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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868. OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MARCH, 1872.

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The Household.

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MARCH WINDS.

Listen, Kitty, my darling!
Here by the fireside bright,
Do you know what the winds are saying,
Abroad in the gusty night;
Moaning under the windows,
Like the voice of a child that grieves,
Making the maples shiver,
And creak at the cottage eaves?

Listen, Kitty, my darling!
The winds are singing a song
Of the spring that is softly stealing
From sunnier lands along;
The snow-drops smile as they hear it—
A smile for the spring's sweet sake;
And the shy little violets whisper:
"We hear; we are broad awake!"

No matter, Kitty, my darling!
Though the March winds drearily blow,
I am sure that the daisies are stirring,
Down under the sheltering snow.
In spite of the blustering weather,
The crocus is budding again;
And the daffodils whisper together,
And wait for the April rain.

Selected.

SHADE AND LAWN FOR A NEW PLACE.

VERY many of our readers will be interested in the answers given to the questions below, for nearly every owner of a dwelling has often had occasion to ask or answer similar ones. The Country Gentleman, from which these remarks are taken, is excellent authority on matters pertaining to rural affairs, and we commend its suggestions to all interested parties.

"I have just purchased a house and lot, and there is not a tree of any kind about it, and I am in a hurry to get shade trees around the house. Would you advise me to get maples, and if so had I better get small ones and leave on all the branches, or would it be better to get larger ones and cut the branches and top off? Would not willow trees grow fast and look well until the maples were large enough for ornament? Which is the best way, to get little willow trees, or stick willow poles in the ground? I have heard that a willow pole set out

top end in the ground would make a weeping willow—is it so? I also want to seed down the front yard; what shall I use that will make the nicest grass plots, and do it the quickest? About what time this fall shall I set out the trees and seed down the yard?"

Questions similar to the preceding are constantly occurring to every one who occupies a new place. It often becomes very desirable to plant trees that grow fast, and to select those which will furnish a shade the soonest. Several different kinds properly arranged, have a much better appearance than plantations of a single sort, and we would name among the rapid growers, the silver maple, the European larch, the chestnut, the common or American elm, the black walnut, and for the remote parts of the ground a few ailanthus trees. The silver poplar is an exceedingly rapid grower, and one or two in a plantation make a fine appearance; the strong objection to its suckering being partly removed by planting it where these would be less objectionable, and digging the suckers up carefully a few times, while in leaf and growing, and not in spring before the leaves appear. Some of the oaks, when they become old and spreading, are finest of all shade trees, and although slower of growth, should not be omitted in a plantation of any considerable extent. A few evergreens may be interspersed among the other trees—the Norway spruce is hardy and a fast grower. Among all the sorts we have named, our correspondent may select such as are most accessible to him.

There is one essential for success which he must not overlook, and that is to secure good roots to his trees and to have them well set out. If the whole surface of the ground can be kept well cultivated for a few years, they will grow twice or three times as fast as if in grass. We know nothing of the plan and extent of his intended grounds; but it frequently happens that for the present, a small lawn or piece of grass immediately about the house, will answer, and the more remote parts, planted with the larger trees, may be kept cultivated with potatoes, beans or carrots, until the trees get a fair start, when this part also may be seeded down.

In answer to the inquiry relatively to heading back newly set maples, they should be severely cut back only in case the roots have been roughly handled and cut off. It is better to secure the roots as perfectly as possible, and to cut back moderately. Always do it before the buds swell. You will save two or three years if you can obtain good willow trees, instead of growing them from cuttings. The story that a weeping willow may be made by setting a pole of the common willow inverted into the soil, is as true as the one that a hedgehog may be made by hanging up a common pig by the tail.

The trees may be set out at any time in autumn or spring when not in leaf, and when the weather is not freezing; but if any of them are taken from the sheltered borders of the forest, they will be more exposed when set out, and possibly be in danger by the change and by the mutilation of removal, of being injured by the cold of winter. It would therefore be better in such a case to set in spring.

A good lawn may be obtained in two ways. The quickest, but most expensive and laborious, is to cover the surface with pieces of turf. The ground where they are to be placed should be first made smooth, even and mellow; and if a quantity of manure is worked well into the soil, it will help the grass and give it a fresh, green appearance.

Then select a portion of pasture or other good grass, cut it into straight, square, uniform pieces, all of equal thickness, and place them smoothly on the prepared surface. They should be laid as evenly as a floor, and then the whole be rolled smooth. Large lawns have been made of turf by cutting it up in strips with mathematical accuracy, by means of a sort of shaving or paring plow, the thickness of the turf being accurately gauged. The cheaper, easier, and more common mode, is to sow grass seed on a smooth, fine, well prepared surface, about ten times as thick as for common farm seeding, and rolling smooth. Red top is best, and the sowing may be done late in summer, or early in autumn, if the soil is moist, or early the following spring. In two months from spring sowing, it will form a perfect green carpet.

FARM ORNAMENTS.

An exchange says, we must protest emphatically against the practice of expending all the taste, time and labor in adornment of a front yard. The outlook from the rear windows of a home should be as gratifying as from the front. The exit from the rear of the house should be as compensating as the entrance from the front.

We want the inside of the platter clean as well as the outside. And the same harmonious system should extend to every field on the farm. Vines should clamber over outhouses, old stumps, and all uncouth objects that cannot be removed, even though the vines be nothing but hop or woodbine. Groups of evergreens or deciduous trees or shrubs should screen and seclude the indispensable appurtenances of a farm which are in themselves only necessities.

Groups of trees in every field are not only profitable—albeit they do shade the grain somewhat—but break up the monotony, and relieve the eye and the heart of the husbandman, as well as afford animals protection from sun and storm.



GOOD MANNERS.

ALL our copy-books tell us that "manners make the man," and our copy-books tell the truth. No money and no learning, and not even birth, which is generally assumed to be the patent *par excellence*, can make a gentleman or gentlewoman, if his or her manners are not up to the mark. This does not mean merely ease of action, knowing how to bend gracefully, speak suavely, enter a room properly, and eat without offending against the mysterious canons of the table. These things come in as the necessary furniture of a polite education, just as music and dancing, or a fitting assignment of the h's and w's; in the same way as a correct mode of handling a cup of tea is made a matter of anxious education in China, and how to fill and smoke a chibouque with grace an essential of Fatima's monetary value in Turkey.

But good manners mean something much deeper than superficial observances; for though these may be taught as a science which has its able professors and mathematically exact rules, the forming spirit is inherent and personal; by which facts, indeed, manners gain their importance as expressions of character and manifestations of thought and feeling. The basis of all good manners is courtesy; and true courtesy is as much self-respect as it is respect for others.

Insolence, whether to equals or inferiors, is want of self-respect, inasmuch as it is the degradation of the whole human family in the person of one man. Besides, the one who is most discourteous to his inferiors, is always sure to be the one who is most flattering and flunkeyish to his social superiors; a cringing back belonging by the law of compensation to kicking feet. The French revolution did this much good, that it created an equality in the forms of social intercourse; which was not the mere merging together of differences in one general familiarity, but the expression of a common respect. It recognized the equality of humanity; and the effect of the universal citizen remains to this day, making the *portiere* "madam" as well as the duchess, but not, therefore, lowering the duchess to the level of the *portiere*.

Good manners, as we said before, are based on consideration for others. The essence of what are called courtly manners is that toleration of small annoyances, which impatient and undisciplined people fly out against—that attention to small wants and wishes which blunt-witted people do not see,

and selfish ones do not heed. But a man may be a perfect gentleman, as the phrase goes, in all that relates to grace of manner and conventional good breeding, yet essentially ungentleman-like if we read him aright, because by nature selfish, insolent, and careless of others. And the coarse grain of his nature inevitably sometime or other roughs up through the overlaying glaze of education. His consideration for others is a mere appearance—a trick for the benefit of his social reputation; but there is nothing beneath it, and it falls to pieces when the necessity of maintaining it before folks has been withdrawn, as a house of cards tumbles into ruin when the foundation king is taken away.

It is quite curious to see how all those people who are well-bred only as a conventional necessity, collapse into their native rudeness so soon as they have shut their house-door between themselves and the world. It is not only hanging up the fiddle, but taking down the whip—and using it; not only indulging in the domestic dressing-gown and slippers, but clothing themselves, in rags and hobnails. It does not in the least degree signify of what rank a naturally bad-mannered, because selfish, person may be. The world and conventionality keep him or her straight in public perhaps, but in private my lord is as great a boor in his own degree as Hodge; and though Hodge shows his bad breeding with a trifle more brutality in the absolute, relatively he and my lord are twin brothers in churlishness, and self is no more lovely under the ermine than under tustain.

Good manners have the great value of teaching self-restraint and the endurance of annoyances with Spartan inflexibility. Savages, children, and untaught people know nothing of this self-restraint. If they dislike a thing, they show it; if they are annoyed, they manifest their annoyance; and they say out, with no sort of compunction, any unfavorable opinion they may have formed of their company. The repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere, though at times excessive in its impassibility, has yet the beautiful quality of self-restraint; and not to bore our neighbors with our own feeling or concerns, nor to offend him in his, is a virtue which it were well if it were more common.

One of the first lessons taught by the wise to their children is this habit of self-restraint—not only moral but personal—to keep their thoughts to themselves, and, not like Gavarni's *enfant terrible*, tell Mrs. A. to her face that she is ugly, or to inform Mr. B. that mamma laughs at him, and papa hates him; also to bear a little pain and discomfort without wincing, or annoying other people by their disquiet. All this outward self-restraint is as necessary for good breeding as the greater law of keeping down our temper and keeping in our appetites before folks—or as that lesser law, of teaching a lad to take off his hat to a lady, giving a ready answer when spoken to, and being generally civil and attentive to his father's guests.

The best kind of good manners are only got by early education; and when you have begun early you have no need for those patent shams called "company manners," which are so sure of being seen through. What is it but early training which makes the peculiar charm of upper-class manners? These classes are never subjected to the society of vulgar ones. They are taught from

the beginning all the niceties of good breeding, till these become as of second nature, and are not finery adopted for state occasions. The absolute perfection of manner is to be had only when the nature is as noble as the breeding, and the breeding has been from the beginning.

Women have always been the conservators of good breeding, the codifiers of its laws, the guardians of its observances. Indeed, the establishment of good manners, and the creation of refinement, rank among the most signal of their duties. Take away these from them, and you take away half their social value. Consequently, we find that women understand and carry out the niceties of good breeding more exactly than do men. This does not say that these niceties are always thorough, and that the nature is to be believed in as exactly corresponding with appearances; but they are of value as the maintainers of social decorum, and the evidence of what at least ought to be within.

Manners are by no means unimportant things in life. It does not do to say, "Oh! my heart is good, and I am not so bad as I seem;" all we can answer is, that if his heart is good, his manners should correspond, and that he cannot expect the world to probe so deeply below the surface as to find out the good which sets itself forth as bad. We are taken at a more superficial value; and properly so.

Of all the silly defence-work ever set up by self-indulgent folk, that of excusing a bad manner on the plea of a good heart, and that the thing meant is different from and better than the thing expressed, is about the silliest. Life is too short for such careful analyses and deep-sea soundings; and if we want to be respected, we must show cause why, and not expect our neighbor's love on trust, and because we are better than we seem, and our manner is the worst thing about us.—*Home Journal*.

POLISHING WOOD CARVING.

Take a piece of wadding, soft and pliable, and drop a few drops of white or transparent polish or French polish, according to the color of the wood. Wrap the wadding in a piece of old linen, forming it into a pad; touch with one or two drops linseed oil, pass gently over the parts to be polished, working it round in small circles, occasionally re-wetting the wadding in polish, and the pad with a drop or so of oil. The object of the oil is merely to cause the pad to run over the wood easily, therefore as little as possible should be used, as it tends to deaden the polish.

Where a carving is to be polished after having been varnished, the same process is necessary, but it can only be applied to the plainer portions of the work. Plane surfaces must be made perfectly smooth before polishing, as every scratch or mark will show twice as badly after the operation.

When the polish is first rubbed on the wood, it will sink into the wood and not give much glaze. It must, when dry, have another body rubbed on, and a third generally finishes it; but if not, the operation must be repeated. Just before the task is completed, greasy smears will show themselves; these will disappear by continuing the gentle rubbing without oiling the pad. You should now be able to see your face in the wood, at least, so says the *Cabinet Maker*, from which we take the above directions.



TO THE FLOWERS.

Wake! little wild flowers under the snow,
Lying all winter, waiting to blow.
Wake, for the storm clouds of winter are past;
Wake, now, nor fear the cold, chilling blast.

Up through the mossy grown meadows now peep,
Opening dewy eyes, fresh from your sleep.
Nestled in grassy bed, close in the fold
Of your leafiness wrapped from the cold.

Sweet blue violets, pets yellow-eyed,
Seek not from our glad searching to hide:
Suffer us just to gather a few
Beautiful blossoms steeped in the dew.

May-buds! buttercups! Wake and unfold
Leaves flushing red, or yellow as gold.
Wake, for the birds are singing on high;
Warmer the sun burns; soft is the sky;
Green are the woodlands lately so drear.
Wake, then, my darlings! 'tis spring time of year.
—*Riverside Magazine*.

STREET FLOWER GIRLS.

CONCERNING the trade in flowers in our large cities a New York paper gives some interesting particulars, and tells us how the superfluous stock is worked off in that city, by the hundreds of little flower girls, whose business it is to gather up the fragments and take good care that nothing be lost.

The fashion of wearing button-hole bouquets came, like most other fashions, from France. A young and very pretty girl conceived the idea of standing with a basket of flowers on the steps of the Jockey Club and presenting to each member a single flower as he passed. The plan proved eminently successful, and Mlle. Isabelle became quite the rage. She followed the club to all the races, and wore the colors of Count Lagrange, the owner of the famous *Gladiateur*. From that time a flower in the button-hole became quite an institution, and finally developed the button-hole bouquet, which is now considered *de rigueur* for a wedding toilet.

The poor little girls who accost the theatrical visitor with piteous entreaties to buy a bouquet, are the true successors of the famous Isabelle, but do not receive quite such handsome pay for their blossoms. For she often received a gold Napoleon for a single rosebud, while the little bouquets proffered by these children are sold for only ten cents. These perishing wares are arranged on a board pierced with holes for their reception, and invariably appear very bright and blooming. A closer inspection shows the critical purchaser that some of the flowers, such as fuschias, verbenas, and heliotropes, have faded, but these are only the sides of the bouquet, the center being almost invariably occupied by a large tuberose or a blush rose. Next to this is generally a mass of scarlet geranium, and the whole has a backing of scarlet geranium leaves. The stalks are left pretty long, so as to enable the purchaser to pin the bouquet to the inside lappel of his coat.

These flowers come almost entirely from New Jersey, and principally from Union Hill near Orange. The little girls buy them from the men and women who keep stalls about the Astor House, Vesey street, and the vicinity. These individuals are, some of them, owners of nurseries and hot houses, and in some instances worth several thousand dollars.

During the day time they sell what they can themselves, and then toward the afternoon they dispose of the remainder of their stock to the children, from whom they receive four, five and six cents a bouquet, according to the amount of stock they have to get rid of. The flower girls then arrange them on their perforated boards, give them a light sprinkling of water, and take their stations along Broadway between five and six o'clock, when gentlemen are very good customers for flowers.

Even among the florists the greater part of the profit comes from the orders of gentlemen, ladies not purchasing, often apparently from a feeling that flowers ought to be bought for them, not by them. The remainder of the little girls' flowers they have no market for, until the theatres are open. Then they present their boards to all the gentlemen accompanied with ladies as a sort of mute appeal to their gallantry. Generally the fair ones, either from motives of coquetry or of pity, evince a wish for floral decorations, and the flower girls are made happy. But on wet nights, and on wet afternoons, no one will stop to buy flowers, and the little vendors find themselves in straits of difficulty. They then try the large lager-beer saloons and the concert-gardens, but this they do with reluctance, for the men in those places are coarse and brutal, and seldom will give more than five cents.

Those children who are sent out by drunken parents to sell their bouquets, have then a terrible time. Though dying with fatigue and sleep, they dare not return until the last one has been sold under penalty of severe beating. Little things of seven and eight years may on such nights be seen taking furtive naps under porticos and kitchen stoops, curled up in an uneasy ball, with the little board of bouquets lying by their side. They will often pass a wet and cruelly cold night in this manner rather than face the brutalities of some drunken father or fierce virago of a mother.

All the flower girls, however, are not so miserably situated. Some are warmly clad and well cared for by their parents, who send them regularly to school in the afternoon. Some of these more fortunate ones work in the morning at artificial flower making or tobacco stripping, or some other occupation open to children. None of these are so remunerative, however, as the flower-selling, by which the neat and tidy girls can average two dollars a day. Gentlemen like to buy of girls whose attire is decent, and whose hair is trimly arranged, and if they purchase from a shoeless, stockingless, ragged flower girl, it is from motives of charity alone. But the neat ones, especially those who are pretty, have regular customers who buy of them every afternoon, rain or shine, and who give them little presents on holidays.

In the winter time the out-door flower business is almost entirely suspended and the florists have no competition from the little flower girls. Then the respectable ones go regularly to their trades, and the unkempt, ragged ones peddle matches and big mourning pins, and sometimes tooth-picks. Up and down over the frozen snow and cold pavements they wander, with their poor little naked feet, their faces blue and pinched, their fingers cramped with the cold. Sometimes they get frozen to death, as happened last year to a little French flower girl, and sometimes their ailing limbs betray them when they at-

tempt to cross the street, and are driven over. In either case there is a hurried inquest and a careless verdict. The tortured body, now insensible to pain, goes to the Potter's burial-ground, and the soul of the little flower girl ascends to those regions where flowers bloom forever and know no decaying, and where pain, cold and hunger never come.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR.

There is no home so elegant in its adornings that a charm may not be added by fresh flowers, arranged with taste and skill; none so plain and humble that the lack of rich furnishing may not be forgotten, if the matchless beauty with which nature paints and embroiders the fields and woods be transferred to its lowly rooms, for the eye to rest upon with never-wearing delight. Yet a faded and withered bouquet is an unsightly object, even in the vase of the rarest crystal; and daily care is needed to keep these frail beauties in presentable condition.

I have often wondered at finding not a single flower in homes where the garden was glowing with beauty, and the reason usually given has been, "It is so much trouble to keep cut flowers in order, and the water is always liable to be spilled upon something valuable." This is very true, so let me tell my lady Flora how to avoid this danger without banishing the flowers.

Take almost any kind of a dish—a glass preserve dish, a soup plate, a saucer, a common pie plate—fill it with clean sand or with soil from your garden, press it down firmly with your hands, and wet it just enough to make it pack nicely. Take a slender twig of the proper length, and plant each end firmly in your sand, making a handle; then take long twigs of myrtle, or any pretty vine, plant them beside your handle, and twine them around it until the stick is concealed. Now for your flowers, which should have stems of various lengths, and plenty of green leaves. Beginning at the outer edge, plant a border of leaves to droop over and conceal the dish, and proceed toward the center, using longer stems as you go on, and interspersing your colors skillfully, and you will find you have the semblance of an exquisite basket of flowers, which will last for days, some varieties for weeks, and may be set anywhere without danger of overturning. The sand requires an occasional moistening, and when a flower or a leaf withers, it can be pulled out and replaced by a fresh one, without disturbing the arrangement of the rest. Try it, little folks and big folks, and you will be astonished at the beauty so easily produced. A great many short-stemmed flowers may be used in this way. Balsams are among the most effective varieties for this style of arrangement, and will last almost indefinitely.—*Little Corporal.*

TREE MIGNONETTE.

As a winter decorative plant for baskets, in the house or in the conservatory, this is a special favorite here, not only on account of its graceful appearance when grown in a tree-like form, on stems, two feet high, with head from two to three feet through, but also on account of the fragrance it diffuses around. Indeed, the plants are the admiration of all who see them. To have

plants in bloom by November, the seed should be sown by the middle of March.

We use three-inch pots thoroughly cleaned and well drained, with a thin layer of moss over the crocks. The soil should be rather free, and put through a half-inch sieve. The pots are nearly filled, the soil gently pressed down, and a few seeds placed in the center of each, covering them over with the soil to about the thickness of the seeds. We give a good watering, and place the pots near the glass, in a temperature of sixty degrees; if the surface is shaded until the plants make their appearance, so much the better. At this stage of their existence, the young seedlings don't relish being often watered.

As soon as the plants are large enough to show which is the strongest, we take all the others away, and put a small stick to the one left, and to this it is tied as it grows, in order to keep it from being broken at the neck. When about six inches high it will require another shift into a six inch pot, observing the same care as before in regard to drainage at this and all future pottings. The soil, moreover, should be only chopped; and leaf-mould, a good sprinkling of sand and a little soot should be well intermixed through the moss. A little of the soot sprinkled over the moss on the top of the drainage, will be beneficial in keeping worms from getting into the pots during summer.

We find eleven inch pots large enough for making fine heads. The leading stem should not be stopped until it has reached the height required, and then the six top side shoots will be found to make a fine head if properly attended to, in regard to pinching and tying down to a small trellis made of wood, of the shape of an umbrella. In pinching out the side shoots, a pair of grape scissors will be found best, as they do not injure the stem leaves, which must be taken great care of all through. By growing in a temperature of sixty degrees near the glass, giving manure—water twice a week after they have filled the last pot with roots, and daily syringing over-head—they will by the month of November amply repay all the labor bestowed upon them.

The same treatment applies to pyramids, only one of the side shoots must be pinched away. We have at present (December 28th) plants which, when staked, will be three feet high and as much through.—*Florist and Pomologist.*

FLOWERS FOR PERFUMERY.

The author of an amusing and instructive work on perfumery asks why ladies should not cultivate flowers for their scent as well as for their color, and he suggests a means of obtaining heliotrope pomade which any person may put in practice. An ordinary glue-pot, made thoroughly clean, is in fact a *bain Marie* on a small scale. Place in a pot a pound of fine lard, and when the heliotrope-flowers are in season, throw them into the clarified fat. Place the glue-pot near the fire of the green-house, so as just to liquefy the lard. Let the flowers remain in the liquid for twenty-four hours, strain the fat from the spent flowers, and go on repeating the operation for a week; the result will be a pomade *a la* heliotrope.

This pomade can be made into an extract by steeping the odorous fat in highly rectified spirits. In this manner a young lady may make her own per-

fumes, and so get them pure, which is far from being the case at present. Let us take extract of heliotrope, for instance, as it is sold in shops. There is not one particle of the flower in it; vanilla, French rose, orange-flower, ambergris, and the essential oil of almonds, mixed together in certain proportions, make the imitation known by the name of extract of heliotrope.

Other perfumes are counterfeited in the same manner. Sweet-pea is imitated by a mixture of rose and orange-flowers; magnolia with tuber-rose, orange-flowers, and a dash of lemon, etc. Indeed, some of the odors in use are made from the most repulsive smelling substances. For instance, there is the artificial attar of almonds, which is made from benzole, or tar-oil. Extracts of myrtle, narcissus, lily of the valley, and several others, are all innocent of containing the odor of the perfume they are meant to represent.

The number of flowers used for the perfumery purposes has hitherto been limited to seven, namely: rose, jasmine, orange, violet, jonquil, tuber-rose, and cassia. Out of these flowers, four only are distilled and yield essential oils—rose, jasmine, orange and cassia. Orange-flowers produced what is called neroli, a name derived from *nero olio*, dark oil, on account of its becoming dark by exposure to light.

WINTER IN THE PARLOR.

The "Morning Glory" can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during the winter; it flowers with its natural colors, and the delicate little vine can be made to run over the windows. A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread so as to nearly touch the water in a glass vessel, (a hyacinth glass is perhaps the best,) set upon the window or mantle, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less without being interfered with except to supply the evaporation of the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful little green leaves; thus giving you an oak tree, in full health within your parlor.

Again, tie a piece of lace over a tumbler, letting it down about half-way; put in some sweet peas, fill with water so as to just cover the peas; in a little while roots will appear and seek the bottom of the tumbler, then the vine appears, and can be trained on a twine for support, and it will begin to show its pretty flowers.

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the foregoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the feminines of a family, and a real pleasure to all who have a taste for the beautiful to witness. We trust to see a greater inclination on the part of the ladies, to introduce into their houses this most agreeable addition to their domestic pleasures.—*German-town Telegraph.*

HOUSE PLANTS--THE SECRET.

A lady, who lives in the country, recently showed us a box of flowers which she had brought to a friend in the city, the products of the plants in her own dining room windows. These were geraniums, roses, hyacinths, crocuses, fine variegated leaves of the beautiful Mrs.

Hollock geranium, a calla, and other things—all as beautiful as if they came from the florists. There are few private greenhouses that could afford better cuttings than this lady's window-garden.

The secret of her success is this; she lives in an old fashioned house, built before entries and halls were invented; the room is heated by an open fire-place as long as the weather will allow; a stove being put in only when the cold weather requires it, and no gas is burned. Gas and a furnace are very great conveniences, yet we doubt not that this lady's success in floriculture compensates for their absence. Every time the door is opened the air of the room is more or less changed, and the plants are under the very best circumstances that they can be in a dwelling house. Let those who complain of ill-luck with house plants make a note of this and imitate the conditions as much as possible.—*American Agriculturist.*

PLANTS FOR HANGING BASKETS.

The German ivy is of the easiest culture, if watered daily, for it loves water, and must have it freely to thrive well. The soil should not be too rich. English ivy and Poets ivy are both easy of culture. Moneywort is obtainable by all; it grows in most gardens like a weed, and no one would refuse a root of it to the asker. It requires sandy soil and frequent waterings, then its leaves are small and closely set, and the effect is lovely.

Tradescantia, both variegated and green, grows most readily—a little cutting becomes, before many weeks, a trailing vine of great beauty. The Tom Thumb Tropæodum, though rather a large plant for hanging-baskets, will, in a very poor soil, grow well and blossom freely. First, put little bits of charcoal at the bottom of the basket, then, in the middle, a small coarse sponge; this holds the moisture, and the roots drink it up as they require it; the charcoal acts as a purifier, and keeps the earth sweet. Fill up your basket with a little rich earth, with, at least, two parts of sand mixed.

Our moneywort, which grows so lovely, has only scouring sand with charcoal and a bit of sponge.

HOW TO TREAT OLD ROSE BUSHES.

Never give up a decaying rose bush till you have tried watering it two or three times a week with soot tea. Make the tea from soot taken from the chimney or stove in which wood is burned. When cold, water the bush with it. When it is used up pour boiling hot water on the soot a second time. Rose bushes treated in this way will quickly send out thrifty shoots, the leaves will become large and thick, and the blossoms will greatly improve in size and be more richly tinted than before.

—The Florist and Pomologist recommends the following mixture for mildew, scale, red spider, etc., upon greenhouse plants and hardy shrubs: Flour of sulphur, two ounces, worked to a paste with a little water; sal soda, two ounces; cut tobacco, half an ounce; quicklime, the size of a duck's egg; water, one gallon. Boil together and stir for fifteen minutes, and let it cool and settle. In using it, dilute according to the character of the plants, which are to be syringed with water after the application.



A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all to thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O, tell, before all is lost!

Look deeper still! If thou can'st feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One cord that any other hand
Could better work or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thy own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim;
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
O, surely, thou wilt warn me now!

Nay, answer not, I dare not hear!
The words would come too late;
Yet, I would spare thee all remorse—
So comfort thee my fate!
Whatever on my heart would fall
Remember, I would risk it all!

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

THOUGH the name of the Bayeux tapestry is, no doubt, familiar to all English ears, I doubt if any have an idea how complete a history of the time of the Norman Conquest has been told by the needle of the first of our Norman queens. Let no future traveler in Normandy miss an opportunity of going to one of its oldest cities—Bayeux; and when there, of devoting some time to the study of this marvellous piece of antiquity, worked by the fingers of Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror. We may calculate that it must have been worked between the year 1066 and 1087; probably while the events of her husband's conquest were fresh in her mind, and when the incidents connected with that conquest, and the events of some few years previous, could have been related to her by some of the very actors in those stirring scenes.

Think, then, that you are going to see the work of a queen who has been dead nearly eight hundred years. What a curious thought, that she and her maidens bent over this now faded canvas, while perhaps her husband was absent on some of his warlike expeditions. Think of her, you sister workers, who, eight hundred years later, are sitting at your work-frames, weaving in with every

stitch some thought of the past, or vision for the future; and wonder whether anything you can work shall last as this has done. Just consider the difficulty of her work, and admire the talent displayed. No design to guide her; no variety of wools of every hue and shade to help her complete the picture; no canvas, such as Regent street can now supply. I doubt much if there be one lady in the nineteenth century who would have produced so great a work, had she the paucity of material which was alone at the disposal of Matilda.

The tapestry is now kept in the bibliotheque, a building of no great note, on one side of the Place of Bayeux. An intelligent French woman, who is well up in the stories of the tapestry, will take you round, and with her we will proceed to read the history. In a long room to the left as you enter, is a glass case, under which is stretched this famed work, the canvas being nineteen inches broad, and two hundred and fifteen feet long, and all in one piece. The case has been cleverly constructed, so that you can follow the history without any break.

Unlike all other tapestry, the ground of which is entirely worked over, this Bayeux tapestry consists of a series of figures and pictures, worked on a clear ground, as you sometimes see now done on cloth or silk. And the fabric of this ground, too, is unlike that generally employed. It would now be called coarse, unbleached calico, and upon this material Matilda evidently first traced her ideas out in long tacking stitches, and these outlines were afterward filled in with close stitches of one color, which have rather the appearance of close crochet stitches sewn down. Matilda was much limited in her stock of color, for she seems to have had only green, red, black, brown, and drab; so she has very often worked the horses in the first two colors, and in addition to these unnatural hues, on some occasions, when we may suppose there was a difficulty about the shopping, Matilda has given green legs to a red horse, and *vice versa*. The texture of the worsted is about that of our common yarn.

The first scene represented is when Edward the Confessor (who has a most sinister expression given him by the judicious stitching of a master hand) announces that William, Duke of Normandy, shall be his successor on the throne of England. He is sitting on a chair of state and at his side are the courtiers to whom he made known his wishes. Some historians say it was to Harold that he announced his successor, and that he ordered him to depart, and inform the Norman Duke. Others say that Harold went to obtain the release of his two brothers, who had been given as hostages by Earl Godwin to King Edward, and by him had been transferred to William's keeping.

Either way, we certainly next find Harold on the point of embarking near Bosham, in Sussex, the name being worked over an edifice, which is a part of the old abbey, where Harold's mother is known to have resided. Two ecclesiastics are seen praying for a blessing on the expedition; the travelers and their friends drink the parting cup, and Harold embarks. A severe storm drives him on the shores of France, near Abbyville; one of the suite is seen wading through the surf, anchor in hand; but, alas! they land to find themselves prisoners in the hands of Guy, Count de

Fonthieu, who hoped to get a large ransom for Harold's release. One of his friends, however, having escaped to William in Normandy, relates the capture of Harold, and he immediately sends messengers to demand the release of one who should have been his guest, and with whom he was then on friendly terms, little then anticipating how deadly a battle should shortly rage between them.

The peaceable messengers not being attended to, behold two men of warlike appearance, bearing large spears and shields, one mounted on a black horse, the other on a green one. Their remonstrances prove effectual, for we see Harold delivered up to William, who now for the first time is brought before us by his wife's needle. A very tall individual, with legs of most unnatural length and thinness, clothed in chain armor, and with long hair of a pale drab shade, which, by-the-by, is always the distinctive feature between the Normans and Saxons, the latter having dark and short locks. Harold is then with William at Rouen, on the most friendly terms, receiving the promise of the hand of William's daughter, who must here be noticed, as she is one of the only two women who, throughout the whole piece of tapestry, are represented. At this time an episode in Norman history is given, namely, a war between William and Conan, Duke of Brittany.

We see the Normans in pursuit of the enemy. Two men with torches, setting light to a town of Brittany, from which the duke is seen to escape, but the Normans still pushing on, he is finally surrounded and vanquished, and appears at the top of a tower, handing the keys of the fortress on the point of his lance to William, who is at the gate on horseback.

Harold, now back in England, relates his adventures to the friends who surround him; soon after which is seen the funeral of Edward the Confessor. The bier is being borne to the church of St. Petrus Wosmstr, our famous abbey, (though the building is totally unlike any part of it,) which Edward had built on a pinnacle of which he is seen placing the cock; but the queen here evidently remembered that she had forgotten the death of the king, so retracing the steps of history, we see the poor king on his death-bed, supported by an attendant, and with the weeping queen by his side. He now being dead and buried, Harold, forgetting his oath, is crowned king, by Siegund, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and receives the homage of his subjects; but, alas! the heavenly horizon shows signs of unusual events—behold a comet, with a long tail, pointed out by the words "Unvo Stella." The courtiers, after gazing at it, run to tell Harold of it, and that the minds of his people are much disturbed by this unusual appearance, and well they might be, for as we turn the corner, we see what looms over England. The great invasion is at hand. At the top and bottom of the tapestry, from the very commencement till now, a border is worked, and represents animals of all sorts, of fantastic shapes, shades, and sizes; the border bears no reference to the story between them till we come near the end of the work.

At the court of William, some one has come over to relate the treachery of Harold, upon hearing which the king's face presents a menacing aspect, and he resolves to make an attack upon that

country which he considers should be his own, counselled thereto by his brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who may always be recognized by the tonsure. The chief carpenter, rule in hand, receives the king's orders. The woodmen are employed in cutting down the trees, and for some time preparations are seen making for the attack on England. The ships are finished, drawn down to the sea; coats of mail, barrels of wine, provisions of all sorts, munitions of war, are carried down to the coast, and finally the expedition starts in many ships—horses of all colors being embarked in some of them. At the landing of Pevensey, the horses are in some difficulty—one has three legs on the shore, and is struggling to get the fourth out of the boat.

The chief cook appears on the scene, and starts his commissariat officers; bullocks, pigs, and sheep, come skipping up to the knife; a fire is made, and all provided for the feast, of which William partakes in a sort of temple, with his brothers Odo and Robert, and pages kneel to present the dishes.

Scouts in the meantime report the invasion to Harold, one man being seen on high ground, taking an observation. William's war-horse is now brought to him a black animal of vast proportions, upon which he mounts, and the army advances. Harold coming to meet the foe, the battle commences; dead and wounded are represented. Gurth and Leofwin were killed early in the day. At one time a report of William's death gets about, and the army expresses great fear, but the king lifting his visor, reassures them. Harold receives an arrow in his eye, and soon after falling badly wounded, he is then killed by a Norman soldier.

The border now consists of figures appropriate to the battle. Men in the act of stripping the dead, and other cruelties, are worked. At this juncture Matilda seems to have grown idle; or, perhaps the Queen of England found other employments, for many of the latter figures are only tacked, and have never been filled up. But the story ends with the Conquest of England; and one only feels regret that other ladies of bygone days have not left such an interesting and graphic picture of some events in which they participated, as I think no one can leave the Bayeux tapestry without feeling they know more about those early days of English history, from the short time they have spent in the bibliotheque, than in many an hour's reading.

All the colors of this tapestry are wonderfully fresh, and in only one or two places has any of it been restored. The ground has been darned in parts where the moth had eaten it previous to its being arranged as it now is, which was done twenty-five years ago. Till then it had been rolled up and hidden away.—*Hon. Mrs. Armytage.*

A JAPANESE BED.

A traveler in the east gives the following amusing description of the sleeping accommodations of the Japanese:

A mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long and four wide, was spread on the floor, and over it was laid an ample robe, very long and heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night-dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps, *i. e.*, "if he has some year's practice" in the use of this bed.

But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface, without the expense of washing a pillow-case.

I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner; and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being slowly beheaded, and to awake at the crisis to find the pillow bottom-side up, and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box. During my stay in the country I learned many of its customs, mastering the use of the chop-sticks and accustoming my palate to raw fresh fish, but the attempt to balance my head on a two-inch pillow, I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box and tying it to my neck and head.

THE FASHIONS.

We are now just between the seasons, and it is difficult to say yet just what the spring fashions will be, but we can safely predict that the walking costume will continue to be short, and we hope the polonaise and basque will remain in favor, as they are so graceful and convenient, and ladies are, more than ever, disposed to choose a comfortable style of dress as the first desideratum, and then make the costume as rich and elegant as possible. Those who remember the long street dresses which were so difficult to loop gracefully, and if held up with the hand were so troublesome and interfered so much with the freedom of one's movements on the street and promenade, will, we are confident, never encourage a return to trains for any except evening or reception dresses.

Although there is now too great a tendency to extravagance in dress, as well as in everything else, and pretty dresses are too readily laid aside for every trifling change in the style of them, still most of the features in ladies' and children's apparel have been greatly changed for the better in the last ten years.

It is no longer fashionable to wear thin shoes, but stout, high boots are universally adopted for street wear. And though the jaunty hats and bonnets preclude all idea of warmth, the warm nubia and comfortable earcaps are brought into requisition when the weather requires them. These can be easily removed on going indoors, thus preventing too much heat about the throat, and they are a perfect protection against the keen air and searching winds.

Another ruinous custom is now nearly obsolete, namely, tight lacing. This and the chalky white complexion being both considered vulgar, and followed only by those who are ignorant of the highest fashions. These customs were always wicked and foolish, and as a matter of course gave way, in time, before the good sense of ladies of culture and refinement, but not until hundreds of lives had been sacrificed and countless invalids made by the stupid customs. A nicely rounded form and full figure, with a clear, rosy complexion are now most desirable, and

ladies are no longer fond of being considered frail and delicate.

The same progress is seen in children's and infants' dress, and the little creatures are not now seen with shoulders and arms exposed to the cold drafts and sudden changes of our trying winters, but the little frocks and slips are made with long sleeves, and are cut high in the neck so as to protect the chest and arms. Little bright sacques made of flannel or cashmere are provided for little children, and add much to their comfort.

Health and comfort are the first objects to be considered in the fashions of the present day; afterwards beauty and elegance come in for just as much attention as ever, only not to the sacrifice of convenience and warmth, and we are quite safe in affirming that great progress is apparent in the fashions as well as in most of the enterprises of the day.

The stuffed chignons, jutes, rats, etc., are now discarded for coiffures, but tresses of false hair are still required to dress the hair stylishly, as braids and curls are worn too profusely to allow coiffures to be made of the natural hair only, unless one has a remarkable quantity of it. The hair is now dressed with a French or Greek twist at the back of the head, surrounded with a braid or coils. If the braid comes far forward among the front hair this is all that is needed for plain dressing, but if the braid does not show nicely in front, a crown plait is placed across the top of the head, and the hair rolled in front or left to fall in frizzes over the forehead. For more elaborate coiffures two or three plaits are left hanging under the chignon, and a single curl is worn at the left side, just back of the ear. Young ladies fasten a cluster of three or four curls to the top of the head with a band of bright ribbon or velvet, and let them fall backwards. Gray hair is now much admired and is no longer dyed, but dressed to show off to the greatest advantage possible, and elderly ladies wear small caps of the thinnest possible material, or leave them off altogether, and wear their own hair in soft puffs about the face, with a puffed or braided chignon at the back. Ladies who have gray hair while still young, dress it fashionably with French twist and crown braid, rolling the front away from the forehead. White and gray hair is very much more expensive than any other, and the finest long white hair is sold as high as \$500 an ounce. Blonde hair is worth fifty per cent. more than dark hair.

A pretty, simply cut wrapper, is merely a loose sacque, with the back fitted snugly with a seam down the middle, and the fronts sloped so as to prevent a clumsy fullness, but without darts. It has high shoulder seams and comfortable coat sleeves, rounded at the top. There is a deep founce on the skirt, which may be placed either at the edge of the skirt, or the skirt may extend to the bottom beneath it, but the latter makes the dress heavy, and is a useless waste of material. The same pattern may be also used with a Spanish founce, reaching to the knee and scantily pleated or gathered. Pressed flannel is a favorite material for these pretty negligee dresses, and is pretty in plain and broken plaids of white and black, with some warm bright color. The ruffles can be pinked or faced about an inch wide with the prevailing color of the plaid, or the dress may be made to look richer by trimming with black velvet, and a collar, cuffs and

pockets of velvet add much to the beauty of it.

Calicos and cambrics are very prettily made in this style, but washing materials should always have the Spanish founce; the skirt not extending below the knee, and if the founce is cut bias, pains should be taken to cut it exactly bias or it will not iron nicely. The founce should be hemmed at the top, and gathered without a cord, then stitched on with a sewing machine. With the addition of a little overskirt, made with a rounded apron front, and two straight back breadths, and edged with a double ruffle, then worn with a leather or black silk belt, this wrapper makes a very pretty house dress.

LINEN FABRICS.

The manufacture of linen is one of the earliest industries of which we have any authentic record, and it is supposed to be the most ancient of all our textile fabrics. In the reign of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, when Joseph was made ruler over the land, the people of that country were skillful in the production of linen cloth of the finest quality. The bible refers to this fabric in the forty-second verse of the forty-first chapter of Genesis, in the following words: "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck."

The use of linen was imperatively demanded by the laws and customs of Egypt. The priests were forbidden to enter the temples unless robed in linen garments, and the dead were always buried in shrouds made of this material. The inner wrappings of the mummies, found in the pyramids, are always of coarse fibre, but the outside covering is much finer. There are preserved in the British Museum, specimens of mummy bandages that are thin and transparent, like the muslins of India. Some of these samples contain two hundred and seventy threads to an inch in the warp, and one hundred and ten in the woof, while much the greater share of the fine cloth woven on the Dacca looms has only one hundred threads to the inch in the warp, and eighty-four in the woof.

The best cloth made on the rude Egyptian looms is equal in texture and delicacy to the finest productions of modern time. The coarser linen fibres were used for ropes, nets and sails; but fine linen goods were exported from Egypt into Greece, and other countries bordering the Mediterranean.

The Jews were also acquainted with the manufacture of linen, and they spun flax and made it into garments which were used at their most imposing religious ceremonies. These customs, and the clothing worn on such occasions, are minutely described in many portions of the bible. It says that Aaron, the priest, had a robe, an embroidered coat, a mitre, and a girdle. These were holy garments made of fine twined linen, with cunning needle-work, in gold, blue, purple, and scarlet. The ten curtains of the tabernacle were also made of fine twined linen, in blue, purple, and scarlet, with cherubims of cunning work in embroidery.

The patricians of ancient Rome wore linen clothing of extreme fineness. These garments were made both plain and decorated, and the latter were interwoven with flowers, feathers and gold. The best linen cloths made in Tyre and

Egypt were transparent, dyed with purple and very richly embroidered.

In modern times, the greatest excellence in the production of linen fabrics has been achieved by Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, and the United States, and this trade is an important feature in the commerce of the three former countries. The best cambrics, lawns, and other dress goods, are made in Europe; but in table linens, sheetings, shirting, handkerchiefs, gloves, tape, and several other articles, the domestic manufacture is equal to any other in the world. Hollands are a variety of fine linens, which originated in the country from which it takes its name. Osnaburgs are coarse dress goods, made at Osnaburg, in Germany. Cambrics and lawns are each of very fine texture, and the former was first made at Cambray, in Flanders.

Damasks are a kind of wrought linen, of great beauty, made in imitation of damask, or Damascus silk. The goods were first made in Flanders, and the style is distinguished for its raised work, which represents flowers and foliage. Huckaback is also made with raised figures, and is used for table-cloths and towels. It is of a very fine and firm texture, and is the most serviceable of this description of goods. Diaper has woven flowers or figures in the ground work of the fabric. It is considered very elegant, and is used for towels, napkins, and a variety of purposes.

In the line of linen dress goods are embraced embroidered frocks, morning gowns, dressing robes, and aprons, coating cloth, vesting, hosiery, gloves, scarfs, neck ties, cuffs, and many other articles. England and Russia are extensively engaged in the manufacture of a cloth called duck, the finer qualities of which are used for clothing, while the coarser material is made into light sails, sacking, nets, etc. England also produces a coarse cloth called Dowlas, suitable for common wear by the poorer class of people.

Formerly, linen sheetings and shirtings were considered indispensable by all classes; but of late years, factory made cotton goods have, to a great extent, supplanted them for general use. Linen thread is made of doubled yarn, which, on being bleached or dyed, is made up into skeins and hanks, or is wound into balls, or upon spools. Lace is made of the best qualities of linen thread, and the people of Flanders, at an early period, exhibited great proficiency in its manufacture. This art subsequently extended into England, France, and several other nations of Europe. Belgium, Spain and Italy are all celebrated for their excellence in this line of industry.

Brown linen goods are the most profitable for ordinary wear, and will generally outlast the bleached fabrics. The process of bleaching requires from four weeks to two months, according to the favorableness of the season, and the weight and texture of the material. Extreme whiteness is generally secured at the expense of strength. A medium color is much preferred by economical consumers.—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal.*

—"Chloroform," says the New York Evening Mail, "is the best thing that can be used to renovate old dresses." It would naturally give them a nap.

—How many of our lady readers ever dreamed that we send to Great Britain, annually, fifteen million dollars in gold for the single article of spool cotton?



WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low—how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one, it wouldn't be right.

Said he: "I don't see why my father should say
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,

When I asked for just one, he would answer me
'No.'

He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss

So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mourning,
strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently
played:—

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, O beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day.'"

Then Willie turned round and as still as a mouse,
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say,
"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

DOTTIE AND DUMPLING.

BY A. E. WILLIAMS.

DOTTIE is three years old. She has big blue eyes "with the starry spikes left in," dimples in her cheeks and two rows of pearls in her rosebud mouth. And then there is Dumpling, not an apple or peach dumpling like what your mother makes, with lots of sugar in, but a roly-poly baby, just like a dumpling, as Dottie says, "'cause he's so round and plump and sweet." He doesn't enjoy it much being a baby, and finds it very discouraging work learning to walk; the minute you set him up he tumbles over onto his nose but that is so "little" he does not often hit it. Most generally he gets anywhere by rolling, but if any one is after him he scampers on his hands and toes like a little spider.

One day the children's papa and mamma went away leaving them with auntie. Dumpling was washed and dressed as good as could be; then it was Dottie's turn, but she was amusing her dolly and said, "I ain't in a hurry."

"But Dottie cannot play, nor eat her dinner, till she has been in the bath and all dressed up clean," said auntie.

"I will to-morrow, auntie, I dess I'm clean 'nough ter-day."

"I am going to take you into the big bath, Dottie, where you can splash all you want to; you will like that."

Dottie concluded to go and see. At first she gave a little gasp as the water came up to her neck, but soon began to laugh and crow with delight, as she jumped and tumbled and splashed about, and was as loth to get out as she was to get in.

Pretty soon auntie had a caller, so she left the children to play on the green lawn behind the house. Dottie had her dolly and did not pay much attention to Dumpling, so he hollered. "Hush, Dumplin', you'll wake up my baby," she

said, but he wouldn't stop. "I don't b'lieve you love me a bit, to trouble me so," she continued, having heard her mother say that to her, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll do up stairs an' frow somefing out 'e winnow," so Dottie climbed up the stairs to auntie's room and looked about for some pretty thing to drop out the window. A box of buttons went first, and Dumpling scrambled after them on all fours; next followed the contents of auntie's work-box and jewelry-case, and Dumpling gathered a whole harvest of pretty things.

Then Dottie caught sight of some ribbons and laces, and concluded to dress up; so she put on auntie's white muslin apron, and her blue sash, and her pink bow, and her bracelets, and her red breakfast shawl, and her lace hat, and her buff kids. After much turning and twisting and fixing, she was ready. "I dess I'll do down in 'e parlor and make a call," she said. "Oh, what's dat?" and spying auntie's perfumery bottle on the shelf under the mirror, she climbed up and reached it. "It smells beautiful," she said, pulling out the glass stopper, "I put some on my han'chet." After making handkerchief, bows and gloves very damp, she went to the window.

"Dumplin'" she called, "here's somefing splen'id. You dot ter teep still a long time, 'tause I'm doin' to make some talls." Dumpling, busy with the buttons, didn't care, so she trotted down stairs and knocked at the parlor door, but hearing a strange voice within did not wait to be admitted, but "dessed she'd do over to see aunt Mary."

Off she marched down the street as dignified as could be. Aunt Mary was busily writing when her little visitor admitted herself, but she had to lay down her pen and laugh at the queer figure before her. "I'm Miss Tarp'nter, and I've come to make a tall," it said.

"How do you do, Miss Carpenter? Won't you take the rocking chair?"

Dottie climbed in and arranged her bracelets and gloves. "My mamma's done," she said, "so I d'essed up. Dumplin' wouldn't come, 'tause, you see, he tan't walk 'thout pitchin' over'n over. Your chil'en pitty well?"

"Quite well, I thank you," said aunt Mary.

"My baby's bery sick; s'pose she's dot 'e chicken pox. It's too bad," she continued with a solemn look. "I 'spect she's tryin' now. I dess I'll have ter do. Dood bye," and off she trotted home again.

Auntie's visitor had gone, so Dottie went into the parlor, but was not very cordially received. "What is the little mischief up to? She smells like a perfumery bottle. Oh, you've been in my 'white rose' and all my nice things."

Hurrying the little culprit up stairs, auntie found her drawers in sad disorder and her favorite perfume missing.

"I didn't touch it, auntie, I only dest fixed up."

"I should think so," said auntie, a good deal vexed. "What did you do with the bottle?"

"I frowed it out 'e winnow. Dumplin's dot it."

Auntie went down and found a roguish little yearling fast asleep in the grass. Beside him lay fragments of the bottle smashed on a stone, and among the clover leaves were scattered the numerous trinkets. Hastily gathering them up she took the sleeping baby and laid him tenderly on his little bed.

Dottie took her "fixings" off and laid

them back in the drawer; she knew she had been naughty, so she said:

"I won't do so no more, auntie. I love 'oo, but I won't never do so 'den, eider."

By and by it was bed time, and laying her tired little head in my lap, said in a pathetic voice, "I so seepy I know nothin' what ter do."

Then auntie undressed her and laying her in the bed beside little brother, asked, "Couldn't Dottie say her little prayer?"

The tired mouth tried to frame the sweet words, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but they died on her lips, and the angels carried her off to dream land.

HOW THEY MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Now, it is queer what a way mothers have of making boys forget how tired they are! It almost makes some of us grown folks, whose mothers lie so still and cold, their soft hands folded, never again to smooth the pillow, and cool the hot temples—it almost makes us cry, to think of those days, so long ago, and that—may be—we weren't always just as patient as we ought to have been.

After Mrs. Goodwin had given Johnnie the orange, and the flowers his Sunday-school teacher had sent him, she held up a thin, paper parcel. "I bought my boy a little present," she said. He reached eagerly for it. He was so anxious to know what it was, he would undo it himself. He looked at it a minute or so, his eyes fairly dancing with joy, and then, as it says in Pilgrim's Progress, "the water stood in them." Now what do you think it was? Well, I'll tell you. A beautiful photograph of his precious mother. O, how he did enjoy that present! It seemed as though he could never look at it long enough. After a long time, he said: "I do wish, mother, I knew how they make photographs. It seems so queer to sit down and hold still a minute or two, looking right at a little spot on the wall, and then the man pulling something out of the machine, and running off into the closet with it, and then in a day or two, you get your picture all finished up, and just like you. You know how they do it, don't you, mother?"

"I know something about it; but I'll tell you, Johnnie, how, I guess, you'd better do. I'll get you the Cyclopaedia, and some other books out of the library that tell all about it. You know father always likes to have you find out things for yourself. What you don't understand, I'll try and explain to you."

"Please, mother," said Johnnie the next afternoon, as she seated herself near his bed, "can't you tell me now about how they make photographs? I've read all those things you showed me, but there are so many big words, I can't see through it after all."

"Well, Johnnie, I'll do my best, but it is pretty hard to make it plain. You'll have to wait till you study chemistry, to understand how they make their chemicals, as they call them. You will have to get a better knowledge of optics, before you can see through the working of the camera obscura."

"Camera obscura," replied Johnnie. "That's what you call that machine on legs, that the man aims at you, is it?"

"Yes," said the mother, "It's a dark box, that has only one place for the light to get into it, and that is through the tube that he points toward the thing

that he wants to take a picture of. The word photograph is made of two Greek ones; *phos*, which means light, it is *photos* in the gentive, and *grapho* to write—*photos grapho*."

"That's a nice notion, isn't it, mother? The light writes on the paper how we look."

"Yes. The first thing is to get a negative picture of you; that is, one that is dark where it ought to be light, and light where you want it dark."

"I remember," said Johnnie, "What a little goose I was the first time Mr. Smith took my picture. He held that dirty little piece of glass down for me to see how I liked it. I was so provoked, I could hardly keep from telling him my father'd never pay for such a looking thing as that. Why, the face was every bit as black as a negro's. But I was glad enough I didn't say anything, because it came out all right, as lots of things do, that we can't see through, in the time of; "breaking our legs, for instance," said Johnnie, laughing, with his eyes a little moist.

"To get a negative, the photo-man covers a piece of crown-glass with a thin coating of what he calls collodion. It is made of gun cotton and ether, and alcohol; besides, there is an iodide in it. Then it is dipped in nitrate of silver. You remember my bringing your handkerchiefs into your room the other day, so that you could see me mark them?"

"Yes, and you told me the ink was made of nitrate of silver. It hardly showed at all on the cloth, till the sun shone on it, and then is turned just as black as it could be. I see through it now, mother; the nitrate of silver sticks to the coating of—what did you call it?"

"Collodion."

"Yes, and where the light comes on it, it turns black. But then, the trick is to get it shaped just like you. After all, I should think it would get black all over before they could get the right thing on it."

"Why, you see it is prepared in a dark closet, and brought out in a wooden frame, that keeps the light away from it, till the artist slips it in the camera. You know he keeps a black cloth over that, till the very minute he begins to take your picture. There can't any light get at the glass till he uncovers it. Then the rays reflected from your face, and hands, and dress, go into the tube, and make a change in the chemicals. Where your white collar is, the light is strongest, and there the picture grows darkest. The rays, thrown off from your face and form, makes shades in almost exact proportion. When the little pencils of light have worked at the chemicals on the glass just long enough, (they will overdo the thing, and spoil it all, if they are let alone,) the artist shuts them out of the camera by putting the black cloth over the tube. Then he slips the slide before the glass, and takes it into the wooden case, and runs off into the closet with it again."

"I think I understand it pretty well, so far," said Johnnie. "Can you see the picture as soon as he uncovers the glass?"

"Oh no! not till he pours another preparation over it, that brings it out—develops it, as he would say. Then he pours something else over it, that makes it all clear, except where the light had a chance to work at it, while it was in the camera."

"But, mother, how do they get pictures on the Bristol-board?"

"I'll tell you, dear. They varnish this glass negative to protect it, while they print pictures on paper from it. They take the best linen paper, and dip it in salt water, and dry it. Then they soak it in nitrate of silver, and dry it in a dark place, to keep it from turning all black. Then they put the glass negative on it, and fasten it, and lay it in the sun a little while. Every place on the glass, where it was dark, keeps the light away from the paper, and it stays white, while the white places let the sun shine through, and make the paper black. When it is just dark enough, they put it in some more chemicals, that take the silver all out of the places the sun didn't change. If they didn't it would turn all black as soon as the light came on it. Then they dip it in something else to give it a nice tint, and then paste it on the Bristol-board, and finish it up as you want it. There, dear, that's the way they make photographs."

Johnnie was silent a good while. Then he spoke very softly: "You know, mother, Mr. Lee said we must have the image of Christ in our souls. I was just thinking, maybe, Jesus letting me get hurt this way, was taking me into the dark closet, so that he could develop His picture on my heart."

"The Lord grant He may bring it out clearer, my darling," said the mother, bending to kiss her boy.—*Ec.*

A TALL GRASS.

BY HARRIE FULLER.

Few people think that grass, yes, a species of grass, grows to the height of one hundred feet! Of course it is the famous bamboo. There is scarcely a plant more common in hot countries, and few of more universal use. It has a round, straight, shining stem, knots at the distance of ten or twelve inches from each other, with thick, round and hairy sheaths, alternate branches, and small, entire and pear-shaped leaves. When young and tender it is eaten by the natives as a substitute for asparagus. The Malays preserve the small and tender shoots in pepper and vinegar to be eaten with their food. The leaves are usually wrapped about the tea exported from China to Europe and America.

The inside of the cane being in a perpetual state of moisture, forms elegant cases in which flowers are transported hundreds of miles as fresh as when first gathered. After having been bruised, steeped in water and pressed into a pulp, paper is manufactured from the sheaths and leaves. Ripe and hard, it is used for water-pipes, and is converted into domestic utensils, or bows, arrows, quivers, and other instruments for hunting. Walking-canes and chairs we see in abundance in this country. The Malays construct very light scaling ladders by notching the sides of the stalk.

The Chinese make a kind of framework of bamboo by which they are enabled to float on the water; and merchants, when going on voyages, provide themselves with them as life-preservers. They are made by placing four stalks horizontally across each other leaving a square place in the middle for the body. When used they are slipped over the head and fastened by tying about the waist. The large, stout poles are used by the slaves in carrying palanquins. When split, durable baskets, mats, and even sails are made from this wonderful plant.

Houses, also, are erected of this valu-

able grass in an incredible short space of time. It is related by Hooker, the celebrated English botanist, that six attendants built and furnished completely a house for him in an hour.

"THAT'S HOW!"

After a great snow-storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snow-bank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping at it," said the boy cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller, until it is done.

If a hard lesson is to be learned, do not spend a moment in fretting; do not lose a breath in saying, "I can't" or "I do not see how;" but go at it and keep at it—study. That is the only way to conquer it.

If a fault is cured or a bad habit broken up, it cannot be done by merely being sorry, or only trying a little. You must keep fighting until it is got rid of.

If you have entered your Master's service, and are trying to be good, you will sometimes find hills of difficulty in the way. Things will often look discouraging, and you will not seem to make any progress at all; but keep at it. Never forget "that's how."

—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. An impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate on a young heart like a careless spray of water upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

THE PUZZLER.

The committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the contributions to The Puzzler and award the prizes for the same, had a much more lengthy and difficult task to perform than was anticipated at the beginning of the competition. Our table was literally heaped with manuscript from every quarter and in many instances the rivalry was very close. A careful examination resulted in the selection of nineteen as being in all respects the best, and from these it was necessary to choose three which should in some way possess merit superior to the others. One after another was laid aside, chiefly from a lack of variety, and the award was finally made of the first prize to "Sia," Methuen, Mass.; the second to Miss Emily A. Viets, Amherst, Ohio; and the third to John H. Wood, Jacksonville, Ill. We give a list of the sixteen whose contributions were judged worthy of especial mention, to each of whom, or their order, we will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year. A. M. Bridgman, So. Amherst, Mass.; Julia A. Child, Bradford, Vt.; Miss Annie W. S. Nottingham, Eastville, Va.; B. K. Paine, West Brewster, Mass.; E. M. White, So. Windsor, Conn.; R. S. Isbester, Nashville, Tenn.; J. S. B., Fall River, Mass.; C. Addie Capron, Uxbridge, Mass.; Mary W. Parker, Vershire, Vt.; Hattie C. Hall, Franklin, N. H.; Hannah W. Otis, Sherwood, N. Y.; Robbins Fleming, Readington, N. J.; "Nell," Claremont, N. H.; Mrs. Henry Weeks, Dedham, Mass.; Mrs. Lizzie M. Bowles, Sugar Hill, N. H.; and Miss F. R. Merchant, Gloucester, Mass. The Puzzler for this month is made up entirely from the prize collection.

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

- ANSWERS:—1. George E. Crowell, Editor. 2. Henry W. Longfellow. 3. The days and knights of olden time Have now forever vanished; They're only found in paltry rhyme And from our sight are banished. 4. Ho(u)se. 5. Ma(r)y. 6. Tur(n)key. 7. Ha(i)l. 8. C(r)ane. 9. As(i)a. 10. Ra(i)t. 11. Co(a)t. 12. Co(b)ra. 13. Van(c)e. 14. B. 15. Mouse-trap.

16. Embry O
A rmo R
R abb I
T atto O
H eave N

17. Millville. 18. Climax. 19. Violin. 20. Live. 21. Danbury. 22. Andover. 23. Hill. 24. Wilmot. 25. Springfield. 26. Grafton. 27. Bristol. 28. Franklin. 29. Salisbury. 30. Concord. 31. Manchester. 32. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of twenty-six letters. My 12, 9, 17, 7, 21 is a species of ape. My 16, 10, 15, 18, 12, 23, 15, 2 is a species of bird. My 25, 24, 4, 8, 6 is a quadruped, yielding a perfume. My 19, 22, 1 is a horned quadruped. My 3, 13, 5, 11 is a kind of cushion. My 20, 25, 26 is what you must do if you would obtain my whole, which is well worth striving for.

CHARADE.

2. Deep in studious thought was I,
Ere yet the sun had risen;
My mind was troubled sadly,
My dearest friend in prison.
Though of his perfect innocence
I was so certain now,
That I would first the evidence
That doomed him, did I vow.

- As I sat thus, I seemed to see
My friend in cruel fetters second;
His voice seemed whispering to me
And then his dear hand to me beckoned;
I rose in haste, nor did I stay
To first my second, but hurried on,
Not thinking what before my lay,
To build my dearest hopes upon.

- While passing through a darkened way,
His name I heard repeated;
I stopped—in time to hear them say
Their lies the court has cheated;
I called a friend; we listened till
"I was plain—that plot so foul—
* * * * *
'Tis done. My friend can go at will;
And now I'll take my whole.

DOUBLE GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

3. Foundation words—one of the New England, and one of the Middle States. Cross words—1, a town in Vermont; 2, a county in New York; 3, a post office in Connecticut; 4, a town in Pennsylvania; 5, a town in Maine; 6, a town in Massachusetts; 7, a river in Pennsylvania.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG ACROSTIC.

4. This tells of these;
And these have life, sensation, sight,
Read zigzag downward, if you please,
The first and last letters, if you get them right.
A quadruped first, a biped second,
Half of a bird my third is reckoned;
Fourth, four-fifths of a very black bird;
Fifth, a snail of which I have heard;
Sixth is a fish, (to prove I'll engage);
Seventh, animals of a certain age.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

5. A consonant; a relative; name of a boy; a famous king; a roving character; to incline; a consonant. Only seven letters to be used, which, arranged in the form of a diamond, make seven words, each word reading two ways, viz.: horizontally and perpendicularly.

PROBLEM.

6. The east, south and west sides of a certain lot of land are level, and each one hundred feet long; the corners being right angles. On the north side is a hill

forty-eight feet above the level, the highest point being sixty feet in a direct line from the north-east corner, and eighty feet from the north-west corner. Required, the number of feet of boards necessary to build a tight board fence around it six feet high, making no allowance for waste.

HIDDEN CITIES.

7. To guess this, only once you need try;
8. Or if twice, do not brag any more.
9. Emma says such a great hue and cry
10. Her attention has drawn, to be sure.
11. But I called her a ninny to notice such chat,
12. "Remember next week is the race;
13. While on Tuesday I'll get you a hat!"—
14. Bah! I am getting quite out of my place.

SQUARE WORDS.

15. Strong; open space; a quadruped; a mineral.
16. Oral; doting; an inserted leaf; oily; a proper name.

ARITHMETICAL ACROSTICS.

17. 2102, a buffoon; 101, misfortune; 557, discolored; 551, a covering; 1001, a prefix; 6, an arched cavity; 501, a swelling. Initials, a very large number.

BLANK DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

18. Initials and finals of words to fill blanks, will give a large number and less than the least.
Mr. Jones sent a — to Cleaveland — by his — who went — last week.

BLANK SQUARE WORD.

19. Our — — — — young rabbits.

CITIES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

20. Look! all right!
21. Father and son.
22. Glistening and forward.
23. At a distance and a great evil.
24. A coop, a city, and a note.

DECAPITATION.

25. When I am entire, I increase in size, But from me, if beheaded, waters sometimes rise;
Again, in France, I'm two dozen nails To be used when a draper his purchase retails.
Once again, your finding me doubled, explains
How, once more beheaded, half a hundred remains.

POSITIVES, COMPARATIVES AND SUPERLATIVES.

26. A fop; to weary; vaunting speech.
27. A joint; almost; an abode.
28. Proceed; a title; chaste.
29. A vowel; an organ of sense; first.
30. Father; equal value; not now.

BLANKS.

To be filled with words pronounced alike but spelled differently.

31. The oxen — as with their —,
They passed the — of silver ore.
32. I bought a —, which I did —;
Then bought a — and wished for more.
33. The good man —, the bad man —;
We all should — our Father's name.
34. The good He will — the evil —,
Sure as the — of sun or flame.
35. With but one — they paddled —
To the place where — is found.
36. A gorgeous — was by them —,
As they drew the — aground.
37. The — took some — leaves, and ground
Them fine as dust, to — his wound;
Then, to protect it from the cold,
A — cloth did round it fold.



BY-AND-BY.

By and by, we say it softly,
Thinking of a tender hope,
Stirring always in our bosoms,
Where so many longings grope.

By and by, Oh love shall greet us
In a time that is to come,
And the fears that now defeat us,
Then shall all be stricken dumb.

By and by the mournful sorrows
Clouding o'er our sky to-day,
Shall be gone in glad to-morrows—
Shall be banished quite away.

By and by, we say it gently,
Looking on our silent dead,
And we do not think of earth-life,
But of Heaven's life instead.

By and by, we look in yearning
Towards the harbor of the blest,
And we see the beacons burning
In the ports of perfect rest.

By and by our ships shall anchor,
If the tide and wind run fair,
Some day in the port of Heaven,
Where our lost and loved ones are.

By and by, Oh say it softly,
Thinking not of earth and care,
But the by and by of Heaven,
Waiting for us over there.

CONDIMENTS, ETC.

Number Two.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

SALT.

THE use of salt with our food, or its elements, though opposed by some of the more ultra among the writers on diet, seems to be demanded, though it is manifestly true that even this is often if not generally used in excessive quantities, and is the direct cause of some of the ailments of civilized society. The fact that such articles as sugar in the form of the saccharine juices of fruits, and indeed in many of the ordinary articles of food, and the elements of salt, (chloride of sodium,) are contained in various products, vegetable and animal, is of sufficient importance to indicate the propriety of the use of these articles in connection with our food as condiments.

The presence of saccharine substances in so many articles of food plainly indicates their appropriateness if not their necessity, especially in cold climates, as a means of promoting the animal heat through the agency of fat. And yet it is quite possible to use such substances excessively, even in cold climates. The same remarks apply with equal force to the use of salt. Some articles of food contain the elements of salt, chlorine and sodium, uncombined, which are manifestly intended to produce some important effects in the digestive process, or in the restoration of the waste of the system. Whether these results are effected in the best possible manner by their action in their uncombined state, by a combination and the production of common salt in the system, or by mingling salt with our food before it is taken into the stomach, may admit of differences of opinion. But that salt is not digested like other articles, that it is not appropriated so as to become a part of the tissues like ordinary food, is quite certain, since it has been often proved that

it cannot sustain human life, and does not in any respect of itself furnish support to any organ or function.

So far as we know, it does not act as a chemical agent, combining with other elements—like acids and alkalies—in the removal of effete matter, or in any other manner effect important changes in the system. The digestive organs effect but slight if any changes in this article, but it remains chloride of sodium, whether found in the stomach, in the tissues mechanically combined, in the blood or in the excretions. The absolute necessity of salt, therefore, or at least in its usual combination, may have been over-rated.

It is true that there are "deer-licks," and equally true that the deer and some other animals are very persevering in obtaining it, but it is not true that these are sufficiently abundant or that they are so generally frequented by all classes of animals as to prove the universality of the demand by the different classes of animals. It is quite evident that this demand is principally confined to certain species of the *herbivora*, but few if any of the *carnivora* ever resorting to those licks. It would seem, therefore, that most animals find a sufficient supply of the saline elements in their usual food, and have no occasion to seek an additional supply at these "licks." It is also true that individuals and whole races do not use it, only so far as it is found in our food in its simple state.

But while it is quite certain that the disorganized salt, as usually employed, does not enter into the tissues of the body as a necessary element of nourishment, it unquestionably has its use in its simple or in its combined form as a condiment. That it excites the glands to action, probably will not be questioned. Its principal use, therefore, seems to be to give a relish to certain kinds of food, aside from which they would be insipid, at least to our vitiated tastes, and to aid in the digestion of our food, serving as an excitant or stimulant. When taken into the mouth, either the relish or its special office of exciting the glands to action, causes a copious flow of the saliva, which is also true of other relishes, or even the thought of them, while the same effect seems to follow the introduction of this excitant into the stomach, causing a free flow of the gastric juice. It follows almost as a necessary consequence that the same action, the same stimulation, or tonic effect, follows this article through the whole digestive process.

While, therefore, we are able to observe the effects on the glands of the mouth and on the stomach, it is reasonable to infer that similar influences are exerted on the liver, pancreas, and indeed on the whole glandular system. In judging of these results, however, there is danger of substituting stimulation for nutrition, or of supposing that an article calculated to increase action is necessarily favorable to the health, while the truth is this stimulation, this undue and abnormal activity is often, if not always adverse to the integrity of the system, the stimulation being succeeded by a consequent debility. Of one thing we may be certain, however, and that is that a free flow of the juices of the body is attended by present favorable results, the perfection of the digestive process depending on a free supply of these necessary juices.

While whole tribes live without salt in its disorganized state and seem to suffer but slightly if at all, it is used by others,

if in moderation, with no perceptible inconvenience, the physical condition of both being similar. And while much good may result from its legitimate employment, it is manifest that far too much is used in most communities, producing many forms of disease of the organs of digestion, inflammation and cancer being most prominent among them. It is safe, at least, to rely as much as possible on that already found in its uncombined state in our food, and to use the smallest amount of common salt that will serve to satisfy us as a relish, remembering that much depends on our habits in this particular. We may be satisfied, if we form correct habits, with far less than we ordinarily use, and thus avoid an unnatural thirst, that produced by an excessive use, the cooling drink allaying the unnatural feverishness produced by excess, which is nothing less than a real inflammation of the coats of the stomach.

THE STORY OF A HOTEL BILL.

We find this amusing story in the New York correspondence of the Boston Herald:

We are all familiar with the frequent extortions practiced by hotel-keepers in this country upon those of their patrons who, it is supposed, will endure anything. Not long ago, a young lady who had come here from New England with her mother, went to one of the up-town houses to stay for a week or two, until she could board in a private family. The morning that she was to leave she sent for the bill for herself and mother—a lady of nearly sixty, who occupied a room, No. 45, adjoining that of her daughter.

Miss—was amazed to find that her bill amounted to \$175, because she knew it ought not to be more than \$60 or \$70 at the outside. As no items were given, she returned the account to the office with the request that the items should be inserted. The bill went back with two or three specifications, and "sundries" set down at \$70. Once more she returned the bill, demanding to know what the "sundries" might be.

The clerk explained, through the servant, that "sundries" was the polite term for "drinks," which so enraged the young lady that she demanded to see the extraordinary accountant in person. He made himself visible in due season, and the delicate, spiritual-looking girl confronted him by asking if he supposed she had drunk, in eight or nine days, \$70 worth of liquor.

As may be imagined, he was somewhat abashed, and said with confusion: "I beg pardon, miss, it's a mere clerical error. This is 44; the drinks should have been charged to 45—the next door, you see—a room occupied by an old fellow who drinks like a fish." "Permit me to introduce to you the old fellow," replied Miss—, pushing open the door, standing ajar, and revealing to his confounded gaze one of the gentlest and saintliest-looking old ladies he had ever beheld. The clerk said nothing, but dashed down the stairs, and in a minute a receipted bill was once more returned, with the "sundries" omitted.

—We believe it was Robert Collyer who defined the oyster plant as a vegetable that is always just going to taste like an oyster, but never quite does it. Its promise is excellent, but its performance unsatisfactory.

THE DESSERT.

—In ancient days the precept was "know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

—An exchange says: "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in its liquid state." Whereupon another suggests that "the human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in its solid state."

—A parsimonious sea captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the apostles? They ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

—A young married man was remarking to some ladies that it was always the women who ran after the men, when his wife indignantly said, "You know, my dear, I never ran after you." "That may be," he replied, "but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way."

—Perkins will get tight occasionally, much to the astonishment of himself and friends. "For years," says he, "it was unaccountable to me, for I never did drink but a mouthful or two; and the cause never did strike me until I measured my mouth and found that it held a pint."

—Pedestrian (blandly to cabman)—"Could you direct me to the nearest way to South Kensington?" Cabman (who sees at a glance that the party don't "mean business")—"If you wants to be druv there, I'm bound to take yer. Otherwise, I'm not bound to supply general information to the public."

—A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wish of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to receive her, saying: "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return!" And she got up and "dusted."

—The story is told of a venerable theological professor that while once addressing a Sunday school, he happened to use the word "epitome." Suspecting that he might be using too big a word for their comprehension, he thus translated it into childish vernacular: "But perchance, children, you don't know what epitome meanth. Epitome, epitome; why, it is thynomouth with thynophthith."

—We take the following from the Dayton (Ohio) Religious Telescope: The Rev. Jehn Brown courted a lady upwards of six years, and was so singularly modest and bashful that he had never ventured to kiss her. One day it occurred to him that it would not be a bad thing to do. So, it is recorded, he said "Jane, my woman, we've been acquainted now for six years, an'—an'—I've never got a kiss yet. D' ye think I may take one, my bonnie lassie?" The reply was wonderfully characteristic of the Scottish maiden. "Just as ye like, Jehn," said she, "only just be comin' and proper wi' it." "Surely, Janet," said Jehn; "we'll ask a blessin'." The blessing was asked, and the kiss exchanged. "O woman," said the enraptured but still devout minister, "O woman, but it was gude. We'll noo return thanks." And they did.



MAGNETIC MINERAL SPRINGS.

BY GEO. J. COLBY.

DEAR readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, who have been interested in "Household Architecture," will please pardon this digression and change of subject for the time, while for the sake of poor suffering humanity in general, and my brother cripples in particular, I tell "what I know about magnetic springs," or at least what I think of them after a six weeks' trial and careful study of their virtues.

These magnetic waters are found in the state of Michigan. The first spring was struck some two years ago in the town of Lous, in Gratiot county, by boring an artesian well. Soon after, a well bored at Eaton Rapids, Eaton county, brought up the same water, and since then borings in various parts of the state have struck it, and several natural flowing springs have also been discovered which prove, by analysis, to be the same water, and which are found to come up through crevices, in the bed rock. All that has been thus far done and discovered seems to indicate that there is a vein or course of this peculiar mineral water underlying the whole lower peninsula of Michigan, at a depth of about two hundred feet; and that when tapped by drilling through the rock it will flow freely to the surface, and generally rise in pipes several feet above the ground, even in the highest parts of the state.

What the peculiar properties of the water are, where it comes from and what causes it to rise, as it does, are subjects of constant wonder and discussion; and although but a sciolist, I will venture to name some theories, which seem most reasonable to me, and leave it for more scientific observers to prove their truth or error.

As to its peculiar properties, that which is most peculiar, and which chemical analysis does not seem to touch or hold, and which has puzzled and caused much dispute among scientific men, is its magnetic property. Many have denied the possibility of water being magnetic, or that it could be charged with and retain magnetism. And very likely they are correct so far as pure or distilled water is concerned; but in this mineral water, it appears by analysis, there is over two grains of iron per gallon, and from the effects produced it seems evident that this iron is highly magnetized, or that each atom of it is a natural magnet or lodestone. Thus we think it quite proper to call it magnetic water, so long as it carries in solution so much of this magnetic iron, and produces the same apparent effects as though the water itself was magnetic. Some of the visible effects that prove that the water carries and holds magnetism, are the facts that the iron pipes through which it flows soon become highly charged; knife blades held in the water soon become magnets, and the needle of a pocket compass, when held near the water, is drawn towards it and away from the north pole. All of these effects are natural and simple enough upon the supposition that the atoms of

iron floating in the water are atoms of natural magnetic ore.

The other properties of the water are carbonates of lime, magnesia, soda, silicate, etc., common in other mineral waters.

Where the water comes from, and why it rises to or above the surface, do not seem like very difficult problems when we look at the map and topography of that part of the country. I have no faith in the theory that it is caused to flow by the pressure of gases in the earth, but think it flows like any natural spring from a higher head or source, and that such head is most likely to be found in the mountains of the upper peninsula, near Lake Superior. These mountains are known to contain large masses of magnetic iron ore—and very likely veins of the same are underlying the whole state—but in these mountains the bed rock is broken up so the ore comes to the surface, and the rains and snows falling there are filtered through it, and passing into porous courses that run under the bed rock of the lower peninsula, are held there by the unbroken rock, and under pressure of the higher head in the mountains, ready to rise and flow, wherever holes are made through the rock.

So much for my theory of the water itself. Now a few words as to what it will do. In my own case it has done what the best physicians, of all schools, with all manner of treatment, magnetic baths and batteries, animal magnetism and Swedish movements, had failed to do. My case was paraplegy of eight years standing. Had partially recovered the use of my limbs, so I could walk a little with two canes, but there was very little muscle upon my legs, and my back very weak, when I went to the magnetic springs. My weight was one hundred and twenty pounds, from which I had not varied for several years. My original weight, before being paralyzed, one hundred and sixty pounds. In two weeks after going to the springs, found I had gained eleven pounds; went away and used other water two weeks, and gained but two pounds; went back and drank and bathed in the water four weeks, more, when I had gained twenty-four pounds in all; and since leaving the springs have continued to improve, so that I can walk as well with no canes as I could before with two. I propose to go back soon and have great confidence that it will fully restore my flesh and strength. Others of the same class have been fully restored. Many cripples from sciatica and rheumatism have fully recovered. Nearly all cases of dyspepsia are quickly and thoroughly cured; as well as kidney complaints and nervous diseases generally.

There is no humbug about it. The effect of the water upon a diseased body is simple, natural and sure, and I believe no invalid with the diseases named, or anything that comes from a disordered state of the digestive organs, can fail of being cured or greatly benefited by its use. It gives an appetite, aids digestion, and seems to have a peculiar effect in producing a healthy condition of the blood and building up new, solid, healthy muscle. Why it has this peculiar effect more than any other mineral water or iron tonic, made by chemists, may be a mystery. Magnetism is a mystery at best. But my theory is, that supplying the blood with this highly charged magnetic iron is what gives it vitality, and that this peculiar kind of iron is better for the blood than any other.

And I will further suggest as a possible theory that the sole purpose and object of the iron in the blood, is to hold, carry and retain magnetism in the body; that the fluids of the body could no more hold magnetism without iron, than can pure distilled water. I would further suggest that this mysterious magnetic power has much to do with the vitality and life of the body, and that without it our life would not amount to much.

These theories, if correct, account for the seemingly wonderful effect of this magnetic water as a tonic and curative over other chalybeate waters. And they further suggest, that as steel or carbonized iron will retain magnetism much longer than soft or common iron, it would be better to use as a medicine or tonic, and that it should be charged with magnetism before use. Again, what is magnetic iron ore? Is it not steel or carbonized ore? and is not that the reason why it has not become a permanent magnet?

I make these suggestions for others, better able, to think of, and will close this subject by advising all afflicted with paralysis, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kindred complaints, to seek out the magnetic springs of Michigan, and take a new lease of life.

But when you go to the springs do not imagine, as many do, that because the water is good the more you drink of it the better. Drinking too much water is a great mistake that most people who visit any mineral springs fall into. The effect of too much water in the stomach weakens the gastric juices, retards digestion, excites the liver and kidneys too much, and causes a too free movement of the bowels.

Drink only when you are thirsty, and no more than your thirst requires, rather less if anything, and it will promote digestion, furnish the blood with just what it needs, and convert the food you eat into good healthy flesh; and you will be inclined to eat whatsoever is set before you and ask no questions—unless it be for more.

AIR AND SUNSHINE.

The human being is like a plant—neither will thrive in the dark. Nor will either prosper in the twilight or in the shade. Show me a family that lives in a house heavily shaded by overhanging boughs of trees, so that the sunshine seldom or never falls upon any side of it, and I will show you people who never enjoy good health. It will be observed that they are consumptive, or scrofulous, or have caried bones, or deformed joints, or the children are rachitic, and are continually bleeding from the nose and look like wilted cabbages. They are not exactly wilted nor bleached but they have that bleached look presented by the unfortunate inmates of prisons, and the drooping appearance seen in plants that make a poor show in growing in dark, out of the way places.

Vigor is altogether impossible in the absence of sunshine. I know many people who think themselves intelligent, and who are filled with wise saws and sage proverbs as to the preservation of health, who live in darkened rooms. Sunshine fades the carpets and warps the furniture, they say; but faded carpets are better than crooked spines and bowed legs and arms. Flies will get into the house if it is light, is another excuse for ample window curtains and

heavy death-dealing shade trees—the latter, in many cases, the poisonous and too odorous Chinese Ailanthus, than which a greater curse was never brought into the country. But flies buzzing about in the air of one's sitting-room are to be preferred to Spanish flies made up into blistering plasters, and used upon the chest as counter irritant to tubercled lungs.

Too much sunshine cannot be admitted to a residence, or basked in by the sick or well. Sunshine is grand medicine for the invalid, and will cure and reinvigorate a shattered frame quicker and more permanently than all the drugs in the land. Coupled with plenty of fresh air, and the restorative preparation drawn from air and sunshine, it is the grand reformer of all morbid affections, and the finest and safest of remedies. It is also the best of the preventives of sickness. Admit it, then, to every nook and corner of your dwellings, that it may banish malaria, and implant life and vitality into your minds and bodies.

And, speaking of the benefits of sunshine, we recommend a sunshine bath. It costs nothing, but it yields health, strength and elasticity of spirits, and is worth all other kinds of bathing ever indulged in by health-seekers.

CHILBLAINS.

One very cold evening in December, a young man from a store in the city, came to the kitchen of a dwelling where I was staying, to deliver some parcels. While his basket was being emptied he seemed in a perfect frenzy of distress from chilblains, and finally begged to be permitted to remove his boots for a moment's relief.

The lady of the house immediately sent to the cellar for an old pan, and brought some corn meal, requiring the boy to remove his stockings. He protested that he had not a minute to lose, and must hasten back to his work. In an instant red-hot coals were placed in the pan and a handful of the meal being thrown upon them, the suffering feet were held in the dense smoke. Before the meal had burned out, the anguish of the chilblains was quite gone. The coals and meal were renewed, and in fifteen minutes the youth was on his way to the store, entirely relieved, although the trial seemed much too short to be successful.

Severe weather may produce a recurrence of the trouble, at intervals, but persistent use of this remedy will prevent it as well as cure it. I have known it to effect very marked cures, where the persons were unusually exposed, and when all other remedies were useless.—*Ex.*

SUNFLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

Experiments in France and Holland have shown that sunflowers, when planted on an extensive scale, will neutralize the pernicious effects of exhalations from marshes. This plan has been tried with great success in the ferny districts, near Rochefort, France; and the authorities of Holland assert that intermittent fever has wholly disappeared from districts where sunflowers have been planted. It is not yet determined what effect the flower produces on the atmosphere; whether it generates oxygen, like other plants of rapid growth, or whether, like the *coniferae*, it emits ozone, and thus destroys the organic germs of miasms that produce fever.



THE SOUL'S EAST WINDOW.

Man cannot be God's outlaw if he would,
Nor so abscond him in the caves of sense,
But nature still shall search some crevice out
With messages of splendor from that Source
Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still and lures.
This life were brutish did we not sometimes
Have intimation clear of wider scope,
Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
The soul alert with noble discontent
And onward yearnings of unstilled desire
Fruitless, except we now and then divined
A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through
The secular confusions of the world,
Whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours.
No man can think nor in himself perceive,
Sometimes at waking, in the street sometimes,
Or on the hill-side, always unforewarned,
A grace of being finer than himself,
That beckons and is gone—a larger life
Upon his own impinging, with swift glimpse
Of spacious circles luminous with mind.
To which the ethereal substance of his own
Seems but gross cloud to make that visible,
Touched to a sudden glory round the edge.
Who that hath known these visitations fleet
Would strive to make them trite and ritual?
I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing more than Plato things I learned
At that best Academy, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenchantment which is God,
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By faith contrived against our nakedness,
Or him who, cruel kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east window of divine surprise.

—James Russell Lowell.

WEALTH AGAINST EDUCATION.

THIS is the last of \$10,000 left me by a fond and devoted father—all spent in liquor and other dissipation," was written on a ten dollar bill which found its way into a New England bank not long since.

I do not know, but presume this was one of those cases where money is hoarded by "fond and devoted parents" for their children, to the neglect of their education. Such examples are numerous, and if I can arrest the attention of that class of fathers and mothers who are toiling to accumulate wealth for their children, I will raise the enquiry, what are you doing for the education of these children?

That you feel interested in your children, I do not wonder; they bear your image and your blood flows in their veins. That you feel anxious for their future welfare is equally natural and proper. But the danger is that you will misjudge as to what will constitute the security and future good of your children. What then would you bequeath to them, when called to leave them to work their way in this selfish world? Would you give them wealth? If you will look around you, and trace the history of families that come under your observation, you will find that, in nine cases out of ten, those children who have been reared under the influence of money, and have inherited a fortune accumulated by miserly parents, have been injured, if not ruined, by it. While on the other hand it will be found equally true, in a large majority of cases, that those children which have withstood the temptations and overcome the difficulties

of life, and come up to an honorable manhood and womanhood, have been trained in the school of poverty. Who are the men and women in our nation who to-day stand foremost in every department of industry, lead in every enterprise, and whose energy and power are felt more than others in controlling the destiny of church and state? Were they not once in straightened circumstances? What, then, is our inference? That poverty is preferable to wealth? Should we discourage industry and economy? May I say to parents you must not accumulate property? By no means. Money may be so employed as to benefit your children in the present and in the future.

But I do say to you, if you have the future good of your children at heart, you should train them to habits of industry and self-reliance. No greater calamity can befall a child than to be reared in indolence and in the free use of money. Such children are already in the school of vice and crime, and only a few years will be necessary to prepare them to write on their last ten dollar bill, "This is the last of \$10,000, all spent in liquor and other dissipation." Give your children something profitable to occupy their days; something safe and interesting to employ their evenings. Make their home pleasant and thus hold them from the corrupting influence of the street, the saloon and the bar-room.

Finally, spare no pains nor money necessary to secure to your children a thorough practical education. At this age of the world they must have this culture, to be qualified to act well their part in life.

I hear one of you say, "I was obliged to work so hard when I was a boy, I mean to leave my children in more independent circumstances." If you mean by leaving them money alone, you make a great mistake. If you mean by cultivating in them habits of virtue, integrity, industry and self-reliance, and withal, by securing to them a thorough, practical education, you are not only kind, as parents should be toward their children, but wise in the highest degree. Children thus trained can safely be entrusted with money in their riper years, whether inherited or earned.

But it is too often the case that parents are so engrossed in their business, in the pursuit of wealth, that they neglect the early education of their children. Schools are maintained by law, it may be, but they are schools only in name. Entirely neglected by parents, they are managed and taught by incompetent masters, scholars become irregular in their attendance, and uninterested in their studies, and hence no good results are realized.

All this is wrong and ruinous. Home and school education for your children should first occupy your attention and employ your substance. Spare no pains nor money to make this thorough and extensive, adapting the culture of each child to his peculiar taste and ability to fill some position of honor in life. Bequeath to your children character, culture and intelligence, and it makes little difference whether you leave them wealth or poverty, as these things are generally understood.

—Mentally, as well as physically, food can be too concentrated. That bread is always best for health that contains bran enough to digest it easily.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

From Richard Grant White's new volume bearing the above title, we quote a few paragraphs showing a nice sense of discrimination founded on practical views of the subject:

Aggravate. This word should never be employed in reference to persons, as it means merely to add weight to—to make an evil more oppressive; injury is aggravated insult. Sometimes improperly used in the sense of irritate, as, "I was very much aggravated by his conduct."

Balance, in the sense of rest, remainder, residue, remnant, is an abomination. Balance is metaphorically the difference between two sides of an account—the amount which is necessary to make one equal to the other. Yet we continually hear of the balance of this or that thing, even the balance of a congregation or the balance of an army.

Bountiful is applicable to persons only. A giver may be bountiful, but his gift cannot—it should be called plentiful or large. A "bountiful slice" is absurd.

Fetch expresses a double motion—first from and then toward the speaker; it is exactly equivalent to "go and bring," and ought to be used in the sense of bring alone.

Calculate, besides its sectional use for think or suppose, is sometimes, in the participle calculated, put for likely or apt. "That nomination is calculated to injure the party." It is calculated (designed) to do no such thing, though it may be likely to be.

Citizen should not be used except when the possession of political rights is implied. Newspaper reporters have a bad habit of bringing it out on all occasions, when "person" would express their meaning much better.

Couple applies to two things that are bound together in some way. A "couple of apples" is incorrect, two apples is what is meant.

Dirt means filth, and is not synonymous with dirt or soil. Yet people sometimes speak of a dirt road or of packing dirt around roots of trees they are setting. They mean earth.

Execute. When a murderer is hanged his sentence is executed, the man is not. A man cannot be executed—that is followed out or performed.

Expect looks always to the future. You cannot expect that anything has happened or is happening, but only that it will happen.

Get means to obtain, not to possess. "They have got bad manners." Why will people persist in introducing the word in such sentences as those, where it is so evidently superfluous?

A CURIOUS MEDLEY.

The following curious catalogue of Dickens's works, is worth preservation: "Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," had just finished reading "A Tale of the Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent church were heard, when "Seven Poor Travellers" commenced singing a "Christmas Carol;" "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz" to

show "Little Dorrit," who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" in a street that has "No Thoroughfare" opposite "Bleak House," where "The Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Dr. Mari-gold's Prescriptions" to an "Uncommercial Traveller," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

A GREAT LOSS.

A few days after Dickens's death an Englishman, deeply grieved at the event, made a sort of pilgrimage to Gads Hill—to the home of the great novelist. He went into the famous Sir John Falstaff inn near at hand, and, in the effusiveness of his honest emotions, he could not avoid taking the country waiter into his confidence.

"A great loss this of Mr. Dickens," said the pilgrim.

"A great loss to us, sir," replied the waiter, shaking his head, "he had all his ale sent in from this house!"

This, we are assured, is a story literally true. One is reminded by force of contrast of the French waiter in the gardens of the Palais Royale, who when a customer on a certain memorable afternoon remarked to him that it was a fine day, sadly replied, "Ah, yes, monsieur, it is a fine day, but—but Mirabeau is dead!"—*Galaxy*.

SALARY AND SALT.

When we say of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them he was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus salary comes from salt; and in this view of the word, how many there are who do not "earn their salt."—*Interior*.

THE REVIEWER.

THE ATLANTIC.—The February number of the Atlantic Monthly will maintain the standard which was established by the first number of the year. First in the list of contents is the continuation of the story by Hawthorne, which everyone is reading. Mrs. S. B. M. Piatt contributes a short poem, "There was a Rose," full of the peculiar charm of her fancy; "Wagner and the Pianist, Bulow," is the title of a paper by Alice Asbury; the "Comedy of Terrors" and the "Diversion of the Echo Club" are continued; Elizabeth Stewart Phelps supplies a narrative poem in blank verse, four pages long, entitled "Petronilla;" Col. F. W. Higginson describes in his felicitous way the delights of recreation "In a Wherry" about Newport; "The Castleworth Tragedy" is a story by Alice Dutton; Edward Atkinson runs another tilt against the tariff in an essay entitled "The Visible and the Invisible in Protection;" the second instalment of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" is chiefly a description of the characters who meet around the table, and will disappoint no reader; Wm. Ellery Channing contributes a poem, and another of peculiar form, entitled "A Norse Stev," is the contribution of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The editorial matter, on literature, art, music, science and politics, fills twenty pages and makes an interesting department.

THE OLD AND NEW, for January, besides continuing its own story, two more chapters of "The Vicar's Daughter," and also a couple of fresh pieces of the fictitious pie to be manipulated by half a dozen fingers; a second paper on "Modern English Novels," by Henry W. Bellows, in which the characteristics of Mrs. Whitney's genius are con-

MY MOTHER.

Written for "The Household," by E. CLARK.

Moderato.

1. I'm thinking of the days, mother, The days when you were here; When 'round the fire - side
 2. I'm thinking of your love, mother, Your watch-ful - ness and care: How oft you kissed my
 3. But I will wan - der on, mother; Life's hap - py scenes shall cheer My lone - ly heart, for

bright we met, Each oth - er's heart to cheer; And life seemed all a fai - ry dream To
 lit - tle brow, And smooth'd my silk - en hair; And when my heart was faint and sad, Kind
 I shall feel That you are ev - er near; And when death comes to close my eyes, And

my young, guile - less heart; Oh, when I think of you, my mother, The bit - ter tear - drops start.
 words you spoke to me, To bear my spir - its up, my mother, And bid all sor - row flee.
 dim whate'er is fair, Up in that bet - ter world, my mother, I hope to meet you there.

rit. *a tempo.*

Play the last half of the Prelude for an Interlude.

sidered: an article on "The Hymn of Cleanthes," by Edward Beecher, D. D.; a description of the Chicago fire, by Mrs. M. A. Shore; a story by Wild Edgerton, poems by Mrs. F. H. Cooke, John W. Chadwick, Constance F. Woolson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and William C. Gannett, besides the Greek of Cleanthes' Hymn and translations by Dr. Beecher and James Freeman Clarke; following them up with "The Examiner" on new books and "Record of Progress," treating of Harvard College and the Social Science Association. The number contains, also, a warm tribute to the late Fred W. Loring.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY shows no abatement of interest now that it has become the leading illustrated paper of the country, by the withdrawal of its recent competitor "Every Saturday." The numbers of Harper thus far issued in 1872 have not been surpassed in variety, interest and excellence, at any time since it began. And Mr. Curtis continues to edit his own inimitable way. We cordially commend the Weekly as the best of American Pictorials.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.—This excellent scientific, monthly begins the new year with an unusually good number. As a presage of its future excellence, it appears in a new and beautiful dress, which cannot fail to be admired by ever-

one. We are glad to notice the continued success of this valuable magazine, and recommend all of our readers interested in scientific or industrial matters to subscribe to it, as its pages always contain practical information regarding the newest and most useful discoveries and inventions in science and art. Among the articles in the present issue we notice those on "Ready Made Houses," "International Societies," "New Rotary Drilling-Machine," "The Selden Double-Action Plunger Pump," "Floral Fountains," "Manufacture of Russia Iron," "New Sources of Supply for Paper," "Fallacious Theories of Boiler Explosions," besides many others, all admirably illustrated. Published by the Engineers' and Manufacturers' Publishing Company, 37 Park Row, New York. \$2 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for January 20th is a model of what a select literary magazine should be. All the best light monthlies of London are represented. This weekly magazine is the only one in the country which gives the cream of the English monthlies. Perhaps we can produce better ourselves, but we all want to know what is doing in the same line among our English cousins.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW, for December, is a splendid number, containing a finely illustrated article on Chicago, first class stories, and a large

amount of other reading matter. This is the oldest and best publication of the order of Odd Fellows, and at the same time is a superior family magazine. The next number commences the thirtieth volume. Published by the American Odd Fellow Association, 96 Nassau street, New York.

THE CABINET MAKER.—This excellent paper comes regular every week to our table filled with everything of the greatest importance to the furniture trade, both employer and employe. No practical cabinet maker should be without it. Published every Saturday by I. H. Symonds, 50 Congress and 78 Water streets, Boston, Mass.

We have received Briggs & Bro's. Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs and Plants. This is one of the largest and handsomest catalogues we have yet seen, and its highly embellished cover, tinted leaves and full page colored illustrations make it quite a work of art. Its illustrated plates are models of pictorial beauty, and its contents embrace useful hints upon the growth and raising of flowers and vegetables, which are the results of years of practical experience. There is no person interested in flowers, house or garden plants, or engaged in the raising of vegetables or market cereals, who cannot be benefited by the possession of this valuable and beautiful illustrated catalogue. An enclosure of twenty-five cents, secures it pre-

paid, and the amount in seeds is returned, if an order follows the purchase of a catalogue. Address Briggs & Bro., Rochester, N. Y.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1872 has been received. This book is the most beautiful and instructive catalogue and floral guide we ever examined. It contains one hundred and twelve pages, illustrated with over three hundred engravings of flowers and vegetables, besides two colored plates giving thorough directions for the culture of all kinds of flowers and vegetables. It will be sent on application for ten cents to any one. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1872 is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with fine engravings. It is replete with elevated sentiment in poetry and prose, and useful household notes. A novel feature of its pages is a "Visit Record," printed in fancy styles, for keeping a complete record of all calls and visits made or received through the year. Price 50 cents. Geo A. Coolidge, publisher, 143 Washington St., Boston.

Those in want of flower seeds, bulbs, etc., will find a good assortment given in the annual catalogue of Sarah H. Martin, Marblehead, Mass. Particular care is given to send out none but the best, and purchasers may be sure of having their orders filled promptly and correctly.



TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years,
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers, and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

—Selected.

GOOD BREAD.

HOLY Writ assures us that bread is the staff of life; and our daily experience fully proves the truth of the assertion. But it is not enough to procure this staff of life in sufficient quantity; the excellence of its quality is also of great importance. The strong, healthy man may perhaps eat poor bread without experiencing any inconvenience; but the delicate child or the invalid, whose impaired digestion requires great carefulness in diet, cannot pay too much attention to the quality; bread is indeed to them the staff of life. The superior nutritious properties of bread have been disputed, but the doubt has been dispelled by some chemical researches made in France testing the comparative nutriment of various edibles.

Messrs. Percy and Vanguelin have discovered that bread contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92; common beans, 89; peas, 93; cabbages and turnips contain only 8 parts solid matter in 100 pounds; while 100 pounds of potatoes contain 25 pounds of solid substance. And as a general result the scientific reporters estimate that one pound of good bread is equal to two and one-half or three pounds of good potatoes! An alarming statement to many of us, who have supposed potatoes quite equal to bread in nutriment. The Irish, whose food in the old country chiefly consists of potatoes and milk, might find bread quite as cheap food if they could raise the wheat. Potatoes also give a flabbiness to the muscular system.

The word bread is derived from brayed grain, from the verb to bray or pound; indicative of the old method of preparing the flour. Dough comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *deawian*, to wet, to moisten. Loaf is from the Anglo-Saxon *lif-ian*, to raise, to lift up, as raised bread. Leaven is derived from the French verb *levee*, to raise, as the Saxon word *lif-ian*.

The superiority of good home-made bread has long been acknowledged, yet how few families really make good bread. All bakers use alum, which is injurious to the health, and causes indigestion in delicate persons. But the alum benefits the baker in several ways; it causes his loaves to separate evenly and without trouble, and increases the weight of the loaf, as it makes the flour absorb more water; therefore, a four pound loaf of baker's bread will contain less nourishment than a loaf of home-made bread of equal weight. Economy should make every woman her own bread-maker. The alum also imparts a better color to the flour, and conceals any unpleasant odor arising from damaged flour. Baker's bread dries much quicker than home-made. The reason, is, that alum is what chemists call an efflorescent salt, that is, it dries by exposure to the air; common salt is deliquescent, that is, it attracts moisture from the air; therefore, bread which contains salt only will keep moist much longer than that which contains alum. These are certainly reasons why every woman should make her own bread, or have it made in her kitchen.

We purpose to give a few recipes for bread-making that will not fail. First we will give a recipe for making yeast. The yeast bought at the door is not always of good quality. The recipe for hop yeast given has been tested for twenty years, and rarely fails; never, if the yeast jug is perfectly sweet and the yeast properly made: Boil in a porcelain or copper tinned kettle, two large handfuls of hops, tied in a cloth, six large potatoes sliced thin, in six quarts of water. When the potatoes are very soft skim them out, and either rub through a colander or mash fine on a plate. Take out the hops, squeeze dry, and hang away for another time, as they can be used twice. Keep the water boiling, mix one and one-half pints of wheat flour to a smooth batter with cold water, add one tablespoonful of ginger, two of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt; mix in the mashed potatoes, stir all into the boiling water, and boil ten minutes. Turn into a six quart tin pan. When milk-warm to the touch add one teacup of yeast. Let it rise over night, then put into a stone jug.

This yeast will keep in a cellar, perfectly good for six weeks. A large teacupful will make two large loaves of bread. Be sure to reserve a teacupful to rise the yeast with the next time. Always scald the jug thoroughly and keep water in it over night, with a tablespoonful of saleratus stirred into it. This will sweeten the jug. It takes a larger quantity of this yeast to rise bread, biscuit, or muffins than of distillery yeast, but the effect is quite as good. Once used, the yeast man's bell will pass unheeded.

To make bread of first-rate quality, the sponge should be made over night. Bread that has been raised three times is much the best. It is of a firm, even texture, has no fissures or cracks, and the slice presents an even surface. Here is a recipe that rarely fails: Take one quart of new milk, and add boiling water sufficient to make it warm to the touch. (Water can be substituted for the milk, but bread made without milk dries more rapidly.) Add one teaspoonful of salt, stir in three quarts of flour and one teacup of home-made yeast, or three tablespoonfuls of distillery yeast. Mix well together, then sprinkle flour all round the edges of the batter or sponge, leaving

a small space in the middle uncovered. Set in a warm place to rise, covering with a pan. In summer the sponge will be ready to mold over before breakfast. Mix it up thick so that it can be kneaded well, and knead it half an hour or more. Chopping it with a chopping knife adds to its lightness and porosity. When well kneaded, sprinkle flour on the bottom of the pan thickly, put in the dough, and set it away for half an hour or more, but watch it closely. (Bread making should be most carefully tended, as any neglect ruins the whole. If allowed to rise too much its sweetness is gone, and though saleratus will take away the acidity, its aroma and flavor are destroyed.) When light enough, turn out on the molding-board and knead thoroughly; divide into two loaves, reserving a portion for biscuit, so that the new-made loaves may not be cut that day. Mold well, put into the pans, let it rise in a warm place fifteen minutes, then bake in a hot oven. If the oven be hot, the bread will lose less weight in baking than when the oven is slack. The batter can be baked in the morning in muffin rings, and makes delicious breakfast cakes, better than hot biscuit.

Bread made with potatoes is very nice; if the flour is not of St. Louis brand it improves its quality: Boil three large potatoes, well pared, or six good sized ones; rub them through a colander into your bread pan. Rinse them through the colander with a pint of boiling water; add one quart of milk. Stir in half a pint of flour, and when the liquor is cool enough add a teacup of home-made yeast; set it in a warm place. If this is done after dinner—using the potatoes left from the table—the sponge will be ready for more flour by eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Now mix to a stiff batter, sprinkle flour over it, set to rise. In the morning knead into a stiff dough, let it rise well, then knead again, put into pans, let it rise fifteen or twenty minutes, and bake in a hot oven.

All bread, biscuit or doughnuts raised with yeast should rise after being kneaded before they are baked. If put into the oven or fried directly they are never light. The dough has had no opportunity to recover its elasticity, and cannot be as good. Common sized loaves of bread will bake in three-quarters of an hour, provided the oven is of proper heat.

Palatable as good wheat bread is, there is no doubt that eating it entirely is not conducive to health. Rye, Indian meal and coarse flour make bread that is better adapted to the development of the muscles. Boston brown bread is much used, and is far better for young children than bread made of superfine flour. It is easily made: Take two quarts of Indian meal, sifted, one quart of rye meal or Graham flour, one large spoonful of salt, one teacup of molasses, one teacup of home-made yeast, or half the quantity of brewers' yeast. Mix with hot water as stiff as one can stir it, let it rise one hour, bake in deep earthen or iron pots, which are made purposely. To avoid the thick crust produced by baking so long, boil it four hours and bake one, removing the cover before setting it into the oven.

Good bread and butter cannot be made without some experience and intelligence. Upon their quality depends half the comfort of the table, and yet full half the people in this country never taste them in perfection.—Selected.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—With the coming of the new year I again renew my subscription for the highly prized HOUSEHOLD. I could not see where the one dollar needful for its continuance was to come from, but just at the right time a couple of travelers came and requested food and a night's lodging, which I willingly granted—pardon for being so selfish—thinking all the while of the money and how I would expend it; for you see we farmer's wives, who share our lot with the homesteads away out on the prairies of Nebraska, do not always find the dollars as often as we find wants for them. But we are willing to sacrifice almost anything rather than discontinue your pleasant and profitable visits, which are like rays of sunshine in our western home.

I send a recipe for mince pies which I know to be good, for mother has used it these twenty years: Two pounds of chopped beef, three pounds of chopped apples, three-fourths of a pound of chopped suet, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, two pounds of currants or raisins; make it quite moist with new cider, (one quart will not be too much,) the more moist the better; a little pepper and cinnamon, and one-fourth of an ounce of cloves.

I think you will like the pies made from this recipe, especially if eaten with a nice piece of cheese. MINNIE.

Platteville, Neb.

MY DEAR FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—O, how many times I have longed to take my pen and write to you all. When about my work I have many times found myself inditing letters to you, but never until the present moment have found time to put my thoughts on paper, and now I have so much to say, so many thoughts crowding in, I do not know where to commence. Well, first, or firstly, as our minister says, perhaps you want to know what part of the earth I hail from. I am not ashamed in the least to tell, in fact, I am rather proud to say that Winchendon, Mass., is my native land, where I was reared, married, (for I am not an old maid, God bless them,) and my present home, "and I hope to live and die here as my father and grandfather have done before me," in the language of Gilbert Ainslie. My name you may guess. Baby is sound asleep, the "head" of the house is in the depths of his daily, so I am not likely to be disturbed. I believe the morning hours are called the golden, but, mothers, are not the evenings so to us after each little head is pillowed safely for the night, the house is quiet, and we can find a moment for rest and silent thought?

Now about THE HOUSEHOLD. I have had every number since it came into existence and have just renewed my subscription for another year. I do not know what part of it I like best, it is all so good. I have tried many of the recipes, and always found them excellent. I like to read the letters better than I can tell, and Olive, (you all know her,) I do like to read anything from her. I wish she would write for every number. A great many of my friends here take THE HOUSEHOLD and all are loud in praise of it. I have taken quite a variety of magazines and newspapers, but never had one that pleased me every way like THE HOUSEHOLD. But this is enough for the first; and in truth I am

feeling the fatigue of the day, for I have been almost as busy as the good lady who said "I have washed, baked and ironed six pies to day." Love to all.

KITTLE.

Good for you, Uncle Frank! In behalf of wives generally I make you my best bow, with a hearty "Thank you sir." I did not look for a response in that direction, but it is all the better for coming from your side of the house. "John" will take it kindly from you, but if one of the wives had written it, perhaps he would turn up his nose and impatiently throw THE HOUSEHOLD on the table. I see you go in for "woman's rights;" well, so do I; not the kind of rights that some of our Amazons are prating about, but domestic, home, family, fireside rights. These political women who want to vote and get into office, and "rule the roost," are my especial horror. I would like to see them all at the wash-tub; the smell of soap-suds would do them good, I think. And it would not hurt my feelings much to see them cleaning stove funnels. If they don't get smutty and wish themselves clean from the whole affair before they get through with it, I am mistaken—Victoria C. Woodhull not excepted. Women have their rights, and they are sometimes woefully trampled upon, but in my opinion they do not extend into politics. I have no aspirations in that direction, and would not thank Victoria, if she was President today, for an office. There are plenty of responsibilities down here in my low corner; all that I care to bear, and more, I fear, than I can well account for in the great settling day.

There are good true-hearted husbands all over the land, among all classes; and there are also good noble wives, whose lives are given a constant, willing sacrifice for the welfare and happiness of the home circle. And there are bad husbands and bad wives, a great deal worse than counterfeit money, for you can burn that and get rid of it, but a bad companion will blast and wreck the life of any man or woman living. They may not be very bad, only thoughtless, or selfish, or careless and inactive; and, alas for those who are tied to them for life! They need to be lectured on both sides, with line upon line, and precept upon precept. And especially do the young, those who are just starting on the matrimonial voyage, need kind words of advice from the wise and experienced; but I often think the wives get more than their part of the advice, and are much oftener rebuked and admonished for their shortcomings, than the husbands. In most of the periodicals which I read, there are more or less articles written expressly for wives. The husbands are pictured as having a great deal of trial, anxiety and care in their business, or in contact with the world; and they come home tired and fretted, and "out of sorts" generally.

The wives are told that they ought not only to be dressed neat and tidy, and have a nice supper all ready, but to meet them with a smile and be ready to wait upon them and soothe with gentle words and kind deeds their disturbed spirits. That is very well, and would, no doubt, be a sweet ending to a poor fellow's weary day; but, dear me! who is going to soothe and comfort the poor, tired, overworked wife? When I read such articles the thought comes, "I do wish that some one who is capable of

doing justice to the case would once in a while take up the other side." I cannot. My pen is not eloquent enough to portray the picture. I appeal to those who can—for if men could be made to realize the weight of the burden which wives and mothers have to bear, I think they would appreciate them better, and have more sympathy for them than many husbands do. There are exceptions. There are husbands whose great, true hearts are a hiding place for their loving care-worn wives, and whose deep, strong affections are a recompense for all their sufferings and toil; but too many of them are sadly deficient in their estimation of wives.

Men have their cares, I know, and are sometimes sorely perplexed to know how to provide for the wants of their families, but they have no idea of the care, anxiety, perplexity, and petty but never-ceasing vexations of a woman who has all the cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, knitting and spinning to do for a family, with a dairy and half a dozen little ones to care for. She has more than she ought to do without being hindered; but here they are, noisy, mischievous, full of wants, continually getting hurt, and continually calling for mother to right their wrongs, to fix their playthings, or do this or that, and cannot be put off. The baby cries and must be tended—work drags—she cannot get it done—the minutes fly, and dinner time comes, but dinner is not ready. John, who has such a hard time battling with the world, comes in and begins to find fault because his mouth cannot instantly be filled with good things. The poor wife, who was almost distracted before, feels a great pain cut through her heart like a knife. She has done the best she could, and to be found fault with, discourages her entirely. Really, she don't feel much like smiling, but perhaps she does, though her heart is breaking. After John has eaten his dinner and has gone, she would be glad to go away all alone and have a hearty cry; but no! she cannot stop for that. Susie's dress lies in the work-basket and Susie wants it to wear to church next Sunday. The mother cannot bear to have her disappointed; so, bravely crowding back the tears, she sits down with aching head and heart to the task.

I have seen so many anxious, care worn, pale-faced women, whose lives were all one long scene of toil and self-sacrifice, and whose hearts were aching for a word of sympathy and encouragement, that I sometimes wish for the tongue of an orator, or the pen of a ready writer, that I might advocate their cause. There are mothers who long for a word of gratitude and love from a dear son for whom they have toiled and prayed for long years; there are sisters who would be glad of even a look of love from a brother; and I have known girls with hearts full of affection, who married because they wanted some one to love them, some one to sympathize with them and protect them with a strong arm, but they found after marriage that they had been sacrificed on the altar of another's selfishness. Instead of affection, they found coldness; instead of sympathy, they were sneered at for being such babies; instead of encouragement, they were found fault with even when doing the best they knew how; instead of being cheerful and rosy, they became nervous, gloomy, pale and spiritless, with no ambition, and no desire for life.

I have known women, who have worked hard day and night to help accumulate property; who have reared large families; and in all those years scarcely knew a day's rest, but have dragged themselves around when sick enough to be abed, rather than ask for help; and when their husbands were worth their thousands, they could not ask for things which were really needed by the family without receiving a storm of abuse. Talk about women's rights! Away with your ballot box! you are welcome to that, ye lords of creation; but I beseech you, husbands, sons and brothers, in the name of suffering humanity, and for the sake of your own happiness, treat your wives, your mothers and sisters with kindness, with sympathy and affection, and with such treatment any true woman will be satisfied.

If "John," when he came home to dinner and found it not ready, had said, "Poor Mary! I am sorry you have to work so hard and have so much to trouble you; come, give me the baby while you get dinner ready," he would have got a smile and a look of gratitude, and she would have gone to her work with a light heart, without a thought about "woman's rights;" but when he scolded her, was it any wonder if she said to herself, "must I bear all this? Have I no rights?" and it would not be very strange if she felt a secret desire to get hold of the reins herself.

I have heard it said that slaves make the worst of masters, and none drive so hard as those who have been driven themselves. It will be wisdom for men in the future to study policy a little, and put on their best behavior, and be as agreeable as they can to the weaker vessels, for they are rising; and if they should win the day and get the power. I expect they will press hard and put the screws on tight.

I have said there were poor wives as well as poor husbands, and there is chance for reform on both sides. There certainly is trouble somewhere, and a terrible rattling of broken wheels in the domestic machinery. Only once in a while can two be found who will pull long together. They get to pulling different ways, the harness breaks, and then comes a smash-up. It is high time that all husbands and all wives were examining themselves to see if any of the sin lies at their doors, and to learn what they can do to make happier homes and pleasanter firesides. But I have talked too long. If the Editor is not a very patient man, he will throw the whole sheet in the fire without reading. Hoping something I have written may set somebody to thinking. I remain, with many thanks for the kind remembrances from unknown friends in THE HOUSEHOLD,

Your friend,
OLIVE OLDSTYLE.

SALT RAISED BREAD.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. G. W. P. wishes to know how to make "nice salt raised bread." I think if she will try the following recipe she will like it:

Take equal quantities of new milk and boiling water—one pint each makes two good sized loaves—adding flour sufficient to make a stiff batter, keep it in a warm place, in water the temperature of the batter is best, stirring it occasionally till it begins to rise. When it is ready to mix again, which will be in from four to six hours, (generally about five.) stir in as much flour as can be mixed thor-

oughly without kneading, fill the dishes about half full and keep in a warm place till the dishes are full, which will be in half or three-quarters of an hour, and with an hour's baking in an oven of the right heat, you will have good bread. With some flour, a little soda dissolved in hot water and stirred in before putting it in the dishes, is an improvement.

E. J. H.

MESSRS. GEO. E. CROWELL & Co.:—I send the following in answer to an inquiry which I saw in your paper:

Salt Raised Bread.—Two cups of boiling water and two cups of sweet milk poured together, and a little salt. Thicken with flour till you have a batter a little thicker than you would make for griddle cakes. Let the dish you mix in be a quart mug or pitcher, set it in a kettle and pour warm water around it, and keep it on the hearth near the fire. Keep it pretty warm for two hours and then increase the heat a little, but not enough to cook the batter at the bottom. If it does well it should rise to the top of the pitcher in five hours. Have flour enough for two loaves sifted, and if the weather is cold, warmed a little. Melt a large tablespoonful of lard, pour this and the raised batter into the flour; mould thoroughly till it feels light under your hands, but don't work it till it grows cool; this is an important point. Divide in two parts, lay in well-buttered bread tins, and raise till fit to bake. My present cook uses only water, but milk makes nice bread if you are not troubled by its souring. I learned to make this bread through much tribulation and some tears, and I hope the young housekeeper will be successful. Mrs. E. P. H.

Mrs. G. W. P. inquires how to make salt raised bread. I make a pint of thin batter in an earthen jar or pitcher, with flour, very warm water, and a teaspoonful of salt. The salt is necessary, as it produces a chemical change in the flour.

Set the jar, lightly covered, in a vessel of quite warm water, where it can be kept very warm. Stir the batter several times while fermenting, and do not allow it to get cold or it will be likely to sour. I have much the best success when I keep it warm as possible without scalding. Warm the flour, milk, or water, used for mixing, and mix when the yeast is just commencing to rise. Set to rise, keeping the loaves a little warmer than for hop yeast. A. E. W.

MR. CROWELL:—In a late number of THE HOUSEHOLD, a young housekeeper, Mrs. G. W. P., desires some one to tell her how to make good raised bread, and some of my family wish me to send my method.

For making yeast, take ten good sized potatoes, wash and pare them, then place in a porcelain kettle with three quarts of water to boil. Have ready one tablespoonful of pressed hops, which place in about a pint of water, and let this boil well. When the potatoes are boiled, take one coffee-cupful of flour, one-half cup of salt, together with the potatoes, and press these through a colander, by pouring the water in which the potatoes were boiled, together with the strained hop water. This, when mixed together, will make about four quarts. When this is about blood warm, add one small cup of white sugar and a coffee-cupful of good sweet yeast, stir this violently together, then place in a nice clean covered pail, and set—not on the stove—but in a

warm room. If placed too near the fire it has a sour taste, having raised too quickly. If this is mixed in the morning it will, before night, have a thick scum over the top; stirring this in will make it whiter. At night put this in jugs or bottles, but do not cork it up until morning, then cork and put in some cool place. When wanted for use shake it well. It will be nice and foamy.

Now to make good raised bread, it is essentially necessary to use the very best flour. It makes more bread than the same amount of poor flour, besides giving you nice soft white raised bread fit for a king. To make two large loaves, take your flour in a pan, put one tablespoonful each of lard and salt in the flour, then take one cup of boiling water—be sure it boils—and pour upon the lard, salt, etc., mixing all the flour you can with this boiling water, then add one cup of cold water and mix with that, then add one cup of yeast and mix all thoroughly together, kneading it a good deal, as this makes the bread finer in the grain, so called, then place this in a pan which is large enough for it to raise as much again, and cover with another. This mixed at night will be sufficiently risen in the morning to bake for biscuit, letting them rise an hour or so. I bake them immediately, not being an early riser.

Knead over the remainder and place in two common bread tins, putting two or more loaves—three is better—into each pan, not filling the pans more than half full in thickness, to give chance for the bread to raise again. This should be set in a warm room, (but not on the stove to hurry it,) some three hours, or until the pans are full, then bake in a moderately quick oven about one-half hour. If not good, your flour is poor.

People err greatly in trying to hurry the raising of bread, and by placing too much bread in the pans, not giving sufficient room for it to rise.

Mrs. G. E. R.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

My New Year's thoughts cannot emanate from the dregs of the old year, they spring fresh from the heart of her infant successor, so they may be a little behind time, but the old adage says, "better late than never," upon which, however, there may be discussion in this case, as what I have to say upon the subject of health may clash with some of the pickled notions and perserved ideas of many of your readers.

I have implicit faith in your directions for the care and culture of flowers, in your picture frames and card racks, and all the beautiful devices that you put forth to embellish and make home attractive; and I appreciate your general advocacy of the laws of life and health; but I have a bone to pick with some of your readers, who are constantly filling their corner of your columns with directions for making rich cake, pastry, and edibles generally, that would manufacture a dyspeptic out of an original, or aboriginal, red man, in a short time.

Professor Welch of Yale, says in "True Living," "The first essential to human happiness is good health. I do not say that happiness is the noblest condition of the mind, but I do say that health is the noblest condition of the body; we should strive for it, plan for it, achieve it." The best of gifts is "a sound mind in a sound body," and we cannot have either without living simply and temperately in regard to taking food.

We may, it is true, live a long time in the daily use of rich meats, pastry, spices and condiments, but our sin will find us out in time, although a person who exercises a great deal, will not suffer as much as one with sedentary habits.

Dr. Abernethy said, "The cause of the complicated maladies of the human race is, their gormandising, stimulating and stuffing their digestive organs to excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation." If we did not constantly study what we shall eat and drink, and in addition to our already overloaded cookery books and stomachs, were not continually inventing new and complicated dishes to please the palate, thereby causing us to take twice the quantity of nourishment that we require, we should be comparatively free from the many "ills that flesh is heir to," and existence alone would be happiness.

As your readers seem to be fond of good things I will send them a couple of excellent recipes for making wholesome bread, which if they try they will try again.

To make Gems.—See that your oven is hot enough to bake potatoes, and that your oblong iron or tin pans are hot and greased with olive oil. Now mix wheat meal or graham flour with cold water, or milk and water if preferred, to the consistency of corn bread batter, with the greatest possible rapidity, and put instantly into the pans and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. Success depends upon the speed of the whole process.—*Herald of Health.*

Another: Dr. Bellows, in his work, "Philosophy of Eating," gives what he considers the true method: "My 'ideal loaf' is made from wheat perfectly fair, and free from smut or other disease, not having been wet or molded before or after grinding, carefully kept clean after being properly ground, so as to need no sifting, and not being bolted, it retains every part that belongs to it, needing no addition except cold water."

Now let us all begin the New Year with a determination to reform our habits of living, and health and long life will be our reward. NEMO.

THE USE OF SODA AND SALERATUS.

I have seen housekeepers who seem to be ignorant of the effect of soda upon the materials used in cooking. They seem to have an idea that soda alone has a tendency to make anything rise. Hence they used it indiscriminately in bread, biscuit or cake. Years ago I knew an old lady who had this idea, and it was impossible to convince her to the contrary. Whenever she was afraid that the bread would not be light enough, she would add a quantity of saleratus. Her bread was often as yellow as saffron and not fit to eat.

I often see yellow piecrust, especially upon chicken and meat pies, plainly showing that soda has been used. Soda or saleratus should never be used unless the bread or pastry is sour, or unless you add to the flour, or to the dry soda, before mixing, a proportionate quantity of acid—such as cream of tartar. If you add soda alone to a perfectly sweet material it has no more effect in making it rise than would so much salt. It will however, effect the flavor and color of the material.

When using soda, be careful to use only enough to neutralize the acid. Some persons consider the use of soda at all in

cooking, as positively injurious. They labor under a mistake, I think. Where the alkali and acid are properly proportioned and come together in the moist material, they completely neutralize each other and form a compound—Rochelle salt—the presence of which in small quantities is not perceptible, nor is it considered unwholesome.

When too much soda has been used in bread or biscuit, it is readily manifested by the color. In cookies or sponge-cake, it is not so easily detected, as the yellow tinge may be supposed to be due to the eggs used. I am not thus deceived. The color given to cakes and cookies by eggs is a bright, rich, golden yellow, while that from the use of too much soda is a dull, smutty, heavy-looking yellow.

There are those who consider the free use of soda as very beneficial to health. They make a serious mistake. Soda is sometimes used as a medicine to correct acidity in the stomach. It is better at such times, to take the quantity prescribed mixed in a little water and not in the food. The free use, for a length of time, of cookies, cake etc., in which there is a superabundance of alkali, will result in impaired digestion.—*Cor. American Agriculturist.*

HOW TO MAKE A BRICK OVEN.

Many a housekeeper, especially a farmer's wife, longs for a good old-fashioned brick oven, especially when there are several loaves of bread and a dozen pumpkin pies to bake at once.

A brick oven built in the old style, out of doors, entirely separated from the dwelling house, is more safe, so far as danger from fire is concerned, than if built by the side of the fire-place in the house. A good brick oven for baking bread, pies and cakes, is worth all the ranges and cook stoves that one could store in his kitchen. In such an oven everything will be baked just right, above and below, through and through.

After a foundation has been prepared, let two courses of hard bricks be laid for the bottom of the oven. Then build the mouth and part of the sides, until it is desirable to begin to draw the sides inward, when sand or mellow earth may be placed on the foundation and the surface smoothed off and pressed down to the desired form of the oven. Now let the brick-work be built over this form of sand. Let two courses of hard brick be laid over the form with the best of mortar. After the last brick is laid, the sand may be removed.

The bricks should be soaked for several hours in water previous to being laid, so they will not absorb the moisture of the mortar until it has set. Such an oven will cost but a few dollars. Many people can collect a sufficient number of loose bricks and pieces around their dwellings to build an oven. Besides this, any intelligent man, though only half a mechanic, can build such an oven about as well as a mason.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

STEAMING HULLED CORN.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I saw in your paper my way of hulling corn, and having been hulling some this week, made me think of the injunction, to be careful not to burn it; that is very difficult to avoid as it takes so long to cook it properly unless you have some arrangement to prevent it. My way is to put a tin steamer into the kettle, letting it rest

on the kettle where it sets on the stove. The steamer is just a round piece of tin with holes in it. My first one was an old tin plate, that had been used for years, with the rim pulled off and nail holes made in it. It lasted me a long time. I just mention this for the benefit of those who live far away from a tin shop, and as a matter of economy. After the corn is hulled, put the steamer in the kettle, then put in the corn, and as none of it goes into the lower part of the kettle there is no danger of its burning. If the settlings happen to scorch a little it does not hurt the corn. It seems just no work at all for me to hull corn. I have it nearly fortnightly, and my boarders think it the nicest supper I can get. I boil, or rather steam, all my puddings by setting them on that tin, not having water enough to boil over the top of the dish; they are much lighter and nicer than when put into the water.

SARA.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have taken the liberty to send you a recipe for making sponge cake, which I can warrant to be easy enough to make, and nice enough after it is made, to satisfy the most fastidious of your lady readers. If it is liked, I will, at times, send others, all of which have been tested by the experience of a Virginia housekeeper.

Sponge cake.—Take any even number of eggs, balance them with sugar, then take out half the eggs, and balance the remainder with flour. Beat together the yolks of the eggs and the sugar, and mix them with the whites, which must previously be whipped to a stiff froth. Flavor with lemon or rosewater, bake in a buttered mould and a quick oven.

S. B. N.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, one egg, salt, stir as thick as pound cake, add fruit of any kind, and boil an hour and a half, or steam two hours.

AUNT ELIZA'S CAKE.—A tablespoonful of butter, and fill the cup with sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sugar, nearly two cups of sifted flour, salt and spice to taste.

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—One pint of sour milk, one large teaspoonful of soda, salt, stir very thick, and bake on a griddle. They are delicious.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Mix fine salt and cream of tartar, moisten with water and lay on the stain; expose to the sun, and repeat the application if necessary. Mrs. H.

I will send you one of my recipes for cooking which is very nice.

SQUASH MUFFINS.—To one pint of sifted squash add three large tablespoonfuls each of sugar, melted lard, yeast and (if the squash is very dry) milk, mix very stiff, let it rise till very light, then with a spoon drop them into a pan, not letting them touch each other, and bake quick. The addition of an egg makes very nice pancakes. A. M. N.

COTTAGE CAKE.—Two cups of white sugar, two cups of sweet milk, five cups of flour, one cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mrs. W.

SWEET APPLE CAKE.—Make the same as any berry cake, substituting sweet apples cut in small pieces in place of the berries.

Another: Make a nice Indian cake as for breakfast, stir in sweet apples, cut in small pieces, and bake, and you will find it delicious.

Apples are also a great addition to an Indian pudding. A.

MR. CROWELL:—I send the enclosed recipes, and as they are very nice, we often use them.

WAFFLES.—One pint of sour milk, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream, or the same of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one pint of flour.



WE'RE FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

We're floating down the river—
The noiseless stream of time—
Its voyagers of all ages,
They hail from every clime;
It has its lights and shadows,
'Tis fraught with hopes and fears,
Some cross it in a moment,
And some are crossing years.

We're floating down the river;
At first it seems so wide,
That our frail barks can never
Land on the other side;
The trip seems one of pleasure,
We've nothing now to fear,
No tempest can beset us
While skies are fair and clear.

We're floating down the river;
As further on we go
The stream appears more narrow,
The waters faster flow;
We're looking out for dangers
That lie on every side,
Our watchword, it is "onward,"
As down the stream we glide.

We're floating down the river:
When we've been on it years,
And cast our glances backward,
It but a step appears,
The waters now are deeper,
The bottom lost from view,
Where once the boats were many,
They're scattered now, and few.

We're floating down the river
As others have before,
Of times a boat will leave us
And strike out for the shore,
And then our journey onward
More lone and sad is found,
One comrade less to cheer us,
As we are homeward bound.

We're floating down the river:
Sometime our turn will come
To launch out from the others,
And set our sails for home,
And when shall come that summons
From shores beyond our view,
O, may our boats be ready
To dash the breakers through!

IDOL WORSHIP.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY

YOU would not suspect that open-browed, generous looking woman sitting there on the hearth-rug to be an idol worshiper? Most certainly you would not; she would herself be shocked even at the thought of a sin so great. Yet she is paying homage every day at the shrine of a grim idol which her own hands have enthroned the lord of her life.

Her figure is somewhat slight, yet well rounded and very symmetrical, set off by a nicely fitting gown of plain, dark print, over which a clean white apron lays like a newly fallen snowflake. She is very pretty, even almost beautiful, in the soft baptism of the winter sunlight, yet there is an anxious, troubled expression in her dull brown eyes, and you wonder if her arm does not ache from the rapid motion of the needle she is swiftly carrying in and out through the heavy jacket she is fashioning.

No, Milly Goodwin is not happy, they who fall down before the god she serves are often, often wretched.

One swift glance she cast toward the clock without pausing in her work and

then exclaimed, while the cloud on her face grew darker, "Half past four! But I must finish putting in these sleeves before I leave off to get supper, anyhow," and on flew the needle.

Just then the shouting of merry voices fell on her ear, the door flew open and two rollicking boys fresh from school burst noisily into the room.

"O, see what a lot of snow you're bringing in," exclaimed their mother in dismay.

"Go straight back into the shed and brush your boots; then see if you can't come in a little stiller. You're enough to craze a body."

Ned and Willie Goodwin tumbled over each other as they rushed out to obey the harshly given order. Their vivacity was not dampened in the least by the storm that had greeted them, they were too well accustomed to these little tempests to mind them much, for Mrs. Goodwin was always so hurried and chafed by her many household cares that she had little time and no inclination to cultivate pleasant manners in her family.

"I got these biscuit scorched a little,"—they were gathered about the supper table—"it was getting late and I hurried up my fire too much. And I declare, I guess I forgot to put in any saleratus; well, it is no wonder I forget things sometimes, I have so much on my mind."

The scorched and heavy cakes did not contribute to the cheer of their meal. Mrs. Goodwin was too much absorbed in calculating the probable time it would take her to finish Ned's new jacket to say much, and the half hour passed in silence.

Ah, how many silent meals are eaten in our land, while those who sit together are selfishly busy with their own thoughts, as if there were no common interest to bind them each to the other, no kindly feeling to be expressed, no social virtues to be cultivated and no generous impulses to draw the soul outside itself.

"To-day is Friday," Mrs. Goodwin remarked next morning in her quick way. "It is only next Wednesday that aunt Lucy is coming, and there is such a sight to do between now and then it makes me ache to think of it. Heap the wood-box up full, boys, for I've got to do a lot of cooking, you all do eat so! Then the first of the week I shall have to bake again, and there is some extra cleaning to do, besides all the sewing. It does seem as if I never could get myself and the rest of you ready for cold weather, and here the winter is most half gone," and the poor overburdened woman sighed heavily. "There is no knowing how much company I shall have besides; I do believe I have more than any other woman in town. Aunt Lucy will stay a long time, of course, she always does, but I hope she will be willing to do as much work as she makes."

Now there was nobody more delighted with company than Will Goodwin's wife, and she loved aunt Lucy from the bottom of her kind heart, but she could never forget there was work in entertaining them all, and work with her always meant trouble and anxiety.

O, the business that Mrs. Goodwin carried on in her domain for the next four days! She aspired to be a model housekeeper, a laudable ambition indeed, but one which in the effort to attain there is untold danger of reaching far beyond.

So consumed was she by the labors of those busy days that she had no thought left for anything higher than her wearying cares, no time for reading, no time even to caress the little boys that were famishing for a mother's sympathy.

Mrs. White, her opposite neighbor, dropped in for an hour with her knitting on Tuesday afternoon and found her deeply engrossed in the making over of an old dress, which she was ingeniously turning upside down and inside out, to make it new.

"I am so glad to see you, Laura," and her countenance beamed with unfeigned joy, as she drew a chair for her caller up beside her own. "It seems an age since you were up here, and I haven't seen anybody since the last snow storm." She stirred the fire and then bent down to her work again.

"I conclude you've staid at home all the time yourself then," replied the other with a smile that was quite fascinating for its sweetness.

Mrs. White was a few years the senior of her friend, with a larger family to make her cares and toils more numerous, and a sad story of early loss and trial to overshadow her life, but the light of a peaceful, happy spirit shone in her eye, making her seem young and fair, and her labors were to her as a crown of glory, ennobling her life.

"Is this the fourth or fifth time I have been in to see you since you came down to our house?" she queried, setting herself in the rocking chair and glancing up archly.

"O, Laura, you are too bad now," and a distressed look came into Mrs. Goodwin's face as she spoke. "I am already too much ashamed of my backwardness to need any reminder. I have gazed toward your house with longing eyes many and many a time, but you know I have been overruled with work all the fall, and lately I have had to quicken my step and stretch the days out a little longer that I might get more into them, for I had a letter from aunt Lucy a week ago saying she would visit me if it was convenient. Of course I wrote her immediately telling her it was perfectly so, and urging her to come. She is coming to-morrow, and I shall keep her a good while; you must run in often while she is here. Well then of course there was extra baking to be done and some little jobs of cleaning and clearing up, if a house seems to be in tolerably good order there always is some such work if you are expecting company, you know," she added by way of apology. "I never got the boys' jackets done till Saturday night, and I tell you I had to scratch to get through before Sunday. I dislike to be rushed into the Sabbath, all this hurry and flurry is so wildly out of harmony with the holy, restful spirit of the day. How absorbing this world is!" she added with a sigh.

Laura White's heart was full of pity for her troubled friend, and she was about to hint that perhaps the things of this world might not be quite so absorbing as she was wont to regard them, when she remembered how sore a subject this had become, and turned pleasantly to more common-place topics. Thus the hour passed so quickly that both the ladies were astonished when the children came tramping home from school.

"Why, I meant to fry some cakes for supper," exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin, "and I must do it now, my folks hardly think

they can eat a meal without something warm."

"How much work she makes herself!" was Mrs. White's mental comment, as she wrapped her shawl about her and went home to set on the table, her plain-er, but more healthful supper.

Wednesday noon came and brought aunt Lucy, good, kind aunt Lucy. She was a queenly matron, a little past the noon of life, but accumulating years had not taken from her the bloom of her youth, nor made her weary of living the life which God had allotted.

Long time ago, in the first bright years of her married life, she was suddenly left a widow, but she had already learned to love the Hand that dealt the heavy blow, and all the years that followed, the years that else would have been very dark and weary, were brightened by an unflinching trust in Him who doth not willingly afflict the children of men, and now her noontide was as serene and beautiful as the meridian of a lovely June day.

"We are so glad to see you, aunt Lucy!" and Milly Goodwin embraced her with all the impulsive ardor of her childhood, while the boys, when the first embarrassment of the meeting was over, shouted their welcome with an earnestness that was almost deafening. As for Mr. Goodwin, he was the favorite nephew of aunt Lucy's adoption, and often affirmed that he had never known a dearer aunt. And so it happened that to aunt Lucy was at once accorded the "seat of honor" in the little household.

For a few days Mrs. Goodwin forgot the bondage of her toilsome life, in the joy of meeting her beloved aunt again, and so gay and blithesome did she seem that aunt Lucy affirmed she had grown younger in the few years of their separation.

Mr. Goodwin was delighted with the unusual good humor of his wife, wondering how it happened that she so often found time to smile and speak pleasantly, and the little boys lost some of their hard, boisterous ways, softening into a milder, gentler bearing in the warmer atmosphere. But Mrs. Goodwin's eyelids flew wide open one morning, and she started up suddenly as one awaking from a dream, exclaiming:

"This won't answer. My work never will be done in the world at this rate;" and the old hard master tightened his reins.

"I don't see what has made me so lazy," she remarked in the course of the next forenoon's work. "I haven't done anything to mention for a week, and here I am in perishing need of that dress."

The neglected dress was brought forth and with aunt Lucy to help carry out her plans, was soon finished. Then another job of work came on with just as urgent claims as the first, and before this was finished, another, and then another followed in so quick succession that there was a constant whirlwind in the farmhouse, and all its inmates were caught up and hurried along by its maddening breath.

Mrs. Goodwin wondered "how her husband wore so many holes in his mittens, it kept her mending almost the whole time, and she was nearly crazy with work before;" and so serious did the matter become that Mr. Goodwin took on the air of a culprit whenever a stitch gave way in his mittens.

"There never were such tearing boys

as Ned and Willie," so their mother declared time and again as she sat down to repair some defect in their garments caused by their boyish carelessness, or discovered some fresh misdemeanor in their behavior. She sighed heavily, while the boys wandered farther and farther from the right each day for lack of the tender guidance which their mother could never find the time to give them.

Aunt Lucy felt the influence that was cursing their home circle, her eye was keen enough to perceive the demon which caused it, and many were the tears she shed at thought of the impending ruin, many were the prayers she offered that it might be averted, and often did she gravely ask whether she could be guiltless if she uttered no word of warning.

Yet it would not seem becoming in her, their guest, to interfere with Milly's domestic arrangements, or criticize her management, and moreover the subject was not a pleasant one for conversation. So she tried to quiet her conscience by throwing all the weight of her silent influence against the rising tide, and never allowing an opportunity of exposing the folly and sin of such a course as her niece was pursuing to pass unimproved.

Thus they lived their busy life from day to day, amid the hurry and confusion of its numberless demands, with never an opportunity to take one long, full breath or get one clear glimpse of peace. Alas for aunt Lucy's carefully aimed thrusts at this household foe, for he never seemed to be shaken even in the least, on his exalted throne by all her well-meant efforts, and the unwelcome conviction gradually forced itself upon that excellent lady's mind, that some more decided measure must be adopted.

"It is a sin in the sight of God," she repeated to herself many a time, "the way Milly is sacrificing herself and the highest good of her family to this poor world."

Winter hurried on and the days were growing longer, when aunt Lucy folded up a letter from home one evening remarking:

"I have been making a long visit, to be sure. I must hurry back to the children. Clara writes that 'the baby has been growing fat and sweet every day, and she thinks he looks more and more like his grandma; she knows he wants to see her, for he crows gleefully when papa tells him she is coming home pretty soon.' First babies are perfect prodigies, you know," she added with a quiet smile. "George is to have a short vacation soon too, and Anna's school closes to-morrow. I guess she is glad of it, though she likes teaching." Then after a moment's pause, she went on: "I shall have to commence packing to-morrow, I have been here so long it will be quite a serious job," laughing lightly.

But Mrs. Goodwin could not join in the laugh, she was thinking of the lonely days that would follow her aunt's departure. Aunt Lucy had made herself so useful that she seemed quite indispensable to their comfort, and her sympathy for each of them was always so warm and full that they had come to regard her as part of their family.

"I shall miss you dreadfully, that is a fact," Mrs. Goodwin remarked to her next day, with a strong emphasis on the words.

"School is almost done and the children will be at home with you," her aunt began in reply.

"Turning the house upside down from morning till night," Mrs. Goodwin interrupted with a frown.

"Everybody's boys are noisy, I expect, Milly, and after all it is a great deal better that they be so, even if they are a good deal tiresome sometimes, than that they were stupid and inactive, isn't it, dear?"

"O, yes," her face lighted up a trifle; "I am glad my boys are wide awake, but they are so boisterous, and they do make so much work with their harum-scarum ways," and the old weary look came over her.

"There it is again, the omnipresent, all-important work! Have you never thought, dear Milly, that perhaps this great question is becoming too nearly the one idea of your life? that there might be danger of its absorbing too much of your best endeavor, of its setting itself too high in your aspirations?"

Mrs. Goodwin turned her head and was silent.

"You are not displeased with your plain-spoken aunt, I hope?"

She looked up quickly then. "I never could be displeased with you, aunt Lucy. But I am out of patience with myself, because I can't turn my work off any faster, and I wonder why there is always such a load resting on my shoulders, like a leaden weight. It is the great trial of my life," and a distressed expression came over her face.

"I know it makes you unhappy," aunt Lucy went on softly, "and—"

"But my family require it, and I ought not to complain," interrupted Mrs. Goodwin, trying to look cheerful.

"No, your family do not require it," replied aunt Lucy gravely. "They would be a great deal better off without it, and this is one of the chief reasons why I want to implore you to cast off this 'leaden weight,' Milly."

She looked astonished, but aunt Lucy went quietly on:

"Believe me, it would be a thousand times better for your children, if you would give less time and thought to their food and raiment, and more to their moral culture and development. They, like all children, need a mother's tender instructions, need to be surrounded by the warm, bright atmosphere of love, strengthened by the patience and forbearance that love begets. It is fearful to think of the danger there is of their becoming dwarfed and chilled for lack of this warmth and sunlight, fearful, Milly. And I think you know your husband does not enjoy it. He would be glad to hire the heavy sewing done, and some of the light too, for the sake of seeing his wife breathe more freely. You are suffering too, my dear, from this constant strain, your spirits and your health need more rest and recreation."

"It may be every word you say is true, aunt, though I have never looked at it in just this way before. But supposing it is, how can it be helped? The work must be done, and William can't afford to hire."

"Then economize a little more closely somewhere, let William wear his hat or coat another season, and yourself get along with two dresses instead of three, or somehow. Depend upon it, it will much more than pay for the sacrifice. Slight your work a little."

Mrs. Goodwin opened her eyes wide.

"I am sure I slight it now, fully as much as any decent woman ought to."

"No, you are mistaken about that, Milly," aunt Lucy could not help smiling a little. "There is no need of your keeping your house in such immaculate order that you are distressed if the boys make a little litter, or if William happens to leave something out of place. You would all be just as well off, if the sitting-room carpet was not swept more than half as often, or the kitchen floor mopped every day. There are many ways in which you might spare yourself a few steps and save a little time. Take your stitches a little longer, and put fewer of them into your garments, they would be just as well made and last fully as long. There is a much more excellent and a happier way than that in which you are walking, and I long to see you step into it, dear Milly."

"Yes, aunt, I am very, very weary of this rugged path of toil and care, but I am completely hedged in—I cannot escape." And the tears which stood in her eyes rolled out and fell upon her work.

"There is an escape, my dear, and I have been trying to point it out to you."

Mrs. Goodwin bowed her head and was silent, while her aunt sat waiting for her to speak.

Presently she went on: "You are not willing to transfer to other hands a part of these burdens that are crushing you so? You prefer to carry them all on your own shoulders and let them consume your whole strength? You choose to have all your sunlight go out in darkness, all your music turn to discord, rather than change your mistaken idea of good housewifery, rather than retreat a single step from the false eminence on which you have entrenched yourself? O, Milly."

Her hands flew rapidly at her work but she was still silent, and after a little pause aunt Lucy went on earnestly.

"But there is a higher consideration than any of these, higher, yet embracing them all. 'The Lord our God is a jealous God,' claiming the first place in our thoughts and aspirations, even all the homage of our lives; and can He be pleased with us if we are striving more eagerly for the things of this world, for the accomplishment of some darling scheme, than for our soul's interest? And are we not doing this when we grow so anxious about our houses and garments and various worldly concerns? O, there are other idolaters than those who dwell in heathen lands, and there is many an idol on which no human eye ever rests, enshrined in the inner temples of our beings where we have made gods of our earthly treasures, our misguided ambitions, and our false notions of life's demands and claims. Can we be guiltless then in the sight of Him who has said, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve?'"

Mrs. Goodwin paused in her work and raising her eyes, looked fixedly up at the clear winter sky, as if her thoughts were too high for earth.

"Not guiltless," she murmured, "not guiltless! O, aunt Lucy, I begin to see it all now—all the folly and sin of such a life as I am living. God save me from idolatry," she added, with clasped hands. Then folding up her work, she rose from her seat and left the room.

"I had no idea it was past eleven o'clock!" she said in tones of surprise, as her eyes fell upon the kitchen clock.

"There will not be time to make the pudding for dinner I had intended; but it is no matter, there is plenty of pie and bread, and I will begin at once to defraud the old idol of his homage by being satisfied with what I have to-day."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-two.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

When shall we learn, dear sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD, that what we do, and what we wear, and the particular pattern after which our lives are ordered is but small moment in comparison with what we are? Do we not forget in conjugating the verbs with which the grammars and lexicons of life are crowded, to give due prominence to the verb *to be*? To eat, to drink, to dress, to sleep, to work, to play, to talk, to dance, to pray, to love, to suffer,—of all these, and of countless others, we repeat the moods and tenses over and over again, from the active indicative present, to the short, sharp, decided imperative. But in so doing it seems to me that we are too apt to overlook the fact that *to be* underlies them all, and that *being* is the very corner-stone of *doing*. We must be first, and do afterward.

What started me off upon this train of thought? Why, a score or so of "articles" that have been floating through the newspaper world; some of which have found their way into our own HOUSEHOLD and have been received with more or less approval; articles that dogmatically assert that men, women and children should do thus and so, dress thus or so, live this or that way, without any regard, or with but slight regard, to difference in position or circumstances. One writer—not one of our HOUSEHOLD—undertakes to give his idea of a "nice" girl. Half the newspapers in the country have copied it. Every one of you have seen it, I don't doubt. The "nice" girl rises early and gets, or superintends the getting of, the family breakfast. She makes the toast and tea. She helps the little boys to dress. She feeds the chickens. She brightens up the parlor. She attires herself charmingly in just no time at all, being surpassingly elegant in her plain dress and collar. All this before breakfast. After that all important meal is disposed of, she rushes to the kitchen to "see about" dinner, and so forth and so on. She does wonders—this "nice girl." But her especially strong point is the "tidiness" and "simplicity" of her dress. She always wears a high frock and a plain linen collar. She eschews rings and bracelets. She never wears low-necked dresses, nor a fine bonnet. She— But I may as well stop here. The report of her doings and not doings is growing too long.

Now I am disposed to quarrel with this article, not for what it says—but for what it assumes. This pattern girl of our author is very admirable, without doubt. No one disputes the fact. One can readily believe that she is a great comfort to her mother; and that her father never grumbles over her bills at Stewart's or Quackenbush's, or whoever the magnate of the village merchants may be. The mistake lies in asserting, or at least intimating, that no girl can be "nice" unless she is made after exactly the same pattern. And here I beg leave to enter a protest.

That dreadful bed of Procrustes of which we used to dream horrible dreams in our childhood has, fortunately, gone out of date. It has followed the thumb-screws and the racks of the Inquisition. But, metaphorically speaking, it exists still; and woe unto those who are too long or too short for it! We set up our own standards of right and wrong; and by just so far as the rest of the world fails to accept the same standards, by just so far does it come short of being "nice."

Now "circumstances alter cases," and it is by what a woman, or a girl, is, not by what she does that she should be judged. It is "nice" to get up and prepare the family breakfast, when there is a necessity for so doing. But it is equally "nice," when it is not necessary, to save one's time and strength for something else; or even to indulge in the morning beauty-sleep that goes so far towards the preservation of a woman's youth and freshness. To get up in the cold grey dawn of a winter's morning and lay the breakfast table is by no means of itself one of the cardinal virtues. It is a virtue, girls,—and a duty, as well—if by so doing you lessen the cares and labors of a weary mother; or add in any considerable degree to the comfort or refinement of the family circle. But there is nothing specially meritorious in the act itself; and a girl may be just as "nice" who has never "superintended the morning meal," as one who has laid the table cloth every morning for ten years.

Ah, my friends! let us not "pay tithes of anise and mint and cummin" and forget "the weightier matters of the law." Let us not make idols of our capacity for work, our well-ordered houses, our well-spread tables, our white linen and our shining silver, and forget that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." The broad, far-reaching charity that enables us to perceive the good in lives that are very unlike our lives; that teaches us to detect the ring of the true metal, not only in the plain, substantial forks and spoons of every day, practical use, but also in the fairy frostwork and glittering devices of the ornamental *epergne*; that tears from our eyes the veil of prejudice, and allows us to see that gold may glitter and yet be gold—this charity, I say, is worth quite as much to the human character as any amount of what Mrs. Stowe calls "faculty," and is quite as well worth seeking.

Up here in cold New England, where the mere struggle for existence is often so hard and so engrossing, we are apt to overlook the being, and give ourselves wholly over to the doing. And almost as a matter of course, almost as a natural consequence of this, we are inclined to judge with harsh judgment all those whose lives differ widely from our own. The woman who broils her own beef-steaks, makes her own bread and washes her own dishes, is very apt to regard the woman who does neither as an idler. The "nice girl" in that exquisitely simple dress of hers, with that never-to-be-sufficiently-lauded plain linen collar, and the total absence of jewelry and "fur-bellows," is quite likely to look upon her sister who delights in the sheen of silks, the soft falling of laces, and the flutter of ribbons, as a vain trifler. Whereas the woman who does not "do her own housework," may be the harder worker of the two; and the young girl whose instinctive love of color and form and grace finds expression in a thousand

dainty devices of the toilet, may really give less time and thought to her dress than does she who prides herself upon her exceeding plainness. It is not the putting on of costly and elegant apparel that hurts one's soul. There is no sin in silks and satins, velvets, pearls and point-lace—if one can afford them! One may wear them every day of one's life, with a half unconscious delight in them, and yet really give no more thought to them than your washer-woman gives to her new calico gown and blanket-shawl. It is in the entire giving up of one's nobler self to ignoble things, in the losing hold of the spiritual in our eagerness to grasp the material, that the great evil lies. And fine clothes and fine houses have but little to do with this. One may be just as true and pure and simple-hearted in silk as in calico; and it is not well for the plain delf platter to "put on airs" because it is more "useful" than the gilded china fruit dish.

Usefulness has a relative meaning,—a meaning that varies with times and circumstances and places. A woman may make herself useful in the highest sense of the word, yet never touch a broom nor a dust-pan, nor see the inside of her flour-barrel. Often indeed, good friends, the poorest use you can make of a woman is to dress her in coarse clothes and set her to doing the drudgery of a household; often the poorest use a woman can make of herself is to do it. And is there not a touch of arrogance in the assumption that all useful lives must be moulded after one particular fashion? Is the making of bread and butter and cheese a "saving ordinance"? Is it an especial act of virtue to wash your own pots and kettles?

Yes, it is—if by so doing you share the burdens of an harassed and wearied husband; or if any other circumstances render it necessary for the comfort of your family that you should do it. But if you do it of your own free choice, because you prefer to do it, because you "hate to be bothered with a girl," because you are so fastidious that you cannot be satisfied with the work of Bridget or Gretchen, do not flatter yourself that the doing is of itself a meritorious act, and that you are justified in thanking the Lord that you are not as other, idler women are.

Idler, that is, in your sense of the word. But no woman is idle who so orders her life that she—grows. And to growth—whether of mind or body or soul, a certain amount of quiet restfulness is absolutely indispensable. We need, all of us, more frequently than we do, to throw ourselves into a receptive mood. We need sometimes to get out of the jar and fret and turmoil of existence, and allow ourselves time to receive what God and nature are always ready to give us. We need to stop doing, occasionally, and to simply—live.

And, O weary wife and mother! this is not being idle. It is but preparing yourself for your highest work. The best work that a woman ever did, or ever can do, is that which is unseen by mortal eye. It is work that is no respecter of places or of persons. It can be done alike in the lowliest brown farmhouse that nestles among our hills, and in the marble palaces of the Fifth Avenue. It can be done, it is done, wherever woman throws from her own beautiful life a radiance of spiritual light and loveliness over any home, however lofty or however lowly. It is done wherever

she so orders the lives that are given to her charge that the spiritual takes precedence of the merely material; wherever she compels those about her to feel that the "life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." If we do this it does not matter whether our hands are white and jewelled, or embrowned and hardened by years of toil. It does not matter whether our dress be "cloth of frieze" or "cloth of gold." It does not matter whether our lives be lived on lonely hillsides, or in crowded city streets. It does not matter whether we are rich or poor, high or low, learned or unlearned. The world may never hear of us; it may never know that we have lived or died. But God will know it, and the angels in heaven will know it; and at last a voice sweeter than the harpings of many harpers will say of us,—*"She hath done what she could."*

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Seven.

"LITTLE WOMEN" HELPERS.

"Carrie, won't you go down cellar and bring me up half a dozen eggs?"

Carrie was busy showing Robbie how to build his block house, but she left at her mother's bidding and brought the eggs, and then turned to amuse Robbie again. Just as they were putting the roof upon the house, Mrs. Raymond called again, "Here, Carrie, I want you to go out into the back pantry and bring me a plate of lard and some butter."

Again the play was left, for Carrie was accustomed to her mother's calls, and she had just left the pantry when it was—"Carrie, won't you beat these eggs for me, and then butter the tin for my cake?"

These jobs were finished, and then the patient little maid commenced watering her plants and was enjoying her work, looking for new buds and leaves, and picking off any refuse there might be.

By this time her mother had her cake finished, and the next call was, "Carrie, I shall have to have some apples brought up for pies, and then you may be paring them for me."

"O, dear," thought Carrie, as she reluctantly left her plants, "I wish I could know what I had to do in the beginning, and have as much as five minutes together to myself in the course of the forenoon. But, then," thought she, trying to check her impatience, "I ought to help mother when she has so much to do, but it is tiresome doing so many little jobs all along the day."

"I will help Carrie," said aunt Abbie, who was visiting at Mrs. Raymond's, and sitting in the dining room near the open door had heard the frequent calls made on her pet, "I can cut the apples as well as not."

"O, no," replied Mrs. Raymond, "she can do it, and you must not spoil your hands for that worsted work you are doing."

"Never mind that," said aunt Abbie, as she went into the kitchen and took a share in the little girl's work, "I want Carrie to have time to go out with me this afternoon to find some nice mosses, if the frost has spared them till now."

And then, as they peeled the apples, they chatted together till Carrie forgot her impatience and enjoyed her work. But after that was done there was something else to keep her busy. It was "Carrie, do this," "Carrie, do that," all

the forenoon, so that if she commenced anything which seemed like real work, or a little play, she was called from it till she was weary indeed, and yet seemed to her, did nothing all the forenoon.

"There," said Mrs. Raymond, after her baking was finished, "see what a good forenoon's work I have done. I shall have some time now to visit with you, and I hope to sew a little."

"Yes," said aunt Abbie, "and Carrie has helped you a great deal—where is she now?"

"Up stairs, I believe," answered Mrs. Raymond, and then went on, "Yes, of course, what she does helps some and saves steps, but she does not know much about real work, for I never let her do anything that is hard, as some mothers do their young daughters."

"I am not so sure that she does not work pretty hard, Eliza, for all that," said aunt Abbie. "Has she not been nearly as busy as you have all the morning?"

"Why, she has done little things, I know, but that is different from having the care and work both to do."

"That may all be," replied aunt Abbie, "but cannot you imagine how difficult it must be for a young girl to be interested in doing these thousand little things, which have no plan, which is no tax upon the ingenuity, and, from the very monotony, become tiresome? You know that children in their play love nothing better than housekeeping, cooking and planning for their family of dolls, and their work should in a measure be made interesting to have them engage cheerfully in it, and be happy in helping mother."

"But Carrie does not know anything about cooking as yet, and I always thought that the most common tasks were the ones for little girls to do," answered Mrs. Raymond a little warmly.

"She is old enough to begin, and also to have a certain share, especially during school vacation, in housekeeping, and if it hindered you a little at first to teach her, and she did make some blunders, she would soon repay you in taking a real interest with you, whereas now she feels merely an errand girl, to do as she is bidden, without reference to her own plans or tastes in the matter. I know how that was with me, and I always have a sympathy for others in like situations."

"Why, auntie," said Mrs. Raymond smiling incredulously, "you cannot think that I am an unfeeling mother, and am putting too heavy burdens on my little girl's shoulders?"

"O no, Eliza, not that, but it is something of a burden on her young heart, to feel that what she does is of too little importance to have the name of work. That is the way, more or less, with woman's household labors—it's made up of little nothings, and is relieved of its monotony only by seeing these little things grow into tangible shape or completeness. Now let Carrie do some part in your baking, assist her to learn, and then as she sees her eggs, and sugar, and flour that she has got together come out in a nice loaf, she will feel she has accomplished something worth naming. Or, have her take her part in arranging the house, and she will feel pride in having it done promptly and nicely. But when she is only to get things together for another to make into dainty desserts; is to wash the dishes that another has used cooking, and bring the broom, carry this, and then that thing, to its place, yet

have no real part assigned her as a whole in making the rooms presentable, the task cannot but be dull and entered into only with the dutiful spirit that can 'help mother,' where she is bidden to do."

"O, auntie," said Mrs. Raymond, "I never thought of it in just that light before. I see how it is now. I know, myself, that there is nothing so tiresome as waiting on other people, and yet it seemed that was just children's work."

"So it is," said aunt Abbie, "to a certain extent, and yet girls, even small ones, can do these things much better if they are to have some more important labors with it, and be encouraged and made to feel how helpful they are. But they need, in a measure, to plan for themselves, and to have certain times when they feel they will not be liable, any moment, to be called upon, and their own little doings interrupted. It is often want of thought on this subject by kind, careful mothers, that makes a girl's household labors become distasteful and a tiresome drudgery."

"It must be thoughtlessness, I am sure," replied Mrs. Raymond. "I know that Carrie has ingenuity and likes to display it, and hereafter she shall be my helper, instead of waiter."

"And, Eliza," went on aunt Abbie, "let her learn to wait on herself, and get her things ready for work, especially baking, before commencing to put them together. Or you can allow her at first to assist you in arranging things, and then let her do some little thing wholly herself, with your advice, or the cook book before her. It is, I think, a mistake to have girls think they are capable only of washing dishes, setting table, and doing the most common routines over and over. Let them be encouraged to use their own wits, to do things systematically, and also to know before-hand about what is expected of them, and then when their tasks are completed they will feel they have their time to themselves."

Two days after this conversation aunt Abbie returned home, and the next baking day Mrs. Raymond resolved to take her kind mentor's advice with regard to Carrie. Indeed, she began herself to think how much to her daughter's pleasure and advantage it might be, if not to her own. And she resolved, too, that she would make it a study how to best interest her and to allow her certain portions of the day of uninterrupted leisure when her tasks were completed.

"Carrie," said she, one morning after breakfast, "aunt Abbie thinks that you are old enough to learn to cook, and do other housewifely work. How would you like making a loaf of cake this morning, while I clear up the breakfast things, and then knead out my biscuit for me?"

"O, that will be capital! May I do it all myself?"

"Yes, with what I show you about it, and if you succeed well I shall let you help me all through vacation, and it will be just the time now, while I have no girl."

"O, goodie," replied the little maid, "that will be nice. You know that 'Pussy Willow,' in Mrs. Stowe's story, knew how, or learned so as to be housekeeper when her mother was laid up with a sprained ankle. But I had rather have my mother let me learn before she makes such a mis-step—or rather have her not make one at all."

"Thank you, dear," replied the mother. "Now we will get our things together before we commence, so as not to have to

take our hands from dough or dish-water every other moment. While I am sifting the flour you may get the things needed from the cellar—let us see, the apples, eggs—I believe that is all; but we have killed two birds with one stone there."

"And, mother," said Carrie, as she came up with her hands full, "it is ever so much easier to get them when I am going to make something nice myself, for, of course," added she, "my cake will be nice if you show me how to do it."

And so the work went on, and while it took Mrs. Raymond's time about as much as it would to have done all herself she knew that in time the lesson would be learned, and besides, the faculty increased for doing more. And happy was her little girl when she took a handsome loaf from the oven, and could call it her own work.

And thus the new way went on, and the mother in endeavoring to take aunt Abbie's hint about systemizing her work for her child, learned also to do it more by some plan herself than she had before done.

"Why, mother," said Carrie, after spending a good part of the morning in her new labors, "I am not half so tired as when I do only little things all the forenoon."

"It is because you are more interested in this, my child, and that helps lighten our work. And mother will remember, too, that little feet get tired running here and there, as well as older ones, and we will plan to kill all the birds possible with one stone hereafter."

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number One.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—It is astonishing to look about one and see how everything undergoes perpetual change. Time was, and not so very long since, when old maid was a synonym for all that was stiff, starched and precise; but the proverbial ancient spinster with cork-screw ringlets and a ramrod in her back has gone out of fashion. Now-a-days old maids wear their hair in chignons, braids and curls; make all their dresses by the Bazar patterns; go to parties, church and the opera; and if it were not for certain knowing individuals, as universally existent as Mrs. Grundy, who have by heart the record of births in everyone's family bible, it would often be hard to tell the old maids from the young ones.

This is not intended as a delicate insinuation that if you were to become personally acquainted with me my belying youthfulness of appearance would put to flight all ideas of angular spinsterhood. I frankly and freely confess to the forty summers and winters (not twenty winters and twenty summers, but forty of each) that have passed into the never-to-be-again since I first opened my eyes in this world of chance and change. One sees and thinks and learns a good deal in forty years, and yet on his fortieth birth-day he knows no more why he was born than he did on his first. To be sure, as far as the practical things of life are concerned, it makes no particular difference why he entered this mortal sphere. Here he is, without any doubt, and there is always plenty for each of us to do.

One can't help thinking sometimes, when fate persists in knocking down his schemes like a row of card houses, what an aggravation life is, how little circum-

stances are under man's control, and how, if he were suddenly blotted out of being, the waves of humanity would roll over the place where he stood and all trace of him be wiped out; just as one pokes his finger into dry sand and when he pulls it out the grains slide back into their former places and all is level and smooth again. These thoughts come to all, men and women alike, and they contain no encouragement and no philosophy unless one goes beyond the point of allowing that what can't be cured must be endured, and determines that what must be endured ought to be made a pleasure as well as a necessity.

The way to live is to have a good time—to enjoy one's self. Nothing in the way of enjoyment is wrong unless it is going to harm some one. We are all hunting after happiness. There's no use denying it. No one now bothers himself about the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life, or the conjunctions of the planets, but we do bother ourselves until we are utterly miserable—a great many of us—hunting for happiness. It seems rather contradictory to say that we make ourselves unhappy trying to be happy, but it is a solemn and melancholy fact. Things we want are sometimes so near we cannot see them, like lost spectacles on one's forehead. It is a long lesson to learn to make the most of what one has.

There is one thing of which we are all very neglectful—something that we are always losing, and yet always have—the present. One's duty in life would surely be done if he made the most of the passing moments instead of wasting them in dreams and nothingness and then looking back with regret. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let us live in the present and the future will take care of itself. We have no hold on the future except through the present. Lose that and we lose all—life is no longer real, but a misty vision. There is no use saying we will do to-morrow what we had better do to-day, because there is no to-morrow. All the to-morrows are to-days when we get them; and here I am back to my point again—if we lose the present, we lose all.

I am arguing in no atheistical sense. Hopes of immortality, of a life of beauty and holiness after death, are ennobling and inspiring when they incite to practical morality instead of cant and ritual, but it is the practical above all else that one must consider in everyday life. A starving man prefers a loaf of bread to aesthetic discourse. The physical, the sensual, is the sub-stratum of the mental and the spiritual. Make the body easy, and the mind is free to pursue its development. Harass the body, and the mind is irritated and enfeebled. Instead of saying, "Be good and you will be happy," I should reverse the order, and say, "Be happy and you will be good." When one is comfortable in mind and body he is readily disposed to grant a request, to give in charity, to make all around him happy. Don't all coaxing daughters and scheming mammas know this and take advantage of it? The paternal head of the family, so inflexible at breakfast, is quite another person when the hurry of the day is over and his inner man is refreshed by a liberal supply of the food that strengtheneth. Then is the time when the heart and the purse-strings open.

Well, a good dinner is a creature comfort not to be sneered at. Art, science, music, and all the aesthetic and idyllic

enjoyments of life are very well in their proper times and places, but a good dinner is such a comfortable and substantial affair, a daily well-spring of pleasure, (except to confirmed dyspeptics,) something that touches one in a tender spot, that enlists one's sympathies and one's appetite. Alas! how feelingly Sancho Panza would have concurred with these sentiments while he was governor at Baratara.

And now, my friends, I must bid you adieu. Eat your dinners, be merry, happy and good until you hear again from one who is determined to make the most of life, if she is an OLD MAID.

THE RUTLAND MARBLE QUARRIES.

BY HARRIE FULLER.

Among the Taconic Mountains, on the western slope of a hill, are situated the six marble quarries of West Rutland. The distance from the southern to the northern is about a mile. The strike of the beds is nearly north and south, and they dip to the east in five of the openings at an angle averaging forty-five degrees. In the others the layers stand nearly vertical. The oldest quarry is now about two hundred feet in depth. In them is found that white, granulated marble, closely resembling that of Carrara, whose quarries were opened in the time of Julius Cæsar, and from which since then much has been taken for statuary on account of its soundness and purity of color. A green banded variety is found there which looks much like the ancient Pentelic marbles taken from Mount Pentelis, near Athens, and of which the Parthenon, Hippodrome, and other famous edifices in the city were built.

The strata range from two to nine feet in thickness, and are usually overlaid by beds of uncrystallized limestone, and sometimes seamed by limestone or quartz. Blocks may be cut in any direction, but the usual line of cleavage is perpendicular to the layer. The predominant color is some shade of blue, although the proprietors class about one-third as white. In reality a very small proportion is snowy. The technical terms are "Statuary," "Numbers one, two, and three," and "Brocadilla." This last is the variety striped with green, or sometimes when the color is waved it is called the "crinkly layer."

Great quantities of this marble are exported to Europe, and it is used for every purpose. The poorer qualities work in as foundation stones; the better are carved into mantels; from the finer our Green Mountain artists Hiram Powers and Larkin G. Mead call out the hidden spirit of the stone, etherialized almost to flying; while many solid blocks are hewn to aggrandize the pride of clay, or testify the affection felt for some mortal in his last resting place on earth. It is not unusual for an owner to expend \$60,000 in opening a quarry before he has found enough marble to pay the cost of the sawing. Yet he is soon richly repaid.

There is another quarry at the west end of the valley, on the eastern slope, but still with the dip to the east. It is, however, little worked. Six miles north, at Sutherland Falls, two openings have been made, but one is now abandoned. Here there is no marble of the white variety, and the beds dip from twenty to sixty degrees both east and west from an anticlinal axis having their folds decapitated. Aside from the one great fold

which is in the center of the quarry, there is evidence from the crinkling of the beds of a great lateral pushing while the material was in a plastic state. These waving lines being colored give the marble a beautiful appearance.

The valley of the Otter seems to be rich in marble, but nowhere has it been found in such abundance as in West Rutland.

WAY NOTES.

Number Seven.

ALBERGO ST. MARCO, MILAN.

Returning to the lake, I engaged a "barque," and a boatman who could speak French, and rowed over to the Villa Carlotta, the stone steps of which descend to the water's edge. Up these you ascend the terraced grounds to the central entrance, through which the visitor is ushered into the grand hall, where the guide points out the masterpieces of Canova, "Venus and Psyche," "Mars and Venus," and the "Madeleine Repentante," all fresh and white as if just from the sculptor's chisel, though executed sixty years ago. Here also are the historic bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen, some four feet in height, and extending entirely around the hall. They were originally designed for the Triumphal Arch of Milan, and were purchased for the villa at an expense of 400,000 francs, or \$80,000. The other halls contain the plaster original of Canova's Madeleine, and a few paintings of rare merit. The flooring of the villa consists entirely of fine inlaid mosaic work of varied and tasteful design, while the grounds are filled with fountains, statuary and verdure, which in this beautiful climate retains all its early freshness.

Toward evening the return of our little steamer was announced by the sonorous blast upon the horn, echoing and re-echoing through the mountains of Como, and the sail down the lake in the protracted Italian twilight was an experience long to be remembered.

The scenery of Como differs much from that of its sister lake, Maggiore. The mountains on either side are full of life and animation; beautiful villas line the water's edge; trellised vines, with their grateful shade, the magnolia, the olive, the acacia and the mulberry abound; little villages of stone houses, with their churches and way-side frescoed shrines, are met with here and there, sometimes near the shores of the lake, but frequently built five hundred and one thousand feet above the water level on the steep ascent of the mountain side.

Being curious to explore one of these villages I devoted part of the following day to an excursion to Torrighia, an hour's sail from Como, and at the narrowest portion of the lake. The day being warm I remained an hour or two under the shade of the trees in front of the modest village inn, where I was served with a dinner which would have done honor to Delmonico. In connection with this subject it may be well to mention that the Italian wines are reputed purer and naturally richer than the vintages of France; the climate being more equal and the long-continued heat being favorable to the full development of the grape. One of the choicest growths is that of Asti, a red wine resembling claret in appearance but slightly sweet and sparkling.

The effect of the universal use of na-

tive light-wines here, as elsewhere in Europe, is noticeable in the absence of excess and of intoxication. During my present sojourn of three months on the Continent, during which I have visited Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy, I have yet to report the first case of intoxication coming under my notice; an experience it would be difficult to record in our own country, where with all our national virtues and free institutions of which every American is justly proud, we may yet learn a lesson of temperance in its true sense from old Europe.

From Torrighia I took the paved and winding narrow path up the mountain side, and reaching a height some hundreds of feet above the lake I entered the quiet village, every house of which was built thoroughly and compactly of stone, and in size nearly equal to city houses. The streets were barely over ten feet in width, and all neatly paved. The houses were built adjoining each other, many with spacious stone courts and arcades, the lower portion being used as a stable and the upper as the residence, the whole resembling a municipal commonwealth in miniature; the population barely exceeding three hundred souls, a much larger than the usual proportion of whom were aged. The marks of industry and thrift were everywhere visible, and sickness is hardly known among this hardy people. The stranger is received with cordial hospitality and saluted with a respectful "buon giorno" by old and young.

Notwithstanding the diminutive proportions of this little community it was not without its church, complete with tower and bells, its house for the education of youth, and just back of the village a little stone chapel or shrine to the virgin, the fresco painting on which was not devoid of merit. Continuing my ascent beyond the quiet village I obtained one of the best views of the lake and enjoyed for a moment the cool and fragrant mountain breeze, and as I looked down upon the village so isolated from the world without, so quiet and orderly and far removed from the "busy haunts of men," the rivalries of commerce and the strife of politics, I thought to myself, no wonder its people live to a green and happy old age, loved and loving, and united as a single family.

The day following I took the early train for Milan, and yesterday visited the Exposition, the buildings for which have been temporarily erected in the public garden. It is entirely national in its character and is opened under the auspices of a Milanese society similar in its organization to our American Institute. Some twelve hundred exhibitors are represented in the various departments, including not a few from Florence, Naples, Venice and other Italian cities.

The department devoted to the exhibition of mechanical inventions, models and general machinery, was far inferior to that of our annual American Institute Fair in New York, while the departments of statuary, decorations, jewelry, etc., evinced the superior genius of the Italian mind in all that concerns art. Florentine mosaics from the smallest button to the largest center-table, statuary in terra cotta and marble, and a very superior collection of geological specimens were noticeable features of the exhibition. It is to be kept open during the present month, and the emperor and empress of Brazil, at present guests of the royal palace, are expected to grace it with their presence.

The heated term still continues with us, no rain of any consequence having fallen for several weeks. The city is, however, comparatively healthy, owing to its admirable sanitary regulations and the thorough cleanliness for which it is noted.

G. W. T.



SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of the summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest luster come.
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit
While the endless ages roll;
Paint with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In paradise shall bloom!

SILENCE A HOUSEHOLD GRACE.

WORDS spoken in season are excellent, but there are times when silence is better than the gift of tongues—little domestic disputes, in which not even the soft answer is so good as no answer at all. There is no moving in muddy water in the right direction; you must let it settle—that is all. Disputes with ignorant and passionate people are best managed in this way; for what answer can you make to ignorance and passion? Solomon says: "Answer a fool according to his folly." That might do very well for a king, but, if it was a general maxim in this day, society would be in a state of chronic warfare. And in disputes with this kind of people you are sure, if you are just, honorable and truthful, to come off second-best, for they will descend to language, to deception and to contemptible meanness which would never enter a pure and noble mind; consequently you are helpless against it, for the weapons are not in your armory.

Then there is another case in which silence is a crowning household grace—times when a wife must know how to hold her peace, "even from good." Early in the morning, when the load of all the day lies on the husband's shoulders, even a kind and cheerful man is apt to be thoughtful and quiet. Then the wife ought to respect his preoccupation, without feeling slighted by it. The children's outfit for the summer's trip may be on her mind, but it won't be wise to speak of them. Neither are words of endearment quite advisable. There is a time for everything, and they will hardly "fit the mood." Let him drink his coffee and leave his home in peace, and as the burden of the day lifts he will remember you. Picking his teeth after a comfort-

able lunch, he will be very apt to say to himself, with a start: "There! I promised Nelly \$100 to get the boys' spring suits, and fix herself up a little; and I declare I forgot it this morning. She's a good little thing, and never said a word about it." A kind of self-reproach very much in your favor will be likely to haunt him all the afternoon, and I think your day's silent patience will pay you good interest every day.

And there come—alas! too often—times when the evening does not lift the weight of care, and he goes home from his toil as heavy laden as he went to it. Then a quiet dinner, and the sofa in the shaded, silent parlor is the imperative demand of the anxious heart and the burdened brain. Now, to compel him to "talk over" silly trifles, or to discuss plans whose carrying out seems to him almost impossible while the gravest interests hang on the slenderest hopes, is a kind of slow torture which none but an unreasoning or selfish wife will inflict.

And, again, if you cannot "keep the door of your lips," go not into the house of mourning. The common words of courtesy are a mockery, the weary platitudes of resignation an impertinence. If you have nothing better to offer, the visit of condolence will be "more honored in the breach than in the observance." The voiceless sympathy of Job's three friends was accepted; their tirades of comfort and advice were worse than useless.

I have left the hardest trials of this grace until the last—silence under misapprehension and injustice, when prudence, or gratitude, or the good of others issues the order. Nevertheless, the well-disciplined soldier in life's battle will obey without doubt or dispute, feeling confidence in that justice which will eventually bring out "the righteous as the light, and their judgment as the noonday."

O Silence! the eldest of things, "the language of Old Night," the primitive discourse, place thy finger on our impatient lips, and help us to remember that in all the strife of life "he that refraineth his lips is wise."—Selected.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

It is given to but few women to leave a record of brilliant deeds behind them. Most of us pass our lives in doing little things which seem by themselves insignificant, but in their sum total may rival the achievements of those whose names are written on the scroll of fame. As the coral insect builds, so do we, unseen, unmarked, save by the eye that embraces in its sweep all things, both great and small. Yet He who said of the widow that cast in "two mites," she has given more than all they who of their abundance offered willingly, even He may pronounce upon us His approving benediction.

As the year comes to its close and we recall the months and weeks and days that make up the annual round, how little in the lives of many of us seems worthy of mark! Yet the Recording Angel has placed on his book, in letters of light, each word in kindness spoken, each loving look, and every unselfish act. Have we borne with patience the petty trials of daily life, the petulance of children, the baffling of reasonable expectation, the misapprehensions of friends, the deferring of hope—that pen has placed it to our account; have we performed all the "minute and unseen"



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After a large practice in the treatment of diseases of the Lungs, and having learned by sad experience that malaries of this kind could not be reached by medicines taken into the stomach...

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Was first prepared with a view to the cure of Catarrh and kindred diseases of the Throat and Lungs; but it has since been used for almost all diseases of the blood...

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Runs so easy a Child can turn it.
Has Moulton's Patent Rolls made on, and warranted not to come loose on the shaft.

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Turn so hard, it takes all a woman's strength.
Use Rubber Tube, shoved on the shaft, and they are constantly failing.

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The Manufacturers desirous of meeting the general desire for organs with all substantial excellencies and at a moderate price, have lately designed and made a few styles that are in

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The tone possesses a most fascinating quality, closely resembling the real VOX HUMANA, being delicate and sympathetic, and free from the disagreeable tremor that haunts most of the mis-called VOX HUMANA STOPS.

Numbers Four and Five will be found equally effective in the parlor and chapels of moderate size. No. Four has an Octave of sub-bass, and No. Five both sub-bass and an Octave Coupler, giving a great increase of power, but with no sacrifice of sweetness. The price of No. Four is \$150 and of No. Five \$175.

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Trains leave White River Junction 8:30 A. M., Express; 1:45 P. M. Mail.
The completion of the Massawippi Valley Railroad, July 1, will make a short all rail connection between the Province of Quebec and the United States.

VERMONT & MASSACHUSETTS AND TROY & GREENFIELD RAILROADS. Cars leave Boston (Fitchburg Depot) for Brattleboro, Greenfield, Hoosac Tunnel, and Troy, N. Y., at 7:30 and 11 A. M.

Leave Hoosac Tunnel for Boston at 7 A. M., and 1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston 5:30, and 9:25 A. M., and 2:30 P. M.

Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40, 9:50, and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M.

Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield can go to Boston and return same day, having 6 hours in Boston.

The 6:30 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

VERMONT CENTRAL AND VERMONT AND CANADA RAILROADS.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commencing Monday, May 22, 1871.

MAIL TRAIN LEAVES OGDENSBURG AT 6:00 P. M.; ST. ALBANS AT 6:25 A. M., ARRIVING IN BELLOWS FALLS (via W. R. JUNCTION OR RUTLAND) AT 2:25 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS LEAVES OGDENSBURG AT 1:00 P. M., MONTEAL AT 3:45 P. M., ST. ALBANS AT 7:30 P. M., ARRIVING IN BELLOWS FALLS (via W. R. JUNCTION OR RUTLAND) AT 3:25 A. M.

MIXED TRAIN LEAVES WHITE RIVER JUNCTION AT 4:50 A. M., RUTLAND AT 4:30 P. M., BELLOWS FALLS (accommodating) AT 4:40 A. M., BRATTLEBORO AT 8:41 A. M., SOUTH VERNON AT 9:25 A. M.

EXPRESS LEAVES BRATTLEBORO AT 2:00 P. M., SOUTH VERNON AT 2:30 P. M., ARRIVING AT GROUT'S CORNER AT 3:00 P. M.

MAIL TRAIN LEAVES BOSTON VIA LOWELL, AT 7:00 A. M., via Lowell and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Springfield at 8:00 a. m., New London at 9:00 a. m., GROUT'S CORNER AT 9:25 A. M., SOUTH VERNON AT 10:00 A. M., BRATTLEBORO AT 10:30 A. M., BELLOWS FALLS (via W. R. JUNCTION OR RUTLAND) AT 11:45 A. M.

EXPRESS LEAVES GROUT'S CORNER AT 11:20 A. M., ARRIVING IN BRATTLEBORO AT 12:20 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION LEAVES GROUT'S CORNER AT 3:30 P. M., SOUTH VERNON AT 4:00 P. M., BRATTLEBORO AT 4:30 P. M., BELLOWS FALLS (mixed) AT 5:35 P. M., ARRIVING IN W. R. JUNCTION AT 8:30 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS LEAVES GROUT'S CORNER AT 8:20 P. M., BRATTLEBORO AT 9:14 P. M., BOSTON (via Fitchburg) AT 5:30 P. M., BELLOWS FALLS (via W. R. JUNCTION OR RUTLAND) AT 10:20 P. M.

MIXED TRAIN LEAVES GROUT'S CORNER (Saturdays only) AT 10:00 P. M., BRATTLEBORO AT 11:35 P. M., ARRIVING IN BELLOWS FALLS AT 1:35 A. M.

Connections at GROUT'S CORNER with trains over Vt. & Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at BELLOWS FALLS with CHESHIRE R. R.; at W. R. JUNCTION with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn. and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at RUTLAND with Rensselaer & Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at ST. JOHNS WITH Grand Trunk Railway; also at OGDENSBURG with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with ST. LAWRENCE and Ottawa Railway for Ottawa.

Sleeping cars are attached to night train between St. Albans and Springfield, and Burlington and Boston.

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St. Albans, May 22, 1871.

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Table with columns: No., PREMIUMS, Price, No. of Subscribers. Lists various household items like stationery, pens, scales, and sewing machines with their respective prices and subscriber requirements.

The Household.



Special Premiums!!

Besides the large and valuable premiums offered to agents and others who procure subscribers to The Household, we take pleasure in presenting the following list of Special Premiums, to which we invite the attention of our readers. To the one who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to April 1, 1872, from each of the States, Territories, or Canada, we will send a Green Mountain Sewing Machine—fully warranted and confidently claimed to be the best single thread machine in the market; for the second largest list we will send a Colby Clothes Wringer, well known and a general favorite; and for the third largest list a Chromo worth \$2, or a bound volume of The Household, as the agent may select. Remember that this list is not for three premiums only, but is repeated for every State and Territory, and the Dominion of Canada, thus giving nearly 150 Special Premiums, and giving our friends in the most sparsely inhabited Territory an equal chance with those in the most populous State. These premiums are in addition to the ones offered elsewhere. Bear in mind, too, that every new subscriber gets two extra numbers, making 14 months for One Dollar. Sample copies furnished free on receipt of stamps to prepay postage.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose a dollar in a letter, giving name and P. O. address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

CANADA SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that we require 12 cents in addition to the regular subscription price to prepay the American postage.

WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A PAPER unless informed of the office at which it is now received, as well as to the one to which it is to be sent.

TO INSURE SAFETY IN SENDING MONEY by mail, the letters should be registered, or money orders procured. All money sent by either of these methods is at our risk.

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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.

TO ANY OLD SUBSCRIBER, who, in renewing a subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD, will send us one new subscriber, we will mail, free, a copy of the Attractions of Brattleboro, advertised in another place, or the same will be given as a premium for two new subscribers.

WE CAN NO LONGER furnish the November or December numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1871. New subscriptions will date from January, and back numbers will be furnished till the April number is ready for mailing.

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.

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.00 per year. Any one offering it for less is a swindler. And this title applies as well to those who promise the paper free of postage or offer any other special inducement not found in the paper itself. We do not prepay postage nor club with any other publication whatever.

IN REPLY TO SEVERAL correspondents who desire to know about Eugene Doty's Commercial College and System of Book-keeping, advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD last summer, we can only say that all we know of him is contained in the advertisement and a letter he sent us in response to our bill for it. As this still remains unpaid we conclude he isn't doing very much business—at any rate if we were in search of a Commercial College we shouldn't go to Ballston Spa for it.

WE HAVE BEEN very much pleased to observe the wide circulation given by the press to the beautiful poem entitled Willie and Annie's Prayer, by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, which was written for THE HOUSEHOLD, December, 1869. It has appeared in at least one thousand publications during the past season usually without credit, and occasionally claimed as original by some of our exchanges. We congratulate the author upon the popularity which this poem has attained, and would remind our editorial brethren that they can frequently find other gems from the same pen in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD, which they are welcome to copy and credit.

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. 61, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post-office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express or in registered letters.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desires to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or especial authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us stating which premium you have selected. A good sized list can be obtained in almost any neighborhood, and a valuable premium secured with very little effort. We have sent many beautiful chromos, albums, etc., to persons who procured the requisite number of subscribers in an hour's time. It is not necessary, however, for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or States and sent as convenient. A cash premium will be given if preferred. See Premium List in another column.

PERSONS WHO ARE ENTITLED TO PREMIUMS are particularly requested to mention the fact, and also state their selection when sending in their lists of subscriptions, as we do not send any premium until it is ordered. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received within two weeks from the time the order was given. If a premium is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. Occasionally a person writes: "I have sent you six subscribers and would like the premium to which I am entitled." No names are signed, no date when they were sent, no article selected. The latter is not essential, but we must have the names and P. O. address of each club, or the date of sending the same, before forwarding a premium. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

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

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THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SEWING MACHINE

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FOR THE PRICE IN THE MARKET. NEWLY PATENTED. FULLY WARRANTED

Hand Machines, \$18 00; with Table and Treadle, \$28 00.

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