in the coldest days in winter, or during the prevalence of a storm, without opening a window to admit air. The heat of the basement furnace, under the hall, where it should be placed, would aid in the complete ventilation of the house in winter. A fan, worked by a small caloric engine in an air-chamber under the hall, would effect thorough ventilation in the hot summer season.

Attention to all these and a hundred other things which go to make a comfortable house, should be the aim of him who would be successful; and of all things, he should never fetter his architect's efforts with considerations of external display, at the expense of internal convenience, comfort and happiness.—*Pittsburgh Register.*



READY FOR COMPANY.

Number Two.

BY CONSTANCE.

THE genuine portraits presented to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD in the May number, seem to have borne a "striking resemblance" to somebody; since so many of your correspondents raise their voices to assure us that the like can't be found in their family galleries, by any means.

I am glad of it; and thankful too, that there are farmers' wives and daughters who have the time and ability to protest against any untruthful representation or slanderous caricature. Let them bear in mind however, that my examples were taken, as expressly stated, from the "well-to-do" class of villagers; but, as protests rise from the farm, I gladly turn thitherward, being much better acquainted with its peculiarities. For know, O my sisters, I am a farmer's daughter; born and bred among Vermont's green hills, and knowing, by the experience one may gain in a score of years, its long list of duties.

I have washed, ironed, made butter and cheese, pies and doughnuts, "tried out" lard and cut sausage meat, besides other things too numerous to mention. And then, as girls were more plenty than boys at our house, I have dropped pumpkin seeds up and down the long furrows of the cornfield, picked up potatoes at one cent per bushel—girl's wages—and husked corn in the "big barn" through whose chinks the November blasts blew coldly. I know just how the work comes spinning along from harvest to harvest; and how, even during the long winter evenings while the farmer reads his paper, the farmers' wife sees her sewing accumulate, and her stocking basket—yea it runneth over—with appeals from toes and heels.

It was so at our house, and then when I became a county school ma'am "boarding 'round" I found it more so in many other families.

And now dear sisters won't you admit that I have a little experience? all that you have indeed, for during two years I "kept house" for my father with no one to direct—only that instead of marrying a farmer, I didn't.

"Olive Oldstyle" and the others whose ire I have excited are probably mistresses of modern farm houses, well arranged and convenient; but they must admit that the majority of farm houses are not of that style. I have seen them in four of our New England states.

(will the husbands please read this?) ugly and deformed, where pantries and closets were either nowhere, or most inconveniently located; where the kitchen was hot, low, and dark; when the flour barrel was upstairs or in the dairy; the wood out beyond the chip yard and green at that; the water in a spring under the hill, or in the cellar or in the well "just out in the orchard" or in some wash tubs, or an old holder out under the eaves covered with boards, or in a cistern so poorly constructed as to have a quarterly spell of "leaking," with an old pump going "ke-chor-ke-chorr-r" every time the water came. In short, the old fashioned poetic and romantic farm house was often so constructed, together with its appurtenances, as to keep a woman trotting from morning till night; taking unnecessary steps enough in one day to disgust one forever with the "poetry of motion." Put a man in such a place, strap the burdens down tight over his shoulders and then add the care of three or four little children, and you would see agitation personified. Olive Oldstyle says that she and her friends are in the "front car" and we must "ride behind" if we ride at all. I prefer the place assigned, for when we consult statistics and find that two thirds of the female inmates of the lunatic asylums are farmers' wives, we begin to think that the front car isn't an enviable place after all.

Sneer at "womans rights" and shout "freedom" as you may; God knows that there have been some things terribly wrong in our lives; things not willingly or knowingly inflicted, but through ignorance; and which are to be righted, not by the clamor of some noisy leaders in the movement, but largely through the influence of our *HOUSEHOLD* and other kindred journals. If these cannot lessen our burdens, they help us bear them more easily.

But, some may ask, seeing how we are situated and what we have to do, would you still expect us to be ready for company? Yes, and my previous article was written with the hope that some one might get a hint to that effect, but lo and behold! I am only the "ministers wife with delicate olfactories!"

But seriously, it was from my own experience, since marriage, that I drew the advice to leave the clean work until afternoon, if a part must be left. I have two little children, one three years, the other five months, and "do my own work." Being liable to interruption from callers at any time, and especially after dinner, my "bump of calculation" has to be exercised. My ironing is very often done in the afternoon or evening, but it admits of a clean dress; and if I greet callers with a flushed face it is probably attributed to good health. Then as to the pantry, of which I intended to speak of in this article, after one has been surprised by book agents or brother ministers coming in on a late train supperless, and to spend the night, one dares not be without a "cold bite" of something in the house. Now Olive Oldstyle and the rest will probably assume an injured expression and tell me they always have a plenty cooked.

I don't doubt it; for where one handles the pen so vigorously, other matters are usually attended to; but, many farmer's wives do not; and the welcome they give visitors whom they suspect would like to break bread with them, is as empty as their cup-boards! One instance, which does not stand alone, to

illustrate this. Two years ago a farmer living about two miles from the village where we then were, gave a very pressing invitation to "come out and see him." "We are plain folks" said he, "and you won't see no style, but come out."

It was suggested, as delicately as possible, with other experiences in mind that if the day were set it might be more agreeable; but he scouted the idea, "come out any day." So one July afternoon a livery stable team was hired, and away we went.

Reaching the house at three o'clock, a young girl, sixteen years of age, answered our summons and told us that her mother was down in the field raking hay. "I'll go and take her place," said my husband: so, fastening the horse to a post, he went to the field and I into the house. After a time my hostess came, but one glance at her face assured me that we were anything but welcome. "Why ain't you in the parlor Cynthia? go open the windows." So I was ushered into a pleasant little room, and then the lady of the house begged to be excused. "Please don't make any difference about your tea," said I, "let us sit right down with your family when the time comes, and then you can visit." But she went out and pretty soon I heard her beating eggs. Tea was announced at six o'clock; the men came from the field and we all sat down to the supper which my poor hostess had prepared, by three hours work over the hot stove. We had warm biscuits, and warm custard pie, and warm doughnuts and warm cake, every mouthful threatened to choke me, as feeling of pity and regret mingled with it. But it was over at last, that solemn supper, and at sunset we prepared to leave.

The horse had been stamping and gnawing the post in the hot sun until his appetite and "grit" were about equal; and when we were ready to start he balked. My husband coaxed, commanded and entreated; the farmer pulled and patted at his head but not until he was treated to a mouthful of gravel, would the obstinate creature start. Then he went like the wind. I hope the gravel he ate was more easily digested than were our suppers; but after deliberation we concluded the chances were about equal.

Now if I suggest that this might have been different shall I be called too fastidious? How much better we could have relished some plain gingerbread with the biscuits, and a cordial welcome. And now with all meekness I would ask, is it worth while to have friends or not? If it is, is it not our duty to make an effort and have our houses, apparel, pantries and faces in seemly condition?

Is there not among us New Englanders too much suspicion, reserve and independence for our own health and happiness? I am a firm believer in the "dignity of labor," but the long drawn hours of protracted and incessant toil in scores of farm houses and village houses too is anything but dignifying. Women become ill-natured and sick, under the loads of hard work that at last crush them.

A certain amount of labor to be sure is most beneficial, but we know that today America is full of ailing women; many through their enslavement to fashion, many through their enslavement to work and worry; twin demons which hold the reins in many households. There is no time for rest or rec-

reation, no cultivation of friendship for its own sake, and the mind recoils upon itself dwarfed and starving. "Uncle Frank" gives good advice to his farmer brethren. Lift the burdens from your wife and make her a companion. "The life is more than meat," and when our spiritual and mental life is cheated out of its birthright, deprived of its liberty, our days are not half filled out. When farmers plan their houses as carefully as they do "the big red barn," and give their wives as many labor saving machines as they use themselves, I hope the good sisters will be ready to dress up and sit down in the afternoon. Until that time, just remember that foresight and calculation are our best servants, and they will help us about planning our afternoon work.

If farmer's wives, mechanic's wives and all the rest of us are doing just right now, and perfectly satisfied with ourselves, I'd just like to know why we take *THE HOUSEHOLD*. For one, it is full of hints for me and I never expect to be too old to learn. As for "Fanny Fern" I tremble for her reputation. Won't she write and tell us "how she dared?"

P. S. To relieve "a western girl's" misapprehension, allow me to state that my meaning in regard to house cleaning was, that it was unnecessary to be "up in arms" during the operation. I clean my house, yes indeed! but by taking one room in a forenoon, and working rapidly, all confusion is avoided. The old method of stirring and shaking and tearing and turning until the house looks like the home of whirlwinds, is not in vogue in these parts.

As to the "order of soft soap" it is all right in its place, but in spite of unsympathizing sisters, I prefer a more agreeable perfume when I am ready for company.

PUT IT IN WRITING.

How many misunderstandings arise from the loose way in which business matters are talked over, and then when each party puts his own construction on the conversation, the matter is dismissed by each with the words "all right," "all right." Frequently it turns out all wrong and becomes a question for lawyers and the courts.

More than half the litigation of the country would be saved if people would put down their agreements in writing. Each word in our language has its own peculiar meaning, and memory may by the change of a single word, or even by the change of its position in a sentence, convey an entirely different idea from that intended. When once reduced to writing, ideas are fixed, inelastic.

We once saw an excited captain rush into the presence of his colonel with grievous complaints against a brother officer. "Stop! Stop captain!" said the colonel, "put your complaint in writing, and I will give it attention."

The captain went to work vigorously writing his complaint. In a little while he stopped and commenced laughing. The whole affair looked so ridiculously small when written out that he was laughing at his own folly in giving it any attention.

"Though it may not be in your power," said Marcus Aurelius, "to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is best of all."



BOBOLINK.

On the swinging branches
Of the apple tree
Bobolink is sitting
Peering down at me,
How he flies and flutters
Through the laughing leaves
Tim'rous of the reapers
Binding up their sheaves,
Birdie, sing your carol!
None shall harm you here!
Ah! his throat's a-tremble,
Catch his warble clear.

Bob-o-link—bob-o-link—

How I love to sing;

Bob-o-link—bob-o-link—

Don't the echoes ring!

Merry little songster

How my pulses thrill

List'ning to your chorus,

Lying on the hill,

Let me learn your measure,

Teach me all your arts;

I've a song to warble

From a happy heart,

Sing again, more slowly,

Let me catch each note,

There, he'll give an answer,

See his swelling throat.

Bob-o-link—bob-o-link—

This is all I know;

Bob-o-link—bob-o-link—

Thus my measures go.

—*"Maydew," in Ladies Pearl.*

HYACINTHS.

THE hyacinth is one of the most beautiful and fragrant of the bulbous flowers, and particularly desirable for house culture. Even half a dozen grown in pots and flowering during the winter, will afford more pleasure to the "loved ones at home" than the same amount of money spent in any other way. With how much pleasurable anxiety they watch the shooting forth of the bright leaves, the rising of the stately column; while the opening of the bud makes a joyful thanksgiving of the most dreary winter's day.

A very small pot will answer for the hyacinth. Some prefer to plant three or four in a large pot, and this will make a very pretty ornament. Cover only the lower half of the bulbs with soil, press them down until they are nearly covered, then water until the soil is moistened thoroughly, and set the pots in a cool dark cellar. The roots will there form, with but little growth of top. Here they may remain for several weeks, and a pot or two can be taken into a warm, light room, for flowering, a week or ten days apart, and a succession of flowers obtained during most of the winter.

When hyacinths are planted in the garden, and well covered, the roots get a good start in the fall and winter; and it is very important in flowering them in the house that a growth of roots should be first encouraged in the way recommended. When placed in glasses of water for flowering, the base of the bulb should not quite touch the water, and as the flower buds appear, sprinkle the plants frequently with rain water. Set them away for about two weeks in a cool, dark room, until the roots are formed; then remove to a light, moderately warm room, and give plenty of light and air. Keep hyacinths in the coldest room you have, above freezing will answer, and near the light.

Flowers of the hyacinth are often ruined by bringing them into a very hot, dry, unventilated, room. Our plan is to keep a stand containing our stock of hyacinths in the parlor, which is kept most of the time but a few degrees above freezing. From this room they are taken as needed—one or two of each color—to the sitting room, or the dining room, for special occasions, but always returned to their cool quarters for the night. By this method they not only flower well, but keep in bloom a long time. Change the water occasionally, if it becomes discolored.

The choice named varieties grow best in glasses and pots, and single are more reliable than double sorts for house culture, while they are in every respect as desirable. Some of the double varieties, however do well, and for the sake of variety it is a good plan to select a few.

Hyacinths should be planted in the garden in September, October and November. Make the soil deep, mellow, and tolerably rich, and see that the water has a chance to drain off. The beds should be narrow, so that all parts can be reached from the alleys or walks. Set the bulbs five or six inches apart and four deep. Before winter sets in, cover the beds with leaves or manure to keep out the frost. This should be removed as soon as hard frosts are over—in this latitude, the middle of March. For beds of early flowers on the lawn nothing excels the hyacinth. A very pretty arrangement for a round or oval bed, is one or more rows all around of white, then red and rose about an equal number, and the center filled with blue. Where beds are small and so near together that they can all be seen at once, it is well to fill each one with a separate color.

Hyacinth flowers may be cut freely, without injury to the bulbs. Indeed, all flower stalks should be removed as soon as the flowers begin to fade. In about five or six weeks after flowering, and when the leaves are becoming yellow, the bulbs may be taken up, dried and packed away in paper bags or boxes, for planting again in the fall. If the beds are needed for other flowers, as is generally the case, the bulbs may be removed in about two weeks after the flowers have faded. In this case, after removing the flower stems, if this has not been done before, lay the bulbs on a dry bed in the garden, and cover them with a little earth, leaving the leaves exposed. Here they can remain until the leaves have ripened, when they are ready to be packed away for fall planting, or can remain where they are until needed.

Hyacinths will usually commence flowering in this latitude the latter part of March, and by choosing the early and late varieties, a good show of blossoms can be secured for at least a month or six weeks. The late varieties are mostly double, and are from two to three weeks later than the early sorts. For the convenience of planters, I have designated the late as well as the low and tall flowering kinds. Those not noted as late, are early. This will be found a great help in planting. The low sort throw up a stem five or six inches in height, and the trusses are usually globular and compact. The tall sorts have a flower stem from six to ten inches in height, and the trusses are usually more loose. The colors are so classified that no description will be needed with each variety.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

HOW NOT TO HAVE NICE FLOWERS.

To begin with, beg seeds of all your friends who cultivate flowers; never mind what kind they are; it is not worth the trouble to remember; then when you put them in the ground, of course you cannot arrange them with any regard to height, color, season of blooming, etc., but now sow them as you have gathered, promiscuously. Lay out your beds in the grass and dig them all of two inches deep, but certainly not over a foot. If this is done some wet day the sod will cut easier, and the soil will be in nice, large lumps. Dig a hole about six inches deep and two in diameter, among these lumps, pour in half an ounce of your most delicate flower seeds, and if they don't grow blame the one you got them of. If you happen to send to a seedsman for a few kinds, his reputation will be much enhanced by it.

Don't pay any more attention to them until you see other people's flowers in bloom, then pull out some of the largest weeds and wonder why you don't have any luck raising flowers. Don't dig around them for fear of disturbing the roots; don't thin out the plants, for you won't get the worth of your money; don't prune off any of the branches, for there won't be room for so many flowers. Don't pick any of the blossoms, but let them all go to seed, then sit down and say that a seedsman who sends seeds that won't grow ought to be compelled to send enough more to make it up.

Go right back to the friends you begged seeds of last year, and call them mean and stingy if they don't give you as many more. Of course, they can pay a good price for rare varieties, and then distribute them gratuitously with the greatest pleasure imaginable; in fact, you are rather favoring them by accepting. If you have summer bulbs, forget to remove them to the cellar until the ground is frozen up.

When you find farmers can raise potatoes by planting a bushel in a hill, or excellent corn without hoeing or cultivating, you will probably produce nice flowers from this sort of cultivation. I have been an eye witness to several cases of this sort of Floriculture, and know how it works.—*Ex.*

AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

The seed business as conducted by the celebrated firm of Briggs & Brother, at Rochester, New York, is one of the largest in the country, and in its way is one of the largest in the world. Over 12,000 dealers in different parts of the country and the Dominion, sell their seeds. Their establishment at Rochester has over 62,000 feet of flooring, and from 200 to 300 persons, according to the season, are employed in packing and putting up the flower and vegetable seeds, which they send by mail to all parts of the country. It takes six presses in constant use to print labels alone; upwards of \$40,000 worth of paper is used annually in the manufacture of bags for seeds, etc.

Their annual catalogue is most elaborately gotten up, and is embellished with numberless cuts of flowers and vegetables, besides being beautifully illustrated with colored plates. It also contains instructive hints and information upon the subject of floriculture and agriculture. To old customers the catalogue

will be sent free, while to new ones, an inclosure of twenty-five cents will be required. But in such cases, where an order for one dollar's worth of seeds is sent, twenty-five cents' worth of seeds in addition are remitted. Briggs & Brother prepay all orders by mail, and by reference to their catalogue, it will be seen that they give all their customers the most liberal inducements to obtain one or both of their beautiful Chromo Lithographs of Flowers, the cost of which at retail would be from \$3 to \$5.

We advise our readers to send for one of Briggs & Brother's catalogues.

HOW TO KEEP CANARY BIRDS.

Many persons have difficulty in keeping their canary birds in good health. One who is experienced in their care says:

Place the cage so that no draft of air can strike the bird; give nothing to healthy birds but canary and rape seed, mixed with water, cuttlefish bone and gravel on the floor of the cage; also, occasionally, a little water for bathing; the room should not be overheated; when moulting (shedding feathers), avoid drafts of air; give plenty of rape seed, slightly moistened; a little hard boiled egg and cracker grated fine is excellent; by observing these simple directions, birds may be kept in fine condition for years. Bad seed kills most of the birds that die; to which might have been added, that canary birds are not only very fond of but benefited by having often a leaf of cabbage, pieces of apple, or other green food, which serves to keep down the tendency to fever and prevent constipation. Our birds usually bathe each day as regularly as any one washes the face, and with apparent benefit too. When birds are sick, and inclined not to eat well, remove all the food for a day, and then only give soaked bread, from which most of the moisture has been squeezed.

Go right back to the friends you begged seeds of last year, and call them mean and stingy if they don't give you as many more. Of course, they can pay a good price for rare varieties, and then distribute them gratuitously with the greatest pleasure imaginable; in fact, you are rather favoring them by accepting. If you have summer bulbs, forget to remove them to the cellar until the ground is frozen up.

FRESH BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Choose some of the most powerful buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blooming, and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible a piece of the stem three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing wax, and, when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In winter, or any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water; wherein a little nitre or salt has been diffused; and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lovely colors and breathe their agreeable odors.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A PROLIFIC OLEANDER.

A two year old oleander in the sitting room blooming for the third time this season is a great attraction at the present time. Its well rounded head is a mass of delicate pink flowers, so richly fragrant and more buds opening every day. Every lover of a beautiful flowering shrub cannot but admire this fine

evergreen. When but a foot high its top was pinched off, thus causing it to branch and form a short, bushy growth, instead of a long slender stem, unable to stand up, as many are grown. A look about our city residences during the summer season, shows a growing taste for this class of highly ornamental shrubs for many are to be seen. Their fine show of bloom, and the ease with which they are wintered should command them to the attention of all who desire a beautiful ornament to place in the front yard or about the house. They can be safely kept over winter in any dry frost-proof cellar, giving a little water occasionally, as the earth in the pots or boxes becomes dry.—*Ex.*

LAYERING ROSES AND OTHER PLANTS.

It will greatly facilitate the operation of layering if the shoot is split or cut for about an inch, leaving it attached by half its thickness to the parent bush. In making the split, cut from the old plant toward the end of the shoot; keep the split open by inserting a leaf rolled up or a bit of stick, and peg the shoot down securely. It is well to prepare a bed by spreading some rich soil under it and covering it with the same.

Layers may be struck from monthly roses, heliotropes, and geraniums in the same way, with much greater ease and certainty than by slips or cuttings. August is the proper season for layering, and it can be done without impairing in the least the appearance of the flower beds. The layers will generally be found sufficiently rooted to be detached and potted by the last of September.

WARM WATER FOR PLANTS.

Mr. R. G. Williams, of Vermont State Normal School, writes upon this subject as follows:

I see some remarks in your monthly report upon the benefit of watering plants with warm water. Last winter we had about one hundred plants in the house, and usually gave them warm water, and very frequently water that was much too warm for the hand. Some water at, or very near the boiling point has been poured into the saucers of the pots and just on the sides.

We have about forty persons in the family, from different parts of the country, and their testimony is that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion flowers and oleanders. These plants show very marked improvement; others have flourished finely under the treatment.

A PRETTY WAY TO TRAIN A FUCHSIA.

When a slip has grown six or eight inches high, nip out the top down to the next set of leaves; it will then throw out branches on each side. Let these grow eight or ten inches, then nip out as before, the tops of each branch, when grown the same height as the others, then nip out again; then procure a stick the size of your finger, eighteen inches in length, take hoop-skirt wire, twine back and forth alternate, through holes made in the stick equal distances apart, place this firmly in the pot back of the plant, tie the branches to it, and you will have, when in flower, a beautiful and very graceful plant. Having one trained in that way last season, it was the admiration of all who saw it.—*Small Fruit Recorder.*



WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born
Or if my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother, plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow men,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
If on the land, or on the sea;
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

THE FASHIONS.

MOST of the novelties seen in dress at present, are in the appendages of the toilet; such as ties, collars, muffs, etc. The main parts of the costume remain about the same, and nothing decidedly new is seen, excepting, perhaps, some change in the method of trimming or arrangement.

The latest style of polonaise has a basque back, with the skirt and waist cut together in front, and fitted by a dart on each side, extending to the bottom by a curved seam; the back consists of one plain breadth, with a gore on either side and is joined to a belt underneath the basque by gathers in the center and side pleats. The trimming should round up the center of the basque at the back until it reaches the waist line, and be put on in front to simulate a vest, and must pass around the neck. These polonaises are very elegant, trimmed with shades of the same color, and should be joined up the entire front with butterfly bows made of both shades in the costume. The garment is very stylish in satine, serge, poplin, silk, etc.

There is such a variety of little jackets, in velvet, cloth and cashmere that an attempt to describe them all would be both tiresome and useless. One very pretty, close fitting one, has a postillion basque back, finished at the bottom with large scallops and edged with deep fringe. This has a round cape finished in the same way and just reaching the waist, which is indicated by two buttons on the back seams. Another one made of cashmere has deep points which extend up the front. The sleeves are large and flowing and are also cut with deep points; it is very elaborately embroidered all over and the edge is finished with a band of black velvet. Others are open up the back and side seams, and are faced with velvet to imitate a point turning back, and have velvet collar and cuffs to match.

Loose sacques and blouse waists are braided and embroidered most profusely, whether braided in patterns, or trimmed with scalloped worsted braid; but it is a comfort to know that these most becoming house garments are pret-

ty enough without so much ornament, and those who have not time, or money to expend on such elaborate trimming, may be assured that if nicely made, they are stylish without it.

Very elegant talmas are completely covered with braiding and embroidery, and edged with heavy fringe. Some of these have an upper cape, others have a very elaborate ornament on the right shoulder, from which depends an elegant cord and tassels.

Furs will always be fashionable in this climate, and are too substantial and expensive articles to be subject to very great and sudden changes in style. This season boas, both flat and round, are worn, as well as capes, and muffs are very small. Ribbon bows with ends, rival the cord and tassels as a finish to them. For young girls there are pretty articles, answering the purpose of both muff and satchel; they are made of leather and bordered with fur. Then there are muffs with pockets, made of fur and some bright colored cashmere. To match suits, muffs are made of the cloaking and bordered with fur. These are very pretty, especially when made of black velvet, and some light colored fur.

Cloaks are edged with fur to match the set, and all varieties of it are worn, but sable, mink, and seal-skin will always be standard articles. One of the most stylish of fancy furs is silver fox, a beautiful long haired fur, but rather perishable and very expensive. Fur is very popular not only as a trimming for cloaks, but for warm heavy dresses, and large satin collars, or fichus rather, are bordered with it and are very comfortable, even cravat bows made in satin, are edged with fur.

Waterproofs are now seen in blue and green plaids as well as in the sombre dark colors; these are very pretty for school girls. Many waterproofs are scalloped and trimmed with braid and the black ones for children should have a scarlet lining for the cape. The hood ought to be lined with silk.

Riding habits are also made of waterproof cloth, and the material is very appropriate for them as it is heavy and not easily injured.

Satin, cloth, cashmere, serge and silk in very dark blue makes handsome costumes, also olive green, dark browns and greys, and maroon in a variety of shades; only be careful to avoid bright lively tints, and one's taste can range through a variety of colors. Black is of course always fashionable, and worn more than anything else for street suits, and as the season advances the preference for it is more decidedly shown, not only on the street but at church, concerts and among the audiences at fashionable theatres, ten out of every twelve well-dressed ladies will be seen attired in black costumes, yet trimmings, laces, jewelry and feathers, relieve these suits from an appearance of sombreness. Long lavender gloves are worn with the most stylish of these dresses.

For the house, brighter colors are usually preferred, and plaids are very stylish and durable. Box pleated blouse waists and loose sacques are worn for house dress, and are both comfortable and pretty, as well as economical, for they can be worn with old skirts, making a variety of pretty house toilets. An overdress of black silk or alpaca, is also very useful in a lady's wardrobe, as it can be worn with colored skirts to make them look fresh and stylish.

Cashmere and cloth boots, with pa-

tent tips, and made very high, are worn to match the costume, and plain kid boots are worn with black silk dresses. Silk or satin boots are fashionable with evening toilets, and morocco shoes very high in the instep, with loops of grosgrain ribbon and steel or pearl buckles, are seen for home dress.

Evening dresses are made very elaborate and cannot be too gay to be stylish. Long heavy trains are worn looped with bouquets of flowers, and loaded with ribbons and flowers in the greatest profusion. The corsage is still worn low in the neck with short sleeves.

The hair is worn low in the neck, and brushed back at the sides. It is sometimes rolled away from the forehead and sometimes crimped around the face. For evening, a spray of flowers, or bow of bright colored ribbon is added to the coiffure.

A new style of necktie is of black silk lined with red, pink or light blue, and edged with lace or fringe. Another style is of colored crepe, trimmed with insertion and edged with lace.

White astrachan is used for ladies dressing gowns, and is very strong and durable as well as warm and exceedingly pretty.

The favorite hat for the season is the Henry III toque, with soft, high crown, and narrow brim turned down all around. It is worn on all occasions, and is as dressy as a bonnet. It is most useful when made of black velvet, as it can then be worn with any dress. Large three cornered vails are worn with these toques, and colored ostrich tips are added to them for semi-dress occasions. These hats are so simple that ladies can make their own. To look stylish they must be worn quite far back so as to show the entire forehead. The new bonnets are large, but placed high enough to show the coiffure.

A novel style of sleeve button is of oval shape, and made to open on the side, so as to contain a miniature or hair.

CONCERNING HIGH HEELS.

"As if we were to blame about it!" said I, a little tartly, laying down the paper I was reading.

"To blame about what?" asked Leonidas, looking up quizzingly. "You seem to think that I must know what you happen to be thinking about."

"Why," replied I, "for wearing high-heeled shoes, when anybody knows that we cannot get any others if we would—at least a respectable stout boot, and scarce so much as an easy slipper."

"O, that is all, is it?" quoth Leonidas. "I supposed you were accused of some capital offense, by the serious way in which you spoke."

"As if that were not enough to get one out of all manner of patience," I answered. "That is, to see how we are arraigned for the venial sin. I remember that a few months ago the 'Old Bachelor' of Harper's Bazar, in his 'Manners upon the road'—capital papers, by the way, if he does scold sometimes—gave the ladies a lecture on wearing high heels. He told how they made us 'hobble,' 'walk insecurely,' 'stoop,' and walk any way but sensibly, as if we did not know it all before. Then there is Dr. Dio Lewis, in his book for 'Our Girls,' who goes on, in his authoritative sort of way, on high heels, narrow soles, and shoes generally; all which would be good advice, were it practicable. And

here is another writer—a man of course—harping away on the same string—or rather heel—as if we could do anything about it ourselves!"

"But you do wear high-heeled shoes, do you not?" queried Leonidas, tipping back in his chair, as though he had given himself up to listen on the subject.

"Of course we do," answered I, "for what else can we get to wear, even if we would? But we do not make the fashion, or do our own shoe making, so what are we to do about it? Men are the shoe manufacturers; the dealers, and, I dare say, the arbiters of fashion for ladies' shoes. And then it is the men who take us to task for our folly in wearing what mankind prepares for us. In shoes, it is different than with our dresses, and even the height of our hat feathers, for we must, for the most part, procure them ready-made; as the good old times are gone when Crispin sat at his bench, and did custom work about as one bade him do it."

"But you would not wear a boot that was not in the latest style, you know you would not, if you had a dozen shoemakers ready to obey your behests," provokingly said Leonidas.

"I would gladly purchase those with only moderate heels, as our 'Old Bachelor' recommends," said I, "if I could, but I cannot always wait for custom work, and but few places are eligible for such work now, or do it handsomely, unless it is in large manufactories."

"Let me tell you a little of my experience, in trying to purchase shoes of only a moderate heel," I went on, bent on convincing Leonidas what martyrs we are both to high heels, and to those who censure us for wearing them.

After reading the article in the Bazar before referred to, I said to myself, "It is a fact, we do 'hobble' fearfully, and there is no help for it while we wear high heels. And we do 'walk insecurely,' and not free from danger, and we must 'stoop,' even if it does make our walking much more a weariness than it otherwise need be."

Having finished my soliloquy, I resolved to discard high heels, and wear only one reasonably in conformity to fashion. Somet'ing of a heel places the foot in a better position than none at all, besides presenting a more shapely appearance. But no more of those high ones, tapered down to a mere point; and if as good authority as the Bazar sneered at them, it would certainly be safe to discard them. I could have some sensible boots immediately.

Therefore, when I set out to make my purchase, I turned my head resolutely away from those "dextrously curved," and sharp, bright pointed heels in the shop windows, and bravely asked to be shown some shoes, of a given number, with only medium heels. The polite clerk smiled, at least so I fancied, and told me that they kept none of that kind, and indeed, a nice boot was out of the question except it had high heels.

"But there must be some at the other stores," I said to myself, as I went out, "else why should we be advised to wear them?" And so I went from one shop to another, receiving about the same reply, and besides was told that no lady, who made any pretension to style would wish other than the tip top high heels. One spruce clerk patronizingly inquired if I was looking for shoes for my grandmother; if I was, he said, they had some which might suit.

"I will look at them," I said bravely, trying not to be disconcerted.

And I did look at them. The heels, I will admit, were sensible, but the boots were old fashioned ones, not suitable for the street, and in fact, so homely that Bridget would scarce have taken them to wear scrubbing in the kitchen. Now of course I must have something that is presentable to wear in the street, and at church, as well as neat fitting slippers, but to get a nice shoe of any kind without high heels is out of the question.

"Have the heels taken off," said Leonidas, seemingly beginning to get waked up on the subject.

"Yes," said I, "that can be done, still what there is left of the heel is too narrow to enable one to walk securely, and besides, the taking it off injures the boot, as well as the looks of it. The nails are always getting out of place, and the heel separating, though even that is preferable to wearing heels with extreme sharp points."

"And now don't you see," I went on, "how we are martyrs from the crowns of our heads to the soles of our shoes, and how we are doubly so, because we are accused of foolishly wearing high heels, when, forsooth, the men will allow us nothing else to wear?"

"Let the ladies go into the shoe manufacturing business," said Leonidas, laughing.

"And so we will, if you drive us to it," answered I resolutely. Till then I am yours as before,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

A PAPER OF PINS.

"Pins and poking-sticks of steel."—*Winter's Tale.*

What a pleasant jingling of pins we find all through Shakespeare's plays, sometimes suggestive of uncounted abundance, as, "not worth a pin," occasionally bearing under the shadow of a pithy sentence some seed of homely, perhaps unwelcome, truth. "To give crowns like pins," passing into a proverb, expresses a world-embracing benevolence. All very charming this flavor of freedom and thrift, but times have been when these now most common and prosaic little implements were luxuries indeed; nay more, time was when they were not, at least as we enjoy them, "slender, glittering shafts," without which no household is fully equipped.

Looking back, we find it recorded of the fair damsels who fluttered about the English court in the thirteenth century that they "used skewers of bone, ivory, or boxwood, in the arrangement of the toilet." We wonder, in an unsatisfied way, how the delicate fabrics of "tissue, gauze, and fleecy netting, of marvelous device and cost," were deftly tucked into place. A little later, in 1347, the year following the memorable battle of Cressy, the great want was met, in so far at least as one grand lady was concerned, for it is told us that "for the Princess Joan, twenty thousand pynnes were ordered."

Until the middle of the sixteenth century, large, heavy articles were in vogue, fashioned sometimes of silver and gold, and not unfrequently precious stones were for this use pressed into beauty's service. We read of one belle of the period, who, "in addition to much rich apparelling," with

"A sapphire bodkin for her hair," stepped bravely into the arena of fashionable life. Times of improvement were dawning, for history certifies that "pins,

girdles, broderies and rings" were now accounted necessities in the outfit of grand or titled ladies; "the better sort," it is added, "being supplied from the continent."

How the old story repeats itself! In Egyptian tombs pins have been found much resembling in general style and size the old Continental and English articles just mentioned, with a difference, however, in favor of Oriental artisans and the resources of the market to be supplied. These ancient implements were often seven or eight inches in length, exquisitely headed with gold, and richly wrought.

Less fancifully inclined, the ancient Mexican dames appropriated as "fasteners" of their simple attire the long tapering thorns of the agave, a most convenient, and decidedly attractive pin—each household doubtless commanding at its very door as it were, without cost or trouble, an ever-thriving, never barren, family pin-cushion.

Importation from the continent must have been active before 1483, for it was then interrupted by a prohibitory statute. France, we are told, had become the great business center of this branch of industry, and "with much reservation and much oversight on the part of the authorities," it was allowed a modest place among the mechanical enterprises of the day. It was, however, deemed of sufficient importance to call forth "statutes" concerning the ancient pin-makers of that section, which in these later times seems odd and strange.

One, most stringently enforced, was, "that no master could open more than one shop for the sale of his wares, except on New Year's day and the eve thereof." It is amusing, in this connection, to note the charming simplicity of a courtly cavalier or honest burgher, purchasing for the ladies of his circle, as rare and acceptable New Year's gifts, a box of these small, glittering implements!

In the reign of Henry the Eighth the making of brass pins became so important a trade as to claim the attention of the crown, and an act was passed "For the true making of pynnes, to wit, that no person shall put to sale any pynnes but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank, the pynnes well smoothed, and the shank well sharpened." Improvements soon made the statute of no importance.

In 1626, a pin-making establishment was set up in Gloucester, and became so prosperous that in a little time fifteen hundred persons found there steady employment. Ten years later, London could boast a manufactory bidding fair to outdo the Gloucester interest. Birmingham followed suit, soon becoming the nucleus in this as well as other noted manufacturing operations in England.

The old English method involved fourteen distinct processes; everything was done by hand. The crimping of the papers, then the final disposition of the pins in them ready for market, was accomplished principally by women and children. Machinery, the result of much thought and deep calculation, has utterly changed the character of this branch of business, that of rapidly and elegantly "papering" them, being considered one of the most curious and admirable inventions.

In the United States pin-making was first begun soon after the war of 1812,

when, in consequence of the interruption to commerce, the value of a paper of pins was no less than one dollar, and that, too, for such as can now be purchased for six cents. From year to year trials were made, improvements gave encouragement to labor, and in 1824, Wright's patent gave to the world the first contrivance for making by machinery, solid-headed pins. In 1832 Howe's machines were patented in this country, and four years later introduced into New York. These were for making pins with wire or "spun-heads," like those imported from England, and are considered the self-acting machines by which the pin was entirely completed by one successful process. The improved processes have materially diminished the weight of the pins, consequently less brass is consumed in furnishing the same quantity.

Pins have recently been made of iron and steel wire; as a protection from rust, the metal is lubricated with oil as it passes the last time from the draw-plate, then completed by the same routine used in fashioning those of brass wire. Black pins are prepared by japping the common brass pins. Of late this want has been met by steel pins brought to a deep purple by "tempering."

There is a style of pin used by entomologists extremely delicate and sharp. Other varieties are manufactured, but all we believe upon the same general principle.

Immense factories, involving a heavy expenditure for machinery of an exceedingly complex character, are now daily furnishing supplies almost fabulous in quantity, of these "small, comfortable conveniences." The manufactory at Waterbury, Conn., and that of Birmingham, in the same state, are we believe the largest. These two, it is said, have consumed of copper a'one, nearly a ton daily, using exclusively that obtained from Lake Superior.

But what becomes of the pins?—*Every Saturday.*

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

It is the prevalent opinion among house-keepers that the guest chamber, or "spare room," must, in every respect, be the best and most desirable room in the house. We think this a mistaken idea. Of course the room should be pleasant and inviting, furnished as tastefully, and with as many conveniences, as can be afforded, without curtailing the comfort and pleasures of the family, and with such regard to comfort, that a guest, on entering, may feel at once, not only at home, but as if surrounded with kindness and thoughtful care. All this can be accomplished without appropriating the largest and most commodious room for that purpose.

The chambers most used, and, next to the sitting-room, most necessary to the comfort and happiness of the family, to whom the house is home, and not a mere stopping-place, should be the best ventilated, the largest, and most convenient. The mother's chamber and the nursery (if there must be two apartments, they should be separated only by a door, that the mother's care may be near at hand) ought to be chosen with reference to the health and enjoyment of those who are expected to occupy them for years.

The "spare room" should be a secondary consideration; for our guests are but temporary residents of our rooms, to whom, to be sure, must be given all the time and attention that family cares will allow; but to the permanent inmates the house is a resting place from hard labor, a refuge from outside care, for some of the family; and to make it such to husband and children, the housekeeper has a daily routine of duties which can be wonderfully lightened by pleasant surroundings; and thus, for reasons having a bearing on every member of the household, it seems to us very desirable that more thought, care, and expense be given to secure a pleasant outlook, a thorough ventilation, and attractive and convenient furniture for the family rooms, than for the one set apart for those who, however honored and beloved, can of necessity remain but a few days.

It is painful to glance into rooms in daily use, and see no indication that a moment's thought has ever been bestowed upon their adornment, or to fill them with objects that, to the children's eyes, will unite grace and beauty with usefulness for the family's every day use. "Oh, this will answer! It's good enough just for our own family." But look into the guest's chamber, for which enough has been expended to compel pinching in all that belongs to home and family comforts, and all for the ostentatious display of hospitality! When you see such incongruities and contrasts between the furnishing of the family apartments and the "spare room," you will find the same rule runs through everything connected with the family.

For everyday use the commonest kinds of delf, with odd bits of broken or defaced china, mismated cups and saucers, of every variety of color, and the food, carelessly prepared, and of the poorest and cheapest quality, showing the same unwise disregard for family comfort. But let a visitor appear, and the table is dazzling with silver and cutglass, and loaded with dainties over which the utmost skill has been expended. This is all wrong. Home should be first; company, of secondary importance. Let your family have the best you can reasonably afford; then cordially welcome your friends to share the good and pleasant things with you.

It is not easy to teach children to love home, and prefer its society to all others, if they see that all the good, and pleasant, and beautiful things you possess are only to be used when you have visitors. You have no right to hope that your children will have good manners or be refined if they see only the coarsest of everything when alone with you, and are called upon, with company, to put on company manners. Love of home, refinement, and good manners are blessings that will rust out and be destroyed, if not brightened by constant daily use.—*Christian Union.*

—It is mistaken economy to furnish up a faded article because it was once expensive, for the poor remnant of the past will always tell its own story. A neat, pretty calico or lawn, tastefully made, is far more becoming than tarnished finery, soiled silks, or rusty alpacas. Where but few additions to a wardrobe can be made, they should be selected always to harmonize with the purse first, then the form, complexion, and whatever else is left of the year before; that striking contrasts may be avoided.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender:
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman;
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it:
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

—John G. Whittier.

KITTY.

KITTY lived in a pretty cottage, that faced a narrow, green lane crossing the main street of a quiet old village. The village was so very small and quiet that Kitty had scarcely a playmate besides her brother, a wild, teazin' boy of ten, whose rude ways terrified his little sister. She was only six, small and delicate, fond of flowers and of every living creature. Her chief delight was to spend the bright summer mornings in her own corner of the cottage garden, watching the busy ways of the bees and ants, and even the wanderings of worms and beetles. She was an industrious little gardener, but like most children she often killed her plants by over-care; and, now that summer was drawing near its end, she had nothing in blossom but a bright scarlet poppy.

One morning she came running down the path, in haste to see if her poppy had opened a second flower, and the tears started to her eyes when she saw a great hole in the very middle of one of the glossy red leaves. Back she flew to tell her trouble to her mother; but mother was busy with the butter which was just ready to be taken from the churn, and poor Kitty could get no attention. Unluckily naughty Joe was close by, and he began in his provoking way to laugh at her distress. "What a baby you are! Crying about a hole in a poppy-leaf! That's a good joke!" said he. Kitty turned very red; but Joe could always talk much louder and faster than she, so that the poor child knew it was useless to answer him.

She went slowly back into the garden, the tears trickling one by one down her wet cheeks, just in time to see a great bee give the last snip to a second piece, which he had been cutting from the next petal of the flower, folding it snugly away between his legs as he did so. Away flew the thievish bee, when Kitty had hardly made out what he was doing; and away went Kitty after him, her tears quite dried by wonder. Before she had followed him far, she saw him alight, and disappear in a hole in the sand. Several minutes he was gone, and long minutes they seemed. At last he crept out again, and Kitty could see that he had left behind his little scarlet bundle. Off he flew towards the poppy, and off ran the little girl. This time she saw all he did; saw him creep again into the hole, and again come out without his load.

Her curiosity grew so strong that when he had flown away once more she began to dig eagerly about the hole. The sand was loose, and soon she came to the cosy chamber, which the bee was furnishing for his family. Very bright it looked, with its floor and its sides, and its arched roof, all lined with shining red. Kitty was enjoying the discovery when the bee came back, bringing a smaller piece which he meant for the door. Angry was he to find the careful work, that he thought just finished, spoiled by a meddling child. Most bees would have punished her by a sharp sting on her mischievous fingers; but he only flew around for a moment with a loud buzz, then darted away over the garden fence, and across the meadow beyond. Kitty had been frightened for an instant; but now she thought she had escaped all harm, and she went to take another look at her poppy, not quite certain whether to be most sorry for the flower the bee had spoiled, or the pleasant home which she herself had pulled in pieces.

Her mother, who thought that even little girls ought to be useful, now called her in, and when she had read a page in words of four letters, about "Two Boys who ran a Race," spelled all the new words, and made a row of b's on her slate, she had beans to shell, a towel to hem, and three rounds to knit on a stocking for her brother. All these things were hard work for such tiny fingers. When they were finished, she was dressed, and went with her mother to take tea at a neighbor's. The old people had no children, but they had the prettiest chickens ever seen, white bantams with feathered pantalets, a brood of dear little ducklings, just learning to swim, and a pair of tumbler-pigeons, whose queer motions might amuse any child all day. So it happened that Kitty had not a minute to visit her garden again, and when she was brought home, and put while it was yet light into her own snug bed, she had forgotten all about the bee and the poppy.

Kitty slept in a very small room, a sort of closet opening out of her mother's, with a western window that looked over the meadow beyond the garden. The night was very warm, and her window was open. The fire-flies were flashing about the garden, but before the twilight had faded so that they could show half their brilliancy, the tired little girl was fast asleep. About midnight she suddenly awoke. Thousands of fire-flies were in her room, which they made almost as light as day, and a long procession of bees was entering through the window. They

crowded round Kitty, who dared not move, and thrust their heads and their fore-feet as far as they could under her arms, her legs and her body; then, moving all their little wings together, they lifted the bewildered child from the bed. Out of the window they went, and all the troop of fire-flies followed. Had any one been looking he would have thought a meteor was passing over the meadow. Kitty felt sure it must be all a dream, as she was carried across the village and into a hemlock grove beyond, where there grew one huge chestnut tree, which Joe knew very well. This chestnut was loaded with half-grown burs, and on a limb which hung near the ground was one which had been opened and emptied of its nuts. Whether the bur grew large or Kitty grew small, she could not tell; but somehow

the thorny green bits were shut over her, and she was alone in the dark, wrapped up more snugly than she had ever been in her life. She struggled for a little while, in a terrible fright, and then she felt too tired to struggle, or even to be frightened, and so fell fast asleep.

Next morning when Kitty was not in her room, not in the garden, not at the neighbors, there was a great commotion in the little town. Joe ran in one direction to give the alarm, and his mother in another. Everybody searched and everybody wondered; everybody made a dozen guesses, but nobody guessed right, and nobody once thought of consulting the bee, who was busy all the next day in fitting up another nest with new linings from a fresh poppy blossom. If they had thought of questioning him, it is very likely that the cunning creature would have kept his secret. The search had to be given up at last. Kitty's mother could not help hoping that she was alive, and would sometime be found again, but every one else in town thought the child must have wandered down to the river, and been drowned.

When frost came, Joe went with two or three other boys to the old tree in the hemlock grove to gather chestnuts. He had never recovered his spirits since Kitty's loss, and his mother sent him out, half against his will, for she feared that if he did not have some diversion, he would soon be ill. The nuts were plenty, and Joe soon grew as eager as the rest in filling his basket. One very large bur that hung low on the tree, all of them tried at once to knock off. They could not tell whose blow brought it down, or whose opened it; but Joe succeeded in seizing the one, big, oddly-shaped nut, which was all that it contained, and, not without some sharp words from the others, he put his prize in his basket. That night, when supper was over, he took his knife, and sat down to cut some of his nuts, that they might not burst when he put them to roast in the hot ashes. "See! mother, what a splendid fellow!" said he, cutting off the stem of one as he spoke, and beginning to slit the skin; but a sudden cry made him jump from his seat, while his nuts rolled all about the room. There was Kitty, creeping out of the split shell! and before Joe and his mother could be quite sure what they saw, she was standing before the fire in her little white night-gown, looking exactly as when she had been last put to bed, except that her right sleeve was cut quite through, and there was a slight scratch on her right arm, made evidently, by Joe's knife.

They never dared tell in the village how Kitty was found; and, indeed, they have almost forgotten themselves; for people cannot always believe their own eyes.

ROYAL.

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR BABIES?

Children are killed by too much care, or what is called care, as well as by too little. Perhaps truth would admit of even a stronger statement. Now let us see how a new-comer is treated just as soon as he or she is fairly dressed, supposing, of course, the doctor to be out of sight. Every one knows it has to take something. In the drinking world it is considered good manners to ask, "what will you take?" But no such discretion is allowed the baby. Take

something it must though nobody knows why it should take anything, and some persons know many reasons why it should take nothing. So a little sugar and water, or molasses and water, or molasses and oil, or castor-oil, must be given, and this little is not always adapted to the baby's stomach, which holds about a table-spoonful

Whether this is given for food or physic makes but little difference. The child needs neither, hence either is an injury. More than that, it is a monstrous wrong upon one incapable of knowing or resenting it. In a few minutes the baby has colic. What wonder? As it has a colic, it must have medicine, of course. What could be plainer? Suffice it to say, the child is dosed with something, an anodyne may be; this constipates, and it must have physic; that gripes it, and it must have an anodyne again; and so on to the end of the chapter, which often is a short one, ending in the graveyard.

But these are not the only abuses to which these poor little creatures are subjected. How many times have I been hooted at for telling Madam Nurse to lay that baby down in a warm place, and let it alone! No, forsooth; it must be rocked, the little darling! And as soon as it is dressed, too, when it has no more idea that it needs to be rocked than it has of the next solar eclipse.

It must be carried, too, and trotted. "There, hear that wind come!" many a nurse has said to me triumphantly, and I am sure with utmost scorn at my ignorance when expostulating with her for abusing the baby. But what mortal would not raise wind, with a stomach full, when subjected to such a process. Let a man eat a hearty meal, and then mount a hard-trotting horse, or, what would be more analogous to a nurse's knee, a trip-hammer, and he would not need long experience to teach him that such motions at such times are painful, hence injurious. And they are not only injurious after feeding, but at any and all times for the new-born babe.

Now if pain is produced by this, then is opened another chapter of drugging; and it is easy enough to see that the sleep will be disturbed or prevented. And here begins yet another chapter. "Why, you would not let the baby cry all night, would you? It must have an anodyne, of course?" And of course it gets one, and many a one, too, and thus we get upon the same old track again; for every abuse of baby gives it pain, while the very means used to relieve the pain open the way for other abuses and other pains.

Having considered what is really done, let us see what should be done. This newly-born baby has two wants, and but two; the first, to be kept warm, the second, to be kept quiet. If it has a drop or two of water after it is dressed, well and good; but there is no occasion for any nourishment. To gratify its first want, wrap it up in a nice, warm blanket, and lay it upon a soft pillow. There is little fear of getting it too warm. Babies cannot engender their own heat, and because mothers do not know this, many a little one comes to an untimely end. At the same time they should not be crushed under a mountain of coverings, and the nose should in any case be quite accessible to the air. Now, having stowed it away snugly, mark it "To be let alone," or else grandma, or grandpa, or aunty will come in, and the baby must be taken up and paraded, and

commented on; may be carried about, or trotted.

Do what you may with it, you can do nothing but what is wrong, for the simple reason that the only right thing to do is to do nothing. So let the baby rest and sleep, as rest and sleep it will, if it is warm and its clothes are not too tight. It surely will not cry, for all its natural wants are gratified, and it has not yet acquired any artificial ones. Thus it may pass the first six hours of its life. If it should awake about this time, and the mother be at the same time somewhat rested, put it to the breast. It may get a little something; whether it does or not, it is acquiring a useful habit.

As regards the food for the first three days, supposing the mother is not in a state to supply it, many questions might be started. To the minds of most, however, who have to deal with babies, it is a very simple matter. They must be fed, of course, and fed, too, every time they cry. But let us consider a fact or so, and see what inferences may be drawn from them.

The first fact is, that baby was planned by an Artificer who pronounced all things which he had made to be good, and "good" they have been ever since. After all allowance is made for children born with vitiated constitutions, the vast majority have sufficient health and vigor of constitution to carry them safely over the first three days of their lives.

The second fact is, that the nourishment for the baby comes three days after the baby, that is, in full supply.

Now, put these two facts together—first, that the babies are calculated to live; and, secondly, that no nourishment is provided for the child until the third day—and what is the conclusion? What, but that baby needs little or no food until the third day? There is no escape from this conclusion if we admit the facts, and to support these there is evidence without end.

Not many years ago a British physician stated that the stomachs of newborn infants were covered with a coating, which was digested by the stomach, and that the stomach needed for this purpose two or three days. I have never seen this statement repeated; it may be true, or may not; but certain it is, baby needs little or no food until the third day, in most cases absolutely nothing beyond the little which the mother can supply. If left undisturbed it will sleep the most of the time for the first three days, and as for that matter, for the first six weeks, if let alone.

However, for the mother's sake, baby should have access to the breast as often as every three or four hours, if it wake up so often. Leave the matter entirely to baby. It will never starve to death when in natural sleep. If it is in a diseased sleep, that is another matter and not within the scope of this paper.

Even in such a case, however, I may say, in dismissing the point, baby needs medicine and not food.

When the baby should feed is not a matter of indifference. No invariable rule can be laid down for all children, but about some matters there is very great uniformity, and from these, with a little caution, we may reason to those which are more uncertain. The stomach of a new-born babe holds about a tablespoonful. (To digest this must require somewhere from one to two hours, possibly more; pretty certainly more as the child grows older.) After the stomach has performed its duty it wants rest,

and must and will have it; and if it does not, it will allow nothing else to rest. If any one doubts this, he can soon satisfy himself. Let him make a hearty meal on any given substance. As soon as this is digested let him repeat the meal, and so on through the twenty-four hours, and his doubts will vanish. It would be no marvel if he did, too.

With this in view, then, that the baby's stomach, like every other stomach, needs rest, and with careful watching of the child, the question will soon be settled for each child, how often it should nurse.

If a mother nurses a child to quiet it, or to put it to sleep, or for any other conceivable purpose than to feed it, she commits a great outrage, for which she, as well as her innocent child, is sure to be punished.

Let us try that supposed adult on whom we have just made the experiment of feeding often. He wakes up in the night with the most violent distress, no matter whether of mind or body; he fairly roars with pain. What is to be done? Why, rouse Sally and Jakey, and all the kitchen help, and cook him some oysters, or soup, or coffee, or what not. The absurdity is plain enough in an adul—why is it any less so in a child? Who can tell?

One word about feeding at night. A laborer gets his breakfast at six a.m. say, his dinner at twelve m., and his supper at six or seven p.m., and nothing more till morning—twelve hours, more or less. Here, again, the man is a pattern for the child. Wake the man up at midnight and give him a hearty meal. Make him eat it, for he won't eat it of his own accord. How will he feel the next day? He needs rest at night, not food, and his stomach needs a good, long rest, too. And so does baby's!

The night is not a proper time for digestion; and if baby can go three hours during the day without food, it can go six or more, at night; in many cases this "more" is eight and even ten hours. This is no theory; it is fact, as many can testify—as all who will try it will be able to testify. Therefore, the requisites for a healthy stomach in a child are: During the first three days of its life, give it little, or nothing but what the mother can supply, and let that little be simple water. Nurse it with the greatest regularity possible. Never nurse it except to feed it, and make the intervals at night at least twice as long as those during the day.

—*Hearth and Home.*

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he, in a short time, selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman—"he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to the lame, old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and

gentlemanly. He picked up the book I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and waited quietly for his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk, and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all of the finest letters he can bring me."

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—*Hearth and Home.*

Each player must be provided with pencil and paper, or slate and pencil. Let one of the party read aloud—distinctly and not very fast; as he or she reads, let the rest each make a dot for every word read. "Easy enough to do that"—is it? Try. Probably at the first trial not one of the party of ten boys or girls will succeed in following a moderate reader accurately, even for a single page. When the page is read, count the words and then let each player count his dots, and see who has been accurately "up to time."

—A child never learns to-day's lessons better for fretting over the neglected task of yesterday.

THE PUZZLER.

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

ANSWERS.—1. Strive to support a good name. 2. Beautiful Dreamer. 3. An old maid. 4. THE HOUSEHOLD.

5. The autumn leaves are falling, All red and gold and brown; And wintry voices calling For Summer's faded crown.

6. R A N T 7. A T O M
A F A R T A M E
N A M E O M E N
T R E E M E N D

8. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.
1. I am composed of thirty-three letters.

My 32, 13, 25, 7 was a bible hero.
My 26, 22, 15, 8 is a piece of money mentioned in scripture.

My 11, 4, 9, 29, 15, 19, 10 was the real character of one of good pretensions.

My 28, 14, 21, 31, 21, 25, 16 is the name of one who betrayed her lover.

My 2, 6, 5, 10, 7 was used in embalming bodies.

My 12, 18, 3, 17 was an enemy to king David.

My 30, 1, 32, 25, 9, 32 was a goodly land.

My 23, 29, 20 was an article of food and sacrifice.

My 27, 12, 24, 32 was the scene of both happiness and misery.

My 17, 1, 26, 25, 21, 31, 33, 21 was a teacher.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

NELL.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

2. I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 14, 23, 17, 2, 21 is one of the United States.

My 11, 7, 5, 15, 21, 20, 23 is the capital of one of the United States.

My 4, 1, 6, 11, 22 is a railroad station in New York.

My 2, 4, 16, 21, 8 is a western lake.

My 19, 7, 8, 23, 21, 5 is a large city.

My 1, 10, 4, 8, 1, 7, 5 is a town in Massachusetts.

My 13, 3, 17, 1, 2, 3, 20 is a Californian river.

My 19, 22, 15, 18, 13, 12, 11, 7, 15, 3, 17, 8 is a large body of water.

My whole is a western blessing.

NELL.

ANAGRAM.

3. Afeerwll, erfawwe, ohut sapsnig reya, Tub eyt a ewf kewes reom, Dan meit liwl hrsuod heet whit sih evil, Nad tyh beirf grein eb e'or.

H. P. S.

CHARADES.

4. I am composed of syllables three, My first in apple you will see, My second a cereal, my third a bed, My whole a fruit, of which you have read.

LENA.

5. I am a lecturer of recent fame, Ten letters in all compose my name, The first five a fruit of ancient date, Of which our Saviour often ate, The second five the name of an Indian chief; Who lived a short life and one full of grief.

LENA.

HIDDEN CITIES.

6. Did you see the hen on the nest?

7. Did papa rise early this morning?

8. They took the boat in tow and all were saved.

9. Cary or Kate, I know not which, left here at nine.

10. The mint royal is not far from London.

11. You must give at once, sir, or all is gone.

CASTOR.

SQUARE WORD.

12. In a numb state; a bird; a conundrum; an open gallery; to light up; deemed.

PUZZLES.

13. Add five strokes to the following | | | | | so as to make the number nine.

14. What word is there of eight letters from which if you take five, six will remain.

15. A good maxim.—Ecccehbilnoopsssttly. JENNIE A. P.



THE AGUE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
While I sat me dreaming dreary,
In the sunshine, thinking o'er
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came in something creeping,
Creeping upward from the floor
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor;
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rain that, without joking,
We had ever seen before.
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me nearly napping
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
And a feeling quite delighted
With the breeze from 'neath the floor,
Till I felt me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
Older than I felt before.

Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore—
Stiffer than they'd been before.
All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the varmints—
"Twixt me and my nether garments,
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking—
Gently shaking more and more
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the Ague, and it shook me
Into the heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
Every place where was warmth in store,
Shaking till the China rattled,
Shaking till my molars rattled;
Shaking, and with all my warming,
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more—
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits.
Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore!
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed if nothing more,
Fully this if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows fitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the Ague seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming,
Shades no shadow on the floor,
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor
Nary shadow—any more!

DROWSINESS AND REMEDIES
FOR IT.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that the excellent articles on "Wakefulness," recently published in the *Scientific American*, does not meet his case, which he states is a common one with laboring men. His affliction is drowsiness. He says within the narrow circle of his acquaintance there are not less than three-fourths who are afflicted in the same way. This affection is a stand-

ing obstacle in the way of self-improvement, and our correspondent complains that his own acquisitions have been greatly limited on account of it, and desires to know what may be done to remedy the evil.

We are well aware that drowsiness is a much more common complaint than wakefulness, and, in general, it is one which, owing to the difficulty of inducing people to renounce long established habits, is hard to cure.

The phenomenon of sleep is yet enveloped in profound mystery. Volumes have been written upon it; numberless experiments have been performed; and after all we know nothing whatever of its true character. Experiment has taught us, however, that drugs produce it when taken into the stomach, or otherwise conveyed into the system; that certain habits produce a greater desire for it than is natural; and that the will has power to resist its demands to a limited extent.

The causes of sleep are then either natural or unnatural, and the phenomenon is correspondingly morbid or healthy. The natural and healthy sleep consequent upon exhaustion can never be interfered with without greater or less damage to the general health in each instance. Unnatural drowsiness generally results from some error in the habits of living or it is a constitutional defect. The latter is difficult to cure, but the majority of cases are not constitutional affections, and they are curable.

Many cases of supposed abnormal drowsiness, are not abnormal at all. People who work hard all day, or who have been exposed to cold winds, are apt to feel sleepy when they find themselves comfortably housed in the evening, especially if they have indulged in a hearty supper. All these causes naturally induce sleep, and when the tendency to sleep is powerful it ought not to be resisted. Many will find the disposition to sleep postponed for several hours, by the substitution of a very light meal for the heavy one which is often taken at the close of the day's work. Others will find that this does not avail them, and that notwithstanding their abstemiousness, the drowsy god still asserts his sway.

These people will have to submit, and either doze in their easy chairs or go to bed; but they need not on that account be deprived of time for study. They will almost invariably find that they can rise two or three hours earlier than other people, without inconvenience, and they will further find that their three morning hours before breakfast, are as good as four in the evening after supper would be if they could keep awake and study. They may, at first, find some difficulty in waking at the proper time; an alarm clock will overcome that. They should not, at first, apply themselves to reading or study in these reclaimed morning hours, but should engage in some active occupation until the habit of thoroughly waking is established, after which in the majority of cases no inconvenience will be experienced.

A feeling of drowsiness after eating is perfectly natural and healthy, but it is easy to see that over-eating might so intensify the feeling as to render it nearly impossible to resist it. Those troubled with this complaint, ought then to carefully avoid over-eating at any time, and particularly so before any period during which they desire to keep awake.

In this, as in all other complaints, an

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It will, we think, be rare that drowsiness will occur if perfectly regular hours for sleeping are observed; unless it is induced by a plethoric condition, consequent upon high living, or a constitutional habit. Nevertheless, there are some simple remedies. One of the best is to wet the head suddenly and thoroughly with cold water. The shock will generally suffice to throw off the sleepy feeling. Strong tea or coffee will often aid in preventing drowsiness, but these are only temporary helps.

A radical cure can only be attained by the correction of the habits, whatever they may be, that induce it. Temperance is eating as well as in drinking, regular hours, avoidance of too exhausting labor, must be observed. We do not advocate the use of drugs for this complaint. Each person so afflicted ought to make a thorough examination of his habits, of living, and in most cases he will find the stomach to be the offending organ.

—*Scientific American.*

COMFORTABLE ROOMS.

The idea that becoming hardened to cold is beneficial to the human body or good for the soul, is thoroughly exploded. Our best physicians now advise that sufficient clothing to keep the body warm should be worn. If two flannel shirts are not enough, put on three. If one pair of hose will not protect the feet sufficiently, put on another pair. It is well understood among farmers that if they would have their cows give the greatest quantity of milk in winter, or accumulate fatness rapidly, the animals must be kept warm. Otherwise the body uses up what would go the production of milk or fat in maintaining its own temperature. Just so with the human body. The force employed in keeping the body at 98 degrees, unless assisted by food and clothing and artificial heat, will consume the energies of the system, leaving little power to be exerted in any other way. So as a matter of pure economy, it pays to keep warm.

Another idea that the character is benefited by the endurance of unnecessary hardship, is erroneous. If one cannot have food enough they may increase their virtue by patience under privation, or by uncomplaining submission to inevitable suffering. But we all pronounce that man a fool who thinks to starve himself into virtue when abundance of food is provided to satisfy his hunger, or from a false idea of pride refuses to dress with taste and comfort when he has ample means for doing so. The fact is, the more perfectly our physical wants are supplied the more force and energy and cheerfulness we can bring to the performance of our daily tasks.

Comfortable rooms, sufficient food and proper clothing are essentials and by no false idea of the excellence of stoical philosophy, to be lightly esteemed. It is well understood by those who have tested it by careful and repeated experiment that comfort and economy alike require the keeping up of a fire in the household all night. Then there is one room where the family may assemble in the morning, and escape the inevitable chills they must suffer from shivering over a new lighted fire. There is also a saving of kindling wood and the fuss of building a fresh fire, beside the increased heat necessary to overcome the cold of the furniture and walls of the apartment.

We by no means recommend warm sleeping rooms. On the contrary, our experience is that rooms without fires, but open to sun and air all day and used only at night, afford the most healthful and refreshing sleep. But for the sake of the little ones and of the advanced in life let there be one room where the fire never goes out, and to which, on these shivery winter mornings, they may go from a warm bed, and find the temperature all the body required. No light degree of resolution is required to spring from a warm bed, dress one's self in the cold and descend to a room at the freezing point, perhaps several degrees below it, and all the time feel sunny and warm and jolly in one's heart, when the fingers are numb and the feet like lumps of ice, and the cold making goose flesh and playing hide and seek up and down one's spine.

We housekeepers know how long it takes to start things on these cold winter mornings, and if you have never tried it, my rural friend, just make the experiment at the cost of an armful of oak wood or a scuttleful of coal, and see how much better of a frosty morning things will go off, how your good temper will diffuse cheer and brightness over the family circle, how quickly the breakfast will arrange itself, and how of a sudden summer will seem to spring from the arms of December.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

DISINFECTANTS.

Unpleasant odors often gather in sick rooms, cellars, sinks, drains, stables, outhouses and other places, rendering the use of a disinfectant needful if the air is kept pure, and the people healthy. Chloride of lime is probably the best, though others are useful. In a sick room, coffee may be roasted; a solution of copperas may be sprinkled about, or clothes wet with it and hung up, or chloride of lime moistened in some corner, and each will soon purify the air.

Where considerable quantities are to be used, much of the expense may be avoided by manufacturing it for the purpose. An impure chloride of lime may be manufactured by dissolving salt in water till it will take no more, and then using it to slack lime. No more of the salt water should be poured on the lime than will dry-slack it, leaving it in the form of a thick paste. More salt water should be added for several days, as the lime will take it up. This will prove a powerful disinfectant equally good for all out-door purposes with the article bought at the drug store, and very much cheaper. It should be kept under a shed or some out-building, water added from time to time to keep it moist and may be applied wherever any offensive odors have been produced, with the assurance that it will effectually purify the air.

Those living in villages and cities would find it greatly for their health and comfort to keep a supply on hand ready for use, during the hot season. It is far more healthful than quick-lime, which scatters the offensive effluvia through the atmosphere.

—Melt two ounces of white wax with one ounce of spermaceti, add four ounces of oil of almonds, two ounces of English honey, quarter of an ounce of essence of bergamot, or any other scent, and melt all together, stirring it till cold. This is superior to glycerine for chapped hands, sunburns, or any roughness on the skin.



DINNER TIME.

A WELL-KNOWN proverb tells that the rich may dine when they like, but the poor must dine when they can; and although this question of dinner-time is a most important one both to rich and poor, it has been solved in a very different way at different times of the world's history.

As modern nations become more highly civilized their hours gradually grow later and later; but even if various reasons could be given to account for this declination, it is nevertheless a great evil which no one has been either willing or able to stop. Some few men have chosen to keep primitive hours, but by so doing they have been forced to leave society, and, in consequence, society has soon dropped them out of her memory.

The ancients were more natural in their habits than we are. Thus, the Roman citizen rose with the lark, and went to bed when darkness came on, and it was only the rich who could afford to live by candle-light. Those idle persons among them who did so were called by Seneca, in contempt, *lucifugae*.

Fashion now forces her votaries to reverse the proper order of things, by dining at night and supping in the morning. Dr. Franklin, when matters were not so bad as they are now, tried good-humoredly to show the people of France the advantages to be gained by the adoption of early hours; and he calculated that in the city of Paris alone 96,075,000 francs, or nearly four million pounds, would be saved every year by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles from the 20th of March to the 20th of Sept. The emperor of Brazil, in his recent visit to this country, appears to have been sadly puzzled by our late hours. One day he visited Lincoln's Inn between six and seven in the morning, and was surprised not to find any lawyers there. Another day he started off from his hotel before breakfast to Kew Gardens, and returned for that meal at 8, a. m.

When the dinner was eaten early in the morning, it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of fact, the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is now common on the continent. In Cotton's "Angler," the author says: "My diet is a glass of ale as I am dressed, and no more till dinner." Viator answers; "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too."

In 1700 the dinner hour had shifted to two o'clock; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. Very great people dined at four as early as 1840, and Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining at that late hour; but in 1851 we find the Duchess of Somerset's hour was three. This, however, only shows that slightly different dinner hours were prevalent at the same period; and we know that when the Duchess of Gordon asked Pitt to dine with her at seven, his excuse was that he was engaged to sup with the Bishop of Winchester at that hour.

In 1780, the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time; and about 1804-5, an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dined at three began to dine at four, and those that dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle at Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being the dinner hour. Now, we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us,

"The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our streets esteemed the greatest;
But, surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all."

We have seen that within four hundred years, the dinner hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long run; for as the dinner hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine till—to-morrow.—*Chamber's Journal*.

HOW TO CARVE.

Carving is a very desirable accomplishment for both ladies and gentlemen, and should be taught. One cannot learn it by tuition, but by practice, joined by a small slice of theory. It is true the French style of serving meat sliced is fast banishing the necessity of carving at the table of the rich; but in middle life, where such elegancies are not practiced, a knowledge of carving should be a part of a boy's or girl's education.

How often do we hear a person say; "Oh, excuse me, I can't carve; I never tried." Or, if it be attempted, one soon finds himself sadly embarrassed. He grasps the knife and fork desperately. He has learned that a slice of the breast of a turkey is a dainty; that a wing is good; the second joint also; that the leg is not so good. But it is not an easy task to separate them; and he thinks he would rather chop wood than cut turkey. He does not know that on the back lies a delicious morsel called the oyster, and the side bones below the second joint are considered titbits. This must be taught him.

Ladies ought especially to make carving a study; at their own homes the task often devolves upon them, and they should be able to perform it with ease, and not be forced to accept the assistance of visitors, who would probably dread the operation. The platter should be placed so near the carver that he has full control over it; if far off nothing can prevent an ungraceful appearance. A sharp knife is requisite, and a thin and well-tempered blade.

In carving turkey, cut off the wing nearest to you first; then the leg and second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded piece appears; insert the knife between them and separate them—this part is the nicest bit of the breast; next comes the "merry thought."

After this, turn over the bird a little, and just below the breast you will find the oyster, which you separate as you did the inner breast. The side bone line beside the rump, and the desired morsel can be taken without separating the whole bone. Proceed the same with the other side. The fork need not be removed during the whole process.

An experienced carver will dissect a fowl as easily as you can break an egg or cut a potato. He retains his seat, manages his hands and elbows artistically, and is perfectly at ease. There is no difficulty in the matter; it only requires knowledge and practice, and these should be taught in the family, each child taking his turn. Chickens and partridges are carved in the same way.—*Hearth and Home*.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

Many of the failures in after-dinner speeches arise, says a writer in London Society, probably from a want of preparation. People go to dinners anticipating to be called upon to make a speech and yet go without a single sentence upon their lips, without a single thought in their heads. They trust, like Telemachus at the Spartan Court, to the inspiration of the moment, and like that interesting youth when the moment comes they are as mute as mice.

They rise in a flutter, acknowledge the cheers which greet them with a ghastly smile, stammer out a few words, pause, hesitate, stop, quote poetry, or get on the stilts and talk hyperbole or nonsense, according to the turn of their minds, repeat themselves two or three times, and sit down in a cold sweat, possibly thanking Heaven that they are not under the table in a fit of apoplexy, or perhaps consoling themselves with the reflection that after all they have not made greater asses of themselves than the rest of the guests, and that they can atone for their failure by adding five guineas extra to their subscription.

We are thinking now only of the more favorable cases. Now and then you meet a man who is perverse and stupid, who does not sit down when his head is gone, who treats a cough with contempt and resents conversation as an impertinence; a man who simply stands still when his ideas have all vanished, and who, although conscious that his mind is an utter blank, nevertheless persists in keeping on his legs and firing off odd little sentences that mean nothing, like riflemen, firing off blank cartridge after their shot is all gone. Most after-dinner speakers are simply bores. These are a nuisance.

The following is a fair sample of a dinner speech. It was delivered by a well-known representative from one of the New England States who rose at a public dinner and spoke thus: "When I view this festive board, Mr. President, I can't help thinking of those beautiful lines of Longfellow's in which he says—er—ah—er—which say—er—er—(tapping his forehead) or—Mr. President, I believe I've forgotten the lines I remembered." And he sat down.

EUROPEAN HOTEL CHARGES.

A visitor passed two days at a famous hotel at Chantilly, and then called for his bill. At sight of the sum charged he was furious.

"A hundred and ten francs for two days!" he exclaimed; "a hundred and ten francs for two or three bad dinners, and two wretched nights passed in a bed full of bugs."

"How? Were there bedbugs?" said the hotel-keeper in delight, "and I was going to forget them. Give me the bill." The traveler handed back the bill to the landlord, who added: "Bedbugs—2s."

THE DESSERT.

—A young lady has brought a libel suit against her mother, as the only means to get a mother-in-law.

—An apothecary in Boston exposes a cake of soap in his window with the pertinent inscription: "Cheaper than dirt."

—The prisoner has a very smooth countenance." "Yes; he was ironed just before he was brought in. That accounts for it."

—A shrewd confectioner has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters the shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

—A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea table. "Well, let us think the best of her we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another, "and say the worst."

—A bride in Indiana, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, stepped gracefully forward and requested the clergyman to give out the hymn, "This is the way I long have sought."

—A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who, putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed, "Go away! aint you ashamed!"

—Lawyer C. (entering the office of his friend Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth."—Dr. M.—"Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

—A young musician, remarkable for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "that he trembled so that he could not shake."

—The hunters of Siberia, when pressed by hunger, take two pieces of board, and placing one on the pit of the stomach and the other on the back, gradually draw together the extremities, and thus allay, in some degree, the cravings of appetite. This is supposed to be a very economical kind of board.

—The other day, in Buffalo, an excited individual with a carpet bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other, and a shawl hanging over his arm, accosted one of the street gamins with the question, "Say, bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railroad depot?" "Run!" was the laconic response.

—A boy was sent by his mother to saw some stove-wood out of railroad ties. Going out doors shortly after, she found the youth sitting on the saw-horse with head down. The mother asked her hopeful son why he didn't keep at his work? The boy replied: "My dear mother, I find it hard, very hard, to sever old ties."

—Charles Mathews, going into an eating-house for lunch, heard, as he entered and sat down, seven orders given in quick succession by a throng of as many customers. One called for a basin of ox-tail soup, two for mock-turtle soup, three or pea soup, and one for bouilli. And the waiter dashing to the speaking-tube which communicated with the cook, brawled out with immense rapidity, "One ox, two mocks, three peas and a bully."



SURNAMES.

Men once were surnamed from their shape or estate,

(You all may from history worm it.)
There was Lewis the Bulky and Henry the Great,
John Lackland and Peter the Hermit.

And now, when the door-plates of masters and dames

Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure and calling, surnames

Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist,
Mr. Coward was winged in a duel.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig.
While driving fat Mr. Golightly.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lion meeting fierce Mr. Lamb,
Tweaked his nose in the lobby of Drury.

At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero.)

Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heavyside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,

Found nothing but sorrow await her:

She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,

That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern built hut,

Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest:

Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut.

Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child in a passion knocks down Mr. Rock,

Mr. Stone like as aspen leaf shivers,

Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock

Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles on, no mortal knows how,

He moves as though cords had entwined him;

Mr. Metcalfe ran off upon meeting a cow,

With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,

Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,

Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,

Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root,

Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,

Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,

Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,

Kicked down all the fortune his dad won;

Large Mr. LeFevre's the picture of health,

Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.

Mr. Cruikshank's legs don't crook a grain,

Mr. Bachelor's fourth wife soon marries.

Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite plain.

Surnames ever go by contraries.

—English Paper.

ERRORS IN SPEECH.

BY KITTIE CANDID.

MOTHER, are you sufficiently careful of the little ones' speech! When they question you day by day, do you take a thought as to the construction of their childish interrogations?

A fond mother looks up from pulling the dirty little sock from the foot of her two year old blessing, and says: "It isn't time to begin with him yet." Yes, it was time a year and a half ago. When it began to understand the "baby talk" it was time, for your word teaching, began, and if mothers would carefully construct their own sentences, baby would soon catch the form. There are countless errors of speech that children are constantly falling into, because we of larger growth are doing the same.

Surely there is no more pleasing sight, than to see a group of merry children engaged in healthful play, but when the pretty scene is marred by petty provincialisms, or flagrant abuses of grammar, the pleasure of the observer is sensibly diminished. It does not injure a child's health to speak correctly, does not shorten a game, does not waste a moment of its play hours, but it does impose a little extra care upon the parents and teachers, and there is where the secret lies.

We are too unwilling to take a little watchful care upon ourselves. One mother said that she knew her children's speech was "dreadfully incorrect," but she lived in hopes they would "get large enough to be ashamed of it."

I asked, how could the child be ashamed of a wrong it had never been taught to realize? The shame belonged to the mother, I think. Children should be taught precision in speech. Not to mouth words, not to indulge in flowing periods, nor rhetorical figures—that is not grammar, as some foolishly imagine.

Utterance of polysyllables with an effected drawl on the last, is not grammar, although fashionable society mistakenly considers it so. I do not mean that children shall be taught to conquer the dictionary, yet they should study it well for correct pronunciation, but it is this—I'll write my meaning plainly to avoid misinterpretation.

When Pet asks for cake and ma tells her she "must take bread this time," and Pet petulantly says, "Hain't you got no cake?" If she is informed that she must wait for the food till the question is stated correctly, the next time she proffers a similar request, and meets the same answer, the correct expression, "Have you no cake?" will come as readily as did the other ungrammatical construction.

When mothers persist in setting down to rest, children will set too. "Setting" hens will infest the nests in the barn, children will "set long each other," "lay down to rest," and "never ever" construct sentences rightly. "Haven't never," "shan't never," "can't never," "shan't not," "can't not," and such abominable constructions will die of themselves, if parents and teachers will quietly administer correction upon surroundings.

Parents who pronounce this or that affair the "most splendidest" or the "most aggravatingist," will generally find their children taking the "most beatenest path" to arrive at the "most nearest" approach to, or "most cutest" imitation of the original.

Mothers who accustom themselves to speak of what they "have did," frequently hear their imitative offspring tell of what they "could done."

You am, for you are, both is, for both are, them so often incorrectly used for those, ain't for aren't, won't frequently used in the place of a required word entirely different, hadn't ought, for ought not or oughtn't, dasset, for dare not, wrassle, for wrestle, had as lief, for would as lief, had rather, for would rather, I'm a mind, for I have a mind, moughn't, for might not, as how, instead of that, as if though, for as if might, have went, for might have gone, knowed, for knew, seen, for saw, come, for came, clumb, for climbed, blowed, for blow, hain't, for isn't, fit, for fought, and so I might go on enumerating common errors, of every day occurrence, for, I assure you the above is no exaggeration. I hear them often in Massachusetts and out, among the

learned and unlearned, and it is quite time we began to have a care for these erratic outcroppings.

I do not intend to convey the idea that John, James or Jennie, must be taught long rules in grammar to make them correct in speech. Not that, but if we older ones do our duty, we shall be unthinkingly and imperceptibly preparing them to understand and apply these rules when they do attack them.

If we teach them the correct uses of the intransitive verbs, will it not be as natural for them to say, "it is he, it was she, it is they, as to say, it is him, it was her, and it was them?"

We need not hammer the fact that "intransitive verbs have no object, therefore take the same case after as before, when both words refer to the same person or thing." Unnecessary, for if we adopt the correct form ourselves, possessing the knowledge for the reason for it, the rules will apply themselves when they reach them. Then our scholars would not shrink in nervous horror from grammar, for they would see its use, and good natured criticisms from the teachers, would show them the need of it. Do you not think I am right?

Well, then mother, begin as soon as blue eyed Bess, and black haired Bennie come in to institute new forms of speech making. Do not tell me you "hain't got no learning" yourself. If you have eyes, there are books, if you have ears, listen to those who have got learning, and unless you are in a snow hut, or down in a coal mine, there are opportunities for culture and improvement.

"Tis sweet to cling to old quaint expressions I know, but if they are incorrect, it is not safe. Safety, not sweetness, in training the young you know.

If father and mother said aig, for egg, or preferred to call a hen, a hin, dairy, a diary, whisper peace to their memories and avoid their errors. Some that I encounter, seem to have a sacred respect for these absurd blunders, because their ancestors adhered so rigidly to these absurdities, but I tell you the shrine is not worth worshiping at, and the sooner you crawl away from such antique specimens of grammar, the more lasting respect you pay the memories of the originators—i. e. if you assiduously turn your attention to the rearing of a race that can afford to drop their blunders and institute correct forms for the appalling errors of their easy going ancestors.

THE REVIEWER.

POEMS by Charles Swain. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A pretty volume of three hundred pages containing selections from the Poems of Charles Swain, an English poet of some note. Henry T. Tuckerman, to whom the volume is dedicated, speaks of Mr. Swain as a poet whose very name is a refreshment to the mind, and says "many of his poems have been wafted by their own aerial sweetness across the sea." Among the poems in this volume we notice Dryburgh Abbey, a poem on the death of Sir Walter Scott, Poor Man's Song, Peasantry of England and Words. For sale by W. Felton.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY offers attractions for the coming year, unexcelled, if before equalled, in its history. The resumption of the "Autocrat" series in "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," by Dr. Holmes, is a literary event of the first interest; and these papers will be more charming than anything he has yet done in his most characteristic vein. The discovery of a complete romance by Hawthorne is a matter of certainly not less importance, and the story is all the more fascinating because, not having received his final touches it shows some of the processes of his subtle invention, and, as it were, takes the reader into his confidence. Mr. Parton's "Life of Jefferson" will appear in detachable chapters, each perfect in itself. It is one of his best pieces of work. A glance at the first chapter in the January number will satisfy the reader that the author has never more faithfully and delightfully studied any subject. Mr. DeMille appears in the Atlantic for the first time, but his name is familiar as the author of those amusing extravaganzas, "The Dodge Club" and "The American Baron." "The Comedy of Terrors" is in the same mood, and abounds in ludicrous incidents and situations. J. H. Osgood & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.—We have before us the closing number of the seventh volume of this original and peculiarly Western magazine. Its contents continue to be varied, and in the present issue we find very fruitful and appetizing subjects. A paper on "Wine-Making in California" interestingly recites the early difficulties encountered in the cultivation of the grape, while "A Day up the Canon" forcibly reminds one of the breezy, out-door sketches for which this periodical is so noted. In "Motherhood" and "Plurality of Wives," we find the truth upon these subjects brought out in a vivid and impressive manner, which is, to say the least, highly commendable. It has its stories (one good "Californian") as usual, under the titles of "El Tesoro," "The Lost Treasure of Montezuma," and "Kirwin." Its "Etc." is bright, and its Book Reviews numerous, and, where needed, incisive. The January number will commence the eighth volume. Four dollars per annum; club subscriptions at reduced rates. John H. Carmany & Co., publishers, 409 Washington street, San Francisco.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is a general literary and religious magazine for the family. Each number contains eighty superroyal octavo pages, double column. For amount and quality of reading matter, for mechanical execution and illustrations, the Repository stands high among the best magazines published in this country. Three dollars and fifty cents a year. Published monthly by Hitchcock and Walden, Cincinnati.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR, a new monthly devoted to music and the fine arts, published by John Church & Co., 66 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O., has reached our table. A casual examination of the first number is sufficient to convince the reader that it is no "catch-penny" affair either directly or indirectly, but that the publishers evidently design to publish a first class musical and art magazine in every respect. The arrangement is in fine taste, the typography first-class, the title page beautiful, and the whole one of the finest and cheapest musical publications in this country.

HARPERS' WEEKLY is the best publication of its kind in the country. Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, and its reading matter is of a high order of literary merit—varied, instructive, entertaining, and unexceptionable. This paper has done more, or as much at least, toward bringing the New York thieves to justice, as any other paper published in the city. Its circulation is immense, reaching to considerable over two hundred thousand copies.

HEARTH AND HOME.—This popular weekly intends going largely into the story business—and such stories as will interest children. It engages the best authors, and only the best, and aspires to be absolutely pure not only in its reading matter and illustrations, but even in its advertisements. The first number of the new year will introduce a

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

L. P. M. or 6 lines.

DUET. Slowly.
Soprano.

Music by JOHN GIBSON.

CHORUS.
Tenor.

newserial by Jean Ingelow, which will run through nearly the whole of the year. "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," by Edward Eggleston, is at present under way. Hearth and Home has no superior as a paper for the home circle, and its prosperity is fully deserved. Orange Judd, publisher, 245 Broadway.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the occasion of entering upon its fifty-first year, comes to us greatly enlarged, and in a complete suit of new type. Fifty years is a long time in the life of a paper, and The Post may well be proud of its long and honorable career. The Post makes now a new departure, enlarging its size fully one-third, and claims to be the largest and cheapest of the family papers. It also leads off with a new Revolutionary story, called "Agnes Ayre, a tale of the times of Sumter and Marion." H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SUNDAY MORNING PRESS as we see by the last number, has been materially enlarged, and shows other indications of a healthy organization. Though only eighteen months old, it claims the largest circulation of any paper printed outside the city of New York. It is a spicy, wide awake journal and deserves its success. Published at Albany, N. Y.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER came to us last week in full size, looking bright and new, with no appearance that it had passed through the terrible Chicago fire. The publishers announce that they are prepared to keep up the high standing of the paper in all its departments, and we wish them success. Their office is now located at 674 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The price remains the same—\$2 a year.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET is a new and beautiful paper, devoted specially to the culture of flowers for the flower garden and plants for window gardening or in-door ornament. The first number is embellished with many exquisite illustrations of hanging baskets, flowers and cozy home scenes; its title is engraved in the most ornamental style, and the whole printed and arranged in superior taste. The ladies will be delighted with it, as it tells them all about flowers and their culture. It cannot fail to be heartily welcomed as a general favorite among all flower lovers. The subscription price is very cheap, only 75 cents per year. In clubs of ten, still cheaper, 60 cents. Specimen copies, 10 cents. Published by Henry T. Williams, 5 Beekman street, New York.

BROWN'S BOOK BOUQUET is a neat little sheet issued by Mr. H. A. Brown, from his illustrated

book rooms, 144 Tremont street, Boston, as a sort of medium between himself and his patrons, and is filled with choice reading, besides a description of the business of this gentleman, who, twenty-five years ago, began the task of creating a sale for fine illustrated books in that city. With what success he has pushed forward his work, our readers can best judge by a call at his rooms, where they will be brought face to face with thousands of illustrated gems fresh from the press.

"I AM FIVE TIMES ONE TO-DAY."—The prettiest and neatest Premium picture given to subscribers to *magazines*, papers etc., comes to us with the above title. It is given to subscribers to Peterson's National Ladies Magazine. The price of this Magazine is only two dollars a year, and you receive the premium free, by subscribing for this publication. The Magazine alone is well worth the money.

We acknowledge the receipt from O. F. Davis, Land Commissioner, Union Pacific Railroad Company, of a "Guide to the Union Pacific Railroad Lands." This company offers for sale twelve million acres, in tracts to suit purchasers and at low prices. These lands are located in Nebraska, in the Great Platte Valley, upon the line of the railroad, and comprises some of the best agricultural

sites in the country. The Guide is embellished with a fine map of the territory.

We have received from the publishers, G. D. Russell & Co., the following pieces of music: Maid of Athens, a well-known and beautiful song; Spring Flowers, mazurka; Annie Schottisch; Wake from thy Slumber. Love, a serenade; Ah, Years have Loitered by, Mother, and Just beyond the Shining River, two sadly sweet songs; Jolly Brothers, galop; Not if I know it a serio-comic ballad; Among the Sugar Cane, Len Benadict's great plantation song; Johnny, a popular song by Mrs. Charles Moulton; Washington Elm, a march; and several others that were borrowed before we had a chance to look them over, among which we recollect the songs, I Sigh for my dear Little Cottage again, and Dreams of the Sea. We can do our musical readers no better service than to refer them to this house for anything in their line. G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont-st., Boston, Mass.

We are glad to learn that The American Farmer is to be revived, and will commence a new series with this year. The Farmer is the oldest agricultural journal in America, and long maintained a foremost place among its competitors. We trust its last days will be its best. S. S. Sands, Publisher, Baltimore, Md.



BEN FISHER.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at the cottage door;
His good wife Kate sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor.
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor;
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay;
And never a dram drank he,
But lived at home with his wife to stay
When from daily labor free.
A cherub rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his fatherly knee found rest,
And merrily chatted they on, the while
Kate's babe slept on her breast.

Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
That the wheat on the hill was yellow turned,
And promised a glorious yield,
A glorious yield in the harvest time;
And his orchard was doing fair,
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm in good repair.

Kate said her farm looked beautiful;
The fowls and the calves were fat;
The butter Tommy this morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for papa a shirt had made—
'Twas made, too, "by the rule"—
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Annie was "the head" at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of gray and brown:
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard;
Work and health are friends, I've found;
There's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

They're worth their thousands, so people say;
I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their wealth,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy;
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's blue eye—
The moon shone out still clearer—
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he drew to Kate yet nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his;
I guess—though I looked at the moon just then—
He left on her lips a kiss.

—Francis D. Gage.

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

WHAT shall we do about servants?" is the almost despairing cry in many a household. To get good servants, and to keep them, is the great standing problem of the average American housekeeper. It is to the woman what earning the bread and butter is to the man—the serious business of life. When ladies compare notes on their domestic experiences, there is generally a tale of woes unnumbered under this head. She who is exempt from such troubles is pronounced happy among her sisters. The subject is so great a one, practically, that it has made itself a place in newspaper and magazine literature. It is a standard theme of would-be comic papers. It presents itself among the grave considerations bearing on schemes of immigration, and of policy toward the Chinese. But above all, it comes up constantly in the household. Its difficulties worry the mistress, and she sighs for deliverance.

We have no remedy to suggest. If

we knew of one, we might leave editing and devote ourselves to practical philanthropy in this line. But when we see no way out of our own troubles, it is wonderful what good it sometimes does to forget ourselves and study for the interests of others. Now we think this subject of domestic servants is generally looked at too exclusively from one side. The servant is regarded simply as a part of the domestic machinery. As a servant, that is what she is—one of the means of promoting the comfort and physical well-being of the family. It is through her that the fires are made, and the food cooked and the meals served, and the coarse and hard work done, which being taken from the employers leaves them free for whatever higher things they are capable of. A servant, as a servant, is simply a labor-saving machine—like the stove or a dumb-waiter or a sewing-machine. We imagine that a good many mistresses would consider an arrangement by which the work could all be done by mechanical contrivances, as absolute perfection. And servants are judged accordingly, by the tests of doing their work well, and making no trouble.

This is all necessary and right, so far as it goes. But there is something more in the case. Servants are not only animated machines, they are human beings! They have the same capacities for being happy and miserable, the same desires and wants, the same possibilities of goodness and sinfulness that the rest of the world have. Life has to them, as to other people, its sweetness and bitterness, its hopes and joys and sorrows. And this their human character, is of infinitely more account than their mechanical function, as serviceable machines. It is not that one is a merchant, or a shoemaker, or a farmer, or a servant; it is manhood or womanhood that is of importance. And in familiar intercourse with others, we ought to be full of thought and feeling for the manhood or womanhood that is in them. To make them mere instruments to our comfort and convenience, and take no further thought for them; to use them just as we do the inanimate fruits of the earth—this is most unchristian.

You, dear Madam, who read this, have in your house a hired help. You are concerned that she make your food palatable, your house neat; that she does not dishonestly take from you, or insolently annoy you, or lazily burden you. In taking care for these things you do your duty to yourself and your family. But what, by the measure of Christ's law, is your duty to her? Is it all included in fourteen dollars a month, with an occasional half-holiday, and now and then one of your cast-off garments? Look at the claims she has on you. By Christ's law, the strong and rich are to minister to the weak and poor. You, probably, are comparatively rich in education, in religious training, in social advantage, in opportunity of almost every kind. She is narrowed and pressed down by circumstance; she inherits the blood of a race crushed by poverty for centuries; she had no education, compared to yours; life turns to her its bare and hard side. Is she not one of those to whom Christ bids you pay what you owe him?

You contribute, perhaps, to sending the gospel to the heathen, and to relieving the poor whose faces you have never seen. But here is one who lives under the same roof with you; you are in dai-

ly contact with her; the opportunity for kindness is almost thrust upon you. "But what can I do for her?" you ask. You can give her what every human being most needs, true friendship and sympathy. By tones constantly, and by words at the right time, you can show that you care for her happiness. And if you watch half as carefully for her interest as you naturally do for your own, you will soon find ways for substantial help. She has needs enough, never doubt it, and to some of them you can minister if you are in earnest about it. She may want teaching; she may want books to read; she may want advice about her clothes, about her plans, about her family affairs. She is sure to want sympathy, the sympathy of honest friendliness; and not only is that a great thing in itself, but it has a wonderful way of finding out what other things are needed.

Perhaps you lament that difference of religious faith prevents your instructing her in spiritual matters. But the best spiritual help comes not through formal teaching, but through Christ-like life felt and seen in others. You can teach unselfishness and love in acts and words and no priest of any faith will wish to forbid. If you are wise, you may perhaps find common ground, in that which all Christian religions teach, for open sympathy and help in things Godward. But if that is impossible, you may help another soul toward Heaven by the ministries of kindness and of daily Christian life which are better than any sermon.

If your dependent is hard and inaccessible, so much the more need that you reach her heart. If she is dull, or perverse, or intractable, remember that it is because she is low down that you should try to help her up. Even if she prove ungrateful, you know not what unseen work in her your kindness may have wrought. But when we hear of the ingratitude of servants, we suspect that much that is called so is only indifference to what was given in selfishness or carelessness. Hearts are not won by an extra holiday, or a lavishness in wages or gifts. It is feeling that wins, and only genuine heart-kindness has a right to expect gratitude in return. We have immense faith in the power of unselfish regard to arouse a response. And we have unlimited faith in the power of Christian love to work upon hearts, whether visible response comes from them or not.

"How are we to get good servants?" No one who knows how much the comfort and peace of family life depends on the answer to that question can fail to sympathize with the trouble it expresses. But there is a greater question than that—it is "What can we do for our servants?" Our country seems called of God to the noble mission of helping the races of men that have been weak and oppressed into a freer and better life. In doing that work, she must herself bear awhile some of the burden and trouble she is lifting from others. Have not we in our own homes some part of this Christ-like work to do? Ought not they that are strong to bear the infirmities of the weak?—Christian Union.

—A few pieces of horse radish root placed among pickles will give them a nice flavor and prevent scum from gathering on the top of the vinegar.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD, Sir:—Years ago I read this motto, "He is a good coachman who can turn in a little room." I often think of this when I read the recipes for cooking, and I sometimes wonder if those who send them, ever use them, they usually require so much labor, and are so expensive. They may answer for those who are not obliged to regard either, but I always think that way is the best, which will accomplish the object with the least labor and expense.

On this account I like those given in THE HOUSEHOLD, better than any I have ever seen. I have been looking over some of the pudding recipes, and I like them very much; but for those who would like just as good an article with less expense or who cannot eat rich food, I think I could suggest some improvements. For example in the cheap pudding, and rice pudding, I think any one who will try it will find that with one or two eggs, they will have just as good pudding. A nice sauce for these or the patent pudding can be made by stirring together a little butter and sugar, sea-soned with a little nutmeg.

For the steamed fruit roll, using the same recipe, I would stir it very stiff, (and perhaps it would need twice the quantity of soda and cream of tartar) spread a layer in a basin, then a layer of fruit, cranberries or apples are nice, then a layer of the pudding, until the basin is full. For sauce I make it similar to that given under steamed plum pudding, using vinegar in place of cider or wine. I should have added, place the basin in a steamer and steam it an hour and a half.

I make a steamed Indian pudding with one quart of butter-milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, putting in fruit and steaming as in the one above, eat with the same kind of sauce.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, but after looking over these recipes and noticing with what sauce they were to be eaten, I turned back to look at the story of The Bear in the Dining Room.

Some one asks for a recipe for making apple jelly. I can give one for the benefit of those who find it necessary to "turn in a little room." In the fall when wild grapes can be obtained, or sometimes I have cultivated some that do not ripen well, or inferior ones, I scald them and strain out the juice, and obtain the juice of sweet apples in the same way, then mix in proportion to suit the taste, adding a very little sugar, boil until it will form a perfect jelly.

For chapped hands I have no particular remedy, but I will say, when I make butter in the winter, I am never troubled with my hands chapping, but always am when I do not. Have not decided whether it is the cream, milk, buttermilk or butter, salt or fresh, that should be considered the remedy, but think fresh butter is good.

The following cake without eggs, is proved to be very good: Mix together one teacupful of sugar, and a half of a cup of butter; then stir in thoroughly one teacupful of cold water, then add three teacupsful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, spice and cinnamon, or nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

But perhaps you will say, enough, one thing at a time, and if you attempt to read all of this, perhaps you will find

yourself wondering as I have, while I have been writing, whether the invention of steel pens, was a blessing or not.

MRS. E. C. S.

We hope our correspondent will give the pens the benefit of the doubt and continue to use them.

ED.

EDITOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—I desire to give thanks, first to you for printing this much needed journal, then to the sisters for their good advice, their many excellent recipes, their pleasant stories, and all the other good things found in THE HOUSEHOLD. And last but not least, by any means, I wish to thank the kind friend who sent me THE HOUSEHOLD the past year, and is sending it the present.

When I received the first numbers I supposed them sample papers from the Editor, but as they continued to come, I concluded I was receiving them through the kindness of some of my eastern friends and sent thanks to one and another, but one and all plead "not guilty" of the kindness. They continued to arrive during the year; the Dec. number was marked "subscription out." I thought "we can't do without THE HOUSEHOLD; I must subscribe and I will get some of my neighbors to subscribe with me."

My subscription list did not grow very fast; I am so busy at home that I visit my neighbors seldom, and they, like ourselves and most western people, have few spare dollars, many care little for reading, especially of the useful kind. The men usually carry the purse, if there is such a thing about the house, and they think if they take a paper, it must be the county paper or some "fancy story paper," they could not appreciate something useful and interesting for their wives.

And so the time passed on and my subscription was not sent, but one evening there came with the mail a familiar looking package. I was not the only one to exclaim, "Why, that is THE HOUSEHOLD!" It was welcome to all, even little four year old Willie found a story expressly for him, which pleased him very much.

Again I say, many thanks to the kind friend who remembers me in my distant prairie home; and right here the question comes up, are there not many subscribers who would never miss their dollar, who have friends to whom THE HOUSEHOLD would be just as acceptable as it is to me?

S. E. A.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Permit me to express my thanks for your valuable paper. I have truly received much information from it; besides being highly entertained from month to month in its perusal. Noticing several inquiries which I felt capable of answering to my own satisfaction, I thought it would be too indolent and selfish, not to be willing to impart my knowledge to those who wish for the information; especially as I have received so much through the kindness of others.

Fannie L. wishes to know how to make good soft molasses gingerbread. I have a recipe which I think very nice: One egg, one cup of sour cream, one cup of molasses, two small tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, and a little salt. If cream is not practicable, use one cup of butter-milk, and one-half of a cup of butter or lard.

If M. C. L. wishes to make good milk yeast bread, she must keep it very warm

only be careful not to scald. Set your vessel containing the yeast in a kettle of warm water, and keep it at a blood heat. When it begins to rise prepare immediately to sponge it as soon as it is well light; attend to it without delay, do not let it stand a minute longer than is necessary; set the sponge over a kettle of warm water, if you have no better way of warming it, and sprinkle a little flour over the top, and when it cracks open nicely, knead and put in the pans to bake. Keep very warm until nice and light, and if your flour is good I will warrant you good bread.

Alice Moore can take the iron rust from her fine damask table cloth by applying lemon juice and hanging it in the sun, also by the mere application of the salts of lemon. Moisten the linen and rub on a little of the powder.

A subscriber wishes to know how to soften hard water for washing purposes: Get a good barrel, fill it with water, to the amount of a handful of ashes, more or less, according to the strength, to a common sized patent pail full of water. Prepare it three or four days before you wish to use it, stirring it occasionally. If you find it much slippery, it will be too strong, and must be reduced. With a little experience you will soon learn to get it just right and be able to keep water constantly on hand which will be nearly as good as rain water. I have used it with excellent success, both in washing calicoes and flannels. I have never had my white flannels look better than when washed in this way.

I must complain a little of K. T. K. who wrote the ginger snap to Fannie Fern in the July No. for not telling us how she made that nice bread. My mouth watered all the way through, expecting every moment to come to the recipe for making it, but alas! I was sadly disappointed. Will she not be kind enough to give us a full description of the *modus operandi*, also of the yeast etc., and greatly oblige a lover of good bread. Yours most Respectfully,

MRS. M.

MR. EDITOR:—I should like to ask a few questions. Are steeped tea leaves of any use? Where is the proper place to keep vinegar if not in the cellar? What house plants can be grown at a south window, where all the sunshine is cut off by a neighbor's house? The window is rather near the stove, which makes it in winter a hot sunless window, though air can be let in by lowering the window. I am very fond of plants and feel much the want of a sunny window.

I wish we housekeepers knew more of the science of cooking. For instance, what special effect has saleratus on molasses? Why does one recipe say (for a cup of molasses) put in a tablespoonful of saleratus, another a teaspoonful, another none. A skilled hand will make good ginger snaps from any of these ways. That puzzles me.

Most housekeepers rub cream of tartar into the flour, others equally successful, put it into the cake the last thing. One to prevent the shrinking of flannels, put them into cold water, another into warm water, another into boiling water. It would seem as though there ought to be one right way. To full flannel at the mills, they use hot water, a manufacturer told me.

In making sponge cake, one excellent housekeeper told me she never separated the whites from the yolks. I thought her success depended on this. Another

who never failed in making good sponge cake, never beat it any more than just to stir in the flour, one or two minutes. But all cook books make one separate, the whites from the yolks and do a great deal of beating.

A piece in THE HOUSEHOLD on cooking potatoes, says never put them into cold water. Yet poor potatoes put into cold water, and as soon as it boils, poured off, and more cold put on them, will by this method be delicious and mealy, though cooked in another way quite worthless.

What about the new idea of making tea in cold water? I have not tried that but find I can make the strongest, richest coffee by using cold water and not letting it boil. What effect has alum on pickles? What hot water? A great many questions are continually suggesting themselves to me, but I know not where to go for an answer. Hoping to hear from you on some of the points I remain,

Your interested reader,

MRS. WM. J. B.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to say one word in honor of THE HOUSEHOLD which comes to us every month, filled with interesting and instructive reading, such as we do not get in every paper now-a-days. It is of the case when we subscribe for a paper, and when it reaches us, and we peruse its pages, we are led to exclaim and perhaps justly to, that we have not got our money's worth, but not so with THE HOUSEHOLD, for we feel that we have indeed got much more than we paid for. We feel that is useful and interesting to every lover of good order and economy in household matters to a farmer's wife, or mechanic, or any lady that wishes well to her own household. We hail it with delight and anticipate a very good and happy time when we see it approaching, and I would that every young housekeeper in particular could read it.

I have a very valuable recipe that I tried to my satisfaction last spring, and not having seen it in THE HOUSEHOLD, will send it. It is out of season for the trial now, but it will lose nothing to lay it up in one's memory till next spring. It is to clean feather beds without emptying the feathers. I lay them out on the snow when it commences to thaw early in the spring and if the tick is very dirty or yellow, sprinkle it over with a little clean suds, taking care to turn it over now and then, also lay it in a good airy place, and both tick and feathers will be improved wonderfully. A. B.

TO PRESERVE AND DRY CITRON.

MR. CROWELL:—One of your subscribers wishes to know how to prepare American citron for cake, etc. I send you a recipe which will answer a double purpose, i. e. for preserving, and for drying it:

Pare a sufficient number of citron melons, and cut each one into four quarters. Prepare some very weak alum-water, by allowing to each quart of water a bit of alum about the size of a grain of corn. Wash each piece of melon in the alum-water, to green and clean it. Let it lay half an hour in the water, then drain and put into a porcelain preserving-kettle, allowing a large half pint of cold water to every four pounds of citron. Be sure and have water enough to cover, and keep the citron from burning.

If at any time it seems to be boiling dry, add a little more cold water. Allow the grated rind of a large lemon, and a few pieces of preserved ginger, to every four pounds of the fruit. Boil slowly till the citron can be easily pierced through with a large needle. When tender take out each piece separately with a fork. Now strain or measure the liquid, and allow a pound of nice loaf sugar, pounded up, to each pint, let it boil, (skimming well) till it forms a thick, rich jelly-like syrup. It will probably need to boil about half an hour. Next put in the pieces of citron, one by one, and boil ten minutes or more, till the syrup has fully penetrated them. Now remove the citron and put syrup in a large pitcher to cool. When cold, put the citron in glass jars, and pour the syrup over it. Cover air tight.

To dry it, select some of the nicest pieces, spread on a dish, and set them in the hot sun for three days, turning each piece several times a day. Make a hole near the end of each piece; run a twine through, and hang them on lines across an open sunny window. When sufficiently dry, put it in tight jars or boxes, and keep to use as foreign citron in cake, or in mince pies.

M. E. I. H.

COLORING RECIPES.

For Cochineal on Wool.—To four lbs. of goods, take cream of tartar, two ounces; cochineal, well pulverized, two ounces; boil up the dye and enter the goods, work them up briskly ten or fifteen minutes, after which boil gently an hour and a half, stirring slowly while boiling. Wash in clear water and dry in the shade.

For Red.—Muriate tin, two thirds of a cup; add water to cover the goods, bring it to a boiling heat, put in the goods one hour, stirring often. Take out the goods and make a new dye. Take one pound of nic-wood, steep one-half hour at blood heat, then put in the goods, increase the heat (but don't boil) an hour; air the goods awhile, and dip an hour as before; wash in clear water.

For Tan Color.—To ten pounds of rags or chain, in plenty of water, one-half bushel of ground tan bark (white oak); boil three or four hours, strain the dye and put in the goods, let them stand four or six days in the sun or by the stove, airing twice or three times a day; keep the goods under dye, and when the color suits, rinse in clear water, and dry in the shade. To make slate color, add two ounces of copperas to the above.

For Blue, on Wool.—For two pounds of goods, take of alum five ounces, cream of tartar, three ounces; boil the goods in this for one hour, then put the goods in warm water, which has more or less of the extract of indigo in it, according to the depth of color desired, and boil again until it suits, adding more of the blue if needed.

For Orange.—Sugar of lead, four ounces, boiled a few minutes; when a little cool put in the goods, bichromate of potash eight ounces; madder, two ounces; dip until it suits.—*Bay City Journal*.

SARDINES.

As every one knows a sardine, it is unnecessary to describe the size, appearance, and qualities of this universally esteemed fish. They are caught in immense numbers along the coast of France,

in the Bay of Biscay, and are put up for market in three sizes of tin boxes, known as wholes, halves and quarters. There are two styles of labels used to designate quality; the enamelled, which are considered the best, and the plain, which are of second quality. The principal market for them is Bordeaux, from whence they are shipped in immense quantities all over the globe.

The fishing season lasts from July to October, and the new crop reaches market within a short time after the catching commences, although about November, perhaps, there are the largest arrivals. We regret our inability to give reliable statistics of the annual products of the sardine fisheries, as it is quite difficult to arrive at the truth of the matter.

Of course there are a great many brands, and some have greater reputations than others, not so much from superiority in the goods as from extraneous circumstances. Brands may, and frequently do, differ in quality from year to year. A lighter or a darker oil may be used, or the previous boiling may be more or less perfect.

From the most extensive inquiries we have been able to make we can learn of no spurious article of sardines in the market. Adulteration and deception have become so common that one naturally asks whether even in this direction they may not be practiced. It is generally conceded that the yield this year is less than that of the last, and that correspondingly stiff prices may be expected.—*American Grocer.*

ECONOMICAL PUDDINGS.

Half-pay Pudding.—Four ounces each of suet (chopped), flour, currants, raisins, and bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of nice molasses, and one-half of a pint of milk, mix all well together, and boil in a mould for three hours. Serve with a nice sauce.

This makes a very good common sauce: A pint of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg, mix together and add one pint of boiling water; boil about ten minutes.

Boiled Plum Pudding.—Twelve crackers broken up; pour over them one quart of milk, strain through a colander, after the crackers are well soaked, add one-fourth of a pound of suet, one pound of raisins, one teacupful of molasses, and a little salt. Boil or steam three or four hours. To be eaten with a nice sauce.

Bread Pudding.—Cut some slices of bread thin, toast and butter them. Lay some of them in the bottom of a tin, place some apples pared and quartered, over the bread, sprinkle on a little brown sugar, and so fill your dish, alternate layers of bread and apple. Pour in one pint of milk, one egg, a little salt and nutmeg. Steam for half an hour in a covered dish, if convenient, if not, bake. Eat with a sauce. This quantity of milk, etc., will do for a quart tin.

M. E. I. H.

SILICATE PAINT FOR STOVES.

Black lead is a great institution in this country, and probably few but cooks and housemaids would care to see its use diminished. It certainly has its recommendations, but it can hardly be said to be ornamental, while it entails an immense amount of labor on our servants.

In Germany, where a stove and a sort of kitchen range is continually to be found in the common sitting-room of a respectable family, the unsightliness seems to have been felt, and a suggestion has been made to do away with the black lead, and paint the stoves and ovens. Oil paint, of course, cannot be employed, but water-glass (silicate of potash), colored with pigment to match the paint of the apartment, is the material recommended. Before this is applied the iron must be thoroughly cleansed from grease, and all rust spots must be rubbed off with a scratch brush. Two or three coats of the paint may then be put on and allowed to dry, after which the fire may be lighted without fear of injury to the color, which may, indeed, be heated to redness.

Grease or milk spilt over the paint has no effect upon it, and it may be kept clean by washing with soap and water. Dutch ovens and like utensils may also be coated with the same materials, and the labor spent in polishing be saved. A good coating of the paint, the author says, will last a year or two.

ECONOMY IN COAL.

An exchange gives a recipe for one species of economy recommended to those who desire to practice it. Some housekeepers act upon the supposition that an addition of the fuel will cause increased combustion, and consequently develop additional warmth. This is an expensive mistake. It is only smothering and retarding the fire to put in a thick layer of coal, or, as some do, fill the fire-box from a layer of two inches of ignited coal to its utmost capacity with fresh fuel.

No more coal should be put upon a fire at one time than will readily ignite and give off a pure white flame—not a blue flame, as that denotes the presence of unconsumed gases.

In cleaning the grates of coal-stoves in the morning, there is always to be found a quantity of unburnt coal, which has been externally subjected to combustion. It is covered with ashes, and looks like cinders. It is often dumped into the ash-box.

The fact is, that the lump is only roasted on the outside, not even cooked, and it is in a better condition for igniting than the green coal. Never waste it. Attention to these few hints, it is stated, will save many dollars in a winter. The experiment is at least worth trying.

IRONING STARCHED CLOTHES.

To the lady desiring directions to iron starched clothes, I would recommend by my own happy experience the following recipe, called British lustre.

Melt together with a gentle heat one ounce white wax with two ounces spermaceti, pour it into small dishes, about half an inch deep, to harden, and add to your boiled starch a small piece.

I let my starch boil some minutes, and find it improves it very much to strain it through a thin cloth. Throw in the collars and cuffs while hot, and when cool wring out and starch the shirts, and if starched over night they do not need to be dried before ironing, except aprons, skirts etc., and I often do not dry even these. This preparation gives them almost the gloss polishing does.

The gloss of new shirts is made with

a polishing iron. Heat the iron and after ironing your linen rub it over with a damp cloth and rub the rounding end of the iron on a hard wood board. Be sure you have plenty of elbow strength and patience, and after practice you can make a beautiful gloss. But it scarcely pays to use the polishing iron, though it will pay to go to some laundry woman and learn how to do such work. I prefer corn-starch to the common kind.

L. S.

GRAPE AND CurrANT JELLY.

Place the fruit in a wooden vessel; mash with a wooden maul; put the mashed fruit about a pint at a time, into a very coarse meshed, but strong bag, cotton or flannel, squeezing gently till the juice is all extracted. Measure the juice and pour into your porcelain kettle. For each pint of juice allow a pint of best white sugar. Put this into an earthen platter or pan, set into the oven, leaving the doors open so there will be no danger of the sugar scorching, and at the same time place the juice over the fire. As it boils up and the scum rises, remove for a few moments and skim clear. It may need skimming two or three times. Now add the sugar, which is by this time nicely heated, stir from the bottom a little till the sugar is all wet, then let it boil briskly for five minutes; take from the fire and with a silver spoon or ladle dip the jelly into your tumblers and moulds.

I have made my jelly in this way for the past three years and have never failed of a perfect result. The color is much nicer, and by boiling so short a time the flavor of the fruit is retained, as it is not when the sugar and juice are put together cold and boiled for twenty or thirty minutes.

BELLE B. C.

BLEACHING COTTON.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I send you a recipe for bleaching cotton.

For bleaching six pounds of cloth, take one-half pound of chloride of lime, and pour upon it two quarts of boiling water; stir well and let it remain half an hour. Boil the cloth in soap-suds. Strain the lime water through a thick cloth and add five pailfuls of tepid water.

Keep the cloth in this mixture thirty or forty minutes, stirring often; wash thoroughly in suds until the scent of the lime is removed, then rinse in clear water and dry.

Also, I send a recipe for removing iron rust from white cotton or linen.

Get a few cents worth of oxalic acid at the druggists and add to it half a pint of water, bottle it, and plainly mark poison. Wet the spot, dip it in the acid and expose it in the bright sun. If the first application does not remove it, try another. It should afterwards be thoroughly rinsed or it will injure the fabric.

C. S. M.

STEAMING FOOD.

If all ladies knew the superiority of steaming many articles of food, over boiling them, they would be better supplied with conveniences for that purpose. Cooking can be done much quicker and with less fuel, by steam than in any other way.

Apple dumplings are far superior when steamed, to boiled ones, which are apt

to be heavy and water soaked. Steam till done, then set in the oven a few minutes to dry the moisture. So it is with other puddings, custards, brown bread, vegetables, etc., and for cooking fruits, particularly quinces, to preserve or put up in their own juice, it is an excellent way to steam till tender, before putting into syrup.

In warm weather, a steamer is a blessing indeed, for a very little fire will do, thus saving heat in the house, making it much more comfortable, as well as economical.

M. E. I. H.

BEAN PORRIDGE.

MR. CROWELL:—I noticed some time since a request for a recipe for bean porridge. I presume old fashioned bean porridge is what is wanted, so here it is.

Take five pounds of good fat corned beef, (if too salt, freshen over night, as changing the water while boiling spoils the porridge), put the beef in a kettle with two good sized turnips, one cabbage (not too large) and peeled potatoes enough for a meal for an ordinary family. When these are boiled sufficiently take them up. Have ready a pint of white beans boiled very soft in water by themselves, put the beans in the kettle and thicken with about a half of a pint of Indian meal. Let it boil a few minutes and it is ready for the table.

Care should be taken to keep about six quarts of water in the kettle, it may be kept several days in an earthen vessel, does not hurt it to freeze it.

MRS. M. W. H.

TO STEAM A TURKEY.

Rub pepper and salt inside the turkey, after it has been well dressed and washed; then fill the body with oysters; sew it up carefully; lay the turkey in a large dish, and set it into a steamer placed over boiling water; cover closely, and steam from two hours to two hours and a half—or till, by running a fork into the breast, you find it is well done. Then take it up; strain the gravy which will be found in the dish; have an oyster sauce ready, prepared like stewed oysters, and pour this gravy, thickened with a little butter and flour, into the oyster sauce; let it just boil up, and whiten with a little boiled cream; pour this sauce over the steamed turkey, and send to the table hot.

Of course, while the turkey is steaming, you will have the oysters all ready for the gravy from the dish, and the cream also boiled, that there may be as little delay as possible after the turkey is cooked.

GREASE STAINS.

These are from grease, oil, etc., and are simply removed by alkalies or soap, or by essential oil dissolved in alcohol. Alkalies, such as solutions of saleratus, or liquid ammonia, will remove them safely from all substances without color. For other substances, the alcoholic solution spoken of will do, and among them burning fluid answers a good purpose. But the best of all is the new preparation termed benzine, which exceeds anything else we know of, in efficiency. Lay a paper under the fabric and apply the liquid. Oil spots and stains from candle snuff on woolen table covers, paint spots on garments, etc., are thus perfectly removed, without the slightest discoloration.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MRS. SNOW'S CREAM CAKES.—One cup of boiling water, one half cup of butter, put this on the stove, when boiling add one cup of flour, stir it five minutes, set away till it is almost cold, then stir in one egg at a time till you get in five eggs, then take a piece of soda the size of a pea dissolved in a tea-spoonful of cold water, and put it in the mixture. Heat your tin hot that you are to bake your cakes on, grease it, drop your cakes on, bake twenty-five minutes, and do not take them off the tin till they are cold. Have your oven hot to commence with, and when the cakes are almost done let it cool a little.

For the Cream.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, two eggs. Beat the eggs, sugar and flour together, put the milk on the stove to heat it, then stir the mixture into the milk slowly and when it boils to thicken take it off and let it cool before putting in the cakes.

BEAN PORRIDGE.—As L. A. M. wants a recipe for bean porridge, I will send her the old fashioned way, which is, I think, very good. Put one pint of beans to soak over night, the next morning put them to boil in a sufficient quantity of water for the porridge, with a corned beef bone to season the same; have one pint of corn hulled the day before, and add about two hours before the meat is done. When the meat is done tender take it out, make a little thickening for the porridge with Indian meal and a very little flour. Milk and pepper may be added when eaten, according to the taste.

SOUP.—Take a fresh-meat bone of any kind and boil until the meat will readily fall to pieces, add pepper and salt for seasoning, potatoes peeled and cut, and a very little thickening, or if preferred put half a teacupful of rice in with your meat when first put on. Bread may be added when taken up, or have some biscuit rolled thin to lay around on the top when the potato is put in. Salt meat soup may be made in the same way by freshening the meat so that it will not make the soup too salt.

L. C. T.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak over night two tablespoonsfuls of tapioca, enough to cover it; to a pint of milk mix the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, beaten together, which add to the tapioca, and bring to a boil. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a hard froth, add a little sugar and add to the pudding, flavoring it to taste. If the egg is added when nearly cooked it is improved.

H.

CREAM CAKES.—Two cups of flour, one cup of butter, half a pint of water. Boil butter and water together and stir in the flour by degrees while boiling. Let it cool and add five eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Drop this mixture on tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Inside.—One pint of milk, half a cup of flour, one cup of sugar, two eggs. Beat eggs, sugar and flour together, and stir into the milk while boiling. Flavor with lemon.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of soda; thicken to roll out. Flavor with nutmeg or seeds.

S. E. P.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—At night put two heaping tablespoonsfuls to soak, and in the morning drain off the water, beat the yolks of two eggs with half a cup of sugar, a little nutmeg and the tapioca, and stir into a quart of boiling milk and boil about ten minutes, then pour into a dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to froth with a little sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla, spread smoothly over the cream and put into the oven and brown. Eat cold.

As I have found some recipes in THE HOUSEHOLD which I think excellent, I will contribute a few good ones.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of buttermilk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little nutmeg. Mix soft.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two eggs. Mix just thick enough so it can be cut.

WATER COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of water, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg. These are best when three weeks old.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Did Hattie E. P. ever try cider vinegar for chapped hands? It is an excellent remedy. Wash the hands in it thoroughly, and let it dry in, just before retiring. It is rather harsh the first time, but after a few applications the hands become soft and smooth. I used to be troubled very badly and tried many things, but this gave me the best satisfaction of any.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—One cup of sour dried apples soaked over night and chopped fine, simmer two hours in a cup of molasses. Take one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of butter, one-half of a cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cassia, one teaspoonful of cloves, one egg, two cups of flour, beat well together, add the apple, and bake.

INEZ FORD.

CRACKER PIES.—Roll eight Boston crackers fine and pour on them one quart of boiling water, add one cup of chopped raisins, three cups of molasses, two cups of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one-half cup of butter, and a plenty of spice. This makes six pies.

MRS. A. S. H.

LEMON PIE.—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of sugar, one egg, and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil the water, wet the corn starch with a little cold water and stir it in; when it boils up pour it on the sugar and butter; after it cools add the egg and lemon. Bake with an upper and under crust. This makes an excellent pie.

M. J. H.

LEMON PUDDING.—One good sized lemon, grated rind and juice, one-half pound of sugar, (half a pint,) four eggs, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, one-half tablespoonful of butter, and a little salt. To be baked in a deep pie-plate or shallow nappy-lined with pastry. This quantity makes a small pudding—large enough for four or five persons.

ALICE, Bethany, W. Va.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—One and one-fourth pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, six ounces of brown sugar, half a pint of molasses, half an ounce of ginger, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, flour till you can roll.

S.

EXCELLENT RHUBARB PIE.—Take one and one-half pounds of rhubarb, one cup of raisins, chop them both fine and add three cups of sugar. This makes four pies.

LEMON PIE.—Take one lemon, one-half of the peel, and chop fine, with two crackers; then add one egg, one cup of sugar and one cup of water.

MRS. A. K.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—One cup of new milk, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one-half cup of yeast. Knead in flour enough to make a dough and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning knead lightly, then break in small pieces and roll each one to about a quarter of an inch in thickness, butter them and roll up. When light bake in a quick oven half an hour. They may be cut out like biscuit, and are very nice.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, one cup of sour cream, a piece of butter the size of a small egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two eggs, flour to make it the consistency of ordinary cake mixtures, beat well and bake in a moderate oven. Flavor with ginger, nutmeg, or allspice. If eaten warm it is very good without either.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Take half a teaspoonful of oxalic acid dissolved in half a teacupful of hot water; then dip the spots that are rusted into the mixture and hold them over the steam of the nose of the teakettle, and they will soon disappear. This acid is poison and the goods should be thoroughly washed after using.

LIBBIE.

Warts can be cured by using acetic acid, applied often.

Iron rust can be taken out by dropping lemon juice on the spot, then salt, and laying in the sun.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Five cups of flour, two cups of molasses, one cup of lard or butter, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful each of ginger and salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

MRS. J. P.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL, Dear Sir:—We like THE HOUSEHOLD better each month and think we will keep it at present. I always look for the Questions and Answers first, and have noted several to which I would like to reply.

G. H. D. wishes to know how to prepare beef for drying. We generally dry one-half the round and one shoulder, prepared as follows: Take one teaspoonful of salt petre, one spoonful of sugar, one spoonful of salt; rub this over the meat once or twice, letting it stand a week, then make a brine of salt as strong as will dissolve, put the meat in, have it well covered and let it stand a sufficient time to become thoroughly salted, then take it out, wash the outside, place it where it can drain until it will not drip, then hang it up to dry with newspapers about it to keep dust from it. If it is too salt, you can freshen it as you cook it. Some are afraid to use salt petre; we always use it and it causes the beef to be more tender. Ours is always nice.

Ella B. wants to know why her sponge cake is not light and tender—thinks she beats the eggs enough. I do not know what her rule is for making sponge cake, but does she beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately? If not will she try it and not add the whites—beaten to a stiff froth—until the last thing before putting into the baking tins. If she wishes I will give her my rule.

Hattie E. P. desires a remedy for chapped hands. Camphor ice well rubbed over them is very nice indeed, better, I think, than glycerine.

To the young man who wishes to know how to clean velvet. If it is badly soiled it will be very difficult to cleanse, but if the pile only needs raising, let him wet a cloth, spread it on the stove, put the velvet on it smoothly, then take a corn brush and brush briskly while the cloth is steaming. Green velvet can seldom be brushed over a steaming cloth, as it soils the color.

Beeswax rubbed over flatirons when hot will make them very smooth if they are not rusted. If rusty make smooth with sandpaper first.

Use blue paint to keep away bedbugs.

Does Dr. Hanaford object to pies made with cream crusts and very little if any spice? and will he please send a remedy for weak eyes?

S. M. F.

MR. CROWELL:—A New Subscriber asks for a recipe for mock mince pies. I have a way of my own for making them which I think is very good. Beat one egg, add three tablespoonfuls of boiled cider, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, a small piece of butter, half of a cracker pounded fine, (or a piece of bread finely mashed,) cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and a very little salt (unless you put in butter enough to season it); after stirring this well together put it in your plate, place raisins as near together as you please, cover with a nice crust, bake gently and you have a good substitute for the "reality."

I will send the Young Housekeeper a recipe for short biscuit. I call them tea cakes. If your husband does not fancy your bread because you did not knead it by the hour, just give him your four months old baby a half hour before tea time some afternoon, and prepare a nice dough as for cream of tartar biscuit, roll this out about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, spread butter over the whole, (not melted,) cover this with white sugar, then roll this up in a round roll as you would jelly cake, cut them off two inches in thickness, set them in your buttered tins, bake quickly, and I think he cannot fail to love them and will soon ask to hold the baby again while you make some more.

In reply to your request respecting the time which should be spent in kneading bread—I have very nice bread—I knead mine about fifteen minutes at the time of mixing, and fifteen more before putting it into my tins. After it is raised enough to be placed in the oven I spread (gently) melted butter over the top, this gives it a rich appearance when baked. I prefer to watch my own fire while it is baking, as it requires the best of attention until it comes out of the oven. As much skill is required to bake bread as to make it.

GRATIS.

Noticing that a good deal of space was given to moths, I take the liberty of saying, that my mother always kept her woolen clothes and furs free from moths by tying them up in a close cotton bag. I never knew anything of ours to be eaten by moth. I have followed her

example ever since I went to housekeeping—thirteen years. Every spring, when we are done with the winter wraps, fur capes, woolen hose, etc., I take a clean cotton sack, or two if needed, tie up closely and hang on a nail or put in a trunk. If there are no holes in the sack I will warrant them free from moth, for I never knew them to go through cotton; besides there is no unpleasant odor arising from them, as from camphor, tobacco, etc.

MRS. J.

MR. EDITOR:—Please answer through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD the following questions in regard to verbenas and geraniums: Do verbenas require much water? and do they want a warm room? and what kind of dirt is the best for them for window plants? Also the same questions in regard to geraniums? I am about to start some of each and know nothing about them, and if you will answer these questions in your next number you will greatly oblige me, and any advice in regard to houseplants will be very acceptable.

G. F. M.

To remove iron rust, get an ounce of oxalic acid and dissolve it in one quart of soft water, wet the spots with the fluid and hold them over the spout of a boiling teakettle. Wash the cloth in soap suds, and if the spots are not out repeat the operation until they are, as they surely will come out. Be careful to rinse the cloth well when done.

C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—L. W. wishes to know how to curl hair that has been cut off, and make it stay. Obtain at any tin shop a round steel, the size you desire the curl, wind the hair round it smooth and tight, fastening it securely at both ends, place in clear hot water and boil twenty minutes, then in a moderately heated oven and bake till the hair is thoroughly dried through. Great care must be taken that the hair does not touch the dish while boiling and baking. Remove carefully from the steel, fasten the curl firmly to a piece of cambric, working a loop on the under side. If rightly done the curl can be combed or brushed whenever desired without injuring it.

IDA.

Will some one tell me the proper way to steam puddings? Also, a recipe for pickling hog's feet?

S. E. A.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. G. W. C. wishes a recipe for cracker pie. I will send her mine. Four rolled crackers, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar, one cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, spice to taste. This will make two pies.

E. M. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—L. W. inquires how to make hair that has been cut off stay curled. I can tell her how barbers make false hair curl. Wind it on sticks about half an inch in diameter and long enough to wind the hair without crowding. Over the hair wind strips of cloth about an inch wide, covering the hair completely to keep it smooth; then boil the hair an hour, and afterward bake it an hour, taking care not to have the oven so hot as to burn it. After it has been done up in this way two or three times it will stay curled a long time and only need combing over a stick. I have some curls that I have just done over in this way that had not been touched before, except with a comb, for three years.

Can any of your readers give me a good recipe for scalloped oysters?

S. A. P.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps some young housekeeper would like to know how to fry fresh fish. After the fish is dressed I cut it crossways in slices one-half or three-fourths of an inch thick, then spread them on a plate and sprinkle fine salt on each side, (I like to let it stand a few hours before cooking,) then take sausages fat, if I have it, or lard, let it get hot, then slice in a raw potatoe and let it brown, remove the potatoe and drop in the slices of fish, moving them about at first to prevent them from sticking to the spider, let it fry till brown and it will come out of the spider as whole as it goes in.

I am troubled with a little silvery looking bug that looks and moves something like fish, and is destructive to carpets and wall-paper. Can any one tell me how to get rid of them?

L. S. H.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to make green tomato ketchup? Also, how cauliflower is pickled? and oblige, V. P.



THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was rigged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The poiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father what makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

And again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high!

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

—J. R. Lowell.

GOING DOWN HILL.

"**H**AT looks bad," exclaimed Farmer White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough," was the reply of his companion.

"Neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill very fast. I can remember when everything around his place was trim and tidy." "He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman; but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots of which I stand in need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind-hand. There is generally some risk in helping those who won't help themselves."

"Very true; and as my wife desired me to look at a pair of shoes for her this morning, I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however, an idle quarrelsome fellow."

"And yet he seems to be getting along in the world," answered the farmer, "and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's. I will not detain you."

At the butcher's they met the neighbor who was the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance and his choice of meat here was the observation of Farmer White. After passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account book with an anxious air, saying as he charged the bit of meat:

"I believe it is time neighbor Thompson and I come to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"No time to lose, I should say," replied the farmer.

"Indeed! have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No, I have heard nothing, but a man has the use of his eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with money, who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right; and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in the family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the observation. "Going down hill, is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me quite a snug sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit, but on the whole I guess the money will be safer in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way to give him a push.

In another part of the village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Bennet the dressmaker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers by, "if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She has always paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I can not afford to run any risk."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson, prevented any further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennet to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave.

Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busy the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended.

"Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our account this afternoon?"

"Our account?" was the surprised reply. "Surely the term has not yet expired."

"Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect my money at any time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late."

"I was not aware that there had been

any change in your rules, and I have made arrangements to meet your bill at the usual time. I fear that it will not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as he passed on in a different direction he muttered to himself:

"Just as I expected; I shall never see a cent. Everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children some way. Perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two in payment of the half quarter, if I manage it right; but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a neighboring grocery to purchase some trifling articles of family stores.

"I have a little account against you, would it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the polite shopkeeper as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get all that is due me. In future I intend to keep short accounts. There is the little bill, if you would like to look at it. I will call around this evening. It is but a very small affair."

"Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she pursued her way towards home musingly. "It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expense of the winter. I can not understand it."

Her perplexity was increased by finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said, as she entered, "here are two unexpected calls for money—one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims. But misfortunes never come singly, and if a man gets a little behind hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife; "the neighbors think we are going down hill and every one is ready to give us a push. Here are two more bills for you, one from the grocer, and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad who presented a neatly folded paper, and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as true as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in, for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could satisfy these claims, but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgement of my inability would send us further on the downward path."

"We must do our best and trust in Providence," was the consoling remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but very welcome

visitor, presented itself. Seating himself in the comfortable chair, which Mary hesitated to hand him, he said in his eccentric, but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go on as well with you as formerly. What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the afflictions which the almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one. We met with sickness and misfortune, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well if those around us were not determined to push us in the downward path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least a great majority care only for number one. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their very first thought is whether it will affect their own interest, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances. Show signs of going behind-hand and all will not go well with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in on me. My best customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle will save me!"

"A miracle which is very easily wrought then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of your debts, which now press so heavily upon you, and how soon in the coming course of events could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual run of work, could make it all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer. "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars. Pay every cent you owe and with the remainder of the money make some slight addition or improvement in your shop or house, and put everything around the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thanking me, I am only trying a little experiment on human nature. I know you of old and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been strictly followed, and the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful. He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving men of the village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs.

It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed to him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher selected the best piece of meat for his inspection, as he entered and was totally indifferent as to the time of payment. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among his best scholars. The dressmaker very suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson, in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly, as the grateful shoemaker called upon him

at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need.

"Just as I had expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill when he seems to be ascending, and just as ready to push him down, if they find that his face is turned that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson, let everything around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper."

And with a satisfied air Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, while he, whom he had thus befriended, with cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

DANCING.

Third Paper.

In my second article I endeavored, by a careful analysis of the subject, to answer the question, "What gives the social dance its attractiveness and immense popularity?" How far I succeeded in giving an intelligent and satisfactory solution of the problem, the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD have long since judged; deciding, at least, to their own satisfaction.

It would be interesting, perhaps profitable, to examine the whole subject from an ethical point of view; but I have chosen rather to present a few considerations against the practice of dancing by professedly pious people. Some things which I may say will have reference to the general subject, and therefore concern all who love the pleasures of the mazy dance; but most that I shall here write will have specific reference to devout persons who claim to think, feel and act in harmony with the higher laws of their being, and in humble and thankful obedience to the revealed will of God. I am happy to feel that this is by no means a small class of our fellow citizens, a class who profess to choose right before policy, and duty before pleasure. To these moral excellence is more valuable than rubies, and nothing is either good or desirable if it in any way tends to mar the beauty and loveliness of virtuous character, or tarnish the luster of a spotless life. These are "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." What would society become without the conserving and illuminating power these good and true men and women, fortunately now scattered in all places and among all ranks and social conditions? To such I would say:

1. Public and promiscuous dancing seems incompatible with the sanctity of the Christian profession and calling. Christian people profess to be dead to this world, its follies, its sinful amusements, its maxims, its corrupt policy; to have been called with a holy calling; to have experienced a new life, even a spiritual and heavenly one; to have entered upon new pursuits, and to have found new and exalted sources of happiness; to be setting "their affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" to be seeking a meetness for the pure and perfect society and employments of a better world, its seraphic joys, its benevolent and exalted pursuits; to be seeking in all things an approximation, in spirit and principle, to the all-glorious and all-perfect One. Holiness is their vocation—purity of thought, affection, aspiration, desire and purpose. Whatever, therefore, is inimical to this saint-

liness of character and life, I take it, is to be sedulously shunned and rejected. It is to be eschewed as a fatal enemy, as a deadly poison.

Have I here set the standard of the Christian calling and profession too high? I humbly trust not. I think it is not higher than the New Testament places it, or than wise and thoughtful persons, non-professors, in their moments of most candid and careful thought, place it.

Now I think the most passionate lover of the dance must feel the utter incongruity of its revelries with the dignity and sacredness of such profession and calling. The giddy excitements of the dance-hall, or the public ball-room, are wholly antagonistic to every feeling and aspiration of a devout mind, to religious meditation, to self-examination and to prayer. Light and darkness, cold and heat, sin and holiness, are not more antagonistic to each other. The necessary tendency of the mirthful dance is to banish all serious thought, all prayerfulness of heart, all longings for God and goodness.

2. Again, dancing is incompatible with effective and successful labor for the moral well-being of others. The usefulness of the good man turns mainly on his reputation among his fellow men, rather than on his talents, his character, or his efforts to benefit his fellows. Tarnish the reputation of the best person, and you thereby sap the very foundations of his strength, you destroy his means of usefulness. In the field of personal usefulness a person's influence is his stock in trade. What is profession, what are songs, prayers, exhortations, or other labors of one whose influence is destroyed by a forfeiture of public confidence in his integrity and piety?

Let it be remembered that nothing is ever gained to the cause of truth and virtue by compromises with evil, or the sacrifice of principle. If the flexible piety of these days, so common, alas! had always prevailed, the church had had no martyrs, and persecution had been a thing unknown. The church would

mirth and merriment for his or her "freedom from superstition and Puritanism," for his "broad, liberal views," etc., while at the same time he perceives and feels the gross inconsistency of the nominally good man's course, and secretly despises him in his heart. His own heart feels oppressed, and his cheek blushes with a shame that his religious neighbor does not feel. If he were penitent for sin and needed counsel and prayer; if he were on a bed of pain and languishing, with death's portals opening grimly before him, his crushed heart longing for the blessed consolations of the religion of Jesus, his waltzing companion would be the last person to whom he would seek to guide his feet into the refuge of mercy and the gate of heaven. Is it not obvious, then, that since dancing tends to destroy the usefulness of devout people, that they ought never to indulge in it?

3. The unhealthfulness of the social dance should influence the wise and good to eschew it. As generally conducted the dance may be described as consisting of unusual, violent and long-continued exercise, in over-heated and badly ventilated rooms, at unnatural and unreasonable hours, contrary to nature and habit, turning usually night into day. These unusual exercises are performed with the smallest amount of apparel at all consistent with decorum and modesty, (even this is more than can always be truthfully said of dancers otherwise unexceptionable persons,) and then after partaking of highly seasoned food, not unfrequently of intoxicating wines also, with the vital powers, as well as physical, overtaxed and prostrated, the devotee of pleasure leaves the scene of excitement and mirth in many instances for a long, perhaps cold ride, in an open buggy or sleigh for a distant home. How much like a night of debauch is a public ball!

What peril in this fatigue, this excess, this exposure! What death-like prostration, fatigue and misery follow! All this shows how great an outrage has been inflicted on nature, which never relents, but, first or last, exacts her penalties to the last farthing. How many cases of consumption date from the ball-room! How many beautiful flowers have faded and perished in life's young spring-time, or just as adolescence was unfolding into lovely womanhood under the fatal casualties of the social dance! Shall the good, then, encourage and countenance these pleasure scenes where health and life are so jeopardized? Is not health too precious a boon to be thus wantonly trifled with, and life too sacred, too noble, to be thus frittered away?

4. I shall present only one more reason against the patronage of the social dance by devout people, viz.: the dance is a scene of numerous and powerful temptations. The truth of this statement I think no ingenuous minds will doubt or deny. These temptations are too numerous to mention here, and I can only ask attention to a few of them. Dancing presents peculiar and strong temptations to pride, to extravagance and painful rivalry; temptations to gormandizing, to drunkenness, to gambling, to licentiousness; temptations to lightly esteem virtue and piety, to mock at parental restraints, and cast them aside as burdens not to be borne; temptations to the theatre, to idleness, to prodigality and profanity. Such is the intimacy of the sexes in the mazes of the dance, particularly in the waltz, as to shock the

native sense of virgin modesty, and that first shock is one of the most fearful things that can befall female virtue. The whole tendency of the modern dance is to destroy that sense of the immaculateness of virtue, of female purity, which invests the purity of woman with a kind of sacredness, a sacredness which is at once her glory and her shield. What man would not resent, with a righteous indignation, the familiarities taken with his wife or his daughter in the dance, if he should discover them taken elsewhere than in the festive hall? And how many vile persons seek these scenes for the express purpose of intimacies and gratifications not to be thought of except in the liberty and thoughtless abandon of the dance! What vile thoughts and infernal purposes are formed under the glowing lights of the ball-chamber! Every philosopher and every person of experience knows how suggestive and how perilous are these personal contacts.

Lord Byron is a competent witness on this subject. Let us hear him. He is speaking of a bride at a ball:

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced!
What! the balm of her lips another man taste!
What! touched in the twirl by another man's knee!
What I pant and recline on another than me!
Sir, she's yours! From the grape you have pressed the soft blue!
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waltzer, adieu!"

Observe, I do not say that all or any one of the above mentioned vices are common to the frequenters of the public ball; but I do say that the public dance affords specially open and powerful temptations to them all. To such places of mirth and revelry the vilest persons often resort, however little their presence may be desired by the gentlemen who manage them, and from which it is almost impossible to exclude them, unless their heads are lighter than their heels, or they are boisterous or quarrelsome, though their hearts be black as Erebus. How often persons steeped in moral pollution, and who deserve to be covered with infamy, are found joining hand in hand with unsuspecting innocence and purity in these scenes of voluptuous pleasures.

Now, in view of these facts, is it wise, is it prudent, is it safe, is it Christian, for devout people to go there? Wherever duty calls the good may safely go. The presence of the Holy One will be round about them as a wall of fire. "Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" But does duty call to the dance? If not, why should the good expose themselves to the peculiar temptations of the promiscuous dance-hall? How can any one presume to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," whilst deliberately and of set purpose rushing into its seething vortex? How can one hope to take coals of fire into his bosom and not be burned?

But is it argued in reply that the civil social dance is not worse than other forms of social amusement? Suppose this were so, it is only comparing evil with evil, while the good are required to "shun the very appearance of evil." There is a sense, however, in which dancing is more dangerous than almost any other form of social pleasure; it is more bewitching, fascinating and seductive, and hence more difficult to abandon. "It dazzles to blind."

But it is pleaded that while the objections may be valid against the public ball, they do not apply to the private

dance. Hence there are not wanting those who theoretically and practically favor the private dance of the parlor, while they condemn the public ball. It is very true that many of the evils of the ball do not necessarily pertain to the private party of personal acquaintances and invited guests—the household dance—yet the attractiveness of the dance always makes it a dangerous amusement. It always begets more or less disrelish for the sober realities of life, and dissatisfaction with less exciting forms of amusement. Its tendency is to produce an undue love of social pleasure, and to weaken the blessed restraints of virtue and religion. I think that those parents who favor or allow dancing in their households will ultimately find it quite impossible to confine it to the limits of the domestic circle. The love of the dance will almost certainly grow into a passion on the part of the children, and demand more and more frequent gratification, a wider scope, and other and more thrilling elements of excitement. And why may not these be had, since in principle the private and public dance are all the same, and the opportunity to gratify the passion is presented on every hand. Few persons, particularly youth, will be likely carefully to discriminate between the perils of the private and the public dance. The functions of the moral nature are not very likely to be efficiently and successfully performed amidst the excitements and clamors of passion. The love of pleasure will drown the still, small voice of conscience, and vicious indulgence acquire the ascendancy, and at last the mastery.

There is also another view of the subject which deserves a moment's attention. The patronage by the good of any form of vicious indulgence, however diluted or modified, weakens the restraints of virtue, and contributes more or less to the debasement of public morals. Thus private card-playing, by professed good people, as an amusement, weakens the popular aversion to the gambler's art by conferring a kind of respectability on cards. Our county and state fairs, by the respectability they confer on the horse-trot as a mere trial of speed, are terribly demoralizing to the community, leading directly, as they most naturally and inevitably do, to horse-racing, and all the once dreaded and almost loathed and suppressed evil of gambling on the turf. How common and popular is horse-racing now compared with fifteen years ago! It is only on account of its gradual growth among us that we have come not only to tolerate it, but even patronize it and applaud it. Let the infamous acts of pugilists only be witnessed by professedly Christian men and women a few times without public scorn and contempt, and in a few years the diabolical scenes of the prize ring would offend the public conscience as little as bull-baiting does the Spanish conscience, or the bloody tragedies of the gladiatorial arena did that of ancient Rome.

Vice, like disease, is propagated by contact; it is terribly contagious. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." How careful then should the good be lest they set into operation a train of influences which will soon be entirely beyond their control.

He who favors dancing in the domestic circle, or in comparatively select social parties, is educating other persons for scenes of public revelry; and by conferring a sort of respectability on the dance is aiding in popularizing it. The

danger is that the present excitement in favor of this fashionable amusement shall increase to a mania. He or she is doing precisely what the wine-bibber and the moderate drinker is doing for drunkenness, he is aiding and abetting the evil.

"But there can be no harm in a little dancing." Ah! that is the voice of the siren that lures to destruction. What harm can there be in a game of cards? What harm in a little wine? What harm in a little Sabbath desecration? Alas! what ruin has not this specious plea of "what harm," and a "little" vicious indulgence accomplished? Wo to the person who listens to the voice of the charmer! Fatal mistake of uncounted wretched millions! Thrice happy they who give timely heed to the words of the Hebrew seer, "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished." "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

In a letter received from you a few days since, my dear Margaret, you refer to the unhappy relations that we have long known to exist between two married friends of ours whom we will call here, by way of disguise, John and Mary. These two names are so exceedingly rare that there is no danger of their being wrongly appropriated!

Among other things, you say,—"I often think that they would be better off apart; and really believe that if either one of the twain—they are literally and truly *twain*—could obtain a divorce, it would be the best thing that could happen."

Now, notwithstanding your solemn asseveration, I do not suppose that you mean just what you say in the above sentence. But let us talk about this divorce question a little, as if you did mean it.

Just at this time, when the social elements seem to be in a state of unwonted ferment; when by a large and increasing class in the community the institution of marriage is tossed hither and thither like a child's bauble, or held lightly like the small dust in the balance; when some to whom the people have looked as leaders and teachers speak scoffingly of its holy obligations, and would, if we may judge them by their words, substitute unlimited license for law and order; when one who has swayed hundreds of thousands by the magic music of his voice and pen says boldly,—"I would no more suffer the law to bind me to a woman whom I did not love, than I would suffer it to make me a galley-slave"—or words to that effect—I do not profess to quote literally—does it not behoove the thinking women of our land to be especially cautious in their utterances upon this point? It is the sanctity, the inviolability of the marriage tie that gives it all its worth. Blot out the "till death us do part," and you blot out the whole. You make it of less value than the mere civil contract; and reduce the wife from her estate as crowned queen of her husband's life and love, to the level of a mere concubine, a mistress, the toy of an idle hour which may be discarded at

the bidding of fancy or caprice.

There is a vast deal of sentimentalism—to call it by no harsher name—abroad in the land, relating to the "freedom" of love. Its advocates in high-sounding speech, with cunningly compounded phrases, loft, declarations as to the innate dignity of human nature, and a veil of poetic imagery that half conceals the grossness of the underlying thought, tell us that love is free; that it scorns all bonds; that it cannot be forced; that it revolts at "fetters,"—which last word means, if it means anything, a faithful, loyal marriage, binding together one man and one woman for the rest of their natural lives. They have much to say about "slavery"; and announce with a sounding flourish of trumpets that true love is true marriage; and that if the love dies, the marriage no longer exists, and the parties should be free to go each a separate way.

Freedom!—What is it to be free? Is it to be at liberty to follow at all times and in all ways the devices and desires of one's own heart? Is it to be amenable to no laws, human or divine? Is it to be one's own judge, and ruler, and God?

Such freedom might answer—nay it might be a blessing, not only in the marriage relation, but in all others, if men and women were angels. But, unhappily, they are not.

The very best of us are the better for the restraint of custom and law and order. We are none of us so pure, so good, that we can afford to dispense with the outward symbols of the inward truth. As for the freedom of love—is a father's love for his child any the less free, any the less spontaneous, because the law of the land places upon him certain responsibilities, and demands of him certain duties relating to that child? Is his love held in chains because neither human nor divine authority will suffer him, during the helpless years of that child, to ignore its claims upon him for needed care and sustenance? Does he not, in fact, love his babe the better because it is his by an indissoluble tie? Love is none the less free because it bows in glad obedience at the throne of law.

What effect do you suppose it would have upon the thousands of young people who have been married within the limits of these United States during the past year, if they, one and all, knew that the tie between them was one that could be broken at the pleasure of either party? What effect would it be likely to have upon their loves?

Now don't fly off in a poetic frenzy and tell me that "true love never dies;"—that, "that was not love, that went;" nor was it love "that altered when it alteration found," etc., etc. For you and I know that notwithstanding all that poets and novelists have said upon the subject, love—true love, too—has died many a time, and will die again. Sometimes it has died by slow decline; sometimes a sudden blow has struck it to the earth at once and it has "died and made no sign." We must deal with facts as we find them. Doubtless among these hundreds of young couples, there are many high and noble natures who having once chosen each other, would be faithful unto death. But marriage even in its happiest estate, though it holds in its hands the purest, holiest joys that life can give, is yet not just what brides and bride-grooms elect imagine it to be. Especially during the first years of married life, before the two natures have had time to assimilate, and while the

fine harmonies of their being are not yet wholly of one accord, there must be occasional clashing. Even where at the bottom there is a deep and sincere affection, it is not unlikely that there may be moments when in the heart of one or the other of the twain there may lurk a half-unconscious, and wholly unconfessed, regret for their lost freedom.

Now suppose that, instead of knowing that their earthly destinies are one, and that nothing short of a terrible social and moral convulsion can tear them apart—they knew that there was a short and easy and honorable road to divorce open before them. Would it help the assimilating process, do you think? Would it tend to make them more or less forbearing, patient and tender? Would it make them more or less willing to overlook and forgive the faults, the weaknesses, that every husband and wife since the days of Adam and Eve have surely found in each other—ay—and will continue to find while the world stands? It is not stating the case too strongly to say that the purest man and the saintliest woman who ever stood together before God's altar and there promised to love each other unto the end, have been helped and strengthened by the knowledge that the vows they have taken are *for life*.

But people make such fearful mistakes, it is said. A woman—a young, inexperienced girl, perhaps—marries one who is utterly unsuited to her, one who cannot satisfy the smallest need of her immortal nature. A man marries the wrong woman; and suddenly awakes, some day, to the knowledge—so terrible now that it is too late—that the right woman has crossed his path, and that all the help, the stimulus, the inspiration that his being craves might be his if he were free. Is there no help for such as these?

Yes—in God;—but not in free divorce laws, and the headlong rush into new alliances. We will not say new marriages. What this convenient relationship may be that our modern reformers would substitute for the holy wedlock that God ordained in the garden of Eden, when he gave Eve to Adam that they twain might be one flesh, we will not undertake to say. Let them name it as they will. But it is not marriage.

The advocates of free love, or free divorce—it amounts to the same thing in the end—are chiefly to be found in the ranks of those who claim to be, *par excellence*, the friends of woman—her doughtiest champions. Would this new doctrine of theirs help woman? Would it advance her cause? Let us look at it little.

Which, as a rule, goes to the wall in a contest—the stronger or the weaker party? And, however it ought to be, however it may be in the far future when earth rejoices in the millennial dawn, it cannot be denied that to-day the men of the world are stronger than the women. Are they better than the women? We will not say that they are worse;—but assuredly they are no better nor purer. "The law should not bind a man to a woman whom he does not love, even though she is his wife and the mother of his children," say the apostles of this new creed. Indeed they go farther, and say that when he ceases to love her she ceases to be his wife, and that no true marriage-tie exists between them; and declare that each should be free to follow their own paths, and lead a "true life."

A true life—Heaven save the mark! But if she is not his wife—what is she? He has wooed her and won her. She has given to him all the freshness, the brightness, the beauty of her girlhood—all the sweetness, the strength, the tenderness of her mature womanhood. But now her step falters, it may be. The years are telling upon her. One by one the charms that first won him are fading. Her eye is less bright, her cheek paler, her form less graceful and bewitching, her thin locks touched here and there with silver. Perhaps, too, he has really grown away from her, intellectually. Perhaps while she has been engrossed by domestic cares, worn by repeated motherhood, held fast like a galley-slave to the mere drudgery of existence, he has led a very different life—a life that literally compelled growth and progress. Perhaps as far as mere intellect is concerned, he does stand upon a higher plane than she. Perhaps, growing out of this broader culture, there have come to him thoughts and aspirations and yearnings that she cannot possibly understand, and with which she does not sympathize. And perhaps while his wife cannot give him all he imagines he needs of recognition and companionship, he knows that there are in the world women who can.

But because he has grown tired of his wife—because there are fairer faces, fresher and more brilliant women elsewhere—because, in short, he is ready to be “off with the old love and on with the new” shall he be free to say that he has ceased to love her, and therefore will no longer be held by his marriage vows?

If a woman cannot hold the heart of the man who before God and men has given her his name and taken her honor into his keeping, she can at least claim from him a decent show of respect; she can at least demand of him that he shall not cast her aside, as a worthless weed, when he has ceased to find delight in her presence. Do you say that if she has any spirit, any self-respect, she would choose freedom for herself in such a case? Ah, my friend! this might well be, if she could roll back the tide of years, and be again just what she was when he first wooed and won her—a happy maiden with “the world before her where to choose.” But, alas! she cannot; and how ever it may be with him, her past remains. Once married, love or no love, a woman needs the protection of her husband’s name and home all her life long.

What the new dispensation intend to do with the children that may be the fruit of these convenient arrangements that they would fain dignify by the name of marriage, is, I believe, not yet made known. “Duties never clash,” is one of their favorite axioms; and under the new order of things possibly the little ones will not require fatherly and motherly care. They can all be sent to asylums or kindergartens.

But we have not said one word about John and Mary!—The truth is, this subject is too long for one evening. Shall we take it up again some other time?

—As I grow older, I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces another I always suspect. A right-thinking man knows too much of crime to denounce a fellow-creature unheard.—*Goethe.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CARPENTER.

A thick carpet had lately been put down in the dining-room at the squire’s residence, which was found to prevent the door from opening and shutting easily, so Wedge, the village carpenter was sent for to ease it. At six o’clock, while he was still at work, carriage wheels were distinctly heard, and the squire’s lady, with her children, came down into the hall, ready to welcome home Mr. Cary, who had been that day to town. Wedge, who was working inside the dining-room, listened with astonishment when he heard the shout the children gave when their father stepped out of the carriage. He saw, also, through the door crack, that the two eldest had caught hold of his hands, whilst the younger ones were clinging like little barnacles to his coat-tails; all dragging him along, as if, once having got him into their net, they meant, spider-like, to bind him, hand and foot and devour him, as that interesting insect would a great, blue-bottle, at their leisure.

That the squire’s return should cause such delight was a puzzler for our worthy friend; for had he not, with his own eyes, seen this man go off at half past nine in the morning, and no one could have persuaded him otherwise than that he must have been away a month, to put it at the lowest figure. He saw, moreover, that the squire was holding in his hand a little parcel, which, shaking off the children by a number of little dodges of which loving fathers only know the secret, he quickly untied, for all the world as if he were a boy of five years, (and not a great man of fourteen stone weight,) who could not wait a moment for anything. In a shorter time than we take to write it, he pulled out the contents and gave them to his wife, with three distinct kisses. Wedge could swear there were three, for he counted them, and wondered how many more there were to come!

Soon the merry party went up stairs—the echo of their voices died away, and Wedge was left to finish his job on the door, whilst his heart and conscience began their work on him. He, too, had a home and children, he, too, had been away; but the thought struck him uncomfortably that his welcome home, that is if he got one at all, would seem poor and cold after that he had just witnessed. This reflection was not so sweet as to make his work go smoothly; his saw seemed as blunt as a double-bladed, six-penny penknife, and the wood of the chair, whose legs he was cutting down, as hard as bog oak. In fact, he was feeling jealous of the squire and discontented with his own wife and children. Why were they not eager to rush out and welcome him, after the fashion of the squire’s family? He frowned as he thought how badly he was used, and his saw grated away as though very dull.

But conscience had a word to say to him, and said it loud enough, too, for him to hear, although he was making noise enough to prevent any one from trying to gain his attention. It told him the fault was chiefly in himself, for if his wife and children were not like the squire’s, neither was his likeness to that worthy gentleman particularly striking. He couldn’t blame his wife for not making enough of his presents, for he well knew he never gave her any;

nor did he greet her with those kind words which would not have failed to draw the same from her.

Wedge was a good husband without being a kind one, spending his money for the most part on his family in a hard, business-like kind of way, showing no affection towards his children, who consequently did not love him.

As Wedge walked home, his tools on his back, he came across an old friend, carrying carefully a dainty bunch of snow-drops in his big round hand.

“Here, Will,” he said, walking along by the carpenter’s side, “I’ve just given a trifle for these flowers—pretty bits of things, ain’t they? for my wife makes so much of any little present I take her home; she never minds what I bring her, so long as I bring it to her myself, for to be sure I always tack on a little something in the shape of a few kind words which make the things seem valuable in her eyes. I don’t know how I should get on sometimes, if it weren’t for having flowers pretty handy. You can get them for a little or nothing at any time, and yet they are more beautiful than anything we could make.”

Wedge’s road now lay in a different direction from his friend’s, so they parted company, Joe Sparks putting a couple of snow-drops in Will’s hand, supposing he would know well enough what to do with them.

Wedge turned the snow-drops over in his hand, and looked after Joe, who had nearly turned the corner; what could the man mean by giving him the snow-drops and never saying a word? He couldn’t have known what just happened at the hall; yet it seemed strange that he should come up and say all this about presents just when Wedge was thinking about that very subject, and enjoying the excuse, too, “that he couldn’t afford to buy his wife anything.” But now having the snow-drops, and having heard so much about them, it seemed as if nothing else would do but that he must give them to his wife, and this proceeding would be such a new and extraordinary one that the very thought made him feel sheepish.

Wedge’s wife was a nice woman, but family cares were weighing her down, so that the light was fast dying out of her eyes, and the color fast fading from her cheeks. She would not have minded them half, nor even a quarter so much, it, when Wedge came home, she could have told him all about them, for, ten to one he could have set things right. But he always pooh-poohed when she ventured to begin the subject, so she left off looking for help where there was none to be got. It seemed to Wedge that if he paid down in hard cash for clothing, feeding and schooling the family, he had done his share towards their bringing up. Such being the state of affairs, you may well imagine how surprised was Mrs. Wedge when she heard a cheerful voice call out, “where are you Mary?” but greater still was her astonishment, when, on going to the door, her husband presented her with the snow-drops, declaring, as he put them in her hands, that “beautiful as they were, he thought the rosebud on her arm beat them out and out.”

Wedge had done many a handy bit of work with the tools on his back, but he did a neater job now with those snow-drops than he had ever done with all of them put together, for he, so to speak, sawed Mary’s heart right in two, and got to the very inside, and planed down

no end of knots and rough places, and French-polished her off as if she had been some choice piece of cabinet to be sold for nobody knows what.

That day was the beginning of brighter times. Mary’s heart having been, as we before said, sawed right open, never closed up again, by reason of her husband’s continually putting in one little thing and another, on purpose to keep it open; and warm streams of affection came gushing out that nobody knew were ever there at all, they were hidden down so deep. And as to Wedge, he never knew before how many pretty speeches he could make. Without any notice before-hand, whatever, they seemed to come from somewhere inside, already made, packed up and directed, ready to be delivered “with care, this side up,” to his wife, while the contents of these said parcels, or sentences, generally brought a smile on Mrs. Wedge’s face, and made her as lively as a cricket for some time to come.—*British Workman.*

BORROWERS.

The custom of habitual borrowing among farmers is one that should be severely discountenanced. There are occasions, indeed, when to borrow is allowable, but the habitual borrower is either a very mean fellow who uses this contrivance to get the use of other people’s property, or a very poor fellow who does not know how to use a decent implement properly, or is too slothful and indifferent as to everything to take any proper care of what he borrows, or to return it when he has finished using it. It is extremely disgusting to one who takes a pleasure in good implements, is willing to pay a good price for a good one, and takes the best care of what he has, to feel obliged, under the sentiment of “good neighborhood,” to lend to one of these contemptible characters what we know will not have proper care taken of it, and will not be punctually returned when done with.

Among our own experiences with such people was the lending of a costly straw cutter to one, who lent it to another and he to a third. While in possession of the last his barn was burned and with it the straw cutter. Under such a calamity, so far from hearing anything more of the straw cutter, we were called on to subscribe to a collection in behalf of the third-hand borrower.

A sufferer in this way relates his experience as follows: “My neighbor wanted to borrow my shovel—would return it in the evening. Evening came but no shovel. The next evening it was quietly returned to its accustomed hook in the wood-house, the blade covered one-half its surface with a coating of dry mortar. I prided myself on my clean shovels and hoes. Half an hour’s work with an old knife blade and the use of a sheet of sandpaper restored it.

Another time he was building a pig pen. The posts were too long and they were very hard, and his saw very dull. Of course he borrowed mine, and he sawed off a nail with it—the posts had been used before. He sent his little boy to return the saw with the message; ‘pa would a sent it and got it filed, but he know’d you always filed your own saw, and it wouldn’t take but a few minutes to sharp it again.’

Another ‘borrowed’ the privilege of getting water at my well. The well is deep and we draw by a windlass. It is

hard for my wife to draw a bucketful, and to save her I usually fill the bucket before going away to my business. As the well is in an out-kitchen, I leave the filled bucket in the curb. My neighbor sneaks in, empties the bucket, and is mean enough to go away without refilling it. Wife and I conclude it is better to suffer a wrong than to have a difficulty with a near neighbor, and so for the sake of peace we submit to this wear and tear of soul and body. When the same person borrows flour, for the best article a poor one is returned: Eggs, matches, a drawing of tea, are never returned."

These are good illustrations, drawn to the life, of the meanness of a most contemptible class of people. And it makes them more so that such abuse brings into contempt what, under due restriction, would be only the exercise of an occasional kindly and neighborly service.—*Exchange.*

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., sole proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, whose name is printed on the wrapper of the genuine, has for over three years offered, through nearly every newspaper in the United States, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of Catarrh in the head which he can not cure. That he has treated thousands of cases and had no claims presented for the reward, from any one who has made a thorough use of his means of cure, is strong and conclusive evidence that he possesses sure means of curing this loathsome disease. The Catarrh Remedy is sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of sixty cents.

568

That soap manufactured by Curtis Davis still remains true to its name of "Peerless." Try it. It is sure to give satisfaction.

Jackson's Catarrh Snuff can be relied upon as a genuine remedy for those disagreeable and distressing complaints of the head, throat and lungs, so prevalent at this season.

There is, probably, no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is adapted to almost all the purposes of a Family Medicine; and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping cough, soreness of the chest, lame stomach, rheumatism, spitting of blood, and all lung difficulties, it has no equal that ever we saw or heard of.

The propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep, was discussed and admitted by many of the Agricultural Societies throughout the state last fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. Good judgment.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—ANNA G. P. INSLLEEP, of Urbana, Ohio, says she and her two sisters have earned their entire livelihood for seven years with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine without any repairs, although it has often been loaned to friends and played with by many children.

The human system, so sensitive, delicate and tender, should be handled with the greatest of care when depressed by kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, diabetes, gravel, mental and physical debility, female irregularities, and maladies caused by intemperance, loss of vitality and imperfect digestion. Administer Smolander's BUCHU and you will be relieved. It is a stomachic and tonic, as well as a diaphoretic, deobstruent, alterative, diuretic and solvent.

DR. A. FLAGG'S MEDICATED INHALING BALM.—Thousands of persons die every year, from that dread disease, Consumption. We constantly read of some discovered remedy, and sure cure. As the man or woman finds that he or she is infected, and pronounced incurable, their great desire is to find something which shall at least prolong life. Dr. A. J. Flagg, of Claremont, N. H., being aware of this fact, and the importance of meeting the requirements of thousands of his fellow beings, gave his atten-

tion to the matter, and after years of experience and trial has discovered a remedy, which he confidently believes will do all that he claims for it. His Medicated Inhaling Balm is pleasant to take, and has worked wonders, in a medical point of view. Persons afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any of those diseases, should by all means give it a trial, and see if it does not do all that is claimed for it by the Inventor.

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

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And all disorders resulting from COLDS in

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This Remedy does not "DRY UP," a Catarrh, but LOOSENS it; frees the head from all offensive matter, quickly removing Bad Breath and Headache; ALLAYS and SOOTHES the BURNING HEAT in Catarrh; is so MILD and AGREEABLE in its effects

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With the beginning of the year 1872 THE WEEKLY SUN will be double its present size, and will contain eight pages instead of four, making it equal in dimensions to any other weekly secular journal published in this country. At the same time its price will not be increased. It will be furnished to subscribers at the uniform rate of one dollar a year for each copy. To this rate no exception will be made and no reduction will be possible, either to clubs or agents. Every subscriber who sends a dollar will receive a copy for a year.

While THE WEEKLY SUN will thus furnish a much reading matter as other papers published at double or treble the price, it will contain new features which will add greatly to its interest and value as a family newspaper. Its independence of opinion and its unqualified hostility to Tweedism and Grantism, and every form of public robbery, bribery, and corruption will be maintained, while in point of political news its readers may rely upon receiving the most accurate as well as the freshest intelligence that can possibly be obtained. The enlargement will enable us also to devote additional space to valuable agricultural intelligence, and to print interesting stories and romances more extensively than hitherto. For miscellaneous reading presenting the quaint and humorous aspects of life, and for useful information respecting not only what takes place in this metropolis and this country, but in all other parts of the world, we shall now have ample room.

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The coming year is destined to be a memorable one in the history of the country. We are on the eve of a most significant Presidential election, and political movements will for many months be watched with unusual interest. As a journal, free from the trammels of party, THE WEEKLY SUN will continue to uphold the principles of true republican government. Its readers are invited to sustain it in that work. The truth, irrespective of party prejudice or official influence, will always be told in its columns.

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This is the only remedy known that can arrest tubercles on the lungs, or restore the vital functions of those organs to their healthy condition. It can be administered to the most delicate and feeble with perfect safety and certain relief.

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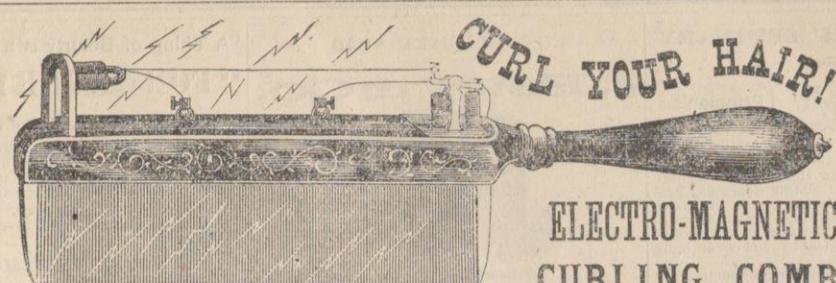
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10-11

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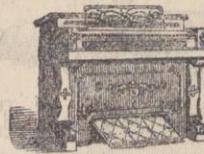
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It is a sure, quick remedy for all diseases of the Urinary Organs existing in male or female, Irritation or Inflammation of Kidneys or Bladder, Gravel, Diabetes, Reddish Sediment in Urine, Thick, Cloudy Urine, Mucus and Involuntary Discharges from Urethra, Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Chronic Cataract of Bladder, and all Chronic Maladies of the Urino-Genital Organs.

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