



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The household. Vol. 19, No. 8 August 1886

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

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/SNTRM4UBS7HSE86>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

July.

York
Perseus.

THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1886.

No. 8.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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

The Veranda.

SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day: the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the mountain grass.
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarcely cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays his coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
O, come and breathe upon this fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his cares
He leaves me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his tall top, and now
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes:
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep, distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swinging branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside and borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

—Bryant.

REQUISITES FOR GOOD FARMING.

IN ENGAGING in farming as a pursuit, the farmer has two important objects in view; first to make a living by it, and then to make it a source of pleasure. For the attainment of these ends, as many requisites are necessary as in any other business. The first of these is industry. A lazy man cannot succeed at any thing, and least of all at farming where constant, unremitting attention to numerous details is always demanded. The diligent farmer meets fully the divine condition to eat bread by the sweat of his face. And he who does not follow up his employees closely can rarely succeed, for it is seldom that a man can find another who will attend to his business as conscientiously as he will himself. A farmer need not make a common laborer of himself,

and if he is a man of intelligence it is poor economy for him to do so, for his direction is more valuable than any manual work that he can do. While it is neither the duty nor to the interest of the farmer that he should assume the duties of a common laborer. He should know exactly how to work, and be prepared to lend a helping hand whenever it is needed. It is particularly his part to do the thinking and planning, and to superintend and keep his employees up to their work. It is in these things that his unremitting industry tells to advantage. His constant supervision enables him to get more work done, and get it done better, to avoid troubles with his laborers, to be just to them at all times, and indulgent when he sees fit to be so.

Only experienced farmers are just judges of farm work at any time, and even these must have their laborers under their eyes constantly to do them justice, and to exact it. If he spends a large portion of his time loafing at the cross roads store or town, instead of overlooking his laborers, these will certainly take advantage of him. There is no pursuit that requires more sound judgment, practical good sense, and varied experience than farming. So many of the operations on a farm depend on varying circumstances and contingencies, that no man can confine himself to any strictly defined rule or programme. His thoroughly practical turn of mind will be proved by his ability to adapt his practice promptly to any changed conditions, in such a manner as to reap the utmost advantage from them. He should read the best agricultural papers, and carefully observe the experiments of other farmers, so that he may apply them intelligently to his own circumstances. The principal reason why "book farming" is unpopular, is that many thoughtless persons attempt to practice theories taught in books and papers, without making such modifications as their entirely different circumstances require. Lessons given in all agricultural literature must necessarily be very general in their character, and must be applied only with such modifications, as different climates and soils require in order to be of any value.

Accuracy of thought, statement and work is lacking so generally in farmers that the want of it may be considered characteristic of the class. Not taught carefulness and particularity from early youth as business men are, most of them weigh and measure nothing accurately, so that their statements are often made largely of guesswork. In reference to the store accounts that so many of them keep during the season, very few of them keep any corresponding accounts of their own, but let their accounts run on, until finally they are surprised at the amount of their indebtedness. The facility for obtaining goods on credit is so great that many farmers are induced to get articles that they do not really need, and would do without if they had to pay down the cash for them. It is here that firm econ-

omy is essential, or the farmer will find at the end of the year that all of his crops will be consumed in paying his store accounts.

It is necessary that a farmer should have his whole heart in his work in order to make it really profitable. Farming done in a half-hearted manner, where a man is out of sympathy with it, and feels that its many details are irksome, seldom is profitable or remains the permanent occupation of his life-time. When a farmer is really deeply interested in his work, it can be made a profitable business, and the surest way to beget this earnest interest is for him to give it his close personal attention.

A. P. F.

—It is well known that herbs cured in the shade are better than those that are sun dried. It is the same with grass or other fodder plants. But it is impossible to make hay in the shade, and it is a good deal of extra work to cock it up. It can, however, be thrown into windrows without extra work. A good plan is to rake up the hay as soon as it is thoroughly wilted—that is, while it is in a moist, pliable condition—and let it cure from internal heat instead of from the direct rays of the sun. Of course, the surface of the windrow will be exposed to the sun, but all below will be curing in the shade. Of late years it has been found that it is not necessary to get hay "bone dry" before placing it in the mow, in order to have it keep well. If it is so dried, it will not remain so. It will draw moisture from the atmosphere to replace what has been needlessly expelled by exposure to the hot sun. In a short time it will feel quite moist to the touch, and it will undergo the sweating process, just as hay put up in a moister condition does.

—Get the weeds out of the corn fields, and do it early. If they get the start they can hardly be extinguished. Now, while their roots are hardly fixed a little stirring of the ground will clear them out, but if they once get started and mingled with the roots of the corn, it will be difficult to get rid of them. A smoothing harrow run over the field before the corn comes up, and repeated until it is too large, will not only destroy the weeds, but incidentally help the growth of the corn.

—If a farmer wishes to educate his boys that they may become good and contented followers of his own calling, his first step should be to educate himself. In order that he may make successful farmers of them he must himself have a just understanding of the possibilities of his vocation, and a genuine love for farm work.

—We see it stated that the mustard plant, which used to give the wheat growers of California so much trouble, has been turned into a blessing. By a mechanical contrivance the wheat and the mustard have been harvested separately, and the mustard brings the most money.

The Drawing Room.

A PICTURE AND ITS FRAME

BY MAXFIELD.

OF ALL the pictures adorning my library walls, the head of Perseus is that on which my eye oftenest lingers. Its own beauties not alone delight my sight, but my mind is filled with idyllic visions of those mystic scenes which viewed through the mellowed glamour of centuries must ever enchant the romancer and the poet.

Among the many Greek gods Perseus seems to have been a favorite hero. He was the son of Jupiter and Danae, and his life was from the first full of romance and hair-breadth escapes. When but an infant he and his mother were together fastened in a chest by his grandfather, Acrisius, king of Argos, and cast into the sea, an oracle having foretold that if allowed to live, he would one day slay his relative and thus possess himself of his throne.

The chest drifted hither and thither, a plaything for the waves, but was at length spied by a fisherman, who thinking it might contain treasure towed it to the island of Seriphos and presented it to the king, Polydectes. This monarch being of a kindly disposition, gave the waifs a home in his palace, where they remained till Perseus had grown to manly strength and beauty. His personal appearance was then very fine, and his bravery unquestioned.

About this time the king of Seriphos made a great feast and according to the custom then prevailing, each guest was expected to bestow a present on the royal host, and horses were mentioned as the one gift most acceptable. Our hero finding himself unable to comply with this command—for the wish of a king is ever a command—and wishing to present something of equal or even greater value, agreed to give the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons. These Gorgons were three sisters, daughters of Phorcynis and Ceto. They had but one eye in common and so terrible were the glances of this single orb as to turn into stone all who came within its range. Instead of hair, their heads were covered with withering, dangling, hissing serpents; sharp, brazen claws served as hands, they had also short wings and a solitary tusk-like tooth. Indeed, the wildest flights of the imagination can scarcely conjure so hideous, so deadly a monster, or one so hard to conquer as the Medusa is said to have been.

Perseus was a favorite, not only of mortals but of divinities, and before he set out on this perilous undertaking he received from Athens, the patron of heroism, a brass shield. This shield was polished to a refulgent brightness and was to reflect the image of the Gorgons so that he could slay without looking at the terrible creature whose very glance was death. Vulcan gave him a sickle,

Hermes a pair of winged shoes to bear him through the air, and Pluto, stern king of the "realm of lower night," a helmet which had the property of rendering the wearer invisible. Thus equipped Perseus set forth. After an infinitude of minor adventures, he reached the garden of the Hesperides and found the hideous triplets asleep. Taking advantage of this fortunate circumstance he drew the mighty brand of Vulcan and with one fearful blow severed the head of Medusa and escaped with his prize. As he flew over the desert waste of Libya the blood fell in large drops from his hideous burden, and these drops as they touched the hot sands were metamorphosed into serpents, the progenitors of the venomous reptiles which even now infest that region.

As Perseus was continuing his aerial journey he came across the beautiful Andromeda who was in a most distressful condition, being chained to a rock and exposed to the malign fury of a huge sea monster. This hapless princess was the daughter of Cepheus the Ethiopian king. Cassiopea, her mother, had indiscreetly boasted that the charms of her daughter surpassed those of the Nereids, who, in revenge prevailed upon Poseidon to deluge the country and curse it with the ravages of a terrible beast.

In those days, before starting on any new enterprise, or when a calamity threatened a person or a nation it was the fashion to consult an oracle or wise person, and then act according to the seer's advice. The oracle of Ammon being consulted at this time promised that if Andromeda was exposed in the manner before related, Ethiopia should be freed from its curse. Perseus, charmed by her forlorn and helpless condition no less than by her exceeding beauty, proposed to her father to deliver her and slay her foe, provided she be then given to him in marriage. All descriptions of this scene seem to me beside the thrilling picture drawn by the fervid imagination of Ovid:

"Chain'd to a rock she stood; young Persens stay'd
His rapid flight, to view the beauteous maid.
So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
She seem'd a statue by a hand divine,
Had not the wind her waving tresses show'd,
And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.
Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires;
The more he looks, the more he still admires.

"Thy country, and thy name," he said, "disclose,
And give a true rehearsal of thy woes."

Part yet untold the seas began to roar,
And mounting billows tumbled to the shore.
Above the waves a monster raised his head,
His body o'er the deep was widely spread;
Onward he flounced; aloud the virgin cries;
Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies,
But she had deepest cause to rend the skies.
Weeping to her they cling; no sign appears
Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.
'Too long you vent your sorrows,' Perseus said,
'Short is the hour, and swift the time of aid.'

Medusa's smoky head is now my prey,
And through the clouds I boldly wing my way;
If such desert be worthy of esteem
And if your daughter I from death redeem,
Shall she be mine?"

The parents aware that in him lies their only hope, eagerly assent to the terms proposed and also promise to bestow on Perseus a kingdom by way of dowry.

Then follows a terrible fight with the scaly monster:

"Thus the winged hero now descends, now soars,
And at his pleasure the vast monster gores."

At times he suffers great danger and his defeat is imminent, but at last:

"— the home thrusts the expiring monster own'd."

At this happy consummation the applause rolls loud and resonant through the skies.

The beauteous bride moves on now loosed from chains,
The cause, and sweet reward, of all the hero's pains."

While all were partaking of the banquet which followed the marriage ceremonies, Phineus, to whom Andromeda was formerly betrothed, with a considerable number of adherents rushed into the hall, attempted to slay Perseus and carry

off the bride by force. His lance was aimed and it seemed that the hero's last hour was near, when Cepheus advanced to his aid, and while endeavoring to restrain his brother's brutal rage, reproaches him with cowardice and says if he had thought the maiden's charms so great he should have himself attempted her rescue instead of leaving that task to a stranger, and reminds him that Perseus has fairly won the lovely prize.

A general melee then ensues between Perseus and his friends on the one side and Phineus and his friends on the other. Many of both parties are slain. After a time Perseus seeing that the crowds had increased and that his friends were hard pressed, determined to end the conflict and accordingly turned full on their sight the putrifying head of the Gorgon, having first warned his friends of his design that they might not share the stony fate of his foes.

Phineus was unharmed at the first exposure and begged of Perseus:

"O quit the Cephæan shore
And never curse us with Medusa more."

Perseus prepares to leave but does not go until the cowardly Phineus had shared the fate of so many of his followers.

"The man was petrified,
All marble was his frame, his humid eyes
Dropped tears which hung upon the stone like ice."

On his arrival at Scirphos Perseus, finding that his mother had been insulted by the king, determines to revenge her wrongs and exhibits the snake crowned head before Polydectes and his court who at once became statues of stone. The kingdom he then gave to the fisherman who had rescued him and his mother from the fury of Poseidon.

Accompanied by his wife and mother he set out for his native country in search of his grandfather. The king of Argos had not forgotten the words of the oracle and when he heard of the approach of his grandson, fled to the court of his friend Larissa where he was finally discovered by Perseus. Our hero while engaged not long after in playing quoits accidentally killed his grandfather, who thus met the fate he sought to avoid.

Perseus, deeply regretting his accidental, though parricidal crime, refused to wear the crown and exchanged his kingdom for that of Tirynthus. But we are left in doubt as to whether a change of crowns brought ease of conscience.

At the death of Perseus, divine honors were accorded him and he was changed into a constellation. Andromeda was also translated into the firmament and placed among the stars. You will find Perseus the constellation, directly north of the Pleiades between Andromeda and Auriga. Including the head of Medusa it contains fifty-nine stars, or, as some say, sixty-seven.

The reliefs are the most interesting of all the remains of Greek art. Originally they were little more than an outline, but as more skill was acquired in the plastic art greater roundness was given to the figures and more care was bestowed on the making up of details. This art preceded that of statuary and was used both by the Assyrians and Greeks in the adornment of their temples. The slaying of the Gorgon was a favorite subject with old-time sculptors and they produced it in various forms.

Among more modern work a figure of Perseus modeled by Cellini to be placed under an arch of *Lozzia de Lanzi* at Florence has been the object of universal admiration. Perseus with a naked sword in his right hand looks down upon the inanimate form of her whom he has deprived of life, while his other hand grasps the snake covered head of the Gorgon, whose every glance had been as fatal as the sword of the death angel.

My representation of this hero is a bas-relief of the head and shoulders, done

in *papier-mâché*, and was presented, in 1883, to the subscribers of Demorest's magazine. It is in every sense a work of art. Perseus' head is crowned with the conqueror's wreath and surmounted by the winged horse, Pegasus. This steed of the poets is said to have sprung from the blood spilled when the head and body of the fury were parted. On his neck are the scales that covered the Gorgon, he also wears the head of his victim with its dangling, hissing hair, and is further decorated with wings.

The straight and regular features of this noble Grecian youth, his exquisite profile, his majestic and lordly air, his delicacy and refinement, are all faithfully reproduced and can only be surpassed by the more sharply cut work of the chisel.

To lay aside for safety this fascinating work of art, or to consign it to the depths of my art album—which I may at another time describe—seemed too obscure a fate. So I bethought me as to a fit mounting for so rare a gem. Carved or gilded frames did not seem appropriate so I manufactured one which met my sense of adaptation.

At an expense of twenty-five cents I had a carpenter make me a plain frame of pine, nineteen by fifteen and one-half inches. This, allowing space for the tile, gave a frame four inches in depth. I first covered this, or what was to be the front, with a double piece of sheet wadding. I then laid this frame, cotton side down, on a piece of fine French felt of a maroon color, to match the paper and other furnishings of the room where I intended hanging it. After cutting this felt of a proper size I turned the edges over on the back and firmly fastened them with small tacks. In the center I cut away a piece one-half inch less all round than the opening, and fastened the edges on the back in the same way.

Then I was ready for the esthetic part of my work. What should I paint on it? The many tinted flowers of the garden and hot house passed before me in gorgeous review, I carefully scanned this one and that, half inclined to grant the honor to some bright hued favorite, but none seemed exactly suited to the work. I found some flaw in all. As I turned away, my eye caught the gleam of a superb tuft of royal golden rod. I cried, "Eureka! For so kingly a head, what decoration could be more appropriate?"

Gathering some of the more stately plumes, I sketched the design on the felt. It was simple, only two sprays of this most gorgeous blossom thrown diagonally across the frame as though placed there by some careless hand, and cut from view in part, by the tile lain over it.

The yellowish green stems, the slender leaves and glowing wealth of blossoms I conveyed to the cloth by the medium of water colors, and so natural is it that at the distance of a few feet, the work stands out and looks like living flowers encircling the delicate chiseling and rare beauty of this handsome Greek youth, and now as I gaze on those clear cut features all the mythological scenes with which he is associated pass before my vision like the unrolling of a panorama.

—To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves whenever and however we violate any moral or religious obligation.—*Channing*.

—The only liberty that is valuable is a liberty connected with order, that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government as in its substance and vital principle.—*Burke*.

—Discourtesy does not spring merely

from one bad quality, but from several—from foolish vanity, from ignorance of what is due to others, from indolence, from stupidity, from distraction of thought, from contempt of others, from jealousy.—*La Bruyere*

The Conservatory.

BEES AND BLOSSOMS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

By my window, this fair morning,
Where I pause with willing mind,
Summer in her glad adorning,
Shows me how her sweets to find.

I must seek the same to treasure,
Hoping they may bide me long,
Both for using and for pleasure,
Weaving them the while in song.

Bees among the blossoms fragrant,
Gathering their timely store,
Are not in their wanderings vagrant,
Who could fill the hours more?

Up among the wondrous flowers
Of the tree I now behold,
They are making merry showers
With the petals white and gold.

Pyramids of beauty faired,
Set amid the leaves of green,
Where each bee a banquet sharest
With the bevy that is seen.

Bees and blossoms are a wonder
To the human vision, sure:
Summer studies well to ponder,
Busy ways and sweetness pure.

AMONG THE BULBS.

BY MRS. M. D. WELLCOME.

A LARGE portion of the garden ought to be devoted to bulbs in variety. It can, by proper selection, be made a constant attraction, from the first peeping forth of the snow-drop and crocus till Jack Frost mars the beauty of the autumn flowers. On the point of economy they are of value, for they, like the herbaceous perennials, bloom on and on, multiplying, too, year after year.

I have heretofore written specially of the lovely lilies, rivals of the rose, but more reliable, and not subject to those pests which mar the beauty of the queen of flowers. I have also written somewhat of other well known bulbs, I will therefore give my present attention to some not so generally cultivated, and others quite rare, respecting which but little has been written. I shall refer only to summer bloomers, those which may be planted in the spring.

Anomatheca.—A species of little bulbous rooted plants from the Cape of Good Hope. *A. cruenta* produces a great profusion of blood red flowers. It needs to be planted in masses. The flowers appear in about four months after planting and last a long time. It has large leaves which add to the beauty of the plant. It grows readily from seed and blooms the second year. They can be started in the early spring in the house, and then planted out after the ground is sufficiently warm.

Crinum.—From *krinon*, the Greek name of the lily. *Amabile* has bulbs of immense size, and produces both spring and fall great spikes of dark purple flowers which are very fragrant. Being a native of the East Indies, it requires a strong heat to grow successfully. *Crinum Americanum* is a native of the south. They grow there in the river swamps. The flowers, which are borne on a single tall stalk, are large, six-petaled, white with purple filaments, and fragrant. The leaves are long and quite narrow. A more beautiful variety is a native of Guatemala, also white. A new hybrid *crinum* has been highly praised in England. The leaves are long, deeply channeled, and glaucous. The flowers, borne in terminal clusters on stout stems, vary in color from a pure white to a delicate rose

pink." The bulbs require rest during the winter, but should not be allowed to become perfectly dry.

Vallotta.—This was named in honor of Pierre Vallotte, a French botanist. There are only two or three varieties, and they differ only in the size of the flowers. *V. purpurea* is the best known. It is not purple as its name indicates but a brilliant scarlet, and its flowers are produced on spikes, each bearing from five to seven large cup-shaped blossoms, from August to October. It is a very fine plant, deserving of extensive culture. They bloom more freely if not allowed much root space. It is better, therefore, if bedded out to have them in pots which can be wholly plunged in the soil. They are natives of the Cape of Good Hope where they grow in wet, boggy places. It is better to adapt the soil as nearly as possible to this. They need moisture and should be well supplied with water when growing. In the fall they must be removed from the open ground before frost, and allowed to rest during the winter. As they are evergreen the foliage must not be cut down, and they must be occasionally watered. They are much more satisfactory when grown in the house, and it is well to have several bulbs in a pot, for in this way a long succession of flowers is obtained. *V. major* has larger flowers than *purpurea*.

Agapanthus, or African blue lily—*agape*, love, *anthos*, a flower—love flower. It is a noble ornament, whether blooming in the house or on the lawn. Its long, graceful leaves, curving to either side, make it attractive even without flowers. The plants are always large before they bloom, and the stalks shoot upward to a height of two and a half to three feet, and are crowned with a mass of azure flowers surrounding a common center like an umbrella, from whence the name *umbellatus*. There are frequently twenty or thirty flowers which blossom in succession. *A. alba* has white flowers. *Major* has larger flowers than the previous named, and *variegata* has striped leaves. They have large, fleshy roots and require plenty of pot room, rich soil and water when growing. Water occasionally when resting, and start into growth early in spring. It is a native of Good Hope, whence it was introduced in 1692.

Tritonia.—From *triton*, a weather cock, in allusion to the variable direction of the stamens in the various species. These are low-growing, bulbous plants from the Cape. The flowers are tubular and borne on slender scapes in colors of orange, white and blue. *T. aurea*, now catalogued as *crocosmia*, is golden yellow, and the flowers are borne on numerous spikes. *T. crocata*, orange scarlet.

Nerine.—Named for Nerine, the daughter of Nerius. These are showy plants, natives of the Cape of Good Hope, China, and Japan. On these the Guernsey lily is the best known, *sarniensis*, which bears beautiful rose colored flowers. Other varieties of *Nerine* are, however, classed under this name, the origin of which is related on this wise: A ship laden with these bulbs was wrecked on the coast of Guernsey, and the bulbs washed on shore took root and flourished so remarkably that they were supposed to be natives of the island. For nearly two hundred years they have been cultivated there in great abundance, and from thence are largely exported. They are autumn bloomers. Many deem the bulbs of no value after flowering, but Mr. Henderson says this is the fault of the grower, for if they were planted in the open, sunny border, and allowed to mature their offsets every year by the agency of the leaves, they would undoubtedly live as long as any of the narcissus family and flower as freely. *Crispa* and *flexuosa* are rose colored; *corusca*, scarlet; *farthergilli*, orange scarlet.

Ornithogalum.—From *ornis*, a bird, and *gala*, milk. *O. umbellatum* is the well known Star of Bethlehem which grows so freely as to sometimes be a nuisance. I introduce this genus solely for the purpose of mentioning one species respecting which there has been much speculation and inquiry. Riverdale, in a former HOUSEHOLD, is one of these inquirers, so I will tell her and others what Mr. Henderson says about it:

"*Ornithogalum caudatum* is a tender species from the Cape of Good Hope. It has very large, watery-looking bulbs. The leaves are broad and very long, and they wither and shrivel up at the tip, so as to have a round, tail-like appearance, whence their common name, long-tailed ornithogalum. This species is sometimes called onion lily, and is a favorite with the Chinese who grow it in dishes filled with water and gravel. Its tenacity of life is most remarkable, as it will grow anywhere and under almost any circumstances, in water or hung up against a wall in a dry room, in rich earth or poor, indoors or out, and with slight protection will endure our winters. Its flower scape is from two to four feet in length, and it keeps in bloom for several months."

There is a pretty legend about this favorite bulb of the Chinese which was given in THE HOUSEHOLD a few years since.

Zephyranthus.—From *zephros*, the west wind, and *anthos*, a flower; a beautiful genus of hardy and half hardy bulbous plants, natives of the southern states, South America and the West Indies. The so-called amarasco lily is not a lily, but belongs to the amaryllis family. It is called also fairy lily. It grows in great profusion in Virginia and other parts of the south. It is a tiny bulb and has very grass like foliage. A friend sent me a year ago eight bulbs. I potted them together. In three weeks several were in bloom, a flower, amaryllis-like in form, borne on long, slender scapes, some pure white except a flush of pink at the tips, others had a decided pink hue throughout. They measured about two and one-half inches in length and about two inches in diameter. They kept on blooming for two months or more, usually three and four at a time, and I never saw any thing start up, bud and blossom with such rapidity, and there were only a very few spires of foliage, not one apiece. Treat's zephyr flower closely resembles the amarasco lily, and few would notice the difference. Its petals are more reflex and more widely apart, giving the flower a broader aspect than the former, and the foliage is thicker and more rounded. The amarasco lily has thin, channeled leaves, with sharp margins, and of a bright, shining green. *Z. candida* is pure white, very free flowering, a native of Lima and Buenos Ayres. *Z. caranata* is a new variety of recent introduction.

CULTURE OF THE CYCLAMEN.

BY N. ROBERTSON.

Much has been written about this plant, but we do not see it in collections as it deserves. When we do, seldom is it with that strength and vigor that it would have under proper cultivation. It will always be a plant of considerable admiration. For years I have fought hard with it, following closely different methods of treatment, but never have reached any thing like what I have produced with the treatment of this last winter. The plan I adopted this year was such a complete success, bringing them beyond what my imagination had pictured a good cyclamen should be, that I give the manner of treatment that others may follow and experience the same gratification as I have. I shall begin where the plant has done

flowering, about the latter end of March, where I put them away in some quiet corner, giving moisture enough so that they do not flag. There they remain until the weather is warm enough to put them outside, about the first of June, in a bed where there is sure not to be an over-amount of moisture, at such distances as permit the hoe to be run through at times. Let it be light, sandy material. Then perfect drainage will be sure. Some advocate drying up; some, to try and keep them in a green state. I do neither, but strike between; leave them as planted, to the mercy of the elements until the fall, before cold, wet weather sets in, when they are taken up and potted in nice, rich, light soil the pots only large enough to give freedom to the bulbs for a time. After they start awhile they will require a shift, perhaps two, if they succeed well.

They are then put away in a low, span-roof house on the benches near the glass. There they remain in a temperature not exceeding 45° by fire; it may go a little higher during the day if the sun should come out strong. They will soon start into growth, and by the month of February they will be throwing up a plentiful crop of flowers. In a house of this sort, and with so low a temperature, syringing to keep the foliage moist, so necessary, to the well-being of this plant will not have to be frequently resorted to, for condensation from the roof will do that for the most part of the time. This low temperature keeps them clear of the attacks of green-fly and red spider, which they are so liable to. These, with a sour, tenacious soil, are most detrimental to the cyclamen. Before the flowers open I have them removed into a show house kept not over 50°. If the weather is at all bright, or the air dry, they are frequently syringed under the leaves, as carefully as possible not to wet the flowers, which are always well above the foliage in the more modern sorts. This is continued until they have done flowering. They bloom a long time if properly managed. There are few things that will create more admiration and add more to the beauty of a house during the dull months of winter than a quantity of well managed cyclamens.—*Gardeners' Monthly*.

FASHIONABLE FLOWERS

What a pity it is that any one class of flowers should become fashionable, just as if all flowers were not beautiful in their own way, and far above the mere chattering patronage of any particular set of admirers. Of all personal ornaments flowers are the most precious—far too valuable and everlasting to be spoken of in the same breath with the productions of the jeweler or the milliner, and yet we are told that orchids are the fashionable bridal bouquets, because some one or two daughters of millionaires carry them. Very often nothing less graceful or more inappropriate could be chosen. The idea with many seems to be simply to find the most rare and unique species of natural flowers, independent of beauty; if they cost much and are rare that is quite sufficient. The over-strained effort always betrays itself, and orchids were never yet more highly valued by people of refined taste than were the wild violet or the hedge rose. No Chaucer, no Herrick, no Wordsworth, has sung of the orchids as they have sung of daisies, of daffodils, or of the modest snowdrop, but they have often been exhibited as the flaunting decorations of those who have no higher appreciation of them than that they were costly, and so to some extent the ensign of wealth rather than of beauty. It is a significant fact that, just at present, the highest and best cultured people are growing hardy flowers in preference to orchids.—*Vick's Magazine*.

CARNATION PINKS.

Carnation pinks are desirable plants for house culture, for the blossoms are lovely and when cut keep fresh a long time. Many amateur florists complain of the sickly aspect of their carnations. This may be due to the fact that their plants are too old. They seldom do well after the first or second year, after which cuttings should be rooted and the original plants thrown away. When the leaves of a young plant turn yellow the best thing to do is to thoroughly wash both roots and leaves and re-pot in a light, dryish soil. Give plenty of sun, but not too much water. ELIZA H. MORTON.

Portland, Me.

MILDEW ON GRAPE-VINES.—The leaves of Catawba, Delaware, and other grapes are subject to mildew in wet seasons. This destroys the leaves and the fruit fails to ripen. Sulphur is a good remedy, applied to the leaves with a hand bellows made on purpose; but in the absence of the bellows the hand can be used, though less effectively, as it is the under side of the leaf which is attacked with the mildew, which most needs the sulphur. Another remedy, or rather preventive, highly recommended, is four pounds of powdered copperas and twenty pounds of gypsum, well mixed and applied freely.—*Exchange*.

—Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundredth part of a grain. The proboscis of the bee must therefore be inserted into 500 clover tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents 2,500,000 clover tubes sucked by bees.

—A writer in the Gardening Illustrated says that one of the simplest and best methods for destroying moss on lawns, is an occasional dressing of freshly slacked lime. Mixed with a small quantity of soot, its whiteness will not become conspicuous and offensive. Both should be sifted through a fine sieve. It is applied just before rainfalls in autumn, winter and spring.

—A war of entire extermination should be waged against Canada thistles, quack, and other perennial weeds, and it must never be forgotten that the very best time to entirely finish a thistle patch is after it has been exhausted by persistent warfare during the summer months.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some one please explain how to treat a calla lily. I have waited several months, but cannot see an answer. ENGLISH WOMAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mr. Allen, or any one who understands the building and care of green-houses, please give some descriptions of small, private greenhouses? MRS. J. A. P. New York.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what treatment to give the night blooming cereus, as I have one that is over three years old and has never bloomed? Although it had several buds last season, they all blighted. EMMA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one inform me how to grow primroses from seed? Should they be kept moist, warm, and covered? Also cyclamen after they have bloomed what kind of treatment? What causes the buds to wither away? E. S.

Will some of the sisters tell me how to treat water lily, what kind of soil, water, and whether water should be changed? Mine grows but the leaves are very small and die in a few days after they come. Would be grateful if some sister with experience in their culture would correspond with me, I am so anxious about mine. Flat Shoals, Ga. MATTIE F. UNDERWOOD.

The Nursery.

LIE STILL AND SLUMBER.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall around thy head."

Heaven within and all around me;
'Twas the first of life I knew,
That sweet cradle lullaby,
Blessed mother, sung by you;

With your brown curls just above me,
Brown eyes gazing into mine,
And my sleepy baby blue eyes
Winking, blinking back to thine.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"
Over, over, soft and low—
Patient, like our Heavenly Father,
Never mother crooned it so;

Never baby loved the music,
Saw the angels come and go,
Heard the blessings falling round me,
Gently, like the falling snow,—

Till the blue eyes blinked no longer,
Till the rosy lids closed fast,
Tired nature proving stronger
Than the witching song, at last.

—Unity.

KITTY'S GRANDMOTHER.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

"IT'S perfectly impossible to please grandmother, and I do not mean to try any longer," said Kitty addressing her friend, Miss Theo, the new teacher at the academy.

All the girls were in love with Miss Theo. They admired her pretty dresses, the way she wore her hair, the flowers at her belt, and the gold cross and sparkling crystal which hung from her watch chain. Privately every girl in the class was determined when she should be grown up, to dress and move exactly like Miss Theo; to be seen summer and winter, with a flower or geranium leaf shining in dainty sweetness somewhere, either at the throat or waist; and, if so lovely a thing could be found, to have a crystal for clearness and a cross for plainness, precisely like those worn by the darling teacher.

"Darling" was the name that fitted her best; the girls all thought of her in just that sweet and caressing manner, and more than blessed was she whom Miss Theo sent on an errand, whose pen Miss Theo borrowed, or by whose desk Miss Theo sat to relate one of her wonderful after luncheon stories.

The best thing about it all was that the girls, consciously as well as unconsciously, were making lovely Miss Theo their model in more than mere externals. They copied her gentleness, her low, softly modulated tones, her pleasant "I beg your pardon," and "Thank you, dear," and more than one mother was delighted in the charm which she saw growing in her Susy, Jenny, or Sally, a charm never to be attributed to mere arithmetic or analysis.

But Kitty, poor, orphaned Kitty Parsons, who lived with her grandmother in the wee brown house, not much bigger than a wren's nest, hidden among leaves and shrubs, and tucked out of sight in a turn in the road, under the hill—Kitty had known harder times than ever since she had begun to love and copy Miss Theo.

Grandmother was a rough old woman; she took care of Kitty as well as she knew how, and she wanted her to go to school, and learn to read, write and cipher, but good manners she disliked. She called them "affectation," and was very impatient with that, whatever she meant by it.

"Kitty," said Miss Theo, answering the remark at the beginning of this little story, "whether you can please your grandmother or not, it is your duty to try. It is always our duty to do our very best, because there is one who sees and cares; you know who that is, dear."

"Yes, Miss Theo, Jesus."

"The Master," said Miss Theo, reverently. "Now I will give you a help word for to-day, to-morrow, and all the week; 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.'"

Kitty repeated the verse over twice after Miss Theo, then all the way home she kept saying it until she knew it perfectly. Down the long village street, shaded by the maples with their glory of flame colored leaves, past the blacksmith's shop where she usually liked to loiter a little, watching the red glory of the fire, and hearing the beat of the smith's great hammer, past the woodland where the boys and girls came to gather nuts, she walked slowly and said the verse. At last she was lifting the little unpainted gate.

"Kitty!" said a sharp voice, "where have you been idling? School must have been out an hour ago. You do try my patience with your dawdling, dilly dallying ways. Make haste to your room now, change your dress, and finish the ironing before dark. The flats are just right."

Grandmother herself was busy sewing on blue overalls for Farmer Mott's hired man. She did odd jobs of the kind whenever she could get them, and really needed Kitty's assistance with the work. The trouble was she never asked for it graciously.

"Please, grandmother," said Kitty, "may I draw my map first? I can iron after dark, but I cannot see to draw then."

"Draw a map? No, indeed. I never heard of drawing maps till these new-fangled notions came in at the school."

"But when can I, grandmother?"

"To-morrow morning, if you get up early enough. Iron now, and be quiet about it. Do you hear me, Katharine?"

No wonder grandmother was angry. Kitty was dragging one foot over the other. She knocked down the ironing board, she let the iron holder fall on the hot stove, and an odor of burning pervaded the little room. Would Miss Theo have known Kitty? I fear not.

But presently better thoughts came. A sweet voice seemed to whisper Kitty's text into her. It filled the space about her. And a new feeling, something Kitty had never experienced before, took command of her willful feet and laggard hands, of her pouting lips and frowning forehead.

The lips forgot to pout, the brow smoothed its puckers away, the feet stepped lightly and swiftly back and forth, the hands moved the iron deftly over the nicely dampened clothes, and it was not very long before the task was done, and the old clothes horse hanging full of pieces ready to air.

This was doing work "heartily, as unto the Lord."

"Grandmother, may I draw my map now? I am sorry I was so cross."

How surprised grandmother was! Never had Kitty made such an acknowledgment before. She said now, however—poor grandmother, who had not learned any better, "Well, you ought to be sorry. You've been spry, though. Yes, draw it, if you like."

It did some good then, this verse of Miss Theo's.

Kitty finished the map. She learned her lesson, too, in the between times when she wasn't bringing in wood, or drawing water, or setting the table, or washing the dishes. That daily changing her dress, on which grandmother insisted, was a necessity, for the child was a little maid of all work at home, and the gray frock and white ruffled apron which she wore at school could not have been kept neat, had they not been replaced by calico when school was out.

The next morning Kitty was up bright

and early. She loved to go to school. It was just bliss to be there with the girls and Miss Theo. As she tripped down the little stairway her grandmother called her, not crossly, but plaintively.

"Come here, child, I've a headache. I'll not be able to get up, I'm afraid. You must make me a cup of tea."

"Heartily, as unto the Lord," whispered Kitty to herself. She had been saying her prayers in her little bed room, and felt as if God heard her. Yet this was not the answer she was expecting.

She lighted the fire, made tea, and toasted a half slice of bread delicately crisp and brown; with the pleasantest face in the world she brought them to her grandmother, only to hear her say:

"You won't be able to go to school to-day, Kitty. I'm too sick. You'll have to stay at home and take care of me and finish James Sanders' overalls."

Not one word could Kitty answer. The disappointment was simply so dreadful that she was speechless.

"I promised them to him at twelve o'clock to-day," her grandmother went on. "It's only buttons to sew on and a few pieces to stay. You can do it easily. Go away, now, Kitty, darken the room, and keep very still. My head feels as if it would split."

"And my heart," said Kitty, as she looked at her beloved school books on the shelf by the clock, not wanted to-day, "My heart feels as if it would break."

She took the blue overalls spitefully enough, out under a tree, and began to finish them as she well knew how, for Kitty was clever with her needle. She had forgotten her text when suddenly high over her head in the tree, a bird began to sing. The time of the singing of birds was past. Most of the warblers were busy with family cares, preparing to move southward before winter, and not feeling like singing. But this bird sang into Kitty's very soul.

And as she listened, her text came to her again: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord."

Even James Sanders' overalls! Yes, Kitty, the Lord accepts that sort of work, if you do it in your very best way heartily.

"Grandmother needs the money," said Kitty to herself, and she always keeps her word.

Like a fairy or a mouse, Kitty slipped in the house and out of it; gently she moved, gently she spoke, gently she attended on her grandmother. Though she received no special thanks it was much that she was not scolded nor found fault with. By and by her grandmother felt able to rise, and sit, dressed in a loose wrapper and a shawl, beside the window.

Little Kitty, feeling strong and well to her very finger-tips, suddenly realized the contrast between herself and the wan, thin, worn old lady, querulous and exacting because she was tired, weak and unhappy.

"Nobody loves her very much," she thought. "I wonder if I could, if I were to do it 'as to the Lord, heartily.'"

Miss Theo's verse was bearing sweet fruit. So do the seeds of the kingdom always, if you only give them room to grow.

"Shall I read to you, grandmother?" said Kitty, later.

"If you like, child."

Then, taking the old brown bible down, Kitty found the fourteenth chapter of John, and read those dearest words of the Master, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

Grandmother listened and her face was no longer cross, but full of peace. When good-night time came, she kissed Kitty tenderly, and thanked her.

Next day Miss Theo drew the child close in a loving embrace, as Kitty said:

"I found out yesterday that it was not impossible to please grandmother, after all; and I mean to try more, and with your text to help me."—*Sunday School Times.*

EDNA'S CHARITY.

On the morning of the pleasant August day in which we expected the party of fresh air children destined for us, Edna Ray was in a very unhappy state of mind. She had set her heart on having two sweet little creatures of the aforesaid party to entertain, but if the truth must be told, I think she expected they would entertain her fully as much as she did them, but her father who was rather a singular man, had vetoed the plan. He said it was all nonsense, this bringing the poor children into the country, they would only be worse off when they had to go back, and for his part he wasn't going to have any thing to do with the foolishness, and Edna had given up the idea, but she was very much disappointed. She was really anxious to do some good in the world, and, too, we have so little change in our daily life that almost any is welcome.

Almost every one was going to the station to see the children when they came, and Edna went with the rest. There were two parties of the children (one for a town eight miles away), and the farmers were there with horses and wagons to take the children in. As Edna stood watching them, two pretty little girls, who were walking around hand in hand came up to her and said, "Are you the lady who is going to take us home with her?"

She said, "Would you like to go with me?"

"Yes'm," said one, and both put their hands into hers so trustfully that she thought, "I can't stand this, I must take them and run the risk. Perhaps father won't scold much, and they are so pretty I must take them."

She saw the one who had charge of the children and persuaded him to consent to the change, and in consequence one farmer went home without any children, and gladdened the heart of his tired wife with the news. "Somebody down in the village wanted them young ones, and I let them have 'em."

Edna walked along towards home with her sister who was married and had two children of her own who were great pets with their grandfather. This sister had taken two of the fresh air children, and the lady who lived next door had taken two. The four were all from one family, the oldest, a bright, pretty boy eight years old, and three girls all younger. Their father was dead and the mother had two younger children and an aged grandmother to support. She was very much in hopes that some of the children would find homes in the country.

Edna told her sister of the trouble she was in, how she was afraid her father would be angry but she could not resist the appeal the children made to her. Her sister said, "We will stop into his office on our way home, and if he sees the children without knowing that you have taken them, he may take a fancy to them and then you will be all right."

And here let me say that Mr. Ray was a man who was governed more by prejudice than by reason. If he took a notion to do a thing, he did it without much regard to other people's convenience or wishes, and just so if the case was reversed. If he did not want to do a thing he would not, no matter what was said or done. Now the only way to do with such people is to manage them, and the trouble is to know just how to do so

The sister knew how better than Edna or her mother, and was frequently applied to for advice in an emergency.

Well, the whole party stopped in at the office, and Mr. Ray soon became interested in the children. One of them was uncommonly pretty, in fact she was the prettiest child in the whole party. She had dark blue eyes, dark curling hair, an unusually beautiful complexion, and, as the Irishman said "a winning way wid her." The other was not quite so pretty, but still very attractive. He said, "Edna, if you could get such children as these, I wouldn't care if you took some to take care of."

She said, "Father, I can have these if you are willing."

"Well! well! take them and don't bother me any more about it."

Edna started for home with a light heart, but he called her back to say, "You may go to the store and get cloth to make them some dresses, for I suppose you will want to take them to church with you Sunday."

She took them home and introduced them to her mother who was much pleased with them, and when Mr. Ray came to tea he found the children very much at home.

Now I should like to go on, and tell that something strange and wonderful resulted from these children's visit, but unfortunately this is a true story, and I shall be obliged to restrain my romantic proclivities, and will only say that the whole family became very much attached to them, especially to little Julia, the prettiest one. Little Minnie was not quite so much of a favorite, but still she received quite as much petting as was good for her. When the time drew near that they must return home, Mr. Ray wrote to Julia's parents offering to adopt her. But her father who was a good workman and able to keep his family from severe suffering, was not willing to give away his child, and the children went home with two new suits of clothes apiece, and when Mr. Ray visited the city on business, he went to see the children, and had their pictures taken to bring home with him. They sent them presents at Christmas, and I think little Julia will come to live with them yet.

The four children Edna's sister and the other lady took also became great favorites, and the husband wanted to adopt the little boy. He needed one to help him in his business, and this was such a bright, manly little fellow that he was anxious to keep him, but his wife was not willing. She thought it would make her more trouble than she was willing to undertake, and so the children went home with new clothes and a new hat and shawl for their mother.

I will tell you what happened to the woman who would not let her husband keep the little boy. New Year's day there came a little boy to her, without a single garment to wear, and he could not speak a word, but he could cry, and he did, and they had to get a woman on purpose to take care of him, but she did not consider him any trouble at all.

One of the fresh air children, a boy of fourteen, seemed to have the consumption, but was so much better at the end of two weeks that several different ones offered to keep him longer, and he stayed until some time in October, and went back very much improved. PENELOPE PEPPER.

THE HERO OF HAARLEM.

BY HANS BRINKER.

Many years ago there lived at Haarlem, in Holland, a sunny-haired boy whose father was a sluicer. A sluicer is a man whose business it is to open and close the sluices; or large baken gates that are

placed at regular distances across the entrances of the canals, to regulate the amount of water that shall flow into them.

As a great portion of Holland is lower than the level of the sea, the waters are kept from flooding the land, only by means of strong dykes or banks, and these sluices, which are often strained to the utmost by the pressure of the rising tides. Even the little children in Holland know that constant watchfulness is required to keep the rivers and ocean from overwhelming the country, and that a moment's neglect of the sluicer's duty may bring ruin and death to all.

One lovely autumn afternoon, when the boy was about eight years old, his mother sent him to carry some cakes to a blind man who lived out in the country, on the other side of the dyke. The little fellow having spent an hour with his grateful old friend, bade him farewell, and started back upon his homeward walk.

Trudging stoutly along by the canal, he noticed how the autumn rains had swollen the waters. Even while humming his careless, childish song, he thought of his father's brave old gates, and felt glad of their strength; for, thought he, "If they gave away, where would father and mother be? These pretty fields would be all covered with the angry waters—father always calls them angry waters. I suppose he thinks they are angry at him for keeping them out so long."

And with these thoughts just flitting across his brain, the little fellow stooped to pick the pretty blue flowers that grew along his path, or to listen to the song of some bird.

Suddenly the boy looked around him in dismay. He had not noticed that the sun was setting; now he saw that his long shadow on the grass had vanished. It was growing dark and he was still some distance from home, and in a lonely ravine.

He quickened his footsteps, and with a beating heart recalled many a nursery tale of children belated in gloomy forests. Just as he was ready for a run, he was startled by the sound of trickling water. Whence did it come? He looked up and saw a small hole in the dyke through which a tiny stream was flowing. Any child in Holland will shudder at the thought of a leak in the dyke! The boy understood the danger at a glance. That little hole if the water were allowed to trickle through, would soon be a large one, and a terrible inundation would be the result.

Quick as a flash he saw his duty. Throwing away his flowers, the boy clambered up the heights until he reached the hole. His chubby little finger was thrust in almost before he knew it. The flowing was stopped! "Ah!" he thought with a chuckle of boyish delight, "the angry waters must stay back now! Haarlem shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but the night was falling rapidly; chill vapors filled the air. Our little hero began to tremble with cold and dread. He shouted loudly; he screamed; "Come here! come here!" but no one came.

The cold grew more intense; a numbness commencing in the little tired finger crept over his hand and arm, and soon his whole body was filled with pain. He shouted again, "Will no one come? Mother! mother!" But his mother, good practical woman, had already locked the doors, and had fully resolved to scold him on the morrow, for spending the night with blind Jansen without her permission. He tried to whistle; perhaps some straggling boy might heed the signal, but his teeth chattered so it was impossible. Then he called on God for help; and the answer came through a holy

resolution—"I will stay here till morning."

How can we know the sufferings of that long and fearful watch—what terrors came over the boy as he thought of the warm little bed at home, of his parents, his brothers and sisters, then looked into the cold, dreary night! If he drew away that tiny finger, the angry waters, grown angrier still, would rush forth and never stop until they had swept over the town. No, he would hold it there until daylight—if he lived! He was not very sure of living. What did this strange buzzing mean? and then the knives that seemed pricking and piercing him from head to foot? He was not certain now that he could draw his finger away even if he wished to.

At daybreak a clergyman, returning from the bedside of a sick man, thought he heard groans as he walked along on the top of the dyke. Bending, he saw, far down on the side, a child apparently writhing in pain.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am keeping the water from running out," was the simple answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quick."

They came quickly. The boy was taken home and tenderly cared for, the leak was stopped, and from that day to this, there is not a boy or girl in Holland who does not know the story of the "Hero of Haarlem"—*Exchange*.

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

How to amuse the little ones from one to seven years of age, is doubtless one of the most perplexing questions with which busy mothers have to contend. Will not some one suggest aids in this way for my little two-year-old? When all are past three, I think it will be an almost unmixed pleasure, for there is so much they can do then.

On wash days a miniature tub and wash-board will be a great source of pleasure. They can wash their doll's clothes, handkerchiefs, their own and baby's stockings, only be sure to have an oilcloth apron to wear upon such occasions, very simply made in one piece, cut to fit the neck and button round it, with a belt sewed to one side, and passing across the back, buttoned to the other side, a piece of drilling folded underneath affording strength to the button hole. One of these hangs near our table and when the cloth is spread for meals the lower broad part is placed under the plate of the little year-old, and when he comes to table the top is placed round his neck and buttoned in far less time than it takes to tell it, thus effectually protecting his clothes and the cloth. (In the absence of this I would use old newspapers for the cloth, but this would not protect the dress.)

Most little girls have their own irons, I judge, for use on ironing day, and my little boy of less than two years likes to toddle after sister with an arm load of ironed clothes for her to put in place, of course he only carries stockings, underwear, or something that a little musing won't hurt, but they can very soon be taught to be quite careful. Then on bake days the little roller and board, pans and a bit of dough! Ah, busy mothers who object to bothering with this, do you forget the infinite pleasure they afforded you in the long ago days? And just think how soon, how very soon, the real must take the place of the play, how much easier she will learn, and how much more she will enjoy it from this early practice—why, she will scarcely know when she did learn.

In teaching them to sew, I find it a help to draw a distinct pencil line on the light part of their patchwork, just where

they must put the stitches. They can easily follow it instead of letting the stitches meander in all directions. This line can also be drawn on bits of muslin, and let them make little sacks to put popcorn, marbles, or other small articles in. After we have been cutting and sewing, have them gather up scraps for rag bag, and let little brother haul them away to their proper place in his little wagon.

You may say these things are work instead of play, but is there any thing they enjoy as well as the feeling that they are "helping" some one? Habits of order and economy thus early taught, will seldom be forgotten. Let them know that when eating apples in winter, they must not throw the cores or parings in the fire or ashes, but save them for the calf or "piggy," they will soon dislike to see any one waste them, and run for a pan or something else unbreakable to put the scraps in and carry them out to the bucket, or when pleasant, will enjoy feeding them to the hungry animals themselves.

But when they need real pure play, as we all do at times, the boys can haul rails, (wooden lamplighters, clothespins, or any little sticks or corn cobs will do,) and build fence; or take sister's dollies to school or meeting. The wagon need not be an expensive one, any small box on wheels, no matter how rough, so they will turn over and over.

Paper dolls are a change from china, wax, or rag ones. Very pretty dolls may be made from white paper, with dresses, aprons and sacks, cut from bright colored circulars, and backs of pamphlets, several suits, including night dresses, so they may spend ever so much time in dressing them, and combining the different colors. Very pretty life-like faces may be found in magazines or even advertising circulars, which can be cut out and dressed up to look better than any we can make.

A small blackboard securely mounted or hung within their reach, with chalk crayons notched and tied to it with a string (so they will not lose them or be so likely to mark the furniture and carpet) will interest them for a long time, and as soon as old enough, you can teach them the rudiments of drawing in this way.

Only let us love them enough, dear mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and try to put ourselves in their places, then it will be easier to suggest means of employing the active, busy hands, easier to bear with their little faults and foibles, to be patient with their failures and their questionings and more painstaking in every way.

We can have them as confiding little ones around our knees such a short time, so do not let us think of them as something that must be endured and taken as little time with as possible, but remember it is a part, yes, one of the most vital and important parts of our mission, and our duty to amuse, instruct and guide these precious little ones entrusted to our care, and if ever tempted to under-rate the value of the work you are doing, just think with me of what the poet tells us:

"The minds which teach our schools;
Guide the destinies of states,
And the hand which rocks
The cradle, rules the world!"

OLIVE RAYMOND.

—One hour of work, trying to give pleasure to your children's friends, will teach them more of true charity and benevolence than all the talk in the world. "I've got the best mother in the block," said a little chap the other day; and when the other boys demanded proof, he pointed proudly to the flag she had made for the "company," the epaulettes that adorned every one of the squad, and announced triumphantly, "And she's a bakin' gingerbread for the hull of us. Any of your mothers done that?"

The Library.

TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those we hold most near and dear;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends, who loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for what might have been?
—Hartford Times.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

IT MAY have been observed that in a former paper on Latin, I did not fully answer one of the questions which would naturally occur to a student about to undertake alone the study of this language—how to learn correct pronunciation without oral instruction.

This was not the result of carelessness, nor did I think the question of no importance. The seeming neglect arose simply from want of space. And I will now endeavor to make good all former shortcomings on this point.

It is, of course, important that one who is learning to read Latin should also learn to pronounce it as other students pronounce it, according to generally accepted rules. It is especially necessary that he should understand the quantity of the syllables and the proper place for the accent.

But since Latin is a dead language, the question of pronunciation does not require the consideration that must be given it in the study of a language spoken at the present day. It is centuries since it ceased to be a spoken language; and all our knowledge of it comes from certain manuscripts which fortunately escaped the wreck in which language and empire went down together. And now it is impossible to know—there is nothing to show us—exactly how the Romans spoke.

Until quite lately no attempt has been made to trace the old pronunciation, and gain even an approximate knowledge of it. Different schools have fixed on different rules, which they have taught, and consequently various methods of pronunciation have been employed. Harkness tells us that scholars in different countries generally pronounce Latin substantially as they do their own languages; that every nation on the continent of Europe has its own distinct method. He gives in his grammar, outlines of two methods which have been most used in this country—the "English" and the "Continental."

Some years ago certain Latin scholars, after thoughtful, patient research and comparison of authorities, found and brought into notice and use a new system of Latin pronunciation, which they believe to be nearly correct, that is, as near in sound to Latin, as spoken by the Romans, as it is possible to get at the present day, with the imperfect data at command. This is called the "Roman" pronunciation. I believe it is quite generally taught now. It is taught in Michigan University, and in all the best schools of the state. It certainly seems a more reasonable and natural pronunciation of

the grand old tongue, than any thing which has preceded it.

We will suppose that our student wishes to learn this method, and that he has procured a grammar containing the rules for it. The first thing for him to do is to learn these rules, and then apply them by practice in pronouncing words, until he is perfectly familiar with the sounds of the vowels, diphthongs and consonants in all their combinations. He should also note carefully the rules of quantity and their signs, that he may learn to correctly place the accent. For though what we know in English as accent is not the same as Latin quantity, it is the nearest approach to it that we have, and in these first studies, it may, perhaps, be used as an equivalent, without harm.

In the grammars and readers, and sometimes even in more advanced reading, the vowels of Latin words are marked by the proper signs of quantity, that the student may not be without guidance in this matter from the first. Quantity is always marked in the dictionaries. With all this help, and an acquaintance with the rules for consonants, vowels, diphthongs, as well as for quantity and accent, there is little opportunity for a student to go wrong unless he is utterly careless and indifferent; and that is a state of things we shall not consider here. Indeed, a student who half tries can hardly fail to learn the correct pronunciation, and to learn it quite as well as he could with a teacher, though perhaps not quite so quickly and pleasantly.

My subject brings to mind an amusing little thing which came out in *Latine* two or three years ago, some account of which may not come amiss to those who have followed me through so much serious talk on this "classic" subject. We have accepted our solid meat, tried our best to do it justice, and have surely earned our right to a dainty to "top off on."

I cannot hope to show all the fun of the little piece, as it hinges on the difference in pronouncing Latin words. But I will do the best I can with a translation.

The dialogue is introduced by the remark that in the lower world the shades of the departed do not all speak Latin in one and the same way.

An Oxford scholar, on first meeting the shade of Cicero in Elysium, joyously accosts him—in "English" Latin.

"Behold Sissero! At last I see Sissero! Hail, Sissero!"

(It should be borne in mind that the Oxonian gives the soft sound to the C's in all the Latin words he uses, as well as to those in Cicero.)

The renowned orator is much moved by this address, and exclaims, (pronouncing his words after the Roman method, all C's hard, and with other differences which cannot well be pointed out here:)

"What means that fearful salutation? Sissero seems to be the name of some serpent. I, Sissero? Your voice hisses frightfully. Am I changed to a serpent?"

The Oxonian, wondering, asks:

"Is not your name Sissero?"

"By no means. I am Cicero. Marcus Tullius Cicero."

The other repeats in awkward imitation:

"Marcu-us Tulliu-us Ke-eeke-ayro."

"You speak very disagreeably. You make the syllable us too long, like a rustic. You do not distinguish the true sound."

"But in my opinion, we speak Latin more elegantly and sweetly than you, Sissero."

"Barbarian, will you not cease plaguing my ears and torturing my brain? A part of your meaning I divine; a part I cannot comprehend. Whence do you come? In what land were you born?"

Where did you learn to speak Latin so inhumanly?"

"I am from Britain, or England. My native place is Oxford. There in the academy, I learned to speak your tongue."

"Now I understand. *Dissere didisai* in your mouth means *dicere didici* (learned to speak.) This is the Latin tongue clearly perverted—slaughtered. But I am ignorant of the words Oxford, England. Britain, I know well enough. And so you have come to the shades from Britain. Britain was among Caesar's provinces. Let Caesar be called."

"Ho, there! Gai Iuli! Come hither." Scarcely had he spoken when the great shade of Caesar drew near.

The little Oxonian was violently excited.

"Se-zee-er!" he cried. "*Magnanimi Se-eeze-er!* Do you not, then, dwell upon Olympus with the gods? Who does not know your immortal words—*ve-enai, vaidai, vaisai?*"

Caesar, hearing this, began to tremble.

"O, my Cicero!" he said. "What evil conscience torments that shade? What is the matter with him? Surely the man is not sane. Nor does his voice sound like a man."

"Nay, Caesar, he comes from your Britain."

"But," replied Caesar, "his speech is neither British nor human. Neither gods nor men ever heard such a language. I am conquered. I fly. Farewell."

Then Cicero:

"How long, oh, barbarian, will you abuse our patience? You cannot be allowed to tarry longer in Elysium. I will not bear it. I will not permit it. I will not suffer it."

Go hence to Lisiphone. It may be he will understand your hissing tongue, and find pleasure in it."

And with these words, Tullius, laughing, sent him forth from wide Elysium.

NOVELISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

A novel has been defined as a work of fiction in which love plays an essential part. A novelist, one who writes the novel. To read even the best of the novels of the eighteenth century, is a task no young person of this century would naturally do. Still every age has its errors, every author some crudity or mistake. Therefore, to the general student of English literature, a knowledge of the works of fiction of the preceding century is considered absolutely necessary, for despite their errors, they contain truths not to be despised, and portray characters which, if at all life-like, are valuable to each succeeding generation. If for no other reason than that novel writing had its birth in the eighteenth century, the student will find it advantageous to con the most noted of the novels written then.

Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Johnson, Smollett, Goldsmith and many more! How many are read or known now? How many are found outside of public libraries? I venture to say, if the search were made, unless it be Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and possibly Johnson's "Rasselas," you would find nothing from the above mentioned authors in a literary line, in any family library. Goldsmith is read now universally, because he wrote clear, sensible English, which could be read in any circle throughout all ages. The others contain many truths worth reading, but they catered in the main to the often vitiated tastes of that period, hence they were superseded by better work in later times.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield,"

which now ranks among the highest and best works of fiction of the eighteenth century, is better than much now written, taking rank, in fact with the standard literature of all ages. It is remarkable for containing good lessons for all mankind, interspersed with keen witticisms. How happy those who can write such immortal lines, destined to please to the end of time!

Of Johnson's "Rasselas," which we are told was written to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, less need be said. It is not, strictly speaking, entitled to the title of a novel. It inclines to be heavy and philosophical. However, it possesses the remarkable merit, for that time, of being written in a clear, easy style. Johnson, however good as an essayist, cannot be said to have excelled in novel writing. In fact, we realize now that what he and others wrote at that period, was merely the framework on which, in later years, so many developed remarkably fine productions, destined to rank among the standard literature of all ages.

Fielding, born in April, 1707, was one of the most prolific novelists of his day, and at that time one of the most noted. Much has been said both for him and against him. All concede that his style was good. He had the defects common to the majority of novelists of that day. His works portray, in a measure, the life men led. Had he been placed in different surroundings, he would doubtless have been inspired to write works that would have lasted throughout all time. He was the son of a nobleman, received a liberal education, and was considered a good scholar. In portions of his works we find a trace of scholarly education. Why, except for the overpowering influences of the age in which he lived, should he or any of his contemporaries have stooped so low as they oftentimes did?

Defoe wrote a great many novels, more than are worth enumerating. His famous "Robinson Crusoe" will outlive them all. Indeed, we have heard of many scholars who never knew he had written other than that, his first and most famous work.

Smollett, whom we know by name, has little to recommend him to the general reader. He figured early in the eighteenth century. Coarseness and vulgarity are prominent. Occasionally a gleam of wit or a promise of better things is seen, too soon, alas, drowned out by the mass of material he uses, which is, at best, unworthy reading. "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle" are from his pen.

Sterne appears in 1713, and quits the world's stage in 1768. In style and traits he resembles all of his contemporaries. Here and there are redeeming qualities, but they are very few. His genius was great, but turned to things unworthy its notice. "Tristram Shandy" is undoubtedly his best work.

No wonder that our grandparents denounced novel reading as a sin, when at the time there were few better than those I have quoted. Impressions once formed are not easily gotten rid of, and doubtless we owe much of the outcry to-day against novels to the impressions received by our parents from their elders.

A writer in the "Dublin Magazine," of 1862, says, "The novels of the eighteenth century are liked as good reading by those callow youths whose mental taste resembles that of lovers of meat and game slightly on the turn." Severe though it is, I cannot forbear inserting this quotation.

The vast majority of the works of that period that are now out of print, show how true it is that men must write good things if they wish to have their works live after them. One great reason for such a state of affairs as is here shown, was undoubtedly that their associations

were low. They had no "Literary Clubs" such as we have now. If a man inclined to follow fiction in his writing, he must either bend his taste to suit the popular demand, or write for posterity, and starve. Goldsmith is a good example of that.

It is curious how these old-fashioned novels are associated with our childhood days. Perhaps it was grandfather or grandmother or great-aunt, some one of them discussed their merits, when we were too young to do more than catch and remember the titles.

Samuel Richardson was born in 1689. He was thus a year older than Pope, and twenty years older than Johnson. The most of his work in common with many others of that period, was elaborately executed. He is best known by his novel entitled "Sir Charles Grandison."

For a fair specimen of the feudal romance one author advises us to read "Castle of Otranto," by Sir Horace Walpole. If age is any thing, it is worth reading, for it has lived a century.

Charles Johnstone, William Godwin, Henry Brooke and Holcroft may be classed among the lesser lights of that period, each with some one particular good trait, however. Holcroft, we are told, was noted for clear and sensible English. He was the son of a shoemaker and in his early years made shoes, at the same period he wrote essays for "The Whitehall Evening Post," at five shillings per column. In 1777 he became an actor and wrote several good plays.

What we have mentioned gives a brief general idea of the fiction of that century. The lady novelists are entitled to special notice but should have a separate paper. The novelists of the present day are worthy of praise in having so thoroughly profited by the mistakes of earlier novelists in a preceding century. This will be readily seen when the student of English literature examines any one or more of the then noted novels.

We say of them, in short, what others may say in the future of our novelists, that their work was well done, considering the light they had on the subject, and surrounding circumstances which moulded their efforts. That those which are really good are noted now, is an apt illustration of "the survival of the fittest."

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

AN OLD FABULIST.

BY F. M. COLBY.

To write a good fable certainly deserves the endeavors of the most gifted, considering that it is about the only fiction alike delightful to the young and the old. Yet, though, as Addison puts it, "fables were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world," it seems curious that the number of original fable writers among all nations is so small. They can all be counted by the fingers on both hands. Æsop is perhaps the best known, and every child is familiar with some of the Æsopic fables. Next to Æsop's in interest are the Arabian fables of Lokman surnamed the Wise.

Lokman is a name unfamiliar to many ears. Who this sage was and when he lived is still a disputed question among scholars. He is said to have been a Nubian slave, son of Auka, and to have lived in the time of David, king of Israel, in the region of Elah or Midian, but the commentators on the Alkoran make him son of Baura, the son of Job's sister or daughter. He was probably a descendant either of Esau or of Abraham by Keturah, and was one of the wise men with whom Solomon is compared in the bible. Many consider him identical with Solomon himself, but this is not supported by the evidence.

According to the description given of his person, Lokman was as deformed as Æsop is said to have been. He had a black complexion, thick lips, splay feet, and a thick, ungainly figure. He is said to have obtained his freedom in the following manner: His master having one day given him a bitter melon to eat, he paid him such exact obedience as to eat it all, without so much as making up a face. This surprised his master who asked him how he could eat so nauseous a fruit. To which he replied it was no wonder that he should for once accept a bitter fruit from the same hand to which he was indebted for so many favors. The answer pleased his master so well that he gave Lokman his liberty that very hour.

The fables that are associated with Lokman's name are forty-one in number. They are somewhat abrupt in manner, inartificial in narrative, and almost always begin with the superfluous words, "One day." The following is the third on the list, and is a fair example of his skill:

"One day a gazelle was very sick. Her friends paid her a visit. While they were keeping her company, they ate all the plants and herbs about her, of the kind suited to relieve her malady. The gazelle sought in vain for something to eat, and at last died of hunger. This fable teaches that many kindred sometimes cause many sorrows."

Notwithstanding its harsh and rather cynical tone, it is probably not so extravagant if we recollect that in Arabia, from a very early time, family and tribal ties are held in high consideration especially as affecting duties of hospitality.

Other fables of Lokman's might be cited equally apposite to the national traits, but the seventeenth will answer as a specimen for them all. It is entitled "The Negro."

"One day, a man saw a negro in bathing, and said, 'O my brother, stop soiling the river, for surely you will never whiten yourself.' This fable teaches that the inborn character cannot be changed."

The novelty here is not the refreshing assurance with which the moral is tacked on, but in the introduction of a negro into a fable, who is spoken of exactly as one would speak of a fox or a wolf, which is a liberty peculiar to this author. The words, "my brother," seem to have been interjected either by the copyist, or, it may be, were originally inserted to soften the harshness of the moral.

—A paragraph is journeying through the journals informing the ignorant that the word "news" is compounded from the initials of the four principal points of the compass, thus: N. E. W. S. It is a pretty conjecture, only it has not a morsel of foundation. "News" is simply a plural constructed from "new," and "new" comes to us regularly from the Latin *novus*. The old Latin for "news" was *res nove*, and the word reaches us merely changed in spelling and pronunciation, through the medium of the southern and western dialects. That we are reminded by it of the points of the compass, is only one of the many philological accidents which are continually leading ingenious people astray, and which have especially occasioned numberless blunders in regard to the origin of surnames.—*Exchange*.

THE REVIEWER.

SPUN FROM FACT. By Pansy. Any thing that Pansy writes is sure of readers, no matter what her subject or whom she addresses. Her style is natural and easy, and she always has some definite object in view, which she never loses sight of, and which always serves to point a moral or illustrate some useful lesson. The

present story turns upon the physical and spiritual phenomena which have excited so much attention within the past few years, and which is popularly referred to as the "faith" or "prayer" cure. The author assures us that the narrative is literally "spun from fact," and with this fact in view the book assumes an importance it would not otherwise possess. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A YEAR AT WINSTED, by Willametta A. Preston, is a pleasant little story of how a few young girls and their boy friends spent the summer vacation and subsequent evenings and holidays in raising funds to start a library in their little town. Miss Preston is well known to our readers, and her story will need no commendation, its faults being balanced by its excellent moral tone and helpful suggestions. The book is tastefully gotten up and should be successful. Brattleboro, Vt.: Frank E. Housh.

THE ROAD AND THE ROADSIDE, by Burton Willis Potter, is a little volume of pleasant reading. The chapters relating to laws of public and private ways were written and read as a lecture at a country meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and the author has, from the subjects relating to highways of all sorts, made a most readable and pleasing book, entertainment and instruction being blended in a delightful manner. The tasteful binding and clear print add to its attractiveness. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

JUNE in "Through the Year with the Poets," is charming enough outwardly to make one review its pages leniently were it necessary, but they are delightful throughout, breathing fragrance and song as a June book should. Mr. Adams is especially happy in his selections for this attractive series. Price 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

RUHAINAH: A STORY OF AFGHAN LIFE, by Evan Stanton, gives a description of life and customs among this comparatively unknown people, which is of much interest to the reader. As a story the book is not above the average, the interest centering in the scene which is certainly unhackneyed, and the reader who likes warlike stories will find himself well pleased with this. \$1.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

Since the publication of the first volume in the "Pine Cone" series, by Willis Boyd Allen, the young people have had few stories so pleasing as the second which is just offered them. SILVER RAYS will win many friends by its simple and charming pictures of child life, the stories told the young people who make up the book, some of them pretty adventurous ones, but all well calculated to interest their young readers. Price \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Dr. Felix Oswald has become through his writings familiar to all classes of readers, and his book of HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES will commend itself to the public at once. Treating mainly of consumption, asthma, dyspepsia and nervous maladies, the writer gives his ideas of proper treatment, mainly, due regard to diet and fresh air, for Dr. Oswald is an enthusiastic disciple of hygiene, and puts little faith in medicines. Whether some author will yet strike the golden mean is a question still unanswered. Price \$1.00. New York: Fowler & Wells.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL HAND-BOOK OF THE GEM PORTRAIT GALLERY contains condensed sketches of the more prominent poets, authors, musicians, artists, rulers, etc., of the past and present, with many selections from prose and poetry, and is accompanied by a large engraving composed of small portraits of the subjects of the different sketches. Rochester, N. H.: S. Swaine.

In the July ATLANTIC there is much to help the reader while away a summer afternoon, unless he lingers too long over the pages of "The New Portfolio" with Dr. Holmes, who was never a more charming companion. Mr. Bishop's excellent serial, "The Golden Justice," grows in interest and divides the honors with Craddock's "In the Clouds." L. W. Champney contributes a story of great interest, entitled "Sybil, the Savage," in which history and story are pleasingly blended. "The Princess Casamassima," still drags on her monotonous existence, beside whom, the "Ouida" of Miss Preston's sketch is a lively contrast. More serious subjects claim the reader's attention, and there are several fine poems, while the editorial departments are full of interest. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July has a timely article by Frank G. Carpenter, on "The Loves of the Presidents," which is full of pleasant gossip. Some of the information has been obtained by historical research, but a considerable portion was furnished by descendants of the parties in question. J. S., of Dale, contributes an admirable story cast in dramatic form and entitled "Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue," which contains some striking situations. There are two notable contributors to the Experience Meeting, Madame Henry Greville, who discourses about "My Literary Career," and Joaquin Miller, who explains "How I Came to be a Writer of Books." The serials develop fresh features of interest; there are poems by Kate Putnam Osgood, Louise Chandler Moulton, etc., and the Monthly Gossip is as chatty and agreeable as ever. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE QUIVER for July comes to us well filled with readable articles for Sunday and general reading. Mrs. Garnett's "Sunday on the Yorkshire Moors," and the second paper in the series of "Famous Abbeys," giving a description of Waltham Abbey, and "A Moravian Community," by S. C. Poer Trench, are especially good. The serials are decidedly light reading, the poems and illustrations excellent. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for July is a treat for the little folks who want something to do this warm weather. Most of them will turn eagerly to Mrs. Burnett's charming story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which not only sustains its interest, but grows in it, an interest not confined to childish readers by any means. Mr. Scudder's excellent serial is valuable to other boys and girls than those who are studying history, and the other serials are well represented. Several charming stories are contributed, and the poems and illustrations are all that the readers of St. Nicholas expect. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

We have received a copy of GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER for July. A special issue devoted to the strawberry and its culture. Published quarterly. 50 cents a year. Price of Strawberry Special 25 cents.

NEW MUSIC: "Why?" and "Questions," are two charming ballads by Mary Louise Ritter and Dora Greenwell, with music by A. D. Saxon. Published by Ditson & Co., Boston.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July. \$4.00 a year. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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

THE FORUM for July. \$5.00 a year. New York: The Forum Pub. Co.

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

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

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for July. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.

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

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

WIDE AWAKE for July. \$3.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for July. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MUSICAL WORLD for July. \$1.50 a year. Cleveland, O.: S. Brainard's Sons.

THE FOLIO for July. \$1.00 a year. Boston: White, Smith & Co.

MORCEAU MELODIQUE.

THEODOR OESTEN.

Andante con moto.

Con espressione.

L.H. R.H.

p *cres.* *f*

p *cres.* *f* *ff*

The Dispensary.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

WE HAVE all heard of those good fairies who "once upon a time"—in the golden age, perhaps—went about in various disguises, searching the minds of men, and distributing rewards and punishments according to merit discovered, or fairly displeasure incurred. And it may be that some of us when in that dreamy, uncommon-sensible state of mind which inclines to castle-building and all sorts of extravagances, and which is, of course, very reprehensible, some of us, at such a time have found ourselves wishing that one of these beneficent beings might happen along our way, and with true fairy insight discerning our abounding, if not always definite and distinctly specified merit, offer us, as a reward, the fulfillment of a wish or two—or three. One or three was the usual thing I believe. Even numbers do not seem to count in fairy arithmetic.

In ordinary moments, when hard, sound sense resumes its sway, it is rather difficult to imagine one of the dainty creatures as a sojourner in this prosaic, skeptical nineteenth century, even though disguised in the favorite role of a bent old woman, whose gnarled stick serves the double purpose of a cane and fairy wand. Who knows but she might be taken up for a tramp? Fancy a tramp fairy in the station house! Truly, we are a degenerate people.

But if, by some rare chance, such a one should have strayed down the long ages to ours, and, by another rare chance, finding a girl who respects fairy rights and privileges, should, as a token of appreciation, offer her a fairy gift, her choice between health and beauty, I suppose nine girls out of ten would choose beauty. I also suppose nine out of ten of the older and wiser persons who might chance to know of it, would exclaim at the folly and vanity of such a choice.

Yet they would not be wholly in the right. It is true that vanity might suggest and decide the choice. Nevertheless, it would be a shrewd one. By it she would compass both good gifts, since the one includes the other. There may be health without beauty; but there can be no real and lasting beauty without health. Indeed, a look of health and vigor, mental and physical, often redeems and makes agreeable a face and figure which without it would seem hopelessly ugly and uninteresting.

Then if any woman whose eyes may chance to rest on these columns is wishing to secure a beautiful and harmonious physical development for herself or for some wee woman even dearer than herself, let her take heart of grace, and be her own fairy god-mother. Rather let her believe that she may attain her end, approximately, at least, without the interference of that inscrutable, capricious and wholly uncertain being, simply by a strict observance of those laws of nature which have to do with physical well-being.

I doubt if a day passes in which we do not, consciously or unconsciously, violate some of these laws. It may be that in the present state of society, with the modes of life to which we are trained from infancy, it would be impossible to observe them all, and that we should prefer, as a choice between evils, to suffer—as we certainly must suffer—from disobediences to law, rather than live as we should have to live if we followed it in every respect.

But I think none of us care to suffer more than is necessary; and it certainly is not necessary, even under existing con-

ditions, that we should break the laws of health right and left, as we so often do, without even stopping to think that there are such laws, with fixed and certain penalties attached for the punishment of those, who, whether wilfully or ignorantly, disregard them.

Only when the penalty is exacted, do we begin to realize what we have done, and lament our blind providence in so squandering the precious endowment of health and strength which should have lasted a life-time.

The time to think, and to act upon such thinking, is before the transgression is committed, the penalty incurred. Afterward, it is of little use. It is as wrong, as culpably short-sighted to spend all our strength and exhaust its vital source, in the first twenty or thirty years of our life, as it is to squander in that time a fortune which is sufficient for our needs through the allotted three-score-and-ten. Indeed, it is much worse; for when money is gone, more may be earned. But health, once lost, is seldom coaxed back in any very satisfactory degree.

We may not be able to shape our daily lives, our busy toil, in such a way that exacting nature will be wholly satisfied. We may often be forced by stress of circumstances to incur her displeasure, and submit to her chastening in some measure. Still we can all do better than we are inclined to do. We can all live closer to her, more in harmony with her, if we will only let ourselves. She, really, is our fairy god-mother. If we please her, she will reward us with—not one gift, but many—health and beauty, content and true happiness.

The young, who have not learned the value of health through serious lack of it, do not, as a rule, take home to themselves any advice in regard to the care of it. They are spending their capital recklessly, it may be; but they still have plenty, and they take no account of stock, until, suddenly, unexpectedly, incomprehensibly, it seems to them, it is gone, and the last check is sent back unhonored, "No effects" across its face.

Few, however, are so careless of their beauty that they would not sooner realize what they are doing, if they could be brought to understand the truth—that health and beauty are, as concerns them, almost synonymous terms—at least so closely connected that their beauty cannot long endure without unimpaired health as its foundation.

There is no lack of instruction in regard to the care of the health. Not to speak of our regular and attendant physicians, whose special business it is to administer it on demand, our magazines and papers are full of it. We even have journals devoted wholly to the one subject.

If we examine many of these, we probably find no two authorities who agree on all points. This, however, is not of so much importance as it may seem. No two persons are alike. Probably no two will thrive on exactly the same treatment. Therefore, it is unreasonable for one person to insist that others shall follow unconditionally, the rules that he has himself observed with good effect.

As they grow into adult years, persons endowed with ordinary intelligence usually learn something of the measure of their strength, what amount of work they can do without injury, and what is beyond the limit imposed by nature; what nervous strain they can endure and what they cannot; what quantity and quality and variety of food best nourishes them, and what, though perhaps pleasing to the palate, leaves an ill effect behind.

Most people, if they would observe that mode of working, eating, sleeping, resting, etc., which experience has shown agrees with them best, could prescribe for themselves intelligently and reach

better results, than they will attain by following any set of arbitrary rules, no matter by whom they are prepared. Of course, I am not speaking of severe sickness, when a physician's advice is needed, but of the ordinary and daily thought and care for the welfare of our physical nature.

There are, however, certain rules of health so fundamental that the persons to whom they will not apply must be few, indeed, and those few hardly in a normal condition.

One of these rules tells us to sleep sufficiently. Eight hours are not too much for any person. Pale, thin, nervous people should have ten hours, if possible. Let them take it regularly, conscientiously, and always in a well ventilated room, and presently they will be astonished to see how their cheeks begin to fill out and grow rosy; how their eyes sparkle; how fresh and elastic and altogether like new creatures they feel; and how the mountains of languor and depression, discontent and trouble, which had weighed them down before, seem somehow to have rolled away out of sight, and almost out of remembrance.

Dr. Talmage says sleep is his great remedy for all the ills of life. He sleeps eight hours, and if, by any chance, he is cheated of the full amount, he keeps an account of his loss, and makes it up by extra hours on the first opportunity. If he is worn out from over-exertion, or nervous strain, he takes extra sleep and is soon restored. If friends are unkind, critics captious, enemies troublesome—he goes to sleep, and wakes free from anger, irritation, or undue care about the matter. To this habit, he attributes his health, content, and whatever power of mind or body he may possess. And whether he is or is not entirely justified in this conclusion, we might all follow his example with advantage to ourselves.

Pure air is as essential to health as sleep. A German savant says: "Pure air may be considered as nourishment equally necessary for our existence as eating and drinking, while confined and corrupted air is a deadly poison."

The air should be freely admitted to our rooms, the sunlight also. Few people realize what a healthful, and even medicinal influence lies in the rays of the sun. No one should sleep in a room that is not well ventilated. This does not mean that you should sleep in a draught. That is not to be thought of. To avoid this, and at the same time secure a free circulation, it is better, in ventilating a room for the night, to leave several small openings than one large one.

But it is not enough to admit the air to our dwellings. We must go out into it, exercise in it. Such exercise is also one of the essentials. Horseback exercise is excellent for those who can have it. It is claimed that it calls into action all the muscles, while guiding and managing the horse occupies the mind and keeps the way from seeming tedious. To those fond of animals a good horse is also a pleasant companion for a breezy outing. For those too weak to walk much no exercise can be better than this, as it wears them less than walking, it allows them to stay out longer, and at the same time gives them more exercise than they could have in a carriage.

Unfortunately all cannot have a horse at command; but all, not absolutely ill, can walk a little every day, and should do so, even if at first the strength will not allow of more than half a dozen steps beyond the door. Of course judgment must be exercised in regard to the length of such walks, and also the time chosen.

One should not go on a long walk immediately after eating. Wait a half hour, at least. In summer, do not select the middle of the day, but go in the morning

after the dew is dry, or just before the sun goes down at night. In cold weather the middle of the day is best.

A walk which is gone through unwillingly, or merely from a sense of duty, will not do a woman much good, no matter how much she may need out-door exercise. If she can have a friend with her to talk with, or if she can have some objective point or purpose in going, it will be a thousand times more beneficial.

She should never take this exercise in clothing that is uncomfortable—too heavy, too tight, or constraining in any way. She should see that her shoes are perfectly easy, or her walk will bring little benefit or pleasure. She must also take care that she does not go too far and get too tired. Exhaustion weakens the muscles; and as the object of all exercise is to strengthen them, we must be very careful not to so foolishly over-do the matter as to defeat that object, and have, as the saying goes, "our trouble for our pains." Moreover, exhaustion affects the complexion most unpleasantly, and causes wrinkles.

But proper exercise—exercise that sets the blood coursing through the veins till the extremities are warm and tingling with life; and then stops, before great weariness is reached, is as necessary to beauty of complexion as it is to strength of body. Such exercise increases strength very rapidly.

It has been said that any thing which makes a woman stronger will make her more beautiful. Another authority says: "Be healthy in mind and body if you would be beautiful." It may also be remembered by those who are moved by such considerations, that health is very fashionable just now. The time when pale cheeks and a languid manner were thought to confer distinction on their possessor has long since gone by.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

Anxiety. I regard indigestion, or stomach derangements, as the most prominent of the causes of these troubles with the teeth. The use of calomel is one of the causes of imperfect teeth, the effects manifesting themselves in consequence of the harm done to the system by the administration. Whether the cause or the result, it is certain that good teeth are intimately connected with good digestion, as will be finely illustrated by the sound teeth of the lower orders of creation, living in a simple way—in their wild state—with good teeth as long as they have occasion for their use. Indeed, the more natural and barbarous tribes, living more nearly in accordance with the laws of our being, using but few condiments, no luxurious, artificial dishes, no pastry, are noted for their fine teeth, white and uniform, lasting till advanced age. Aside from something wrong, in conflict with our nature, the teeth, like those of the brutes, should last to do their whole work. While the teeth of the wild ox are firm and sound, the gums in a healthy state, those of the cows fed on "distillery slops" and the like, soon decay, just like those of human beings, for the reason that both violate the laws of their being. There is often an accumulation of tartar on the teeth, affecting the gums, which is but a concrete saliva hardened by the earthy materials which it secretes. The remote cause is undoubtedly the excessive amount of earthy or extraneous ingredients taken into the system with the food and drinks, more particularly derived from the hard water used, with, perhaps, the too free use of soda and other alkalies; the more immediate cause may be the imperfect mastication of food, the food being soft, sloppy, or soaked in the tea or coffee, the teeth not being used enough to keep them clean, or not having the exercise required to sustain them. It is always safe to use the brush, as a means of keeping the teeth clean, the mouth sweet, a little castile suds being used, while it may be necessary to have the dentist remove the tartar. "To arrest this tendency," therefore, is to improve the digestion, and to improve digestion is to use only the simplest food, obeying the laws of our being. As the stomach improves, the digestion becoming natural, it is probable that the teeth will become more firm. You will be surprised to learn that the cause of "snoring" is about the same as the difficulty of which we have treated, impaired digestion, attended with an irritated state of the throat, affecting the breathing, disturbing the epiglottis, which, like a musical instrument, produces the noise. There will be but little or no snoring when the breathing is easy and perfect.

The Dressing Room.

MIDSUMMER FASHION NOTES.

BY GOSSIP.

ISN'T it hot? I have been drinking ice water and reading Dieck's "Wonders of the Polar World," in order to get sufficiently cool to enable me to write a few fashion notes for the benefit of THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

At this season the tide of fashion at mountain and seaside resorts is at its full and pleasure rules the hour. Toilets are bewildering in their variety of form, color and arrangement.

The English style of waists now prevails. These have the darts carried very high, and nearer together at the waist line than formerly. The side forms are narrow and double, the seams have almost no curve, and the body is very long waisted. With these the high officer's collar is used, lined with buckram to give the requisite stiffness. Shoulder seams are of medium length, sleeves plain on cloth costumes, a little larger from the elbow down, and rather short. Skirts have no tied back appearance, though in many cases they are fitted smoothly almost entirely around the figure, leaving space only for a long narrow bustle.

As just mentioned waists are long and slim in effect, but I hope no one will tighten her corsets on this account. A loose, well-fitting corset does no harm and is indispensable to a stylish appearance. Corsets of tapes or lace-like materials, stiffened by slender whalebones, are a luxury and will not cause discomfort even on a sultry August day.

Tight lacing is not now carried to the extent it once was, when even at night the poor, suffering votaries of fashion slept in these instruments of torture which had been so tightly laced by the maids under mamma's direction that the drawing of an abdominal breath was an actual impossibility. Under date of 1780 a woman of fashion wrote as follows of this matter:

"The perfection of figure, according to the then fashion, was the smallness of the circumference into which your unfortunate waist could be compressed, and many a poor girl hurt her health very materially by trying to rival the reigning beauty of that day, the duchess of Rutland, who was said to squeeze herself to the size of an orange and a half." In regard to dress she says, "Small hoops were worn in a morning, and larger for a dress, some going outward as they went downward, something in the form of a bell. Sacques were very common; my mother constantly wore them. They wore dresses with loose backs and a stomacher. Gauze handkerchiefs trimmed with blonde were worn on the neck."

Laces and embroideries are quite the features of the season, and the fronts and sides of many thin dresses are formed of these in the form of flounces, either one deep or several narrow.

A handsome black lace dress seen recently had on the right side a panel of watered silk. The skirt was trimmed with three lace flounces, and the drapery drawn upward from the left side. The back was full with a wide, full sash of moire ribbon.

The seersuckers have proved a decided success, and are so cheap that every woman ought to have at least two of them, especially as they require no ironing, a great item at this season. They are very pretty made with a Pilgrim skirt and plain round basque. This skirt is made of five plain, straight breadths, entirely un-gored, with a five-inch hem. At the top it is plaited on to a narrow yoke. There

is a double box plait each side of the back, coming together of course in the middle, the sides are left plain over the hips, and there are three wide kilt plaits turning towards and meeting in the front. Use lace or Roman pearl buttons, and put a little lace edging about the neck, sleeves and bottom of the basque.

The prevailing style of hair dressing is high, which is certainly the most comfortable way for summer. Many small, plain, smooth bangs are seen. The bang was, some years ago, first brought into notice by the children of the Prince of Wales, and many thought it something entirely new, but in a Dutch book of the date of 1787, some of the prints show us the hair cut in a fringe straight across the brow and level with the eyes. Some even seemed to look through this fringe, others wore it brushed up, which gave them a somewhat aggressive air.

Hats have high crowns and irregular brims. On those where the brim is cut off at the back the trimming is massed on the back of the crown and long feathers falling over relieve this "cut off" appearance. In bonnets the shapes are so various that every face can be suited. Beads are extensively used, many coronets being entirely formed of them. Whole bonnets are fashioned of beads strung on slender wires. These are used without a lining and look light though they are enormously heavy. The only trimming used on these is a handsome bow. Small, long-stemmed flowers are much used, loosely set so that they wave and nod with each motion of the wearer.

Small lace and gauze veils are universally worn, and for outdoor use have replaced the invisible net.

Young ladies and misses wear narrow, bright colored ribbons tied loosely about the neck, with loops and long ends hanging at the back.

Bathing suits are made of flannel or serge, either red, blue or gray, with a slight trimming of braid. Blue is least injured by salt water. A blouse waist, long sleeves, medium trousers, and short, scant skirt is the usual way of making, the three pieces being joined so there is really but one garment to put off and on. A large hat of coarse straw and canvas shoes complete the outfit.

The fans of this season are the loveliest and most exquisite that taste and ingenuity can devise, those of gauze, lace and feathers taking the lead. Painting and embroidery ornament those of lace, and the sticks are elaborately carved. A handsome feather fan is of pink marabout with mother-of-pearl handle surmounted by a large bow of light blue satin ribbon. Just above is a bunch of white ostrich tips, and above this at one side a number of loops of blue and white ribbon interspersed with light green velvet leaves, and at the other side a full cluster of blue and white aigrettes. Handsome fans are decorated with birds, three and even four being used on the same one. These are arranged to look as though they had just alighted, and become entangled in the numerous loops of ribbon.

The origin of the fan is traced to remote antiquity, some historians ascribing it to Kan-si, daughter of a Chinese mandarin. In the British Museum there is a bas-relief representing Sennacherib with female figures carrying fans of feathers. In India and China the first fans were modeled after the wing of a bird, while in Greece after the worship of Isis began to prevail the fan of the priest of that divinity was semicircular, pointed at the top, and waved by a female slave. Roman ladies carried fans formed of perfumed wood in the shape of small tablets, unlike those of the Chinese which were in one piece. In the Middle Ages, fans of feathers were, in good society, suspended from the girdle by chains of gold or silver.

Catherine de Medici introduced the fan into France, where it at once became popular, and since then, next to China and Japan, that country has taken the lead in the manufacture of these delicate trifles. The Empress Eugenie once owned a fan which cost two thousand four hundred dollars, and the Princess of Wales had one made which cost sixteen hundred dollars. Rather expensive articles with which to "brush off the warm."

Parasols are unusually attractive, and though there are those of high cost, an economically inclined person can procure a good shade at a reasonable price. They come in all colors, the various shades of red being in high favor. An elegant one is of cardinal satin with richly carved oak handle, and solid silver chain—price \$16. Those of black brocaded satin with ebony handles are largely used by elderly ladies. The Yum Yum is a novelty and particularly pretty. The frame is flat with a covering of China silk laid in fine side plaits from top to tips. At the top the plaited silk is gathered and tied with a bow of rich satin ribbon. Handle of natural wood carved.

Among the presents of a New York bride was a very small parasol of cream white satin covered with point lace in a rich design of fine flowers. The frame was of solid gold delicately carved. Another novelty has tips that curve outward and upward when the parasol is spread, while another, still more odd, has the ribs of irregular lengths, those on opposite sides being much shorter than the others, this when spread gives it the shape of an oblong square. This shape is usually lined with fancy silk and heavily edged with lace.

There is but little difference between a large parasol and a small umbrella, and this little consists in the color of the covers and the length of the handles. Rain umbrellas are frequently covered with red and are hardly to be distinguished from the large red parasol. An umbrella is a short-lived article, which is not surprising considering the treatment it receives. When wet they should be placed handle down, and never consigned, except temporarily, to a close vase or stand. In such a holder no air can reach them and they rust, and rot often, being quite spoiled before the next time of using.

If you wish to dry an umbrella, set it handle down till it has ceased to drip, then spread and hang in a current of air, or place with the handle and part of the tips resting on the floor. Close when dry, but do not roll nor put on the band, stand upright or hang in a closet away from light and dust. I might add if not left in the hall or other exposed position it will be less likely to fall a victim to sneak thieves or absent-minded callers.

When parasols are laid aside for the season, they should be closed but not banded, lightly shaken and rolled in paper so loosely put on that it scarcely touches the silk, and tied about the tip and handle. Tie a string on the handle and hang from a nail or hook.

There is no end to the new colors, and from their names one would have but little idea of what they might be. For instance, "Atlantic ocean," and "serpent" are the lightest and darkest shades of green, while "partridge" and "bumble bee" are the lightest and darkest brown. Yellow is much affected by fashionable dames, and was the prevailing color at the queen's last two drawing rooms.

Very elegant wraps are made of crocheted wheels covered with beads, and joined to form a small, close-fitting cape. These are lined with black silk or satin and fastened with ribbons.

Various kinds of neck ruchings are worn, a favorite sort being plain, unbleached cotton scrim in the form of folds. If prepared at home this is inexpensive.

The scrim is of double width, costs from fifty to ninety cents, according to quality, and one yard will make nearly nine yards of ruching. Cut the cloth exactly on the bias into strips two and two and one-half inches wide. Fold the edges together and baste lightly. Lay a narrow fold on a wide one, and on the raw edges stitch a binding of taste or lawn. In the same way you can use grenadine, satin, gauze, or crepe de Chine.

The old-time netted and embroidered mitts have been revived and rank among the high novelties.

The fore-woman in a large, ready-made clothing store said to me the other day that "a quaint simplicity characterizes the children's costumes of this season. But what with the tucks, the embroideries, the laces, the buttons, the clasps, the tassels and the cords, the complex styles and general fancy air, it is hard to see where the vaunted simplicity comes in, though there is no doubt about the quaintness."

English calico, seersuckers, gingham and chambray in cottons, with serges, flannels and homespun are good wear for every day. A simple and pretty model for a wash dress has a yoke of all-over embroidery, full gathered waist set on to the yoke, with standing ruffle, full gathered skirt with three rather deep tucks above a three-inch hem. Cuffs of embroidered edging and turn-down ruffle collar of the same. The skirt and waist are attached to a belt of the material, and a sash can be added if desired.

The hats most worn have wide brims and rather high crowns. Very young children wear caps of delicate lace.

In hosiery black is most fashionable but all dark colors are in good taste.

The every-day suits of small boys are composed of the same materials as those of their sisters. Boys from two and one-half to three years should wear suits with yokes and five box plaits, three behind and two in front, one each side of the buttons. Low down belt. Then come the long, half-fitting waists and straight, kilt-plaited skirts set on. The new coats have no collars, but the collar of the shirt waist to which the skirt is buttoned turns over the neck of the coat. For cool days there are pea jackets, summer ulsters and traveling dust coats. Sailor hats, and jockey and polo caps to match suits are the delight of the small boy. The butterfly bow with elastic is the usual necktie.

Summer goods are very cheap now and it is well to lay in a stock of standard cloths for next season. They can then be made up early in the spring before work presses, and a hot wave will not find you unprepared.

A PRETTY KNITTED LACE.

Cast on thirteen stitches.

1. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.
2. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one.
3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.
4. Knit twelve, over, narrow, knit one.
5. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.
6. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.
7. Knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.
8. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one.
9. Knit two, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.
10. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit two, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

12. Knit sixteen, over, narrow, knit one.

13. Knit two, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

14. Knit seventeen, over, narrow, knit one.

15. Knit two, over, narrow, knit eight, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

16. Knit eighteen, over, narrow, knit one.

17. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

18. Knit thirteen, knit one, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

19. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow again, over twice, narrow, narrow again, over twice, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

20. Knit eleven, knit one, purl one, knit two, knit one, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

21. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

22. Knit fifteen, knit one, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

23. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow again, over twice, narrow, narrow again, over twice, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

24. Knit twelve, knit one, purl one, knit two, knit one, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit one.

25. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

26. Knit thirteen, knit one, purl one, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

27. Knit two, over, narrow, knit seven, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

28. Knit eighteen, over, narrow, knit one.

29. Knit two, over, narrow, knit six, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

30. Knit seventeen, over, narrow, knit one.

31. Knit two, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

32. Knit sixteen, over, narrow, knit one.

33. Knit two, over, narrow, knit four, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

34. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one.

35. Knit two, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

36. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one.

37. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

38. Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit one.

39. Knit two, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

40. Knit twelve, over, narrow, knit one.

41. Knit two, over, narrow, narrow again, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

42. Knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one.

43. Knit two, over, take three together, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

44. Knit ten, over, narrow, knit one.

SOPHIE MAAG.

Texas Hill, Ariz. Ter.

HANDSOME CROCHET LACE.

Chain thirteen.

1. One treble in fourth stitch from needle, one treble in each of the next two chain stitches, chain eight and fasten with slip stitch in last chain stitch; turn.

2. Chain two, twenty trebles over the eight chain, chain three, one treble between the last treble in the first row and the three chain, chain three; turn.

3. One treble in each stitch of the three chain, chain five, catch with double crochet into the top of the fourth treble, chain five, one double in top of next fourth, chain five, one double in top of next fourth, chain five, one double in top of last treble. There should now be five holes. Chain five; turn.

4. * One double in middle stitch of first hole, chain eight, make picot by putting the needle into the fourth chain from the double stitch and drawing the thread through that and the loop on the needle, chain six, catch in the same manner in the second chain from first picot, chain eight, catch in fourth chain from second picot, chain six, catch in second chain from third picot, chain one, take out the needle and insert it in the first chain before the first picot and catch the loop through, chain two, one double in middle chain of second five chain; repeat from * till you have four clusters of four picots each, then chain five, one treble between the last treble and three chain in the last row, chain three; turn.

5. One treble in each of the first three stitches, chain five, one double in middle of picot group, chain seven, one double in middle of second picot group, chain nine, one double in middle of third picot group, chain eleven, one double in middle of fourth picot group, chain nine, one double in the end five chain space in last row; turn.

6. Over the nine chain work one double, one short treble, three trebles, then chain four, insert the needle downward into the last made treble through the half of it last made, then draw the thread through the three loops now on the needle. This is a picot and will be mentioned as such through this row. Three trebles, one picot, three trebles, one double; over the eleven chain work just the same only make five picots with the three trebles between; over the nine chain work the same with three picots; over the seven chain, work the double, the short treble, then four trebles, two picots with the three trebles between, then four trebles, one short treble and one double; over the five chain, one double, one short treble, four trebles, one picot, four trebles, one short treble, one double, chain five, one treble between last treble and three chain of last row, chain three; turn.

7. One treble in each of the first three chain, chain eight, one double in the second picot, chain two, twenty trebles over the eight chain, chain three, one treble in the three chain, chain three; turn.

8. One double in each of the first three chain stitches, chain five, one double on top of fourth treble, repeat until the last treble is reached and you have five holes, remove the needle and insert it in the next picot of last scallop and draw the loop through, chain five; turn.

9. One double in middle of first five chain hole, now repeat the four picot groups as in the last scallop, after the last double in last five chain hole chain five, one treble in three chain, chain three; turn.

10. One treble in each of first three chain, chain five, catch into first picot group, chain seven, catch into second picot group, chain nine, catch into third picot group, chain eleven, catch into fourth

picot group, chain nine, catch into middle of last five chain in last row; turn.

11. Over the nine chain work one double, one short treble, three trebles, chain one, remove needle, insert it into the next picot, draw through the loop, chain one, insert the needle downward through two loops of the last made treble and finish, as in the last row of the first scallop, making two more picots to finish the scallop over this nine chain.

I trust I have made these directions plain, but I find it very difficult to make clear to another my method of finishing picots. They will lie flat and not pull away as I find those of others are apt to do. This lace is prettier made with a fine needle and 40 or 50 thread. It is a favorite of mine, and uncommon and refined-looking.

CINDERELLA.

PRETTY FANCY WORK FOR BED ROOMS.

Every one appreciates a well appointed bed room, and there are many articles we can make with little trouble or expense which not only beautify our rooms, but give to them an air of daintiness and comfort.

A set of washstand mats, crocheted of white knitting cotton and edged with Saxony the color of the room is very pretty and easily laundered. I will send full directions if any one wishes.

A charming way to frame toilet mirrors is with plush twisted or folded gracefully and sprays of grasses fastened on prettily. A mirror which has been broken can be easily fixed in this way, if you have a piece of any size, with plush that has already done duty on a dress or hat, as the folds and grasses will entirely conceal all seams.

A handsome cushion for the dressing table is made by embroidering a piece of silk of any color, and making it into a square cushion edged with a heavy cord and a tassel at each corner.

It is delightful when compelled to make a hasty toilet to have a place for all our little belongings and every thing in its place. We do not realize the time saved by having the "little things" in order, and conveniently arranged until when on a visit we find ourselves in some handsomely furnished guest chamber, lacking, however, in the small things. We find no pincushion, and after a fruitless search have recourse to our trunk, which having been well shaken on its journey makes it no small matter to find the paper of pins. There is no hairpin box or basket, and after a few days our hairpins become hopelessly scattered. They have no handkerchief, glove, collar or jewel cases, and those articles must be kept in drawer or trunk. There is no key board for keys, scissors, glove and shoe buttoners, no bag for soiled clothes, no match receivers, nor many other little articles which we miss sadly, and yet the room is well and prettily furnished. Let us not forget then to make our guest chamber as convenient and comfortable as our own.

Another unique cushion is made of a pair of baby's shoes, by filling with bran or hair, and covering the tops with satin. Put a silk cord or narrow ribbon around the top of each and fasten them together with a bow and tassels. There should first be placed lead or something heavy in the toes to balance them evenly.

Will Maxfield please give full directions for making the thistle pompons she alluded to in a late number? I have never seen any and I think they must be pretty.

DOONE.

CIRCULAR MATS.

This is pretty for table mats made of coarse tidy yarn. It is knit in points or sectors, eleven whole ones and two half

ones, and is begun in the middle of a sector.

Cast on twenty-seven stitches. The first stitch cast on will be at the center of the mat and the last one at the circumference.

Knit twenty-four, slipping the first stitch, turn back and knit the same. Then knit twenty-one and turn back, then eighteen and turn, then fifteen, twelve, nine and six, slipping the first stitch always and knitting back each time. Knit across from the circumference to the center. This completes one-half of a sector. Begin the next sector by purling every stitch back to the circumference, and turn and knit six stitches and back as before. Then in succession knit nine, twelve, fifteen, eighteen, twenty-one, and twenty-four, knitting back each time, then knit twenty-one, eighteen, fifteen, twelve, nine, and six, and back each time. Knit across to the center. This completes a whole sector, and begin the next sector by purling back as before. After knitting eleven whole sectors, knit a half one, bind it off and sew it to the first, and run the yarn through the twelve stitches at the center and draw tight. Crochet a narrow edge of colored yarn around the edge, and this completes the mats.

BREAKFAST SHAWL IN STAR STITCH.

Use fine ivory needles and Saxony yarn for a thick shawl, or fine zephyr for a shawl of fine open pattern. It is knit of triangular shape. It should be knit very loosely.

Cast on two stitches.

1. Thread over, knit one, over, knit one.

2. and all even rows. Purl across.

3. Over, knit one, over, knit three, slip first stitch over the last two.

5. Over, knit one, over, knit three, slip first stitch over the last two, over, knit one.

7. Over, knit one, * over, knit three, slip first stitch over the last two; repeat from *.

9. Over, knit one, * over, knit three, slip as before, repeat from *, knit one.

11. Over, knit one, * over, knit three, slip as before, repeat from *, over, knit two.

Continue knitting till the shawl is large enough. When there is one stitch left on the needle end like the ninth row. If two stitches are left end like the eleventh row. A border of wide knitted lace or fringe can be put all around the shawl.

The Dalles, Oreg. Mrs. J. C. MEINS.

NARROW NEAPOLITAN LACE.

Cast on nineteen stitches.

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

2. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

4. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit three, over, knit one, over, narrow, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

8. Bind one, knit one, over, narrow,

knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

9. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

10. Bind one, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

11. Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

12. Bind two, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit eight, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

MRS. WILLIAM WILSON.

S. Billerica, Mass.

NORMANDY LACE.

Cast on thirty-one stitches.

1. Plain.

2. Knit eight, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, purl one stitch, slip it back on the left needle, thread over, knit two.

3. Knit two, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven.

4. Knit six, narrow, over, knit seven, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, purl one, slip it back on the left hand needle, over, knit two.

5. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit nine, over, narrow, knit five.

6. Knit four, narrow, over, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, purl one, slip it back on the left hand needle, over, knit two.

7. Knit two, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit three.

8. Knit five, over, narrow, knit nine, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

9. Bind one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven, narrow, over, knit six.

10. Knit seven, over, narrow, knit five, narrow, over, knit seven, over, narrow, knit one, over, slip one, narrow, throw the slipped stitch over the one just narrowed, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

11. Bind one, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit nine, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit eight.

12. Knit nine, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit eleven, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow.

13. Bind one, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit thirteen, over, knit three together, over, knit ten.

Commence again at first row.

MRS. M. LAVERTY.

Placerville, El Dorado Co., Calif.

CROCHET TIDY.

The materials required are half a pound of cream colored macreme cord, rather fine, and three yards of ribbon. Make a chain of fifty-eight stitches.

1. Work back along the chain, into the fourth stitch a shell which is made by working three double crochet, one chain, and three more double crochet, all into this fourth stitch, seven chain, miss the next eleven chain stitches and work a

shell into the twelfth stitch, seven chain, miss eleven stitches, and work a shell into the twelfth, miss two stitches and work two double into third stitch, miss next two stitches and work shell into third stitch, seven chain, and work shell into twelfth (missing eleven), seven chain, and shell into last stitch of chain.

2. Three chain at the beginning of this and all following rows; turn and work back, a shell into middle of shell in last row, seven chain and shell into next shell, seven chain, and shell into next shell, two double crochet between the two double crochet in the last row, shell into the next shell, seven chain, shell, seven chain, shell.

3 and 4. Like second row, except this difference: Instead of making a loose chain of seven, make three chain and join to the middle stitch of seven chain in the preceding row with a single crochet, three chain more to next shell, and do this wherever the seven chain occurred in the preceding row.

5 and 6. Like the second row.

7 and 8. Like the third and fourth rows.

Repeat until there are six clusters of three chains joined, alternating with single chain, end with two rows like the second row. Work a row of shells all round the tidy, adding another row over the wide middle stripe at the top or beginning of the tidy. This makes the tidy longer in the middle. Knot a fringe of cord four or five inches deep into the scallops at the bottom. Run ribbons through the four open stripes, over the single chains and under the clusters. Fasten the ends of the ribbon under the shells at the top and bottom. Put a bow of ribbon on the wide stripe at the top, allowing the added shells to show above it.

F. E., Rhode Island, asked for a pattern of crochet tidy. Perhaps she will like this one.

CORAL FRAMES.

Have a frame made of pine to fit the picture you wish to frame, then cut from any gnarled bush small twigs, tack them to the frame with small tacks, then melt of yellow rosin four parts, and one of vermilion, and while warm apply to the frame and twigs with brush covering the twigs and all parts of the frame that show.

TISLET TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN'S KNIT GLOVES.

Cast on for the wrist seventy-six stitches and knit two, seam two, knit two, seam two, forty-four times round, then knit once around plain, then the next time around knit the first eleven stitches plain, seam one, knit one, make one, knit one, make one, (this is done either by throwing the thread over the needle or taking up a loop from the preceding row,) knit one, seam one. This sets the thumb. Increase in this way every fourth time around until you have ninety-eight stitches around the hand, twenty-five inside the seams, knit around plain six times, then take off the twenty-five, thread them on a cord and tie together, and cast on three stitches in place of them, leaving seventy-six around the hand, knit around plain seventeen times, and for the left hand glove knit thirty stitches, counting from the last stitch cast on for the thumb, take off seventeen for the little finger, and cast on three more in place of them, knit around four times, next take off nineteen stitches, ten on the back and nine in front, cast on three in place of them, knit around once, then take off twenty-two stitches, nine in front and ten in the back with the three cast on, then cast on three more and knit around, leaving thirty stitches on the first finger, narrow each inside corner down to twenty-six, second finger twenty-four, third finger twenty-three, little finger twenty-one. For the right hand

glove knit twenty-eight stitches, counting from the first of the three cast on for the thumb, and proceed the same as with the other. Take up the twenty-five stitches left for the thumb together with the three cast on, knit the required length, same as the fingers, and narrow off.

Should Mrs. N. A. B. or any other of the many sisters try this, please report.

Connecticut. HETTY MARSHALL.

PRETTY NARROW LACE.

Cast on thirteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over once, narrow, knit three.

2. Knit four, over, narrow, knit one, seam one, knit two, seam one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit three.

4. Knit four, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit two, over, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit three.

6. Knit four, over, narrow, knit five seam one, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

7. Knit two, over, narrow, knit seven, over, narrow, knit three.

8. Bind off three, knit three, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, knit one.

A PRETTY LACE.

Cast on sixteen stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over three times, narrow, knit two.

2. Knit four, seam one, knit two, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

3. Knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit six.

4. Knit seven, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

5. Knit two, over, narrow, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit six.

6. Bind off two, knit four, over, narrow, knit six, over, narrow, knit one.

These laces I have never seen in print. I have never known of any one's knitting them only those whom I have taught.

MRS. O. S. HUBBARD.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

KNITTED DOUBLE MITTENS.

I will send directions for knitting double mittens to E. L. F.

To knit them in half-squares, knit six stitches of one color of yarn and one of the other, until you knit around once, then knit five of one and two of the other, the third time knit four and three, the fourth time three and four, the fifth time two and five, the sixth time one and six. Then change the color and knit the same. Knit the wrists two and two, either seamed or plain.

To knit fox and geese, knit the first time around three and three, the second time one and one, the third time one and two, the fourth time one and one, the fifth time three and three, the sixth time knit around plain with the color that you wish to show the most, then commence again with three and three and knit as before. Keep every sixth stitch the color that you wish to predominate throughout the length of the mitten, and I think you will have no trouble.

To widen the thumb, have a seam stitch on each side and widen inside of them every third time round until large enough. You can tell by the looks what color to have the stitch you make.

Have about eighteen stitches on a needle for a boy of fourteen if the yarn is tolerably coarse.

Knit the wrists striped.

Please report success.

C. W. T.

Phillips, Me.

THE FAN HOOD.

All the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD will welcome this novelty in hoods. I may not make it plain for an amateur in crocheting, but an expert will see the beauty of it while reading the directions. It is a new style and is made for both old and young.

The hood consists of three pieces, one for each side, and one for crown and top. Material: For girl of eight years, three and one-half ounces of split zephyr; for an older person, four ounces. They are lined with flannel of the same color.

* Chain ten, turn and double crochet four rows, putting the hook through the back part of the stitch, chain sixteen and fasten where you commenced chain, chain eight and fasten in center of sixteen chain; repeat from * four times.

In each end and in each sixteen chain put a shell of twelve long treble stitches. Round this piece work six rows of small shells of four stitches each. One end is widened by putting one chain between each shell in the fourth row, and two in the fifth row, and three in the sixth row. These widened ends form the cape of the hood.

After making three such pieces, crochet them together with silk, leaving about three inches at the top loose. Puff the center piece over the sides, and add a pretty bow of ribbon. When finished with ribbon, the hoods are very pretty, and I think all who make them will be repaid for their trouble.

CLARA V. CRETER.

Newcomerstown, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

NARROW EDGING.

Take a strip of feather edge the length required.

1. One double into each of three successive picots, five chain; repeat all the way across.

2. Five trebles under five chain of last row, five chain, five more trebles under the same five chain, one double under the next five chain; repeat all the way across.

Make any heading you choose, or sew on by the picots.

If feather edge braid is not convenient to use, make a chain, one stitch of chain being equivalent to one picot of feather edge.

MRS. A. W. PARKHURST.

Amherst, N. H.

THE WORK TABLE.

Will some of the sisters send directions for making something pretty and cheap for holding newspapers?

NELLIE GRAY.

Maine.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to know if any of your readers can give me through the medium of your paper, directions how to make a crocheted rug? Have heard of them but have never seen one. Also directions for a knitted shoulder cape, and kind of worsted used for the same.

Sing Sing, N. Y.

E. F. F.

Will some of the ladies please give directions how to knit or weave a gentleman's watch chain of saddlers' silk, or fine silk braid? I will return the favor.

MRS. E. S. STAPLE.

Box 474, Pittston, Pa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In Aunt Mab's directions for "Broom-holder," I cannot understand it where she says, "Put a ribbon across the upper form." Which is the upper form? I tried to make one, but made a complete failure.

Will some one of the Band please send directions for making liquid stamping, for felt, cloth, velvet, etc.? I had them but they got lost. I would like to have the white liquid.

Will some one please send directions for knitting a lady's Mother Hubbard hood? MRS. A. Colby, Kan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Fannie Fletcher please tell me what size the beads are which she uses in her beaded hoods? I would like also to know how to make a hood of white wool, with lining, for a child five years old.

Ohio.

DESSIE D. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of your members inform me how to hemstitch handkerchiefs on machine.

M. E. R.

The Dining Room.

BILL OF FARE FOR AUGUST.

MONDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Oat meal and milk, roast beef warmed in gravy, stewed potatoes, bread and butter, dry toast, fruit, tea, milk and ice water.

Dinner.—1—Roast beef cold and roast beef stewed, potatoes, fresh tomatoes, scalded, skinned and sliced, beets and corn. 2—Baked bread pudding made with soaked bread crumbs, eggs, milk, a little butter and sugar, and a cup of raisins. 3—Water-melon, bananas, pears and peaches, tea and bread.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, cheese, blueberries, stewed pears and cake.

TUESDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Oat meal and milk, broiled beefsteak, baked and stewed potatoes, bread and butter, milk toast, fruit and tea.

Dinner.—1—Fillet of veal stuffed and roasted, equal in flavor to roast turkey, boiled new potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, fresh tomatoes and baked beans. 2—Apple tapioca pudding, eaten with milk and sugar. 3—Fruit, watermelon, peaches, stewed pears and tea.

Supper.—Bread and butter, cheese, tea, fresh peaches, and ginger snaps.

WEDNESDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Oatmeal and milk, broiled beefsteak, baked potatoes, hot bread rolls, fruit, and tea.

Dinner.—1—Cold roast veal, baked sweet potatoes, boiled potatoes, fresh tomatoes and bread. 2—Fresh peaches, tea and ice water.

Supper.—Fresh bread and butter, dry toast, stewed apples and tea.

THURSDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Broiled beefsteak, stewed potatoes, baked potatoes, milk toast, bread and butter, hominy, oat meal, milk, apple sauce and tea.

Dinner.—1—Soup, delicious, made of knuckle of veal boiled yesterday with vegetables and rice added to-day. 2—Meat pie, excellent, crust made of flour, Royal baking powder, a little butter and milk, like biscuit; potatoes stewed with butter and milk, fresh sliced tomatoes and warm biscuit. 3—Baked apple dumplings with hard sugar sauce, very popular with the children and all. 4—Peaches, tea and ice water.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, soda biscuit, ginger-snaps and peaches.

FRIDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Oat meal, hominy, milk, baked potatoes graham gems, omelettes and tea. At my right and left hand my children had placed vases of fresh flowers from our little garden, gathered and arranged by my eldest son early in the morning. In the center of the table he had placed a deep dish of ferns, a handsome shell placed over the stems in the center to keep them under water. These with the rich brown graham gems, bright yellow butter, fresh and cool, delicately tinted omelette, golden and brown, made the table look very attractive, and all the dishes proved as relishing to the taste as they had promised by their appearance, and the love that prompted the adornment, gave a better appetite and aided our digestion of this pleasant meal.

Dinner.—1—Fish cakes, meat pie, sweet potatoes, common potatoes, tomatoes, pickled cucumbers, graham gems and butter. 2—Fruit—peaches, pears and grapes—and tea.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, milk, fresh apples stewed, ginger-snaps and soda biscuit.

SATURDAY.—*Breakfast.*—1—Oat meal and milk. 2—Mutton chops boiled, baked potatoes, bread and butter. 3—Griddle cakes—light and delicate, made of boiled hominy left yesterday, mixed with milk, eggs and a little flour in which a little Royal baking powder was stirred dry. 4—Fruit.

DINNER.—1—Beef stew, very relishing—one and one-half pounds of beef cut in collops two or three inches long, stewed till tender, and flavored with salt, pepper and sweet herbs, a small bit of minced onion, and a little stewed tomato—boiled potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, and fresh tomatoes. 2—Fruit—pears, peaches and grapes—and tea.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, milk, ginger-snaps, cheese, soda biscuit, stewed pears and apple sauce.

SUNDAY.—*Breakfast.*—Oat meal and milk, stewed and baked potatoes, muffins, butter, tea and fruit.

Dinner.—Prime rib roast, rare, common and sweet potatoes, cymbalings, stewed tomatoes and pickled cucumbers. 2—Bread pudding with raisins, fruit—pears, peaches and grapes—and tea.

Supper.—Tea, bread and butter, milk, ginger-snaps, cheese, soda biscuit, stewed pears, and apple sauce.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

GERMAN DESSERT DISHES.

Auflauf (Souffles).—An *auflauf* must be sent to table as soon as it is done, or it will collapse, and its appearance be quite spoiled. If it is to be turned out, some sweet sauce or garnish may be put upon the dish. When served in the mould or dish it was baked in, a napkin must be pinned around it, and sweet sauce, preserve or powdered sugar handed with it. Many varieties may be made by observing the general directions for making those that follow. For an *auflauf* of preserved fruit or marmalade, put half of the quantity to bake in the mould, and when that is nearly done put in a thick layer of the fruit, fill up with the *auflauf*, and bake it again. If the mould is more than half full, it is well to put a buttered paper around the top a few inches deep, to prevent it from running over.

Apple Auflauf.—Peel and core six large apples, stew them soft with sugar and cinnamon to taste, and let them cool. Beat one-fourth pound of butter to a cream, add the grated peel of half a lemon, six well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a very little cream or milk. Add the apples, beat all thoroughly and bake in a thickly buttered mould.

Chocolate Auflauf.—One-fourth pound of grated vanilla chocolate, one-fourth pound of almonds, blanched and pounded, six ounces of sifted sugar and the yolks of eight eggs must be stirred together for half an hour, whisk the egg whites to a snow, and stir them gently in with the rest. Butter a mould well, strew it with grated bread, put in the mass and bake it an hour.

Chestnut Auflauf.—One and one-half pounds of chestnuts, boiled soft, peeled and pounded, with two ounces of butter and a tablespoonful of thick cream. Beat the yolks of eight eggs well with one-fourth of a pound of sifted sugar, stir in the chestnut mass and the egg whites whipped to a snow. Bake it in a well buttered form in a moderate oven.

Imperial Auflauf.—Beat one-half pound of butter soft, and stir in by degrees the yolks of ten eggs, add half a pint of cream, four tablespoonfuls of flour, some finely cut almonds, and some lemon peel grated, or a piece of vanilla pounded, with sugar enough to sweeten the *auflauf*. Bake it in a well buttered form sprinkled with bread crumbs.

Cream Auflauf.—Put one-fourth of a pound of butter in a stewpan, with two ounces of fine flour and a pint of cream, boil this mixture well, stirring continually till it leaves the sides of the pan, then turn it out to cool. Stir a quarter-pound of butter to a cream, add by degrees the yolks of ten eggs, with three ounces of sugar which has been pounded with vanilla, or rubbed upon the rind of a lemon.

Next add the whites of six eggs whipped to a snow, and then stir in the cool cream. Put it in a buttered mould and steam it three quarters of an hour.

Cherry Auflauf.—A quarter-pound of butter stirred to a cream, the yolks of six eggs, the crumbs of two rolls soaked in milk, a quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and pounded, the grated peel of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and six ounces of sugar, must be well stirred together. Whisk the egg whites to a stiff snow, add to it the mass, and mix in as many cherries as it will take. Butter a mould, line it with as much grated bread as will hang on, and bake it without delay.

2. Boil a quarter-pound of flour in a pint and a half of milk until thick and smooth, take it from the fire and keep stirring until half cold. Beat a quarter-pound of butter to a cream, add six well-beaten eggs, a quarter-pound of sugar and a small spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Stir these well into the thick milk and then add one and one-half pounds of black cherries. Bake as directed for the others.

Almond Auflauf.—Boil one and one-half pints of milk, and in it a large cup of bread crumbs, keeping all stirred until it thickens, then turn it out to cool. Meanwhile, mix one-fourth pound of pounded almonds with a couple of tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little grated lemon peel, and the yolks of six eggs, with their whites whipped to a snow. Stir all together gently, butter the mould well, shake in as many crumbs as will adhere to it, fill and bake at once.

Lemon Auflauf.—This may be made as the foregoing recipes, using lemon only to flavor, the yellow peel of one or two lemons grated, and the juice mixed in when the egg snow is added. Bake in a moderate oven thirty or forty minutes; serve with sifted sugar.—*Boston Transcript.*

DINING ROOM FURNISHINGS.

For a dining room a center piece of carpet or drugget is much better than a carpet which will cover the whole floor. It should be large enough to hold the table and the chairs when they are placed at the table. The floor outside the mat may be inlaid, or oiled pine, or common wood, the floor being stained and varnished or painted brown, olive, or dark red as suits one's fancy best. Very dark carpets and walls make the room gloomy, and that is the one thing a dining room should never be.

Plain paper of some soft shade for the walls, with a deep border of plain paper of some rich shade which will either harmonize or contrast handsomely with the other colors in the room. Drapery curtains are handsome if the room is bright and sunny, but if not light shades are preferable.

Don't put gloomy pictures in the dining room just because they are not pretty enough for the parlor. The best dinner ever prepared would disagree with the eater, were he obliged to look at a picture on the opposite wall which made the "shivers" creep down his backbone. Flowers, fruit, a pretty landscape—all these are suitable, and if they are not by the most celebrated artists, it doesn't matter.

Cheerful surroundings count more here than anywhere else, unless it may be the family sitting room or the nursery. The sitting room, however, is nearly always the pleasantest room in the house, because it is the most used, having a home-like, every-day look about it which is delightful, even if the room is somewhat in disorder. But the dining room, if used exclusively as such, is very apt, in many families, to be the most unpleasant room

in the house. Here comes the old carpet discarded from some up-stairs room, plenty good enough to be worn out by restless feet and moving of chairs. This, too, is the room that gets the dark paint and paper that "will not show the dirt," and the one or two windows have any thing but a pleasant outlook. The dwellers in such houses are dyspeptics always. They cannot eat strawberries and cream. Their graham crackers and weak tea correspond with their feelings and the dismal room. Of course, there are not, we hope, many such dining rooms in our HOUSEHOLD, but let us look to it that there are none at all.

THE DESSERT.

—Window shutters are put up as ornaments. They are only blinds.

—"Lawks!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these master-builders must be! I am told some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands!"

—A modern wit defines the difference between men and women: "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

—A widow at the west, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

—"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

—"Your husband is quite a literary man," remarked Mrs. Dodson. "Yes," sighed Mrs. Jobson, as she brushed his slippers from the mantelpiece and fished his sky blue cravat out of the coal hod, "he always was literary."

—A little fellow was climbing an apple tree, and, when on the topmost limb he slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside through many weary hours his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him, she asked him if there was any thing she could do for him, now that he began to feel better. Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there any thing he wanted? Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said: "Yes, I want a pair of pants with a pocket behind." He got them.

—"Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "I am going to sell you this fine grove of maples. It's a most desirable property, and the man who purchases it will get his money back the first season in sugar. Every thing is in readiness, you'll observe, to catch the sap, and all you've got to do is to collect and boil it down." "But, look here," interrupted a man dressed in overalls and a straw hat, "I don't exactly understand this thing. The trees are tapped all right and the buckets are ship-shape and Bristol fashion; but there ain't a maple tree in the whole grove. I reckon I know an elm from a maple, and I want to know where the sugar's coming from." "Oh, it's all right," responded the auctioneer. "I don't know any thing about the business myself, but Squire Brown, who's owned this place for twenty years, always sent the biggest crop of maple sugar to market of any man in the state. How much am I offered—hand in your bids, gentlemen—fine a piece of property as you'll find in a year's travel; big crop of sugar—how much am I offered?"

The Kitchen.

TO COOK A FOWL AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

BY MARY MARTIN.

YESTERDAY we cooked fowl for dinner, and as one of the ladies at the table remarked, "It was nice."

The same lady could no more prepare a fowl for the table than for market. She was sadly deficient in a practical line, though possessing culture and a fine education. It is well to roam in the land of poesy and gather flowers from the realm of thought, but after that, one must have his dinner; and to be able to prepare it well is something of an art and of immense use.

I am acquainted with a lady, graduate of a leading seminary, versed in music and accomplished in many ways, who can lend a hand to the "laboring oar" in a manner most effectual. A short time since she said to a friend, "I am so glad I am able to prepare the bread I eat. What can be more deplorable than the life of a lady of fashion who proudly boasts she has never learned to cook."

But to the fowl. It was a plump one, well-meated, so we baked it. First, however, it was steamed in a big kettle about an hour. This softened and cooked the meat without scorching and hardening as much baking will do. Then we put the fellow in a dripping pan and with a good fire soon browned him. He was basted well, for which we used the following:

One pint of water, one cup of butter, thicken when to a boil with a tablespoonful of flour paste, pepper and salt to taste, spice with sweet marjoram. This we dipped over freely and often, but before the bird was put into the steaming kettle, the following dressing or "stuffing" was used. Chop fine, salt pork and mix with rolled crackers or stale bread; add half a cup of butter, pepper, salt, thyme, summer savory, or a little sage, and a beaten egg, stirring all to the consistency of dough. Fill the cavity with this mixture and secure the wings by skewing firmly; bake from an hour to two hours according to age and size of bird.

If these directions are closely followed there is no reason why your dinner will not be "nice." It is, however, well to remember, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." Experience will often furnish as valuable recipes as were ever laid down on paper.

In this matter of inexperienced cooking, I am sometimes reminded of a letter a college president sent an applicant for admission. In speaking of expenses he said, as to how much or how little he could get through on depended largely on his grit and courage. It is somewhat so with cooking. A plucky woman will not be overcome if her "luck" is poor the first, second, or third time. Perseverance builds railroads, and bridges chasms. It also conquers the art of good cooking.

A little school-ma'am was once taking tea with us. She after decided to become a housekeeper among the Friends of Pennsylvania, but declared she could not do so until she had our recipe for an excellent dish furnished upon that table. It was known as Spanish Cream, though just why I can not tell as I am quite sure it was of Yankee extraction. This is what we gave her:

To one pint of milk thickened with cornstarch, add the well-beaten whites of three eggs. To another pint add yolks of three eggs, letting it scald but not boil. This should thicken to the consistency of a very thin custard. Flavor with lemon, vanilla, or any extract desired, and

pour in a large, rather flat dish. The cornstarch should be cooled in a mold and when served slipped into the thin sauce or custard. It looks very pretty, is simple and palatable, and almost everybody likes it. The cornstarch, the solid portion, may become a chocolate mound if desired, by adding a plentiful supply of chocolate. We expect the ex-school-mistress has often served this to her guests and possibly charmed them into begging a recipe.

From this other creams could be made, or at least in flavoring and coloring. An ingenious mind may get up many little devices from the same basis. "Contrive" is the New England vernacular and it goes a long way round. I have sometimes heard a tired sister say, "How can I contrive out of nothing?" Bricks without straw are not expected except it be a marvel in the millinery line; certainly not in the culinary department.

I call to mind an old lady who went from the old Bay state to visit her brother's family in Virginia. At the Christmas festivities she saw and heard much the people of the Bay State with their Puritan ancestors in the background, never dreamed of. I shall not enumerate aside from a few kinds of cake, notably, White Mountain Cake, (though the Bay State may have been acquainted,) I suspect the name caught her first—surely it was not of southern extraction, and after the loaf itself. She declared she would not come north till they had given her the recipe. It is as follows:

Whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth, sift lightly on this one and a half cups of fine white sugar, stir well, and add a cup of flour mixed with teaspoonful of baking powder, flavor with lemon or vanilla. This is slightly different from the original. I have seen same rule for snow cake.

Another growing in favor is orange cake. For this take two eggs, one cup of sugar, two cups of sifted flour, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda; grate rind of one Valencia or Messina orange. Frosting, juice of orange filled stiff with frosting sugar, and put upon cake warm, that is, while the cake is warm, or if cool, place in the oven to dry and harden. This last process should not be neglected, as it greatly improves the cake. Almost every person who has once eaten orange cake likes it again; and it is simple and inexpensive.

In speaking of cake-making, a reliable cook book says: "In the making of cake, like all other things, it should be done decently and in order, and the first thing to put in order is one's self." And what housekeeper, good housekeeper, will not agree to this? It also gives very good advice as to ingredients, etc. Good butter should always be used, as heat develops latent bad qualities. Recommends fresh lard for greasing the pans, as better than butter. All cakes not made with yeast should be baked as soon as possible after they are mixed.

Too much care cannot be given to the oven; it is quite as liable to be too hot, as too cold. All systematic housekeepers will hail the day when some wide awake Yankee girl invents an oven with thermometer attached. This would be an excellent thing and the good cook book ought to be thanked for suggesting the idea. But at present, before the patent is taken out, the ovens must be watched with care if we would come off conquerors in cake baking.

In close connection comes the art of cooky making. I will not take space to give my rule as I do not think it materially differs from others frequently given, but it is a good plan to have a jar on hand. Almost all kinds improve with age and a plate of good cookies is always

handy and helps out if one happens to be a trifle short in other directions.

We may talk of music, art, and the sciences, but one must have his dinner, and however elevated a person's position in life, the fact remains undisputed.

Good cooking is the fundamental rule of good living, and to women as a class, this branch of domestic economy belongs. We believe we assert truthfully when we say, the average American woman will not be behind in this her high calling.

HENS.

As Sappho wishes information on the subject of hens, perhaps some of the following facts, learned partly by experience and partly from papers and books on the subject of poultry keeping, but all thoroughly tested, will be of some use to her. Perhaps a little advice about the flock would not be out of order here. The largest breed is the light Brahma, therefore is the best fowl for market, and by many is thought to be the best in all respects. The Leghorn is also an excellent kind, though a non-sitter, but as it makes a rapid growth is best for early broilers; and for a general purpose fowl, a cross between the two is superior to either. If one has a flock of common hens, or "dung hills," as they are called, they should get rid of them as soon as practicable, which may be easily done by getting a few sittings of eggs from some reliable dealer.

If proper care has been taken of your hens there will some of them be ready to sit by the 15th of March or even before, but it is not best to have the tender little chicks exposed to the cruel March wind. Or you could have a brooder made from a soap box that would answer every purpose, and take the chicks to the brooder as soon as hatched and let the hen sit another term.

A good way to make a nest for her to sit in is in this way. Make a box about two feet square and let the open part rest on the ground; take off a board on the side, and after making air holes in it replace the board with bits of leather nailed on for hinges and one to fasten it by. Then if your poultry house is troubled with rats make the nest in a tin pan, if not, on the ground. First put a layer of horse manure over which a good plan is to sprinkle sulphur, as a preventive of lice, over this scatter cut straw or chaff, only enough to keep the eggs clean, (should they get soiled, a little warm water will soon take it off and do no harm to the eggs: some, indeed, advise sprinkling two or three times during incubation.) Then place the box over the nest and at night take mistress biddie from the common nest box and put her in here and close the door. Thus she is all by herself even in a crowded poultry house. Two or more hens should be set at once so if by accident the eggs do not all hatch, one hen can care for all the chicks and the others go to laying again.

Little chickens should be fed on hard boiled eggs for two or three days, then on bread or cold boiled potatoes for a week, when a soft, warm feed is best, but do not by any means give them clear corn meal and water. We have found the following to be the best feed for chicks, and hens as well. Equal parts of ground oats, middlings and corn meal, wet up with warm water or sour milk. When the chicks are four weeks old feed partly on wheat, buckwheat or cracked corn. Feed a spoonful of sulphur once a week to insure good health and rid them of vermin. Let sulphur be used freely at all times. It is better than greasing their heads.

June pullets will lay by the first of October and continue to lay all winter in a poultry house in which the thermometer does not go below thirty degrees at any

time. Many hens will want to sit twice during the summer and if you have ample accommodations it is very nice to have several flocks of August chickens, for the cockerels make delicious broilers for your own table through the winter and the pullets will keep the egg basket full in the spring when the older hens are sitting.

To have them grow to their natural size, you must have a part of the poultry house partitioned off for them, as they need much more feed and especially corn, than the older hens. Do not get your laying hens too fat; feed them mostly on wheat bran, buckwheat and vegetables during the winter. Corn is the worst possible feed for hens and at the same time the most common.

During the summer, if you live on a farm the hens will get the most of their own living. If you live in a village and are obliged to keep the hens confined, have your yard divided in two parts, so that grass may grow in one while the hens are living in the other. Dig up a space at one end of the vacant yard and sow lettuce or any other seed that will grow large, tender leaves quickly, and the hens will almost think themselves in the garden. The best feed for them is thick milk and ground oats with every other thing you can think of in the way of small grain and table scraps to vary their bill of fare.

L. H. asks what will cure a hen from eating her eggs? Nothing but the axe! In a late number of the Farm and Household was a description of a nest built on an inclined plane, down which the egg rolled, through a space at the lower side and into a box underneath. A wooden nest egg was to be nailed in the nest. This might prevent the egg from being eaten, but nothing but sudden death can cure a hen of this bad habit. And let the death be very sudden or she will teach all the other hens to follow her example.

Elizabethtown, N. Y.

FRANK.

A DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I don't know what's the matter with mother. I can't please her."

"I can tell you," said Will's little brother, bluntly, "she's cross."

"My—my son!" said the father, reprovingly, evidently particularly sorry that I, as "company," should hear the boys. Fortunately, Will and the truthful James disappeared, and John laid down his paper with a sigh. "I don't know what's the matter," he said, in very much of Will's tone—loyal to "mother," yet disapproving of the state of things.

"I do," said I, and I fear John thought I was going to echo the little brother—catch me owning up any woman's crossness to a man—"I do. She has not been out of this house for three days. If you had been shut up within four walls for two days there would be no living with you! Lizzie bears it better, but even her patience and natural sweetness of disposition give way under the strain."

"What's to be done!" asked John, after he had meditated for a moment over Lizzie's sweetness.

"Supper comes next; but, as soon as that is over, I would get Lizzie out of the house. I'll put Jim to bed, and you must keep her out in the air for at least an hour."

"She won't go."

I knew that would be the difficulty. "Have a headache, or some trouble or other, and ask her to go for your sake."

"O, but she's used to my going out alone."

"More shame to you!" I growled, and I hope John withered and shrank inside.

"If you ask her to go, I'll see that she accepts."

I then hunted up Lizzie—one woman

always knows where to find another after she has been "cross"—and talked this wise: "Lizzie, you are not only very unhappy yourself, but you are making your children and husband unhappy."

"I know it—I've prayed"—sobbed Lizzie.

"God wants you to obey. There is no use breaking His laws and then praying. Do your praying out in the open air, instead of lying in your bed with your head buried in the pillows. Now, Lizzie, when you and I were girls, you were pretty and I was plain; what does your glass say now?"

Lizzie flushed. She had been a pretty woman, but was yellow and faded. She was almost too busy to do more than be tidy, and her looks were almost a thing of the past.

"You have naturally a lovely complexion, but the pores of your skin are all stopped up. Try a good dose of fresh air each day, and see what a change it will make. Now John is going to ask you to take a walk after tea, and I beg you to go. I'll put Jim to bed, and tell him such a story that he will long for you to go every night. There is the teabell."

Two hours later my friends came in. Lizzie's cheeks were quite pink from the wind, her eyes looked bright, and she was full of delight over some flowers John had given her. We drew our chairs together, and talked of women's need of fresh air.

"I never thought of how necessary it is," said John, penitently, "and then Lizzie was always too busy."

"And will be again," said Lizzie. "It's no use talking. I can't spare time to go out every day."

Then I held forth, and without giving the exact words, I will state my side of the argument. A woman owes it to her husband and children to keep well; she cannot do so unless she breathes fresh air every day. She may not get absolutely ill from housing herself, but she is not at her best. Now one thing that hinders a woman from running out into the air is "dressing." Do let us be independent in this matter! Then, as to time, I know it is difficult to break off from your sewing or housework and run out, and it requires another effort to pick up your work again when you return; but it pays, and it is your duty. Choose some certain hour, and as nearly as possible keep to it, except when you are to be out another part of the day. I know one very busy mother who walks to school with her young daughter every day. She thought she could not possibly spare the time, but her physician persuaded her to try it, and now the strength she has gained makes her able to work so much faster that the half hour is not missed. Another might find it better to take an evening stroll; it is not quite so good, but it is far better than none at all. Your mind will work better, your appetite will be more keen, and the children will not find you "cross" half so often. Think over your perplexities in the open air and many of them will vanish. We magnify our own importance when we shut ourselves up at home.—*Exchange.*

SOME MORNINGS.

Did you ever think how much the morning work influences the whole day? How smoothly the household machinery runs when we are in good spirits and success crowns all our efforts till breakfast is ready. This good beginning of the day has seemed to control us until night and we find that we have accomplished more work, done it easier and are not so tired as we are other days when every thing has gone wrong, though no fault of our own we are sure. We were a little

later than usual, but that was not sufficient cause for the stove to smoke, and the toast to burn in our haste and the coffee to be muddy.

Ah, that lost half hour! It is impossible to make it up. Some half hours are not missed, but this one is, and work we never so fast, it cannot be regained. At dinner-time how it seems to laugh at us over its shoulder as it recedes, when we are so tired and warm after having strained every nerve all the forenoon in the vain attempt to overtake it! How we reproach ourselves at night when we review the day's events and think of so many little things that we meant to have done to-day, but alas, they have been left till some other time, all because of that lost half hour in the morning. We can hardly realize that it was so short a time, it has increased to such vast proportions when viewed from a distance—contrary to the usual order of things. Every housewife knows what this lost time in the morning means, and also how acceptable a little help is at that time of the day.

How often I have heard my mother say, "Girls, a little help in the morning is better than a great deal in the afternoon." And it is to the daughters who are now out of school and spending their long summer vacation that I wish to say a word this evening. You have planned delightful excursions, picnics, boat rides, painting, reading; but have you any definite plans for the mornings? Do not waste them in sleep, wrongfully called rest. You are mistaken in the idea that the midsummer mornings are too warm to be delightful. The sultry heat is later in the day and with now and then an exception the early morning is beautiful, vocal with the song of birds and fanned with a fragrant breeze. Do not spend one of them in bed, but be awake, and aware of its beauties and the fact that you can enjoy some of the time in the kitchen helping mother.

This is not "drudgery" but as you will learn from experience, a far greater pleasure than you now suppose. It will not be an unpleasant task for you, while mother is getting breakfast, to mold the bread that was mixed last night and is now running over the edge of the pan, and put it to rise for the last time. It will be baked soon after breakfast and the tins can be washed with the other dishes. It took not more than half an hour at most, but it seemed to help at least two hours. It almost seemed to mother that she did not have bread baking that day. The oven was ready for the pies and cakes when she wished it, which, in fact, was earlier than usual, and she had the tins for other uses without waiting for them to be washed.

Then what a help about dinner if she finds the vegetables prepared for the kettle. This can be done before breakfast as well as not. And you that are so fortunate as to have gardens will find that vegetables are much nicer if picked in the morning than if kept in the house over night. There are many ways to help that will readily suggest themselves if you are ready, and willing to be told what and how to do.

Remember that mother knows best, and do your best to follow her instructions. Do not be too eager to take the reins into your own hands, for, like Phaethon, you will find the steeds unmanageable, and you will be hurled into the depths of your own disgrace and humiliation. Be sure these half-hour helps in the early morning will give mother a much longer rest during the heat of the day, and does she not need it? Will not her company, and the sight of her smiling, contented, face repay you a thousand times for your unusual exertion, which has been of more benefit to you than to her? What you learn

these warm summer mornings will not be forgotten in after years when you, too, have a home and wish a little help in the kitchen.

HESTER HAMILTON.

HINTS.

The more eggs in fried cakes the less they will soak fat. When fat is hot enough for use it will cease to boil.

To make the top crust of bread thin and a delicate brown, dip the hand in water and dampen the top of the loaf upon placing it in the oven.

To prevent juicy pies from boiling over, some housekeepers resort to this device. Cut a vent in the center of the upper crust and insert a piece of writing paper rolled up in the form of a cornucopia, into which the juice rises during the process of baking.

Fish will bear more seasoning than meat.

To prevent food from scorching, place a dish of water in the oven while baking.

Rocking children to sleep is a foolish practice. A well child, made comfortable and put to bed at regular hours, will drop to sleep at once without trouble.

Spirits of turpentine or a small quantity of bar soap improves the luster of stove blacking. Molasses is also added to blacking to make it adhere better.

Kid shoes may be kept soft and free from cracks by rubbing them occasionally with pure glycerine.

A little saltpeter or baking soda mixed with water in which cut flowers are placed will keep them fresh for a long while.

Mrs. W. B. M.

A MIXTURE.

Will some of the numerous HOUSEHOLD readers write and give their opinions on our reading nowadays? When we take up our papers and periodicals, it is all, or nearly so, by English writers and some French, and mixed in now and then with a dash from the East Indies. Now I am thoroughly American. I do not admire them. Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood," "The Hills of the Shatamuck," or good old "Uncle Tom's Cabin," are far preferable in my way of thinking, and can we not be so far for our own productions as to cease getting our gloves, dress goods, and all other numerous articles from Paris, as so many of our ladies do!

I read with interest, the washing and ironing articles, and derive a great deal of benefit therefrom. I do not iron all my clothes. The starched ones receive a proper amount of attention, but the plain ones are clean and sweet, and that has to suffice. I have many things to do.

I have tried a good many of the famous soaps nowadays, and I fail to find any of them that will get my clothes clean without a good deal of rubbing, and I will explain a little and see if there are not a good many that agree with me. We live on a farm, on the banks of the Umpqua, and have all kinds of dirty farm work to do, and the weather is warm sometimes, and the men sweat the dirt into their clothes, and a soaking and squeezing out, rinsing and hanging out does not do. Any one to see them would think they had not been run through the first suds, and we have nice soft water. I see a great deal about "washing made easy," but the easy part I have failed to find, and I think if those who live on large farms will give their opinions, it will be much the same. The soaps I tried were quite good, but would not do for the dirtiest things, without rubbing.

I am almost ready to leave this letter unsent, when I read the good things Helen Herbert writes in her excellent essays, but very small lights sometimes make a little glow, even among the large ones. I believe she gave us a few ideas

about German without a teacher, three years ago, which I read with so much interest.

I have THE HOUSEHOLD since '80 or '81, with the exception of two numbers, one I loaned and it failed to return, and was destroyed by a little girl committing a piece to memory for school-recitation.

Where is our badge? Has the idea fallen to the earth?

Now I will write a few words for those who wish to know something of this state and this southwestern portion of it. It is a healthy climate, every thing is raised in the grain line except corn, and that I cannot brag on, all kinds of vegetables, and all kinds of fruit except peaches and grapes, and we are too near the coast fogs for very good fruit of this kind, although we have some. We have fir timber, some small oaks, maples, (soft), and what is here called myrtle, but I think it is properly laurel. Sheep roam over the mountains. Some hops are raised and they are said to be of good quality. There is no land to be taken up that is easy of access. All the old settlers have donation claims. We have good schools, but the terms are too short, and churches are beginning to spring up through the country.

UMPQUA.

Oregon.

A VERY USEFUL WOOD.

Boxwood, which is almost exclusively used for wood engraving, is becoming more and more scarce. The largest wood comes from the countries bordering on the Black Sea. The quantity exported from Poti direct to England is immense; besides this, from 5,000 to 7,000 tons of the finest quality, brought from southern Russia, annually pass through Constantinople. An inferior and smaller kind of wood, supplied from the neighborhood of Samsoun, is also shipped at Constantinople to the extent of about 1500 tons annually. With regard to the boxwood forests of Turkey, the British Consul at Constantinople reports that they are nearly exhausted, and that very little really good wood can be obtained from them. In Russia, however, where some little government care has been bestowed upon forestry, a considerable quantity of choice wood still exists; but even there it can only be obtained at an ever-increasing cost, as the forests near the sea have been denuded of their best trees. The trade is now entirely in English hands, although formerly Greek merchants exclusively exported the wood. In the province of Trebizond the wood is generally of an inferior quality; nevertheless, from 25,000 to 30,000 hundred weight are annually shipped, chiefly to the United Kingdom.—*The Garden.*

A GEORGIA WOMAN'S COFFEE.

An Atlanta lady who is an excellent housekeeper and whose coffee has been praised time over time, gives the following rules and regulations for making that delightful beverage:

"It is an easy matter to have good coffee. In the first place the coffee must be kept in an air tight canister, and must be of a good quality, and be ground as needed. The coffee pot must be kept scrupulously neat, and must be kept in the sunshine. The teakettle in which the water is boiled must also be kept clean, and fresh water must be used for making the coffee. The amount of coffee used must be bounteous, else the product will have a limp taste, and will fail to give satisfaction. If a good supply of crisp, freshly-ground coffee is put into a clean pot and fresh boiling water is poured on, and the coffee is allowed to boil awhile, good coffee is the result. At our home we make coffee extra strong, use about a

third of a cup of good, fresh milk, with the cream on it, and it is delightful. It is far different from much of the alleged coffee that a combination of stinginess and carelessness forces helpless people to drink."—*Exchange*.

A PLEA FOR GRATES.

I ask permission to step in, to "scrape acquaintance" and chat a little while with the Band. I have been a silent listener for two years. I find so many helps and timely hints in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, I can scarcely see how I got along previously without it. I now think I could not keep house without it. We take quite a number of other papers, weeklies and monthlies, but THE HOUSEHOLD heads the list. It always comes in at the beginning of the month, like an absent member of the family, heartily received and welcomed.

I agree with Southern Sister, that generally speaking, it is not a glorious thing to have a man puttering about the house, as he is usually more in the way than a help, in most things, although there are exceptions; and there are times (for instance, when you are lone handed, in house cleaning, and want a lift) when a man about the house would be a good institution, could one be found. But of all times, that is the time a man is scarce. And then, who ever knew a man who could be depended upon, house cleaning time, to take down and put up stoves (just what he is most needed for) without losing his temper? If such an one there be,

May his name be recorded
In letters of gold,
On the most prominent page
Of our dear HOUSEHOLD.

However, much of the heavy lifting in house cleaning may be abolished by doing away with stoves and adopting the open fire-place or grate, which is much more cheerful, healthy, and better in every way, except, perhaps, a little more dust to clean, than some stoves. One little drawback, however, is its being entirely open and free, makes it more inviting to a man, to be continually seizing the poker and poking into it, raising a dust every time he comes into the room. There seems to be a peculiar streak of magnetism between his hand and the poker, when he draws up to the fire at a grate.

I find, with grates in a house, a great improvement in helping along in house cleaning, as you can go right along and clean whenever you are ready, not having to wait as is so often the case on a farm for the "gude mon" to get his spring crop all into the ground before he can take time to help get down the stoves, so the carpets can be taken up, to get at the cleaning. This on a farm is quite a item, when the women have their gardening, and planting of all kinds, also, to be done in its proper season. Again, a grate is always in readiness for a little fire when needed cool, damp days, or evenings, without being in the way during summer, whereas a stove will be taken down and put out of the way often rendering it very uncomfortable, and even at times causing a sick spell, which a little fire might have prevented. Comforts to the inmates of the home should be considered in preference to any thing else. Some object to a grate on the grounds of its not heating a room as well as a stove. If properly constructed it will heat just as well, and with less fuel, as the high winds so prevalent in winter, do not have the effect on it by increasing draft, as is the case with most or all stoves; but I find that a poor quality of coal is more noticeable on a grate than a stove, for heating.

In a recent number, Ernestine Irving advises being very liberal with soap and mop, or brush, in cleaning, and particularly the cellar, all of which I fully en-

dorse. We cannot be too particular about thoroughly cleaning the cellar and keeping it clean and pure for the health of the family.

Right here allow me to add my mite in this one particular. I always use carbolic acid in cleaning the cellar, putting a few drops in the lime wash for the walls, and also in the water for scrubbing the floor, (I prefer a brick floor, as it is more smooth to scrub and keep clean than cement, and keeps cooler in warm weather.) A cellar should always have a floor that can be scrubbed, in order to keep it sweet and clean. But in case of a ground floor it should be sprinkled occasionally with carbolic acid water, just a few drops to a bucket of water. I think it the most searching and best disinfectant that can be used. I always scrub cellar floors with it about once a month during winter. Of course it does not leave a very enjoyable (but a healthy) odor for a few days, but while it exists it is doing its work in cleansing and purifying the atmosphere, and as it wears away, leaves the cellar sweet and clean, other things of course, being kept in proper order, all decaying matter removed, etc., as that should never be allowed in any cellar, and especially where milk and butter are kept. CLEMATIS.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I have been a silent, though a constant reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for six months, and am at last moved to speak. There is no paper that comes to our home that we prize more highly than THE HOUSEHOLD. My John is never willing for me to get the first glance at its rich and luscious fruits. I do so much enjoy the letters from the many good sisters all over the country. But it seems to me that the Missouri sisters might materialize occasionally, as there are a number of them taking the good old paper whom we know, and none but what are capable of writing something that will help to lighten our labors in the duties of the household.

We notice quite a number prizing our paper for the many patterns and directions how to make fancy work, but I am deprived of this part of the profession as a housekeeper, as my time is taken up in millinery and dress making.

I prize the many good recipes and advice how to master our work and not to let it master us.

There is considerable said about the non-ironing board. While I am a young convert to this way of getting rid of the ironing, I think also something can be said of the non-washing. We know there are many poor, weakly sisters that dread the wash day as it comes around every week. And if some of the weak and delicate ones will only listen, (and the large, overgrown, fat sisters, too, if they wish,) I will tell them my plan, one that I have tried with success, viz.: On Monday, in the cool of the morning, take a warm suds, and rub out all your white clothes; spread them on the grass, and let them remain over night. Tuesday morning have your John prepare you a tub of rinsing water while he is waiting for breakfast. After breakfast, and the dishes done up, blue the water, rinse and starch your clothes nicely and hang on the line to dry. If you try this method, you will surprise your neighbors by getting your washings out so early, and they will exclaim, how nice and white Mrs. So and So's clothes do look. This does away with the boiling that causes us so much hard lifting and wringing, besides the boiling has a tendency to yellow the clothes when left too long, and the sun will remove all the stains, when boiling won't begin to touch them. To get rid of colored clothes, you wash them after your white clothes, and then put them out in

the rinse till morning, and hang with the rest. Methinks I hear some good, old foggy sister say she prefers boiling her clothes. Well, to her we say, "Just discard that old foggy idea once, and try the above plan, and we know you will be surprised."

I cannot take the stand with our Texas sister. I think it would improve THE HOUSEHOLD wonderfully to admit our Johns to its columns. Let us see what they know about our duties. Let them come in so as we can see what they think of their Susans and Janes.

To Mrs. Mattie Ambrose, I will send a recipe for removing ink stains from cotton cloth. Dip the spots in pure melted tallow, and the ink will disappear. If articles are rubbed out in cold water while the stains are fresh, they will often be entirely removed.

A good way to clean light kid gloves. Put the glove on the hand, and rub thoroughly with white corn meal, using a piece of cotton flannel.

Will some one please send recipe for cleaning a hanging lamp that has become fly specked? Also how to can gooseberries without cooking them?

MRS. BELLE F. METZ.
Chambersburg, Ill.

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED.

That if your egg beater is worn so it will slip cogs and seems of no use, that the rivet which holds the large wheel can be filed off and taken out, then the projection and wheel both filed some and when the rivet is replaced the cogs will fit together as well as when it was new.

That if your apple jelly is too hard to spread on warm cake that it can be made the right consistency by putting pieces in a teacup and stirring with a fork.

That partly worn red woolen underwear makes nice, soft, warm shirts for the little ones, by sewing all the seams "over and over" without turning the edges in. You will need a seam under one arm only.

That old mosquito netting taken from the windows in the fall makes good scrubbing or wash rags if it is folded about twelve inches square, and six or eight thicknesses, then stitched three or four times across on the machine.

That a dumb waiter to the cellar is a great saving of steps and strength and that those who are not building a new house can have them made without any great expense if their cupboards or pantry are over the cellar.

That boiling silver spoons in the water in which the potatoes have been boiled and rubbing them with soft linen or a chamomile skin is an easy way to brighten them.

That if you wipe the steam from your windows before night there will not be such a coating of frost on them.

That it is more convenient not to have a threshold under the door from the kitchen and pantry and also under the folding doors into the parlor. But if there are children and you have no fire in the parlor, you need to have a long bag filled with sand to lay down to keep the cold out, in the winter. I found when I filled mine that it just fitted over the mouth of my large tunnel which I have for filling my fruit jars, so it took only a minute to fill it. They can have a cover crocheted of yarn to slip over, or one made of crash and worked in some simple outline pattern, then it can be easily slipped off and washed. These sand bags are just the thing to lay down at an outside door where the threshold is worn down in the middle. We have oak thresholds for the outside doors.

For an Anxious Mother, I copy a part of an article on the "Cure of Stammering," by Dio Lewis: "Now I propose to

give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many unhappy stammerers. In three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete. The secret is this: The stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins to read one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or by moving the large toe in the boot. I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day with thorough practice of this art. I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world." Mrs. W. L. KETCHUM.
Anamosa, Iowa.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Nettie Rogers asks in the April number for lemon pies—something cheap and good without cornstarch.

Lemon Pie.—One large lemon, peeled and sliced very fine, one egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and one cup of water. Beat the egg and sugar together, add the flour, mix thoroughly, then add the water and bake with two crusts.

Cheap Layer Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter and lard, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one and two-thirds cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Excellent Pan Cakes.—One egg beaten thoroughly, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of flour, and about one-half cup of water.

As flour differs a great deal one has to exercise her own judgment about how much flour to use, and not go by a recipe. If housekeepers would sift the flour and baking powder together thoroughly two or three times before using, they would find their cakes much lighter. Even in making biscuit it is worth the extra trouble for they are much nicer.

Sister Nell's Coffee Cake (excellent).—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, three eggs, one-half cup of made coffee, three heaping cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup each of raisins and currants, one-fourth pound of citron, one grated nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. This makes a large cake, but it will keep for a long time. The coffee should be made stronger than when used for the table.

In making cakes the butter and sugar should always be beaten to a cream, and also raisins, currants, citron, etc., for cakes should be sprinkled with flour and rolled in it.

Perhaps some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD do not know that boiled icing for cakes is excellent, and although a little harder to make than the common icing with a little practice in making it one will make it always in preference to the other.

Boiled Icing.—Two cups of granulated sugar, and one-half cup of boiling water. Boil until it will candy when dropped into cold water. Have ready the whites of two eggs beaten very stiff. Pour the eggs into a deep crock or bowl, and while beating the eggs, pour the boiling sugar and water slowly over them. Beat the frosting or icing constantly until it is about lukewarm. Mrs. J. H. GRAY.

David City, Neb.

USEFUL HINTS.

Southern Girl, socks can be made perfectly clean, soft, and white, by boiling them in white lye. The reason the socks

are so hard to wash, is because they are stained from the leather of the boots or shoes. I always have the socks boiled in white lye before darning them, as it makes them so much softer and nicer to work with. We make the white lye by putting about a pint of wood ashes in a pot and pouring a gallon of boiling water over them, and let them boil a little while, then set off to cool and settle; the lye should be strained, and the socks boiled in it, and washed and rinsed and dried as usual. When dry, if not perfectly white and soft, they should be boiled again in fresh lye.

White spots can be removed from varnished furniture by pouring on them a few drops of alcohol and rubbing briskly for a few minutes. Sometimes a second application is required.

If a Brussels, or ingrain carpet is stained or spotted, apply to the spots with a small camel's hair pencil, dyes of the requisite color and you'll be surprised at the result. In the spring, after a carpet has been shaken and swept and laid down and tacked, it can be brightened and freshened wonderfully by sprinkling common salt rather thickly over it, and letting it remain on half an hour, then carefully swept off. Do not let the salt remain on longer than half an hour, for sometimes it will melt. And never put salt on a rag carpet, it will give it a greasy appearance. Our parlor carpet (a Brussels) in daily use, and much abused, was restored to almost its original beauty by the following means. After the carpet had been swept carefully I washed all the spots and stains in this way: In a half gallon of hot water I put a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, and with some fine white soap and clean white flannel cloths, I went over all the spots and stains, just dampening them, then washing them with the hot suds, so as to remove every particle, or suspicion of grease, at the same time being careful not to be too lavish in the expenditure of water. The spots were rinsed in a clean hot water, with clean flannel cloths. The next day, when the spots had become quite dry they were painted with dyes, all the faded flowers and leaves were touched up and toned up in their true colors, and in the renewed beauty and brightness of my carpet, I felt amply repaid for all my labor. UHLMAN.

A MENDER OF CLOTHES.

"When well-to-do men fail, or die without leaving property, their families are often compelled," said a lady conspicuous in charitable work, "to do something to help themselves. This is very hard for women who have been trained up in idleness. Some teach music and others teach school, but those ways of earning a living are already overcrowded. As for domestic service, it is simply impossible to make living wages at it. I have known of women who made money by preparing cakes and preserves. Many paint plaques, Christmas cards, and make other fancy articles, but they are hurt by the competition of women who do the same thing without the necessity of earning money, and who are willing therefore to sell for almost any price. I know of one practical young woman who supports herself in a singular way. She does the mending for a number of families. She is proficient in darning and in other ways of repairing clothing and she makes visits at regular intervals and repairs all the clothing that needs repairing."

TO REMOVE ANTS.—Place pieces of raw meat in a cupboard, and after the ants have clustered upon them, plunge into boiling water. Persevere in this for two or three weeks, and you will soon be entirely free from ants.

—In putting away summer or winter clothing for the season, label all packages on the outside, and keep a handy memorandum book with the contents of each trunk, drawer, or closet specified; it will prove a saver of time and vexation. One often forgets just where a bundle or mittens, scarfs, etc., were put, especially if the accustomed place has been changed.

—Don't peel your potatoes and throw away the best part of them, but prepare them nicely "with their coats on," steam them until done, remove their skins with a knife and fork, place in a tureen or platter, spread butter on them quite freely, sprinkle with salt and pepper, set in the oven one moment to melt the butter, then pour over them a liberal quantity of sweet cream; serve immediately.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Do you hear a faint tap at the gate of our charmed circle? Please quietly open lest the wee ones of dreamland awaken, and our chat be interrupted. It is late, I know, but for a time I must continue my lonely vigils. The tiny owner of the brown curls is quietly sleeping, John has gone to the depot to meet company, and I am left at 11:30 P. M. to amuse myself.

As Joseph Cook once said of Chautauqua, I keep THE HOUSEHOLD in a fireside nook of my inmost affections, and while I am engaged with the routine of home duties, my mind is busy with the many inspiring thoughts gleaned from my indispensable HOUSEHOLD, full of cheery letters, valuable recipes, and useful information, so often proving a sedative to tired nerves and aching head.

Thanks to Huldah Keith for directions for etching on linen, napkins, etc. The raspberry stitch in a late number is beautiful. But where is Rosella Rice and her "Information Club?" And when may we hear from Lillis Graham? The sponge cake article in a late number has been read with interest and benefit by our Church Mite Society. Thanks to Mabel Day for her "Crocheted Antique Lace," also the pattern from E. R. A. for "Pine Apple Lace" is very pretty.

I now give a few suggestions as my mite to the sisters. An excellent way to cook sweet corn, is to cut it from the cob, season with a cup of cream, a tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste, put in a dripping pan and bake one-half hour with a slow fire.

A sure and simple way of cooking oat meal is, to one cup of the meal add two and one-half cups of water, and one teaspoonful of salt, and let it soak over night. Put in a steam boiler, if you have one, if not, use a quart cup, set it in a kettle of water and let it boil as long as possible before breakfast. Stir the meal well before taking from the fire, and serve with cream and sugar or butter and sugar.

For a cake that will neither disappoint cook nor guests, Malaga cake, take two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, beat to a cream, add one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat the whites of seven eggs to a stiff froth and add lastly. Flavor with lemon and bake in sheets.

For the filling take the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, add sugar as for frosting, reserve enough for the top of the cake, add one coffee cup of seeded raisins chopped fine, flavor with vanilla or lemon and spread between the layers. If preferred nuts can be used instead of raisins.

My Infallible Lemon Pie.—Grate the rind of one lemon, add the juice, two cups of water, two-thirds cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of flour, boil till the flour is cooked, pour into pie

tin lined with paste, and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a little sugar, spread over the pie when baked, set back in the oven and slightly brown.

There are a few hints I have not seen in our paper, which may be of use in cake baking, to those who, perchance, are novices in this line of culinary labor. If it is warm weather, eggs can be beaten to a finer froth for standing in cold water a few minutes. Old eggs will not make a stiff froth from any amount of beating. Good butter must be used in all cake service, as the heat develops any latent bad qualities. Use pulverized sugar for delicate cakes, coffee sugar for rich cakes. There is great knack in beating cake. Don't stir, but beat thoroughly, bringing the batter up from the bottom of the dish at every stroke. This drives the air into the cells of the batter, and not out. If the cake is hard and solid it needs a little more milk, if more flour is needed it will fall in the center and be spongy. "Milk" always means sweet milk, "cup" means teaspoon.

Excellent jelly can be made from the surplus juice of canned fruit, using not quite so much sugar.

Soiled velvet can be re-dressed successfully, by placing a wet cloth on the face of a hot iron; with one hand draw the velvet over this steaming cloth, with the other brush the velvet well. You will be surprised at the effect.

But I hear the rumbling of the omnibus, and John is coming. For fear I may not soon be bidden to THE HOUSEHOLD home should I tarry too long now, I bid you all a kind good night. BERNICE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I wonder if I am a sister. I think I am as I have known you all a long, long time. I have subscribed for THE HOUSEHOLD two years, and had bought it by the single number for three years before then, and as my mother or grandmother took it even before then, I feel pretty nearly related any way.

As John seems to be the first person generally spoken of, I suppose I must say a word about him, too. Mine fully appreciates THE HOUSEHOLD, but he has been heard to say that as often as my paper appeared I immediately shut myself into the pantry with it, and could not be seen again until I had a "whole pantry full of experiments," but, sisters, although he always very meekly and even thankfully helps eat the experiments, I do not want he should have a chance to write for THE HOUSEHOLD, it isn't large enough to hold half the sisters, even if they crowd into the smallest possible space.

If Economy isn't fairly buried alive by this time with recipes and suggestions, I want to tell her of two very cheap and at the same time very nice dishes. For the first, place a smooth iron kettle or stewpan over the fire, and put a few slices of salt pork in it to fry, peel and slice a quart of potatoes and a few onions. When the pork is cooked put the potatoes and onions in with it, pepper and salt to taste. Just cover with boiling water and boil until quite soft, then add a cup or more of milk, and set it off the fire as soon as it boils. Then split six or eight crackers and lay on top of the soup, and leave the kettle covered for a few minutes before serving. You will think it good enough to deserve a better name than "poor man's soup."

For the other I buy a cheap piece of beef, sometimes an edge bone, and sometimes the thick end of the shin, or the small end of a round, put it in a kettle well covered with cold water, put in salt, one or two cloves, and a few grains of black pepper. Let it boil, and skim it carefully, set it where it will boil slowly all day, then set it off to get cold. When

quite cold remove the fat from the top, and let it just get hot again. There should not be more than a pint of broth by this time. Take the meat off the bone, chop it quite fine, and pile it lightly into a bread tin, strain the broth over it, and pat it down smoothly with a spoon, and when thoroughly cooled it can be taken out of the tin and sliced for cold meat, and is far nicer than even ham or tongue. The fat can be used for gingerbread or cake, and is quite as good as butter for that purpose. PEGGY DOODLE.

Charlemont, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Another three years' silent subscriber wishes to be introduced to the many sisters whose letters I have read, and reaped so much benefit therefrom. I have gathered much and useful information, and thought it time I offered my mite, that perhaps some reader who has racked her brains, as I have mine, may learn how to dispose of the cold meat that will accumulate.

First, the remains of a beefsteak or any cold beef are excellent chopped and made into mince meat for pies.

A sister in a late number wishes for a recipe for mince pies, not too rich. I will give mine which I think she will like.

Two pounds of beef chopped fine. Remove all the gristle. One large cup of raisins, seeded, the same of currants picked and washed, four pounds of apples pared and chopped, one teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, half the quantity of mace, one cup of sugar put in a quart of cider and brought to a boil, pour it over the mixture. If liked one-half pound of suet may be added. I made some of the above with cold boiled beef and the remains of a beefsteak, and it was very good.

I will also give another way of disposing of cold meat scraps. Remove all fat and gristle, chop the meat fine, put a pan on the stove with a spoonful of dripping, brown some minced onion in the dripping, put in a tablespoonful of flour and brown it, pour a little stock, if on hand, if not water will do, over it, and make a gravy, boil four ounces of macaroni in stock or milk twenty to thirty minutes. When all is ready put the chopped meat in the gravy, let it get thoroughly hot, mix or toss some of the macaroni in with the meat to absorb the gravy. Serve turned out on a hot dish. Arrange the remainder of the macaroni around the dish, and it looks and eats well.

Still another and simple way is to chop scraps of cold meat, season with salt and pepper, make a gravy as above, turn on a hot dish, and garnish around with poached eggs.

My John has partaken of all of the above dishes, and pronounced them good, which is excellent praise from him, as I doubt if any of the sisters have a John with a more fastidious taste than mine. I hope those who try my recipes will report, as I should be very glad to know if I have been a help to some one.

Before closing, I would say to Louise, from Dakota, that I, too, draw the scales to one hundred and sixty, but do not think it a misfortune at all. Nor do I think I am too stout to wear any thing that my sense of taste (and I claim some) tells me is becoming. I should say wear what becomes you and look well. Do not follow the fashion and look and feel miserable. HOPEFUL.

Massachusetts.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I have the pleasure of joining your very charming circle? This is the first year I have taken our paper. I like it ever so much. The recipes I have tried are splendid, and I feel as if I would like to add my mite.

Beth, you can remove ink stains from woolen goods by saturating the spots

with spirits of turpentine. Let it remain several hours, then rub it between the hands. It will crumple away without injuring either the color or texture of the article.

The best rule for crystallizing grasses is to put in as much alum as the water will dissolve. When it will take no more it is called a saturated solution. Then pour into an earthen jar and boil it slowly until it is evaporated nearly one-half. Now suspend the grasses in such a manner that their tops will be under the solution. Put the whole in a cool place where not the least draft of air or motion will disturb the formation of crystals. In twenty-four or thirty-six hours take out the grasses and let them harden in a cool room. Beautiful blue crystals can be made by preparing blue vitriol or sulphate of copper in the same manner, but don't let it drop on your dress or carpet. Gold colored crystals can be produced by adding turmeric to the alum solution, and a few drops of extract of logwood will make rich purple crystals.

Wrinkled grenadine may be rendered nearly as beautiful as when new, by sponging the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, then iron on the wrong side.

Mildew may be removed from muslin by dipping it in sour buttermilk and laying it in the sun, or it may be removed by soaping the spots while wet, and covering them with fine chalk scraped to powder and well rubbed in.

Zinc may be cleaned by taking one-fourth muriatic acid and three-fourths water, thickened with whiting and applied with a cloth. Scour well with this mixture and then wash with warm water.

To remove iron rust, dip the rusty spots in a solution of tartaric or citric acid, or wet the spots with lemon juice and rub on hard white soap, and expose it to the heat, or apply lemon juice and salt and expose it to the sun.

Arkansas.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read your columns for almost three years, and I would like to add my voice to the continually ascending praise, and also my mite to the general information fund.

This is the way I bake beans: One pint of beans steamed for two hours in the evening, in the morning, the first thing, take a slice of "breakfast bacon," two tablespoonfuls of New Orleans molasses, salt and pepper to taste. Turn out your beans in a stone jar with an airtight cover, sink the meat in the middle of the beans, after seasoning and adding the molasses, and bake all the morning, adding water occasionally. They will be ready for dinner, and, as my husband says, "make your mouth water to look at them." This recipe is for a family of two or three.

Here is a recipe for squash pie without eggs: Four large tablespoonfuls of squash mashed fine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two-thirds of a cup of milk. Beat squash, sugar and spice together, pour in the milk boiling hot, holding it high, and beating the custard rapidly all the time; this makes it light and fine grained.

Make you a teakettle steamer by purchasing a tin quart pail that will slip into your teakettle, have the tinner put a flange of tin around it near the top, so no steam will escape. This will only cost you twenty-five cents, and there is no end to the uses of this little convenience. All sorts of boiled custards, cornstarch, rice, oat meal and even beans can be steamed in the quickest and nicest way. On a gas line or oil stove, it economizes space, for your teakettle has to boil any way while a meal is getting.

Let me tell the members of THE HOUSEHOLD how my rugs are made. I went to

a carpet store and for twenty-five cents picked out eighteen or twenty different remnants of Brussels or tapestry carpet. From these I made four or five rugs by binding them with red flannel, each one separately, and then sewing together, and binding the whole rug. The pieces were from five to ten and twelve inches wide. They are very durable and so easily kept clean.

Now I must stop as this letter is growing too long. I like to read Emily Hayes' letters, also the articles on the Chautauqua Circle. My husband is a graduate, and proud of his diploma. My thanks are due Mr. Crowell for THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present.

AN ILLINOIS WOMAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Having lately entered into your hallowed precincts, and joined myself to your family, I beg you all accept me as a sister, and co-laborer in the vineyard. I want first to say how much I appreciate my wedding gift of THE HOUSEHOLD. May it find its way into every home, to cheer and encourage to new efforts the tired housewife or mother. I am young and somewhat inexperienced, and the letters from my widely separated sisters have been greatly prized.

The question of how to make citron preserves has spurred me to write immediately, as I have been told mine were very nice. After peeling, slice the citron in pieces, not too large, and a little less than one-half inch thick. Then wash in three waters, cold, and boil in water with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, till it is clear and a broom splint will go through it easily. Then put it in cold water, wash it and let it drain. Weigh, using one pound of sugar to a pound of citron.

For the syrup, allow four pounds of sugar to a quart of water. Let the syrup boil, then add half a dozen sliced lemons and the citron. Boil until the lemon is clear and soft, and the syrup thickens and tastes of lemon. Until cool the preserves have an insipid taste, but after standing a few days they are very rich. The above allowance of lemons is for two citrons.

I, too, would like to hear from the "Johns," and think they might be allowed a voice, if they have any thing to say.

Illinois.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am almost a stranger to THE HOUSEHOLD. To tell the truth I never saw a copy of it until a few months ago when I found one among my husband's exchanges, since then I have taken care that it does not go into the waste paper basket. It "fills a long felt want" in my household.

Being a stranger to your columns I don't know that I can add any thing new, but will venture to give a little of my experience in making graham bread. I would scarcely dare to do this were it not that my husband says I can make as good bread as his mother, which is a great concession for a man. My husband is a dyspeptic and bread made from common graham irritated his stomach, so I had recourse to the sifter, and discovered that the flour I was using was over half bran. I changed to a graham flour that is nearly as fine as bolted flour, and makes delicious bread, so delicious, in fact, that the white bread does not receive much attention until the graham is gone. I set sponge for white bread late at night, and in the morning I take enough for a large loaf, and add one-half cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of lard and the graham flour, and mold it as soft as I can, not as stiff as white bread, but so that it will not stick to the board. Then I let it rise until it doubles itself in bulk, then work it down ready for the pan, and let it rise

for the oven. It does not take it as long to bake as white bread. When done I rub the top with lard or butter, and leave it exposed until cold. I find this a much better way than covering and sweating the bread. If you are fond of graham bread try the above. I sometimes use half graham flour when making soda or baking powder biscuits, and find them very palatable.

Now that it is warm, and so many eggs are used, allow me to make a suggestion that may be new to some of you, in regard to the frying of eggs. Instead of turning them over or throwing the grease over them, put a close cover over the spider, and you will find they will cook through quickly without any trouble.

Hoping my experience may be helpful to some one, I will now ask for a good way to make an omelet large enough for six. I never can turn one. By the time it gets to the table it is hard to tell what it is.

St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For six years THE HOUSEHOLD has been a most welcome visitor in my family. I have sent postage and proofs of marriage for nine brides that they might have the benefit of such a valuable paper in the beginning of their housekeeping experience. I have recommended THE HOUSEHOLD to several lady friends, and all were pleased with the paper, and now after writing this letter, and sending some recipes, I will consider myself entitled to a full membership in THE HOUSEHOLD Band.

I would suggest to those sending recipes using crackers that they send a measure of rolled cracker, as there are so many sizes that giving the number of crackers used is very indefinite.

I wonder if all housekeepers know how nicely Zante currants are washed in a colander. Look them over, place in a colander in a pan of water, rub with the hands briskly, lift the colander up, pour clean water over the currants, and you will be surprised at the sediment in the water.

Some one asked about oiling pine floors. We have a hard pine floor which we oil every two years, using boiled linseed oil. Keep the oil in a kettle on the stove, pour out a tinfal, apply with a paint brush, using care not to put on too thick, as it will be sticky if too much oil is used.

I will send my recipe for cream pies: Place a pint of milk where it will heat, beat together one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of flour, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, and a very small pinch of salt, stir into the milk when it is nearly boiling. Stir rapidly until cooked. Flavor with lemon, and pour upon the crust, which should be baked before the cream is put in. Beat the whites of the eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread on the pies, set in the oven and brown slightly.

St. Paul, Minn. WESTERN SISTER.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to tell you all what a blessing I have found this little sheet during the six months I have been a subscriber, and to ask a few more favors and contribute a few suggestions which may prove as great a boon to some of you as previous articles in it have to me, who have nearly all their own house, flower and vegetable garden work to do on two city lots, fifty by one hundred and twenty feet.

Though it is called a city, it has not but five thousand inhabitants, situated on the Union Pacific railroad, one hundred and ninety miles west of Kansas City and booming like all of Kansas. The Union Pacific has also two branches, extending one to Lincoln Center, and thence westward, the other, south, connecting with the Santa Fe. The Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad has also a line coming into town through Council Grove on the southeast of us connecting with the main line at that place. Several other roads are in contemplation, but I will not mention them at this writing. I have written this for those of you who contemplate buying in or

visiting the west, and should any of you come as near as Kansas City, do not fail to give me a call, and I will supply you with as good accommodations as my limited means will allow, but a heart full of good will toward you all.

I would like to ask the sisters if any of them could send me practical directions for making good graham bread without soda or baking powder? I tested Kathie Kringle's brown bread given in the January number, and found it excellent, but object to the soda.

I have also to thank E. A. C., Connecticut, for her recipe for making washing fluid, which I find helps me greatly with my washing these hot Kansas days, and the ironing is quickly disposed of on THE HOUSEHOLD plan, without much trouble or expense.

I would suggest to those of you who suffer from chapped or rough hands in the winter or much exposure in the summer to buy a chamofis skin and cut a large, roomy pair of gloves, take an old pair of kids and rip them up for a kind of pattern to go by, but make them much larger and with closed wrists coming clear up to the elbow, as it will thus save your dress. I have greatly improved on the pattern by making them to fit passably on either hand. This saves the wear on the inside and enables you to change them at pleasure. With these you can do all manner of housework, as well as wear them at night. Even dish washing may be done with them but it is better in that case to have two or even three pairs, as it takes some time to dry them when once wet. Wash with soap and water the same as any cloth and dry in the shade. Be sure and not cut them too small as they shrink from constant washing. Another good thing to have is a pair of white (either flannel or cotton flannel) gloves, made in the same way, to hang up your clothes on wash day, and have a long loop, say a finger long, attached to your clothespin sack with a button at the base to attach it to your clothes line just ahead of you and it will always be convenient to your hand.

As new potatoes are in season, in order to clean them with very little trouble and without soiling the hands greatly, place them in a wooden bucket, half fill with water and with a piece of brick proceed to rub them until all the skins are removed, rinse in cold water. With very little delay they are ready to cook. Eat and be happy.

Salina, Kans.

MRS. E.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—The March number contained many good things, as all our HOUSEHOLDS do. I have just re-read it.

It is a "rainy day," not a "dreary" one by any means, but just such a day as I enjoy occasionally, and love to devote exclusively to reading and letter writing. I look from my window at the pattering rain, and think when it is over how swift will be the growth of vegetation. Between tears and smiles spring struggles into the warmth of life.

Like Donald G. Mitchell, in his "Day Dreams," "I love to count time from spring to spring. It seems far more cheerful to reckon the year by blossom than by blight. The budding and blooming of spring, seem to belong properly to the opening of months. It always seems to me as if an access of life came with the melting of the winter snows; and as if every rootlet of grass that lifted its first green blade from the matted debris of the old year's decay, bore my spirit upon it, nearer to the largeness of heaven."

I think Ike Marvel a right good judge of human nature when he says we are all dreamers. Though we may count it a weakness to indulge in day dreams, who has not been guilty of it? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If our dreams are noble, pure, elevating, need we be ashamed of them?

I think Helen Herbert's article on "Home Study," should be an inspiration to us all. We all desire to secure a complete "self-development," if to neglect this is not only against our own interests and happiness but an "immorality, more or less culpable," how great should be our endeavor to promote self-culture. I know a housekeeper—I like better, home-keeper—and mother labor under many disadvantages, but why not make household affairs, as far as practicable, subservient to a work that will render us better qualified to discharge our whole duty as mothers? I think Helen Herbert's suggestions practical enough for all.

My John accomplished a great deal with German this last winter, with little instruction and much study, while we have read a great deal together, and been members of a literary club that has been a source of pleasure and profit. Our club meets fortnightly. We discuss one author at a meeting, the program for the next meeting is read every time, so that we have two weeks, reading each author. At roll-call each member answers his name with a quotation from the author of the evening. Our last evening was devoted to the history of our country. An occasional review of the history of our country is profitable, that we may be sure of other facts than that Columbus discovered America in 1492.

With an hour or so a day devoted to good books, that never were cheaper than at present, there is no necessity for the poorest, busiest of housewives being altogether intellectual bankrupts.

I have two little girls, and as I look upon the little inquiring nestlings at my knee, and think of my responsibility, the one important question of all in the world to me, is, "How shall I train them aright?" Oh, the mother's work and influence—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little"—molding and shaping, while each word and look and act has a direct bearing upon the future, a human soul, the beauty or deformity of which is to be developed through her instrumentality.

Before I close I want to tell Margaret, who inquired in the last *HOUSEHOLD* how to make rugs of the material she has. I made beautiful ones, using old coffee sacks for a foundation, put good sized pieces of old cloth pants and bright worsted scraps on crazy fashion. Work seams with zephyr, also work on the cloth, patterns in cross stitch, flowers, etc., on canvas, pulling out the threads of the canvas when the pattern is finished. With all the seams worked with pretty crazy stitch, and finished with a pretty green moss zephyr edge, such as we used to use with zephyr flowers, the rugs will give satisfaction. You can also make pretty rugs on fine grained coffee sacks, working cross-stitch patterns, same as on Java canvas. *MRS. LULA G. HENSLEY, Caladonia, Mo.*

THE OPINION OF ONE HOUSEHOLD SISTER:

HOUSEHOLD dear, your presence here, is hailed with sincere pleasure. Each number that lies before our eyes, we view as a family treasure.

From 70,000 homes, where *THE HOUSEHOLD* roams, There's many a Nellie or Madge, That are now without doubt, all looking out, For that long talked of badge.

HOUSEHOLD, adieu, our love for you, Is certainly perennial. And we want you to write, with all your might Until the next centennial. *New York. FAYETTEVILLE.*

DEAR SISTERS OF THE BAND:—I read with great interest, your letters, coming from all parts of the country, and I believe I have never seen one from northern Minnesota yet. I often wonder, when reading the letters of the sisters here in the west, how many of them, like myself, left homes in New England to make new ones here, and if you are ever homesick and lonesome, and think that though the new homes are every thing that is bright and happy, yet no place can ever compare with New England.

Cordelia L.'s letter touched a responsive chord in my heart, for I am a Maine girl, and how I long sometimes for a breath of sea air, a sound of the wind whispering through the pines, the fresh cedar hedges, even a foggy day, or a steep hill would be gratifying. Oh, yes, I like Minnesota, or at least, my particular corner of it, for we are not on level prairie, though a few miles out of our city it is level enough; but here it is a gently rolling country, with numerous groves and beautiful lakes every where. My home is on the outskirts of a very pretty city, which, to a person born and bred in a little town which has celebrated its centennial, seems rather wonderful. We can scarcely imagine, when we look at the handsome residences, fine business blocks, large mills, etc., with water works, gas, and all the modern improvements, that less than twenty years ago there was not a house on the site.

The various experiences given us in your letter are very interesting, entertaining and instructive. Especially interested have I been in your articles on furnishing the table at so little expense. I have a family of three, myself, husband, and a twelve years old cousin, who is blessed with the proverbial small boy's appetite, and three dollars a week furnishes our table well, buying every thing. Groceries are very high here, but meats are cheap.

Pretty shams, sister Ethel, can be made of squares of fine white factory cloth, with deep hem, and a pretty pattern outlined in the center, or one corner, and they are as easy to laundry as can be wished. *ELIZABETH E.*

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of graham flour, one cup each of corn meal and New Orleans molasses, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda and a pinch of salt. I have three vegetable cans that I melted the tops off of and scoured up bright and clean that I use for steaming this bread in, filling them about two-thirds full and setting them in a steamer over a kettle of hot water to steam three hours, and then put the cans in the oven to bake one-half hour. *MRS. E. L. H. Sioux City, Ia.*

RICE PUDDING.—One-half teacup of rice washed, two cups of water, let it stand over the stove until the water is absorbed, then add a pint of milk and a little salt, let it boil a few minutes, beat the yolks of three eggs with five tablespoonfuls of sugar and add while boiling. Let it come to a cream and flavor to taste. Beat the whites with a little sugar, and pour on, set in the oven a few minutes, and eat cold. Add a teacup

of raisins if desired. This recipe will make enough for a family of six, and is very nice served with jelly. In warm weather I make it the day before I wish to use it so as to let it get perfectly cold. Will some of the sisters try this and report? *CLARA H.*

HAM CROQUETTES.—Take about two pounds of odds and ends of cold boiled ham. Chop very fine and add three crackers rolled fine, one well-beaten egg and pepper. Moisten with a little water, just enough to make the mixture hold together nicely. Make into little cakes and fry in a hot spider well greased. Do not let them cook too long as they should be moist when done. *Connecticut. DAISY ALLISON.*

LADY FINGERS.—Four ounces of white sugar, yolks of four eggs, mix well, four ounces of flour, mix again, and if too thick add one whole egg, and one-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon or rose. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir in last. Squeeze through a funnel made of white writing paper. These are used for Charlotte Russe and are very nice.

CREAM CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup each of sugar and flour, three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

COCOANUT CARMELS.—Two cups of grated cocoanut, one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and the whites of three eggs well beaten. Bake on buttered paper in a hot oven. *E. L. H.*

CORN CAKE.—Peggy wants to know how to make corn meal cake. I send her my recipe and I think she will like it. One egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of Indian meal, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and one pint of sweet milk. *MRS. A. CHRISTIANSEN.*

BOILED FROSTING.—I have a recipe for frosting I have never seen in *THE HOUSEHOLD* and it is a very economical way for making it when eggs are scarce. One cup of powdered sugar and five large spoonfuls of new milk, boil six minutes stirring all the time and until cold. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. We like it with a little chocolate added. *LOU.*

SALAD DRESSING.—Yolks of two eggs beaten well, add four large tablespoonfuls of salad oil or butter (I prefer the oil) and beat again, then add one teaspoonful of curry, dry mustard, celery, salt and sugar, and beat again, then about half a cup of vinegar but not as much if very sharp, then stir in your two whites beaten stiff. Have on the range a stewpan with two large spoonfuls of water boiling, and stir in the mixture until it thickens like soft custard. Don't let it separate. If not tart enough add more vinegar. I use it for chicken or lettuce salad, and it will keep some time if in a cool place. *PEN PROV.*

CABBAGE SALAD.—One small head or one-half of a large head of cabbage chopped fine. Put one teacup of vinegar in a bowl and set it in a kettle of hot water, stir into this one tablespoonful of butter and sugar, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little mustard and cayenne pepper, (enough to suit the taste.) Stir all the while until it thickens a little and pour over the cabbage while hot. *HENRIETTA.*

BREAD PUDDING.—For my family of three, I take an earthen dish which will hold one and one-half quarts of water. In the morning I fill this dish a little more than half full of bread cut quite fine, cover with milk and add raisins. Let it stand until time to bake, then salt, sweeten with brown sugar, and spice with cinnamon. The dish will be nearly full. Bake two hours in a moderate oven. Let it boil and whey. *CARRIE.*

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—I have a very excellent recipe for raised doughnuts which takes less time than Vera's. When your bread has risen once take a small quantity of dough, add one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, and two eggs. Knead well, roll quite thin on your moulding board, and let it stand two or three hours. Part suet is better to fry in than all lard. *SEA.*

STIFF STARCHING.—In the January number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, A. E. C. asks if there is any way of starching shirts and collars to make them stiff with one starching. I will give her my way which is the best I have ever tried. I mix my starch in a large bowl, using a tablespoonful of starch to a shirt or four to six collars. I put in just enough cold water to soften the starch, then add a lump of lard about the size of the end of my little finger for every three shirts. I then add sufficient hot water to make the required amount of starch. Then after the shirts and collars are washed and dried I dip them in, first dipping the backs of the bosoms and wringing them out two or three times, then I

dip the fronts of the bosoms or right sides. Then I wring them out and roll very tightly. This last is the secret of their ironing nicely.

GRACE B. MUNGER.

PLAIN DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of sour milk, one teacup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, and flour enough to knead hard. Let the dough stand about an hour before frying in very hot lard. *A. F. P.*

PICKLED BEANS.—Take two quarts of butter beans, string, cover with weak brine over night, in the morning drain, boil until tender in weak vinegar, drain from that and put in a jar, then cover with one quart of strong vinegar, to which add one teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and black pepper, one teacup of sugar, pour over the beans boiling hot, and cover tight. Will some of the sisters please try this and report?

SAUCE FOR APPLE DUMPLING, ETC.—One-half pint of sweet cream, two tablespoonfuls of maple sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, boil until thick as custard, then it is ready for use. Will some of the sisters please try it and report?

I have tried Huldah Kelth's recipe for starching shirts and like it very much. *E. S. G.*

PRUNE AND DATE PIE.—One pound each of prunes and dates, one lemon, three cups of sugar and four pounded crackers, and a little salt. Stone and chop the dates, stew and stone the prunes, and chop the lemon. This furnishes the inside of five pies. Please try it and report. *ANNIE SQUAM.*

SPONGE PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of eight eggs very light, then add five heaping tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, and beat hard until very light, add a quart of milk and mix well, last of all add the whites after they have been beaten until you can turn them upside down without spilling. Put immediately into a buttered cake pan and bake one hour.

The Sauce.—Cream together butter the size of an egg, a tablespoonful of rich cream, and some grated nutmeg, stiffen it with sugar until you can cut it with a knife.

BAKED PRUNES.—One-half pound of prunes stewed and sweetened put them on a small meat dish without any of the liquor as soon as they are cold, make a meringue with the whites of five eggs beaten until they stand alone, then beat in one spoonful at a time until you have beaten in six or seven tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar, flavor with vanilla spread over the top of the prunes, and set in a very hot oven only to brown the top. When cold eat with cream. *Allegheny, Pa. J. I. M.*

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM KITCHEN FLOORS.—Have ready soft soap, some hot water, rain water is best and a hot flat-iron. Rub the spots of grease well with the soft soap, and let it stand a few minutes, and then iron with the hot iron, being sure not to miss any part of it, and then wash thoroughly with the hot water. To set the iron for a minute in hot water will cleanse it. *LOU H. PHERSON.*

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—When the chicken is dressed ready for cooking split in the back and place flatly in a covered pan, with a dressing of butter, pepper, and salt, and a little flour, and only water enough to produce a steam. It will very soon become tender on account of its smothered condition in the oven, then leave the top or cover off your pan until your chicken is light brown, and you will have a chicken not so dry as a broiled one, and yet the most delicate and tender way to cook it. I hope Pansy will like this recipe. *GEORGIA.*

GINGERBREAD WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls each of soda and ginger, and four and one-half cups of flour; bake slowly. It may fall a little, but will still be light and moist, and we like it better than to add flour enough to make it dry. *O. B.*

SPICED CURRANTS.—Five pounds of currants, four pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves and cinnamon, and one pint of best vinegar. Boil two hours or until quite thick. Stir often. These are very nice, try and report. *MRS. LAURA TALBERT, Omerga, Ill.*

PUMPKIN PIE.—Take a large pumpkin, firm and of deep color, wash and boil just as you would potatoes with skins on, when thoroughly cooked pass carefully through a sieve, clearing it of all lumps and seeds, take one cup each of brown sugar and molasses, mix well together, beat the whites and yolks of four eggs well together and mix with the pumpkin thoroughly, then add the molasses and sugar, a pinch of salt, four teaspoonfuls of the best ginger, one tea-

spoonful of ground cinnamon and one cup of milk. Mix well together. This is intended to make six pies. Bake in deep plates lined with plain pastry. Squash pies may be made in the same way.

CARROTS MASHED.—Scrape, wash, lay in cold water for half an hour, then cook tender in boiling water, drain well, mash with a wooden spoon, work in a good piece of butter, and season with pepper and salt. Serve hot.

CARROTS STEWED.—Scrape and boil whole forty-five minutes, drain and cut in round slices a quarter of an inch thick, roll in flour, put in a cup of milk with a lump of butter and pepper and salt to taste. Boil up and dish. *San Francisco, Cal. MRS. B. F. NAPHTALY.*

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One-half cup of tapioca, soak over night in water, then in the morning add one pint of milk, two eggs, sugar to sweeten, a little salt, butter the size of a walnut, nutmeg and vanilla. Bake about one-half hour. Cover the top of the pudding with meringue. Please try and report.

SNOW FLAKE CAKE.—Make any kind of layer cake, then beat the white of an egg with enough powdered sugar to make it about as thick as frosting, spread this on each layer and on top of the cake, and then sprinkle each layer with grated cocoanut, and also the top of the cake. This is excellent. If any one tries this will they please report? *DAISY ALLISON, Connecticut.*

SUMACH COLORING.—Tell the lady who wishes to color with sumach, to take about one-half bushel of the buds, boil one hour in two pails of water (soft is best), put a heaping tablespoonful of copperas in with the coloring or in a separate dish (I have tried both ways, either works well). If the color is not dark enough put in a piece of extract of logwood one-half as large as a hen's egg. Skim out the buds, have the dye boiling hot, put in the goods, having previously wet them in suds, stir thoroughly, air frequently, and in half an hour they will be all right to dry. When dry wash in good suds. *Kilborn, Dak. MRS. E. A. FERRIN.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me as soon as possible a good recipe for making the saponaceous tooth powder, such as we buy? *DOROTHY.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me how to dry cherries with sugar? *LORA HACKETT.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you ask some of the sisters to give me recipes for dark fruit cake, not very expensive, tapioca cream, and mock mince pie? *E. L. L.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give us a good recipe for gold cake, as my favorite white cake leaves the yolks to be utilized? *Mrs. J. H. ATWOOD.*

Will the sisters who are troubled with asthma tell what they do to relieve it? *HENRIETTA.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I should be greatly obliged if some one could tell me how to rid a house of black ants, and also the bacon bug. I never heard of them till coming to live in an old house. They are a great nuisance. *N. H. J.*

Will some of *THE HOUSEHOLD* sisters please tell me how to make a white frosting to put between layer cake, the frosting to be three-fourths of an inch high, and not have the weight of the layers flatten it? Have tried many frosting recipes, but have failed with them all. *ANNE L. B.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send directions for making a cat's-tail mat? Also recipes for different salads? *A SUBSCRIBER, Oakland, Cal.*

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Let me tell the sisters how to re-model their gilt frames, and re-bronze ornaments of any kind to look same as new. Get a ten-cent package of bronze powder or paint. Varnish the article to be re-bronzed, and let it remain until the varnish is sticky when you touch your finger to it. Then with a piece of cotton flannel over the end of your finger, put the bronze on dry. After you have gone over every part, nook and corner, polish with a clean piece of cotton flannel—always using the flannel side. You will be pleased at the result of your labor. Frames that no longer are presentable will be as new and fresh as if just from the furniture dealer. Ornaments can be touched up in a manner that no one would suspect but that you had ordered a new supply. Try it, please, and tell us your success. *SUE THOMASON, Itasca, Hill Co., Texas.*

The Parlor.

STARS IN THE SKY ALL DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The stars are in the sky all day,
Each a linked coil of Milky Way,
And every planet that we know,
Behind the sun is circling slow;
They sweep, they climb with stately tread,
Venus the fair and Mars the red,
Saturn engirdled with clear light,
Or Jupiter with moons of white.
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst,
Not even the smallest star is missed
From those wild fields of deeper sky
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,
As if God's outstretched fingers must
Have sown them thick with diamond dust;
There they are all day long, but we,
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.

The stars are in the sky all day,
But when the sun has gone away,
And hovering shadows cool the west,
And call the sleepy bird to rest,
And heaven grows softly dim and dun—
Into its darkness one by one
Steal forth those starry shapes all fair—
We say steal forth, but they were there!
There all day long, unseen, unguessed,
Climbing the sky from east to west.
The angels saw them where they hid,
And so, perhaps the eagles did,
For they can face the sharp sun-ray,
Nor wink, nor need to look away,
But we, blind mortals, gazed from far,
And did not see a single star.

I wonder if the world is full
Of other secrets beautiful,
As little guessed, as hard to see,
As this sweet starry mystery?
Do angels veil themselves in space,
And make the sun their hiding-place?
Do white wings flash as spirits go
On heavenly errands to and fro,
While we, down-looking, never guess
How near our lives they crowd and press?
If so, at life's set, we may see
Into the dusk still noiselessly
Sweet faces that we used to know,
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,
Dear hands stretched out to point the way—
And deem the night more fair than day.

HOW SHE FOUND HER WORK.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

"I HAVE often thought that if one of us girls had remained at home, it might have been different with Paul; that he might not have gotten into bad company and wrong ways as he did. You know that after I was married, Alice went away to teach, Walter was already gone, and that left Paul alone at home, so far as young people were concerned.

I think," continued the lady, "where there have been brothers and sisters together in a family it is different than if a boy has been brought up alone. He misses the usual companionship, and is more liable to go outside for society and everyday recreation. You know how it has been with Paul, else I should not speak of this to you now; how he was one of the most genial and lovable of boys, and know also something of the grief it is causing us all, to be aware of his habits, and to have his young life seem such a failure."

"I know," returned the other, "and Paul was always my favorite friend."

Here the train stopped, one of the ladies leaving at the station, while Marian Weston, who had sat behind them in the car, had unwittingly caught fragments of the conversation, which showed, as she thought, that the ladies were intimate friends, or perhaps relatives, and that the "Paul" mentioned was dear to them both.

But the words which arrested Marian's attention were the ones first uttered, "I think that if one of us had remained at home, it might have been different with Paul," and these words set her to thinking upon her own course of action.

In her father's family the members had been gradually drifting apart, as they naturally will in the course of time, till now only herself and Herbert remained under the old home-roof. And she had herself returned from school only a short time

before, while during the past year an older sister had married, leaving it very dull for them at home after the confusion of the wedding was over.

As for Marian, she had been planning to leave ere long, proposing to strike out for herself, and do something as her work in the world. True, her parents urged her to remain with them, at least for the present, while Herbert kept saying every day, how glad he was to have Marian at home again, and he hoped that she could not get a school or any other engagement to take her from them again.

But had she not a work to do in the world? this young girl had asked herself times and times without number. Had she not a mission to accomplish, a use to make of the advantages given her at school and otherwise? Was it not the doctrine of the day that women should not be drones in the home-hive, or waste their opportunities in narrow surroundings, when there was so much to be accomplished in various fields of useful endeavor?

Such queries, influenced in a measure by the ideas of progressive writers and speakers, urging young women to self-support and independent action, caused her to feel ill at ease with herself, whenever she longingly thought of remaining at home as a dependent daughter of the house. Besides, without being unduly ambitious, she felt at times strong incentives to carry out some useful and remunerative purposes which had formed themselves in her mind. Just what her work was she was waiting for time and circumstances to develop, as many a one before and since has done.

Now, however, the way seemed open at once, before this questioning young woman, while the words she had accidentally heard were taking form, and showing to her woman's mission in a different light from what she had been regarding it, at least one phase of it. For was it not possible that she might be as useful in her father's house, and among home surroundings, as elsewhere? That in acceding to her parents' wishes, in helping lighten her mother's cares, and in being companion to her brother, her true field might be ready for her at once? Then this sentence of Carlyle's, to those walking in uncertain light, came to Marian's mind: "Do the duty which lies nearest to thee; which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

And so, before Marian had reached her home, from which she had been absent for a few days' visit, she had come to the quick decision as to her first duty, and resolved to say nothing further of leaving, for the time being at least; the more so, as there was no necessity for her so doing. Had it been needful in a pecuniary view, or had some stronger outside call come to her, then the question might have been open to further consideration.

And here I would pause to ask if some of the agitators do not forget that active spheres are not required of all; and that the narrower walks of woman's life may have unlimited opportunities for good.

"Oh, it's jolly to have you at home again!" exclaims Herbert as the brother and sister are sitting together by the evening lamp. "It has been so dull that I have been frightening mother here by threatening to run away to sea or somewhere else one of these days, unless you stay at home now you are through school. And say, you are going to help me with this tough translation, aren't you? then we will have a sociable time together once more."

"Yes, my dear boy," says Marian, not without a bit of tremor in her voice, "I'll help you when you cannot help yourself, and after lessons then we will have some music and good times generally."

And, mother," continued Marian, turning to Mrs. Weston, who had just entered the room, "I believe, after all, that I do wish to stay at home for a long time now, instead of going away to paddle my own canoe in strange waters, as I have been thinking of doing."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Herbert, "then I won't go to sea this year either, but keep on to school and become a learned man first, then perhaps we will take a ship together."

"But, mother," Marian went on after this interruption, "if I do, you must let me learn to be helpful as far as I can, and relieve you of care, as well as be company for you all."

"Yes, child, if you will only stay with us, you shall be as useful as you choose, and we all need you the more since Milly married and left us. And perhaps you can help us manage this restless boy," said the mother, turning with a fond look to where Herbert was sitting.

And so it was decided, and approved by all, the father, too, brightening at the prospect of a daughter's presence and handy ways, in the house once more.

"Mother," said Marian, a few days after the above decision had been reached, "if I am to remain at home, I want to learn about household affairs, and learn to cook, and have some definite plans and work to employ a share of my time, and then I shall prize my leisure far more than if I make no sacrifices in such ways. We can do with less help, which will save some expense, give me a better opportunity to try my skill, and be much pleasanter for us all."

"If you will not tire of it," said the mother with an interrogation point in her voice.

"I can try, at least," said the cheery young girl, "and we will see what cosy times we will have."

And so they did. Not that Marian did not sometimes become tired and worried with her self-imposed tasks; not that she never became discouraged with her maiden efforts in culinary preparations. But for one thing, she would not allow her work to seem menial, nor let her daily duties lapse into mere drudgery. And now that her eyes were opened she was quick to see how much she owed her parents, by favoring their wishes, and to feel true delight in this varied home service.

"How it cheers and brightens our home to have Marian with us," said Mr. Weston one evening, as the daughter was flitting about in her pleasant way.

"Yes," replied the mother, "and I feel much more easy about Herbert now she is with us, and seems so necessary to him in many ways. He had become very restless, and inclined to be out evenings more than I liked, and, in fact, I had begun to be very anxious about him, as I suppose is the way with mothers about their boys. But Marian, of late, seems to have a magnetic influence over the boy that no one else ever has had."

And so she had, for the words which had set her particularly to thinking of herself as her brother's keeper, had also awakened a new and deeper interest in every way in this beloved brother, till her own life seemed almost centered as the time went by on the happiness and well-being of his, while the thought of his ever coming to evil ways, or being the slave of bad habits, became itself agony indeed.

Naturally bright and genial as Herbert was, Marian found delight in his companionship, in drawing him out on topics most congenial to his taste, in interesting himself in his boyish pursuits, as well as joining in his readings and studies, and turning his attention to what was the "good, beautiful and true," in literature and life.

And to Herbert's young friends whom she frequently meets, and who oftentimes come of an evening to sit with them, she is becoming almost as necessary as to her brother, in many little ways which have seemed incidentally to come to her. It is only natural for her to join in their recreations, planning perhaps for them pleasant pastimes, drawing them out also to express themselves upon topics of mutual moment, and really interesting herself in them as an elder sister might do.

And thus in doing the duty which seemed to lie nearest to her, added opportunities for good have come to her in various ways of which she had not dreamed, while her life is broadening and deepening as the days pass by, an inspiration to herself as well as to others around her. And who can tell what the after fruitage may be especially as concerns her brother and his young friends?

Sometime, perhaps, should she not be won to a home of her own, she may see an open way to engage in some definite outside work, but for the present both inclination and duty keep her within the home circle, brightening, cheering, helping by her presence, at the same time not forgetting such social, religious, and benevolent claims as may fall in her way outside the precincts of her home.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Our village church was so beautifully and artistically decorated with flowers and wreaths for the celebration of the Children's Day that I am fain to write you a description of it, though pen of mine will fail to do it full justice. This was in June, 1884, and the first time that the church had been decorated for the celebration of the Children's Day. Hence much interest was created in regard to it, and people came from afar to see the decorations. It is not my intention to go into detail in regard to all the work, it is rather the result which I wish to relate.

We all know that it is a comparatively easy matter to adorn with flowers and green things, a church that has been made beautiful in the building thereof. But when it comes to the decoration of an old and neglected country church, a church with a low flat ceiling, with bare, blank whitewashed walls, and low, flat windows, it is another thing. It is a most difficult task to accomplish though it seems so easy a thing to do—to string vines and wreaths of flowers over a ceiling and walls.

One day, when the subject of the decoration first came up, and was discussed with many misgivings among our girls, one of them said to me, "But where will we ever get flowers enough, scarcely any one has any flowers at all, and the shrubbery is all done blooming, and you will not strip your garden for them, nor let us have your fine flowers."

"No," I replied, "assuredly not. My garden shall not be stripped of its treasures, but," I continued, "the late syringas are full of bloom, and suppose you request the superintendent to tell the Sunday school children to bring flowers from their mothers' gardens, to bring roses and pinks and sweet Williams and poppies. Tell them to bring from the woods wild flowers and vines and ferns and mosses. The tulip trees are now in bloom and they can bring branches of those."

The next problem to solve was, how and where to keep the flowers and ferns and vines when gotten, for they would have to be brought the morning before they were to be used, and put up the last thing, early the next morning, for the services would begin at nine o'clock. As we live near the church, I said that they could be brought here, put in vases of water, and kept in the cellar until wanted.

Early on the morning before the day, the girls called to me to come to the kitchen, to see the children who had come with some flowers. So, laying down my work, I went to the kitchen door. There stood three little girls all in a row, one of whom was a little thing, not over three years old. Sweet and clean they were. Each held in her hand her offering of flowers, which had been arranged in pretty bunches by their mother's hand. They, of their own free will, handed their sweet offerings to me. I admired the flowers, and praised the children, and sat down on the doorstep for others were coming, bevy of girls with sweet, smiling faces, carrying baskets and bunches of flowers, and groups of boys laden with ferns and vines and with branches from the tulip trees. All handed their offerings to me and every bunch and basket I had to take in my own hands, and admire and praise the flowers. All through that bright June morning the flower-laden children came thronging up through the shaded pathway. Ah! it was a sight worth the seeing, and one once seen, not soon forgotten. All the vases and jars in the house were pressed into service, but they did not suffice to hold the flowers, then water was put in the tubs some two or three inches deep, and the stems of the flowers were set in the water, and the ferns and mosses were laid on the stone floor. The cellar was filled with flowers, and the rich perfume thereof penetrated to the rooms above.

And now the work is done. The last dainty touch has been given to vines and ferns and flowers, and the girls have slipped home to dress, and they entreat me to "go and look at their work before the people begin to come."

It is not far to the church. In a few moments I am there. Entering the door, I stand for a moment transfixed. Bewildering dream! and can it be? Oh, the transforming power of love! Oh, the wonders that can be wrought by quick, deft fingers, with flowers and vines! Like a dream of enchantment it seemed to me, as I stood transfixed for a moment, dazed to the brain with the glow of color, drunk to the heart with the rich perfume, and thrilled to the soul with the songs of the birds that were singing and thrilling in a wild delirium of joy.

Not a soul was there save myself, and recovering the possession of my senses, I walked around the room, that I might the more closely observe the arrangements, and perceiving some ferns on a pillar that did not seem quite secure in their position, I mounted a chair to re-adjust them, and before I had accomplished my object, the people came pouring in, to my dismay, and slipping down I mingled amongst the throng, and on my way to the door, there reached me from every side such exclamations as these, "Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!" "How harmonious the arrangements are!" And an old gentleman who had traveled much, and had, in cities and large towns, seen churches decorated for festive occasions, remarked that he "had never, never seen any thing in the way of floral decoration that could even remotely compare with this." He was perfectly charmed with it. Indeed, all were supremely delighted.

What was it like? you ask. Like a dream of enchantment it seemed to me. The air was heavy with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, and a thrill with the songs of birds, and as I came out into the glorious June morning, I thought that I would jot it all down for the benefit of other girls who might wish to adorn a church for a similar event.

From the center of the ceiling radiating in all directions were drooping, undulating festoons of wreaths of aromatic cedar, crossing each other at regular and irregular intervals. From the floor up each

side of every window and door facing, wide, flat wreaths of cedar ran. They extended from the top of the window casings, meeting in a point at the ceiling, and brought out eight or ten inches from the wall. It was wonderful how this long window decoration did away with the low, flat, square appearance of the room. The ceiling appeared as if arched. At the points where the wreaths met above the windows, were fastened loose, graceful bunches of long-stemmed flowers.

Between the windows, high on the wall, on moss-covered brackets, were tall, slender vases filled with fragrant flowers. Some distance below each bracket was hung a gilded and flower entwined bird cage, with its sweet singing inmates. From the brackets and the bird cages long wreaths of delicate, wild vines hung, and swung and swayed, it seemed, to the music of the birds. Each window sill was filled in with a bed of soft, green moss fresh from the woods, and in the moss had been stuck hundreds of the lovely, snow-white Scotch pinks with their delicious fragrance. Amid these were interspersed the blazing scarlet Indian pinks from the woodlands. On the center of each mossy bed stood a tall vase filled with glowing oriental poppies, and white lilies, and tall, slender ferns.

In front of the rostrum were two large, tall pillars surmounted with a high Gothic arch. The pillars and arch were covered with fresh, beautiful moss. At the base of the pillars were groups of growing ferns, tall ferns with their roots embedded in their native soil. The arch was fringed with maiden hair ferns interspersed with sprays of the wild eglantine with its ravishing fragrance. Entwined around each pillar was a wreath of feathery ferns, and intermingled with the ferns were white and pink tea roses and buds. On the top of each pillar, in front of the base of the arch, stood a flower pot containing each a splendid plant of the *Amaryllis Johnsonii* in full and perfect bloom. From each plant had sprung two flower stalks, and on each stalk were four magnificent flowers of that vivid scarlet that glows like fire. The pots were concealed by clusters of ferns.

The flowers which the children had brought, were intertwined and interlaced amid the wreaths and festoons that adorned the walls and the ceiling, and baskets and vases of sweet flowers were in every available place.

Without stripping my garden I had cut and given them many flowers, tea roses and lilies, pinks, carnations and poppies galore, and I lent them the pots of amaryllis.

I thought I had done, but I recall another adornment which was so pretty and attractive that I am fain to mention it. Underneath the arch there stood an hour-glass shaped table covered with fresh, green moss, and on this table stood an exquisitely beautiful and nicely adjusted balance. The pedestal, the support and the beam were covered with silver foil. The support was surmounted with a golden cross five inches tall. Suspended from the end of each arm with pale blue and pale pink ribbons were lovely baskets made of paper box board with thin wooden bottoms. For the sides of each basket there had been cut eight heart-shaped pieces of the box board. These pieces were covered within and without with silver foil, and were then tacked on to the thin wooden bottom. In the side of each heart-shaped piece, two holes had been pierced, one, half an inch from the top, the other, half an inch from the bottom. Ribbons were run through these holes and tied in bow knots, thus holding the sides together. All the bows on one of the baskets and the ribbons by which it was suspended were of the pale blue ribbon, and those of the other basket were of the pale pink ribbon. The ribbons by which the baskets were suspended were twelve inches long, and were tied to the baskets and the arms with bows with long ends. The length of the support including the cross and pedestal was thirty-one inches, and the beam was twenty-one inches. So nicely adjusted was the beam that the least touch or jar would set it in motion. My brother constructed the balance and the girls of my own household adorned it with the silver foil and the ribbons.

And now I am reminded that from the center of the ceiling a beautiful hanging basket hung and swung. The basket was filled with pendent flowers, and graceful, delicate vines trailed over its sides.

All through that morning I kept thinking, "Ah, dear girls, you have touched the keynote of the happiness of many hearts in bringing hither the beauty of color, the perfume of a thousand flowers, the glad songs of birds, and lovely, lovable children." For what more could one wish? The sweetness and perfume of that dewy June morning, the sweet memory of those flowers will linger with me forever.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

HOW WE SAVED OUR HOME.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

It was a fearfully hot day in August. A strong wind blew from the south, but it was laden with heat instead of coolness.

Our working force was just four. Grandpa, whom we will call number one, sat taking his after-dinner rest, in an old-fashioned kitchen chair, tilted back against the wall. He had the latest newspaper in his hand, because he said he "could always rest faster to read. It kinder took his mind off from his aches and pains."

Number two in our force was the youngest, as was number one the oldest, a boy of fifteen. He was taking his nooning on the grass under the big maple in front of the house, and following grandpa's worthy example, by resting himself over a story found in one of the many delightful young people's magazines, which every young person should have in these days, as a help to his education.

Numbers three and four consisted of us two sisters, Hope and Charity. Hope, for many years an invalid, was lying on the lounge, in the coolest room in the house, waving a feather fan, having an unusually poor day, on account of the extreme heat. Charity, myself, was seated near in a rocking chair, waiting for the kitchen fire to go down, and to gather myself together a little after a hard forenoon's work, before my raid on the dinner dishes, which still remained on the table from which we had but a few moments since risen. Our dear mother lay, sick and helpless, on her bed in a room close by.

All the familiar summer sounds came to me, as I drowsily sat there. Suddenly a new sound caught my ear; a little crackling at short, but regular intervals, snap, snap. I thought it the red and white calf, stepping upon dry sticks, in a small inclosure near the window. Then it came to me that it was the snapping of fire. Without a word I rushed through the house for the back yard, whence the ominous sounds proceeded. Almost at the same moment, the boy Kent, going to the orchard to fill his pockets with "high-tops" for his afternoon lunch, had made the same discovery. We met in the open kitchen door with big eyes and pale cheeks. We knew what fire meant, in that strong wind, with cisterns and wells low from the drouth, and we half a mile from neighbors.

We both shouted at the top of our voices, "The house is on fire!" Kent seized a pail of water standing in the kitchen sink and was on the roof in a twinkling. Our cry had brought grandpa from his kitchen chair, and Hope from her lounge. Grandpa followed the boy. Meanwhile I had pumped another pail of water, and as I started for the scene of action with it, Hope took her place at the pump. We had plenty of pails, and what was better, we knew where they were, so not a moment was lost. The fire was on the roof of the long shed, where it had caught by a spark from the kitchen chimney. The shingles were old, and the strong wind had taken spark after spark, and planted them in perhaps twenty places.

"Be sure not to waste a pint of water," called grandpa to the boy. "Don't throw any at random, but make every drop tell!" Grandpa was at the foot of the ladder. He took my pail of water, and carried it up to the top where Kent took it. I seized the empty pail Kent had just dropped from the roof, back again to the sink to exchange that for Hope's full one. Few words were spoken. Every one of us knew our place and took it and kept it, as though we had trained in a fire company of four every day of our lives. I would always find number one on the lowest round of the ladder, ready for my pail of water, which was immediately passed up to number two. The pail he had just emptied would be dropped on the ground. When I would get back to the kitchen sink, number three would have a full pail ready for number four. And so we worked, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five minutes.

"Shall we put it out?" Hope would sometimes pant, and I would answer with set teeth, "We must." We found time, too, to run to the dear mother occasionally, and answer the anxious, inquiring look in her eyes with encouraging words, for she, whom we sheltered from every adverse breath, as we would an infant, must not be alarmed.

"How long can you pump, Hope," I asked.

"Just as long as there is any need of it, and any water in the cistern to bring," she bravely replied.

Thirty minutes gone. "Most out!" shouted Kent from his elevation. Then I bethought me to go up in the shed chamber, and see if any sparks had dropped through. It was full of combustibles. Articles out of use below, were always packed away there, because "they might be handy some time." The deceitful flames repulsed upon the outside, had crept under the shingles, and were slyly burning away the boards beneath, and dropping little sparks into the tinder box below. Then for the first time my courage failed, but only for a moment. I thrust my hand up through a burnt hole in the roof, crying, "here, here." And Kent's strong, young hands tore up the smouldering shingles and flung them to the ground. Here Hope and I had to do double duty, as water must be supplied for outside and inside at once. But we did it. Pailful after pailful we carried up the steep, winding, back stairs. (We had been in the habit of considering ourselves particularly abused if we were obliged to climb those stairs, once in a week or month.) Many times my bare hand went up through some hole, as a danger signal, and we threw water up from the inside while Kent deluged the outside.

Our system got a little mixed about that time. Number two only kept his place. Numbers one, three and four got somewhat entangled in pumping, carrying and flinging, and Hope even got so far out of her self-prescribed line of work, as to take the horn from its accustomed

nail, and blow it towards the four cardinal points, not forgetting to turn it skywards. But in one thing we were all clear, and that was, that the fire should be put out.

"The water is failing!" despairingly cried Hope. One or two runs to the well, not far away, by grandpa and myself, and the triumphant cry was raised. "The fire is out."

Just then a neighbor hastily runs in, yes, two. "We heard your horn and feared you were in trouble." They view us o'er and then take a look outside and in and say, "I don't see how you did it."

We gather together, sit down and look at each other. And what a sight! Our faces purple from heat and weariness, and blackened with cinders. Our clothing wet with perspiration and water, and bedraggled with dirt. Kent's stockings were so burned as to be useless. Mine, thin cotton, were wet and worn out. I found my slippers afterwards, in a corner of the back room, where I had a faint recollection of kicking them off, with more force than elegance, as they impeded my progress in my hasty trips.

"Well," said grandpa, "if it hadn't been for you two girls, the house would have gone. Kent and I could never have saved it alone."

"And if it hadn't been for Kent," said we, "it would certainly have burned, for none of the rest of us could have gone upon the roof."

"And if it hadn't been for grandpa," put in Kent, "to carry the water up the ladder, I should like to know where we should have been!"

So we concluded that just we four were needed to put out a fire; and I believe it was Hope who proposed that we form ourselves into a "hook and ladder" company, and run in case of fires.

The mother's lips refused to speak, but the eyes said, and we had learned to read their language. "Everybody helped but me." And one of us made answer, while the rest responded in their hearts. "You helped the most of anybody, for we all thought, 'We must save the home for dear little mother.'"

"Did I hear you fall once on the roof, Kent?" I asked.

"Yes, I lost my footing three times. Once I brought up against the ladder, and the other two times the Lord saved me."

"Did you pray?" asked Hope.

"You bet, every minute, and threw water too, faith and works you see, and they went together first rate."

But didn't we pet ourselves the rest of that day? Were we not thankful for a roof over our heads, and for dry, clean clothing to put on? Were we not grateful that no one of us was seriously injured, though it was many a day before we recovered from our over-exertion? How precious the old house suddenly became! And we had sometimes jocosely, but wickedly, said we wished it would burn up, so we could have a new one. But you may be sure we've never said that since.

One thing was gained besides the new value our old house took on. The boy Kent had always wanted to go to a fire, but as that species of amusement is somewhat rare in the country, he had heretofore been obliged to content himself with watching some distant, unreachable blaze. He had run a mile one night, sure the village was on fire, and to his disappointment found only a bonfire.

"Well," said he, after he had got into clean clothes, and a pair of whole stockings on his feet, "this is the first fire I was ever to, and I must say I don't hanker to go to another right away."

That was several years ago, and I have never since heard him wish for a fire. And when I see him, on hot summer days,

looking at the roof from all points of the compass, I know he is thinking of that fearful August day when we "four" fought and conquered the fire fiend.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING.

Thermometer in the nineties in the shade! Air hot and stifling! The dazzling sunshine reflected from brick walls and pavements almost blinds one, and the incessant din of street and steam cars, carts and carriages, and venders screaming their wares, almost makes one feel like stuffing the ears with cotton.

Here come the ash carts to receive the ashes, the garbage carts for the garbage, then the discordant tinkle of the bell of the junk man who asks for rags and old bottles, then come the grocers, and butchers' wagons, and express wagons carrying trunks to the railway stations, for people who can afford it, or who can leave business or home cares, are glad to get away at this time of the year. Here are street venders, ragged boys, and a man with one arm screaming, "Berries—oh! Berries! Blackberries—raspberries—green peas—strawberries!" For in New York and Brooklyn we get all these things together, some coming from the south, and some from the west and north. And here is the discordant tinkle of the junk man's bell again—one, two of them, one after another, then more grocers' and butchers' and painters' wagons. "Broom! Broom! buy a broom!" from a weary-looking man on foot, and through it all, the roar, distant or near, but always sounding, of carriages, street cars, and steam cars on the elevated roads, passing and repassing every three or four minutes. This is city life in hot weather with the windows open.

Happy are we when we feel a caressing breeze from over the parks or the ocean, or when the chirp of an English sparrow is heard in the trees before the house, bringing back pleasant memories of the real woods, the deep, shady woods, so calm, so still, so fragrant. How well I remember when a child if any thing happened to vex or worry me or make me feel like crying, I used to rush off post haste to the deep woods not far from the house, and there alone, sitting upon some fallen log or mossy stone, and looking up through the trees at the sky overhead, and listening to the song of the birds, my heart would grow calm again.

Poor city children miss these privileges. No wonder so many of them grow up bad, boys often drifting into the large, cool-looking liquor saloons, with their tempting flowers in the windows, where they always give ice water free in summer, and often offer children other drinks, for they have an eye to the future, and mean to get their earnings out of them when they are older.

This is the season for sun strokes and mad dogs, for cholera and for "midsummer madness." People who must remain in the city, are wise if they do all necessary work in the coolest hours of the day, and then try to keep themselves cool with ice water, lemonade or iced milk, and a book or paper to divert the mind and shorten the time. But we cannot always do as we would, and so it happened that on just such a day as this, and in this very city, too, which was not quite so large or so noisy as now, for it was forty years ago that two ladies might have been seen about midday, wending their way through the hot, dusty streets of the city.

"Oh, Aunt Anne," exclaimed a little girl, as they entered the home of one of the ladies, "How very red you are! I never saw you look so before."

Aunt Antoinette was usually so pale, and always so gentle and pleasant! The children all loved her. She had two little

boys of her own, George and Richard, and a little baby son, not yet weaned. Her husband, Richard Rafford, had cause to be proud and happy when Antoinette became his wife. He went into business, kept a little store, earned a good living, and they had a happy home.

But oh, that terrible midsummer sun! It was fierce and cruel in its intense heat. No wonder the faces of the sisters seemed so red to the little girl, and Aunt Anne's especially. How her head throbbed and ached, and the nourishment that she offered to her infant seemed to make it cry all the more.

Like many other young mothers, they had never dreamed of the ill effects of getting so overheated. But, alas! the result! Both mother and baby were very ill, the baby died, and the young mother had a stroke of paralysis, from which, though forty years have passed, she has never recovered.

Think of it! For forty years to have no power to move, walk, eat or turn without assistance, to be perfectly dependent upon friends for every thing, and yet all the time to have her senses perfectly, to feel as keenly, and to have perfect use of all the mental faculties!

Soon after this fatal walk the husband went away from home leaving his wife with her own relatives, and by and by sent for his sons to live with him in California. The poor paralyzed wife was left behind to mourn for them. They lost trace of each other, and the eldest son grew to manhood, and died in the same city with his mother, without either of them hearing how near was the other. The father, too, is dead, and the younger son has never been heard from. All this misery and sorrow as a result of a long walk under a midsummer's sun. Let us take warning.

A. H. H.

THE FATHER AT HOME.

BY U. U.

Somewhere in THE HOUSEHOLD, there ought to be a place for the Fathers' Chair as well as for the Mothers', not, perhaps, in The Nursery, but one that he may freely occupy from time to time. Not that the father can be in the home circle as much as is the mother, or that his duties and cares there are the same as are hers in all respects, still if the mother is the recognized queen of the home, the father is none the less king, and his throne should be one acknowledged by all, and his trust considered as a most sacred one.

True, it is he who must go out to fields, shop, office and warehouse, as bread-winner for the family, as the king must often go here and there, and even to battlefields in the interests of his kingdom. But this does not make him less the head of the household, or diminish his influence and help in his own family as a family man. To me it has often seemed that the late prince consort of England held a sway in his home more potent than did the queen of the whole realm while he was living, and that his benignant bearing, his scholarly enthusiasm, and the high moral tone of his life, was reflected from his home castle more than from any other place in his walks among men. Let any one who has read the memoirs of the Princess Alice, recall her tributes to her beloved father and his worth, note her devotion to, and reverence for, him, and how he was, as it were, the inspiration of her young life, and one of the most companionable of men in his home.

And this is as it should be, in a measure in every home, the father's place a pre-eminent one, and his counsel sought in home affairs. Not that the mother's place and influence in the home should be considered less than it now is, but that the father's should be considered more, and he, too, given his just due.

As it is, the mother's influence is celebrated in poesy, songs, romance, and in almost every department of literature, and her place made the supreme one in the family, while the father's is almost studiously ignored in the true relations of family life. Dr. Holland is one of the few writers who pays a glorious tribute to his father's worth, and tells how deep and true was his own love for that father, who was the inspiration of his young life.

The home-mother, it is true, has her children more under her care and direction than does the father, and in womanly ways may win the love and confidence of the children, as the average father may fail to do. And if she be of a stronger mind and more decided character than the father, her influence as a mental stimulus and educator may also predominate.

But man, we know, is often of the stronger nature, and also has opportunities out in the world of forming opinions which a woman may not have, and his assistance and counsel should be sought, as well as freely given in his own house. And the true, loving father has the interests of his children quite as much at heart as does the mother, though he may fail to show it in the same way. The work of parents in training and helping the children is a united one, or at least should be, not a diverse one, and due regard should be given to both.

But there is a disposition, I see, on the part of some of our friends to count the "Johns" out of THE HOUSEHOLD, as though they had no place there and no proper interest in family affairs. This, I think is a great mistake, for the good of one should be considered the good of all in the house. However, I will be magnanimous enough to think that our friends, in such cases, refer to the more practical, domestic affairs, but even here I am inclined to think that the provider of the family should have some voice in table appointments as well as family arrangements in general, while his opinion, if rightly given and sensibly taken, may be of much value to the burdened wife and mother.

But it is for the "Johns" as members of the family that we are pleading, for proper recognition for them as husbands and fathers, as home-helpers and companions that we ask a rightful place in our good HOUSEHOLD. Let us welcome words from them upon family matters in general; let them give voice to their views and sentiments upon home affairs, and tell their experiences in dealing with the growing mind of the child as well as express the interest which a true father should have in his family.

What may the evening fireside be made by the help of the father, as a means of instruction and entertainment to the family! The intelligent, loyal father, will interest himself in the readings and studies of his children, and he may be an effective stimulus to the young mind, and by studying the characteristics and aptitudes of each child, may gain a desired influence, and also assist the mother in her part of the home training. He also should have a voice in the children's associates, and his counsel be sought and received in matters of pastimes and entertainments proper for young people. And so the wise wives and mothers of THE HOUSEHOLD should not only welcome him in its precincts, but in a way acknowledge his kingship there.

Children should be taught to look up to father as well as mother, while fathers should not leave the care and training mainly to the mothers, as is too often done in families. And it is while the child is young that the father should begin to help guide and train the young mind, and impress his own individuality upon it. If he waits till they are grown beyond the mother's power to counsel and restrain, as fathers sometimes do, he may

find them beyond his own best influence and winning power also. Early impressions, early remembrance of a parents' love and tender solicitude, may be an after magnet to win the child to right.

If, as it is often said, the strong arm of the father is needed to guide and restrain the boys—especially the boys of larger growth—it is quite as true that the father's influence and words of caution and counsel may be more potent than any other with the daughters. The man mingling with the world gains more idea of the fitness of things for girls, and how their conduct is considered among men than the house-mother may have opportunity for doing, and a word upon such topics from a wise father may count much upon the forming of the girl's character.

It is the recalling the influence of a father whose love and interest for his children amounted almost to a passion, one who was companion, guide, teacher and inspirer in lofty endeavor, that causes the writer to feel the force of the true father's influence in his home. And it is because this influence is so nearly ignored among writers that the force of calling attention to it is doubly presented to the mind.

Home life is not, at least should not be, all practical, but something broader and deeper and more inspiring, and a place where character, principle and true elevation of being, should be considered by all. Here the father should indeed be a strong helper and the king.

LEAFLETS.

Number Six.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

"At evening time it shall be light."

Among cherished memories is a day once spent with a friend who was receiving a visit from her aged mother. Having heard much of each other, we did not seem like strangers, her greeting was such as a dear grandmother might give. It was a day long to be remembered. The words of cheer, of wise and loving counsel, were carefully treasured, their influence lingering in my heart like the fragrance of fading flowers. How gently, yet earnestly, did she seek to impress our minds with a deeper sense of the importance of our duties and responsibilities as workers for the Master; and how firm her faith in the precious promise to the faithful "two or three."

It was her seventy-eighth birthday; the "sands of life" seemed nearly run, and thought naturally reverted to the past and reached out toward the future—the past with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, the future with its blessed certainty of peace and happiness and rest. Calmly, with the light of joy upon her face, she spoke of the change awaiting her as it awaits and must soon or late be met by all. For her the thought of death possessed no "sting," cast not a shadow of regret or fear. It was as if the storms and shadows, the burden and the heat of some changeable day had passed away and it was sinking peacefully to rest, merged in the golden glow of sunset.

"Alas!" thought I, "that I have not this joy." And the cloud that had for years often overshadowed me, again cast its chilling influence over my heart. Her clear insight seemed to penetrate my thoughts. I had passed through a furnace of affliction, pain, trial, and disappointed hopes having been largely the portion of my youth. But though cups of joy had turned to bitterness and sorrow, and the dark valley had sometimes seemed very near, there had never been a time when I could truly say that I desired death. And because of this, hearing good people speak of their longing

for death as a sure evidence of regeneration, I feared for my own soul, often groping my way tremblingly, almost doubting my right to the title of Christian.

"Do not let this longer trouble you, dear child," she said, "it is not your freedom from the dread of death, it is your faith in Christ's atoning blood, your life of obedience to the Divine will, the evidence given in your daily life and conversation that you indeed have the spirit of Christ and are striving to walk in His footsteps, to be like Him, which proves your title to the heirship of heaven. With me, it is true, there is no dread, but it was not always thus. The inherent love of life is strong within us, even the Saviour implored, 'O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me.' Were life in jeopardy, it is probable that I would be as eager as yourself to shun the danger, yet in the contemplation of death all dread has passed away. Death seems but the opening of a door to admit and welcome to its father's house a weary child. So live that you may continually enjoy the Divine approval, and all will be well with you at last."

Nearly a decade has passed. With the advent of the present spring that door was opened for her and she passed through to endless springtime and perennial youth. Time has wrought important changes in my life, but the lessons of that day have never been forgotten. In life we need only "living grace;" when the time comes, "dying grace" will be given. And then, if not before, will the promise be fulfilled, "At evening time it shall be light."

A DREAM.

One evening after the shades were drawn, the table rolled up before the cosy fire in the open grate, which shot up its lurid flames, shedding a genial warmth throughout the room, in spite of the low temperature without, my wife and I sat down for a chat. THE HOUSEHOLD had arrived in the last mail, and received our attention, and various articles were discussed for a while, when I became drowsy, either from the active labors of the day, or because of the influence of the easy chair and heated room, or both, I fell asleep, my head resting on my hand, and dreamed we had received an invitation to a gathering of HOUSEHOLD subscribers, and were en route for the gathering. In due time we arrived safely, found a pleasant hotel to stop at, and were shown to the hall where a reception was to be held, and were introduced to some of the sisters. After talking with them a while I excused myself, and proceeded to look for some of the Johns, and perhaps get acquainted with some of the models, more experienced Johns.

After trying to cross the hall through the crowd of the "dear sisters" who insisted on standing in the aisles for a while, I concluded to sit down and wait for a better chance. I wondered what was the matter with the sisters, who seemed to vie with each other in trying to talk the fastest, why they didn't come to order and pass some resolutions about something or somebody, when a lady back of me said, "I wish the Johns would write in THE HOUSEHOLD just a little bit." "But," said another voice, decidedly feminine, "it is so nice to talk all by ourselves, for it is so natural for us to talk about such things as crazy patchwork, our decorated china, crazy pictures, which give such a *bizarre* effect, you know."

Then another group caught my attention, who talked so fast that my head fairly swam. I could catch only now and then a short sentence or detached word, something like this: "Wonder if Rosamond E. is real! she is wonderfully wise

for this world." "Did you try the recipe in—number?" Then a treble: "Gladys Wayne knows the way to a man's heart, if I were a wife I could"—but my stomach suggested that even a cook book dinner would be acceptable—but the talk was the loudest, and as I sat back to reorganize, I was conscious of a sort of lullaby by the sweet voiced sisters, to the following words: "Doughnuts, angel cake, curry powder, and oysters, how should a baby be fed? molasses cookies, charming babies, Dr. Hanaford, Rosamond E., Johnnie (?) cake, chocolate caramels, Emily Hayes, lemon pie, my John, the dear HOUSEHOLD, such trials and vexations, patience, chicken cholera, our Johns, four loops, over hook, turn, make six trebles, alternate, six double, crochet, purl two, knit three, Riverside, Vera, over, slip one, narrow, Helen Herbert, seam across, John," and then I was aroused by a sister joining a group near by who were discussing Johns (of course), this group had grown larger than any other in my vicinity, and much energy and enthusiasm was shown by the younger sisters, one thought the Johns were so well trained that they would not "talk back" in THE HOUSEHOLD. A younger sister thought they ought to be honest enough to let the Johns have a whole page. Another said, "That is a left-handed compliment to the Johns, just as if we couldn't be cute enough to have it all to ourselves." "But," said another, "we are not satisfied with ourselves alone in a company, but with some of the nice Johns, it seems so social, you know, and it would be so cute to have them write in our paper."

Just then my elbow slipped off the arm of the chair, and I awakened to find my wife reading and discussing the merits of THE HOUSEHOLD with a neighbor who had run in for a few minutes, and stayed all the evening. N. W. JOHNNIECAKE.

GROWING POOR GRACEFULLY.

Growing poor gracefully is harder than the actual being so. Poverty is not such a terrible thing when we once get down to it. It is not dangerous unless it strikes in. Sometimes the system is strengthened ever after. Long kept, as well as quick made fortunes are ever in jeopardy, and there is never one so poor, that he cannot be poorer; it is well to know how to make the descent with the least awkwardness. There is a great deal of sentimentalism in the talk about sneers at poverty. Poverty of pocket is much less often in reality a subject of ridicule than poverty of soul. People will be apt to think of you pretty much as you think of yourself.

If, because you cannot entertain as you once did, cannot dress, come and go, you show solicitude lest you should be neglected. If you take friends to task, and ascribe to unworthy motives what may, or may not have been meant for slights; if you endeavor to enlist their sympathies by recounting your own disadvantages, ten to one they will drop off. If, on the other hand, you meet them as of old, if they find the same sunshine about you, do you suppose they will mind a few inconveniences? Not they. Do not let life narrow down. Do not let the necessary carefulness "strike in."

There are some who, out of their largeness of life, and a natural appreciation of the beauty of harmony, are led easily on after the ordeal of getting down to it has been safely passed. Surroundings influence spirit, and we long to have grace and fitness, and the poetry of convenience about us. But the best gifts are every man's. We can all have God's pure air and sunshine free; with a moderate share of labor we can all command most scrupulous neatness. If we cannot go abroad

from place to place, which in this beautiful world is a deprivation, surely we can have less variety of toilet, live plainer, and let the life of the busy, toiling, suffering world in upon us through books and papers. To grow poor gracefully is to bring our wants within our income. Reach out and bring them in, as did Noah his dove, till the waters abate, and you shall ride safely, even over the mountain tops.

There is one temptation. You can no more grow poor gracefully by making of debts, either large or small, than you can go down stairs gracefully on stilts. Part with every thing rather than bear the weight of debt. Small debts are "so convenient," you know, but they are like a swarm of stinging insects buzzing about your ears. People will know you are on stilts all the time. You may hate to come down, but how much freer you will be on your own footing, to feel a divine and perfect right to all you have and are.—*Interior.*

THE INSPIRATION OF THE HOUR.

BY A. P. REED.

Summer has got well under way, and having well developed her gorgeous dress, is lingering to be admired. She lacks no admiration on my part, for to me, she is the most admirable of all seasons. The soft, balmy zephyr, wafting sweet odors, the green, wavy grass, the carpet of nature, the happy, melodious birds, all lend a charm to this season that no other receives, and the summer hour has surely a powerful inspiration to him who seeks it. The birds catch it and repeat it in their songs, and all nature is alive with it. Should we not stop to breathe and drink it in?

It will pay us. It is nature's sweetest draught for us. To imbibe it is to be filled with noble sentiment, and a grander spirit that beggars all description, rises within us, and we are full, and this fullness elevates us.

Speaking of birds, I wish to say that there is one bird, one of the most beautiful singers of grand old New England, that I miss here in Minnesota, the bobolink. I am informed he is here, but rare, and is not so close to the haunts of men as in the east, is found back near the wooded country and in the meadow lots. The meadow lark is here quite plenty, with his short, but sweet tune, and most of the birds found in New England are here also.

As old king Sol peers above the horizon on these beautiful mornings, he seems to whisper over the earth the inspiration we have been speaking about. He seems to invite us to catch this inspiration of the hour as found compounded in a sunbeam, and transported on a balmy zephyr. Let us drink in the glories of summer, and the mental effect will be to prepare us for the consummation of its joys later on, when a ripeness of nature shall bespeak of a coming autumn.

"Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies:
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below."

Champlin, Minn.

MIDSUMMER REVERIES.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

Out in the full noontide life is busy, eager, fervent. Lazily swings the child underneath the tree that casts such shadows yonder, yet life is pulsing throughout its veins, as throbs the earth all animate.

Nature appears in languid mood. She

hums a drowsy tune which lulls the senses into dreamful repose. The droning bee soars by and lights upon the flowers, crawling within a wide-petaled blossom in quest of sweets, and is for a moment hidden from view. The squirrels are so shy that their alertness is noticeable only by close watching and motionless position. The little lake is placid and transparent. Only the consonant sounds of the fall of water, sending its shimmering spray beyond, breaks the stillness very audibly, and this music combines with the quietness and the fervid sunlight to lead the mind into felicitous reveries undisturbed.

Lo! a great dragon-fly sails forward, suddenly resting upon a tall, pointed stick, which long has seemed the favorite haunt of its own kind. It flies once more, makes several circumvolutions, returning to the selfsame point. Again it goes, not to return, but, behold the wondrous humming-bird, as agile and as shy as the squirrels, but busy with the flowers instead of with the fruits. Puss in her secret napping-place on the cool, soft grass, beneath the outspreading alder tree, sees the hovering form, but can scarcely match its swiftness with her rapid vision. Her breakfast was satisfying, so she is indulging *dolce far niente*, while birds in numbers career about above her head.

Ships, piled with fleeces, are sailing slowly through the skies. The air is scarcely in motion, yet many fragrant odors are exhaled from trees and shrubs and beauteous blossoms, by the influence of the noonday sun.

Ah, it is not nature that is idly dreaming time away! Her work is important. Much depends upon it, too. She reads an eloquent lesson, in most winning tones and language, to her listeners. She warns from wastefulness, heedlessness and sloth. Even her silent teachings include the power benign. She gives of sympathy to those who seek; of love to all who appreciate; and of strength to any who rely upon her abundance and its Source. She seems quietly amazed at those who believe her companion only to the leisurely among humankind, or to the sentimentally inclined. How she could take these to her bosom, would they come to her for comfort and for heart-refreshing! Recreation is readily found in her presence. Stores of thought she has treasured for weary folk, no less than for the tireless ones. She is no partial welcomer, but simply yields her sympathies to those who understand them, who commune with her sweet spirit undistracted by the world. These may carry forth of her enduring qualities into the world, and feel the strength of her silent forces as so they have received.

When the things of earth shall have passed away, great will be the rejoicing of the faithful in all things. If life has so many trials here, that its joys are felt to be but a touch of sweet wherewith the more to bring out the taste of bitterness, shall not impatient mortals "gird on the armor" which saves from the destructiveness of the necessary conflict, and see by the eye of faith the eternal city, where naught but bliss awaits them? "There they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

HOW MUSIC IS MADE.

"The way to cook a rabbit is to first catch a rabbit," etc., applies forcibly to the initial process of producing a musical composition in sheet form; and it may

be further added, that manuscripts worth publishing are as hard to secure as the traditional rabbit. As all large music publishing concerns are constantly in receipt of manuscripts sent for examination and sale, it becomes necessary to inspect each composition as soon as possible, otherwise they would accumulate to such an extent that a separate examination would be next to impossible.

For this purpose is employed a thoroughly educated and practical musician, one who not only performs at sight, but who is also a master of harmony and composition. After carefully trying over each piece, and noting his opinion thereon, the result may be the selection of one or two manuscripts out of perhaps fifty, the balance being returned to their respective authors marked "rejected."

We will suppose that one of the pieces recommended by the inspector is a song. The publisher now holds a manuscript which in the opinion of his inspector is worth publishing, that is, it has some point of excellence that might result in the piece becoming popular. The next step is to read the letter sent by the writer of the song, and if the author's demands are deemed reasonable his terms are accepted and the song is "put in hand," not, however, before the publisher has first satisfied himself that the words are correct and suitable, and that the title is not already in use.

The manuscript is then taken by the engraver, who, seated at his table, begins the work of transferring to metal plates the "copy" before him. For this purpose he employs a hammer and a multitude of small steel dies, each one of which represents a character of music, in fact every thing from a brace to a double bar, and from a grace note to a "sixty-fourth," besides rests, slurs, crescendos, and a full set of the alphabet in various sizes, such as agate, nonpareil, primer, etc. Upon the table before him rests a slab of iron about two feet square by two inches thick. This is the anvil (?) on which is laid the metal plate aforementioned. The latter is composed of white metal and is one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The surface is highly polished and resembles burnished silver. With the aid of compasses, rules, and other peculiar tools, the lines, bars, etc., are laid out, after which the engraver proceeds to fill in the music and words, and thus each plate is treated until the song is finished.

While the music engraver is busy with his manuscript and dies, the title engraver is not idle. By a process exactly similar to bank-note or steel engraving this individual prepares the title, which, as an obvious necessity, must be entirely original in design, both in lettering and ornamentation. The metal plates used for titles are the same as those used for music.

The music plates and title being finished, proofs are taken from them and submitted to the music inspector, who carefully examines each page and makes the necessary corrections, after which they are returned to the engraver. The latter individual having made the designated changes or additions, passes the plates to the superintendent of the press-room, where they are in turn given to a pressman.

The press used is the same as employed in steel-plate printing, and can, therefore, only be worked by hand. This process is necessarily slow and tedious, but it is the only method by which first-class sheet music can be made. After the music is printed, the music sheets, which are still wet, are hung upon racks to dry. The drying process consumes about two or three hours, when they are taken down, folded, and put in a press, where they are usually left over night. In the morning they are taken out, and we have before us a pile of elegant plate music, "the latest song of the season." "Plate" edi-

tions will always be preferred by all who appreciate music that can be easily read, in fact to those accustomed to plate work, "type music" seems like no music.—*Musical Journal*.

KING SANCHE THE FAT AND HIS HORSE.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Far back in the Middle Ages reigned King Sancho called the Fat. He was king of Leon in Spain, and was so immensely corpulent that he could not mount a horse. This was rather unfortunate for King Sancho, for his subjects were very warlike, and his unwieldy bulk forbade him who could not sit in the saddle to lead them to battle. He gradually lost their favor, and they grew to regard him as a mere trencher-man and bed-presser, wholly unfitted to reign over men bred to war, and who had rather fight than either eat or sleep.

Seeing that he would soon have hard fighting to maintain his throne, and knowing that as long as he could not mount on horseback he could not hope to figure as a warrior, King Sancho repaired to his Uncle Garcia, surnamed the Trembler, king of the adjoining kingdom of Navarre, who was a very thin and meager man, and asked counsel of him, what he should do to cure himself of his troublesome obesity. But King Garcia was wholly at a loss for a recipe, his own leanness being a gift of nature. He advised him, however, to repair to Cordova, and seek treatment of the Arabian physicians, the Moors being generally a spare and active race, and their physicians skillful above all others in the treatment of diseases.

Before Sancho started on his journey, it chanced that his vassal, Count Fernan of Castile, came to Burgos to visit his sovereign. In his rich and gallant array, was an Arabian steed of matchless beauty, which the count had gained in his wars with the Moors. Now you know that kings are proverbial for desiring the best of every thing themselves, and though King Sancho could not so much as sit on horseback, he no sooner saw the beautiful Arabian than he had a vehement desire to possess it. He offered piles and piles of money, but Don Fernan refused to enter into any traffic, offering him the horse, however, as a gift. Sancho was equally punctilious about accepting a present, and pressed the count so hardly to name a price that at last from simple courtesy he consented. The king was to pay one thousand marks on a certain day, which if he neglected to do the price was to be doubled, and in like manner on each day's further delay. The terms were specified in writing, and were duly signed and witnessed and sealed and Sancho took possession of his precious steed.

Soon afterwards he departed for the court of Abderahman the Great, at Cordova, where he was royally received, and where he remained for a long time, diligently employed in decreasing his rotundity. But while the corpulent king was thus in training, and was daily growing leaner, his disaffected subjects rebelled and put upon the throne his cousin, Ordoño, called the Fourth. The new monarch did not prove so acceptable as had been thought, and his seat on the throne was not so firm, but that when Sancho appeared at the head of a large and well-disciplined army of Moors, he fled with all haste to the mountains. What added to his terror was the tidings of Sancho's marvelous leanness and agility, for so well had that personage succeeded under the regimen prescribed by his Arabian physicians, that he could vault into the saddle with merely putting his hand upon the pommel.

King Sancho, the Fat no longer, but

rather the Lean, who could ride his Moorish steed as gracefully as a young page, now sent for Count Fernan, that he might pay him his price for the valuable Arabian. The count appeared with his parchment on which the terms were drawn up; but as three years had elapsed since the day appointed for the payment, and in the meantime the price had gone on daily doubling according to stipulation, the king's major-domo, although an expert man at figures, was totally confounded, and confessed that if Sancho had all the treasures of the world, they would be insufficient to pay the debt. In fact, his horse trade would have ruined him, had not the count suggested a compromise—Fernan to relinquish his debt, and in lieu thereof to be released from his vassalage. This Sancho agreed to do and the matter was amicably settled. So King Sancho, though he lost his corpulency, lost also his ancestor's claim to Castile, and all for a spirited Arabian, but no one ever heard him utter a word of complaint. It is well to add that thereafter he took so much exercise that he always remained lean to the day of his death.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as balm in Gilead to his wounded spirits. We are all wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Thackeray, in one of his novels, says: "There are more clever women in the world than men think for. Our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us; and are weak because they do not rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of this cleverness rises every day. When I say I know women I mean that I don't know them. Every single woman I ever met is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever! They are constantly exercising cleverness of the finest sort."

You see a demure-looking woman, faithful in house bills and shirt buttons, obedient to her lord and anxious to please him in all things; silent on politics or literature, and, if referred to, saying with a smile of humility: "Oh, women are not judges upon such matters; we leave learning to men." "Yes," says Jones, "attend to the house, my dear, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle."—*The Christian Woman*.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

Is for sale everywhere, and has for twenty years been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD.

In order to bring its merits to the notice of a still larger constituency, we have recently reduced our price, keeping its quality unchanged, and offer the following

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS,

free of all expense, to all who will preserve and mail to us, with their full address,

The Wrappers Taken from this SOAP.

For Seven complete wrappers we will mail a set of Seven Cards, in six colors and a gold background, illustrating Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

For Fifteen complete wrappers we will mail a collection of

FIRST CLASS SHEET MUSIC FOR PIANO,

instrumental or vocal, the retail price of which in any first-class music store is ONE DOLLAR, or a new and beautiful set of seven Cabinet Portraits of

D'OYLEY CARTE'S ORIGINAL ENGLISH MIKADO COMPANY, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City.

For twenty-five complete wrappers we will mail a copy of the most beautiful Panel Picture ever published, entitled,

"THE TWO SISTERS."

The original painting is owned by us, and cannot be copied or duplicated by any other firm, and hence is worthy a place in any house in the land.

For Sixty complete wrappers we will mail either Sheet Music for the piano, to the market retail price of FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, or a copy of

Worcester's Pocket Dictionary,

298 pages.

I. L. CRACIN & CO.,

119 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—Ed.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column, that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 70,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

If Margaret of Maine, will send her address to Mrs. James C. Burns, Greenville, Ill., she will receive sample which will aid her in making rugs of canvas.

If Canuck, Marshall, Minn., will send me her address, she shall have slips enough to fill just such a box as she describes for Sister Ruth.

MRS. D. E. PEACOCK.
Interhachen, Putnam Co., Florida.

Mrs. Frank Barnes, Madison, Wis., would like Harper's magazine from volume 3 to 24.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Witch Hazel, of Salinas, Cal., or some sister in southern California, correspond with me? I will pay postage.

MRS. F. W. PIPER.

Deer Island, Boston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some time ago, I made a request through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, for Harper's Bazar for the year 1899. As I have not yet received them, I repeat the request, as I am very anxious to get one dated August 28, for which I will send stamps, or something useful.

MRS. Z. E. HENRY.

Box 407, Brooklyn, Iowa.

OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

We are in receipt of so many exchanges of much greater length than we can insert and taking more time to condense than we can often give, that we ask those ladies sending exchanges to write them within the required limits. Four lines, averaging 28 words, being all we can allow to each item. We wish to caution ladies sending packages, against carelessness in sending full address with each. Many complaints are received by us which would be unnecessary if the address of the sender were given on the package sent even when accompanied by a letter.

Mrs. Geo. G. Andrews, Hudson, N. H., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS, Ladies' Home Journal and a Fashion Quarterly for anything useful or ornamental. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Vincent, San Luis Obispo, Calif., will exchange cabinet and marine specimens. Write first.

Mrs. E. R. Hunt, Maple Grove, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange new vocal or instrumental sheet music for silk and satin pieces, decent size for crazy work.

Cora Hastings, Ingraham, Clay Co., Ill., will exchange small box sweet gum burs for seven of silk, satin, velvet and plush pieces. No black wanted.

Mrs. C. G. Richards, 99 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., will exchange new music for bound volumes of Harper's Magazine, vols. 1 and 2, and 19 to 35 inclusive.

Miss Maggie Lacy, Santa Ana, Cal., will exchange shells, sea mosses, and other Cal. curiosities, for silk crazy patchwork, 14 by 14.

Mrs. E. W. Hale, 39 Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn., will exchange new copy of Shelley, for Herbert's, Adelaide Proctor's, Wordsworth's, Tom Moore's, or Hood's works. Write first.

Mrs. M. A. Eldridge, 2 Frank St., Providence, R. I., will exchange flower seeds, calla and oxalis bulbs, quilt and darned net patterns for cretonne six inches square.

Miss A. F. Brancher, Hammond, Platt Co., Ill., will exchange light calico scraps, 4 by 10, no two alike, for the same.

Addie L. Downes, box 38, Southampton, Suffolk Co., N. Y., has Seaside and other books to exchange.

Mrs. Wesley Snider, Lake Wilson, Murray Co., Minn., will exchange novelty braid, rick-rack, or songs for the duet, "Matrimonial Sweeties." Write first.

Miss Mae Hodges, Clayton, Iowa, desires odd numbers of Youth's Companion extending over last six years. Write first and state what you would like in return.

Jane Wright, Prairie Centre, Johnson Co., Kans., will exchange girl's handsome white knitted collar, or shoulder cape, ¼ yard wide, for gladioli or lily bulbs. Write first.

Mrs. J. M. Farnham, Rockdale, Maine, has four vols. of Youth's Companion commencing 1883, will exchange for something useful.

Mrs. G. L. Teeple, Waukon, Iowa, will exchange new crocheted tdy, lace pattern, 25 by 30, for full blood fowls, or eggs, or German knitting yarns.

Miss Minnie A. Ware, East Harrisville, N. H., will exchange one pair of black kid gloves, new, size 6½, for zephyr any length or color.

Mrs. D. M. Baker, Santa Ana, Los Angeles Co., Cal., will exchange sea shells and curiosities for crazy patchwork blocks, 12 by 12. Write first.

Mrs. E. E. Round, Robinson, Brown Co., Kans., will exchange the "Swiss Family Robinson" for silk crazy patchwork block 21 by 21. Write first.

Mrs. Bullard, box 80, Sherborn, Mass., will exchange parts or whole of infant's wardrobe (new) for anything useful or ornamental, or rare plants or ferns, rooted.

Martha Smith, 1711 I St., Sacramento, Cal., will exchange pieces for crazy quilt, bulbs or sheet music for balsam fir to stuff pillows with. Write first.

Minnie H. Ellis, Oriska, Barnes Co., Dakota, will exchange a crazy work table scarf for two of E. P. Roe's books, "Without a Home" not wanted. Write first.

Mrs. A. H. Melick, Dallas Center, Iowa, will exchange odd numbers of Harper's magazine for '81, '82, and '83, also Chinese wistaria, for bulbs of hardy lilies, except tiger.

Mrs. George Inness, Shelby, Polk Co., Neb., will exchange "Dora Thorne," and other books, for other Leisure Hour or Seaside Libraries. Write first, giving names of books.

Maggie Smith, Rockdale Mills, Jeff. Co., Pa., will exchange polka and schottisch for "Wait till the Clouds Roll by," shells, cotton, or ferns and mosses from south or west. Write first.

Mrs. S. G. Lumbert, Hyannisport, Mass., will exchange Godey's magazine and the Folio for 1886, for magazine and musical monthly of equal value. Write first.

Mrs. R. Mitchell, box 61, Mount Sterling, Craw. Co., Wis., will exchange mixed hollyhock seed for fancy ad. cards, scrap pictures, or anything useful or ornamental.

Mrs. C. L. Furry, Alden, Iowa, has jewelry, sheet music and stereoscopic views, all unused, and two Roman coins, nearly 2,000 years old, to exchange for choice lots of hardy flowering bulbs.

Mary Lamborn, box 195, Yates Center, Kans., will exchange stereoscopic views for different colored and good gladioli bulbs.

Mrs. T. B. Gillum, Lone, Amador Co., Cal., will exchange Kensington painted tidies and lambrequins on velvet and felt for cabinet curiosities, books, or fancy work.

M. A. Weston, Hancock, N. H., has Youth's Companions and pieced squares of letter H quilt to exchange for quilt patterns or patterns of useful or fancy articles.

Mrs. Geo. Gay, 404 So. 1st St., Rockford, Ill., will exchange music and "Art Interchange" for '85, for music and books. Would like "Feast of Roses." Write first.

Mrs. F. C. Mixer, Worcester, Mass., would like to send Peterson's magazines soon as read, in return for New England Homestead, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. L. B. Edwards, Redfield, Spink Co., Dak., will exchange materials for crazy work, for white cambric, plaid muslin, or white flannel, not less than two yards.

Mrs. A. H. Cook, Ames, Iowa, will exchange fern panels, flower seeds, stamped tidies, etc., for sea curiosities, or any thing suitable for a cabinet. Write first.

Mrs. Claus Buntwell, box 38, Sunderland, Iowa, will exchange books, curiosities, painted or embroidered screens, panels, banners, etc., for stamping, school books and stamping patterns.

Phebe C. Lloyd, Rathboneville, Steuben Co., N. Y., will exchange songs, "Those Good Old Days Long Ago," and "Fading Tears," for "Only a Pansy Blossom." Write first.

Mrs. E. M. Dodge, 28 Whipple St., Fall River, Mass., will exchange silk pieces, and sheet (vocal) music, for curiosities or white wool knit edging. Write first.

Mrs. C. H. Stone, N. Ferrisburgh, Vermont, will exchange canaries for goldfinch or nonpareil or cardinal birds.

Mrs. C. Andel, 105 Hamilton St., New Haven, Conn., will exchange samples of crochet laces, for the same or any thing of equal value. Write first.

Jennie Shannon, Seventy-six, Beaver Co., Pa., will exchange old magazines, arbutus, partridge vine, ferns (roots or pressed), for silk scraps or Chinese primrose. Write first.

Mrs. N. P. Martyn, N. Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., will exchange curiosities, mounted sea mosses, also rare minerals, for crazy square, 14 x 14, or black silk crocheted collarette.

Mrs. H. Addington, Stacyville, Mitchell Co., Iowa, will exchange Godey's Lady Book, for 1885, for Arthur's magazine, any year since 1871, or Demorest's previous to 1883. Write first.

Mrs. E. R. Perry, South Paris, Me., will exchange cleavelandite, beryls, staurolites, topaz, cancrinite, vesuvianite, tripelite, tourmaline, etc., for choice minerals, shells and silks.

Rosie Gould, Heath, Mass., will exchange magazines, fancy work, etc., for stamping outfit, Peterson's, braid and thread for trimming, remnants of dress goods, worsteds, etc. Write first.

Mrs. H. E. Sipe, Windsor, Henry Co., Missouri, will exchange book of crazy patchwork, containing 279 stitches and designs with instructions, for Ingalls' "Book of Crazy Patchwork."

Mrs. Lida A. Vincent, Elm Mills, Barber Co., Kans., will exchange HOUSEHOLDS of 1885, for house plants, bulbs and seeds.

C. B. Hinsman, Box 84, Rutland, Vt., will exchange foreign and native white and colored marbles cabinet size, polished, for rare minerals, agates, etc., of equal size. Write first.

Mrs. S. G. Smith, South Middleboro, Mass., will exchange small panel chromos ready mounted, for four squares of cretonne, six inches square, bright colors, four squares for each chromo.

Mrs. I. Mariett, Pigeon Hill, Quebec, Canada, will exchange books and papers, Lakesides and story papers, for silks, satin, velvet and plush for crazy patchwork.

Mrs. D. Edson Smith, Santa Ana, Calif., will exchange calla bulbs, for dahlia or chrysanthemum roots or seeds or an assortment of home grown flower seeds.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges signed with fictitious names or initials, and sometimes with no signature except number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests; but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

Halford Sauce the most delicious relish.

LOTTA.

It was always a marvel to the amusement loving public how Lotta could be so sick that the Chestnut St. Opera House, Philadelphia, was compelled to be closed for one week, about two years ago, and that at the end of that time she was well enough to resume her play of "Nitouche." More than this it was noticed that her voice had acquired fresh volume, and in "Nitouche," which is a singing play, she could be heard in ensemble as well as in solo. Can it be wondered at that this little lady returned so soon to her labor at the Opera House, when we remember that this speedy restoration was due to the inhalation of Compound Oxygen? A press correspondent writes: "It was at the residence of Mrs. James H. Heverin, of Delancey Place, that I obtained a brief interview with Lotta."

"I hear you have tried Compound Oxygen treatment, Lotta?"

"Oh, yes! You remember the terrible sore throat I had two years ago—that it baffled the skill of my New York physicians? After burning my throat and positively prohibiting my appearance before an audience for an unlimited time, I was promised great things if I would try the 'Oxygen,' so I immediately came to Philadelphia and put myself under the care of Drs. Starkey & Palen."

"Did you experience relief immediately?"

"It was evident from the first inhalation that I had done the right thing, for it seemed to bring the whole trouble under immediate control."

"Then you do not favor burning the throat or any of the methods usually resorted to?"

"No. I think it a harsh and cruel treatment and it cannot be long before Compound Oxygen will come to the rescue of all the profession."

"Drs. Starkey & Palen claim that the health obtained by the Compound Oxygen treatment is as genuine and permanent as one's original health. Does your experience confirm that opinion?"

"Yes, it most certainly does. I have not been sick an hour since I used the Oxygen. In my profession I am always studying from nature. I observe the expressions, gestures and ways of the various people with whom I meet, and find that my power of observation has grown more acute and discriminating since my treatment with the Oxygen. In the voice alone there is a most perceptible gain. Long and sustained notes have become easy and whether talking or singing I find it now no labor."

"Do you think it would have the same effect on the system as change of climate?"

"Yes, and without the disadvantages of long journeys in pursuit of health, such as the loss of home comforts and the interference with regular business pursuits."

"Did you have any unpleasant sensations while taking the Oxygen?"

"No, on the contrary, the sensations were pleasant."

"Do you give your full consent to make this interview public?"

"I certainly do. You are at liberty to say I said so."

Miss Lotta is one of the busiest little ladies in the world. Her engagements are continuously requiring her presence in the cities each season. Now if the Compound Oxygen can bring back to the stage each year this favorite and pet, in prime health, the public can but thank Drs. Starkey and Palen. Any who may desire to know more of the treatment of which so kindly words are spoken, should write to the office of the physicians, 1529 Arch St., for the literature on the subject, which is mailed free to all applicants.

SHAKESPEARIAN SONNETS.

TO A PLATE OF HASH.
Inscrutable! Though subtler than the sphinx,
Thou hast no inspiration for the hind;
The dullard deals with thee nor ever thinks
To ask thee for the food that feeds the mind.
But for the poet, seeking truth, thou art
A lofty ideal and a doubt supreme;
A wonder, a delight, a thing apart,
The changeful fringe of an illusive dream.
The soul that is attuned to ideal things,
Beholding thee, a fairy grotto sees.
Thou dost uplift imagination's wings
And fancy revelleth in thy mysteries.
O hash! thou hidest from thy votary's sight
More secrets than are wrapped in death and night.
—David L. Proudft.

SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

Music publishers at home and abroad, seem to have universally adopted the idea that music is of no particular time, and that it belongs to the everlasting now; it is true that it cannot be limited to any one point or space, because it is a universal language, but if every piece of published music, every tune, and the words of every published song, every poem or selection of spoken language, adapted to music for the purpose of being sung, bore upon its title-page, or over the opening strain, the date when written, the name of the composer of the music, the name of the author of the words, and the name of the publisher, with the date when first published and the place of residence of the author and composer as well as publisher, then it would be a comparatively easy task to trace the history of songs and song-writers. This not being a custom renders it extremely difficult to determine the age or authorship of many of the popular songs in circulation, and in some instances makes it almost impossible to learn either the names of authors or the dates needed to make an account of such songs or song-writers complete.

Many of our songs have from time to time appeared among us as waifs, dateless and nameless. We know that a popular song is in the mouths of the people; we know that it may be new and that it may also be very old to such as have heard or known it previous to our first hearing—it may have come from the hall of merriment and festivity, from among the shepherds, the laborers, the peasants, the pipers, the singers, the harpers, the public singers or fiddlers who wander from place to place, strolling actors, the stage, the camp, the garrison, the sailor's cabin—or it may have come through war and strife, through party and passion, or from the home of sorrow and suffering. We know that the popular song is sung, that the instrument plays it, that it is familiar among the people. We know that songs come like seeds in the wind, some to take root and live, others to perish and be forgotten; but when we ask who was the author of the words, or who was the composer of the music, or when and where it was written, and when and by whom the well-known song was originally published, it is often too late to find one who can answer such questions. The author or composer may be dead and forgotten if any one ever knew him, and now no one remembers more than that there was such a tune to which such words were adapted or that it was once very popular.

It is a well-known truth that songs without number, as well as other kinds of music, have been claimed by persons who never could have composed them as original; and it is not a novel thing to see songs bearing the names of composers who were unborn when the songs thus published as new were known as old songs among musicians. Many of the ancient songs of Scotland, previous to the time of Robert Burns, were composed by the laboring classes. And Allan Ramsay, a Scottish barber, who lived in the days

of Pope and Swift, and attained great notoriety for his songs, wrote, "Auld Lang Syne," which even Scotchmen, with one accord, credit to Burns, who only altered and added to it, making it popular. Walter Scott, who originated many songs which ought to be better known to the world, was never so favorably known to his own countrymen as a poet as was Burns. He was known for his historical novels, but Burns was the Scotch poet, and his songs were regarded as next to those found in the bible.

The songs of Ireland date back many years; and they in general partake of fun throughout, though many of them were written by Englishmen. Thomas Moore was the first Irishman who wrote much that attained great popularity; he wrote for the drawing room and the nobility—and some of the songs which perpetuate his name were English and not Irish. Samuel Lover, the author of "Rory O'More," partook fully of the Irish national element and thus built up an enviable reputation. It occasionally happens that some modern writers, in the hope of giving character to their compositions, send out editions with the name of some distinguished composer attached instead of their own, and such wickedness generally is rebuked very soon. Burns, in one of his letters to the publisher of the "Scots Musical Museum," says: "I have lately seen a couple of ballads which have been sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though this was the first time I had ever seen either of the songs!"—*Musical Record*.

THE COMING GIRL.

The coming girl will cook her own food, will earn her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano or wash tub, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will not despise her plainly clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker; will wear a bonnet, will darn her own stockings, and not read the Ledger oftener than she does her bible.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be to keep her cheeks aglow; will mind her health, her physical development and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness; will have courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think refinement French duplicity; that the assumed hospitality, where hate dwells in the heart, is better than condemnation; will not confound grace of government with silly affection; will not regard the end of her being to have a beau.

The coming girl will not look to Paris but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decree it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.

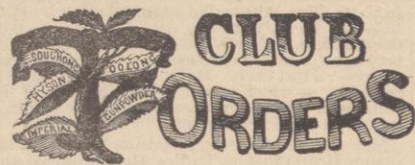
—Dyspeptic—"This fruit cure is a fraud. I have tried fruit at every meal, without the least improvement." Hearty Man—"That's odd. Why, look at me. I subsist entirely upon fruit." "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of my own industry. I haven't been sick a day."

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!



HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM!

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM gives a Pure and Blooming Complexion, Restores and Preserves Youthful Beauty. Its effects are Gradual, Natural and Perfect. It Removes Redness, Blotches, Pimples, Tan, Sunburn and Freckles, and makes a Lady of Thirty appear but Twenty. The MAGNOLIA BALM makes the Skin Smooth and Pearly, and imparts a Fresh Appearance to the Countenance. HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM has been Established nearly 40 Years. Hagan's Magnolia Balm can be obtained of Chemists and Perfumers.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold-Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTERS as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. WHITE TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$13. GOLD-BAND or Moss-Rose SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. We carry the largest stock and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston. Send postal (and mention THE HOUSEHOLD) for our large Illustrated Price and Premium List. As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREAT LONDON TEA CO.,
801 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LADIES
HANOVER'S Merchant Tailor System of garment cutting is the latest and the only work used successfully without a teacher. Consists of a Square, all the Curves, and a Book of explicit instructions, with diagrams to cut all garments worn by ladies or children. Also teaches draping, padding and finishing. We have the only perfect rule for cutting sleeves. Price \$5.00. To introduce, will send sample by **AGENTS WANTED.** JOHN C. HANOVER, Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, O.

ORANGE GROVE for SALE

Pleasantly situated on a large lake, one mile from the thriving village of Interlachen, on the F. S. R. R. Also look for sale. For particulars apply to **L. G. HILL, Interlachen, Putnam Co., Fla.**

A FREE SAMPLE.

To introduce the great household remedy, **Gordon's King of Pain** into every family, I will send a sample free to any one sending address. Agents wanted. Address **E. G. Richards**, sole proprietor, Toledo, Ohio.



Newton's Improved **COW-TIE** holds them firmly, draws them forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean. **E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ill.**

THE LATEST THE BEAUTIFUL ART of making paper flowers. Imported tissues and all flower materials dealt in. **Instruction Book of Paper flowers** mailed 10 cents. We also artistically dye, clean and curl **Ostrich Feathers.** **LEWIS & CO., 2 East 14th St., New York.**

Just published, 12 articles on **PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING**, by FANNY FIELD. Tells how she cleared \$449 on 100 Light Brahmas in one year; how she clears \$1,600 annually on a 60 acre poultry-farm; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$200 annually on a village lot; about incubators, brooders, spring chickens and capons. Price 25c. Stamps taken. **R. B. MITCHELL, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

BRUSH STUDIES!

By LIDA CLARKSON. New and Revised Edition. Finely Illustrated with original designs by the Author.

CONTENTS:—The Amateur's Outfit.—Harmony and Combination of Color: A Panel of Field Daisies.—Some General Hints: Fabric Painting.—Practice on Academy Board and Sketching Canvas: A Study of Wild Roses.—A Study of Pansies.—How to Paint Photographs in Oil or in Water Colors.—Hat Marks and Linings: Appropriate Designs, Initials, etc.—Plaques: How to Paint and Frame Them.—How to Paint Trailing Arbutus, Feathered Clematis, Dogwood and Tulips.—Panel and Screen Decorations: The Purple Clematis, Fleur de Lis, Water Lily, etc.—Dye Painting: Lustra, Iridescent and Kensington.—Lambrequins and Other Artistic Home Furnishings: Clock Scarf, Banners and Bannettes.—Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Birthday Cards: How to Paint Them.—Suggestions for Holiday and Birthday Gifts: Pretty Trifles for Home Decoration.—Painting Backgrounds.—Modeling in Relief.—Puzzling Queries Answered.—Some useful Hints in Conclusion. Sent, postpaid, for 35c. **J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.**

RUPTURES CURED by my Medical Compound and Improved Elastic Supporter Truss in from 30 to 90 days. Reliable references given. Send stamp for circular, and say in what paper you saw my advertisement. Address **Capt. W. A. COLLINGS, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N.Y.**

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. **Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.**

275 Scrap Pictures and Verses with latest Sample Book, 5c. Austin Card Co., New Haven, Conn.

FREE. I will send to the readers of "The Household" a sample of COBB'S Pure Soap, for the Hair, Teeth, and Skin, and a valuable Book for 6 cents Postage. **A. H. COBB, 33 Battery March St., Boston, Mass.**

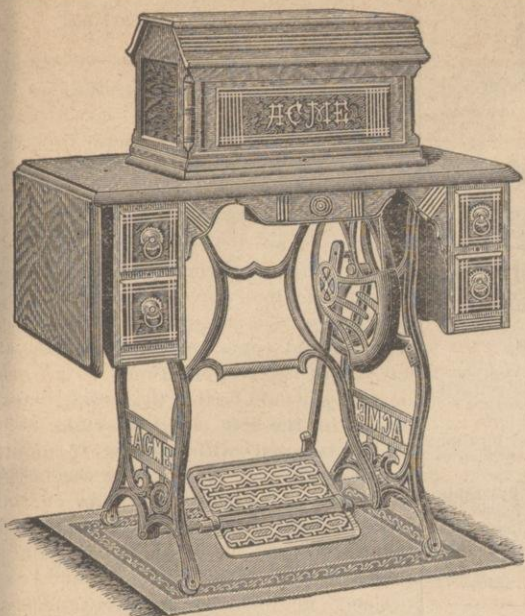
BIRCH'S KEY AND NOT WILLWING ANYWATCH WEAR OUT. SOLD by watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. **J. S. BIRCH & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.**

NERVOUS and Mental Diseases and the Alcoholic and Opium habits treated by **DR. I. A. LOVELAND, GILSUM, N. H.** Correspondence invited.

HIRE'S IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Pack-ages, 25 cts. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. **C. E. HIRE, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.**

FREE KNIFE With every Pack of our NEW CARDS. Only 15c. for 40 CARDS—assorted, Fringed, Chromos, Hidden Name, and Plain Gill Edge (your name on all) and lovely Pocket Knife. Get a Club of 3 among friends, and we send your Pack and Knife FREE—that is, 4 lots for 54 cents. **See Agent's Sample Book, 4c. HOLLEY CARD CO., MERIDEN, CONN.**

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.



THE ACME

Because it is

THE ACME

is one of the best selling sewing-machines in the market.

A ttractive in appearance,
C onstructed in the best manner,
M anaged with the least trouble,
E asy-running and sure to please.

is the result of more than twenty years experience in the business.

This machine is capable of a very wide range of work, has all the good qualities of the best machines of the day, with others peculiar to itself, and is in every respect

AN HONEST SEWING-MACHINE.

Automatic Movement,
Cylinder Shuttle,
Minimum Weight,
Elegant Finish,

The Best to Buy or Sell.

Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do not buy a Sewing-Machine until you have first seen an Acme and you will thank us for the advice.

Agents wanted everywhere to whom satisfactory terms are assured, with perfect protection in territory assigned.

Address for terms,

J. A. TITUS & CO., BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

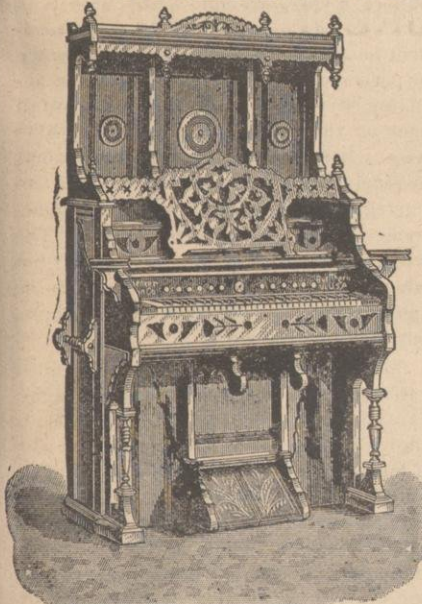
MAKE
NEW, RICH
BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 C.H. St. Boston.

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

Reliable Carpenter Organs.

Manufactory and Home Office,
BRATTLEBORO, VT., U. S. A.



Style No. 120. (PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

The Carpenter Organs contain the
Celebrated Carpenter Organ Action.

They are pure in tone, perfect in construction, in exact accord with the voice, and full of patented improvements. More than 50 different styles, ranging in price from \$20.00 up.

AN HONEST ORGAN.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

"The Carpenter Organs have won for themselves a high reputation for durability and fine musical qualities. An organ may be fine in appearance, but unless it is built honestly in every part it will prove unsatisfactory. Mr. Carpenter makes most emphatically an honest organ, and this is, we think, the secret of their popular ity."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We have discontinued the sale of the "Celebrated Carpenter Actions" to other organ manufacturers, and they can now be obtained only in ORGANS of our manufacture.

WARRANTED FOR 8 YEARS.

Each Organ containing the Carpenter Organ Action is warranted to be made in the most skillful manner, of the most perfectly prepared material, and to be, according to its size, capacity and style, the best instrument possible. Each purchaser is given a WRITTEN GUARANTY, FOR EIGHT YEARS.

Where we have no agent, Organs sold direct on easy payments. Buy no Organ until you have seen our new Catalogue.

Send for our NEW CATALOGUE for 1886. New Styles! New Patented Improvements! New Prices!

E. P. CARPENTER CO., Brattleboro, Vt., U. S. A.

N. B. Special Offer for 60 days—Write for particulars and state where you saw this advertisement. Reters by permission to publisher of "Household."

WANTED.

AN AGENT in every county in the United States to sell the Acme Sewing Machine.

J. A. TITUS & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

GAME OF STATES.

The Game of the "STATES" is pronounced by competent judges, the most Popular, Instructive and Entertaining Game ever published. It is a favorite wherever it may be found; can be played by every member of the company; no one is left out—ALL can take part. It is a thorough method of learning the location of the Cities and Towns in the United States. It has received the highest commendation from thousands of School Teachers, Clergymen and others, all over the country. It is not a silly, senseless game, but very instructive and amusing. It should be in every family where there are children. Buy it and see how your children will improve in the study of Geography. It will more than repay you.

Fine Edition, Elegant Tinted Cards 50 Cents. One and two-cent stamps will be received in payment. If not for sale in your place, send direct to the publisher, and you will receive it by return of mail.

HENRY G. FIELD, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vermont.

The Attractions —OF— BRATTLEBORO,

By HENRY M. BURT.

A CHEAP EDITION OF THIS WORK HAS been issued containing a full account of the most

INTERESTING SCENES

in and around this well known

PLACE OF SUMMER RESORT.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Address, **GEORGE E. CROWELL, Brattleboro, Vt.**

SURE Cure for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. Dr. Kruse, M. C., 2336 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

S. A. SMITH & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Children's Carriages and Toys,

219 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



WE OWN AND USE
THE
Crosby Standard
BEST OUT.



Ask the dealer in your place for our Carriages, and if he does not have them, send for Catalogue and your order for any special Carriage will be promptly filled.

COMFORT AND HEALTH SECURED!



A RECLINING, lawn, hammock, invalid and Steamer Chair combined. Automatic and easily adjusted to any position. Strongly built and lasts for years. The most comfortable chair for the money. Sells at sight. Every family and invalid requires one. Used at the house, steamer, sea side and lawn, and completely supplants the hammock. It gives the occupant an easy, reclining position, avoiding the dizzy, sick sensation experienced in a hammock. Has a straight forward and back motion, is self-propelling, and can be enjoyed all day with pleasure. Is built of oak, finished in duck, and warranted safe and strong. For these purposes it HAS NO EQUAL. Price, delivered in Boston, \$5. Folded compactly and sent by freight or express to any part of the world. Send two-cent stamp for circulars and engravings. Agents wanted in every town. Remittances must always accompany orders.



MENTION THIS PAPER. Address **HIRAM BLAISDELL & CO., 119 Devonshire St., Boston.**

HENRY L. ALBEE & CO.



manufacture reliable
FOLDING BEDS

ORGAN STYLE.

Upright, Organ and Chiffonier Styles,

Sofa and Lounge Beds,

Bedding of every description.

Ask your furniture dealer to show you our goods or send to us for price list book. **Henry L. Albee & Co., 30 & 36 Washington St., Boston.**

From a long acquaintance with the above house I fully indorse the men and the goods.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

DO YOU OWN A HORSE?

HORSE Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable RECEIPTS, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

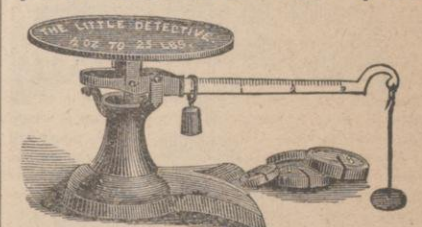
THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

THE

"Little Detective."

No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE for \$3.



Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

This little Scale is made with Steel Bearings and a Brass Beam and will weigh accurately any package from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind ever having been sold before for less than \$8 to \$12. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's life time. With one of these Scales you need not complain to your Butcher or Grocer of short weights without cause, and if you have Butter, Cheese, or any article that goes by weight to sell, you need not guess at it, or trust others to weigh for you. Every family in City, Village or Country should have one. It is also a valuable Scale in every Office, for Weighing Mail matter as well as a convenient Scale for any store.

We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50.

Address **THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.**



Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1886.

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

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

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

MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by money order, (either P. O. or express) or in a U. S. registered letter or by a cashier's check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

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

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but Do NOT send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

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

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS, "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Dr. Swett's Root Beer Packages.

Sarsaparilla, Life of Man, Juniper, Hops, Wintergreen. Makes the best temperance drink, and is highly medicinal, acting beneficially on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Material to make 5 gallons, 25 cts., 6c. extra for postage; 4 packages, \$1, prepaid. Prepared only at the N. E. Botanic Depot, 245 Washington Street, Boston. GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Gives Relief at once and Cures

COLD IN HEAD,

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER.

Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive Odors.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ETC.

EASY TO USE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS., OWEGO, N.Y.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

LADIES Send three two-cent stamps—TO—MORSE & KALEY MFG. CO., Milford, N. H., with your full P. O. address and receive by return mail an illustrated pamphlet containing rules for knitting and crocheting Bedspreads, Children's Bibs, Towels, Bath Towels, Table Mats, Edgings, &c., &c., from the celebrated

MORSE & KALEY full weight KNITTING COTTON.

INFANT'S WARDROBE Latest Styles. We will send 10 pat. of all garments necessary for an infant's first wardrobe for 50 cts. Also 10 pat. of first short clothes for 50 cts.; full directions and amount required for each pat. Will send through Aug. and Sept. garment cut from cloth ready to make. Health garments if desired. Unsolicited testimonials constantly received.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., Poulney, Vt.



THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children. A Sure Preventive of CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by druggists—25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

TURKISH RUG Patterns, Catalogue Free. E. S. FROST & CO., 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Ms.

MUSIC A HOME ATTRACTION.

There is nothing that gives more pleasure, or that can be enjoyed at a less cost than music. Unlike most enjoyments it leaves behind no ill effects, nor is it followed by any disagreeable reaction. Music is at all times appropriate, for its strains can be modulated to suit every condition of the human mind. It serves to cheer the drooping spirits, to nerve the warrior to deeds of valor, and it soothes the anguish of a dying hour. In the home circle its power is beyond estimate. For the inmates it supplies entertainment ever acceptable; to the young it does more, it constitutes a strong home attraction, and by its sweet influence more than one inexperienced youth has escaped the "tempter's snare."

Parents, and those having charge of the education of children can bestow upon their offspring or wards no more precious boon than a knowledge of music, whether partial or thorough; for if one is only able to sing or perform as a means of self-amusement, even that is worth all the time and money requisite for its attainment.

Nothing facilitates the study of music more than good teaching pieces, and thoroughly reliable instruction books.

We clip the following interesting item concerning the good work of one of our long-time advertisers from the New York Weekly Witness of July 3d, 1884:

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT:—I have read, with true sympathy, the request of "One in Need," and, though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait—not as a stranger waiteth—but as one who has long shared the good things, in hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires; but to select only the starch or fine flour so generally used for food is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen. But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary Graham flour. It has produced more dyspepsias than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed, and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat. It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food," with full instructions how and what to use, I would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the "Health Food Co.," No. 74 Fourth Avenue, New York. You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of God may attend you, bringing peace to your household, and joy to your home, I write in the cause of

HUMANITY.

Halford Sauce for chops, steaks, soups, fish, etc.

LEFT-HANDED PEOPLE

"The majority of people are right-handed because they are trained to be so."

This was the reply of a doctor to a reporter who interrogated him on the subject yesterday.

Several theories have been advanced why people are generally right-handed," continued the physician, "but with what reason scientists have never taken the trouble to demonstrate. Perhaps that which would come nearest the truth, if any law of nature were found to govern dexterity, would be that the heart, being placed on the left side, the right side should be used with greater freedom. Another theory is that the brain is weightier on the right side than on the left. Whatever the cause may be, I find that those who, in youth, have trained themselves to using the left hand, experience no difficulty or inconvenience. When a child is 'sinisterly' inclined and takes to using the left hand by such natural inclination, it is not because of any malformation or displacement of the heart or brain. Consequently I am led to the belief that it is all a matter of training."

Several other physicians who were spoken to on the subject gave the same opinion. Inquiry of a number of left-handed people confirmed the statement that no inconvenience resulted from the use of the left hand, but that on the contrary they find it a positive advantage, inasmuch as that in numerous instances they become ambi-dexterous.

Persons who have much writing to do are liable to "pen paralysis," or "writers' cramp," lasting sometimes for weeks. Ordinarily, after several hours' constant writing, the arm is very much fatigued. Where a person can write with both hands he can rest one, and if by any accident he should be deprived of temporary or permanent use of the hand he is accustomed to use, he will be able to fall back on the other. In telegraphy, likewise, where an operator has to transmit or receive long messages, he is subject to "telegraphers' cramp," which is sometimes similar to writers' cramp. The work is laborious and fatiguing, but when the operator can use both hands he can not only save himself much fatigue, but facilitate the work.

Some tradesmen who are left-handed can command better wages than right-handed men of equal ability. This is shown in the case of a boiler-riveter who if left-handed, can work inside a boiler without the awkwardness of a right-handed man and do superior work. An engraver who uses both hands can always command a position. Smiths, carpenters, and other artisans also derive much advantage from the use of both hands, and none who happen to be left-handed experience any inconvenience. A person who operates a type-writer finds it necessary to use both hands, and has to train himself to it when learning the instrument.

Many tools are made which are intended to be used with the right hand only, and can only be operated with great awkwardness with the left hand. This is said to also contribute toward making a majority of people right-handed. Notwithstanding all that can be said in favor of the education of the left hand, there is a powerful prejudice against it; and left-handed people are spoken of contemptuously.

In the western states a left-handed man is usually said to be "South pawed." In England the nickname is "Kit," and in Ireland it is used as a distinctive appellation for the identification of particular persons, as "Shawn na Kithogúe"—Left-handed John.—Philadelphia News.

"THE MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call especial notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equaled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country. We have issued, for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

- Geraldine Umar, as - - "Yum-Yum."
- Misses Umar, Foster and St. Maur, as - - "Three Little Maids from School."
- Kate Foster, as - - - - "Pitt-Sing."
- George Thorne, as - - - - "Ko-Ko."
- Courtice Pounds, as - - - - "Nanki-Poo."
- Frederici, as - - - - "The Mikado."
- Fred Billington, as - - - - "Pooh-Bah."

Our price for these portraits is twenty-five cents each, but to any one who uses our soap, and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post-office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and free of charge.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
No. 119 South Fourth St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

HANDY THINGS TO KNOW AND KEEP.

Here are some figures and rules very handy to know and have at hand, in the mind or on paper. We advise every young reader to learn most of these "by heart" so thoroughly as to always think of them in an instant. Do it while your minds are young and impressible, and they will stay by you like the marks made in the clay or brick, or dough of bread or cake, before it is hardened by heat. Older people who do not preserve their papers can cut this out and keep it handy for ready reference.

- A rod is 16½ feet, or 5½ yards.
- A mile is 320 rods.
- A mile is 1760 yards.
- A mile is 5280 feet.
- A square foot is 144 square inches.
- A square yard contains 9 square feet.
- A square rod is 272¼ square feet.
- An acre contains 43,560 square feet.
- An acre contains 4840 square yards.
- An acre contains 160 square rods.
- A section, or square mile, contains 640 acres.
- A quarter section contains 160 acres.
- An acre is 8 rods wide by 20 rods long.
- An acre is 10 rods wide by 16 rods long.
- An acre is about 208¾ feet square.
- A solid foot contains 1728 solid inches.
- A pint of water weighs 1 pound.
- A solid foot of water weighs 62½ pounds.
- A gallon of water holds 231 solid inches.
- A gallon of milk weighs 8 pounds and 10 ounces.

A LIVING BAROMETER.

It is a well known fact that several of our smaller animals are so sensitive to changes from heat to cold, and from dry to moist, that they foretell those changes some time in advance.

In the Smithsonian Institution's list of animals valuable to man, the tree toad is mentioned as an excellent weather prophet, and I can testify to its power of foretelling the change in the weather. I have in my possession a paper weight in the form of a bronze frog supporting upon its back a glass tube with a bulb at the bottom. Some months ago, I was fortunate enough to catch a tree toad, and having heard of his ability as a weather prophet, I put him into my glass tube and made from matches a small ladder so

that he could climb up or down within the tube. I soon found that the approach of a change in the weather was always noticed by the little prisoner, who climbed toward the top whenever the air grew moist or before rain, and as invariably descended toward the bottom of the tube in advance of the coming of dry weather. —St. Nicholas.

THE DURATION OF TWILIGHT.

The duration of twilight is longer or shorter according as the inclination of the sun's apparent motion to the horizon is more or less oblique. The difference in the density of the atmosphere also has an influence on this phenomenon. Near the poles, where the sun attains at noon no great altitude, and keeps near the horizon after disappearing, the twilight is necessarily continuous all night long during summer. This is the case, in a modified way, in all places higher than 48½° north or south latitude. Montreal is a little north of latitude 45° N. and consequently not within this twilight zone. Twilight, in traveling north and south, increases in brilliancy until the circles of continuous day at midsummer is reached. To fully explain this phenomenon, which is entirely due to the refraction of the atmosphere and the apparent varying declination of the sun, see any fairly comprehensive book on geography.

THE TONGUE GUARD.

In a town near Hartford, a number of young ladies have organized a novel club, which they call "The Tongue Guard." Each member pledges herself to pay a penny into its treasury every time she says any thing against another person. She provides a home box for the pennies, and at the end of three months sends the contents to headquarters, where the money is utilized for charitable purposes. If every one would follow the example of the Tongue Guard, a great many poor children could be comfortably clothed for the winter. It would be rather interesting to know how this club will succeed, and the length of time it will last. —Hartford Times.

—A boy defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins had saved a great many lives by not being swallowed.

—"I can't sing," said the young lady when invited to warble; but she complied upon being further pressed. When she had finished Fogg thanked her and added sotto voce: "I'll never doubt anybody's word again."

—Some dyspeptic growler says: "To educate young ladies is to let them know all about the ogies, the omenies, the ificos the ties, and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, darning, washing, baking and making pud ding."

—"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now, look at that great elaborately framed mirror; I declare I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg.

—Hostess—(to gentleman her husband has brought home to dinner): "How well you speak English, Mr. —." Mr. — (not understanding.) "Yes, I ought to." Hostess—"But you speak remarkably well." Mr. — "I ought. I have lived here all my life. In fact, I was born in New York." Hostess—"Why, how strange! I am sure my husband told me you were a Bohemian."

—One can't be too careful with fire-arms. A Marathon boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day last week while he was in swimming, the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it.

—A thoughtless habit may hold the seeds of gigantic mischief in the direction of becoming a scold. A little indulgence in peevishness, a small selfish exaction of another's time or attention, may hold the germ which shall at last despoil the home.

—"Papa, can't I go to the store and get me a new dress?" "Why, child, you have got plenty of good dresses." "Yes, papa, but they are out of style." "Nonsense, girl! the trees always come out in the same style every spring, don't they?" "Yes, papa, but they always look green, too." "All right, go to the store and get a new dress."

—If a man be an ordinary flatterer, he will have certain common attributes, which may serve every man; if he be a cunning flatterer, he will follow the arch flatterer, which is a man's self; and wherein a man thinketh best of himself, therein the flatterer will uphold him most; but if he be an impudent flatterer, look wherein a man is conscious to himself that he is most defective, that will the flatterer entitle him to perforce.

—Flipkins came down to the club last night with a problem weighing on his mind. "If I should stand on my head," said he, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser—"if I should stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head don't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," continued he, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why don't the blood rush into my feet?" "Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty." The boys all laughed, but Flipkins said he could not see the joke.

What makes the breath so fragrant, pure?
What makes the rosy gums endure?
What makes the teeth so pearly white?
What makes the mouth a dear delight?
'Tis SOZODONT, that precious boon
Which none can use too late, too soon.

It is Never Too Late

to cleanse the teeth, and render the breath odoriferous with Fragrant SOZODONT, but it is best to use this wonderful Vegetable Elixir before the teeth begin to fail, and the breath to lose its freshness.

Halford Sauce makes cold meats a luxury.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, In General Debility and Emaciation.

Is a most valuable food and medicine where the appetite is poor, and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the body. This is easily digested and assimilated and gives strength and vigor to the enfeebled body.

Mellin's Food, the only perfect substitute for mother's milk, is recommended by our most prominent physicians as the best and safest food for infants. It contains no farinaceous matter, which so often produces disorders of the stomach.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is considered the best Washing Compound of the day by all who once give it a trial. It cleanses the most delicate fabric without injuring it. Sold by all grocers.

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.

From a long acquaintance with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction. MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

Halford Sauce makes your food more nutritious.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

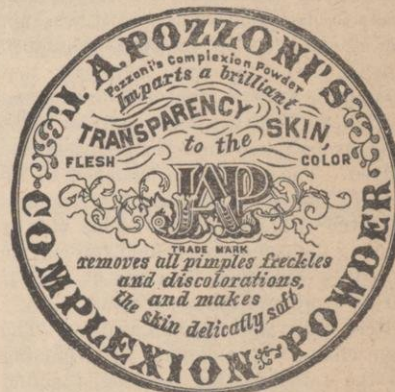
MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

A TEASPOONFUL OF

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER in a little milk, or Sugar & Water, will cure Immediately!



Any attack of Cramps in the Stomach, or Any Bowel Complaint! For Sale everywhere by Druggists.



This most exquisite of Toilet Preparations, the virtues of which have caused it to be in demand in all Civilized Countries, stands

PRE-EMINENT FOR PRODUCING A SOFT It is acknowledged by thousands of ladies who have used it daily for many years to be the only preparation that does not roughen the skin, burn, chap, or leave black spots in the pores, or other discolorations. All conclude by saying "It is the best preparation for the skin I have ever used." "It is the only article I can use without making my skin smart and rough." "After having tried every article, I consider your Medicated Complexion Powder the best, and I cannot do without it." Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. COMPLEXION



FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free. DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., 40, 41, 42, & 43, Central Wharf, Boston, Mass.

A DIAMOND RING FREE!

Send a two cent stamp for particulars. We guarantee a Pure White Diamond and a 14 Karat Gold Setting. HAF & CO., Box 24, Hartford, Conn

MOUNTAINEER TROUT.

Not long since I followed one of these dashing trout streams from the valley up the mountain.

Nature seemed to have done her best to protect the little fishes that lived in the dark, deep pools and eddies. The higher I climbed up the mountain, the more fish I found; the stream became a succession of falls, some of which were three feet or more in height—the brook in its track forming steps down the mountain—and I began to wonder how the fish came to be up there.

In the village, I chanced to mention the subject to a friend who owned a mill on the same stream; and he told me that the fishes' ascent was a puzzle to him, until one day his boy called him out to the dam, where the riddle was solved. The dam was nearly four feet high, and to relieve the stream, several auger-holes had been bored in it, allowing a small stream of water to jet forcibly out and go splashing down into the clear pool below. As my friend approached the spot, and looked through the bushes, several large-sized trout were seen moving about under the mimic fall, evidently in great excitement, and darting into it as if enjoying the splash and roar of the water.

Suddenly, one of the fish made a quick rush that sent it up the falling stream, so that it almost gained the top; but by an unlucky turn it was caught and thrown back into the pool, where it darted away, evidently much startled.

Soon another made the attempt, darting at it like the first, and then rapidly swimming up the fall, but only to meet the fate of its predecessor. This was tried a number of times, until finally, a trout larger than the others made a dash, mounted the stream, and entered the round hole. The observers were almost ready to clap their hands, but it was not successful yet. As the water stopped flowing for a moment, they saw that though the athletic trout had surmounted the fall, the hole was too small for it to pass through, and there the poor fish was lodged. The lookers-on hastened to relieve it, and found that its side or pectoral fins were caught in the wood, but by pushing the fish ahead, which you may be sure they did, they liberated it, and it darted away into the upper pond.

Here, then, was the explanation. The trout climbed the mountain by swimming up the falls, darting up the foaming masses, and adopting every expedient to accomplish their journey. For these fish deposit their eggs high up stream, so that the young fry, when hatched, may not be disturbed by predatory fish and other foes living in the lower waters.—*St. Nicholas.*

—Headwear—Baldness.

—A fisherman's earnings are net profits.

—At a session of the teachers' association recently held at Saratoga, a report was read showing a large percentage of defect in sight among scholars, which would seem very naturally to arise from the disorder of the pupils.

—Danbury has a base ball nine called the Aquenuckaquewank club. When a member is seen with his jaw tied up it is not known whether he stopped a "hot ball" with his cheek or simply attempted to pronounce the name of his club.

—On a Sunday, when the pastor of one of the leading Presbyterian churches was absent from his pulpit, several persons expressed dissatisfaction at seeing a stranger in the pulpit, and one lady said she would not have come if she had known that Dr. — was not going to preach. An elder standing near very promptly replied, "Madam, the worship of Dr. — will be resumed next Sabbath."

INGALLS' STAMPING OUTFITS.

Ingalls' Mammoth Stamping Outfit contains 100 Parchment Stamping Patterns, Alphabet of 26 letters, Ingalls' Instruction Book, INGALLS' BIG CATALOGUE containing Thousands of Illustrations of Stamping Patterns, Box Powder, Pad, FELT TIDY and Imported Silk to work it. This Outfit sent, postpaid, for \$1.00.

INGALLS' NEW OUTFIT!

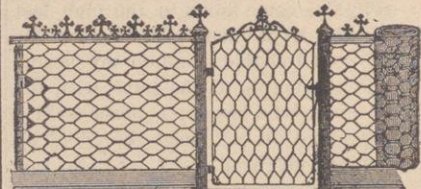
ALL LARGE PATTERNS! Our customers have often called for a Stamping Outfit containing all large Patterns. To meet this demand, we offer this New Outfit containing the following Perforated Stamping Patterns. A large branch of OAK LEAVES, size 9x21 inches, used for EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON or LUSTRA PAINTING. A beautiful spray of Wild Roses, 8x15, and a fine cluster of Pond Lilies, 8x15, for Table Scarfs, etc. Artistic Designs for Tidies, Panels, etc. Cluster of Daisies, 8x9; Golden Rod, 6x8; Fuchsias, 7x9; Outline Head, 9x12; Bunch of Forget-me-nots, 7x9; Design for Tinsel Embroidery, 5x11; Vine of Ivy Leaves, 21-2x10; Cluster of Poppies 41-2x7; Woodbine, 41-2x9, for Lustra or Embroidery; Bouquet of Roses, Daisies, Pansies, Golden Rod, and Ferns, size 8x11 in. Box Powder, Pad, Ingalls' Instruction Book and Ingalls' Big Catalogue. This Outfit is actually worth over \$3.00. We send this Outfit, postpaid, for \$1.25. We will send all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, without Powder, Pad or Books, for \$1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send you the INGALLS' MAMMOTH \$1.00 OUTFIT, and all the patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit by mail, for \$2.00.

Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

Knife and Scissors Sharpeners. Something entirely new; sells at sight; gives unbounded satisfaction; those using them would not do without them for ten times their cost. Sent postpaid for 25 cts. each, the two for 45 cts. in stamps or postal note. Agents wanted everywhere; big profits; send stamp for prices, circulars, &c. Please mention this paper. Address GEO. GEER, Peterboro', N. H. Patent pending.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE



Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong net-work without bars. Don't injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Railroads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, School-lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as preferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. The Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neatness, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic self-opening gate, and the neatest cheap iron fences now made. The best Wire Stretchers, Cutting Pliers and Post Augers. For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning paper.

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED IN THE WORLD.—100 Instructors, 2000 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, \$5 to \$30; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, \$45 to \$75 per term. Fall Term begins September 9, 1886. For Illustrated Catalogue, with full information, address, E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

Wallingford's GARGET CURE

I can most fully recommend the Wallingford's Garget Cure, as I have known several instances where it has performed cures in bad cases, even when the cows have given bloody milk and almost lost the use of each teat. (Signed) S. S. WILLIAMS, Augusta, Maine.

PRICE 75c.

W. W. WHIPPLE & CO., Prop'rs, Portland, Maine, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Vermont Agents.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania

The 37th Session opens Oct. 7, 1886. A 3 years' graded course of instruction is given in winter and spring terms. For further information, address

Rachel L. Bodley, M. D., Dean, PHILADELPHIA.

A PRIZE. Send six cts. for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE FACT IS NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING Pays Best WHEN PROPERLY DONE.

WE AIM TO AND DO GIVE TO ALL CUSTOMERS, LOWEST PRICES—PROMPT TRANSACTIONS—JUDICIOUS SELECTIONS—CONSPICUOUS POSITIONS—EXPERIENCED ASSISTANCE—UNBIASED OPINIONS AND CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS DESIGNED, PROOFS SHOWN AND ESTIMATES OF COST IN ANY NEWSPAPER, FURNISHED TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES FREE OF CHARGE.

The H. P. Hubbard Co.,

Successors to H. P. HUBBARD,

Judicious Advertising Agents and Experts.

Established 1871. Incorporated 1885.

New Haven, Conn.

Our 200 PAGE CATALOGUE OF "LEADING NEWSPAPERS," SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

CANDY A handsome box of Fresh, Pure and Delicious Candy, sent to any address prepaid for One Dollar. Address F. CALLARD, 456 MYRTLE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DRESS REFORM GARMENTS.

Jersey-Fitting Knit Union Undergarments In Silk, Wool, Merino and Gauze.

Perfect in Fit and the most Desirable in market.

BATES' WAIST

FOR LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MISS BATES' DRESS

REFORM COM. ROOMS,

One Flight,

47 WINTER STREET,

BOSTON.

Also at 15 EAST 14TH STREET,

NEW YORK CITY.



THE BAKING PREPARATIONS

—OF—

Prof. Horsford.

Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packets, Prof. Horsford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphate Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon,

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting. These Baking preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

UNIVERSALLY

by Prominent Physicians and Chemists,

and are for sale by all dealers.

They Increase the Nutritive Qualities of Flour.

BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphate Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book sent free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE Little Detective!

These Scales, which we have offered to furnish our subscribers for the past two years on such favorable terms, are giving such universal and complete satisfaction to those who have received them, that we are anxious that all who are in need of any thing of the kind should avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting a really nice article at a very low price. We have sent

HUNDREDS OF THESE SCALES

to our readers and thus far have not learned of the first instance where they have failed to meet the expectations of the purchasers, while we have received many

Unsolicited Testimonials

to their convenience and value. We give a few to show the estimation in which these scales are held by those who have used them.

ROCKLAND, MASS., April 20, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales from you all right. I find them to be in every respect what they are advertised to be, and like them very much. As I make and sell butter, I find them very useful. I would advise every one who is in want of scales of that size, to get the Little Detective, for I think they are perfectly correct. Mrs. J. M. WETHERBEE.

HILLSBORO' UPPER VILLAGE, N. H., March 10, 1881.
EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Sir:—The Little Detective has arrived in good order, and after repeated trials gives perfect satisfaction. The only question with me is how I have kept house twenty years without it. Yours very respectfully, Mrs. SUSAN S. WILSON.

SOUTH SHAFESBURY, VT., April 25, 1881.
MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—I received the Little Detective scales last Saturday, and am very much pleased with them. They are so simple yet accurate. They are much better than some spring scales that I have examined that were nearly double the price. I think all the Household sisters who have no scales would buy them if they knew how handy and nice they are. Mrs. L. W. COLE.

WESTFORD, WINDHAM CO., CONN., July 18, 1881.
GEO. E. CROWELL.—Sir:—In May I received from you a Little Detective scale, manufactured by the Chicago Scale Co. The scale came in good condition, and agrees exactly with "Fairbanks," is very nicely adjusted, and is a great convenience, is the best scale for the money I have ever seen, in short gives perfect satisfaction. Yours respectfully, STEPHEN B. TIFFT.

REMEMBER

WE SEND THESE SCALES, TOGETHER WITH,

The Household

for one year, for only \$3.50. Our New England orders are filled directly from this office, while those from more distant points are supplied from the manufactory at Chicago, thus reducing the express charges to the lowest figure. We also sell these scales for \$3.00 each and in either case warrant them to be as

Accurate and as Serviceable

as the ordinary \$10 scale of other manufacturers. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

Finds pleasure in its Music. Bright Songs make the Children happy. If you are in need of a new set of Singing Books, examine the following:

Songs of Promise. For Sunday schools. Meetings. By J. H. Tenney and E. A. Hoffman. Price 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.60. SONGS OF PROMISE fill this beautiful book, and they have a great variety, having been contributed by many able writers. The book has 160 pages, and 149 hymns, each with its own tune. Music and words mostly new.

Singing on the Way. By Mrs. Belle M. Jewett and Dr. Holbrook. Price 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.60. A capital book, containing 160 pages of excellent songs, hymns, and "occasional" pieces, such as will be welcomed in the Sunday school. Each piece may be played upon the organ.

Song Worship. For Sunday Schools. By L. O. Emerson and W. F. Sherwin. Price 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.60. A book that is intended to lift the service of song in the Sabbath school above the ordinary level, without putting it beyond the reach of the vast majority.

Fresh Flowers. For Infant Classes in Sunday schools. By Emma Pitt. Price 25 cents; per dozen, \$2.40. A dainty little book, as full as it can hold of sweet melodies with pretty verses set to them, such as every child will understand and enjoy.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

Send to JOHN C. HAYNES & CO., Boston, (branch house of O. Ditson & Co.) for grand illustrated Catalogue of all Musical Instruments, Strings and Trimmings.

PARKER'S PRICES ARE Always the Lowest!

He is the Largest dealer in Embroidery and Stamping Materials in the World. Mammoth Catalogue of patterns, 25 cts. Stamping Powder, (black, blue or white), per box, 15 cts. 25 skeins Embroidery Silk, (assorted colors) 13 cts. Waste Embroidery Silk, (all good silk) per box, 21 cts. 12 knots Emb'y Floss, 25 cts.; Large Ball of Tinsel, 11 cts. French Embroidery Cotton, per doz. skeins, 17 cts. Imported Arrasene, (fast colors) per doz. skeins, 30 cts. Fine Emb'y Chenille, per skein, 3 cts.; per doz., 35 cts. Color Card, (with piece of silk of each shade), 15 cts. Linen Ties (choose your own patterns) stamped, 15 cts. Felt Tidy (with silk to work it, four colors) 35 cts. English Crewels, per skein, 3 cts.; per doz., 35 cts. Illustrated Price List of Outfits and Materials, FREE. Kensington Painting Outfit \$1.25. Lustré Outfit, \$3. T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

Dining Room Notes,
By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

EMILY HAYES,
Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

THE BEST FOODS
IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers.

The best bread in the world is made from the Health Food Company's "PEELED WHEAT FLOUR."

Peeled wheat is as different from natural wheat as hulled rice is from unhulled rice. The flour made from peeled wheat is all food, just as hulled rice is all food. Moreover, "Peeled Wheat Flour" is all good food, being free from the inert husks of bran, which exist in "crushed wheat," "grits," "graham," and other coarse and crude cereals. "The Peeled Wheat Flour" makes the perfect bread for the up-building of every tissue of the body.

The mother cannot do her whole duty by her children in the matter of nutrition for the growth of brains and nerves and bones and muscles, unless she provides for them the perfect bread made from the Perfect Peeled Wheat Flour.

The best Breakfast dish in the world is made from The Health Food Company's

(Trade Mark)
WHEATENA!

WHEATENA can be cooked in one minute, or it may be eaten in milk without any cooking at all.

AS A NOURISHING AND PALATABLE FOOD IT IS PERFECTION.

READ OUR FREE PAMPHLETS.
HEALTH FOOD COMPANY,
4th Ave. & 10th St., New York City.

Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons:

Geo. E. Crowell, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Winthrop, Me., Mrs. G. V. Hoeker, Leesburg, Fla., A. J. Fisk, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

WASTE
EMBROIDERY SILK

40 CTS. BUYS WHAT WOULD COST \$1.00 IN SILKS

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO.

Our Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk are known far and wide, and are in great demand. Price, 40 cents per box. Club orders of ten boxes get one extra. Crazy Stitches in each package. One dozen applique-flowers and figures, only 50 cents. Send Postal Note.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
469 Broadway, N. Y. 35 Kingston St., Boston.

EVERY LADY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO
S. T. TAYLOR'S

Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report,
ISSUED THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH.

The cheapest Fashion Journal published. Single Copies 6 cents. Yearly Subscription, 50 cents. Send orders to S. T. TAYLOR, 930 Broadway, N. Y.

AUTHORS desiring to have either a BOOK or PAMPHLET printed should correspond with FRANK E. HOUSH, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vt., before placing their orders.

French, German, Spanish, Italian.

You can, by ten weeks' study, master either of these languages sufficiently for every-day and business conversation, by Dr. RICH. S. ROSENTHAL'S celebrated MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. Terms, \$5.00 for books of each language, with privilege of answers to all questions, and correction of exercises. Sample copy, Part I., 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers.

MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.,
Herald Building, Boston, Mass.

EMPLOYMENT. We Want 100 Agents to sell 100,000 Acme Sewing Machines this year. The handsomest and best machine in the market. Address
J. A. TITUS, & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

\$600.00!!

My Poultry Book tells all at out how to make \$600.00 an acre; how to compel hens to lay eggs; pack eggso they will keep twelve months; cure cholera, gapes, roup, etc., etc. All for 15 cents in stamps. Circular free.

G. H. FLINTHAM, Topeka, Kans.

CANCER A SCIENTIFIC CURE. A book with complete information mailed FREE. ADDRESS
Dr. W. E. BROWN, CANCER
NORTH ADAMS, Mass.

PAPER FLOWERS. An illustrated book teaching the art of making paper flowers, samples made up, and material for making one dozen flowers sent post paid for 25 cents.
CAPITOL ART CO., Hartford, Conn.

PATENTS THOS. P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No pay asked for patent until obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

EVERY SPOOL WARRANTED
100 YLDS. PACE PAMPHLET WITH RULES FOR KNITTING, EMBROIDERY, CROCHET, ETC., SENT FOR 10 CENTS IN STAMPS. WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK, ASSORTED COLORS, 40 CTS. PER OZ. WASTE SEWING SILK, BLACK OR AS-SORTED 25 CTS. PER OUNCE.

A full assortment of above as well as of the celebrated EUREKA KNITTING SILK, WASH ETCHING SILK ART EMBROIDERY, and FILOSENE for For sale by first-class dealers. Trade supplied by
EUREKA SILK CO., Boston, Mass.

INFANT'S OUTFITS. New Health Patterns, a barrow-coat or skirt, bonnet, princess skirt, etc., 10 pat. in all, 50c. First Short Clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 health pat. 50c. For 20c., pat. coat and kilt skirt. Full directions and amount required. LILLA DROWN, Brattleboro, Vt.

SECURITY
CORSET ELEGANCE
COMFORT ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "breaking in" process, with accompanying discomfort. Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions. GENUINE WHALEBONE used by our new process; each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. If not to be had of your dealer will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.75
WEEDSPORT SKIRT AND DRESS CO.,
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1 00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1 00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 10	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 25	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1 50	5
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1 75	5
16	Call Bell,	1 75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	2 00	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2 25	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2 25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 50	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2 50	6
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2 50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2 50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2 75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3 00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3 50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3 50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3 50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3 50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4 00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4 00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3 75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4 50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5 00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5 00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection),	4 00	12
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4 00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5 00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5 00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5 00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5 50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5 50	14
50	Caster,	6 00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6 50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7 00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7 00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, line,	7 00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7 50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8 00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7 50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7 50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8 00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8 00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
67	Caster,	8 50	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	10 00	20
69	Cake Basket,	10 00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
71	Stethoscope and 50 Views,	8 00	24
72	Folding chair,	6 25	25
73	Cash,	10 00	25
74	Child's Carriage,	12 00	30
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory, inlaid handles	14 00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15 00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	40 00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20 00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Higby),	50 00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35 00	80
83	Ten Set, silver, neat,	60 00	100
84	Cash,	35 00	100
85	Ten Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75 00	150
86	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

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

Premium clubs will be kept open one year if desired.

All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

Brewster's Patent Rein Holder.

Your lines are where you put them—not under horses' feet. One agent sold 12 doz. in 5 days, one dealer sold 6 doz. in 15 days. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Write for terms.

E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

12 DOLLARS each for New and Perfect SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial if desired. Buy direct and save \$15 to \$35. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. GEO. PAYNE & CO., 47 3rd Ave. Chicago, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

WHY DO MOTHERS Put stiff corsets on their growing Children? Don't do it, but **BUY FERRIS' PATENT GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS** Fit all ages. All Physicians recommend them. Ask your merchants for them. Taken no other. **FERRIS BROS., Manuf'rs** 81 White St., New York.

'INVALID ROLLING CHAIR. (Reclining.) A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS in the world. Send for Circular to **E. F. MERSICK, Sec'y, New Haven, Ct.**

LADIES' BOOTS ONLY \$2.00. The best for the Money made. **RETAIL** EVERYWHERE FOR \$3.00.

On receipt of Two Dollars we will send you by mail, POSTAGE PAID, a pair of these Elegant Button Boots, worked button-holes, in either kid or goat, or glove-top kid-foxed, any size you want. Give us a trial. Address **CONSUMERS' BOOT & SHOE CO., BOSTON, MASS.** 10 & 12 Brattle Sq., under Quincy House. Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, By John B. Gough.

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOY, 1000 Agents Wanted—Men and Women. \$1.00 to \$2.00 a month made. C.F. distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freight. Write for circulars to **A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.**

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE of any kind, send stamp to **A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio**, for large illustrated Price List of New and Second-Hand MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange. BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

FREE TO LADIES! Send ten 2-cent stamps to pay postage, and we will send our Family Story Paper three months, also 12 Montague Curl Clips free. The most useful and convenient article ever used for the hair. Warranted to curl the straightest hair, without breaking or injuring it in any manner. No lady would be without them after once using. Address, **SOCIAL VISITOR, Box 3139, Boston, Mass.**

ATOMIZER AND SPRINKLER FOR 1001 USES. PRICE 35 CTS. POSTAGE 10 CTS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. **AGENTS WANTED. THE ALFORD & BERKELEY CO., 77 Chambers Street, - P. O. Box 2002, - New York.**

Dr. Hanaford's Card.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving, in plain language, the treatment of both. Price \$1.00.

HOME GIRLS, treating of the physical and mental training, 20 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, 25 cents.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND, 25 cents.

STOMACH REGULATOR and LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months.

GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT, 15 cents.

All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in Good Bread, Anti-Fat, and Anti-Lean, and with the medicine.)

My original and only offer to "brides" who have had THE HOUSEHOLD as a wedding present, and who will re-subscribe for it, was 75 cents for the "Mother and Child." This offer still remains, applying to all who subscribed in 1884, who will renew for 1885. Address **Dr. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.**

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cents in stamps. **E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 70,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$22.00	\$32.00
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00
Three "	17.50	32.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	170.00
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	170.00	225.00
Six "	32.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00
Nine "	42.00	80.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	470.00
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	470.00	600.00

Less than one-half inch at line rates.
Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.
Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1886, by Geo. E. Croun, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Proof.

The following eminent chemists have analyzed Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and find it free from Ammonia, free from Alum, free from Lime, free from all impurities, and composed only of pure and healthful ingredients:

Prof. R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D.,
College of the City of New York.

JAMES F. BABCOCK, Massachusetts State Assayer.

DR. ELIAS H. BARTLEY, B. S., Chemist
of the Brooklyn Board of Health.

Prof. A. H. SABIN, State Chemist of
Vermont.

FRANK L. BARTLETT, Maine State Assayer.

WM. M. HABIRSHAW, F. C. S., Chemist
of the New York State Agricultural Society.

Prof. R. A. WITTHAUS, A. M., M. D.,
University of Buffalo, N. Y.

STILLWELL & GLADDING, Chemists to
the New York Produce Exchange.

They Find

The Royal Baking Powder to contain Ammonia, a drug of disgusting origin and unfit for use in food.

The crying of "Lime" by the Royal Baking Powder Co. is to divert public attention from the use of Ammonia in their powder. They know that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, Alum, or any adulteration whatever.

COLTON'S
Select Flavors

Perfectly Pure Extracts of Choicest Fruits, THE BEST. Unequalled Strength for all. Thousands of gross sold. Winning friends EVERYWHERE. DEALERS TREBLE SALES WITH THEM. No Family can afford not to know their Delicious Flavors and Great Strength. ASK YOUR GROCER OR DEALER FOR THEM.

FOR SALE.

We have for sale a new, first class, double thread SEWING MACHINE, with all the modern attachments. Will be sold cheap for cash, and freight paid to nearest railroad station. A warrant for five years, given by the manufacturers, will be sent with the machine. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

Trace Mark **WOOD'S** "WOOD'S" PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS EXCEL ALL OTHERS. THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S
PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Down With High Prices!
30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF
ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES
Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00
L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.
Weights from 1/4 oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.
Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.
Farmers' Forge, \$10.
Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.
Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.
Only manufacturers in America using nothing but the best of English Steel for bearings of all scales:
2-Ton (9x12) \$40.
3-Ton (7x13) \$50.
4-Ton (8x14) \$60.
Beam Box and Brass Beam with each scale, 300 other varieties. Also, Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shellers, Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money Drawers, Clothes Wringers and all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.
No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,
PRICES REDUCED
FROM \$65 TO \$15.
A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, containing a full set of latest improved Attachments. Warranted perfect. Save money. Send for Circulars.
Chicago Scale Co.,
151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



To preserve the richness of color or delicacy of tint of your summer dresses, make suds of hot water and IVORY SOAP, allow to cool until lukewarm, then wash your dresses in the solution. Ordinary soaps contain too much alkali, which in a short time bleaches the color and destroys its beauty. Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, says, "The IVORY SOAP can not injure the most delicate fabric."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright 1886, by Procter & Gamble.

BLACK STOCKINGS
That Positively
WILL NOT CROCK!
Money refunded if they do.

Ladies' Misses' and
Children's Stockings.
Gentlemen's Half Hose,
50c. TO \$1.00 PER PAIR.

Unbleached Cotton Stockings dyed for 25c.

We GUARANTEE these goods, after being dyed by us, not to soil the feet or underclothing, that they are equally as clean as white hose, and the color and gloss will improve by washing. Try a few pairs and you will be convinced. "Silk finish" on all goods. Terms strictly cash. Goods by mail must be accompanied by postal note or money order.

THE F. P. ROBINSON COMPANY,
49 West Street, Boston, Mass.

We Want Every Lady

To send for our New Illustrated Circulars of Stamping Outfits, Fancy Work Books, Felt and Linnen Stamped Goods, Materials, etc., before ordering any of these goods from other firms. Circulars Free.

TIDIES! A FELT Tidy and Silk to work it, for 20c. A fringed LINEN Tidy and Embroidery Cotton to work it, for 16c.
Florence "Waste" Embroidery Silk, 25c. a package.
Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

LE PAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '83. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE.

Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

BEST ON EARTH
Without batteries, Springs or Clock-work. The only Perfect and Reliable SELF-REGULATING Hatcher in the world. Hatches Turkeys, Chickens, Ducks and Geese. Send for circulars.
Andrews Hatcher Co.,
123 R. R. Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

BABY'S WARDROBE
Latest styles. The most complete outfit of garments ever offered. Infant's Outfit, 12 patterns, 50c. First short clothes, 12 patterns, 50c., with directions. One garment free with each set.
New England Pattern Co., Rutland, Vt.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. **STOWELL & CO.** Charles River, Mass.

MARSHALL'S
INGENIOUS
HOUSEHOLD
COMBINATION.

12 USEFUL TOOLS FOR 25 CTS. THE LOT IF YOU BOUGHT SEPARATELY AT HOME WOULD COST YOU \$2.50. Yes, we will place no condition on it with these cheap cost iron affairs for this tool is made of good material. The Jaws (A) open nearly one inch wide, and work with an oscillating movement which gives it a powerful grip, and makes a splendid HAND VISE, ADJUSTABLE WRENCH, PAIR OF PLIERS, SAW SET, NAIL PULLER, CORK SQUEEZER, NUT CRACKER, AND FOR LIFTING HOT POTS and PANS FROM THE STOVE, ETC. (B) IS A SPLENDID TACK PULLER. (C) CAN OPEN AND REPAIR FINE CUTTING TIN, ETC. (D) WIRE CUTTER AND PRINTER FOR TRIMMING HEDGES AND PLANTS, and go home should be without one. Every Farmer, Mechanic and Boy wants one. Parties who have sent for one say they are well pleased with it and do not see how I can afford to sell them so cheap. SAMPLE with Illustrated Directions sent POST-PAID to any address on receipt of 25 cts., cash or stamps. AGENTS AND STREET MEN. See Catalogue of full list of articles with terms. SENT FREE. Address CHAS. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y. Box 85.

Infant's Wardrobe.
For fifty cents I will send ten patterns for a baby's new style Health Wardrobe, or ten patterns first short clothes, Health Garments, at same price. Full directions for each pattern, also kind and amount of material required for each. MRS. F. E. PHILLIPS, (FAYE,) Brattleboro, Vermont.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.