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THE  
HOUSEHOLD  
ESTABLISHED 1868.  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 15.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JANUARY, 1882.

No. 1.

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**THE HOUSEHOLD.**

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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*The Veranda.*

*GROWTH.*

Not in one blissful day  
Breaks on the silence of the wintry earth  
The song and bloom that crown the summer's birth;  
But through her myriad veins,  
Still as the footsteps of the dropping rain,  
In slow, soft pulses, creeps her life again.

Not in one glowing throng  
Cluster the leaves and blossoms of the vine,  
With the full vintage, swelling with its wine;  
Nor in one perfect hour  
From the warm bosom of the fertile plain  
Springs the ripe harvest of the rustling grain.

Not in one golden year  
Will thy soul ripen to its glorious prime  
And the rich fruitage mark the harvest time;  
But slowly, day by day,  
In the full sunshine and the midnight gloom  
Must grow the fruit that crowns its wondrous bloom.

What though the blossoms fade?  
Better than all the tender charms of spring,  
The summer verdure where the birds may sing.  
And build their sheltered nests.  
In their glad songs perchance thy soul may hear  
Some heavenly echoes stealing to thine ear.

What though the leaves may fall?  
So the full light of autumn suns may glow  
With ripening warmth on precious fruit below,  
Fit for the Master's hand.  
And the frail vine may nobly stand at length  
Nursed by the tempest to its sturdy strength.

Once, on a stormy sea,  
A ship rode darkly through the midnight drear.  
Her trembling crew, forgetful in their fear,  
Of Him whose tender love  
Its constant watch above His children kept,  
Though, worn with toil, the weary Master slept.

Safe is thy ship, O Son!  
Bearing such precious freight, though skies be black  
And angry surges beat across thy track.  
If Jesus sail with thee.  
Keep thou the watch, and in each fearful hour,  
The wind and wave will own the Master's power.

Put on thy shining robes;  
Some happy morn thy feet shall touch the strand,  
And thy glad soul await the beckoning hand,  
Smiling and unafraid;  
And pass with singing through the golden gates  
To the fair palace where thy Father waits.

*PRUNING FRUIT TREES.*

BY PROF. MAYNARD.

WHEN is the best time to prune fruit trees? This is a question very often asked, and the answer often given is, "prune when the knife and saw are sharp." We would answer, never prune unless the tools are sharp, and never use the saw unless to remove an old orchard; the time for pruning depending upon the object we wish to accomplish.

Pruning may be done for three purposes: first, and the most important, to give the tree a good form; second, to increase growth; third, to increase fruitfulness.

Take the young tree from the nursery where it has been drawn up by close planting so that the branches are several feet from the ground. With trees well grown we have several branches starting from nearly the same height. Now at transplanting, we should remove a portion of the buds to restore the balance between the top and mutilated roots. Much can be done at this time to give the tree a good form, by cutting out those branches which if allowed to grow would give the tree an imperfect shape. This must be followed up with pinching out the terminal bud of those shoots that tend to outgrow their neighbors to the injury of the symmetry of the tree. With proper care at planting, and the free use of the thumb and forefinger during the growing season, very little use for the saw will be found. Had this been the treatment of most of our large orchards, they might now be in a healthy condition and giving large crops of fruit.

It is very doubtful if we can improve upon nature's method in this matter. A tree, growing out in the open field, fully exposed to the sunlight and air, naturally takes a fine form, and if in good soil, grows vigorously, and bears abundantly. Most of our orchards are planted too close in the first place; then to let in the sunlight and air, large branches are cut out from the center, and the wounds left exposed, decay in a few years. This practice of cutting out central branches to let in the light is all wrong. Branches grow best in the center of the tree, because here they find the most congenial shelter from the sun's rays. Cut away the branches with their foliage which shelter these shoots, and they cease to grow, and the long bare branches exposed to the scorching sun during the summer, and continued freezing and thawing in winter, become much injured. If the time now expended in the annual pruning were devoted to the care and cultivation of the soil, our orchards would be much more healthy and productive.

Pruning while the trees are in a dormant state has the tendency to increase growth. Trees often make a stunted growth from the improper manner of planting, from allowing grass to grow about their roots or overbearing. Now if one-half of the buds be removed, those remaining will be better supplied with plant food from the roots which remain perfect, new roots formed from the new wood and vigor imparted to the tree.

If cutting must be done, let it be at the ends of the branches rather than from the center of the tree. What matters it if a few branches do cross and even rub together, they will not be injured, and the end shoots will take their proper place in giving good form to the tree.

Pruning may also be done to produce fruitfulness by checking the growth of the tree. Trees are sometimes planted in very rich soil, where they grow vigorously, but bear no fruit.

It is one of the laws of plant growth, that anything which injures the plant or

checks its growth will cause it to make an effort to perpetuate its kind by the production of seed. Now if a portion of foliage be removed, the perfect development of all parts of the plant depending upon the foliage, its growth will be checked and fruitfulness be produced. But while there may be some instances where the soil is so rich as to cause the tree to run to wood and produce no fruit, there are many more where some element of the food required for the production of fruit is not found in the soil, and summer pruning would do no good. The better way would be to check the growth by cropping the land and adding potash or phosphoric acid. Root pruning would also check the over-production of wood.

Then we would say in closing, prune when the trees are young, use the knife and thumb and finger only to give the trees a good form, and devote the time usually given to this work to the cultivation of the soil. If we must cut away large branches, let it be done late in the winter or very early in the spring, as the wounds heal over more readily at this season than at any other. All wounds must be covered with shellac, wax or common paint. Use the saw if necessary, to renovate old orchards, but depend largely upon the cultivation and improvement of the soil for increased growth and fruitfulness.—*Ex.*

*TRANSPLANTING.*

In the setting out of shade and ornamental trees, as well as of fruit trees, there is a great loss in not doing it in a thorough manner. All trees when transplanted should have all the fibrous roots remaining that we possibly can secure, and unhurt, set in the hole. These should be carefully placed and covered with fine earth, so that there may be no air spaces left, but all should be thoroughly imbedded in the soil. To secure this, it is a good plan, when the roots are all covered to pour on a few pailfuls of water before filling the hole even with the surface.

But above all dig a large and deep hole, and be sure that it is well filled with good earth, below and beyond the circumference of the tree roots. We have before us now some maple trees, some of which were placed in holes thus prepared, and others where, although the work was done sufficiently well otherwise, this direction was not carried out. It is surprising to note the difference in the growth of three years between the trees thus planted. The small expense of the extra preparation is more than repaid in the results.

In transplanting trees, vines or shrubs, carelessness in the work never pays, and it is far preferable to do the job too well, if such a thing were possible, then to err even the slightest in the other direction. There is seldom any satisfaction gained in watching the growth of a poorly transplanted tree, but when transplanted in the best way it is one of the pleasures of country life to watch the success which always follows our best efforts.

*The Drawing Room.*

THREE EXPRESSIONS UPON THE FACE OF SOCIETY.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A MOTHER who desired to watch the changes that time would bring upon the countenance of a darling boy, had his likeness taken the day he was a year old, and on each birthday she added a picture to the little album, in which she kept the photographic record of her child's growth. In a few years death gave the child that had borne the image of the earthly, the image of the heavenly, and while the mother can see how the babe used to look, she never can see what his manhood might have been.

History has photographed for us the varied expressions that, from age to age, have appeared upon the face of society. The seventeenth century looks down upon us in stately calmness. Read the literature of that age and you find that its leading thought is, authority over the minds of men. There have always been minds that have needed something stronger than themselves to lean upon. Dogma has a large place in the world's history, and the seventeenth century was one that offered favorable conditions for the rule of dogma. The average standard of intelligence was not a high one, and hence it came to pass that when more than ordinary intelligence moved the pen of a writer, or dwelt beneath the cowl of a priest, his teachings came to be clothed with authority, and were listened to with the utmost deference, and so reverence for authority grew till it became the dominant idea of that century.

The hands of a clock move steadily on till they have made the circuit of the dial. But the pendulum below them swings forward and then back, and when it has reached the highest point in the arc that it describes, it begins to move the other way. It is so with human thought. That moved for a long time in the direction of reverence for human authority. Then, when authority became unendurable, there came a change, and the eighteenth century found men beginning to question where they had once believed, and had asked no questions, and that idea grew, and the eighteenth century became the age of skepticism. From believing what authority told them to believe, men dropped down to doubting everything. It was expected that leaders in society would be leading doubters. A condition of things was seen like that referred to by Aunt Josephine in the "Lady of the Aroostook," when she said, "Some of the best people in society are skeptics, and that makes it quite another thing." In time the masses were ready to do what nihilism calls for to-day, get rid of God, and worship only reason or self.

And now in the nineteenth century the pendulum has swung to the other extremity of its arc, and the face of society

wears a new expression. It has passed from reverent deference to authority to a keen, sharp, scrutinizing glance at every demand for faith, and from that to one of bold defiance. That is the expression upon the face of society to-day. Note a few of the ideas that are behind this expression of defiance, and in regard to which the action of society is in perfect accord with its expression. There never was a time when impure literature flooded the country to a greater extent than it does now. Our young people are surrounded by an atmosphere that is redolent with familiarity with crime. The effect of such reading upon the morals, is just as bad as breathing impure air is upon the bodily powers.

Under European conditions, if the manners of the times are fairly reflected by a popular novel of the day, "it is scandalous for a woman to go to church alone in Venice," and "a young girl there mustn't go alone anywhere." Are we drifting at all in that direction? There is a ring of defiance even in the language that we hear almost everywhere. The corrupting element of slang has crept into it. It smacks loudly of irreverence.

Party spirit was never more defiant than it is to-day. Bold defiance is the dominant expression upon the face of society. An old man, eighty years of age, once declined to have his likeress taken. He said he "wanted to wait till his feeters got sot." How long shall we have to wait before this ugly expression of defiance will become so firmly set that it cannot be changed?

Much is said about universal education as an antidote to all evil influences. Education is a good thing, but it does not go deep enough. The evil is lower down than the head. It is in the heart. We shall fail if we attempt to make the world better without reaching the heart and the conscience. We have got to reduce all questions to this test: What is right? Then we have got to work for the right before we can change the grim, ugly expression of defiance that now rests like a dark cloud upon the face of society.

#### OUR HOMES.

So much has been said lately upon this subject that it has become almost tiresome, and still volumes remain untold.

Not the wealthy alone, in these days, can have beautiful homes, for any lady of taste and culture has within her the power to make her home beautiful.

The "parlor," "best room," "library," or "drawing room," which ever you may call that room which should be the pleasantest room, and used most by the family, must of course contain the choicest of the gems.

Just now painting seems to be in its element, and there are so many pretty things to be done with brush and paint, that our rooms would sadly miss them all were it not for it. The painted tiles for our hearth, and either side the fire place, the china, and pictures for our walls, the porcelain slippers, harps, crosses, etc., for the brackets, the frames for the small pictures, silk decorated in so many forms, wood panels and tiles, and many, many other ornaments. All are within reach of the amateur artist.

Sorrento wood carving gives us many pretty things, as brackets, frames, easels, etc., and the tiny saw, in the lady's hand, is as pretty as any other accomplishment.

Lace work is beautiful, and the public libraries furnish us so much information on the subject that we do not need the expensive teacher, and yet we can have the beauty and pleasure, for beautiful things are a pleasure.

Many other decorations for our homes might be spoken of, but time is needed for them all, and yet I would speak of

one great, yea, the greatest, attraction in our homes, and that is a cheerful greeting for all, a kind word, and true cordiality, for friend as well as guest.

H. E. R.

#### PEARLS.

Mother-of-pearl, the interior scale of large shells, is found principally in the Indian seas. There are some firms in Birmingham, England, which make yearly seventy-two million buttons from these shells. Many of the islands about California are covered with the finest shells in the world. The pearl divers in the South seas dive from forty to fifty feet for the shells, and can remain under water one and one-quarter minutes, but bleeding at the nose often results. In many places the women are better divers than the men. All the divers oil their bodies, else the hot sun would quickly blister them.

The real cause of pearls is thought to be a disease in the oyster, because they are only found in those whose shells are full of small worm holes, or where their growth has been stunted. Almost all the pearl oysters are troubled by a little scarlet lobster, or shrimp, who works his way into the shell, causing great annoyance and pain. Ceylon has during the last eighty years derived a million dollars from the pearl fisheries. Hardly any oysters have pearls till they are five years old. The divers begin at sunrise and work till noon, holding to the ropes on the sides of the boats as they work. In the Persian Gulf there are 5,000 fishing boats, each containing about thirty men. The most beautiful pearl in the world is in Moscow, weighing twenty-eight carats. In the French crown jewels is a pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, valued at \$8,000. Pope Leo X. bought a pearl of a Venetian jeweler for \$70,000.

#### THE SECRET OF GOOD MANNERS.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's own self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishments, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy.

In all French history no woman had a stronger fascination for whoever came within her reach than Madam Recamier. She was called beautiful; but her portraits prove that her beauty was not to be compared with that of many less charming women. And even when every attraction of person had long passed away, and she was an old woman, her sway over the hearts of others was as powerful as ever. What was her secret?

It was this one thing solely—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. Authors came to her and read her their books; painters came to her with their pictures; statesmen with their projects. She was sweet and simple, unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others and they felt the genuineness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an immortal charm.

Let any girl try Madam Recamier's experiment. Let her go into society thinking nothing of the admiration she may win; but everything of the happiness she can confer. It matters little whether her face is beautiful, or her toilet costly. Before the end of three months she will be a happy girl herself; for the world likes sunshine and sympathy, and turns to them as the flowers bask in the sun of June.

The most common error of men and women, is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus

sought, and never will be while the world stands, and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, glance around among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they the idlers, and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be.

Earnestly would we impress upon young minds the truth we have stated. It lies at the foundation of all well-doing and well-being. It gives tranquility and pleasure to the youth, as well as to the man whose years are beginning to rest upon his stooping shoulders. Be ever engaged in useful work, if you would be happy. This is a great secret.

## The Conservatory.

#### RESURRECTION.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Under the depths of ice and snow,  
Under the leaf mats brown and low,  
In the frost-locked earth so brown and cold,  
Lie the flower germs hidden beneath the mold.

Unconsciously waiting the early rain  
To waken their hearts into life again;  
And the robin's call will a signal be,  
To the violets sleeping along the lea.

So under the wasted years of life  
Blotted with sin, and marred with strife,  
Let us hope that the germ by the Father given,  
May re-awaken to bloom in heaven.

#### FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Twelve.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

Autumn has stricken down my floral treasures,  
Has laid them dead and dying at my feet;  
My choicest gems that gave me many pleasures,  
Filling my soul with thoughts surpassing sweet.

They led me up toward the realms of heaven,  
To the great Source from whence all blessings flow;  
A holier impulse unto life they've given,  
A deeper meaning to all things below.

All summer long I feasted on their sweetness,  
Hoarded their perfume for the winter's gloom;  
For well I knew the year in its completeness,  
Would find my darlings lifeless in the tomb.

Even so from every thing I fain would treasure  
The drops of sweet for the dark days of life;  
That daily I may sup of soul-felt pleasure  
A rich repast, amid earth's toil and strife.

WHEN this meets the eye of the reader, we shall stand upon the threshold of 1882, and another seed time will be fast approaching. But before we sow again, let us take a retrospective glance, to note our failures and successes, our losses and our gains, that we may avoid the one and continue the other, for one must be dull indeed, who will not profit by that best of all teachers, experience, her lessons are too hard to repeat, unless it be unwittingly.

What a feeling of pleasure pervades us when we recall the harvest of beauty and sweetness we have gathered from our flowers the past season! And how happy we feel to know that by sharing our treasures with our friends, we have also contributed to their happiness. But still keener will be our enjoyment, and more heart-felt our emotion, if with these earthly gems whose beauty is so fleeting, we have scattered plentifully those golden seeds that blossom and bear fruit eternal. If we have sown the seeds of kindness, of charity, of patience and forbearance, along life's pathway, we have not only laid up treasures for ourselves, but enriched our friends also, for their beauty and fragrance shall not pass away with the breath of summer. The flowers that spring from the heart's garden are immortal, they shall crown us in the kingdom.

"There are roses, blushing roses,  
Love's warm roses in the heart;  
Blossoms, though with thorns about them,  
Witching sweet—of earth a part.

There are pale and climbing roses,  
With their tendrils clasped on high,  
Bleached from woe, or from sin whitened,  
Tinged by Faith's own sunny sky.

Formed were both by hand most holy,  
Roses white, and roses red,  
But the blessed clinging blossom,  
Formed to bloom beyond the dead."

How quickly the seasons pass! It seems but a little while since 1881 put forth its tender leaves in spring time, grew luxuriant in summer, ruddy and ripe in autumn, and now it is bent and withered with age, the old year's locks are very white, and as we bid him a last good by, and turn to greet the new-born year, what a diversity of feeling animates the human breast! Hardly two persons can think or see alike, because no two are just alike.

It is said the condition of man's inner temple is mirrored upon external things, consequently, those who always look upon the darkest side of life, who can never see the sun, though it shines ever so brightly, for the clouds in prospective, can find but little to admire as they glance adown the pathway of the year but just unfolded. To such, earth seems a dreary waste encompassed about with cares and tribulations, an arid desert where dry leaves rustle in the winds that chant a mournful dirge over the graves of blighted hopes. They shut their eyes and then sigh solemnly, because earth is so dark.

Others with happy, hopeful temperaments, passing over the same road, find beautiful valleys, cooling streams, inviting groves that echo with the cheerful songs of birds. No dry leaves rustle here, but fresh verdure springs, and flowers bloom, leaving their fragrance on the summer air. Their eyes can see, their ears can hear the melody of earth and heaven, and with thankful hearts they travel on and up.

Another lets the past bury the past, takes no thought of the present, but tries to peer into the future. To-day holds nothing for him, to-morrow, everything. In the distance, he has bright visions of happiness, some great good that shall come to him, by and by, it may be after he has accumulated a certain sum of money, or accomplished some particular purpose, and all his energies are directed to this one point, and upon this frail foundation, he rears a beautiful structure, but, alas! as he approaches it recedes, and ere he can cross the threshold, it tumbles in ruins about him, and he realizes, when too late, that he has been lured by an ignis fatuus far up the hill of life, and the husks of time lie thick about his feet, but he finds no kernel, for while he sat and waited for a more convenient season to sow the seeds of happiness, the gleaners have been busy, they have gathered the full ripe grain, and left him the husks and chaff. What a bitter harvest!

I will mention but one more class. It is those who are alike indifferent to the past, present and future; they take no thought of the swiftly passing moments, indeed, I may venture to say, they have no definite ideas of either time or eternity, nor do they care to enter the many avenues leading to a perception of the truth. Should you ask one of this class, as I did recently, his candid opinion of a future state, I think he would answer you much as this one did me, "Oh, I don't know I'm sure, I never thought about it any way, I'm not going to muddle my brains with riddles any how. Let the world wag, I'm jolly."

Did you ever watch the down of a thistle as it became loosened from the calyx and went sailing away upon the breeze, borne hither and thither, now up, now down, caught for a time perhaps in the grasses or shrubbery, and then caught up again by a fresh gust, and whirled swiftly beyond our sight? And can you not see the similitude? The one has no more ballast than the other, the

are adrift, borne hither and thither, on the wave of public opinion, they may catch for a time by the drift wood, but again the billows roll and bear them from our sight, but where?

Doubtless the past holds sad as well as pleasant memories for us all, and what the future has in store for me, I would not know if I could. I can trust a higher power to deal justly by me, and while we await time's revealing, let us improve the present moments, for

Now is all the time we have,  
To-morrow may be never,  
And life is but a slender thread  
That death's cold hand will sever.

Is it not wiser, and are we not happier to live now, to-day, than yesterday or to-morrow? By the term live, I do not mean merely to have an existence, but to be able to perceive, to comprehend with our entire being, so far as we have the capacity, the laws that govern the universe. If we can do this, we shall trust implicitly the great Ruler of the universe and our faith and confidence will make us loyal subjects. It will give us strength and patience to toil on and bear our burdens without murmuring, for our feet will be upon the "Rock of Ages." It will make pleasant even our homely every-day duties, and we shall find beauty in commonplace things, for having eyes we shall see, and ears we shall hear the beautiful rhythm underlying all things however simple. And it will teach us as we pass onward that the mighty stream of time with its many tributaries, ebbing and flowing, has but one fountain head, and that is God.

#### BLOSSOMS IN WINTER.

How can I successfully cultivate flowers so as to have buds and blossoms in winter? is a question often asked by the amateur cultivator.

The first step to be taken is to procure a suitable soil for their growth, as it seems to be a common custom to use poor garden soil, which contains but little if any nutrient, and is generally full of insect life. I lately read in a prominent journal where a writer tells us to procure our soil at the wood-pile, to bake it thoroughly, and then add sand which has been well washed. Now just such advice as this has been the cause of very many failures. When my little boys want some fish bait, they may be found digging about the wood-pile, where angle worms are always abundant, and all flower growers know that they are injurious to the growth of plants. Did I wish to destroy all the properties in the soil necessary to the healthy growth of the plants, I would bake the earth, and it is certainly a great waste of time and labor to wash sand clean of earth and then immediately add more to it.

As all plants grown in pots have comparatively little soil from which to draw their nourishment, that little should be the best to be obtained. I have used the following compost for several years with good results: I gather equal quantities of sharp sand, leaf mould, well rotted cow manure, and new, fresh soil. These I run through a plasterer's sieve and mix well together, and always have some stored away where it can be had when wanted.

Many of our winter blooming plants, to have them do their best, should be started in the summer or early fall, and of course it is too late to speak of them now. But there are many others, including some of our summer annuals, that may be grown from seed sown now and be had to bloom this winter.

Boston smilax is one of our prettiest vines and is easily grown from seed. It grows rapidly, clinging to any light support, as twine or wire. The vine in appearance is of fragile growth, but on

the other hand it is almost as tough as wire, and the pretty clusters of leaves will remain fresh and green for many days after being cut. There are no large, showy leaves, or gaudy-colored flowers, to attract attention, but the whole vine from the bright green leaves to the little, delicate white flowers is the perfection of grace and beauty.

The balsam, although a very tender annual, is easily grown and will remain in bloom for a long time.

The common single petunia, when grown on a trellis makes a very much finer appearance than when grown in the garden.

For a quick growing vine plant seed of the morning glory, and common as it is, if care be taken to pinch off the ends occasionally, it will surprise you with its beauty.

Then there is the darling little *bellis perennis*, or English daisy, that wee, crimson-tipped flower, which seems to be much neglected in this country. It is easily grown and almost always in bloom.

Sweet mignonette is well known and loved by every one for the fragrance of its flowers and its constant blooming. If you do not have a box of this plant in your collection, you should have.

Sweet alyssum is a plant of similar nature. The flowers are white and quite fragrant, and of the easiest cultivation.

*Ageratum Mexicanum* grows about two feet high and produces blue flowers in great profusion, which are very neat in bouquets.

Browalia is another blue flower, but the plant is of smaller and neater growth.

I will mail seed of any varieties I have named for a letter stamp each, and with the exception of the smilax, they will bloom in about six weeks from the time the seed is sown. None need be without at least a few flowers this winter.

Sow the seed in shallow boxes or pans filled with earth above described, and be careful not to cover too deep; one-fourth inch is plenty, and less for the smaller seeds. Keep the soil moist all the time but not too wet. Lay a flannel cloth on the earth until the young plants appear, then remove it. The growth of the seeds may be greatly hastened by placing a hot brick under the box night and morning.

All letters will reach me if addressed to Ainsworth, Iowa.

PRIMROSE.

#### HOW TO MAKE CALLAS BLOSSOM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Some one in a back number wanted to know something about the care of a calla lily. Having had several years experience with them, I will give my plan, which I think is a good one, as I never fail to have them bloom all through the winter months.

About the first of September I turn my lily out of the jar, (which is a two-gallon one, without any hole in the bottom for drainage, as none is required,) and I get a quart of fresh cow manure (the fresher the better) and put it in the jar, then I take common garden soil, leaf mould and sand, about equal parts, and mix thoroughly, then fill the jar about half full, put in the lily bulb, and fill the jar within two inches of the top, which

space must be left for water, of which they will require about a pint each day after they get to growing nicely. If the water is quite warm I think it would be better, but I am not particular about this. After the bloom appears and begins to turn brown, cut the stem off within three or four inches of the base, for inside the stem you will find a second bud, or perhaps the second bud will be found inside the leaf stem that the first bud came out of, as was the case with mine to-day. My first lily measured five inches across, and

the second bud gives promise of another equally as large as the first. About the first of June I take my lily out on the north side of the house in the shade, turn the jar over on its side and leave it there, and pay no more attention to it; do not water it, but just let it rest, and by the first of September it will be ready for work again.

I must tell you about my primroses, of which I have three, one pink one and two white ones. One of the white ones is a fern leaf and has seven flower stems, and one hundred and seventeen flowers at the present time. If any of the sisters can exceed that for bloom I would like to hear from them.

I have a great many plants, in fact quite a little conservatory, with steam heat, and my John takes as much interest in the flowers and plants as I do. I have quite a number of plants in bloom now, a variety of geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, sweet alyssum, begonias, bouvardias, carnations, abutilons, fuchsias, a crab cactus, and last but not least, two callas.

Have any of the sisters sent flower seeds to a Mrs. Cleveland in Texas? I have forgotten her exact address. Last spring she wrote to THE HOUSEHOLD, stating that she would like to exchange flower seeds with some of the sisters, and having just received a choice lot of flower seeds from Vick, I took five or six of the choicest varieties, labeled them and sent to her address, and only asked one variety in return, but it never came. If she received them, and if all of the sisters contributed as freely as I did, I think she has enough seeds to start a first class seed store.

I am particularly interested in The Conservatory department of THE HOUSEHOLD.

ATHALENE.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL:—In the November number, Mrs. A. C. Thompson asks for information concerning her tamarind tree. If I knew her locality, I could answer better, as it is, I can only give my experience with them. Some of mine are loaded with fruit. My place is a white sand bluff, the highest on Manatee river, and perhaps the poorest. It is very dry, but we find we can make all kinds of tropical fruits grow on it. Tamarinds are never watered, but to thrive well must be highly manured, and I should advise Mrs. T. if her place is not sandy to have some mixed with the soil and make it rich.

Mrs. S. Ward asks about her pine apple crown. They grow here without any water, drawing nourishment from the dew and air as much as from the soil. So I would say to her, keep it warm and in a moist atmosphere, and if it escapes a nipping from Jack Frost, in two years you may look for it to fruit.

Penobscot says "I want some Florida moss. Has any good sister moss to send me?" Yes, bushels of it! But how am I to know where to send it? If our HOUSEHOLD Band would give their true addresses as well as their kind letters to us, it would save both time and trouble, and be a great deal more satisfactory.

Palma Sola, Fla.

MRS. E. S. WARNER.

In a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Emily Hayes tells how a night-blooming cereus blossom was kept open during the day by placing it in a refrigerator. In September, 1880, my cereus, which stood upon the lawn, had several buds on it. The night they were to open, the weather grew suddenly very cool, and we barely escaped having a frost. The next morning when we arose, the buds were fully open, and afforded us the rare pleasure of seeing a night-blooming cereus in blossom by day light. Two of the flowers we cut off and sent to friends, and the others remained open until afternoon. I could not account for this strange freak in any other way than that it was caused by the cool weather, and Emily Hayes' information strengthens this theory. The blossom is very beautiful in the day time, but loses much of that pure, brilliant whiteness which we observe by lamplight, when we watch with intense interest each folded petal as it flies back, disclosing the beautiful feathery stamens within, and the intoxicating perfume, which if there are a number of blossoms on the plant, will almost overpower us. Many complain that their plants will not bloom, and Emily Hayes says in her communication, "If any

one is so fortunate as to have a cactus that will blossom." I do not understand the reason if they are rightly cared for, given but little water in winter and kept in a dry, warm place, during the summer watered freely and placed in a partially shaded position out of doors. Mine has blossomed very freely since three years old, and it is now so common an occurrence to have a night-blooming cereus open with us, that we do not pay much attention to it, and sometimes find in the morning that the buds have opened, blossomed and withered, without our knowing it. Can any one tell me how, when and where, the night-blooming cereus was first discovered?

NATALIE.

Will some one give me a hint as to the care of fuchsias? Mine lose their leaves and dwindle away to mere sticks. It will greatly oblige,

ADDA E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would say to Mrs. Irish, if she keeps her gold fish in a vase, to turn them into a pan of fresh water while she washes the vase with soap and water, and fill it with water, placing in the bottom, fine gravel, smooth shells, etc. With a dipper made of soft net sewed on a hoop, place them back in the vase, and change the water each day. The second time turn it out leaving a little in, and fill it in a gentle manner not to hurt the fish. If scales are knocked off it takes two months to heal the wound. Put in a little cracker and from one to seven house flies per day for each fish. Cover the vase when you are out of the room, to keep them from jumping out, with a shell or netting that will let the air through. Scrape fresh beef in fine strips, and give them twice a week.

ANN WILSIE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell my flower loving friends how I saved my amaryllis after it had begun to decay. After scraping away all the decayed part I filled the cavity with pulverized charcoal. It threw up new shoots and had two stalks of beautiful lilies this spring.

In planting slips I fill a tin can half full of good loam, then fill up with pure sand, plant the slips, then cover with a glass, placing a small stick or pebble under it, to give them air, and place where the morning sun will strike them. I have very good success, especially with rose cuttings. I find sand a necessity in plant culture, the plants are not so apt to rot as when only loam is used.

Please tell Gonie to let her tuberose grow if she can keep it from freezing or rotting, it will bloom the sooner, that is, if it has not bloomed this summer. The bulb that has bloomed, will never bloom again, but will grow new blooming bulbs.

Last spring I sent to a florist for a root of *Nymphaea odorata*. I put about four inches of good soil in a common sized tub, sunk the tub in the ground, then planted my lily, laying the bulb lengthwise on the soil, not covering it very deep, then I filled the tub gently with rain water. Around the tub I planted the dwarf iris, then placed river shells and pieces of white marble around the iris, and I had a very pretty ornament for my front yard. My own experience teaches me they can be successfully transplanted. In the winter they can be carried to the cellar, and kept without any trouble. My lily had four blossoms on it last summer. T. HULLEY.

Veray, Ind.

MR. CROWELL:—I would like to tell the Band how I pack slips of house plants for the mail. First I cut my slips across a joint, trim off large leaves, wind the cut end with tin foil or oil paper, then spread damp moss on a piece of muslin large enough to wrap the slips in, then I lay the slips down close together, on the moss, and begin and roll up tight together, and wind around with a cord, then do up in oil paper with a wrapper outside properly directed. I have sent them a long distance, and they came out fresh and nice.

Please tell Helen P. that she can keep her oleanders in a cool cellar, by giving them occasionally a little water, and if they get dusty wash or sponge the leaves.

MRS. E. H. R.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish to thank Mrs. Martha Crandall for directions in the February HOUSEHOLD, for growing the Chinese primrose from seed. I purchased a paper about the last of March, and sowed half of the seed, following the directions very closely. I now have nine nice plants and two already budded. I feel very proud of my success, and I wish I could in some way repay Mrs. C. for the valuable information.

NEW HAVEN.

Will any of the sisters please tell me how to treat the strawberry geranium? Which does it like best, sun or shade, much or little water, heat or cold? Mine does not grow very fast.

M. D. S.

Will some one please give me instructions in regard to raising red birds, what to feed them, and how much water to give them, how often, etc.? Mine are young and just commencing to fly.

MRS. L. B.

## The Library.

## FATE.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,  
The spray of the tempest is white in air;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb,  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

The ship sailed safely over the sea,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee,  
But the town that was builded upon a rock,  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

## LESSONS IN MUSIC.

## Number One.

IN ANSWER to the many requests for assistance, through THE HOUSEHOLD, from those whose knowledge of music is limited, but who desire to play at least sufficiently well to accompany themselves upon piano or organ, or play simple pieces at sight, I will do the best I can—though it is a rather difficult thing to teach music by letters—and try to make my instructions as plain as possible, hoping they may be of benefit to those who are unable through lack of opportunity or means, to obtain the desired instruction from a competent teacher.

Some knowledge of the scales and harmony is necessary to even the player of simple melodies and the accompanist, and also a correct method of fingering; a thorough knowledge of the different keys, etc. In the first place we will mention the importance of a good and easy position at the piano. Do not bend over it, neither give the body an erectness which will be awkward and stiff. The stool should not be too low, the arm from the elbow should be nearly on a level with the keys, never lower, and the hands free from stiffness or cramping. Rubbing the hands and wrists thoroughly every night with sweet almond oil or glycerine, taking care to rub it well in, will help to keep the joints supple, especially if one has much house-work or sewing to do.

We will presume that the letters are known to the reader, and, position right, commence the first lesson. Strike a chord with the left hand, the little, or fifth finger, upon C, the third, or middle finger, upon E, and the first, or thumb, upon G. Strike evenly several times, throwing the hand back from the wrist, without much movement of the arm. Do not strike too heavily, power is requisite, but well tempered. Noise is never music. Then with the right hand play from C to G, and back, commencing with the thumb on C, thus giving a finger for each note, and strike the left hand chord with every C and G in the right hand until it can be done quite rapidly and smoothly, then strike the bass with the C of the treble only, running up and down with the right hand, slowly at first, then as rapidly as you can and still preserve a smooth, even touch. Next, reverse the order, take the chord with the right hand and the runs with the left, beginning of course with the little finger. After this is done to your satisfaction, try a whole octave.

Commence with the right hand as you did for the five notes; when the third finger touches the E, pass the thumb under and strike F with it. This leaves fingers to reach the upper C. In coming back use all the fingers, which will bring the thumb on F again, throw the third or middle finger over on E which will make the thumb ready to strike C again.

In the left hand, when you are ready to take up the scale with that, commence with the little finger on C, play up to G, throw the third finger over on A which

will of course bring the thumb on C. In returning play to A, which will be struck of course by the third finger; pass the thumb under and finish the scale.

Perhaps it will be as well to say that this is the German method of fingering, designating the thumb as the first finger instead of the X as is used in American methods, for reasons which will be apparent later. In this the five fingers have their proper numbers, from one to five. A good rule to fix in the mind is that in the natural scale of C, the thumb or first finger, of the right hand always strikes C and F, and the left—except the first note—always C and G. With correct fingering one cannot make a mistake in a scale. This makes it very important that these little matters and rules be well committed to memory in the beginning.

The position of the fingers and the signature of the different keys are very necessary things to learn thoroughly, being, like the alphabet and multiplication table, things never forgotten after they are once learned.

In order to find the second scale, we are to remember that the key is always (in major scales) to be found a fifth above the last key-note. In this case the last key-note was C, the fifth above would be G, so that the second scale is in the key of G, signature one sharp, which is F. For this the first fingers (remember that these are always thumbs) strike G and C in the right hand, G and D in the left. The third key is D, signature two sharps, F and C. First finger in the right hand on D and G, in the left on D and A. The fourth key is A, signature three sharps, F, C and G. First finger on A and D in the right, and on A and E in the left. The fifth key is E, signature four sharps, F, C, G and D. First finger in the right hand on E and A, in the left on E and B. Sixth Key is B, signature five sharps, which are F, C, G, D and A. This is fingered alike with both hands, the first fingers coming on B and E. In the left however the scale is commenced with the fourth finger instead of the fifth.

This scale you will observe embraces all the black keys, and in most modern use ends the sharp scales. In some old music (a great deal of Mozart's and Beethoven's) the six and seven sharps are used, but for present purposes the five sharps are sufficient. These scales may all be played like the first, alternately with both hands, mostly the octave scale, first with the right, then with the left hand, and then with both together. All the chords are played like the first one, that is, using the key note with a third and fifth.

To find the perfect or major third which is all we need at present, strike any note, we will take C, then the next key which will be C sharp or one semitone, then D, two semitones, D sharp, three semitones, then E which is the fourth semitone, which makes the perfect third. Then to find the fifth keep right on, E being the fourth, F will of course be the fifth semitone, F sharp the sixth, G the seventh, which gives the perfect or major fifth. Thus we have another rule to remember, and our first in harmony, that the perfect or major third is always the fourth semitone above a given note, and the perfect or major fifth the seventh semitone above.

This I think will be lesson and amusement enough for the first lesson, and as there is a whole month to practice it in, it should be learned very perfectly. If there should be any to whom this lesson is of no use for want of the necessary knowledge of the notes, letters, etc., I will give instructions for such with pleasure. This lesson being prepared for those who know the position of the different notes on the key board, character

EMILY HAYES.

## A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT ON SOUND.

The following beautiful experiment, described by Professor Tyndall, shows how music may be transmitted by an ordinary wooden rod. In a room two floors beneath his lecture room there was a piano upon which an artist was playing, but the audience could not hear it. A rod of deal, with its lower end resting upon the sounding board of the piano, extended upward through the two floors, its upper end being exposed before the lecture table. But still no sound was heard. A violin was then placed upon the end of the rod which was thrown into resonance by the ascending thrills, and instantly the music of the piano was given out in the lecture room. A guitar and harp were substituted for the violin, and with the same result. The vibrations of the piano strings were communicated to the sounding board, they traversed the long rod, were reproduced by the resonant bodies above, the air was carried into waves, and the whole musical composition was delivered to the listening audience.

## CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number the question is asked, "What princess knelt and kissed the shore on landing in the country of which she had become queen? It was Magdalene, daughter of Francis I., of France. She was married to James V., of Scotland, January 1st, 1536.

M. O. G.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please inquire through the medium of your paper, for the poems, "Curfew Must not Ring To-night" and "The Dying Californian." To any one sending them to me, I will return the favor in some way.

If Mollie will send her address to me, I will furnish her with a copy of the poem, "The Blue and the Gray."

ELIOSE H. WETHERBEE.

Ashburnham Depot, Mass.

Can any one send me the poem containing the words,

"And since that time there ne'er has been Room for Jesus in the inn?"

MRS. ROBERT STILLWELL.

Box 910, Peoria, Ill.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me the name of the author of the following lines?

"Oh! a wonderful thing is a seed,  
The one thing deathless ever,  
The one thing changeless, utterly true,  
Forever old, forever new,  
And fickle and faithless never."

Plant hate, and hate will spring,  
Plant love, and love will grow.  
To-day you may sow; to-morrow will bring  
The blossom that shows what sort of a thing  
Is the seed; the seed that you sow.

Belfast, Me.

T. W. RYAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send me the words of "Jeanette's Christmas Gift," commencing,

"One Christmas eve, the fair Jeanette  
Dreamily sat before her glass,"

and also the poem containing these lines,

"Bring a book, say Adelaide Proctor, interlined and marked remember;

If you haven't it then buy one, mark it, bend it, give it knobs

With the poker; curl the edges, add a tear drop, scent with amber;

That's the book you leave behind you and forget upon the rocks?"

LIZZIE L. MCINTYRE.

Scofield, Monroe Co., Mich.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band tell me where I can procure the song entitled, "My Darling Dwells over the Sea?" It cannot be found at a music store on account of its age.

DAISY BEELER.

Highland, Doniphan Co., Kansas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the poem, one verse of which is,

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flashing on river, and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the waters cold,

And list to the sound of the boatman's oar,"

and the author's name? MRS. LIRA E. TESCA.

Chatfield, Minn.

MR. CROWELL:—Some months ago you kindly published a request for me. As it has not been answered I wish to repeat it, the circulation of

THE HOUSEHOLD having increased, there may be one of all the number who can give the desired information. It is in regard to an English piece entitled "The Ruined Cottage," commencing, "None will dwell in yon cottage, for they say oppression wrested it from an honest man, and a curse clings to it."

Canon City, Col.

MRS. HARRY BAKER.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Hester, in the October HOUSEHOLD, asks the authorship of several charming little poems. The first,

"Run, little rivulet, run."

is by Lucy Larcom. The second,

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed," is the opening line of "Changes," by Robert Bulwer Lytton, (Owen Meredith.)

The quotation given by A. G., in November, is from "Identity," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. As there are but two verses I send them.

"Somewhere in desolate, wind-swept space,  
In twilight land—in no-man's land—  
Two hurrying shapes met face to face,  
And bade each other stand."

"And who are you?" cried one agape,  
Shuddering in the gloaming light,  
'I know not,' said the second shape,  
'I only died last night!'

Mr. Elhu Vedder, the celebrated artist, has a small picture which illustrates these lines. He is particularly at home with such weird, ghostly subjects.

EMILY HAYES.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am asked where Wood's Botany can be obtained and its price. Probably at any bookstore making a specialty of school books. The title of the one to which I referred is, "New Class Book of Botany," by Alphonso Wood, and costs two dollars and a half. If sent by mail twenty-five cents must be added for postage. I wish Com. hearty success in the study and can safely promise her or him that a great deal of pleasure is in store. LESLIE RAYNOR.

Can any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me where I can find the poem "Schneider's Ride," a parody on "Sheridan's Ride?" I should like very much to obtain these words as soon as possible.

ADA L.

## THE REVIEWER.

NINETEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES IN OUTLINE. A Guide to Historical Study for Home Reading and Literary Clubs. By Lewis O. Thompson. Chicago: A. Craig & Co., 182 Monroe Street. Price \$1.00.

One of the real helps to those desirous of forming a reading club or a course of home study, which will meet a long existing want; giving a condensed outline of the plan of study, practically and sensibly encouraging the reading of, and showing how to read, such books as will assist and interest the general reader as well as the student.

THE FATE OF MADAME LA TOUR. A Tale of Great Salt Lake. By Mrs. A. G. Paddock. Price \$1.00. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

A well constructed story, giving a vivid and startling picture of the people with which it deals, and their remarkable system of government; also giving an authentic report of affairs which one could scarcely believe to exist in the midst of an enlightened nation. We hope that those having authority will also give their attention to this blot upon our country, and that mormonism, a scarcely less evil than the slavery of other days, will be wiped out forever. If the pen of a woman can make itself the "entering wedge," may repeated and telling blows follow. The author of this work is vouched for by the governor of Utah and John G. Whittier.

VOCOPHY. By Lysander Salmon Richards. Marlboro: Pratt Bros. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A system enabling a person to decide the vocation one is best suited to follow, which will aid in a great degree the student of phrenology. The contents embrace a general view of the methods by which dormant powers and talents may be brought to light and cultivated as one needs. With such aids one should not fail to discover the best course to follow.

LITTLE FOLKS' EVERY DAY BOOK. Edited by Amanda B. Harris. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00.

A charming little book which will be welcomed with delight by the little people, for whom it is especially designed. It is written after the plan of the popular birth-day books, and is instructive as well as amusing. It contains a picture, a verse, and a blank, for every day in the year, together with twelve full-page pictures, in color, representing the various months of the year.

"CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR." Parts I. and II. "The Outbreak of the Rebellion," by John G. Nicolay, and "From Fort Henry to Corinth," by Hon. M. F. Force. Price \$1.00 each. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Brattleboro: Geddes & Newcomb.

The commencement of a series of authentic narratives of events during the conflict of 1861-65. Giving much information not generally found in former works, written by those who took an active part in the events recorded, and being a "full and authoritative military history

## FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

## QUARTETTE FOR LADIES' VOICES.

*p MODERATELY SLOW.*

Fr. SILCHER.

of the suppression of the rebellion," this series commands itself to public favor at once.

GREEN MOUNTAIN POETS. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Claremont, N. H.: Claremont Stationery Co. White River Junction, Vt.: White River Paper Co.

A collection of poems gathered from the writings of Vermont poets. Although one misses among them an occasional poem of familiar name, still the collection is more universal than is often the case, and the selections good.

THE HERALD OF PRAISE. A collection of music for choirs, singing classes and conventions. By L. O. Emerson. Price \$1.00. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Mr. Emerson's name is always sufficient to commend a work of this description. Fully equal to his preceding collections of church music it will meet the cordial approval of musical people.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December is in all respects a good number. The writers without exception are men eminently competent for the tasks assigned to them, while of the subjects discussed, there is not one which does not possess a living interest. The most important and most opportune of all the articles is one by Hon. John A. Kasson, entitled "The Monroe Doctrine in 1881." Then follows a discussion of the Death Penalty, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Judge Samuel Hand and Wendell Phillips. The policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government toward Ireland is strenuously defended by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Foster, son of the chief secretary for Ireland. Four physicians and surgeons of the first rank, namely, Drs. W. A. Hammond, John Ashurst, Jr., J. Marion Sims and John T. Hodgen, review the history of President Garfield's case. Finally the Hon. David A. Wells treats of Reform in Federal Taxation.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December is at hand, with its pages filled with good reading and fine illustrations. One of the most noticeable articles is the opening sketch of the royal family of Swe-

den, illustrated with portraits, etc. The two serials are continued, Mr. Hardy's approaching a conclusion. The shorter articles and poems are excellent, and the editorial departments are full of good reading. Price, \$4.00 per year. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE ATLANTIC for December gives us the closing chapter of Mr. James' long serial. Mr. Howells' charming story is also brought to a happy conclusion. The other articles are especially good reading, making an unusually fine number of this popular monthly. THE ATLANTIC promises for next year several fine serial stories. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$4.00 per year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for December is well deserving the popularity gained by the preceding numbers. The contents embrace many finely illustrated articles, and the reading matter is excellent and of good variety. The publishers are to be congratulated on the success of their reduction from \$4.00 to \$3.00 for the past year. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December is a treat which will be appreciated by its many readers. Noticeable among the contents are the articles on President Garfield and Dr. Holland. Mrs. Burnett's serial is continued, and Mr. Howells gives us the opening chapters of his new story, "A Modern Instance." There are several finely illustrated articles and the editorial departments are full of interest. Price, \$4.00 a year. Union Square, New York: The Century Co.

THE CHRISTMAS ST. NICHOLAS will be welcomed with delight by the fortunate little people to whom it may come as a Christmas gift, and its excellent reading matter and fine illustrations might win praise from the older readers who like to look over the children's books. Price, \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

CHATTERBOX JUNIOR, edited by Edward Willett, Joshua Kendall, Miss Pollard, and others. Illustrated with colored and full-page wood en-

gravings. 4to, boards, \$1.25. The publisher considers this CHATTERBOX JUNIOR the best juvenile of its kind ever issued. It is entertaining and instructive; it will be a source of delight to children and will guide their taste in the right direction. It is a book that should be in every family. Published by R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, New York.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for December is an exceptionally fine number, the contents being rich in matter and illustrations. "The Waning of the Year," by Wyke Bayliss, being especially fine as well in the reading as in the charming sketches which illustrate it. The American Art Notes is a new feature which will be appreciated by many readers. Published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York. Price, \$3.50 a year.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. A large quarterly discussing all questions pertaining to agriculture, and supplying the latest and best information for all those interested in agricultural affairs. It records all new discoveries in agricultural science and practice, and all improvements in implements and machinery. The contents embrace able articles upon all leading questions, invaluable to the farmer, stock raiser, etc. Price, \$2.00 per year. Published quarterly, by the American Agricultural Association, 127 Water Street, New York.

THE MUSICAL HERALD for November gives as its opening number an interesting sketch of ancient musical instruments, with numerous illustrations, and the others embrace a wide range of thought on many subjects relating to music, making it a necessity to the teacher as well as to the student in music. \$1.50 per year. Published by the Musical Herald Co., Boston.

WIDE AWAKE for December comes to us so filled with charming stories and pictures for its little readers that the promise of enlargement and improvement for the coming year seems almost superfluous. However, the little people will enjoy having a "little more" of their favor-

ite magazine. Price, \$2.50 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for November is at hand, containing its usual amount of musical gossip and correspondence. There are several selections of sheet music, all together making a very satisfactory number of this popular monthly. \$1.50 per year. Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE FOLIO for November is filled with sketches and correspondence calculated to interest the amateur as well as the professional musician. It contains the usual amount of popular music, and will be a deservedly popular guest in many households. \$1.50 per year. Published by White, Smith & Co., Boston.

We have received a copy of the A B C PATH FINDER RAILWAY GUIDE, containing the official time tables of the railway and steamboat companies, stations, distances, fares, etc., together with much valuable information as to postal and telegraphic arrangements, money orders, and other matters of interest to travelers. Published monthly by the New England Railway Publishing Co., 117 Franklin St., Boston. \$2.50 per year. 25 cents a copy.

NEW MUSIC: We have received from G. D. Russell, 126 Tremont St., Boston, the following: "For Goodness' Sake Don't Say I Told You," song, by Maggie Duggan. "Alone," song for contralto or bass by H. S. Perkins. "Happy Carpenter," by Hiller, and "Minnie Waltz," by Streabog, two easy and pretty compositions. From Spear & Denhoff, 717 Broadway, New York, "Over the Rapids," melody by Adolf Hoffmann, a pleasing study for the right hand.

Vennor, the unquenchable, is at hand again with his new ALMANAC for 1882. While we cannot say much in praise of the weather he foretells for the coming year, we can recommend the unique style of the work, which contains, beside the weather indications and reports, many little items of interest. Published by J. M. Stoddard & Co., Philadelphia.

## The Nursery.

## CHILDREN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
That look towards the sun,  
When thoughts are singing swallows,  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,  
But in mine is the wind of autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
e should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children:  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your carelessness,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

## GEORGIE SAVARY'S BEAR.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

GEORGIE SAVARY lived on the slopes of Kearsarge mountain, in central New Hampshire. The cabin of his father, who was one of the early settlers of Warner, stood in a valley near that part of the mountain called "The Gore." There was a large family of boys varying from eight to twenty years of age.

Georgie was the youngest and was just eight. He was small of his age, but was a strong, healthy boy, full of life and spirit. In those days, boys of his age had to work when they did not attend school, and Georgie was alike willing and able to do his part. Being the youngest, it devolved on him to do many of the chores. Among these was driving the cows to and from pasture.

The Savary pasture did not lie at a great distance from the house, not more than a third of a mile, but the path lay through a wood which was often dark and gloomy, when, as was often the case, the boy chanced to be late in driving home his lowing charge. The young fellow was brave, however, and kept his spirits up by whistling when it was the darkest.

It was in the early fall of the year 1821, the year of the great tornado. One night when Georgie drove home the cows it was discovered that a calf was missing, the largest and fattest one that they had. Mr. Savary at once declared that a bear must have taken it.

"Georgie mustn't go after the cows again, if you think such an animal is around," asserted Mrs. Savary, fearing the great peril her boy's life would be in.

"I'm not afraid of a bear, ma'am," said Georgie, who, like most boys, wanted to be thought more manly than he was.

Georgie's spirit pleased his father, who jokingly observed:

"Not afraid of a bear, you little whippet! Why, you'd run the first thing if you met one!"

"No, I shouldn't nuther, father."

"Well then, I hope you won't meet one, that's all. A bear would make mince meat of you quicker than you could wink, and you wouldn't make much more than a good mouthful for him."

Notwithstanding Georgie's asseverations of courage, he was not permitted to go after the cows again for three or four days, an older brother performing that duty. At the end of that time, as no bear had been seen, and no further depredations committed, the mother's fears subsided and the boy fell into his customary labors again.

About a week after the calf had been missed one of the boys came in to breakfast and said that all their best melons had been stolen. They could not believe that any of the neighbors had taken them, but there was the melon patch all trampled and torn, and the largest melons gone. A search was instituted, and behind a stone wall was discovered the remnant of the missing fruit. Melon rinds lay scattered all around, with the marks of great teeth around the edges.

"It's the work of that bear," said Mr. Savary, as soon as he saw the prints of bruin's teeth. "Well, he's had a feast, and now he's got to pay for it."

"What are you going to do about it, father?" asked one of the boys.

"I am going to set a trap for him, that's what I am going to do."

"But won't he get away?"

"Not if he gets caught. I should like to see the bear that could get out of that trap. Jesse, you can go and get it."

One of the boys hurried to the house immediately. When he returned he brought with him a heavy, rudely made steel trap, with formidable looking jaws, and strong enough to hold the largest bear that ever was seen in the states. The trap was carefully set in the edge of the forest just beyond the melon patch. One of the largest melons left was used for a bait, and leaves were strewn about the place to conceal the traces of footsteps.

The boys visited the trap morning, noon, and night, expecting every time to find a bear. But bruin was either of a very suspicious disposition, or his appetite for melons had singularly lessened. He refused to be caught. After two or three days the lads lost their interest, and though the trap still remained set and baited, Georgie was the only one who visited it. This he did usually at the time when he drove the cows to and from pasture.

One night, it was about a week after Mr. Savary had set the trap, as Georgie was driving his cows home he saw a large, black object lying by the trap. His heart leaped into his mouth at the sight. Bruin was caught at last. Georgie was not frightened. After the first moment of surprise he approached the bear. Bruin did not look up or show any signs of life. The boy thought he was dead. He picked up a broken limb and struck the brute a violent blow on the nose.

Bruin, who either had been sleeping or feigning sleep, alarmed by this unprovoked assault, started up with a fierce snort, standing erect on his haunches and peering out of his shaggy, cunning eyes at his small antagonist. Evidently his survey was very satisfactory, for the next moment, and before the boy could do aught to prevent it, the bear stretched out his fore paws and seized our hero in a close and powerful clasp. Georgie had not counted on this unexpected mode of greeting, and was very much amazed for a moment. Still he was not alarmed, and after the first surprise was over he commenced a vigorous tattoo with his little fists upon Bruin's nose.

That portion of a brute's anatomy is always more or less sensitive, and the bear's was still suffering from the stinging blow of the stick in Georgie's hand. At this renewed attack he seemed greatly embarrassed, and pretty soon he relinquished his hold and set the boy down,

Georgie knew no more about fear than a young Indian, and he had no thought of running away and leaving the bear. If he went at all he was determined to take bruin along with him. But before he attempted this it was necessary to see how securely the bear was fastened.

Bruin seemed in no way ferociously inclined, and the boy soon discovered that he was in a sorry plight. Very singularly he had been caught by the hind leg, and that part of his body was swollen considerably, and must have occasioned him great pain. Georgie patted his shaggy head, and the beast made no demonstrations of hostility. Probably his sufferings had cowed him, for he frequently uttered moans of pain. The young pioneer made up his mind that he would lead his captive home. They should see whether he was afraid of a bear or not.

He had no sooner thought it than he set about performing his exploit. It was something of an effort for him to pull up the stake to which the chain was fixed, but he succeeded in doing it after a long trial. Then with the chain over his shoulder and driving the bear before him, the brave boy started home.

His progress was slow. Bruin needed considerable urging. His inflamed foot doubtless gave him much distress, and dragging the heavy trap must have reminded him momentarily of his sufferings. Very slowly they proceeded, but they reached the cabin at last. Mrs. Savary stood in the door. It was quite dark, but she could see distinctly a large object in front of the boy. Her first thought was of the missing calf.

"What have you there, Georgie?" she asked. "Has Katy come back?"

"Not that I know of," answered the lad, proud as a corporal on training day. "I have brought home a bear."

"A bear! I don't believe it. Come in and go to bed," said the father, sternly, as he appeared at the door.

"Well, you can see for yourself," replied Georgie, stoutly. "Tisn't a painter nor a catamount. I call it a bear."

They all gathered round him, and as they inspected the huge, shaggy beast, they were forced to acknowledge that the prize was a bear, and a large one at that.

"Goodness! I should a thought he'd ate ye," exclaimed the astonished pioneer. "But why didn't you kill him?"

"What with?"

"We'll fix him now. His hide will pay for the heifer calf, and his fore quarters are worth more than the melons he has eaten. Git the gun, Jesse."

Georgie interposed.

"Don't shoot him, father. I don't want him killed."

"What do you want done with him? He'll eat you up like enough. Besides, he's got to pay for the melons and veal he's stolen."

"I want him for a pet. He won't hurt anything. Don't you see how tame he is? Please do not kill him, father."

"I don't see how we are going to get our pay for Katy if we let him live. But you can keep him a few days, seeing as how you brought him in."

Georgie's pleading eyes brightened.

"How are you going to keep him, Georgie?" inquired his brother Jesse.

"He can keep him in the barn well enough," said Mr. Savary. "We can chain him to a post, and he can't get away."

So bruin took up his quarters in the barn. The trap was unsprung from his foot, and a big, leather strap was buckled around his neck, to which was attached a strong chain. Georgie fed him on watermelons the next morning, and finding his captive well disposed, proceeded to give him his first lesson. He learned rapidly all the tricks taught him, for bruin was as intelligent as a New Englander will be. One or two only, in each

foundland dog. With a rope about his neck he was taken to short walks, and he learned to sit erect for his dinner, and to step to and fro while his young master whistled.

The bear was captured on Tuesday. The following Sunday was the ninth of September, the day of the great hurricane. The day was very warm and pleasant until about five o'clock, when black clouds arose in the west. These clouds swept rapidly over the heavens, and were illuminated by incessant flashes of lightning. All at once there was a most terrifying commotion in the dense black pall which gave warning of fearful desolation. Out of the black cloud coming from the west, a smaller cloud was seen advancing. The air before it was filled with birds, broken limbs of trees, fence, shingles, boards, and rubbish of all kinds.

There was a heavy, rushing sound, the thunder rolled fearfully, and accompanied by a flood of rain, the forked lightning flashing on the dark background, the winged messenger of death bore down into the valley where the Savary farmhouse stood under its sheltering pines.

The elder Savary saw the terrible cloud advancing, in shape like an inverted tunnel. Alarmed by the darkness and the ominous rumbling, he rushed into the house. He had not got the door closed when the house gave way, burying the whole family in its ruins.

The barn and out-buildings were demolished as well as the dwelling house. Crops were swept away clean, stones partly buried in the earth were overturned, trees of every description were denuded of their branches or twisted off at the trunk, or torn up by the roots. A great ruin was left in the path of the whirlwind. Not a single life was saved but one.

All that afternoon Georgie had spent with *Ursus Americanus*. He had led him to a long walk up the mountain, and returning late, and being somewhat wearied he threw himself down by the side of bruin, where he soon fell asleep. The bear was chained to a cross-sill which was bedded in the ground, so that when the barn was swept down this part of it remained firm.

The boy was awakened by the shock but found that he could not move. He was pressed close against the shaggy side of his ursine pet, who seemed quite motionless. Above him, pressing him down, were some heavy timbers, and over these was a mass of rubbish which almost excluded the daylight. He could not move his limbs but he could use his tongue, and this he did bravely. Some of the neighbors visiting the spot heard his cries, and set to work to release him. Before dark of that September night he stood gazing at the ravages of the whirlwind, the only living thing in his father's house. Even the bear was dead.

Georgie is an old man now, near unto seventy. The story of his providential escape in the great tornado, which has been told at all our hearthstones, has not become a forgotten tale to him. One thing he preserves as a cherished memento of that fearful experience. It is a bear-skin of shining black hair, lined with crimson satin. It is the skin of his old pet, the melon stealer; and this is what became of Georgie's bear.

## WHAT'S THE REASON?

Take twenty boys of sixteen, in our, or any town in the state, let them go to work, three or four in a dry goods store, boot and shoe finishing establishment, and printing offices. In ten years they will have become men of twenty-six, and the majority of them will then be about as far along in the business scale as they

of the above branches, will be established in business for themselves, or connected with some firm doing a good business, and the rest will be barely getting a living and growling about their poor luck. Now we assert that there is a good reason for their poor success, and that "luck" has but little if anything at all to do with it.

If we take the trouble to ascertain the real facts in their several cases, we shall find that those young men who became masters in their trades, or leading men in their business pursuits, were not afraid to work, and were determined to succeed. They looked beyond the day and week. They made themselves valuable and useful to their employers, by being always faithful, reliable, and willing to do what they could for the interest of those for whom they worked. When a press of business came, they were ready and willing to work extra hours, and without sulking or grumbling, well knowing that business must be attended to when it came, and that there were plenty of dull times during the year, which would more than counterbalance the extra briskness of the busy seasons. To sum it up, these young men identified themselves with the establishment where they were employed—became useful to their employers, in fact, fixtures who could be ill spared, and in due course of time, having gained experience, were invited to take a hand with the already established house, or else boldly struck out for themselves.

Here then, is the lesson, which is, if you wish to become successful masters, learn first to become faithful servants.

#### THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

##### INFANT'S OUTFIT.

Some one has answered this question about an infant's outfit, but for the benefit of those who have not the patterns for such as she suggested, I will send more explicit directions.

Three flannel bands eighteen inches long, five and one-half wide when finished, the hem simply turned down once and cross stitched with white silk. Two squares of flannel, one yard square, the best one costing seventy-five cents per yard. Cut it in scallops, the size of a spool, on the edge, and button hole stitch with silk or worsted. The second square costs fifty cents, and is either bound with a flannel binding, or hemmed and feather-stitched with silk. Two or three foot blankets, the waist part of plain, coarse linen, to pin easily, twenty inches long and five wide. I make them double, though some people prefer them single. Make the flannel part two-thirds of a yard long, and one breadth only of yard wide cotton and wool flannel. These are open in front and hemmed around. Three flannel skirts, all different lengths, the waist same as for the foot blankets. Make the skirts two breadths each of narrow flannel. Length of skirts when finished, shortest, twenty-four inches, the longest, thirty inches.

*Pattern of First Slips.*—These are made of Lonsdale, a fine cambric goods, costing fourteen cents a yard. Four will do, five if you don't wash often. Cut a piece of newspaper thirty-two inches long on its straight edge, thirteen inches wide at the bottom, and slant up to six inches. With a pencil mark out a little curve for the neck, one inch deep and two and one-half inches long. For the shoulder line slant a line down from the neck. This line, two and one-half inches long, forms the shoulder. A slight curve for the arm hole three and one-half inches long finishes the body. Back and front are alike. Close behind with buttons. The sleeve is made with a cuff so as to lengthen as the arm grows. A great advantage. Length of sleeve pattern, (cuff and all,) 1

seven inches, two of which turn over on the right side to form the cuffs. The width of half the sleeve pattern at the top is four inches, and slant to three at the wrist. These have no trimming on the bottom of the dress. Put soft lace around the neck and edge of the cuffs. A little square of fine tucking may be added to the front, like a tiny square neck, if one chooses. It gives a dainty effect.

Dresses are made shorter than formerly. One yard long, trimming and all, is considered quite long. Dresses are one and one-half or five-eighths yards around the bottom. The very prettiest way for dresses is the tucked yoke. Low necked dresses are entirely out of style.

*One-half of Yoke Pattern.*—Cut an oblong of paper, five and one-half inches long by four wide. Starting at the upper left corner, from a point two inches at the right to one two inches below, draw a curve for the neck. From a point two inches from the lower right hand corner, slant a line up to the curved neck. Back side the same as front.

*Sleeve Pattern.*—Make a coat sleeve just the shape of your own, seven inches on the outside, three and one-half inches wide at the bottom, and five at the top. Make both sides alike. As to the number of dresses your correspondent said two, but I find five none too many. I make all of Lonsdale except a best one. Tuck them around the bottom, put on a Hamburg ruffle, lace, or leave them plain, to suit the taste. For the tucked yokes I buy tucked cambric. It comes in very fine tucks, all even. One-fourth of a yard will trim all your dresses and leave quite a piece for something else, and costs less than twenty cents. Torchon lace is used to trim flannel skirts, and a pretty effect it makes with a feather stitch in white silk a little above it.

*Bib Pattern.*—Cut an oblong eleven inches long by three and one-half inches wide. One inch from one corner cut out a semi-circle just the size of a tumbler for the neck. Round off the corners, curve in a little on the sides, and you have one-half a bib pattern.

These are all boughten patterns, and they fit very nicely. It would cost at least one dollar to buy them, but with a little study I think you can make them as well.

There is a substitute for the linen bird's eye which costs from \$1.50 to \$3 per piece, an exact imitation in cotton. It washes just as easy, I find, looks as well, answers the purpose for which you use it very much better, and costs seventy-five cents per piece. A piece makes ten. Two pieces together with a number made of old cotton cloth, will answer. I have never used cotton flannel, but should think it would be hard to wash. I wish somebody who uses them would explain whether they are single or double, which side is out, and if they dry in any reasonable time.

Little sacques can easily be shaped from the yoke and sleeve pattern. I dislike them very much. When cold enough for them I prefer to put on a little flannel waist inside.

With one skein of Saxony yarn I crocheted three pairs of socks, two bands, and a little pair of leggings.

I have seen inquiries for making socks. Crochet a chain two inches long. Go round and round this chain in the simplest crochet stitch, drawing through a thread, and drawing the yarn through the two stitches. When you have a little oval big enough for the sole of the sock, go back and forth across one end, perhaps five times, till you judge you have reached the instep, then round and round till you see your sock is finished. I think there can be no definite number of stitches given, as some people work so much tighter than others.

A white worsted hood is made by chain-

ing stitches for four inches. Crochet with single zephyr in the same stitch as the socks, up one side, over the top, and down the other side, making a stitch in the top for five times around, then keep on without making any extra stitches. This is the inside. For the covering made of split zephyr, start at the lower corner, chain five, catch into the second stitch from the one you started from. Continue these little chains all over the hood. A pretty effect is made by having the inside blue and the outside white.

A boy's lace cap is made with strips of puffed muslin two inches wide and five inches long. Sew insertion between the puffs. Make a number sufficient to reach round baby's head. The puffs do not go round and round the head, but go up in stripes, and are gathered at the top. This gathering is covered with a bow of ribbon or lace. Make a lining of cambric, either colored or white. Put a little stiff material between the lining and the outside for the crown. Finish it with a band of ribbon around the crown, with lace at the top and bottom.

YOUNG MOTHER HUBBARD.  
Boston, Mass.

#### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

##### LADY'S CHICKENS.

When Lady was a chick herself, she was the daintiest little creature in the whole brood. You would not have thought this tiny white thing could have been so kind and polite. But she never crowded to get the best place under her mother's wing, nor pushed the rest to get the most to eat, nor rushed with the other wicked chickens, in greedy haste, to the flower bed or vegetable garden, to scratch and ravage. Not she.

When she grew up, no, she didn't grow up, for her short legs were never over two inches long, but her body increased in size, though she was always small, and her heart grew very big, as you shall see. As she reached the months of henhood, her shining feathers took on the most delicate shade of violet, and her modest, gentle ways were more remarkable than ever, and as she stepped about with such grace and innocence, she always reminded us of some sweet little lady dressed in lavender silk. So she gained the name of "Lady," and deserved it too, more than many a sister biped who wears it.

Lady became a notable layer, and her great yellow eggs were delightful to view and delicious to eat, and she kept us bravely supplied with eggs, when the other pullets shirked their henly duty. Not until she was three years old did "a change come o'er the spirit of her dream." She dreamed of a nest and a home of her own, where she might rear beautiful little lady children like herself. But surely as she would "steal her nest" in the tall, sweet grass, or under the currant bushes, or in some cozy corner of the hay-mow, that dreadful boy who had charge of the hens was sure to find her out and "break her up," as he called it, which was putting her alone in a dark barrel or basket, for days at a time, that she might forget her affectionate plans. He broke her up so many times it was a wonder he didn't break her heart too. But it was a big, strong heart, as I said, and although she would appear for a while depressed by her misfortunes, she soon rallied as one who should say, "Because I have seen trouble, shall I ignobly yield, and never more do aught for others?"

So the last time she came out of her prison she plucked up courage anew, and looked around, and made up her mind quietly and decidedly. "Her mind?" Yes, indeed, I believe she had a mind, and it was to do her best. Wouldn't it be a nice thing for you children to have such a mind always, and never be outdone by a little hen?

"As for those poor little things," said she, or thought she in her hen language, nodding her pretty head towards twenty new chickens straggling along after a lean, yellow hen, "any one could see that those chicks haven't half a mother. Just give me a chance with that brood and there won't be such neglect. I'll mother them beautifully. I'm convinced that's my mission."

So Lady attached herself to the needy family, and wrought valiantly. She clucked in a way so convincing, that the downy bits trusted her fully, and even the lean, yellow hen would look over her shoulder, as though confused, and wondering if she was the real mother, or somebody else. Lady scratched for the little ones' food, she bristled every lavender plume against intruders, and craned her fair neck for timely views of ill designing hawks, and made her short legs race promptly in pursuit of them. And at night, when the yellow hen called her nestlings to the coop, Lady trudged in, making herself sweetly at home, and cuddling half her adopted children under her loving wings. By and by the real mother grew very negligent in her care, finally leaving her remnant of her brood entirely; but this just suited our Lady, who was now more vigilant than ever with her increased family, carrying herself with stately pride, quite becoming to her years and responsibilities. "She never told her love," but lived it thoroughly for many months, and it was the most amusing thing to see the tall, well grown roosters and stout pullets following loyally, yet curiously looking down upon their still faithfully clucking and scratching wee lavender step-mother. Don't you like my true story?

HOPE HARVEY.

#### GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are among the greatest charms a person can possess, and everybody should cultivate them, especially young people. They are something money cannot purchase, for there is only one way of obtaining them, and that is by habitual practice.

We know a good mother who used to say: "Always use good manners at home, and then when you go among strangers, you need never be alarmed, for it will be perfectly natural to you to be polite and respectful." This is true; and we have always thought that the best and easiest way to do anything right, was to get into the habit of doing it right.

Hardly anything is of more consequence than good manners and politeness in a boy or girl. They render those who possess them favorites with their relations and friends, and prepossess strangers toward them. Politeness costs nothing and at the same time is of the greatest value.

#### A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveler, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and which seemed more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what has been well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left writes it down, and he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

## The Dining Room.

### DINING ROOM NOTES.

#### Number Nineteen.

WHEN I tell you in the beginning that this chapter will treat principally of "codfish and hash," I expect to say my say to the scattering few, while the majority withdraw to the parlor. But there is hash and hash, and good hash is by no means the despicable compound some of us have come—through sorrowful experiences—to consider it; while as to codfish, how would the Bostonian of to-day have grown to the present level of aesthetic culture, without the brain power gained from the ancestral Sunday dinner of codfish? How many times we look at the little plateful of scraps left from yesterday's dinner, and wonder "what we can make of them."

Bits of steak, or roast meats, or chicken, are nice chopped and put in a stew pan with enough sweet cream for a nice gravy, add salt to taste, and a very little pepper. Have several slices of bread toasted, and laid on a warm plate, or a few hot biscuits split, or a layer of mashed potato, nicely browned, and pour the mixture over. The meat may be warmed with milk, or even water, seasoning nicely, and thickening with a little flour or a beaten egg, giving the toast a generous buttering, (if toast is used,) which is nicer than to stir the butter into the meat.

There are many ways of preparing the salt codfish which are nice, and a welcome change from the plain boiled, or the fish balls, so generally used, though the plain boiled fish makes a nice dinner when properly prepared. The fish should be very white and thick. Cut a piece weighing two or three pounds from the thick part. Strip off the skin and put the fish in cold water for two or three hours. Then put it in a kettle with three or four quarts of cold water. It is well to lay in a wire stand, so the fish will not touch the kettle. When the water is hot if it is too salt, dip it out and fill up with cold. Heat gradually and simmer about half an hour.

Prepare a nice drawn butter by mixing half a cupful of butter in a warm dish, which can be placed on the stove, with two tablespoonfuls of flour. When well mixed pour in a scant pint of boiling water slowly, stirring all the time. Let it stand two or three minutes where it will simmer.

Boiled potatoes and beets should always be served with boiled fish.

What is left may be hashed for breakfast, with the potatoes and a little of the beet. Season nicely. Moisten with a little of the drawn butter, if any was left, or milk or water, and an egg well beaten. Heat gem pans hot, butter them and fill with the hash, and put them in a very hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, or until nicely browned. The cakes brown nicely if a little rolled cracker and bits of butter are put on the top. They should turn out without breaking, be well browned, and make a nice looking, as well as a palatable breakfast dish.

There are several ways of preparing the "picked up" fish, which we like occasionally. Soak a nice piece of fish, perhaps a pound, over night or through the morning. Remove all the bones, pick it into small pieces and put it into a frying pan with water to make sufficient gravy, perhaps a pint. Stir two even tablespoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water, and stir into the fish. Have three or four eggs boiled hard. Let them cool, peel, and slice them with a sharp knife, and stir gently into the fish

with a tablespoonful of butter. Let it just come to a boil and turn out. When cream is scarce we prefer this to any other method of preparing. Sometimes, when prepared plain with milk, after it is thickened and seasoned, we break in eggs, (say one for each person,) let them just cook through, take out carefully, and place on a warm platter and pour the fish over. When prepared with cream, soak and pick up the fish, and put it in a stew pan with cream to make sufficient gravy. Let it just come to a boil and stir in a little flour mixed smooth with milk. Serve as soon as possible. It is very nice with half milk if cream is not plenty, using a little more flour to thicken with. If I have to use all milk I use very little flour, and just before taking from the fire add two or three eggs well beaten.

In making fish balls I always use cold potatoes, and chop them very fine. The usual method of mashing hot potatoes gives them a tendency to the stickiness which spoils fish balls for me. Allow one-third of fish chopped fine to two-thirds of potato three tablespoonfuls of cream, or two of milk and one of butter to three cupfuls of fish and potato, and an egg well beaten. Two or three hard boiled eggs chopped fine is a great improvement. Make into small cakes, dip into rolled cracker or better still crude gluten, and fry a nice brown on both sides, in plenty of fat, they will not be so apt to be greasy as if a little is used. I like butter to fry them in, in which case only a little is necessary, just enough to keep them from sticking.

We sometimes soak a nice piece of fish for several hours, dry with a soft cloth, and broil over a clear fire, spread with butter or pour thick cream over it and serve. This is a nice way to cook smoked salmon or halibut.

Cold fresh fish is nice picked up with less gravy than is used with salt, or it may be cut fine, put a layer of bread or cracker crumbs in a small dish, put bits of butter over it, put in the fish and cover with crumbs. Pour in carefully half a cup of salted milk. Put bits of butter over the top and brown nicely in a quick oven.

We make croquettes sometimes, by chopping fine the pieces of cold fresh fish and to a cupful add a tablespoonful of milk, a well beaten egg, a cracker rolled fine, and salt and pepper to season nicely. Fry in butter, a small tablespoonful in each cake, browning nicely.

Another nice way is to boil five or six

potatoes, mash them and season as for the table with milk, salt and butter, making it however a little more moist. Then add a beaten egg, and put half into a buttered baking dish or tin basin, put in the fish and cover with the remainder of the potato. Put in a quick oven till nicely browned. While the potatoes are boiling I prepare the fish by cutting it fine, and putting it in a basin with a little butter and just enough milk to soften it, salt to taste, add a little pepper if liked, and place where it will keep warm till wanted. Salt fish, if soaked well, may be used in the same manner, and is nice.

These dishes are by no means confined to fish. Cold meat or chicken may be used in most of them, and they are all nice. In fact some of our picked up dinners are really nicer than more elaborate ones, and there is nothing more satisfactory, especially to the young housekeeper, than to make a palatable dish from the pieces which gave anything but an encouraging promise of a nice dinner in the beginning. I have been told often that the less I had to do with the better the dinner, and really, it is surprising sometimes to see the satisfactory results from very simple and scant material.

There is also a very nice dish prepared from fresh fish. Cod or halibut is best, have all THE HOUSEHOLD readers give

but any kind may be used. Remove the skin, and cut the fish in small pieces, as you would cut the salt for picked up fish. For two pounds of fish allow a quart of milk, three eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, and butter the size of an egg. Put about a third of the fish in a baking dish, cut the butter into bits and put a third over it, also sprinkle on about a third of the flour, put in another layer of fish, flour and butter, and the rest of the fish with the flour and butter on top. Beat the eggs and add to the milk, salt it well and pour into the dish. Let it stand a few minutes and put into a quick oven for half an hour. If, when it begins to cook the fish settles much, stir it gently once.

Halibut makes a very nice chowder. Procure a thick slice, remove the skin and cut it in squares about two inches across. Two pounds will be sufficient for a family of four or five. Slice six medium sized potatoes; put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into a stew pan, put in the potatoes, add cold water to cover them, salt it well, and cover closely. Boil fifteen minutes, lay in the fish and cover with split crackers. Boil gently fifteen minutes. Heat a pint of milk boiling hot, and pour in; mix a heaping tablespoonful of flour smooth with a little cold milk, and pour in around the sides; lift the stew pan or kettle and shake it well, to mix the thickening, it is better than to stir it. Return to the fire, let it boil up once and pour into a warm tureen. We make any fish chowder in this way, never using pork, and I never tasted nicer chowders. Most people use onions in a chowder. Those who like, can add them at pleasure, but we prefer them without.

In preparing real old-fashioned hash, cold corned beef and potatoes are necessary, in the proportion of one-third meat and two-thirds potato. A beet or two and a good sized carrot improve it. Chop very fine, first the meat, then add the vegetables. Put a little butter in a frying pan, a teaspoonful or more according to the amount of hash, pour in nearly half a cup of boiling water, add a little salt and a very little pepper. Then put in the hash, press down nicely till well heated through, then stir it thoroughly and press down again. Cover and set on the back of the stove a little while.

Fresh meats may be hashed without potatoes, seasoning nicely. A chopped tomato is nice with beef or veal. Put it in with the butter and let it cook a few minutes, then add the chopped meat.

Remember that the seasoning is a great point. Do not confine yourself to salt and pepper all through the year. Get a little celery seed if you cannot procure the fresh celery, and there are many sweet herbs which are liked by almost every one, and which should find a place in every kitchen garden. A pinch of sage, or thyme, or summer savory, or sweet marjoram, will make the soup, or the little dish of croquettes or hash an entirely different thing. Never season highly. The very art of seasoning is in getting a flavor which can scarcely be distinguished. I have eaten soup with clove which was strong as a spiced cake should be. A half a clove is often sufficient to give the desired flavor. Never use "two or three," which with different people means anywhere from two to a teaspoonful, and never use the ground clove if it can be avoided.

In scalloped oysters where clove is used, it is well to cut a clove in small pieces and heat it in the milk to be poured over the oysters, for a little while. So with mace, only a tiny bit should be used, too much giving a strong, soapy taste, decidedly unpleasant.

Have all THE HOUSEHOLD readers give

I have received many complaints from Boston friends, who could not find it in town. Now I am happy to say they can procure it of S. S. Pierce & Co., in town, and of L. W. & H. F. Morse at the Highlands. Those who cannot get it in their own towns can send to the proprietors, whose address is in each issue of THE HOUSEHOLD. Their extracts too are delicious, being really the nicest I have ever used.

EMILY HAYES.

—In a few words, without holding that the use of tea is as bad as that of alcoholic liquors, one may well believe that the total abstinence reformers have, in their zeal against rum, encouraged an indulgence in tea drinking which will one day have to be fought against with might and main to prevent the wholesale ruin of multitudes. A tea-drunkard may be defined as one who drinks strong tea several times a day, who depends on it instead of food and rest for strength, and who cannot go without it without bringing on distressing symptoms. Dr. Combe observes that "tea and coffee not only ruin the stomach, but seriously derange the health of the brain and nervous system."

### THE DESSERT.

—Many men who turned over a new leaf on the first of January act as if they held their book upside down at the time.

—Job, according to all historical belief, was a patient man, but he never entered a barber shop on Saturday night just behind the fellow who got a hair-cut and shave.

—There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

—"Kind words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever saw in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.

—Mrs. Partington is thinking about keeping a carriage. She says she has thought it all over, and come to the conclusion that brooches are almost too large; that coupons are too much shut up, but a nice stylish pony phantom seems to be just the thing.

—"My daughter's painting," said Bullibear proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Fogg, slowly, "but what do you call it? what does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is, we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"

—Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried: "Angeline, dearest, make me the happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw, Angeline thrilled in every fiber as she replied sweetly: "Oh, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."

—A Pennsylvania girl thinks the advertisements of agricultural societies are the best commentaries on the management of their fairs. "Look at the premiums," she says: "For the fastest trotting horse, \$50; for the next fastest, \$25; for the best team of work horses, \$5: for the best loaf of bread, 50 cents."

—A traveler from Springfield to Albany, during the inflation of colonial money, found himself both out of money and food. He therefore tore out several illustrated pages of the New England catechism, and offered them in payment. The good wife put on her spectacles, and, examining the bills, said: "I'm glad Congress has at last made some money with a little religion in't."

## The Dispensary.

## ANIMAL FOOD AGAIN.

THE superiority of the vegetarian, over the animal, or mixed, diet, has been so often demonstrated at length, and its advantages in the promotion of health and strength of body and mind so clearly shown, that I will merely mention a few "points," in briefly reviewing the article written by Mr. Edwin Temple, in the October HOUSEHOLD.

The English operatives in the French iron foundry were physically superior to the native workmen." This class of laborers, either French or English, do not, as a rule, eat a very great proportion of flesh food, by reason of the high price, but both imitate, so far as possible, the animal diet of the middle and wealthy classes, the chief difference being that the French use very much more of the irritating and heating spices, gravies, etc., than the English; besides the climate of England is better adapted to the flesh diet, being colder and damper, and therefore calculated to palliate the injurious effects of any impure substance taken with the food. Flesh food is stimulating, and the addition of still more meat to the French workmen's ration would, no doubt, for a time, have enabled them to give forth greater exertions through the voluntary muscular system, as such food does spur up the involuntary, in the efforts of the organism to eliminate the impurities contained therein—the animal excretory products. We have here the true theory of stimulation: anything that is noxious to the system, except in paralyzing or deadly doses—as alcohol, impure food, drastic drugs, etc.—excites the heart and lungs, and all the vital processes to increased action, in the effort to expel the intruder. Therefore, every form of stimulation is undertaken at the expense of vital power, finally—the imprudent expenditure of vital force.

"Animal food increases the amount of caloric in the system," says the article referred to. Very true; and for the reason given above, the whole organism is exerted to remove it, and if it fails to do this, the accumulation of this "caloric" is exhibited in the form of fevers, so very common among our people, but with which abstemious vegetarians are never troubled.

"The use of animal food enriches the blood!" Yes, as before stated, by the ingestion of the urinary and fecal matters contained in the blood of the animal. In my estimation the less our blood is "enriched" by such "globules," the better. I am sure the "ninety-five globules" of Maud S., say, are of greater worth than the "one hundred and forty-eight" of the most blood-thirsty wolf or tiger. Dr. Mayhew's success with animal food in the case of the chilly woman, would have to be multiplied many thousand times to offset the known fact that in this country alone, upwards of one hundred thousand flesh-eaters, suffering from all forms of disease, have found health and happiness, by simply changing their mixed diet for a plain, simple vegetarian diet, or a simple diet of cereals and fruits, without the use of any sort of medication.

In the olden times when fields must be plowed with sharp sticks or roots, there was some excuse for supplementing the limited supply of vegetable foods by the use of wild animals. It was a long time, however, before the people could steel their hearts to kill and devour the domesticated animals through whose aid their fields had been cultivated. Thank God there is a re-awakening of this sentiment going on in all civilized countries to-day.

C. E. PAGE, M.

As to the purity of the blood of vegetarians as compared with that of flesh eaters, there is the most convincing evidence in favor of the former, as for example, in the healing of wounds. It was observed in the hospitals, during the Crimean war, that comparatively simple gun shot wounds proved fatal, both with the French and English soldiers, while in the case of the wounded and captured Russians, reared on black bread and vegetables, wounds, that in the experience of French and English surgeons had almost invariably proved fatal, were recovered from.

As to the greater digestibility of flesh food, as compared with "many kinds of vegetable substances, such as apples, cracked wheat, oat meal, which pass through in an undigested state," the explanation is found in this: meat is readily dissolved and taken into the circulation, "enriching" the blood in the manner I have described; and, as the article states, does not appear undissolved or in a recognizable state, in the solid excreta; while the pure foods, when taken in excess of the needs of the organism, are to be found almost unchanged in the excreta. How much safer, then, are the vegetable than the animal foods, since most persons, while the appetite lasts, will indulge to excess in the pleasures of the table.

I have referred to the fact that meat is a stimulant; but when taken freely, and especially in warm weather, there results a *bona fide* poisoning. T. L. Fawcett, M. D., F. R. S., in a paper in the Popular Science Monthly, calls it "peptic poison"—the heaviness and disinclination for muscular or mental exertion, so common with meat eaters after dinner, but which is almost entirely unknown to vegetarians. Volumes of such evidence is readily obtainable by any one who conscientiously desires to get at the bottom facts, and the names of many of the most distinguished individuals proving the efficiency of the vegetarian diet, could be given, as Dr. Cheyne, of England; Sir John Sinclair, an eminent English surgeon; Rousseau; Newton; Dr. Whitler; Lord Bacon; Howard, the philanthropist; Rev. John Westley; Benjamin Franklin; and a host of others who might be named.

Says Dr. Oswald in "Physical Education" (Popular Science Monthly, January, 1881): "Newton, while engaged in writing his 'Principia' and 'Quadrature of Curves,' abstained entirely from animal food, which he had found by experience to be unpropitious to severe mental application." "I use animal food because I have not the opportunity to choose my diet," says Professor Welch, of Yale, "but whenever I have abstained from it, I have found my health mentally, morally, and physically better." (Ibid.) In my own case I find myself perfectly nourished on a diet composed mostly of the cereal grains and fruits (enough of the latter to furnish all the liquids necessary), and of this, one moderate meal in twenty-four hours.

I can put any one in correspondence with a dozen men in this country who find, whether the labor is ten hours and of the most muscular sort, or for extended mental effort, that one meal a day of wheat meal bread, and fruit, is a perfect diet. No wonder, then, when any one takes two or three meals of this, the "heartiest" food known, that the excreta exhibits an excess beyond the needs of the system, or of its ability to appropriate it. Excessive alimentation is always injurious, and without doubt is the root of most of the ills that afflict the human frame, but as between an excess of vegetable, and an excess of animal food, the latter must always prove the most injurious.

## IMPAIRED HEARING.

I notice in the August number of THE HOUSEHOLD, a communication from Nomo, on "Impaired Hearing," which reminds me that in a former number of your paper, she asks if Omon finds the audiphone of any benefit in his case, as an aid to hear public speaking.

Omon answers yes, and no. Yes, if I am within ten feet of the speaker, no, if twenty or more feet distant. I do not believe anything has yet been invented that will enable a deaf person to hear public speaking. With an audiphone, twenty feet or so from the speaker, I could hear his voice, and could catch some words, or perhaps a sentence, but could not follow the discourse at that distance, unless his voice was pitched at a very high key.

I find the instrument, (if it can be called an instrument,) of great benefit in listening to music. I recently attended Booth's theater in New York, and my position was probably forty-five or fifty feet from the orchestra. Without the aid of the audiphone I could not hear the music, with it I heard every note distinctly.

I think perhaps one reason why so many find it of so little or no use, they do not properly adjust it. The inventor's advertisement says, "Touch the instrument lightly against one tooth." In my own case, when so adjusted, I could not hear a sound, but by bringing it against both eye teeth, I hear quite readily. I certainly would not advise any one to buy it until he has tested it. If any one wishes to find out whether the audiphone, (or dentophone, for they are the same in principle, though I think the former will give the best results, as it presents an unbroken surface, while the latter is hinged together in three parts,) will be of any use to him, he can cut a piece of common pasteboard, say twelve inches long by ten wide, place one end against both eye teeth, then give it the necessary curve, and if he does not hear, he may rest easy that the audiphone will be of no benefit to him.

In regard to the advertised artificial ear drums, I consider them a humbug. They may be of some use to keep bugs out of the ear, but farther than that I believe them useless. You can make them yourself at a cost of perhaps five cents.

I have used a conversation tube for nearly fifteen years, and still use one, and consider it far superior to any ear trumpet, as it is easy to carry, light, neat, and compact. For the benefit of those who have never seen one, I will say the speaker takes the mouth piece in his or her hand, and speaks directly into it, and in most cases it is not necessary for the voice to be elevated above an ordinary tone.

I have heretofore received a good many letters from all parts of the country and Canada, from people making inquiries in regard to instruments for the deaf. Any further communications on the subject I will cheerfully answer, if stamps are enclosed to prepay postage. L. E. FOGG.

South Thomaston, Maine.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

SOAP POULTICE.—An excellent poultice for use in cases of cold on the lungs, or for croup or hoarseness in children, is made thus: Take a small quantity of soft

soap and thicken it with Indian meal or flour, and spread it upon a cloth, or a better way is to put it into a small bag, and lay it upon the flesh. There is less danger of taking cold after removing it, than with other poultices, and "it works like a charm."

—It is an old notion that it is healthier to sleep with the head pointing, like the needle, toward the north pole. Even if it does no good it can hardly do harm, and a physician writes to the Dublin Journal of Medicine in support of the old theory as really substantial. He has tried the experiment in the case of sick persons, with marked effect, and insists that there are known to exist great electric currents, always crossing in one direction around the earth, and that our nervous systems are in some mysterious way connected with this electrical agent.

—Charcoal and honey, mixed together and used as a dentifrice, will whiten the teeth with a few applications.

## DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

J. M. F. The subject to which you refer, "corsets," is rather a delicate one, since no one is ever guilty of "tight lacing," if we may judge from testimony. In evidence of this we are shown the looseness of the dress, after a certain effort to diminish the size, added to the statement that the hand may be put between the dress and the corsets! Quite likely, but it might be more difficult to put the same between the corsets and the body! But on this point, I will simply say that in and around Boston, the male and female "forms" vary, and that in a marked degree, the change occurring after birth. Space males have the labor demanding the most strength, the greatest effort, I am not able to see why they do not require the most support of the chest, the most to "keep the body together." If men do not need corsets, while unusually taxed, I do not see why women should.

This deformity of the chest commences very early, even when the first cruel "swathe" is applied. (It is possible that the dear babes might not fall apart, if not thus bound.) And then the slight pressure of tight dresses, bands and belts, prepares the way for the corset, which would not otherwise fit, as the human figure was not made to conform to the "fashion plates."

I can but briefly refer to the evils of this supposed lacing, admitting that corsets need not be worn tight, though I see no special use for them, if not intended to mould the form. The lungs need the same freedom of movements in breathing, that the feet do in walking, and if they do not have it, the breathing will not be well done. One important object of this breathing is the purification of the blood. To breathe well, it is needful that all of the 600,000,000 of air cells should be filled and active, which is possible only when the form is as God made it, increasing in size from the arm-pits downward. But the deformity is not all, or mainly, over the lungs, but over the stomach, liver, and upper part of the bowels. To these there is motion, more or less necessary to good digestion, which must be impeded or prevented, by pressure over this region. Incalculable harm to digestion, etc., and to the lungs, in my judgment, is certain. Aside from this, I could not explain a prominent cause of the paleness, the weakness, frequent, if not constant sickness of so many of our young ladies and misses, in contrast with the foreign population, to say nothing of the alarming and unparalleled prevalence of consumption. I do not attribute your increase of fatness to the corsets, but should sooner expect a loss of flesh.

THEO. The headache of your friend, in my opinion, is mainly attributable to errors of diet. I think the peculiar "fullness and ringing" are aggravated by the quinine, which I should most decidedly discourage, as calculated to do much harm in the end. He would do well to read my "Good Digestion," and observe my "Health Rules," using the "Health Food" products. Reasonable care of the diet, and fasting at the time will "stop the course of that headache." For that "nervousness," he may need medical advice.

MRS. WOODMAN. Yes, I do regard the "odor of gas unhealthy." Good, pure air only should be admitted to the lungs, if we would keep them in the best possible state. The more the better.

J. W. J. The most prominent "symptoms of worms" are the general signs of bad digestion, "picking the nose," indicating that the stomach is out of order, inflamed, as seen in the irritation of the mucous of the nose, crying out in the sleep, especially in the early part of the evening, and a general irritability, or "crossness." Overfeeding, the use of pastry, and food difficult of digestion, eating at all times in the day, are among the sure causes, while proper care is the only "sure cure"—prevention.

## The Dressing Room.

### THE MANUFACTURE OF SEWING AND FLOSS SILK.

TWENTY years ago the manufacture of silk goods in the United States was confined to so few firms and limited to such small amounts, that it was hardly to be classed among the industries of the country. Since about 1860 we have been brought into closer commercial relations with China and Japan, and other silk-producing countries of the world, which has given silk manufacture a powerful impetus. American manufacturers discovered that their goods could rival those of European production in quality as well as price, and consumers found it to their advantage to patronize the home industry. Statistics could be given which would show the immense increase of American silk stuffs and the corresponding decrease of imported silks, but as the purpose of this article is to describe the process of manufacturing, they must be omitted.

The raw silk is imported in bales, each containing twenty bundles or "books." These weigh from five to eight pounds each, and are made up of a number of skeins. They are broken open and the skeins assorted according to the fineness of fiber; this is done entirely by touch and very rapidly. Ordinary grades of silk contain three sizes; the finer qualities only two. The fiber is exceedingly fine, translucent, of a white or yellow color, and very tough.

After the skeins are sorted they are soaked for three hours in a tank of soap and hot water, to remove the natural gum and the adulterating substances which are added to increase the weight. This adulteration is sometimes equal to one-fourth of the entire weight. The silk is dried in a centrifugal drier without rinsing, as it is found that the presence of a small quantity of soap facilitates the handling of the material. It now goes to the reeling machine. Each of these contains thirty spools and reels. The skeins are placed upon the latter and rapidly spooled. Each machine has a single attendant who, after long practice, shows wonderful dexterity in untangling and tying the delicate fiber.

To a casual observer, raw silk appears to be regular and to possess a perfectly smooth surface; this is, however, not the case; it is uneven, and contains many scales and projecting lumps, which must be removed before the silk can be twisted. This important process of cleaning consists simply in running the fiber through a pair of sharp and nicely adjusted semi-circular knives. It is now ready to be combined to form the thread. Three or more fibers, the number varying with the size of thread desired, are reeled together on a spool, which, in another machine, is rapidly revolved as the silk is wound off; this process twists it loosely together. The operation of combining and twisting is repeated, and the thread is now made, though several processes are still necessary to finish it. The first of these is stretching, an operation which elongates and tightens the twist, at the same time squeezing out the soap which had been left till this stage. The stretching machine consists of a pair of large, wooden rolls, placed over a tank of pure water. The silk is wet and reeled from one to the other.

It now undergoes the most delicate operation in the entire process of manufacture—that of dyeing. Those who delight in artistically combining the soft tints of floss silk into beautiful embroideries, little think of the wonderful skill and care which is necessary to produce

those tints. Primary colors must be combined, the most delicate shades must be perfectly matched, and the faultless gradations of color, which blend so harmoniously in the same skein, must be most carefully chosen with reference to the general effect. The beautiful anilines are largely used, and the skeins of silk, hung upon long, wooden rods, are suspended in the hot dye. A large amount of the liquid is next extracted in the centrifugal drier, and the remainder in the drying-room. The dye contained in the thread makes it stiff and harsh, and to restore its natural softness and pliability it must be "wrung." A sturdy operative hangs the skein upon a strong, projecting bar of lignum-vitæ, inserts a similar bar, and twists the thread, turning it until all parts have been subjected to the strain.

After picking out the loose bits it is wound on large spools, and is now ready for the spooling room. The spool, already labeled by a method which will be described hereafter, is placed on a spindle, the thread wound on a few turns, and it is then set in rapid revolution. As the silk runs on the spool it passes through a guide in the end of a sliding arm, which is moved regularly back and forth by a revolving screw; this screw has the same pitch as the tightly wound thread upon the spool, due allowance being made for the difference in speeds, and the silk is consequently run on with unfailing accuracy and smoothness. When filled the spool is stopped and the thread cut and fastened. The entire operation takes but a few seconds. The spools are now weighed separately, and also in lots of one dozen, in order to correct any inaccuracy in amount. All that remains is to place them in neat paper boxes, and they are ready for shipping.

The larger part of the spools used are labeled by stamping directly on their ends, in one or more colors. This, beside causing a large saving in expense over the paper label, insures the preservation of the label. The spools are fed between a pair of inked metal rolls with reversed dies upon them, which print the design a sixty-fourth of an inch below the surface. When two colors are used a second pair of rolls becomes necessary.—*Scientific American.*

### KNITTED MITTENS.

Some one wishes to learn how to knit double mittens with the fringe knit in. I use blue and white yarn, my own make. Take the white, cast on twenty-four stitches each on three needles, then take six threads about a yard long, (not too long so as to waste the yarn,) three of each kind, or all one kind, knit one stitch, lay my threads in between the needles leaving about an inch, to begin the fringe, knit the next stitch over these threads, then bring the long end round this and draw down close; knit another and lay the threads back, leaving about an inch again; this makes a loop, and knit in this manner all the way round, then cut and trim these loops and you have your fringe. Now put in your blue, knit two blue and two white all round, carrying the blue over your finger, putting the white over with the thumb and finger, knit four rounds this way then reverse, put the white over the blue, knit four times round this way. This makes two rows of checks. I make four rows of checks for the wrist. Start the thumb in the middle of the needle, knit a white stitch and take up a white one beside it, take up a blue one next to it this time; now you have two white and two blue. Knit the next round and not make any, then the next round take up a blue stitch between the white ones and a white stitch between the blue ones. This makes your stripes even, taking up two

stitches every other round in the same stripe you began with till you have twenty-four stitches, then with a needle and thread take these stitches off and tie them. Make twelve stitches on the needle and go on with the hand till you get to the tip of the little finger. Make your stitches even, slip and bind on the first corner, and knit two together. Narrow on the next every other round till you get down to sixteen stitches on a needle, then every round slip and bind and narrow. If you are careful your stripes will come like a seam, meeting evenly. I hope these directions are plain.

I wish some one would tell me through THE HOUSEHOLD how to fill out the corners of a star quilt. It is begun with a small star in the middle and pieced round and round till it is large enough for a quilt if the corners were filled. I don't like to fill it out with a plain half-square.

Will the leaves on my monthly rose turn yellow and drop every year? It has not bloomed since last year.

Will some one tell me what kind of wax is used to make a farmer's grain wreath?

*Chesterville, Ohio.*

E. C.

### A WORD IN DEFENCE OF PATCH-WORK.

In the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD, is an article on "Patchwork and Other Work," in which a prominent idea of the writer is against patchwork. To begin with, I will say that it is not well for a person to do patchwork, or anything else for that matter, that is done at the expense of a more important work. But patchwork, to many persons, is not always of the least importance.

However, it is hardly economical to buy calico on purpose to cut up, even into pretty designs for quilts, yet this would be, perhaps, as much so as buying materials and cutting them up for some other fancy work. Pieces of print will accumulate in many families, and it is well considered a saving to piece them up at one's convenience into a nice bed quilt, thereby, many times, a pleasing remembrance of a garment worn by a friend is kept, aside from having a very desirable bed quilt, which is quite indispensable in the summer season, when a counterpane is not enough for covering, and a comfortable too much. As to charm bed quilts with no two pieces alike, they are indeed pleasing to many persons to make as well as to have after being completed. They not only help to use up one's own pieces, but amuse one by exchanging with others, seeing the different kinds of print used in different parts of the country, and showing a great variety of print.

The older readers of THE HOUSEHOLD may remember, perhaps with pleasure, a custom of their childhood, of "showing calicoes," when exchanging visits with their young companions. Every age, every generation has its fashions, its customs, some more useful and charming than others. But bed quilts are always useful, and easier to wash than comfortables, and counterpanes are easier to wash than quilts, and are useful, and so are comfortables, so let us have our supply of each as we need and have time and taste to make. We are a family of many minds, and of different tastes, and it is well that it is so, or we might suffer a great inconvenience, in having too much of one thing, and a great lack of others.

Useful reading is a blessing, a comfort, but may be indulged in to excess, at the expense of other duties as well as patchwork. Therefore, discretion is necessary in all things, and may we use it in a way that we may have a due amount of suitable and useful labor, study and amusement to carry us through the duties of life successfully.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### PORTABLE WORK BASKET.

Materials required, one-half yard glazed patch, or calico, or one yard of silk.

I made one of calico (or chintz), cut off three-eighths in length, taking a small piece off the width sufficient to cover the bottom of the bag, which is to be made of stiff pasteboard. This bottom must be circular and five inches in diameter. Join the calico and make a narrow hem at the top, run a casing one and one-half inches from the top for the strings. Use the one-eighth of calico left for the inside pockets. These are made by sewing on the piece of calico, all around the lower part of the bag, dividing it by seams in eight equal parts, making eight little pockets for spools, thimble, etc., or it can be put on the outside, if you choose. Gather and sew to the pasteboard bottom; a small frill had better be added at the bottom. This bag has the combined advantages of bag and basket; a bag, when drawn up by the string, and by opening and turning down, a basket is improvised. It can be made more fanciful by using silk and ribbon.

### A SIMPLE CATCH-ALL.

Cover a circular piece, six inches in diameter, of stiff pasteboard, inside and out, with calico, cretonne, or cambric. Take a slip of the same nineteen inches long, and of sufficient width to sew around the bottom plain, sew up, and in the top hem put whalebone, or cane, to keep the shape round. Add a long loop of the same, and the simple affair is made. I find mine so indispensable, have made one for each room where I may be likely to sew, and the bits of thread and small cuttings from my work, find their resting place, not on the carpet, but into this handy, always open bag, that is as much a part of my belongings as thimble or scissors.

RIVERSIDE.

### CROCHETED SHAWL.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Finding it impossible to comply with all the requests for crocheted shawls which come to me I send you the directions that all may use them. The definitions of terms used will be found in the May, 1881, HOUSEHOLD.

Make a chain of five stitches and join together; in this hole put fourteen double crochet stitches. For the second row put four double crochet stitches in the first hole, skipping one hole put eight double crochet stitches in the next, and so on around, having four shells with eight stitches and a shell of four stitches between the larger ones. For the third row put four double crochet stitches in the center of each shell, putting three shells of four stitches each in the large shells. Make the next row the same, only putting eight stitches in the center shell of the three in the large shell. Continue in this way, putting eight stitches every alternate time. The shawl may be made as large as required. I always have a shaded border; fringe may be tied in or not as one wishes. Mrs. R. DOUGHTY.

*Joliet, Ill.*

### KNITTED WRISTERS IN SHELL STITCH.

Use Saxony yarn and four fine needles. Cast twenty-two stiches on each of three needles and knit once around plain.

1st round. Knit nine stiches, purl two, until around at commencing.

2d round. Knit one, thread before the needle (same as purling), knit one, thread before, and so on to the beginning. Let me remark here, always purl the same stiches every time. There are four on a needle.

3d round. \* Slip off the first stich, knit the next, and bind with the slipped stich, knit the rest plain, except the two last, (next purled stiches,) narrow them,

then purl the two and commence again at \*, and so on until around.

Knit on like third round until only twenty-two stitches are left on a needle, then commence with first round. Make any desired length. There will be two shells on a needle.

#### KNITTED WRISTERS IN SCALLOPS.

Requires one and one-half ounces of zephyr and four needles. Cast on the first two needles thirty stitches, and on the other thirty-one. For gentleman's size, forty-one on last. Knit once around plain. There are ten stitches in a scallop.

\* Slip off the first stitch, narrow, then bind with the slipped stitch, knit three plain, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit three. This completes one scallop. Commence at \* again, and so on until of desired length. At the end of third needle will always be one stitch to carry on to bind the narrowed one on next needle.

If any reader of THE HOUSEHOLD has any trouble with either pattern, I will help her out of her difficulty if she will write me.

Mrs. D. B. BABCOCK.

#### HOW SILVER THIMBLES ARE MADE.

The manufacture of silver thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used, and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else than putting a lot of bright silver dollars fresh from the mint into dirty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled into the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of the required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mould of the outside of the thimble, bends the circular disks into the thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing and decorating is done upon a lathe. First, the blank form is fitted with a rapidly revolving rod. A slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and the third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod, dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving steel wheel, whose edge is a raised ornament, held against the revolving blank, prints that ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints a different ornament around the center, while a third wheel with sharp points makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar way, the thimble being held on a revolving mold. All that remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soap suds to remove the oil, brush them up, and pack them for the trade.

#### CROCHETED LACE.

Make a chain of nine stitches, turn and \* make three double crochet stitches in the third chain stitch from the end on the needle, two chain stitches, three double crochet in the same hole that the other double crochets are in; this makes a shell; join with one single crochet in the third chain stitch from the shell, four chain stitches and three double crochet in the third chain stitch from the last one used, two chain stitches, three double crochet, (this makes another shell,) four chain stitches, and turn. Make another shell in the chain stitch of the last shell made, join in the last double crochet in the under shell, four chain stitch another shell in the chain stitch of the next one, in the last row eight chain stitch and turn. Make another shell, join in the last double crochet in the under shell,

make four in chain stitch and another shell in the chain of the next shell in the last row, join to the first of the four chain stitch on this edge, make four chain stitch and turn. Make a shell as before in the chain of the first shell in the last row made, join in the last double crochet of this shell, four chain stitch another shell, then thirteen double crochet in the chain of eight, join to the last double crochet in the second shell of the first row; turn. Three chain stitch, join by making a single crochet stitch between the second and third double crochet; repeat this seven times, every time join between the next two double crochet; the last time make a shell which begins the pattern again from \*.

This is pretty crocheted of linen thread number sixty, or Saxony in white or colors for flannel skirts. LONG ISLAND.

#### NARROW EDGINGS.

In compliance with requests for narrow edgings, I send the following directions for two kinds, which are pretty, and have not been published. Use two knitting needles, and upon one cast seven stitches. Knit across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one, thread over twice, knit two.

2. Knit two, knit first loop, seam second, knit one, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

3. Knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit five.

4. Knit and bind off two, knit two, thread over twice, seam two together, knit two.

This completes one scallop, and leaves seven stitches with which to commence another.

ANOTHER ONE.—Cast on six stitches, and knit across plain.

1. Knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, knit two.

2. Plain.

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

4. Plain.

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

6. Plain.

7. Knit nine plain.

8. Bind off three, knit five.

The smooth side is the wrong side.

Lou W. S., "back stitch" in knitting means to seam, as I found out by trying.

Can any one give the blonde edging, such as used to be knitted? Some one asked me for it, but I cannot recall it. I will keep trying, however, and if I succeed will send it.

NELLIE MAY.

#### ANOTHER SHOE BAG.

Reading of the different receptacles for shoes, in the way of shoe cases, bags and boxes, I became interested, and went to work to construct one for my own use, and now, as it is unlike all the others I have noticed, I find myself wanting to tell of it. Although made of very homely materials, it has turned out to be rather ornamental, and as it is so cheap, may be some one else will want to make another.

I took a fine, brown coffee-sack, cut it one yard in length, twelve inches wide, and three pockets, ten inches deep and same width as the back. I worked a heavy border in coral stitch around the top, and around each pocket, with scarlet yarn, using it double to make the pattern large enough to suit the canvas. The first pocket I ornamented with a design in canvas, doing it in double cross stitch, and enlarging by passing over eight threads, instead of two. On the second pocket is the word shoes, and on the third my initials. The pockets overlap a little. Then I bound it all around with scarlet dress braid, putting two loops on the top. It requires to be tacked at each pocket,

to keep it in place or shape. I like the coral pattern because it is so quickly done, and use it in preference to all others for this kind of work.

REBA L. RAYMOND.

#### LAMBREQUINS.

Minnie Cadgerton wishes to know how to make a pretty lambrequin for mantel shelf. Buy a piece of heaviest burlap (such as is used for floor mats) half the length of your shelf, divide it through the middle, and sew the ends together; this will form a seam in the center, but when nicely opened and pressed it does not show. Leave about three inches of it on the edge to ravel for fringe; above this work the Grecian pattern, or a pretty vine, with Germantown wool, and tie some of the wool in with your fringe. Use a narrow, black velvet ribbon to finish the upper edge, and tack to the shelf with gilt-headed tacks. Mine is worked with shaded red, is very pretty, and inexpensive.

Another made of invisible green flannel, lined with cambric, is cut in "picket fence points;" a cluster of bright flowers, cut from satin-finished cretonne cloth, is button-hole stitched on each point, the edges of the points are pinked, and inside of this edge is a row of feather stitching made with old gold floss on every point on the "picket," and the space between the "pickets" is finished with a tassel or ball of silk or worsted.

LUCY LEE.

#### ROMAN BLANKET.

Five stripes, three of black and two of Roman colors. Stripes are fifty stitches wide, and two hundred and seventy-five ribs long. Knit garter stitch. Take off the first and seam the last stitch in each row. Crochet strips together with four stitches black, four white, and four yellow. Material: Germantown wool six-fold, one and three-eighths pounds of black, one-fourth pound of cherry, one-fourth pound of blue, one-fourth pound of pearl white, and two ounces of yellow, shade bordering on orange. For fringe, one thread of yellow with three of black for black stripes, Roman colors for Roman stripes.

Arrangement of colors: One row of white, one row of blue, one row of cherry, one row of blue, one row of yellow, one row of cherry, one row of white, twelve rows of blue, one row of white, one row of cherry, one row of blue, one row of yellow, one row of white, one row of cherry, one row of blue, ten rows of white, one row of blue, one row of white, one row of cherry, one row of blue, one row of yellow, one row of cherry, one row of white, sixteen rows of cherry.

RIVERSIDE.

#### TORCHON INSERTING.

MR. CROWELL:—In THE HOUSEHOLD for September, I tried the torchon lace, and found it very pretty. I have an inserting pattern that matches it so exactly, I have concluded to send it.

Cast on sixteen stitches.

1st row. Plain.

2d row. Thread over twice, and seam two together, knit six plain, then bind off three on your left needle, by slipping one over the other, thread over twice, seam two together, knit one plain, thread over twice, seam two together.

3d row. Thread over twice, seam two, knit two plain, then knit the loop so as to make two stitches, by first knitting it plain, then seaming it, knit plain until you come to the last two, thread over and seam two together.

4th row. Thread over, seam two together, knit twelve plain, thread over and seam two together.

Repeat from second row. M. E. M. Fosters Crossing, Warren Co., Ohio.

#### FLUTED RUFFLING FOR FLANNEL SKIRTS, MITTENS OR WRISTERS.

Materials: Saxony, number forty, one-eighth pound for skirt. Use coarse knitting needles.

Cast on twelve stitches, and knit straight across once.

1st row. Knit, three purl (to purl means seaming like the heel of a stocking) nine.

2d row. Knit nine.

3d row. Purl nine, leaving three on the needle.

4th row. Knit twelve.

5th row. Knit twelve.

6th row. Purl nine.

7th row. Knit nine.

8th row. Purl nine.

9th row. Knit nine.

10th row. Knit twelve.

The three stitches left on the needle, from which the others are knit, form a heading and must be knit plain, every time. Each flute has five rows and can be made heavier by adding more rows or deeper by casting on more stitches, though always leaving the three for heading. It is very easily made.

RIVERSIDE.

#### SAW-TEETH EDGING.

Cast on seven stitches. Knit across plain.

1st row. Slip one, knit one, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

2d row. Plain.

3d row. Slip one, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

4th row. Plain.

5th row. Slip one, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one.

6th row. Plain.

7th row. Slip one, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one.

8th row. Plain.

9th row. Plain.

10th row. Cast off until there are but six stitches on left hand needle, making seven with the one on the right.

Commence at first row.

#### INSERTION.

Cast on six stitches.

1st row. Knit one, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit one.

2d row. Knit three, seam one, knit two.

Repeat these two rows till you have knit the required length. M. S.

#### TORCHON LACE.

Cast on nine stitches.

1st row. Knit three, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit one, over, knit one.

2d row. Plain.

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

4th row. Plain.

5th row. Knit one, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit one.

6th row. Plain.

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

8th row. Plain.

9th row. Knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow three together, over, narrow.

10th row. Plain.

11th row. Knit five, over, narrow three together, over, narrow.

12th row. Plain.

Repeat from first row. ARVILLA.

#### A CHEAP AND PRETTY TIDY.

Take the odds and ends of wool which accumulate in the work-basket, and crochet a round of eight stitches. Fasten the chain together, and then crochet into this circle eighteen long crochet stitches. Fasten the wool securely and break it off. Make eighty of these rounds, and then

place in this manner: 1, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1, forming a long diamond figure. The tidy is star shaped with five points, and requires five diamonds. Arrange the colors so as to form a contrast, sew the edge together on the wrong side, and finish with a fringe either crocheted or bought.

MAGGIE.

DIRECTIONS FOR COUNTERPANE.

In one of the back numbers I think some one inquired for directions for knitting a bed spread in strips, and as I have not seen a reply, will send directions. I have knit one like it, and every one who sees it says it is the handsomest one they ever saw. It is called diamonds and chains. I knit mine thirteen diamonds long and ten strips wide, and knit a border from directions given by Nellie May for broad diamond edging. I used twenty-eight balls of Dexter's knitting cotton, number ten, and very coarse knitting needles, called "mittens needles;" do not know the number.

1. Cast on sixty-three stitches; knit sixteen, seam eleven, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam eleven, knit sixteen.

2. Knit four, seam eight, knit fifteen, seam nine, knit fifteen, seam eight, knit four.

3. Knit sixteen, seam eleven, knit nine, seam eleven, knit sixteen.

4. Same as second row.

5. Knit thirty, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit twenty-nine.

6. Knit four, seam eight, knit four, seam thirty-one, knit four, seam eighteen, knit four.

7. Knit across plain.

8. Same as sixth row.

9. Knit sixteen, seam nine, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam nine, knit sixteen.

10. Knit four, seam eight, knit thirteen, seam thirteen, knit thirteen, seam eight, knit four.

11. Knit sixteen, seam nine, knit thirteen, seam nine, knit sixteen.

12. Same as tenth row.

13. Knit twenty-eight, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam three, knit sixteen.

14. Same as sixth row.

15. Knit across plain.

16. Same as sixth row.

17. Knit four, slip four stitches from your left hand needle on to a hairpin, knit four, then put your four stitches back on the left hand needle; now knit eight, seam twenty-seven, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam seven, knit four, slip four stitches from your left hand needle on to a hairpin, knit four, then put the four stitches on the left hand needle and knit eight. This forms the chain.

18. Knit four, seam eight, knit eleven, seam seventeen, knit eleven, seam eight, knit four.

19. Knit sixteen, seam seven, knit seventeen, seam seven, knit sixteen.

20. Same as eighteenth row.

21. Knit twenty-six, thread over twice, narrow, knit twenty-five.

22. Same as sixth row.

23. Knit across plain.

24. Same as sixth row.

25. Knit sixteen, seam fifteen, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam seven, knit sixteen.

26. Knit four, seam eight, knit nine, seam twenty-one, knit nine, seam eight, knit four.

27. Knit sixteen, seam five, knit twenty-one, seam five, knit sixteen.

28. Same as twenty-sixth row.

29. Knit twenty-four, thread over twice, narrow, knit twenty-nine.

30. Same as sixth row.

31. Knit across plain.

32. Same as sixth row.

33. Knit four, take four stitches from your left hand needle on to a hairpin, knit four, then put the stitches that are on the hairpin back on the left hand needle, knit eight, seam three, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam nine, knit sixteen.

34. Knit four, seam eight, knit seven, seam twenty-five, knit seven, seam eight, knit four.

35. Knit sixteen, seam three, knit twenty-five, seam three, knit sixteen.

36. Same as thirty-fourth row.

37. Knit twenty-two, thread over twice, narrow, knit twenty-one.

38. Same as sixth row.

39. Knit across plain.

40. Same as sixth row.

41. Knit sixteen, seam three, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam three, knit sixteen.

42. Same as thirty-fourth row.

43. Same as thirty-fifth row.

44. Same as thirty-fourth row.

45. Same as twenty-ninth row.

46. Same as sixth row.

47. Knit across plain.

48. Same as sixth row.

49. Knit four, take four stitches from your left hand needle on to a hairpin, knit four, put the stitches that are on the hairpin back on the left hand needle, knit eight, seam five, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam seven, knit four, slip four stitches from your left hand needle on to a hairpin, knit four, then put the four stitches on the left hand needle and knit eight. This forms the chain.

50. Same as twenty-sixth row.

51. Same as twenty-seventh row.

52. Same as twenty-sixth row.

53. Same as twenty-first row.

54. Same as sixth row.

55. Knit across plain.

56. Same as sixth row.

57. Knit sixteen, seam seven, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam seven, knit sixteen.

58. Same as eighteenth row.

59. Same as nineteenth row.

60. Same as eighteenth row.

61. Same as thirteenth row.

62. Same as sixth row.

63. Knit across plain.

64. Same as sixth row.

65. Knit four, slip four on a hairpin, knit four, put the stitches that are on the pin back on the left hand needle, knit eight, seam nine, knit four, thread over twice, narrow, thread over twice, narrow, knit three, seam nine, knit four, slip four on the hairpin, knit four, put your stitches back on the left hand needle, knit eight.

66. Same as tenth row.

67. Same as eleventh row.

68. Same as tenth row.

69. Same as fifth row.

70. Same as sixth row.

71. Knit across plain.

72. Same as sixth row.

Commence again at first row.

When knitting the second diamond cross the chain when you make the third row of eyelets, and in the third diamond like the first, and so on. Knit across plain four times before commencing, and before binding off the strips.

Will E. N. Lewis please explain a little more definitely how to put her star tidy together? As the pattern is round I do not understand "star opposite block," and where those sixteen stitches are bound off, do they all go one way when setting the stars together?

Will the lady who gave directions for daisy tidy, please send sample of daisy (the one to be made of tape) with her address, and what she would like in return to,

MRS. G. W. STIMSON.

St. Johns, Clinton Co., Mich.

DIAMOND INSERTION.

C. W. asks for insertion to match a diamond lace pattern. I know of nothing better for that purpose than the following, which is pretty, and never in print.

Cast on twenty-three stitches for the diamond, and four for the edges. Seam every alternate row, or, if one chooses, it may be knit instead, in which case the edge stitches may be left off.

1. Edge, knit nine, slip and bind, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit nine, edge. (Knit "edge" every time across, in every row, which will not be mentioned again.)

3. Knit eight, slip and bind, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit eight.

5. Knit seven, slip and bind, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit seven.

7. Knit six, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit six.

9. Knit five, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five.

11. Knit four, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

13. Knit three, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three.

15. Knit two, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

17. Knit one, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit one, slip and bind, over, knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

19. Slip and bind, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

21. Knit two, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit two.

23. Knit three, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit one.

over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three.

25. Knit four, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit four.

27. Knit five, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit five.

29. Knit six, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, slip and bind, knit one, narrow, over, knit six.

31. Knit seven, over, slip and bind, knit one, over, knit three together, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit seven.

33. Knit eight, over, slip and bind, knit three, narrow, over, knit eight.

35. Knit nine, over, slip and bind, knit one, narrow, over, knit nine.

37. Knit ten, over, knit three together, over, knit ten.

38. Seam across, then commence with first row again, etc.

NELLIE MAY.

CROCHETED HOODS.

Some one asked for directions for knitting hoods. As I have knit a good many I will send you mine. You can knit them in any stitch, afghan, baby, ribbed single, double, or even triple crochet stitch.

Set up a chain two inches longer than a tight fit around the head where the front of the hood comes. Knit a plain strip about five inches wide. On the long edge of this work one double crochet, one chain in second stitch, one double crochet, one chain across. Make four triple crochet looped over first double crochet of preceding row, one chain in chain of preceding row, four triple crochet over next double crochet, one chain caught in the foundation between the double crochets. Continue this across. It is a sort of a fluting which should stand out from the foundation. Make a second row, joining it to this for the front. Put one row across the other side for the back.

For the crown, if it is knit afghan or baby stitch, it must be knit crosswise. Set up a chain four and one-half inches long, knit plain back and forth until it is within four inches of half the length of the long strip, then narrow every other

time in baby stitch and every other time in afghan stitch, until it is two and one-fourth inches shorter than half the long strip, then knit plain once. Put the center of the long strip and the center of the narrowed end of the crown together, and crochet or sew them. If the knitting be done in the other stitches make the crown lengthwise, but in the same shape. Crochet around the bottom a row like this: one double crochet, one chain, one double

crochet, one chain in the second stitch, and continue across. This is for a ribbon to draw it up with. Then crochet a row of shells like this: three double crochets, one chain, three double crochets, one chain, three double crochets, caught in chain of shell in first row, three double crochets, one chain, three double crochets in chain of next shell, and so on.

Make six rows for cape. Put a bow in the center of the back and one on top, and leave the ends of ribbon that go through the holes for strings.

If there is anything that is not clear I will explain for any one. I have crocheted children's sacks, and if this was not so long I would answer Minnie's request in the last Household, but will wait and see if some one else does not. If she wants mine, and will send a stamp to pay postage, I will send them to her.

FANNY D. WHITNEY.

Batchellerville, N. Y.

## PRETTY FANCY ARTICLES.

I have just completed several articles of fancy work, some of which I would like to describe in THE HOUSEHOLD.

I was very anxious to have a work basket, so I procured two large peach baskets, sand-papered the outsides smooth, then gave them two coats of black paint; when dry, pasted scrap-pictures on the sides, then varnished. I then took bright cherry silk-finished silesia and lined both baskets neatly, and for the top basket made two small pockets of the silesia, and around the top a pleating of the silesia frayed at the edges. For a handle, took a hoop from a keg, cut in two, fastened with small nails at each side of the basket and covered with narrow pleating. Join the baskets by nailing the two bottoms together with small nails.

I also made a brush-broom holder, taking for the foundation a straw cuff, covered the outside with heavy paper, and over that a piece of blue silk cut the desired shape, made a puffing of silk for the lower end of cuff, and attached three small blue balls with cord; around the top put a heading of blue quilted ribbon, also above the puffing at the bottom of the cuff. Hang with a large cord and balls. A handsome scrap picture can be pasted on the front side, if desired.

A handy basket for carrying fancy work, etc., is made by taking a piece of pasteboard, folding it round, and covering with silver paper or cherry silk, as may be desired, and at each end draw a piece of silk to form a bag; draw the silk with silk cord and tassels and tie; also silk cord and tassels for handle. If preferred, cardboard covered with Java canvas and worked in cross stitch can be substituted for the above.

Goodison, Mich. KATE HOLMAN.

## DIFFERENCE IN BEDS.

Every nation has its own opinions and customs concerning beds, and their fitness for the comfortable repose of the occupants very much depends upon that occupant's idea of what constitutes comfort. A Persian ambassador was shown into a bedroom where a grand canopied state bed had been prepared for him. He supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in a corner of the room, in accordance with the Eastern custom. In taking a furnished house in Russia, on inquiring for the servants' bedrooms and beds, it comes out that the Russian servants are in the habit of lying anywhere—in the passage, on the floor, on the mats at the room doors, or even on the carpets in the sitting rooms—generally as near as possible to the stoves in the winter season. Beds have been stuffed with all sorts of commodities—feathers, wool, horsehair, what is called flock, which is an *omnium gatherum* of all sorts of productions, shavings, hay, straw—and in the south of Europe with the soft and elastic dried leaves of maize; dried seaweed has also been used, but it is apt to become moist with use, and is therefore not desirable. In one of the seasons when hops were abundant in England it is related of a farmer that he sold the feathers from all the beds in his house and replaced them with hops. In another year or two, when the hops failed, and the price became very high, the same hops were disinterred from their bed, and fetched a considerable sum, far more than sufficient to replace the former feathers.

## TOILET MATS.

Material required: fine, white dotted Swiss, zephyr of some pretty shade, silesia, same shade as worsted, and lace edging. My set is made with blue, and consists of four pieces, a mat about half a yard square for center of bureau, another for washstand, a piece about a yard long to hang back of washstand to catch stray drops of water, and a tidy for rocking chair. They can be made any size, however. With worsted needle and worsted run the Swiss diagonally on right side, taking up each dot as a stitch twice. This will necessitate running the threads each way, forming, when finished, little diamonds of the zephyr with a dot at each corner. Line the mats with silesia and finish with a pretty edge. Breton lace looks nicely. Ribbon bows render them more fancy.

BETH.

## SHELL WORK SCARF.

Allow twelve stitches for each shell, then three extra; thus: For five shells, sixty-three stitches, for seven shells, eighty-seven stitches, and so on.

1st row. Slip one, knit one, \* thread over, knit one, knit three, narrow, narrow

try and explain how I made my lamp mat. It is an invention of my own, and I feel quite proud of it, it is so much admired by my friends. I took quite a number of soiled ribbons I had been saving, washed and ironed them, and those that looked too faded I colored with some liquid dyes I had, then I cut them in strips about nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. They are now ready to be unraveled, leaving only four or five threads in the center. Lay them one by one till they are all unraveled; the quantity will depend on the size of the mat you want to make. About thirty pieces would make a nice large mat. For the middle cut a round piece of pasteboard and cover it with something. (I crocheted a cover for the center of mine,) then take one of the unraveled pieces, an end in each hand, and twist them as you would strips for a phantom basket. After you have got them all twisted, sew them on the center piece for your mat, in loops, and in three tiers, intermingling the colors any way you think best, and you have a mat that has cost you almost nothing, and will look better than any Berlin wool mat I ever saw.

SARAH.

## OAK LEAF EDGING.

Cast on nine stitches.

1st row. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over, knit two.

2d row. Slip one, knit six, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

3d row. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit three, thread over, knit two together, thread over, knit two.

4th row. Slip one, knit seven, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

5th row. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit four, thread over, knit two together, thread over, knit two.

6th row. Slip one, knit eight, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

7th row. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit five, thread over, knit two together, thread over, knit two.

8th row. Slip one, knit nine, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two.

9th row. Knit two, thread over twice, purl two together, knit ten.

10th row. Cast off five stitches, knit four, thread over twice, purl two together, knit two. This forms the leaf.

I was much interested in Linnie Walworth's reference to Lillian's mica ledge. Will Lillian please send her address to, Wellfleet, Mass. MRS. B. KEMP?

## TOILET MATS.

To Mattie, who asks what can be done with empty spools, I would say, I have a work basket which has been much admired. Take four pieces of wire thirty inches long, and as large as will pass through your spools, bend up one end so your spool will not slip off, put on as many spools as it will hold, leaving room at the top to fasten the end of the wire around a circle of wire for the top, then take a large sized peach basket, and fasten it securely to the circle of wire, then cut a piece of stiff pasteboard, fasten it between the first and second spools at the bottom, cross pieces of wood under it will make it more substantial, then take the cover to your peach basket and invert it and fasten it to the pasteboard. About the center of the string of spools fasten a small wire basket, such as is used to cook vegetables in. If you have not one, perhaps your ingenuity will invent something which will answer the purpose. Stain the whole with asphaltum, then varnish, line the basket, and make a lambrequin, and attach it to the lining to cover the circle of wire at the top. I hope I have succeeded in making these directions plain.

for a pretty toilet set that I think will meet her wants.

KATE L. COREY.

Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters inform me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, where reeds for weaving carpets can be obtained?

ADAH

Can any sister tell me, through our excellent paper, how to knit a Shetland shawl, and how much wool it takes?

AUNT POPPY.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Mrs. L. P., through your paper, make the vine pattern in the October number, plainer? I have tried it, and cannot make it work. When I get through I have no stitches left.

MRS. A. J. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Have any of the sisters had any experience with the Twombly knitting machine advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD? Any information in regard to that, or any other good knitting machine, will be thankfully received by, English Mills, Pa.

MRS. S. M. ENGLISH.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will A. C. D. please give directions for crocheted shawl?

KATE HARWOOD.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters please tell me how to make a case suitable for cabinet specimens, and how to arrange them, or where I can get one?

MRS. S. T. JACKSON.

East Jefferson, Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters tell me how to take the stain of violet ink from red linen?

FLORA.

A nice way to stamp any patterns on muslin, canvas, or paper, is to procure from the stationery store a sheet of blue tracing paper. It will cost fifteen cents. Place a piece of tracing paper over the goods on which you want the pattern, now put your pattern on the tracing paper with the pattern up, and trace every line with a pencil or any thing sharp. Do not move the pattern after you have begun to trace, until you have finished, then take up both pattern and paper, and your stamping is completed.

LONG ISLAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to tell how I crystallize grasses. I make a brine by boiling one quart of common salt in two and one half quarts of water for fifteen minutes. I tie my grasses in small bunches, and suspend as many as I can in a wide mouthed jar. The salt will not quite all dissolve, but stir it, and pour while hot over the grass. Place in a dark room, or the cellar, where it will not be shaken. I let it stand twenty-four hours, then gently lift the grasses out and hang them up to dry. In a few hours they will be white and glistening as the "driven snow." Mother used to use alum, but she says the salt crystals are much prettier.

ANNIE S. V.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD please send directions for crocheting a sack of split zephyr for a little child one year old?

I am very anxious to know how to make trimming for underwear of feather edged braid. I think it very pretty and inexpensive. I think many of the other sisters would be rejoiced, if some of the more enlightened ones would send plain directions.

Will some one send directions for renewing old black crape, and black silk lace that has become rusty?

ELLA.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to color a pair of white kid gloves brown?

R. HEBARD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If Penobscot will send me her address, I will send her Florida moss, and she may send me what she pleases in return.

Norwalk, Florida.

MRS. A. P. TAFT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one who has given instructions in knitting lace edgings, tell what is meant by seaming and purling?

A SUBSCRIBER.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please give directions for knitting a long sack of worsted for a child three to four years old? I have tried, but I can't get it, so I thought I would send to you.

SUBSCRIBER.

If Jessie M. will procure some white Marcellines, and white cotton fringe, she can make a very pretty and durable toilet set for her blue room. Cut the Marcellines the size you want your mats, hem, and sew the fringe around the edges. Make your splasher of the same, and at each corner, sew on a bow of ribbon.

Buffalo, New York.

MRS. J. O. GOULD.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one send directions for crocheting honeycomb mats?

MAY.



## AFTER CHRISTMAS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

ALTHOUGH it is a little late to talk about Christmas times, we all keep one year of THE HOUSEHOLD for future reference, and it will come very good next November, when we are planning what shall we get for our dear ones! So it will not be out of season, if we express an opinion.

Somebody once wrote on this subject, and said it was not right to present useful, practical, needful gifts, such as soft slippers to grandma, or red-top boots, or sleds to the little boys, for the reason that grandma and the children were entitled, from necessity, mayhap, to these very things. We think if these sensible gifts bring joy, give them by all means, and as much more as you can afford.

The general cry, however, is, "I don't know what to get my folks, they have every thing I can think of. They need nothing."

So in a vague, staring way, the bewildered one, with good, unselfish intentions, wanders around, bending over showcases, rummaging among shelves of books, peeping at piles of prints, thumbing cashmeres, ribbons, neckties, watch chains, finger rings, and finally settles down on a silk handkerchief and a pair of slippers for a gift to a gentleman, and for a lady, another silk handkerchief and a couple of rare vases. We'll warrant more of these things are given for presents than anything else.

We must confess to a liking for practical, useful gifts. We approve of them, so when our neighbor said to us, "I don't know what in this world to get for Molly, seems to me she has everything!" and then asked us to think up something, we hailed the opportunity of doing as "we would be done by," and told him there were a good many things we knew she would like.

"That so?" said the poor fellow, and he drew out a five-dollar bill, and asked, as a favor, that we would buy her a real nice present, and not let her know who it came from.

Poor Molly was a good neighbor, but an inveterate borrower. Of all women I knew what the poor soul needed, and I wished it had been two fives instead of one. By the help of the girls we made out a list, and the "real nice present" was taken to her door on a wheelbarrow by Hall, Marvin & Co.'s boy, early on Christmas morning. We watched through the blind as he went rattling along like a veritable Kris Kringle, and we three nudged each other, and rejoiced at Molly Garrett's tub full of goodies.

For the delectation of the woman who gives and receives vases, and handkerchiefs, and slippers, while she, the poor dear! is obliged to borrow a tub every time she washes, we give a list of the pretty things, and she may see how much good one poor little V can contain.

One wash-tub,	\$1.00
One wash-board,	.30
Clothes pins,	.30
Tin pail,	.35
Deep dish,	.35
Tin steamer,	.75
Pie tins,	.25
Whitewash brush,	.35
Sifter,	.30
Tin cups,	.20
Wooden bowl,	.25
Chopping knife,	.20
Iron spoons,	.15
Spool patent thread,	.12 <sub>1</sub> <sup>2</sup>
Pound of starch,	.12 <sub>1</sub> <sup>2</sup>
Silver sand soap, (thrown in,) .00	
	5.00

In the afternoon Molly sent Lucy over

to tell me to come and give her joy immediately, for she did believe Santa Claus had tipped his sleigh over, and the team had run away, and the contents had all been tumbled into her kitchen!

We never saw a gladder woman. She clutched us by the arm, and led us into her pantry. What a sight five dollars can buy!

"Look here, Rosy!" said she, "see my row of new tin cups. Six of them spick, span new. How much nicer than my old ones that I had scoured almost to death! Just smell my new pine wash tub! Smells like the good, clean, dewy woods! And run your hand over my new wash-board. Sleek as marble, and so fresh and captivating! And a whole poke full of the cleanest clothes pins, not a tinge of soil on one of them! And see these six pie tins! good as six hand mirrors to look into, and better, for they make one's face appear so broad and ruddy, and full of real life! I didn't know I had such a big mouth, until I looked into one, and I didn't know that my teeth showed so much when I smiled; why, I could see nearly all of them!

A nice tin steamer too! I was ashamed to borrow yours so often, but now I can have steamed brown bread, and fruit pudding, and dumplings every day if I choose, and not be humiliated by borrowing yours. Somehow it seems to me things will taste better steamed in my own steamer. And this tin pail is just the cutest, handiest little robin of them all! I have needed one this great while. And see my new deep dish, just the thing to lift chicken in, or hash in the morning! And, Rosy, I take this fine opportunity of telling you to come and borrow my whitewash brush whenever you want it. You know I have used your two brushes ever since we began housekeeping.

And look at my new spoons, tinned ones, so good to use about the kitchen, and save the other ones, and a new wooden bowl, and a chopping knife, two things that I always wanted. You don't know how rich I do feel with all these indispensables, and a pound of silver gloss starch, and a block of nice sand soap for keeping things clean and sweet in the kitchen and pantry. Not two days ago, too, I said, 'How can I patch Elmer's trousers without good patent thread?' and lo and behold! here is a spool of it as shiny as silk twist.

Was there ever a better man, I wonder, than Columbus Garrett! Now I just looked for a purple cashmere dress, or a pair of those green and gold, gilt edged vases, down at Fuller's, or, may be, a very dainty edition of Shakespeare, one too nice to lie on the parlor table, too fine for common picking-up reading, one that would have to be kept in the bureau, wrapped up in a silk handkerchief."

We congratulated Molly, and we both agreed that practical, necessary gifts were better than pretty fancy ornaments that always look best in the show cases, and on the shelves, where they are so cunningly arranged as to make the most charming display.

It pays to own all the necessary utensils connected with the culinary and domestic department. We were sorry that we had not managed somehow to get this needy woman a large tin pan to make bread in, a smaller one for the mixing of biscuit, doughnuts, cookies and pie crust, and a larger one to wash dishes in than the old one she uses. Pans of all sizes are useful and convenient, even down to graduated sizes of basins, one to bake puddings in, another to use in preparing fruit to stew, one to wash a mess of potatoes in, and another for a hand basin.

We hope her husband will make us his almoner another year, for she needs a Dover Egg Beater, and a Stanyan Bread Mixer, and a patent broiler, and a new

set of jelly tins, and cake pans, and a set of silver plated knives and forks, and a scrap book, and some paint brushes to do her own painting about the window and door frames, and to renovate her old furniture. We will look after her needs if we get our hands on any of her husband's money, be sure we will, for who knows better than a practical housekeeper, and cook, and maid of all work, just what is needed?

Our congregational meeting is always the first Saturday in January. We women had a suggestion to lay before the church on that day, and we met early to confer together. Some of us had not seen each other since Christmas, and before our president came, we huddled about the stove and visited, and told about our own good Christmas times, and what we gave and what we got. When we told what our presents were, some of the women were convulsed with laughter. They thought they were so funny, and so homely and useful. Especially did Mrs. Lattimer laugh at us. She is the wife of the professor in the college.

So we told the women what our gifts were. One of the girls gave us a beautiful pair of fine, seal-brown yarn mittens, finished off with blue, and a plain, white lace neck-tie with a vine of embroidery in silk floss across the ends. It was something new that she studied out herself, working the vine during resting spells from a pattern in a magazine. We are delighted with it. It is so fresh and pretty, tied in a double bow under the chin it really makes a very plain woman look bright and neat, and as Josiah Allen's wife said of Josiah, when he was obliged to wear her shawl at the picnic, it "looks quite dressy."

The other one of the lovable girls gave us, just guess what a cute present! a dear little pocket cook stove! With it one can make a cup of tea or coffee in three minutes, out in the woods, in the cars, at the gloomy midnight hour in case of sickness, in a warm afternoon when one dislikes to fire up, or at any time she chooses, with no trouble at all. You can make a pint at a time. We had always intended buying one. What a treasure for a woman making the journey to California, and who could not drink the bitter, villainous stuff called coffee. Her other gift was a pair of gossamer waterproof leggings, something invaluable for winter and muddy weather. They button up snugly, and fit like a soft kid glove, from the knee to the heel of the shoe. Such a good gift! all of them so good! The gifts we gave them, and the other members of the family, were just as useful and pleasing, and accepted with the same degree of gratitude.

One year ago, among the presents the girls gave us, was a gossamer cloak. A fifty-dollar check would not have so delighted us, nor would it have done us half so much good. The weight, "feather-weight," is about twelve ounces. In the summer time when we start for church, we do not look at the sky, and dress accordingly, but we fold and roll the cloak into a small, flat package, and put it into the pocket of our skirt, not dress skirt, but petticoat pocket, and then if the storm comes, we do not need to dread it, but button up the cloak all the way down, draw the ample hood over our Sunday hat or bonnet, and we defy the rains to wet us one particle. These used to sell at seven dollars, but now you can purchase one in the city, and have it sent you by mail, for about two dollars and a half, sending the size you want with your post-office order in a letter.

Another of our gifts was a beautiful hanging lamp, and still another was a dear little lantern, and another was a very large japanned server. This latter gift is a wonderful source of pleasure,

Very often, especially in fine weather, we three let the men eat alone in the dining room, while we put a white towel on the server, and fill it, and lie away to some quiet corner, and visit, and have our tea together. This is very funny, at least we think so. Sometimes we place the server on our desk among the papers, or, if we are writing, on the table in the bedroom, (we go there for privacy,) or, sometimes out on the cool porch, with the server on the clothes chest.

Then we hail father, and brother, and brother-in-law, who are very glum when the "vimmens" are away, and say, "Not so boisterous, gentlemen!" or we pretend the boys are arguing about the root of some word that one says is derived from the Latin, and the other, from the Greek, and we take sides and hail to them. You women who like to take tea together, with never a man poking around, and hearing, and commenting, and making you simplify and explain, and leading you into lengthy details, will appreciate the good times and cosy, that the big server was the means of inaugurating.

We asked Mrs. Lattimer, the professor's wife who laughed at us, and almost made fun of our homely gifts, what she gave and received. Her face straightened out and lengthened very visibly as she said, "Well the professor has been so busy lately that he didn't think of the holidays until they were upon us. He bought me a pair of white glass vases, but then I have a lot of such things already, more than I have places for. The children get at them so that I put some of them along with some other knick-knacks, up stairs on the floor, in the room that we call "our world." And here her voice grew lower, and kind of confidential as she said, "Oh, I did buy the professor the nicest kind of a mustache cup, and a blue and gray silk handkerchief! I did hope he would get me something, though there is nothing I need, only a good, heavy, woolen shawl. I never had one in my life, only a little, school girl shawl that Mattie has in her cradle now."

Well, if Mrs. Lattimer don't laugh any more at us, and we grow more amiable towards another Christmas, we will, in a very sly way, suggest to her husband about the shawl, and if, like that other man, he should give us the money to expend, we will ask him for enough to get her a dozen silver plated knives and forks along with the shawl, to make up for a lost holiday that, to her, passed like all other days, with no event to make it the "gladdest day of all the year."

Let us women joyfully hail this consecrated day, gleaned and giving happiness, and filling our own and others' hearts with benedictory gladness, taking into our lives the exaltation and sweet-ness of

"That Christmas song that rolled along  
The silent plains of Galilee."

## HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

Number Seven

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

I want to tell you about the company I alluded to in our last chat. It was my husband's Uncle Dan, and Aunt Fannie—an aunt, by the way, whom I had never seen.

To begin the subject nearly where it was dropped, I will tell you what we had for dinner. Bread and butter, maple syrup, tea, mealy boiled potatoes, fricassee ham, and the dried-apple short-cake that I made the night before for "the boys" dinner in the woods. I was too tired to prepare a more elaborate dinner, so did just "as I would be done by," prepared what I could with the least work.

We do not often eat pork in any form in warm weather, but Ray, a few weeks

previous, took a notion to buy a real nice ham. To keep it until we could use it at our leisure, we packed it. First, from a portion of the ham he cleaved off two pieces of the rind, enough to cover the meat when in the jar, then cut the entire ham in slices, as if for immediate use; a good help, indeed, as it would have been a tiresome job for me. That was in the morning before going to his work. I covered the pan containing the meat and set it away until the work was done up, when mother having "happened in" to help, we proceeded as follows: Put a layer of ham in the frying-pan, sprinkle slightly with pepper, let it just heat through, turn it over, let this side also begin to fry, then remove it to a clean, sweet jar, pouring over the meat the grease that remains in the frying-pan; heat more meat, pack closely in the jar the same way, and so on until the meat is all in, meanwhile keeping the jar covered closely to guard against flies, and before heating removing the rind from such pieces as may so require. If to be kept some time before using, good sweet lard may be melted and added to well cover the meat. I added at the last only the grease that fried out of the meat, same as with previous layers. I then put into the frying-pan the large pieces of rind (meat side down), heated and placed them in the same position over the meat, pressing down firmly with the hand, put on the lid, tied thick paper over the mouth of the jar and kept in a cool place. The rind I replaced each time after removing meat, and again tied the paper on closely.

The bone, with its adherent meat, was cut in two or three pieces, soaked in cold water a few hours to freshen, then I put it in boiling water and simmered till very tender, at the proper time adding pared potatoes, thus making an excellent boiled dinner. The meat left from that was served cold at another meal.

Most of the packed ham I cooked as Ray likes it best—in fricassee—put some ham in a spider, add water to nearly cover the meat, cover the spider closely and let boil (if slowly so much the better) until the water is gone, meanwhile turning it once or twice, then fry until done nicely, not cooked all to a crisp; a part of the grease may now be removed to the dish in which it is to be served, or if much in quantity, it may be saved for shortening; then pour into the spider of frying meat a pint more or less of sweet milk, and thicken with a tablespoonful or so of wheat flour made smooth in a little cold milk, stirring until it boils, and in a few minutes it is ready to serve. Should it seem too thick, a little milk, or perhaps water, may be added as it boils; it is better where the ham browned somewhat in frying.

For supper that day, we had just mush and milk, dried-apple sauce, and bread and butter. So you see, sisters, that sometimes, at least, I do try and "practice what I preach."

Our friends did not remain to supper; they designed to be from home but two nights, the second to be spent with us; and as they insisted on my accompanying them to my father-in-law's to spend the night, they waited a while, hoping the rain might cease; as it did not I decided to remain at home, and we tried to persuade them to spend the night with us, but their visit was planned otherwise, and auntie being an elderly lady of decision, and proof in waterproof against the storm, they went without me, returning next day. The storm continued, and the morning following uncle and Ray pronounced it a "settled rain." It continued until Saturday morning, when they set out for home. Rain bound, so to speak, for three days and nights, we became better acquainted than we could have

grown in half a dozen ordinary visits. Uncle Dan churned for me, auntie and I compared housekeeping notes, learned each other's likes and dislikes, etc., and altogether, we had a very social, enjoyable time. As it was but a short distance, notwithstanding the rain, we spent one afternoon with mother.

Auntie is older and has had much more housekeeping experience than myself, and from her I obtained some useful hints. Among other things, I learned to make her famous potato ball yeast bread about which Ray had so often told me. With good flour it does make genuine bread. To make the yeast, take enough mashed potato for a good sized ball, say about as large as your two fists doubled up, add a large teaspoonful of salt, two smaller teaspoonfuls of sugar, and about an inch square (not more) of yeast cake that has been soaked in only enough water to merely moisten it. Mix thoroughly, make into a smooth ball and put it in a warm place to rise; it will be sufficient to raise three or four large loaves. To make the bread, set a sponge as with other yeast, excepting that whey is used as wetting instead of milk or water. The milk (either thick milk or buttermilk) from which the whey is procured should not be too sour, and it should become scalding, all the better if boiling, hot, then let the whey cool sufficiently to not scald the yeast. The sponge is mixed somewhat stiff; when light, add a little salt, mould it stiff enough for bread, let rise, then knead well, put into greased tins and when light enough, bake.

Yet not in this, nor in any other complicated method, is the science of bread making perfected. Oh, my dear sisters! I can hardly wait until our next chat to tell you how, through one of our own "Band," I have found that blessed science.

I must give you Aunt Fannie's recipe for yeast-cakes: Fill a quart bowl with hops, pour upon them all the boiling water the bowl will hold, cover and set it over the open tea-kettle to steep; when steeped very strong, strain it upon some good, sweet, sifted corn meal, only what it will nicely scald, add a tablespoonful each of salt and ginger; when cool enough so as not to scald the yeast, add a couple of yeast cakes, soaked, thicken with corn meal to the proper consistency to form into thin cakes, which lay on plates or tins sprinkled with dry meal; set them near (not too near) the stove to dry, turning them occasionally, especially along at first.

Another recipe differs from this, principally in the fact that after the yeast is added, the mass is set in a moderately warm place to rise until very light before being thickened to form into cakes. Also, some would substitute a cup of lively yeast for the two yeast-cakes.

On the subject of company auntie advanced some very sensible ideas, insisting on my adopting them practically, during her visit. Although I was aware of the unwisdom of straining every nerve to make "good things" for company to eat, I would always feel, and too often obey, the impulse to at least make some biscuit and perhaps a pie or two; and it is such hard work for me to make pies. Whenever I would begin preparations for making biscuit, auntie would expostulate in her motherly way. "Don't, child," she would say; "you have good bread and that is plenty good enough, and don't, for pity's sake, tire yourself making pie. I used to think I must 'fuss' just so, but I cannot, any more, and I don't try." She said that, for her part, she preferred more simple food, that often she would prefer a bowl of bread and milk to anything else. She thinks it wrong to go beyond our strength to provide "goodies" for company. She thinks the better,

more sensible way, is to give them a hearty welcome and plenty of good, plain, wholesome food, such as we should set before our own families. Don't you think so, too, sisters? And how much precious time and strength we expend in preparing food that is positively hurtful, and that ourselves and families would be much better off without. To tell the truth, I do sometimes like "good things" to eat (of this subject, more anon), but I would like to live for health if I knew just how. I wish Innovator would give us a clear idea of her way, tell us just what they eat and how to prepare it. I do not suppose we would all adopt her plan altogether, yet it might prove a help.

Another thing auntie remonstrated at. When, after finishing the work of dish-washing and other duties, after dinner, spying bits of dust, etc., on the floor, I would, according to custom, take the broom, she would say, "O do sit down and rest, and never mind that trifles; you are wearing yourself out with so much work." And, really, sisters, she did set me wondering if there is not such a thing as being "more nice than wise." Suppose we think it over?

A word to Dr. Hanaford. I will be happy to comply with your request in August HOUSEHOLD, as soon as opportunity offers for having some photographs taken. I trust that may be soon, else, judging by present indications, one of these days I may wake up and find my face too thin even to cast a "shadow."

#### KITCHENS AGAIN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Did Maude "put her foot into it," or did she only happen to tread on some one's corns? There is a deal of quiet comfort in the indifference Maude feels in regard to the subject, though, for the sake of the "rural friends," I hardly think it worth while for One of The Household to petition for changes in THE HOUSEHOLD, which has served us so faithfully for thirteen years. At least, it is not worth while, for the sake of the "rural" Maude, as she has never lived on a farm, never enjoyed the advantages of even a magnificent little seven by nine village.

As to the question of parlor versus kitchen, it did not occur to me to state my own manner of living as a pattern for the world to follow. I have eight rooms and two large halls heated by a furnace, and have hard coal ranges in both the kitchen and laundry, so I have never stopped to consider the cost of fuel in a kitchen stove after work hours, and, as I do not go into my kitchen once a week, on an average, I know very little of the ghosts of work that may, or might, lay hold of one, if she should sit down there.

Although I was born, and passed my childhood, on a farm in New England, I have never lived in any other eastern city than New York, and find this flourishing western city quite esthetic enough for my "plebeian tastes," as we sport electric lights and steam street cars, talk by telephone, and finish our houses with colored rondels, and *portieres* in old gold.

I would suggest that a little "travel in some parts of the western country" would be no detriment to — many people.

There, I think I have given quite a chapter of "personals," but I have been as brief as possible, and, if it will save long dissertations on rural tastes in general, and my own depravity in particular, it will be the means of saving valuable space in THE HOUSEHOLD for more pertinent matter.

But there are always amateur aspirants for literary distinction, who, through paucity of subjects, are given to teaching etiquette and lecturing other people. It is

all well enough, if they want to, but there are a few points of etiquette that even farmers' wives, and the poor, uneducated inhabitants of the wilderness west of the Hudson, are quite conversant with.

This is a folly common to the writers in all papers that I have ever read, unless THE HOUSEHOLD is the exception. And I think that in the June letter I distinctly stated that I did not know what had been said in the March number, and had no fault to find with any one in particular, only with the habit many scribblers have of lecturing other people.

I want to send my love to Gladdys Wayne, and as she spoke of crimping ruffles, may I tell of the comfort and usefulness I find in a fluter? I have the Geneva, and, after trying several kinds, find that I like this best. I think the cost is \$1.25, and the value is — well, they are one of the luxuries one must have. Some makes do not prove satisfactory.

Rosamond E., I send you the same message that Hawkeye did, only I will give the name of the town. "If you intend moving west, come to Iowa, and settle in Dubuque. You will find no advantages missing, and will soon take on the western complacency, and think of the east as a slow old place, of little ambition, and less enterprise, and burdened with narrow views and self-conceit. We want such as you here.

Connecticut, dear, I did not mean to describe a typical "western parlor," I never saw such an one in the west, I only meant this: that, in my opinion, every woman, in whatever condition of wealth or poverty, is wise in keeping one room in her house, and one dress in her wardrobe, presentable, until such time as she has money to purchase another. Is not that sound common sense after all? If not, I am perfectly willing to be met by logic, but I don't admire precocity.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

#### WASHING FLANNELS.

Cut up what soap may be needed and dissolve in a skillet of boiling water. Let it stand on the stove and simmer till every particle is dissolved. Never rub soap on the flannels, or allow a bit to settle on them. Nothing "fulls" flannel so badly as rubbing soap on it, or letting bits of it settle on the cloth. A place on which a bit of soap has lodged or been rubbed will have a different shade from the rest when dried, making the whole garment look spotted.

Take a small tub not quite half full of scalding hot or boiling water. Into this pour enough of the dissolved soap to make a rich suds, also some ammonia, a tablespoonful and a half to ten or twelve quarts of suds is a fair proportion. Stir this and the soap into the hot water till it is all thoroughly incorporated. Then put in the flannels. Two or three articles are enough to soak at one time. Press them well under the water, but turn them over in the suds occasionally while soaking. Let them remain in the water till it is cool enough to put the hands in without discomfort. While washing keep a good quantity of water at boiling heat on the range for rinsing purposes, and to keep the suds as hot as it can be used.

Before one piece is washed and ready to be wrung out fill a small tub half full of clear hot water. Into this stir a little more "bluing" than would be used for cotton or linen. Shake out each piece as soon as washed, quickly, and throw at once into the hot rinsing water.

Rub the flannel as little as possible, but draw it repeatedly through the hands, squeezing rather than rubbing. Harsh rubbing thickens and injures the fabric. Never wring with a wringer, as the pressure mats the nap down so closely as to destroy all the soft, fleecy look of good

flannel. Wring with the hands as dry as possible, then rinse and wring out again; and when as dry as it can be made by hand, snap out, stretch and pull out into the true shape; dry in the open air, if possible. Bring in when not quite dry, roll up a short time, and iron while still a little damp, so that each part can be more readily brought into shape. Pressing, when ironing, is better for the flannel than rubbing. It does not make the fabric feel so hard and wiry.

Scarlet flannel is poisonous to some skins if used before washing, and as one is not always sure how one may be affected by it, it is safer to give it a scald in hot water with a little soap—not enough to make a strong suds. Let it stand and soak a few minutes, then wring out and treat like other flannels.—Christian Union.

#### THOSE "NOTIONS."

My little speak, two or three years ago, on the subject of "Boys," seemed to meet the approval of my HOUSEHOLD friends, and one has urged me to tell how I have, so far, acted out my notions about my boys.

When Tucker was sent to school, I used to tell him that what he could learn before he was fourteen years old, and the reputation he should make for himself as a schoolboy, would be his capital to begin life with, as the eldest of so large a family must learn as soon as possible to support himself, and, if need be, help his sisters. After consulting my phrenological friend, Doctor John Capen, a second time, the first when he was seven years old, this at nearly fourteen, and finding he still said the same things as before, and approved my course and intentions, I prepared his wardrobe, and made some inquiries for a suitable place for him in a country store, to learn business, caring little for money, but anxious to get a pleasant home for him.

School closed, and Ichabod furnished Tucker with a grubbing hoe, and took him along to clear off a buckwheat patch. In the evening, a few days after, he said to me, "Mamma, there does not seem to be much prospect of a place for me, and these blisters on my hands will spoil my writing."

"Never mind, dear, said I, do every day's duty as it comes, and if it is best for you to go, the way will be opened for you. I am on the look-out, and shall be sure to see it."

A few days after an advertisement appeared, "Wanted. A boy," etc. I said nothing to him, to spare disappointment if some one else were ahead, but wrote a postal card applying for the place—this on Wednesday, and on Saturday morning a letter came to me saying, "If he is a good boy, send him down, and I'll tell better after seeing him. If he inclines to be bad, I don't want him at all."

What mother would admit her boy "inclines to be bad?" However, I replied by postal card, "Your letter received too late to send him to-day. He will be there on Monday morning."

Then I went home and handed him the letter, telling him what I had replied. Of course, Ichabod knew, and he thought one of us had better go with him, but I stuck valiantly to my "notion," and said we could not tell anything about a place by merely seeing it, and if we had not confidence in our child enough to send him alone, how could we expect any stranger to put him in a place of trust? besides a earload of friends to escort a boy, or bolster him with words and smiles, would fail to benefit him, if he failed to be a good boy himself. Of course, Ichabod was convinced, and merely took his boy, on behind, horseback, three miles, to catch the early train Monday morning.

There was a sorrowful little group at the breakfast table, and after they were gone, Midget remarked, "Mamma I thought you'd feel awful bad when Tucker left home, but we should all have cried if it had not been for you."

It always seemed selfish, to my mind, for mothers, or any one, to show sorrow and make hard partings ten times harder, so with a harder struggle than I ever before had with myself, the tears were kept from falling, and merry talk kept up even to the casting of an old shoe at the last look.

I gave him a small sachet with a few necessary articles, a change of shirts, stockings, collars, and handkerchiefs, a night-shirt, brushes and combs, etc., and a few lines of introduction, saying, if he appeared to suit, he came ready to go to work, and I would send his best suit to him, with what he might need for a month's time of trial. On Tuesday I heard from his employer, saying he would keep him, and on Wednesday from Tucker, saying he liked the people and place, and at the end of the month, again from his employer, saying he suited very well, and appointing a day for us to visit them and agree upon terms, etc.

Though he was very homesick, no word ever came to cause me a pang, and when Ichabod and I went to see him, he kept very cheerful, and agreed with us that the terms offered would be right. Since then we have a rule that he gets a long home letter every Saturday, to which he replies on Sabbath afternoon, telling me the text of the sermon he hears, and every little pleasant scrap he can.

I hope now to have him stay in the same place three years, so as to learn well all he can there, then I will give him a chance to go to school or commercial college, as he wishes. My theory is, that boys from fourteen to seventeen, unless very bright, and destined for a profession in which they are interested, generally waste their time at school, and grow indolent, and superior to small beginnings, then it is very hard to suit them in a place where they can earn their board even, to say nothing of clothes, and a boy who is not worth his "virtual and clothes," as our grandfathers said, cannot be of much account to any one.

I am trying to teach Tucker to use his small earnings for comfort, considering his health of first importance. I advise him to get warm woolens, a comfortable overcoat, and a gum suit, rather than a dress suit to be worn only on Sundays. He has very kind friends in the family of his employer where he finds a home, and I tell him, I think I feel very much as the old bird does when, after pushing the young one out of the nest, she sees it flutter and flutter, and finally fly up to a safe perch. Then I warn him "beware of the cats, dear."

Perhaps this recital may seem vain to those who have full fledged boys abroad, but, if it serve to strengthen one mother, who must send her first-born from her, to learn, and earn his way, by the assurance that one mother carried out her notions calmly, when her heart ached sadly to hold her darling still a mother's boy, knowing he could not return to quite the old place, in the short, stranger-like, semi-yearly visits home, it will have done its work.

#### REPAIRING RUBBERS.

Rubber, or even leather boots, may be repaired, using the following cement: Take gum shellac three parts, india rubber one part, by weight. Dissolve these ingredients in separate vessels, in ether free from alcohol, applying a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, mix the two solutions, and keep in a bottle tightly stopped. This glue resists the action of

water, both hot and cold, and most of the acids and alkalies. Pieces of wood, leather, or other substances, joined together by it, will part at any other point than at the joint thus made. If the glue be thinned by the admixture of ether, and applied as a varnish to leather, it renders the joint of the seam water-tight, and almost impossible to separate. By cementing a piece of thin leather, or rubber, over a crack, a neat and durable patch may be made. The soles of leather boots may be made more durable and perfectly water-proof by soaking them thoroughly, before a fire, with pine tar. Three or four repeated applications are necessary to saturate the leather when it completely absorbs the tar, and the soles are dry and hard as horn, but quite flexible.

—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities. Another writer says if you put a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, into a teapot, you will make the tea infuse in half the time.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been wondering in my mind, for a long time, if I should step within THE HOUSEHOLD Band again, whether I would raise such a hurricane about my head as I did some time ago, when I wrote about seeing a friend wipe her griddle with a clean cloth dipped in grease, instead of using a piece of fat meat, and added my own comments? It has been a long time since the last of my jottings, and I can be silent no longer, unless I make a mistake, and get into the waste basket, instead of into the council room.

Some one in the March number spoke of being troubled with yellow spots on her sheets and pillow cases. I was once perplexed over the same mystery, but never since I have used Dobbins' soap, and ceased to boil my clothes. I think it must occur some way during the boiling process, probably there may be a little speck of rust unnoticed in the boiler. I cannot understand what makes women persist in the old-fashioned boiling, when it makes so much more work, besides the discomfort of the steam, and clothes look better without it. I can remember when I almost dreaded to hang out a wash when the ground was covered with snow, because it seemed to cast a yellow look on the white clothes, but nowadays, if either suffer from the contrast, it is the snow. Do please try, just a few times, my way, and if it can be bettered, I will be very glad to hear it.

In the April number is a method, given under the head of "Washing with Brains," but that requires the clothes to be soaked over night, which many object to, as not always being convenient, or, as in my case, the kitchen is so small there is no room for tubs until after breakfast is out of the way. Before sitting down to breakfast, I put on the wash water to heat. As soon as the meal is finished, I shave down half a bar of Dobbins' soap, put it in a little kettle, pour hot water over it, and let it boil till it is all dissolved. Into my tub washing-machine, which I once described to the Band, I pour a little more than half of the soap, and the balance into a smaller tub, put in enough water, as hot as my hands can bear, to put the clothes to soak, pour into each tub about a tablespoonful of ammonia, and then, into the machine I put the finest and cleanest white clothes, and into the other tub, the next batch to be washed. I then clear off my table and wash the dishes, by which time they have soaked long enough, and I wash those in the machine for a few minutes, put them

through the wringer, and they are ready for the rinse. Into the machine then goes those soaked in the tub, and more soiled ones take their place, while I work the machine again.

After all the white clothes are washed, I put the colored ones to soak in the machine, while I rinse the white ones through two waters, starch, and hang out, afterwards giving the colored ones a few turns in the machine, and finishing them in the first rinse, which, by this time, has become a little sudsy. Light calicoes I put direct in this, and wash, as the water in the machine is too dirty for them. Colored clothes do not fade washed with this soap, as with some others, neither does ammonia injure them. Of course, bands and wrist-bands need some rubbing, (I would be afraid of any preparation that would entirely cleanse them without,) but the soap and ammonia loosens the dirt, so that it is easily rubbed out.

In cold weather I do not have my windows and rooms heavy with steam, and in hot weather I do not need to suffer from a hot stove to boil the clothes. My clothes look whiter than any in the neighborhood, and are always the first on the line.

If you have other soap which you prefer to use, even soft soap, if you will only add the ammonia, you will be astonished how white your clothes will become after a few applications, and how much easier they will wash. I think I could scarcely keep house without it. I put it in the water to clean paint, and to wash out grease spots that sometimes will happen on the kitchen carpet, and for many other things. If there is anything to be had that will make our work easier, and save our tired backs and feet, in pity let us have it, if it does cost a few cents. Twenty-five cents worth of ammonia lasts me a long time, three months, or more. This winter, I persuaded a woman living near, who takes in washing, to try it, and she is so delighted she says she will never be without it.

And Rosamond E., that blessed woman, who had five children, the oldest only six years old. It makes me sigh to think of the work she accomplishes. Away out here in Iowa, it is yet March, with snow on the ground, and she has already got nearly through April house-cleaning, and garden-making. She is entirely too far in advance, and I move we stop her—hold her back till we catch up, for it is too discouraging to have her go so far ahead of the rest of the Band. Seriously, though, I would like very much to know what state she lives in, that she could not get an applicant admitted into its feeble-minded asylum. I am much interested in state institutions, and have had some personal experience as to the manner in which some of them are managed. If the child she wrote of was in this state, and was free from all contagious diseases, all its mother would have to do, would be to apply to the superintendent of the institution for its admittance, and it would be taken in at any time, if there was room.

State institutions are generally run by wire pulling politicians, and men are often put in to superintend them who are entirely unfit for the position. The people cannot do much with these politicians, except to watch them and expose their tricks and injustice. After they learn that the people are awake to the interests of these institutions for unfortunate children, they will be more careful how they manage them. If I was in Rosamond E.'s place, I should try again for the poor child, and if I was refused without just reasons, I should at once publish the institution and its managers. When a state keeps up such an institution by taxing its people, they are entitled to its full

benefits, and if they are refused that right, the public at large ought to know why. I hope to hear further of the case.

LEONORE GLENN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Lucy Palmer gives her way of making yeast and bread, and asks some one to try it, and report. I've tried it, and now I am going to report. In the first place, what kind of a teaspoon do you use to measure your hops in? Only a teaspoonful of hops! That shook my faith in the yeast, and, as you said you thought any other good yeast would do, I used some made after my own recipe, which I knew to be excellent. Now for my experience with the bread. I proclaimed to the household that I was going to make bread on a new plan, and expected to have good luck, of course. I mixed the ingredients, according to directions, being careful to get the exact quantities, set it where it would rise, and sailed off to bed, with visions of monstrous loaves before my eyes.

In the morning my first care was to see my bread, which was to be "puffed and cracking with pride at its own lightness," but behold my "cake was dough." Instead of being puffed up the stuff hadn't budged an inch. I was patient, and waited, but when noon came, and it was not more than twice as large as it was when I mixed it, I gave it up. Thinking that I might have mixed it too stiff, I tried it once more, and had better success. It rose nicely, but it was beyond me to make three big loaves of it, without thinking of a pan of biscuits. I could only get two small loaves out of it. What are your bread pans like? Mine are what I call common sized, and I would think yours very, very small, if you had not said "big loaves." The bread was light, but it was darker than bread is when kneaded, and I do not like it nearly as well. "That brother of mine" meekly suggests that I mention the fact that it made his jaws ache to eat it. I expect I have stirred up a hornet's nest, but you asked us to report, and I have done so. Henceforth I knead my bread.

SUKE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I'm in trouble. Can you comfort me any, or at least help me groan? Father and mother are away on a visit, and have left me to keep house for four big brothers, little sister Nellie, and a hired man, with only Bridget Malony to help. At first I got along splendidly, and thought it was fun, but I don't now. This week has been unlucky from beginning to end, and every blessed thing I have done or touched, or looked at, has been possessed of some evil genius. Nothing would go as I wanted, or expected it to, and now I'm a firm believer in the "total depravity of inanimate objects."

In the first place the weather has been damp, cloudy, rainy, muddy, foggy, drizzling or pouring, all the time, and the clothes wouldn't dry, so yesterday morning, Friday, I brought them in, and dried them by the fire. Such steam! and then the ironing. Those starched things make me groan even now. Please don't think I can't do up starched clothes decently well. I can, but as I said before, this week was fated, and the starch and flatirons were bewitched, like everything else. I never saw such perverse shirt bosoms, they were a mile too full, and wouldn't pull smooth any how. The irons would do nothing but stick, and crock and scorch, and I was hot, and red, and cross. I tried to be patient, and exhorted myself in the eloquent language of Josiah Allen's wife, to "be calm," but shades of Job and Socrates! there was no such thing as being calm under such circumstances, and I felt nearly frantic in spite of myself.

One shirt was so bad I had to wash it out three times, and the agonies I endured in my efforts to make it presentable, were pitiable enough to make angels weep. At last I had all done but one shirt, that Harry wanted to wear to a grand party, and I wished that to look particularly nice. For a wonder I succeeded, and in my delight waved it triumphantly over my head. I don't like to tell the rest, it makes me feel sick and faint to think what happened then. That victorious flourish was fatal, "if you have tears prepare to shed them now," that stiff, shining, treacherous shirt, that I had worked so hard over, slipped from my nervous fingers, and fell, with a vicious fling, bosom downwards, into the black, damp, dirty coal hod, and I "was left lamenting." Perhaps you think I cried then, perhaps you think I marched that shirt to the wash-tub, and did it all over again, but I didn't do either. The calmness of despair was upon me, and I rolled that shirt up in a heap, stuffed it into one of Mike's old boots, and flung the boot, with a bang, into the wood-shed, against the pig-pen. The pigs were startled some, I presume, but I didn't care. I should have liked to have sent the flat-irons after it, or sent them to the bottom of the well, where I should never see them more. I never want to behold a flat-iron again, or a shirt either, and I know one thing, if I had a husband and a family of boys, they should never, never wear a shirt. They might wear petticoats, or aprons, or pillow cases, but never a shirt with a bosom. It is a nonsensical, unhealthy fashion any way, as any body can see.

Hurrah for the day when men shall button their coats up to their chins, like sensible beings, and shirt-bosoms shall be unknown as relics of barbarism! Hurrah for the day when my mother comes home, and hurrah for me when Harry asks for that shirt!

PATTY PITKIN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Such an unexpected and undeserved kindly greeting met me, as I first timidly elbowed my way into your charmed circle, that I am tempted to come again, and I feel as if I ought not to avail myself of this delightful privilege, without trying to repay it by bringing with me some useful scrap of information. Let me see, what shall it be this time? Ah, to be sure!

Some of you have rheumatism, I fear, or will have it this coming winter. Or you have in your families, the little ones, more or less wee, who make it a point of honor to appropriate all the knocks and bumps which childhood flesh can possibly be heir to. Take a bottle, of any size you like, and fill it with one-third turpentine, one-third ammonia, and one-third spirits of camphor. Shake well, and cork tightly, and you have an excellent and efficacious liniment, far surpassing the famed arnica. I use nothing else in my family, in the way of liniment, and so has its fame gone abroad in our parish here, that I am kept quite busy in compounding it for sundry rheumatic and stiff-jointed friends. It is, "Mis' Farmer, I hear you make a liniment that's dretful good for rheumatiz. Now my neck's most powerful stiff. Could you," etc. And I "could," and do, till my husband asks why I don't "establish a village dispensary, and have done with it."

Try it, some of you, dear sisters, and I shall be much surprised if you don't follow the example of some of the Band, who, in regard to my bread, have "found the results delightful." Welcome tidings.

And now, as the time for Thanksgiving turkey, and Christmas goose, draws on apace, I shall take the liberty to give my recipe for stuffing fowls. I am fully convinced that no stuffing can be nicer. I chop together, till fine and smooth, some slices of fat salt pork and bread. Don't,

pray, ask how much of each, for I cannot tell you. It depends entirely on the size of the fowl to be stuffed. Experience has taught me to judge so accurately that I rarely fail to get it just the right quantity, but if the result is too little, more is easily made, and if too much, the surplus is very nice made into slightly flattened cakes, and fixed like fish-balls. The fresher and nicer the bread, the better the stuffing, but I often use scraps of toast, or dry pieces. It uses them up nicely. When they are too dry and hard to be conveniently chopped, I moisten them a very little in hot water. I much prefer not too, however, as the stuffing is not nearly so nice when I do so. When I have properly mixed my bread and pork, I add pepper, in quantities to suit the taste, and also sage, or some other herb. Mix these evenly in, chopping in, at the same time, one raw egg, or two if for a goose or large turkey. No other moistening is needed. This stuffing is invariably liked, I have found. It is very nice, an extra touch of grace, to chop in a few raw oysters with the other ingredients.

I meant to have given a few recipes for "economical and appetizing breakfast dishes," which Penobscot asks for in the November number. But I must wait for that till another time, when she probably will have received better ones from other sisters.

As I pass out from my corner for this time, let me shake hands, on my way, with that sensible person who likes the agate ware. Isn't it nice? And now is there any one who can send me a real good recipe for chicken pie? I don't like the results of my efforts in that line. And who knows of some good, easily made, inexpensive desserts?

LUCY PALMER.

North Scituate, R. I.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—One sister in the September number asks for information about the century plant. I have one with the yellow edged leaves, which I have had for nine years. It is now a good sized plant but has never blossomed, nor do I expect it will in my life-time, although I am told they do blossom in less than one hundred years, but it is so long, sometimes fifty or more, that they are called century plants. I think they need much the same care as other species of cactus. Mine stands out doors on a rustic stump, in a sunny place all summer, and is watered only with the rain and dew from heaven. In winter it has the same temperature as my other house plants, with less water.

Another sister asks how to make pie crust. I have found the following to be a good rule. Take six teacups of sifted flour to one of lard, add a little salt, and mix thoroughly together by rubbing through the hands. Add water enough to make a dough that will roll out easily. Don't knead, as that makes it tough. This makes light, flaky crust, and six pies. When I could make my own pies I didn't have any rule, but I can't make pies any more, for I am an invalid, and must tell others how; thus the necessity of a rule.

I have often been wheeled into the pantry in my invalid chair these summer mornings, and superintended the baking, canning and preserving fruit, etc. Sisters, what do you think of that? Do you know what a privilege it is to go about your own house and minister to the wants of your families? You are busy wives and mothers, and I love to read of all the things you can do. I can read, write, and sew sometimes, but cannot walk or speak aloud, yet I am thankful for many comforts left me yet, and remember that there are

No weary days of waiting  
In those mansions of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

E. M. H.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I come again with ever so much to say, which, of course, will have to be left unsaid, or there would be but one letter in this issue of THE HOUSEHOLD. So wishing everybody a happy and prosperous New Year, I will proceed to business.

I am glad to welcome so many new comers into our Band. The older members know how glad we are to meet them in print once more, but to the new ones a word is particularly desirable, and I feel as though I have made many new friends through the paper.

I wanted to shake hands with Lucy Palmer when I read her sensible letter, though I shall not adopt her method of bread making while I have a Stany Mixer in my list of labor savers. While my bread will almost knead itself into a velvety smoothness in ten minutes I shall let it. If I had to knead it myself, not being blessed with a pair of very strong arms, I'm afraid the kneading would end as hers does, before it begins. I hope there are many who will try to lighten the daily burdens by gradually coming to see that nearly all of these are unnecessary, not bread kneading, however, if one is strong enough to do it. I think it a great improvement to bread, but let us, if possible, knead it by proxy, especially when that proxy is attainable by almost every one.

Oh, Rosamond E! stand up and confess! Wasn't Ichabod a "sorrowing soul" with "en-  
cumbrances" whom you took it upon yourself

to console? I have thought so since reading your "Notions" in October, in which you advise the girls to marry widowers, a peculiarity of second wives which I have found to be universal. I don't want to quarrel with our HOUSEHOLD oracle, but, really, to trot out widowers as the cream of masculine perfection, is a little too much. Don't give them a chance to worry two wives out of existence, even if it does lessen the ranks of the "surplus." I never could understand why a man who has lost a wife, is so superior to the man who hasn't. Not that I disbelieve in second marriages. What can a poor man do, but try to fill, as far as possible, the real want of his house, and all honor to the woman who goes into the desolate place and makes once more a home for him and his children. I always rather envied the lot of the wife of a Greek priest. Not being allowed to marry but once, consider the care and utter devotion with which she is surrounded. No getting another when she is gone! No chance for the "inconsolable" to make himself fine, and haunt the "rose bud garden of girls," with a view to number two. We agree, however, perfectly on the subject of step-mothers, I have often seen such a one far more of a real mother to the children in her care than their own mother had been, and a good step-mother holds a place as enviable as it is difficult to attain. But we will not talk any more about this, there are lots of other things to say, still I would like to know if Ichabod wasn't a "relict." Please tell us, Rosamond.

I am glad to see a growing interest in the "So-  
ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

I think if we would only try to interest children in this noble work, it would do worlds of good. In some schools in Massachusetts, prizes are given for the best compositions upon the subject. If teachers would encourage kindness to, and an interest in, the little living things that are sometimes so tormented by their scholars, they would lay the foundation for much good hereafter. When a boy is taught to consider it a cowardly act to rob a bird's nest, or stone a squirrel, he will soon stop doing so. Boys do not like to be called cowardly, and there is a real cowardice in tormenting small things which cannot retaliate. With the cowardly cruelty of boys of a larger growth to their horses and cattle, we women can do little but leave them to the efficient officers which the society should place in every town, but with the children we can do much. But this is one of my hobbies and I must "trot it out" carefully, being a little in favor of keeping hobbies, like personal troubles, to one's self as much as possible.

Did any one ever see, I wonder, a paper which grew as our HOUSEHOLD has grown, without the price grew in proportion? Let all of us who are the fortunate recipients of such a favor, feel it a pleasure as well as a slight "thank you" to Mr. Crowell, to send in even one new name with our own renewal, letting 1882 bring up our number to the good, round 100,000 subscribers, which the paper richly deserves. Who seconds the motion?

EMILY HAYES.

DEAR LITTLE HOUSEHOLD GIRLS:—I want to tell you about the doll patterns which are so nice for you to fashion your dollies' clothes after. Perhaps you will have a handsome doll given you on Christmas, and it may be in undress on purpose for you to tax your ingenuity in preparing its wardrobe, and if you can only have suitable patterns and material, you can do it nicely. These, mamma or big sister will see that you have, as they will have plenty of bundles for you to select from, or, if they have not, they can get you pretty remnants, cheap, for the dresses and more important part of the outfit. And, having gotten your doll and materials, they will show you

about the cutting and making, and then, while you are learning to make Matilda Jane's clothes, you are, at the same time, learning how to make your own, and can help mamma on dresses when you get older.

But about these patterns. I think almost all the houses which furnish cut paper patterns for ladies and children's clothes, issue patterns for dolls, but as they seem to think that dolls do not need to change fashions very often, these come out new about Christmas time every year, perhaps a little earlier, so as to give you a chance to get the patterns before that time, supposing you wish to dress a doll for baby sister, or some little girl who has no kind friends to think of her, and to get her dolls as you have. There is no way that a young miss may give more pleasure to some poor, neglected little waif than in this way, so here is a hint which some of you may improve upon.

Your mamma can tell you where she gets her fashion books and patterns, and you can probably find dollies at the same place. You can send for a catalogue if there is no agency near you, and then you can select such patterns as you may most desire. They cost a few cents apiece, but you can perhaps get some other little girls to get patterns at the same time, then you change patterns and thus have a variety to cut from. For instance, one of you can get a dress pattern, another a street sacque, and another under clothes, then you will be nicely provided for.

Perhaps you will save your candy cents for a time for this purpose, if you are short of spending money, and if you do not have candy money, perhaps mamma will pay you a few cents for washing dishes, or for doing some other task which you are not very fond of doing, and then you will have money all your own to use to adorn Miss Dollie. You wish to make her clothes as neatly as possible, for thus you will be learning to make your own. Mamma will do some of the stitching on the machine, and can show you how to make button holes, and nicely overcast the seams, and finish off the garments, and, if the first is not just right, you have been learning, so you will do better next time.

Of course you are not to take time from your proper studies for this, or to refuse to help mamma, but I think she will find that you will work and study all the easier and better if she allows you proper time, and materials and patterns to do with, so that you can have your doll family in a presentable order when you wish to play with them, or when your cousins and little friends visit them, or invite them out to tea.

You may tell mamma I say this, for I have been a little girl myself, and I have assisted little girls in fixing up dolls, and I have enjoyed dressing them for others quite as much, I think, as though I were a little girl and played with dollies myself. Tell mamma, it pays in a long run, if it does hinder her a little now, to help little girls to take care of their families properly, and to let them have pretty material and bits of lace, and ribbon and embroidery to use, and also to let them have good needles and thread of different kinds, for no one can do work nicely with poor, cheap thread, or with needles too coarse, or bent, or rusty, such as some children are given to sew with. And then, no wonder they cannot do their work well and get discouraged in trying!

Then it is nice, if you have leisure, to prepare doll's bed or crib yourself, and to keep it in order. You can learn to hem in making the sheets and pillow slips, and can make your patchwork into a nice spread. This is much more pleasant work, and will teach you more practical lessons in sewing of various kinds than will merely piecing patchwork, which is what so many children and misses are so often drilled on. For young girls who may be invalids, or for a time laid aside by accident from active pursuits, there is no employment more pleasant than having good patterns, and dressing dolls for themselves and others, while the lesson is one of value, as all need to know something of the art of fashioning clothing for others as well as themselves.

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that among these various patterns are those for making dolls, as well as dressing them, and for making gentlemen dolls as well as lady dolls, and little boy dolls as well as girl dolls, and, with all, baby dolls, which are the delight of all. Also some pieces of doll furniture and other little articles are usually given with these patterns, so you have only to see the pictures to select what you may like best. The trouble with many of you will be that you have little money to spare for patterns, and some of your parents will think it all folly to spend money in this way, but let them think of it, and see if it will not be a pleasant, as well as a wise investment. U. U.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Of late my position among you has been that of a culprit, and I must now claim my privilege of being heard in my own behalf, first, pleading "not guilty" to Faith's charge of representing myself as "poorly" and "smart." Dear Faith seems to have sympathy for Ichabod, who must, she says, be "more than human," hence henpecked by his inhuman wife, who makes him shake her thirty-five yards of carpet every five or six weeks. Yes, but Ichabod, dear sisters, is a very human man, who rebels in the most manly manner at the necessity

of obeying the meek suggestions of his Rosamond, who takes, with the assistance of the girls, (two of whom she has all the time, California,) the loose breadths up, then says "we" are going to shake the carpet to-day; he marches in, assists with the heavy furniture, wondering \* \* \* every wife knows what, there's a sort of free masonry about it, but the girls must learn for themselves. All that is necessary for me is to preserve my own equanimity, and in less time than it takes to discuss it, the carpet is laid down again, with a faithful promise from Ichabod that he will not "lift the stove" again this winter; but he does, sisters, of course, and a good dinner cures the little abrasion of temper men always suffer from in cleaning up times.

When my carpet was made, the weaver told me that 'tis the sand and sweeping that wears out a rag carpet, and, that one ought, to keep them, shake out the sand and dust carried in by many feet rather than sweep so much, which sweeps off the chain; this is my reason for doing so, and it gives good satisfaction. We do not sew our rag carpets together but keep them in breadths, overlapping an inch or two on the floor.

My object in writing my experiences is and has been to encourage beginners, young wives and mothers, by the assurance that they can live through it, and to suggest ways and means of getting out of, or avoiding "tight places," such as I found uncomfortable to say the least. My ambition, I plead guilty, is to keep house, raise my family, and live, and never seem to have anything particular to do that must interfere with receiving friends, or reading, or attending to sickness in the best manner.

My being "poorly" as Faith says, is all owing to the weaknesses accompanying such continuous motherhood, and my necessity for so much help arises from the same cause; as I once asserted to a person, who told me how "Mrs. Blank raised ten children and did her own work," "I cannot do two things at once, I'm raising my family now, and do all the work I am able to do, but never would have strength to do more," hence the one girl in the kitchen, a nurse and chambermaid in one, and a sempstress twice or three times a year for two weeks at a time, to accomplish the cooking, washing, ironing, bed-making, cleaning, mending and making for an average family of six adults (Ichabod and two men, Rosamond and two maids) and nine children, to say nothing of incidentals, extras, company, etc.

Thusly I "fess" and explain to the best of my ability, hoping everybody will understand once for all, that I don't "set up" for a prodigy, but that if, by a recital of some of the ins and outs of my experiences and notions, I can smooth away a care, or encourage to fresh effort one weak or inexperienced sister woman, I shall have accomplished my object. Thanks to Hawkeye, Jean L., and the many who speak kindly words and assurances of nothing but sisterly appreciation of the criticisms of others, which are often our best helps to better things. I am ever, sincerely yours,

ROSAMOND E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I find by reading the letters from the different sisters, that our paper is a comfort to them as well as myself. Particularly do I enjoy Dr. Hanaford's articles, and well I may, in consideration of what he has done for me, for he has nearly restored me to usual health, having been in very poor health for some time, greatly reduced, and friends thought in a critical condition.

It was through his writings that I first learned of the Health Foods. I have now twelve different kinds of this company's preparations. The Universal Food has done a great deal for me, it forms a part of all my meals, and when I am not feeling quite as well I use it alone. For bread I use their G. W. biscuit, C. B. biscuit, and other kinds of crackers. I think it well to have a variety. My husband thinks their "coarse granulated wheat," and "pearled oats" surpass any he ever tasted. We have one of the above mentioned, or their "fine granulated wheat," made into mush every morning for breakfast. If any of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD have weak stomachs, or are troubled with indigestion, I should advise them to try the Health Foods at once. The "gluten" is an excellent food for warm weather and I expect to use it freely this summer.

MRS. W. C. PARSONS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to make a few observations on a communication from Mrs. Kate Ennis dated Manly Junction, Iowa. I have had the pleasure of living in Wright county, Iowa, for ten years. This county is a strictly prairie country, with only a few boulders of granite scattered in its way, by the slide in the glacial period. Its area is about 576 square miles, the size of most of Iowa's counties. Wall Lake is in the southern part of the county, and the lady is near enough to its size, but I am compelled to think she was never there or she would have been a little nearer in other statements.

The railroad she mentions is known as the Illinois Central road, as it is a branch of that road in the state of Illinois. But there are railroads still nearer this lake than the one mentioned, as the Cedar Rapids, Iowa Falls and Northern runs from the south-east corner to the center of the county, then due west to the west-

ern line, while the Chicago and North-western runs through the south-western and western part, and the Iowa Central and North-western from Hampton to Belmond in the same county.

The lake is an ordinary reedy western lake, below the surface of all the surrounding country. The wall is not more than five or six feet high, and is in fact no wall at all. As to the size of the stones, no one having weighed them, we only can guess, and are not more than a ton in weight down to sand and gravel. There are as many stones in the vicinity of the lake as any place in the county. Prof. White, who made the geological survey of the state, says they were dropped into the lake the same as they were scattered all over the prairie by the ice from the north. And as to the way they were shoved out to shore, into the slight semblance of a wall, it was by the water freezing solid, and by continued expansion for a great number of years, carrying all with it toward the shore, each year a little farther, as can readily be proven, and is a well known fact to most people. There is timber only on the south shore, and not very old timber either. That 1856 story is utterly false and causes many a laugh "out west." The lake is so shallow that it is growing full of reeds, and its only merit is for water for stock belonging to the only person living within several miles. The water is pure and cold in winter and hot in summer, and like all our Iowa lakes, is supplied by numerous springs kept up by our copious rainfall.

As to the truth of my statements I refer you to any person in Wright county.

There is nothing resembling a wall at the most of the shore, and never was since the first white man saw it. Still Iowa has some lovely lakes and Wright county its share. Come and see.

Concord, Iowa.

ROB. BLOOM.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I only wish to take up a small space and say "Thank you" for my wedding present. If you are never repaid financially for your generous offer to the newly wedded, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing you have been the means of doing much good to humanity, for certainly no one could read the paper a year without being permanently benefited by it.

I wish I could think of something sufficiently scathing to say to C. F. Philbrick, but think I shall have to leave it to some of the more gifted writers to annihilate him. However, I think the one that wrote the suit article ought to be regarded as his patron saint, for if the doughnuts had been fried in lard I doubt if he had been left to tell the tale. Four doughnuts with coffee, besides his dinner, and he speaks of his mouth as a small reservoir!

Smart Rosamond E.! I think she is a make-believe, but I enjoy reading her diary just the same. If I thought she was a reality I would caution her against overdoing; as it is I do not think it will hurt her. But if I am mistaken, and there is such a person, I humbly take it back, and will say as a salve for the foregoing, that she is doing what not one woman in a hundred would have the courage or wisdom to do.

The little suggestions for fancy work and adornments for the house are eagerly read by me. I am knitting a coral pattern tidy, and can heartily recommend it as being easy to make, cheap, and handsome withal. I think Neillie May deserves a vote of thanks for writing the directions so carefully; I do not find one mistake.

Would it not be nearly as easy for the sisters to send their bits of knowledge as to write and ask if it is wanted? Ten chances to one your next communication finds its way to the waste basket and then we lose it altogether.

Emily Hayes, Hans Dorcomb, and many others, you have helped me greatly.

SIB.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. Mary E. Houseman died June 12, 1881, of quick consumption. She leaves a husband, six children, a widowed mother, two sisters and one brother, and many friends to mourn their loss. But while we mourn the loss of our dear one we mourn not as those who have no hope, for we know we shall meet again in the sweet by and by. She always loved THE HOUSEHOLD and her HOUSEHOLD sisters, as she called them, especially those she corresponded with. She would often say to me, "I don't know how I ever would live without THE HOUSEHOLD." It was such a comfort to her in her poor health.

She liked to knit the edgings given in the paper, and had begun several tidies, etc., for different sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD who had sent her pieces, patterns, etc. We are sorry, dear friends, that we cannot carry out our sister's wishes in this respect, and hope that the knowledge that you helped to make many lonely hours pleasant will be a blessed reward to you.

S. D. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I beg you will let me in to say a few words. Nearly a year ago, I sent Mrs. S. B. Alexander a pair of wristlets. I never received an answer, although I wrote several times. I do not think Mrs. Eva Ames ever paid for the bushels of moss she received. If she did she left me out. Henry Tower is still indebted to me for a package of cabinet specimens, though I received a polite postal from him saying he had gone out of the business. Mrs. Jeremiah Rob-

erts, Virginia Bratton, Mrs. A. L. Cole, Bessie Hughes, Helen Monk, F. S. Risley, and others that I will not name, are indebted to me, and this is to show them that I have not forgotten them.

Please do not think I consider these people dishonest. I couldn't dream of such a thing.

Hampshire, Ill.

EMMA D. CARLISLE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am beginning to feel myself quite an old sister, for I have back volumes of our paper from '76, and how many of the dear sisters I am interested in!

Dear Rosamond E. stands first on my list, and two charming letters received from her, prove that she is not an "impossible she," but a delightful reality. Then Gladys Wayne, who is, as yet, only a name to me—some day I am going to throw out a feather in her direction, for her letters interest me very much. Riverside—I had the nicest letter imaginable from her the other day, and she told me about Hans Dorcomb, who is another of my "likes," and I want to write to her too, some day.

And Sister Jessie—I hope she may feel able to write again before long, and tell us how she is bearing her life. I am sure her letters would be helpful to a dear friend of mine, as yet a silent member of our Band, who lost her husband seven years ago by a stroke of lightning. She was left with four children, and a fifth came seven months later. She finds life hard, for she had not the comfortable home that Sister Jessie has, but she is trying bravely to make a happy home for the five children, in spite of poverty. She was one of my dearest friends always, and a petted youngest child, who little dreamed of the care and toil life had in store for her. But she has faith, and knows where to go for help to bear her heavy burdens.

In the numbers for 1876, I find what I think must be Rosamond E.'s first letter, and my liking for her, already very great, was increased by the admirable spirit in which she replied to the disagreeable letter of the step-sister, I think I must call her, who advised her to "take her children around for a show." I have had seven children, all of whom would be under ten years of age, though, alas! I had to give one of them up before she was six years old, while another little life only lasted five short months. October is a sad month to me, for both little girls died then, one in '78, and the other in '79.

I've been washing baby flannels, to-day, a task which makes me feel myself a worthy member of the Band, for I never knew how to do it until recently. It has been a great trial to have my pretty flannels thickened and spoiled. Even when sent to a laundry, they were not satisfactory. A friend suggested, "Why don't you wash them yourself?"

"I don't know how, never even washed a pocket handkerchief."

But though I may still be ignorant as to pocket handkerchiefs, I can wash flannels, and am so proud of it!

Alice H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—If you will permit, I will have a little chat with THE HOUSEHOLD sisters. Each month I receive my paper and peruse its contents, I see something that I would like to ask about, or some question I could answer, and think I will write a letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, the first spare time I have. I have been waiting several months for this spare time, and I have concluded to write without it.

This is Monday morning. Many of the sisters are preparing to wash. I prefer Thursday for wash day. In this "sunny clime" of ours, from six to eight months in the year, we can wash any day we wish, and never, or, at any rate, scarcely ever, be bothered with rain, as our eastern sisters are. During the winter months we generally wash the first pleasant day in each week, and never have such a thing as a frozen garment.

We are living within five miles of the Pacific coast. It is claimed for this county that the climate is not "second best" to any in the world. The orange, lemon, lime, olive, fig, pomegranate, grape, almond, English walnut, pear, peach, apricot, apricot, nectarine, and many other kinds of fruit, grow luxuriantly, if properly cared for.

Mrs. W. B. C. gives a recipe for good babies. I think it an excellent one, but I also think if her baby has as bad a time cutting teeth as some of my babies have had, she will have to give up her rules and regulations to some extent. I am the mother of three children, and know there is a great deal in being regular with them in all their habits, as far as possible.

Will the sisters who have used a coal smoothing iron, please tell me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, if it is better than the common smoothing iron? Some say the smoke is unhealthy. Will Dr. Hanaford please give his views on the subject of coal smoke, and also please tell us whether the Persian fly powder recommended by Mrs. M. E. Rogers is injurious?

Some one asks how to clean abalone shells. I have been told that they are ground on a grindstone, and then polished with sand paper.

Perhaps there are some young housekeepers that are troubled with rusty flat irons, as I used to be when I was first married. I always put my flat irons away in good condition, but when I came to iron again, my irons would be very rusty, I learned, by and by, why they were

rusted. I hung them near the stove, and the steam from the teakettle settled on them. Now I hang them in a dry place, and I am never troubled with rusty flat irons. Beeswax is an excellent thing to clean smoothing irons. Rub the beeswax on the iron when it is hot, then rub the iron on a cloth till all the beeswax is rubbed off. All the sisters that do not use it, please try it, and see how nice it is. If I am sent to the waste basket, I suppose I shall find some of the other sisters there, so I shall not feel lonely.

NELLIE NOSTAW.

Greeting. Cecil Leigh and Gladys Wayne, here is the right hand of love and appreciation. HOUSEHOLD friends can hardly think more of me than I do of them. And, while my personal acquaintance with them is large, there are still many dear ones that I may never know excepting through these pleasant columns. One of the Band, in July number, has greeting also, from

HAZEL WYLDE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

FARMERS' CREAM PIE.—Boil one pint of milk; beat together one egg, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a little salt, add this mixture to the milk, thicken over the fire, and when cool flavor with lemon. Make the crust as usual, line a plate, spread with butter, then another crust; when baked, and nearly cold, separate, put in the cream, and put on the top crust.

INEZ E.

PLAIN CAKE.—Mix thoroughly one cup of sugar and a small tablespoonful of butter, add one cup of buttermilk or sour milk, two cups of flour, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon. This cake is more tender when a few days old than when first baked.

MOCK CREAM PIES.—One quart of milk, one teacup of sugar, and one egg. When scalding, add two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a little cold milk. Remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of lemon. This quantity makes two pies.

LUCY.

LEMON PUDDING.—Make a biscuit dough, rolling in a little shortening the same as for pies, to make the covering flaky.

Filling.—Put one cup of maple sugar and one finely sliced lemon, with rind, into an earthen dish, add about two tablespoonfuls of water, cover the top of the dish with pastry, same as for chicken pie, leaving an opening to pour in the milk and sugar while baking. Make a curdle of one-half cup of maple sugar and a large cup of sweet milk by simmering together on top of the stove nearly half an hour, then add to the pudding while baking through the opening left in the top of the crust. Be careful not to add too much at one time, as it is apt to boil over if too full. Bake about an hour.

GRATITUDE.

SOLID WHITE CAKE.—Take one cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, five cups of flour, (measured after sifting,) one cup of sweet milk, the whites of one dozen eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the sugar and butter together, then add the well beaten whites of the eggs and the flour alternately. Flavor with lemon and bake immediately. I have used this recipe for two years, and have never failed in a single instance, and if L. C. G. will try the above she will succeed.

ESSEMBE.

SILVER CAKE.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, the whites of three eggs, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with lemon.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of boiling water, a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger, and a pint of flour. Bake in a shallow tin.

MRS. G. R. W.

Wild fowl is very nice stewed and seasoned with butter, pepper, salt, and a little cream or milk. A little flour stirred in to give the gravy the consistency of cream improves it. Have ready some nice warm soda biscuit, split them open and place on a deep platter, pour your stew over this, and you have a very palatable dish.

A very nice way to serve scraps of cold meat is to cut them in small bits, add a little water, pepper, salt, butter, onion or sage, and stew it awhile. Do not get it too juicy.

Another way is to chop it fine and season as above. Leave it quite juicy and pour over toast.

Still another: Chop the meat fine, add pepper, salt, one egg, a cracker rolled fine, and a few ground cloves if preferred. Press into a loaf and brown slightly in the oven. This makes nice sandwiches, or is nice sliced for tea.

Yet another: Hash any kind of cold meats fine, season with pepper, salt, sage and onion, (or either,) add mashed potato and an egg. Have cracker rolled fine, and roll the meat, made

in flat cakes, in the cracker, and fry in butter, or butter and lard.

Another nice way is to save all bits of meat, cut them in small pieces, put in a stew pan, and add a few sliced potatoes; stew this and season with butter, pepper and salt. To be served as a stew, or baked as a meat pie between two crusts.

S. A. H. B.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Never put a particle of soap on silver ware if you would have it retain its luster. Soap suds makes it look like pewter. Wet a flannel cloth in kerosene, dip it in dry whiting, and rub the plated ware; let it dry on, then polish with a chamois skin.

Mouse holes in walls and closets should be first filled with lime and afterwards plastered over with plaster of Paris mixed with water. It is a good plan to keep a paper of the latter in every house, as it is useful in filling cracks, and in many other ways in household economy.

A nice dinner can be made of a cheap piece of beef. Put two pounds into a kettle with three pints of water, stew gently three hours, then pour off the liquor and brown the meat in the kettle, putting in a piece of butter the size of an egg. When browned pour the liquor back, and when it boils stir in a tablespoonful of flour or corn starch dissolved in half a cup of water. Pepper and salt to taste.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

CORN BREAD.—I hope those sisters who have inquired for recipes for good corn bread, will try the following: Mix two quarts of corn meal with warm water enough to form a batter just thin enough to stir easy, add one-half cup of good hop yeast and one teaspoonful of salt, let it stand till quite light, then stir in two or three eggs, a cup of sour cream, and one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a quick oven, and you will have cakes delicious enough to satisfy any one's appetite. It is good without eggs or cream, as I am obliged to make it sometimes. I let it get light and then stir in some soda and bake quickly.

MRS. O. E. H.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—To the white of one egg beaten to a froth, add two heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch and as much dry powdered sugar as you can stir in. Bake your cake first, then make your frosting, then remove the cake from your baking pan and spread the frosting over the top of the loaf, making it smooth with a knife or spoon, and put it in a warm (not hot) oven until it hardens so that the frosting will not adhere to the finger in touching it, take it out and put in a cool, dry place, and it will be hard enough to cut in a few hours. The above makes one loaf. I have no rule as to the quantity of sugar to be used.

MRS. E. O. O.

HARD SOAP.—Six pounds of washing soda, three pounds of unslacked lime, put together and pour on four gallons of boiling water, let it stand until clear, then drain off and put in six pounds of clean fat, and boil until it hardens (about two hours) over a slow fire. While boiling add two gallons of cold water which you have poured on the alkaline mixture, letting this also settle before using. Add when there is danger of boiling over. Try the consistency by cooling a little on a plate. Put in a handful of salt just before taking from the fire. It may be poured into a wet tub, but I prefer to mould in deep earthen dishes. Cut in bars and put on a board to dry. Do not let it freeze while drying. This makes forty pounds, and is especially nice for rough hands.

NELL COLE.

DELICATE CAKE IN CUP MEASURE.—One and one-half cups of powdered sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and two cups of flour.

FRITTERS.—One quart of buttermilk, one cup of cream or one tablespoonful of butter, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour sufficient for a stiff batter.

A SUBSCRIBER.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One-half cup of flour, one cup of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, two-thirds cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt. Mix soft with cold water, and steam three hours. I use about two cups of water, and I like it better to take two cups of Indian and one cup of rye meal, but that is a matter of taste.

E. R. L.

BREWIS.—One quart of milk; put in crumbs of brown bread not quite enough to soak up the milk, butter half the size of a hen's egg, and a little salt. Boil five or ten minutes.

MOLLIE CODDLE.

JELLY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt.

Jelly.—Grated rind and juice of two lemons, one-half cup of cold water, one egg, one cup of

sugar, and one teaspoonful of butter. Beat the egg and sugar to a cream, add the lemon and water, put in a bowl and set in boiling water, and stir till it thickens. When cold spread between the cakes.

COM.

BLUING.—Take one ounce of Prussian blue and one-half ounce of oxalic acid, and put in one quart of soft water. Shake when you use it. A very little will blue a tubful of water. This amount will last an ordinary family six months. It costs me thirteen cents, and is nice.

Elyria, Ohio.

C. C. B.

TRAINING GINGERBREAD.—One pint of nice, light-colored molasses, three and one-half ounces of butter, one half ounce of saleratus, one-fourth ounce of alum, and one-eighth ounce of ginger. Work the butter into some flour; dissolve the alum in one-half pint of water; work in flour enough to roll, and bake in sheets the thickness of bakers' gingerbread.

MRS. C. F. SHELDON.

SALLY LUNN.—One pint of warm milk a piece of butter the size of an egg, three eggs, one teacup of sugar, flour to make a stiff batter, one-half pint of good yeast, and set to rise.

The above makes nice muffins, leaving out the sugar.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Take a little spirits of hartshorn and rub the brass well, then polish with dry flannel or chamois skin.

VIRGINIA B.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Some one asks for a recipe for chocolate cake with the chocolate mixed in the cake. Here is one: Yolks of seven eggs, three cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, nine tablespoonfuls of Baker's chocolate, grated, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. The whites of the eggs may be used to make a "delicate cake" by using white sugar and flavoring with bitter almonds or vanilla, or the two colors may be baked separately in jelly-cake tins and put together with plain frosting, light and dark alternately.

IRENE MAY.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of stoned raisins, one-half cup of currants, one beaten egg, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, mix well together, steam two hours, and eat with hard or liquid sauce. Whipped cream is nice.

L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

MR. CROWELL.—Will Tilly Slowboy please give a more definite account of using salt and water for the hair? How often should it be used? How long should a cupful last? Should it be stirred up, or only the water on top used? How long before a change should be noticed in the hair? Should water or anything else be used at the same time?

ANXIETY.

Please tell Little Buttercup, to make wall paper stay on whitewashed walls, use one pound of glue, and one-fourth bar of soap, dissolved in six quarts of scalding water. Let it stand until only blood warm, and apply with a white-wash brush, let it dry thoroughly, and paper.

Country girl can clean whitewash from ceilings as follows: Take three pints of flour and beat thoroughly in cold water, then pour boiling water to it until cooked, dissolve one pound of alum in hot water, and pour in the paste. Use the paste quite thick.

Apply to the ceiling with a whitewash brush, being sure to cover the ceiling thoroughly, then close the room, and let it stand over night. In the morning the bits of lime left clinging to the ceiling, are easily scraped off. Be sure to carry everything from the room before commencing work as the lime falls to the floor.

B., to stop the hair from coming out, take a bottle two-thirds full of sweet oil, filling the other third with ammonia. If the scalp be tender, use more oil and less ammonia, as the ammonia causes a smarting sensation, which makes the scalp more healthy, while the oil prevents its injuring the hair or scalp in any way. Use once a day by rubbing carefully into the roots of the hair with the hand.

A PAPER HANGER'S WIFE.

Please tell E. J. M. that my husband uses coal oil to rid his hen coop of lice.

G.

H. V. M. can remove scratches from furniture, if not too deep, by rubbing with oil or camphorated oil. Mix one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor with two of oil. Common kerosene takes out scratches, but smells unpleasantly for a little while afterwards.

A. H. C. H.

In the July number, Constance asks for a recipe for tooth powder. I know the following, to

be good, especially for any one who has a sore and tender mouth. One-fourth pound of Peruvian bark, one-fourth pound of prepared chalk, two ounces of orris root, one and one-half ounces of gum myrrh, one ounce of magnesia, one ounce of burnt alum, pulverized and mixed.

Maida also wants a simple remedy for a cough. Let her try gum arabic. Keep a piece in the back part of the mouth until the irritation is allayed. It is very healing as well as nutritious, and does not disarrange the stomach as sweet cough mixtures do. I have eaten pounds of it in years past.

RETIA.

Please tell Subscriber that the best thing to do with an old feather bed is to have a hole dug in the ground, and empty it, as it is only a nest for moths.

J. B. G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Would it help any sister to know that it would save her a great deal of work, if she would wring sheets crosswise when washing, instead of lengthwise. When ironing day comes, you will find they need little, if any, ironing on the selvedge.

GRATITUDE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask, through THE HOUSEHOLD, how to make cider jelly, and oblige.

M. M. K.

Can any one tell me how to thin decalcomania varnish that has dried down?

C. E. L.

Will some of the sisters please send, through THE HOUSEHOLD, a recipe for making a paste for wall paper?

Will any one tell me how to wash and comb an Angora goat skin?

Will some one tell me what will make the lilac bloom? I have a friend, who has a nice, thrifty one several years old, but it has never had any flower buds. Perhaps the climate does not suit it.

Frio, Texas.

GEORGIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to ask some good sister to give me directions for making pressed cheese from a small dairy for family use. Please let the directions be plain.

MARY.

Can any one send, through THE HOUSEHOLD, a good recipe for graham bread? Mine looks like oat meal porridge baked, and we need it for a dyspeptic.

I care for Emily Hayes' "Dining Room Notes" more than for anything else. I would send her a pretty mat if I had her address. Everything in our HOUSEHOLD is acceptable except the knitting mistakes. Even from England, where my paper goes, come complaints.

SARAH C. VAUGHAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If New Subscriber will get iron filings and mix them with the white of an egg to the consistency of thick paste, and fill the crack in her kettle, pressing it in with a knife, then let it stand a few days to dry, (a week or so,) it will leak no more. We have tried it.

OLIVE GREGORY.

MR. CROWELL:—Tell Constance I think she will like the following recipe for tooth powder: One dram of pulverized charcoal, one dram of pulverized orris root, one dram of pulverized Castile soap, six grains of pulverized camphor, and a sufficient quantity of alcohol. Powder the soap, then mix in the camphor reduced to a stiff paste with alcohol, then add the orris root and charcoal. If it is liked, bergamot or oil of sassafras can be added as a flavor.

I wonder if Mrs. C. C. Spicer has one seed of the water nut that she could spare, if so, what would she like in return from Canada? B. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed a request from W. for recipes for extracts of lemon and vanilla and as I am in the drug business, I can give them. For lemon, we use one ounce of oil of lemon, and one pint of alcohol. Mix and filter through Carb. magnesia.

For extract of vanilla use four ounces of vanilla beans, two ounces of tonka beans, four ounces of sugar, one-half pint of French brandy, two ounces of glycerine, and three and one-half pints of dilute alcohol. Split the vanilla beans, and cut them in fine pieces, and powder with four ounces of white sand. Powder the tonka without sand, mix them all together, and filter through filter paper. The vanilla is a very complicated extract to make, and very few outside of a drug store could make it, but you have the recipe.

DRUGGIST.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to inquire about Scott's electric hair brush. Will it restore gray hair to its original color? and will it prevent any more of the hair turning gray? My hair is getting very gray, and it certainly is not old age that is causing it, and I should be very glad to know of something that would restore it that will not otherwise injure the hair. I am a new member, and I know of no other way of gaining the desired information that will be reliable.

MOLLY MYRTLE.

## The Parlor.

## SANDALPHON.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,—  
Have you read it,—the wonderful story  
Of Sandalphon, the angel of glory,  
Sandalphon, the angel of prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates,  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The angels of wind and of fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below:

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,—  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Or the ancient Rabbinical lore,  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me, and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## HOW A LADY OF RANK LIVED IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THE standard histories give one very little idea about the home life of our ancestors. They tell us sufficiently of bloody battles and court intrigues, but how their heroes and heroines lived in their daily life in the cottage or in the castle they leave us generally ignorant. Any insight into the domestic life of past generations must, therefore, afford interest. To know how they lived in the old, dead centuries, how they dressed, how they dined, is almost like living with them; indeed, perhaps it is better. We get the facts and do not have to suffer the privations and the inconveniences in many things which were endured by our grandfathers.

From an English book just published, and which contains the household roll of the Countess Eleanora of Leicester, for the year 1265, we gain much curious information concerning the castle life of those times. The original was written upon a roll of parchment twenty feet long, and is still in excellent preservation in the British museum.

A few words explanatory of the countess and her circumstances, we throw in as initiatory of our sketch. Eleanora Plantagenet was a princess of royal rank, being the youngest daughter of King John of England, by his queen Isabella of Anjouleme. She was born about the year 1214. At the age of eighteen she was married to William de Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, and premier noble of England. Two years afterwards she became a widow, but did not long remain so, in 1235.

giving her hand where her heart had already gone, to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Leicester was the favorite of her brother king, Henry the Third, and was the proudest and most powerful noble of his time in Europe. He bore a great name, and was a man of great talents, great ambition and great pride. His wealth was immense. He owned many castles, in fact, so great a number that it was said of him that he could dwell in a new habitation each day of the calendar year. So the Countess Eleanora was a lady of the highest rank in England, and her style of living is a fair sample of that of the *dames noblesse* in the thirteenth century.

The entries on this roll commence on the nineteenth of February, 1265. At that time the countess was at Wallingford castle with her son, Richard de Montfort, and a large retinue, for the horses of the party were sixty-six in number. On the twenty-first she removed to Reading castle, and on the following day proceeded to the castle of Odiham, in Hampshire. On the seventeenth of March she was joined by her son Henry, who brought with him his two cousins, Prince Edward, and the son of the king of the Romans, not, however, without a strong guard, for the troop consisted altogether of one hundred and twenty horse. The day but one following, the establishment was still further increased by the arrival of Earl Simon, with two hundred horsemen in his train. De Montfort remained but a fortnight with his wife. Several ladies of rank also visited the countess during the spring months at Odiham.

It is curious to note the provisions made by our ancestors centuries ago, for the supply of their tables. On the day of Earl Simon's departure the expenditure of the castle was as follows: For the countess and her attendants, the family of Lord Henry de Montfort, the whole family of the Earl Simon being present, for the purchase of bread, 10d. Item, one quarter that was paid beforehand, and note that to-day, after the earl had left, six bushels were expended for the dogs of the Lords Henry and Richard de Montfort, and Henry of Germany. Wine, seven quarts, besides thirty-three quarts which the earl took with him. Beer, one hundred and forty gallons, 19s. 9d. One thousand herrings, 17s.; oysters, 2s. 3d.; lampreys, 7s. 1d. This was in lent, when fish was the chief article of the dinner-table, since flesh was not permitted. The grand staple article was salt herrings, hundreds of which were daily consumed at the table of the countess.

On those days when meat was allowed, as Monday in Easter week, the entry is as follows: For the countess and family, the countess of Albermarle retiring after dinner, bread, three-fourths of ground corn. Bolted flour, 2s. 1½d. For the expenses of the poor, through lent, without the castle, besides those fed within, eighteen quarters; wine, eight quarts; olives, 1½d. Brewery reckoned before. Kitchen: One ox and a half from the store of the castle; four swine; four sheep; calves, 21d.; kids, 7d. Stable: Hay for thirty-five horses; oats, one quarter; one and one-half bushels from the store. Smithy, 3s. ½d. Lights: For the white candles, 5d; lights from Wallingford, 20d. Sum, 9s. 1½d.

Tuesday, seventh of April: For the countess and her attendants, bread, two quarters and two bushels; wine, three quarts; beer, twenty gallons, 15d. Kitchen: Half an ox; three swine; three sheep from the stores; for sheep bought, 3s. 4d.; calves, 14d.; kids, from the manor, 8d. Stable: Hay for thirty-five horses; oats, two quarters, one and one-half bushels ground. Spicery: Three pounds of pepper, ginger, cinnamon and galangale; one ounce of cloves; thirteen pounds

of rice; thirty-eight pounds of saffron; three pails of figs, and one of raisins for lent. Sum, 5s. 9d.

The term bread (*panis*) is evidently used to denote flour intended for bread, as it is measured by the quarter and bushel from the stores of the castle. The bread generally used in the family appears to have been made of the grain called mystelton, a term in use at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and applied to a mixture of wheat and rye. The quantities of wine drunk are but small, and it was probably only served at the table of the countess, while the supplies of beer are enormous. On the eighteenth of April five quarters of barley and four of oats were brewed. On the twenty-eighth, one hundred and eighty-eight gallons of beer were brought, and on the twenty-ninth they brewed again seven quarters of barley and two of oats. The cost of beer, when purchased, was a half penny, or three farthings a gallon; but the countess generally adopted the more economical plan of brewing at home.

To the poor the countess was very bountiful. Besides sundry items mentioned for their food without the castle, on the fourteenth of April she fed eight hundred paupers, who consumed, amongst other things, three quarters of bread and one tun of cider; and again, a few days after, three-fourths of an ox for the poor people of the neighborhood, is noted; and on the fourth of May, bread and beer for the poor during eight days.

The usual allowance of butcher's meat in the family was occasionally varied with fowls, geese, capons, etc. Of vegetables little mention is made, and of fruit, still less. Apples and pears are the only fruit named, three hundred of the latter having been bought at Canterbury, at a cost of 10d. The quantity of spices used was very considerable, but they were employed to give flavor to the beer, which was brewed without hops.

Comparatively few entries relate to articles of clothing. The woolen cloth, which was the general material of attire for both men and women, seems to have satisfied the countess. These cloths were first made with the nap very long, and when it was somewhat worn it was sent to be shorn, which process was repeated as often as the cloth would bear it. Accordingly, we find the countess sending her tailor to London, to get her clothes re-shorn, at a cost of two shillings. A hood of black satin was purchased for her, price 13s., and also a scarlet robe against Whitsuntide. For the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin, the purchases made for her were thirty-four ells of russet for a robe, to be adorned with a trimming of white lamb's wool. Beneath the upper robe she wore, occasionally, at least, garments of leather or sheep-skin. Her washing bills from January to June amounted to no more than 15d.

The only price of plate mentioned in the roll is a gilded plate, bought at London for 2s. 10d., for the use of the countess' daughter Eleanora. When this young lady was ill, a horse was dispatched to Beaulieu Abbey to bring over a barber (surgeon) to bleed her.

Odiham castle, where the countess lodged all that summer of 1265, still stands nearly intact in the midst of the Hampshire woods. It is a huge structure, nearly square, with circular towers sixty-five feet high at the four corners, connected by embattled curtains, in the center of each of which, square towers rise to an equal height with the circular. The architecture of the castle is late Norman. The gateway, composed of two flanking towers defended by embattled parapets, is majestic. A huge portcullis still frowns grimly over the entrance. The court yard covers half an acre, and is surrounded by buildings two stories high,

gray and time worn. Entering at the left one views a fine series of chambers, which were probably the apartments of the officers of the fortress. South of these is the chapel, which was lighted by a window of three lights, over the altar, (which still remains in a dilapidated condition,) and probably by a larger one, looking on to the court yard.

Next the chapel comes the residence of the owner of the castle. The first apartments constitute the bower, and were the rooms in which Countess Eleanora received her lady guests, and in which she spent her spare time, surrounded by her maidens, engaged in embroidery or other household employment, which, with the lute and song, while away the hours. The principal sleeping apartments were on the first story, or in the square tower at the right, in one room of which are two curious stone cupboards, which were probably used for depositing deeds, jewels, or other valuables. Yet more south was the presence chamber, in which the guests assembled previous to entering the banqueting hall. This room was adorned with rich tapestry, and a later occupant than the noble lady of Leicester added an oriel or bay window.

The hall was a noble room, seventy feet by thirty feet, at the upper end of which was a raised platform or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner beside it was the *buffet*, where the plate used at the table was kept. Other tables and benches were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered by rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree. The roof was of oak, and in the centre was a small turret or aperture, to carry off the smoke from the fire, which was placed in the center of the floor on a raised hearth. That side of the hall where the dais was, was covered with tapestry.

In this room all the revelry and feasting took place. Here, clad in his chain mail, with the great banner of his house hung over him, and his armed retainers by him, often sat at meat, "and carved with gloves of steel," Simon de Montfort. And the Countess Eleanora, dressed in her long robe and super tunic of fine wool cloth, girdled at the waist, with long, light sleeves, and her hair bound in a net or caul of gold thread, sat beside her lord in her high backed chair, while her guests quaffed wines from Greece and Cyprus, and feasted upon lamprey and herring pies. The hounds crouched by their master's side, the hawks perched above their heads. It was the height of refinement for two guests to eat off the same plate. The only knife used was the clasp knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle. Spoons were used, and sometimes table napkins, though oftener the guests wiped their hands on the straw and rushes that strewed the floor.

The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen, extending the whole width of the hall, and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast. In the center of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, etc. The buttery-hatch consisted here of three arches, through which the viands passed from the kitchen to the hall. The buttery was so called because the butts and bottles of wine which were required for the table were kept there, not because butter was made there, as absurdly stated in one dictionary of architecture. The minor divisions of the buttery, pantry and cellar, which probably existed here, are just traceable. The kitchen is a fine room, twenty feet square, with two huge fireplaces, which no doubt blazed merrily on

many a festive occasion. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and, though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of seeing, their mode of cookery did not differ much. Chaucer says, in his homely style:

"A cook they hadde with them for the nonce,  
To boile the chikenes and the marrie bones;  
And Ponde merchant, tart and galengale:  
Wel conde he knowe a draught of London ale.  
He sonde roste, and sethe, and broll, and fire,  
Maken mortrewes, and wel bat a pie."

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

BY ANNIS WAYNE BOWEN.

Such a beautiful, sparkling, December day! By some sudden impulse I threw my work aside.

"Mother," I said to the dear old grandmother, knitting placidly in the great, softly cushioned arm chair by the south window, the winter sunshine just glinting across the flashing needles, and brightening the ever increasing length of blue and gray stripes, that would, by another week, in company with its mate, be scrambling over the hay in the great barn, or flying down the hill behind "brother Alex," on the sled.

"Well, dear?" And mother looked up with that beautiful smile of hers, "You feel restless, but isn't it too cold to walk out?"

"Just cold enough to be exhilarating. Of course I shall dress warmly. I need the exercise. I feel 'stuffy,' as Cousin Mary Jane used to say, when I sit in the house all day."

Half an hour after I was walking briskly up the turnpike, thoroughly enjoying the keen, winter air, and the bright sunshine. Around me spread the wide level of Chatfield hill, on which the village of Chatfield is located. The whole top of the hill is a wide plateau, the ascent to which, from all four points of the compass, is a veritable "hill of difficulty." Huge, rounded hills, piled one upon another, form a grand amphitheatre round the picturesque little town. In summer the hillsides are clothed in ever varying shades of green. Seas of billowy grain wave in golden splendor, red topped clover-fields glow warm in the sun, and later in the season, the tasseled cornfields stand like mimic forests, or defiantly toss their plumes, like the belligerent hosts of an invading army. Crowned with grand old forests, that are not content to be the crowns only, but, spreading over the brows of many of the hills beyond, become mantles also. I walked briskly down North Chatfield hill, through the little valley, and toiled half-way up the long hill beyond. Then, though I would not acknowledge, even to myself, that I was tired, Deacon Paxall's hospitable farm-mansion was so alluring, that, almost before I was aware, I had crossed the white lawn, and lifted the old-fashioned shining brass knocker.

Mrs. Andrew Paxall, the deacon's mother, has been a life-long friend of my mother. I cannot remember the time when she did not lie on the old high-post bedstead, in the "east sitting room," a helpless invalid. As I sat by her couch that day, I could hear snatches of talk from the parlor, where Rose, the deacon's daughter, sat chatting with one of her girl friends. As I passed out through the hall I looked in at the half open parlor door. Effie Johnson was in there with Rose. The young ladies rose to greet me, and we were soon in the midst of a merry talk, for I am a girl still, in feeling, in spite of the years that have passed over my head. But I had entered the parlor for a purpose, and my time was short, if I reached home before dark.

"Rose," I said, "we are old friends, and I hope you will not be offended if I speak my mind about a scrap of your talk that I overheard while sitting with your

grandmother. I want you to know just what I heard, and then I shall scold you a little."

"Now, Miss Annis," and Rosamond's arms were around my neck, and her dancing blue eyes sobered down to look beseechingly into mine, "don't scold. I know what you overheard. I was telling Effie about my flirtation with that Mr. Hart I met on the cars last summer. O, it was silly, and I am awfully ashamed," breaking down with a sort of half sob. In the next breath, with a half defiant glance at me, and a little laugh, she added, "But it was fun."

"O Rose!" I exclaimed, "if you only knew!"

But Effie interrupted me. "I have an idea, Miss Annis. Rose is going home with me to spend the night, and won't you write us a preaching about flirting, and we'll come over to your house this evening to hear it read. Kathie was telling me yesterday about 'Aunt Annis' preachments.' She thinks they are 'just splendid,' and a great deal easier to mind than scoldings. Please do, Miss Annis." So I yielded and was soon at home, scribbling away at the "preachment."

At seven o'clock that evening the door bell rang. I answered it. There stood a company of young ladies.

"Why!" I exclaimed, and then stopped in sheer astonishment.

"Rose and I were talking it over, as we came home, and we thought there were more than we two girls who needed a preaching on the subject. So we asked some other girls. We hadn't time to ask your permission, Miss Annis, and we were sure you wouldn't mind."

"Come in. I am glad to see you all," I answered, finding my manners at last.

So in they flocked, Effie and Rose, Julia and Marian Ward, Mattie Smith and Sadie Kendall. We were soon comfortably seated in the snug library.

"Young ladies, I said, taking up my papers, "I did not write with such an audience in view. I have only endeavored to show, by means of an anecdote, that flirting is an undesirable way of killing time, to say the least, and does not seem so harmless to the lookers-on, as you think it to be."

Then I read:

"When I was seventeen my Uncle Haywood came east, on a visit, from Ohio, where for twenty years, or more, he had been a thriving farmer. The week before he returned home, he came into our sitting-room one day, and said to my mother, 'Sister Ruth, I do not like these pale cheeks,' taking my face between his great, brown hands. 'A change from these hills to the hills around Athens, with a few weeks of farm life, and plenty of cream, will soon bring a healthy color into them. Let the child go home with me, and we will send her back a rosy cheeked brownie.'

"O mother," I cried, "can you spare me?"

It was too splendid to believe—a long journey in the cars, and to see all my unknown cousins.

"We will spend one day at Washington, on the way out," said uncle, capping the climax. My eyes danced. I fairly trembled with excitement, while waiting for mother to decide.

"Well, I suppose I could spare you for a few weeks. You may not have another chance soon. The child shall go with you, Amos," mother said, deciding all at once, at the last.

So, in a week's time, having shed a few tears at leaving mother, I joyfully seated myself beside Uncle Amos, in the car, for my first journey. The train moved slowly out of the depot, and my journey had begun. I will pass over the delights and excitements of the next two days, the beauties of the scenery, and the one day's ramble in Washington, where everything

had the glamour of royalty, to my country eyes.

My welcome at Still Creek farm was most cordial. I felt at ease immediately, and entered into all their ways with a heartiness, only equaled by the heartiness with which I was welcomed. My oldest cousin, Will, was the best natured boy I ever met. He was soon devoted to me, and I had all the rides that he could steal time, or horses for. Nannie, the second cousin, was a notable girl of fifteen, who relieved her mother of much of the care of the house. Indeed, I thought she had too great a burden for her young shoulders to carry, so I helped with the work that fell to her share. The 'butter-room,' and the 'bake-room' soon became attractive places to the boys. Will, and George, the third and youngest of the family, were always willing to churn, or 'sit round on the flour barrels,' for the chance, thus obtained, to talk of the picnic to 'Track Rocks,' or the riding party over to Somerton, or, what I was looking forward to with mingled anticipations of pleasure and timidity, the exploration of Uncle Haywood's coal bank. All of which events were to take place 'as soon as we are through mowing on the north farm.'

Four weeks slipped past, and a letter from my mother brought the request that I should return at the first opportunity. As no suitable escort had yet been found, I made the most of the respite thus afforded. The next evening a letter came from our cousin, Stella Sturgis, who was visiting in Cincinnati, saying she would spend a week at Still Creek farm, on her way home, and we might expect her on Saturday.

"This is Friday," said Nannie.

"We will crowd all the good times into next week," cried George. "Hurrah! there comes the last load of hay," turning a double somersault to relieve his feelings, as the great wagon came slowly creaking up the lane, then making a wheel of himself, went whirling over the grass to the gate, through which he vanished, and we heard his war whoop resounding from behind the barn.

Stella arrived. We had our picnic, our ride, and some exciting adventures in the coal bank. Uncle Amos decided that we two girls might travel home together, as Stella was an experienced traveler, and had been over the route many times. So one bright morning, we steamed out of Athens, on our eastern journey. I sat quietly looking out of my window for some time after we started, thinking over my pleasant visit, and felt quite downcast at leaving my merry, kind-hearted cousins, and knew they were sorry to part with me, for Will had said the night before, 'Nannie and we boys will miss you very much. Stella needs some man to flirt with, to complete her enjoyment, but you are always satisfied with us.'

"You always stick up for the boys," added George.

I felt flattered to think the boys preferred me to handsome Cousin Stella, who was only a year older than I, and was supposed, by our older relatives, to be a model of propriety, and whose refined, lady-like manners had furnished the text for frequent sermons, directed against my hoy-lah ways.

"O dear me, how stupid it was!" and Stella gave a deep sigh, and assumed a bored expression.

"What was?" I asked, coming back to my surroundings, as I turned from the window, out of which I had been gazing, as mile after mile, the iron steed hurried us along.

"The visit at the farm," answered Stella, and before I could express my reproachful wonder that she had found it dull, she suddenly changed the subject by the abrupt question, 'Annis, did you ever flirt?'

"No, of course not," very decidedly.

"Why, you little goose! You will lose the best part of your life if you don't have a little fun while you are young and free."

"Free?" I repeated.

"Yes, now, before you marry, you know."

"No, I don't know. I don't expect to marry, any way; beside, I thought it was vulgar and fast to flirt."

"You poor, little innocent," she laughed, then condescendingly, "We may have a chance now, and I will show you how. You've no idea of the fun."

"Stella, for shame!" I cried, dismayed at the prospect before me.

We were both very quiet for an hour or two, as the train sped on. I sat on the seat behind Stella, and noticed her glance often resting on a well dressed young man, who, seemingly absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper, was sitting on the very front seat of the car.

Suddenly my cousin turned to me. "I am parched for a drink; don't you wish one?"

Now that young man sat right in front of the cooler. It flashed through my mind, 'She will manage so he will speak to her,' and I spoke up quickly,

"I will bring you a drink."

"I am going myself," she said, and taking her folding cup out of her satchel, she walked down the aisle. As she drew the water the man looked up, just then the train swept round a curve, and Stella swayed decidedly, not enough to be ungraceful, she took care of that, still she splashed her new kid gloves, and her pretty, tasteful traveling suit.

"Allow me," and the young man took the cup in his hand.

"Thank you, sir," and Stella flashed a glance of triumph at me. I shook my head warningly at her. She drank the water, and turned again to the cooler.

"Shall I fill it for you?" asked the gallant.

"Thank you, it is not worth while, I only wish to carry some water to my cousin who is with me. I will not trouble you."

Nevertheless she yielded the cup again to him, and came back to her seat followed by her cupbearer, who remained chatting with Stella, who blushed and smiled, and used every art in her power, to attract him and keep him with her. I grew tired of looking out of the window, and tried to bury myself in a new novel, but in through the plot would persistently weave the 'small talk' from the seat in front, and my face suffused with blushes as I heard the sentimental nonsense he was addressing to her in an impressive, half-confidential manner. Early next morning, the train rolled into the depot, and our journey was over. The passengers sprang up and gathered together their shawl straps and umbrellas, bundles and bandboxes. Almost before the train stood still, I heard brother Alex's cheery voice giving me a hearty welcome.

"Is this all?" he asked, taking up my modest shawl strap and umbrella. "Stella, where are your things?"

But Stella's gallant had taken possession of them, and Stella herself, looking somewhat disconcerted, was following him from the car. She did not wish Alex to know what she had done, and had been hoping that her new acquaintance would not presume upon the familiar footing on which she herself had placed him. Alex led the way to the waiting carriage, with a questioning glance at the young man, but Stella did not offer to introduce her picked up acquaintance, who took leave of her impressively, and walked off down the street.

"Odd sort of an escort for Uncle Amos to provide," said Alex with a shrug, and an inquiring look at us.

We were already seated, and Alex had his head and shoulders within the carriage door, when a detaining hand was laid on him, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

'Mr. Bowen!'

My brother turned. 'Where did you spring from, Myers?'

'Chicago,' returned the other sententiously. 'I'm watching that fellow. I thought I'd just warn you that you might not like any of your folks to associate with him. The old man is a gambler, and the young'un, he's suspected of shoving the queer. I must be off. Good morning. Good morning, ladies.' And the man strode off down the street in the direction taken by Stella's quondam acquaintance.

'Who is that man? What is "shoving the queer"?' Stella and I asked in the same breath.

'That man,' answered Alex gravely, 'is a detective whom I have employed a few times in some of my cases, and, Annis, "shoving the queer" means passing counterfeit money. And now, girls, how did you become acquainted with the scamp?'

And my brother looked sternly from one to the other, awaiting an answer, but Stella looked sullenly out of the window, and I did not like to tell tales of my cousin, who I could see was thoroughly ashamed and mortified.

After I got home though, I was not magnanimous enough to bear what brother thought my share of censure, and told him that I had not spoken to the young man save to acknowledge the cup of water brought me.

The next time that Alex met Stella, he inquired teasingly, whether she had made any more picked up acquaintances, as Myers was in the city again, and he would inquire into their character. But pitying her evident distress, he forbore to tease."

"Now, girls, I said, laying the paper down, "perhaps I may be too strict, but I was brought up to think, and this incident confirmed the belief, that an introduction by some responsible person was a preliminary requisite to any freedom of acquaintanceship with any person. I think it the only proper course for young girls."

#### FAMILY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

KENT'S PROGRAM.

We had quite a discussion over the program which I told you I would give, and the rock on which we split was Latin. Kent's father and mother thought it not best to spend so much time as one necessarily must to acquire a good knowledge of the language, or even a tolerable knowledge. They felt the time could be more profitably employed on the more common and practical branches. Even Uncle Carroll spoke doubtfully about it, saying the study was not pursued in our universities of learning to the extent that it was a few years ago.

But Aunt Lucille came in strong on the Latin. She said, "I never pursued a study that afforded me the satisfaction that Latin did, nor one that has been of more use to me."

"But you know you studied it long and thoroughly. Kent may not be able to give much time to it."

"Even if he studies only for a few weeks or months, he will find benefit enough to pay him. He gets ideas of the construction of English, and of the derivation of words and their uses. He gets shades of meaning which are invaluable in speaking, writing, and even in ordinary talking and thinking. In my own literary work, I find myself often saying that I would not part with my knowledge of Latin for a large sum of money, and

the pecuniary is the very least consideration, too. There is a mental delight and gratification which are not to be put into words, nor turned into coin."

Then, to the ambitious boy of scholarly tastes, and moderate acquirements in other directions, there is the satisfaction and laudable pride of being able to place himself somewhat more nearly upon a level with learned minds, which, if not in itself a part of real education, is so akin to it that it is an actual help. No one can call him a clodhopper. He has acquirements that forbid that. If Kent does not go to college, he often meets his old friend Fred who does go, and they are not without topics of mutual interest on which to converse, as is too apt to be the case with the college boy and farmer boy. Kent's knowledge of Latin, even if scanty, serves him a good turn. They can talk understandingly about the merits of different text books, different Latin authors, etc., and when Fred quotes the opinion of his tutor or professor, Kent is quite at home, feeling that he understands of what he is talking.

It is all a connecting link with the great educated world, to which he belongs of right, and which it shall not be his fault, he inwardly thinks, if he does not enter by endeavor and conquest. The Latin has thus opened to him a new world, which he is more eager to explore than if he had it presented to him in most any other way. There is mythology, oratory, and ancient art and history, which, in turn, become stepping stones to a knowledge of more modern history, art, science, and the wealth of literature in his own and other languages.

But there are so many arguments in my own mind in favor of Latin, I might talk an hour or two without exhausting them. Some of them are minor reasons perhaps, but important, the habit of exact memory, for instance, in which Kent is quite noticeably deficient. Oh, by all means, let the boy have Latin on his program."

Aunt Lucille carried her point by the patness of her argument, and Kent nightly recites his beloved Latin to her, and is sure he will get to reading Virgil ere long.

I here give you the program, which is intended only for a term of two or three months, when it can be somewhat modified or entirely changed:

*Monday.*—Bible every day, of course; writing, either letters to friends, composition, or simply as practice in penmanship; some portions of the weekly political newspaper, history, Latin, miscellaneous, which may include a Sabbath school book, village library book, magazines, or any suitable book or paper.

*Tuesday.*—Writing, Latin, history, part of some weekly religious paper, miscellaneous.

*Wednesday.*—Reading aloud, Latin, history, the rest of Tuesday's religious paper, miscellaneous.

*Thursday.*—Writing, spelling, history or The Century, miscellaneous.

*Friday.*—Writing, Latin, history or Harpe's Magazine, miscellaneous.

*Saturday.*—Studies optional, except the Sabbath school lesson for the morrow; reading miscellaneous, except one or more articles upon the Sabbath school lesson.

*Sunday.*—Finish Sabbath school lesson. Reading—Sabbath school book, religious papers, missionary magazines, Youth's Companion, or any other good Sunday reading.

I trust my young friends may find this program somewhat helpful. It cannot be an exact guide, perhaps, for any of you, but it will give you some hints as to how you may systematize your reading and studies, so as to make real progress. You may think you have no time, but if you really love to learn, you will find time. I have seen a boy doing hard farm

work, who never came into the house for five minutes rest but he had some good book or paper in his hand. I have seen another, living in the same family doing the same work, and with the same chance for rest, who said, when urged to read, he had no time, or was too tired; but he was not so tired but that he could spend his noon hour jumping over a pole, or walking on stilts. The difference between the two boys was, one loved to read better than to play, and the other loved to play better than to read. Which of them, think you, will make the wisest and most useful man?

It is a very common idea among young people, and a very erroneous one, that unless they can attend school and give all their time to it, study is of no use, and so the leisure hours, for the busiest boys and girls do have some leisure, are allowed to slip away in play, or idleness, or light reading, and the beautiful long winter evenings in playing games—all right and well at times—or at the neighbors', talking over the news, or at the social party, or, worst of all, loafing in the village stores or shops. And so the months and the years glide by, and before they know it, manhood or womanhood is upon them with its cares, to the exclusion, in part, of favorable opportunities for the getting of knowledge. Not that I believe, or would teach, that the time ever comes when we can learn no more, but the season of youth is peculiarly the receptive period of our lives, and I might add the retentive period, for we all know, who have passed a little beyond youth, how much more difficult it is to retain what we read or study than it was when we were younger.

It is a sad day for a person, when he comes to the consciousness that his best opportunities for improving the mind are past, and how very small and ignorant he seems as he looks himself over, and takes a mental inventory of his stock in trade!

Now, my dear young friend, boy or girl, do not you be found there a few years hence. You have opportunities of making yourself grandly intelligent. Take up some good text books on any subject. Read them carefully and critically. It may not be convenient for you to recite to any one, but read and re-read till you get the idea thoroughly, and you will be astonished to see how much you can remember. Then if you can talk it over with some one it helps you all the more. When your young friends come in, put your heads together, and study on some knotty problem in mental arithmetic. It is as good as the "game of fifteen." Then in the game of authors, go beyond its limits. Not only know what books belong to what authors, but improve on the game, and read the books themselves. Then, although your mates may beat you, perhaps, in the game proper, you can show them a game of authors worth knowing, and before you well know it, you are started on a course of English or American literature than which no study is more fascinating or improving. If you can get some one to join with you, it makes your reading still more interesting.

Newspapers are encyclopedias in themselves. Read them as a means of instruction, not simply skimming through them for diversion. The local news of your town, county, and state, you should be familiar with. Every good newspaper has items in brief, relating to our own country and foreign affairs; not long, exhaustive essays, which you have no time nor patience to read, but in some little obscure item, half a finger long, perhaps, you find compressed for your use, a bit which you can put in your knowledge box in a moment, which has cost some scholar or politician, months or years of hard work, perhaps.

The world, to-day, is full of papers, magazines and books, both good and bad. The good are excellent educators, so are the bad—educators in vice. Be sure to avoid dime novels, and sensational papers. You may think the stories are innocent enough, but before you know it, you are caring to read little else. There is a fascination about them which holds you captive, and you will never grow in mind or morals, if you feed only on such reading.

The Youth's Companion is an excellent paper. I think I shall never get so far beyond my youth that I shall not love this paper of papers. Its stories are elevating, leaving the young mind reaching upward and onward. Its poetry is sweet and strong. Its stories of adventure are exciting but reasonable. Its children's page is imitable. Its anecdotes are both humorous and pathetic. There is an article on foreign affairs which is concise and instructive, also a short, practical, medical article. No young or old person can read a paper through without feeling thoroughly interested and benefited.

Then, how many, many good books there are, expressly for the young, the writers of which understand human nature, Dr. Holland, Oliver Optic, Pansy, Mrs. Whitney, and many others. Who can read "John Halifax," "A Noble Life," and other books by Miss Muloch, without an uprising of all the good that is in them?

But I think I have given you already, as many hints as will be profitable at once. I hope some of our young friends will try them, and system is quite as good for older learners as for the young.

#### REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD HOME.

Number Two.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Since number one of these reminiscences found its way into our paper, I again draw aside the curtain of the past, and in retrospect gaze on

"The old house at home."

Moss-grown are its shingles, time-worn its timbers, and I doubt not its memories are also moss-grown with many of the present generation connected with it, but to me they are fresh and clear, and as I recall them to-night, I seem a child again, with the cares and duties of later life laid aside and forgotten.

Away in this secluded spot, around which cluster so many bright recollections, lived an aunt, the youngest of eight brothers and sisters. Never enjoying good health, she remained closely at home much of the time, and was almost always there to welcome me. Indeed, I can scarcely think of this place, without connecting her with it. Much outside as well as in, was arranged with special reference to her tastes and wishes.

A woodbine covering the eastern portion, green in summer, and gorgeous in autumn, was planted to gratify her. The large, thrifty rose bushes scattered here and there, were tended with care, that their beautiful flowers might give her pleasure. The pinks, old-fashioned and sweet smelling, bunches of double marigolds, stiff and yellow, the hollyhocks, stately and tall, were hers. Whenever I wanted a flower or a bouquet, it was of her I asked it.

Although an invalid much of the time after her eighteenth year, she bore her sufferings with patience and resignation, and was ever cheerful, and capable of entertaining me. Having no children of her own, she naturally took greater interest in her nieces and nephews, and as I was the eldest I received considerable attention. I remember when there I stepped lighter, opened and closed doors gentler, than at home, and when she visited at our house, where were a goodly

number of boys and girls, our merry tones were subdued, that we might not disturb her.

She was of a fine, sensitive organization, and possessed the active brain usually accompanying such. Many were the charming stories she would relate, bright and witty, with additions and inferences of her own. She had a good way of putting a moral too, a way to make us remember it.

There was something more about her, which I think will interest HOUSEHOLD people. She was scrupulously neat, and always took the best of care of her belongings. Every article of her clothing was made with extreme niceness, precision and method marking every stitch. To her patience in teaching, is due what skill and system I acquired in early years. I remember my surprise upon being told she desired me to aid in the making of a dress for herself. I thought henceforth I should be fit to sew for the queen.

The curiosities, mementoes, and keepsakes she owned! How beautiful they seemed to me! A number were brought or sent from beyond the seas, very foreign in their aspect and design. I believe I was not permitted to handle, merely to gaze upon, and hear something of their history.

Ah, how many days have come and gone since then! The old house is no longer her home, for she is not of earth. As months and years roll on, and change after change occurs, we are reminded it is hearts after all, not houses, that make homes. Then, as we are borne on by the restless wave of time, may we take a lesson for the present from the past, remembering it is only to-day we call our own, and make that to-day so replete with happiness, deeds of kindness, acts of good-will and love that others, in later times, recalling our lives and homes, may find much therein bright and enduring.

In the rural spot where this home was located, neighbors were not very plenty, nor very near. I remember, on one occasion, I was dispatched on an errand. I was to tell Uncle James about carting wood on the morrow; to Jim another message was sent, and still another to Jeems. Child as I was, I had no thought but they were three distinct persons. Having arrived and delivered my first message, I inquired for "Jim," then for "Jeems." How they laughed! And when the reason why was explained, quite an indignant girl started across the fields, homeward.

Clocks were considered rarities, and were possessed only by the very well-to-do. I believe the price was fifty dollars, and hard-working people, like the inmates of this home, could not afford such costly furniture. Our nearest neighbor, however, owned one, and I was very handy to send to inquire "the time of day." The house was built so that at noon-day the sun was directly overhead, and by long years of practice, they could judge the time quite accurately by watching its rays. When the wooden clocks from Connecticut came into use, they were considered a very modern invention, indeed, so cheap too, not more than fifteen dollars! But they clung to the old way, they liked it best.

The fire-place was both long and wide. I could sit in one corner, with a roaring fire on the andirons, look up the great chimney, and see the stars blinking and twinkling in the firmament above.

"His great fires up the chimney roared," was literally true in this case. Not only were the fires great, but the fireplace and chimney.

The advice to keep the hearthstone bright and shining, was not needed here. Spotless purity was the rule, and the lives of the inmates accorded. No more devoted, conscientious piety could be

found in that region. Of the Puritan stock, they kept the faith without wavering or shadow of turning. Religious rites and ordinances were diligently observed, and enjoined upon their children. No work was performed after sunset Saturday night, the evening until the early bed time, being spent in preparation for the Sabbath. In this calm and devoted frame, they entered upon the day of rest, much better fitted to enjoy it than many of the present day, who have, perhaps, been engaged in some frivolous amusement on Saturday evening until midnight.

Fast days were also vigilantly kept, never a bargain made, nor a nail driven. I remember on one, I walked to an Indian's home, where dwelt a basket maker, but I was charged to make no purchases. I obeyed, and I did not.

When I consider their close observance of outward forms, and their beautiful consistency of life, I think if there were more homes like this, more firm adhering to principle, and pains-taking fidelity to trust, we should hear of fewer failures, and less dishonesty. They were also very faithful in whatever they did, be it ever so small or slight. If a piece of work was performed by one of this family, that was a sufficient guarantee of its genuineness.

Church-going was a binding duty as well as pleasure. Weather seldom prevented. "Wind blow high, or wind blow low," they were in attendance, although the house of worship was two miles distant. Never descendant of the pilgrims was more faithful, and if the present generation followed their footsteps, churches in general would be much better filled, ministers would not complain of preaching to empty pews, neither would it be said that from a population of twenty-five hundred not more than five hundred could be reckoned church-goers.

I remember the pew they occupied. It was directly in front of ours. In summer we children were usually presented with large bunches of double roses on Sunday morning. Later we were the recipients of early sweet apples, and such like products as grew at the farm.

At length, having fought the good fight and finished the faith, the aged grandsire, being full of years, was gathered to his fathers, leaving the record of a life worthy of being remembered, and recalled as an example, upright, diligent, honest and true.

#### HOME AMUSEMENTS.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Throughout Europe there is a rich animal love of open air exercise, of plays, and athletic sports, of which we Americans know little. In England every village has its cricket-ground, and men, as well as boys, play on it. In Scotland, the mountains are visited daily, almost hourly, by shooting, riding, and pedestrian parties, who manifest as much zest and eagerness in pursuit of out-door pleasures as would a party of college lads, wearied with the confinement incident on a long course of study. In Germany the country houses seem to be made without reference to in-door living, and the people, as a rule, take their meals and receive their friends in balconies, gardens, and arbors. Every city has its promenades and gardens, which are constantly full. There are grounds, too, where open-air games are played, in which old and young take part; and in summer, all who can find the time, go off on pedestrian tours, from which they return with a notable increase of muscle, vigor and vitality.

Of course, it is not possible for Americans to indulge in out-door sports to the extent they are indulged in by foreigners. Our climate would not permit it, and we are, as a class, much busier, and our

homes and business interests would suffer very materially if neglected for weeks and even months at a time. But recreation of some kind is absolutely essential to health, and the practice of such sports as are free from immoral tendencies, is not without its use and advantage. We Americans work too much, get nervous, cross, and restless, and accomplish actually less than if we took time to refresh our minds and invigorate our bodies. We become prematurely old, given over to dyspepsia and gloom, are prone to ask ourselves that much debated question, is life worth living? and are often worn out or fretted out when we ought to be in the prime vigor of our lives.

Some moralists say that every moment should be filled with some active employment, and that the mind should not be suffered to wander from the great end of its being. Perhaps this is an excellent theory, but, fortunately, few practice it. To live with one who carries it out in its fullest sense, is to be made decidedly uncomfortable. These earnest and industrious individuals should be isolated from the rest of the human race, and left alone in their folly. Thrown with those who believe in the old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," they cannot be happy themselves, nor can they permit any-one else to be so. They feel or pretend an entire indifference to any enjoyment which does not come as the reward of some ambitious design, or of some moral or religious duty. This kind of social asceticism is dangerous to the health and well-being of the family circle, prejudicial to the perfect development of the social virtues, and is nothing more or less than social dyspepsia.

We nearly all need relaxation in some form from care. The health of the body and mind alike require it, and what method can be more rational, effective and pleasant than some game in which all the family can take part? In the warm season there are many interesting and invigorating out-door sports, such as cricket, croquet, base-ball, rowing, riding and target shooting. In some of these sports ladies cannot join, but the men and boys can indulge in them all. When the cool evenings drive us to the fireside, there are still appropriate amusements which give life and spirit to the home circle, while they do not vitiate the taste and enervate the mind. The more real enjoyment we find at home, the less we are inclined to seek its counterfeits abroad.

The notion that it is undignified and unmanly for grown persons to participate in childish sports, is absurd. There is no cause for shame in a father's being detected in playing a game of "Puss in the corner" with his children. It is not beneath the dignity of a true man, nor is it incompatible with his lofty views in regard to the purposes of life. Dignity has its proper place. It sits well on public men on public occasions; it becomes the statesman in the halls of congress, and the judge in his robes; it sits well on the clergyman in his pulpit, and gives weight to the argument of the lawyer. But in the home circle, surrounded by children who delight, above all else, in "papa's fun," dignity can well be laid aside. Let mirth and freedom take its place for awhile. Not only the children, but the parents too, are benefited by a good game of romps, and the home ties are drawn closer by this loving association of tastes.

Life is a sad thing to the sober ones. They are always brooding over some perplexing thought, always anxious, always dissatisfied, always fearful what the future may have in store for them.

The better way is so to mingle labor and recreation as to preserve the vigor of the body, the freshness of the heart, and the ease of the mind. Let us indulge discriminatingly in amusements, whether they

consist of athletic sports, in botanizing and naturalizing in the fields, or in a game at the fireside. Let us not by unrelaxing toil, make life's pathway a weary treadmill, from which we long to be taken away into the certain rest which awaits us all in the mysterious beyond.

#### GLIMPSES OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

The study of character is a fine one, and, as helps towards understanding it, the occasional glimpses one gets in traveling, or even in riding short distances in public vehicles, are useful.

In a half hour you may have a variety of notes made mentally. You enter the vehicle. If it is tolerably well filled, and no one disturbs oneself to accommodate you with a sitting, you observe the uppermost thought of the passengers: "I am comfortable, and have no lookout for others." But, when at last a gentleman rises, or one of your own sex essays to make room for you beside herself, you change your opinion of human nature and inwardly write it down that there is at least a grain of common feeling left. You settle yourself as amiably as possible, of course thanking the considerate one for the timely deed, and, as you must occupy your mind with something, fall to taking in the forms and figures before you, the while acquiring swift intelligences of the sort of character about you. Character cannot conceal itself from the acute observer, and the most obtuse can scarcely miss some insight into it. You, being attentive, learn much.

The mother with her infant upon her lap attracts your notice first of all. She is lavish of her caresses and smiles to the babe, and she wears a look of proud satisfaction, for the child is not only pretty and cunning, but exceedingly well dressed, and throws out its dimpled hands gleefully, crowing and carering as such mites will, for the most part unconscious of observation. Not so the mother. You can tell by the expression of her face that she revels in it. She glances from one to the other of the passengers as if expecting to see a smile of admiration, probably not suspecting that her own mouth is the most widened by her parental emotions. You know that the gray haired gentleman who reaches across to hand the child some goodies has a kind heart; and also that the aged lady, alongside the mother, who beams upon the child with kindly interest, has preserved her motherliness of nature. Its very expression shines through her eyes and cannot be mistaken.

You are not at loss to interpret the bent of mind of the young girl sitting directly opposite to yourself. She is adorned in the highest style of "decorative art," regardless of the more excellently recommended "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and the close attention which she bestows upon her flounces and furbelows is annoying to your sense of propriety. Very unlike her are the two young ladies at the further end of the vehicle. They are conversing together, but you do not learn their personal affairs, only now and then catching a word, sufficient to indicate that they belong to the class of "low-voiced women," so much respected and admired by persons of good taste and refinement. How different their demeanor from that of the bold-faced girls seated a short distance from them. The latter encourage notice by every word and motion, and their rude laughs excite your pity that they should thus set modesty at naught. The countenance of the unassuming young man opposite to them reveals the estimate that he has formed of their character, and your own agrees with it.

You have had a convenient opportunity

of observing the variety of faces, and of noting characteristics, because of your position at the extreme end of the conveyance, from whence you could look up and down its length on either side. There are many minor points that you have gathered in your brief ride, and besides, you did not pass over the politeness, to the passengers all, of the conductor of the vehicle. And how tenderly he assisted the gray haired, feeble old gentleman, to step off into the street.

Surely, courteous manners are not practiced alone in the polished circles of high life. Character is formed by daily struggles with adverse circumstances, and it writes its every line upon the features—each face a sure guide-book of character. But the reader who would understand must become an accustomed and careful reader, and not neglect to mark new progress gained.

Be not satisfied with small knowledge of human nature. A quick insight is a gift from above. But to the diligent there always comes reward. And the study of human nature and character is a progressive one for the diligent, and is full of interest.

#### THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

"Mamma, how far up is heaven?"

The little questioner stood by my window gazing earnestly at the beautiful sunset. He had run in from his play to see mamma and "my little girlie sister" a moment, but attracted by the gorgeous clouds whose light filled my room with dazzling tinges of color, he stayed to watch them, a softened far-away look in the eyes usually brimful of mischief. On the lounge, convalescent, I lay, with eyes half closed, they being yet too weak to bear the glory, while baby slept snuggled beside me.

"How far up is heaven, mamma?" again the question came. I glanced at the little, earnest face by the window, uplifted in the beautiful sunlight, and then at the sweet infant in my arms, and answered softly, "Not far, little boy."

Satisfied with this answer the little fellow scampered from the room to his play, no thought remaining long in his care-free mind. Baby and I were alone in the room. I closed my eyes and listened to her soft, fluttering breathing. The touch of her little silky head on my arm and the clasp of her dainty pink fingers about mine was bliss, and paid so many times over for the suffering now past. I felt the warm rays of the sun fall on my face, on my hands, and then go creeping across the room. Heaven seemed very near to me indeed.

I let imagination and memory run riot, and down the bright pathway from the glorified clouds to my window came trooping the loved lost ones. How many, many of them there were! Mother first, all the tiredness gone from her face, and instead of the careworn look she so often carried, here was one of radiant joy and sweet restfulness, and still mother's face. Oh! the vision was very beautiful. I saw the fire burning briskly in our open stove, my little rocker drawn cosily before it just as nurse had left it when she went out. But with closed eyes I could see mother, a sainted one, so long in heaven, sitting before the fire, the chair not empty, neither was the room empty. All the dead I had ever known and loved came floating into it. Playmates of my childhood, schoolmates of my girlhood, many, who had gone heavenward as old people so many years ago when I was a little child, were with me, age, infirmities, and every trace of pain and care gone from the throng of glad faces, greeting me joyfully with the same dear voices, half-forgotten during the years of our separation. In an instant the silence and des-

lation of these long years seemed like a dream, and the broken threads of friendship and wrenched cords of strong love were restored to remain so, forever and ever.

I know the vision was but the result of the imagination of a yet weak brain, but it comforted me. I think I have as vivid a remembrance, now, of those long hid faces as though it was all real and I had actually welcomed them in my room.

Do we not in our busy every-day lives place heaven too far off? Instinctively we look upward into the great blue vault above us, as though beyond its mysterious, unfathomed depths, the pearly gates could be found. But not so. Heaven is near, close, close to us if we will have it so, for surely the loving presence of our heavenly Father and his Son, with the redeemed happy spirits of our friends, ourselves filled with the love of Christ, can make a heaven any where, though we are so blinded and clogged by these earthly matters and cares we cannot come into its presence.

What is heaven to you, dear *HOUSEHOLD* sister? or rather, what would make a heaven for you? I will tell you of a warm, cosy picture of it that I keep constantly hugged in heart. First, that blessed state of being rid of myself. To be set free, and everlasting so, from all possibility of sinning. Gone, the selfishness; gone, the birthright proneness to wickedness; gone, the weak human nature, always in trouble, and given, instead, a nature divine. All friends we ever loved restored, and our love and theirs so broadened and intensified by the depths of God's love, that earthly love shall measure against it as a rain drop with the ocean.

Some of us have had friends die who left no assurance they had accepted the atonement, and did not, seemingly, die in Christ. We loved them so much, and our lives were so knit with theirs, we sometimes feel even heaven will have thorns and heartaches if its gates are forever closed against our dear ones. I do not know how these things will be righted, but we do know God is all-powerful and heaven will be perfect to each one of us and our needs. We may be sure of this.

How I love to steal away by myself and think of the happy time coming when I shall see our dear ones, some of whom went down to the river burdened and fettered with pain, infirmities and griefs, the memory of their tired, sad faces give place to their joyous presence, free, free, free at last, and I, too, from all hurts and dreads, all of us filled with Christ's spirit and communing with each other in happy family groups, and safe, everlasting safe in the strength of God's love.

CLARISSA POTTER.

#### WHICH, MISS OR MRS.?

Sooner or later, most women have to decide the question, whether they shall accept the title of Mrs., or retain that of Miss to the end of the chapter, and there is no question, perhaps, concerning the present life, on which depends so much of weal or woe. It is conceded by all, that married life is more complete and has possibilities of much more happiness than falls to the lot of unmarried people, and it is equally evident that it has greater responsibilities, and has also a possibility of much suffering, disappointment and misery, and therefore one should not enter upon married life without serious thought, and earnest prayer to Him who seeth all things from beginning to end.

The late Dr. Dixi Crosby once gave this advice to a patient of his: "Never take a pig for the sake of his sty." To be sure, there are instances where women have married for a home, knowing well they didn't give that love they were capa-

ble of giving, and yet they have found much contentment, and even happiness. However, great respect for the husband elect, and congeniality of taste to a tolerable degree, are necessary for such a result. Even then it is a hazardous undertaking, and it is a sin and a shame to urge any to take such a step against their inclinations, as is sometimes done, for the probabilities are, it will bring only sorrow and life-long regret. As a rule, never give the "casket without the gem," the hand without the heart. One cannot expect to find smooth sailing on "matrimonial seas," unless, at least, she embarks with a good supply of true love.

Wait for the genuine article, girls. You will know it when it comes, and with that founded on respect, any good, sensible, unselfish girl need not be afraid to change Miss for Mrs., when she is asked to do so. Neither need she be afraid to be an old maid. The time is past when maiden ladies are objects of derision, except now and then perhaps, to some simpering, sentimental school girl, and it is possible this same spinster she makes fun of, might have been in the place of this school girl's mother. Certainly, there are such cases.

If you choose a life of single blessedness, you will be in good company, for many of the most gifted and lovable women of our day, belong to this class, and are examples of executive ability as well as of great grace of manner, and sweetness of character. It must be confessed though, that such a life has a tendency to develop certain traits of disposition which are always disagreeable, and hence should be carefully guarded against. One is selfishness. To be self-centered in all one's endeavors and affections, is evil, and only evil, although it may be the most natural thing in the world for one to become so, who has no one in particular depending upon her for help or happiness. It behooves an old maid then to compel herself to get interested in some individual, or some cause, which will call out effort for the comfort and well-being of others. Let her give of her substance as she is able, even making self-sacrifice sometimes, and always give largely of that "love that thinketh no evil, that suffereth long and is kind."

It is quite natural too that a woman who has the "bread and butter" and raiment problems to solve, and thus may have much to do with men in a business capacity, it is quite natural, I say, for such a woman to become brusque, loud and overbearing. With a little watchful care, this and other disagreeable ways may be avoided.

Choose some occupation which you have a predilection for, then work with a will, but in sweet, modest, womanly ways, and you will find a place among the best ladies of the land. L. O. U.

#### SAVE THE RAGS.

In an old issue of the *Paper Trade Journal*, are to be found the following curiosities of advertising, showing the great importance that was attached to rags a hundred years ago.

In 1796 it was announced in the *Boston News Letter* that "the bell-cart will go through Boston before the end of the next month to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the paper manufactory may dispose of them." In order to more thoroughly arouse public zeal in the matter, the following lines were appended to the advertisement:

"Rags are as beauties, which concealed lie,  
But when in paper how it charms the eye;  
Pray save your rags, new beauties to discover,  
For paper, truly, every one's a lover.  
By the pen and press such knowledge is displayed  
As wouldn't exist if paper was not made.  
Wisdom of things, mysterious, divine.  
Illustrously doth on paper shine.  
See how important!"

In 1801, David Buel, the postmaster of Troy, N. Y., published the following appeal to housekeepers, under the heading, "Please to Save Your Rags." "The press contributes more to the diffusion of knowledge and information than any other medium; rags are the primary requisite in the manufacture of paper; and without paper, the newspapers of our country, those cheap, useful and agreeable companions of the citizen and farmer, which, in a political and moral view, are of the highest national importance, must decline and be extinguished. The paper mills of the state, could the poor and the opulent, the farmer and the mechanic, be persuaded into the laudable frugality of saving rags, would turn out ample supplies of American paper to answer all demands. The people of Massachusetts and Connecticut, with true American zeal, have introduced this exemplary saving into the economy of their houses. The latter, by a fair calculation, makes yearly a saving of rags to the actual amount of \$50,000. The ladies in several of the large towns display an elegant work bag as a part of the furniture in their parlors, in which every rag that is used in the paper mill is carefully preserved. Were this example imitated, this state would not be drained of its circulating cash for paper and other manufactures which American artists can furnish. The poor, by the mere saving of rags, may be enabled to procure paper and books for schools and family use, or more agreeable articles of dress or consumption. The rich who regard the interest of their country, will direct their children or domestics to put a bag or box in some convenient place, as a deposit for rags, that none may be lost by being swept into the street or fire; the sale of which savings will reward the attention of the faithful servant, and encourage the prosperous habit of prudence and enterprise.

"Sweet ladies, pray be not offended,  
Nor mind the jest of sneering wags;  
No harm, believe us, is intended,  
When humbly we request your rags."

In 1808 an appeal to the ladies for rags was larded with these forcible and unique blandishments: "Save your rags! This exclamation is particularly addressed to the ladies, both young, old and middle-aged, throughout the northern part of this state, by the subscribers, who have erected a paper mill in Moreau, near Fort Edward; nor is it thought that this appeal to our fair countrywomen will be in vain, when they reflect that without their assistance they cannot be supplied with the useful article of paper. If the necessary stock is denied paper mills, young maidens must languish in vain for tender epistles from their respective swains; bachelors may be reduced to the necessity of a personal attendance upon the fair, when a written communication would be an excellent substitute. For clean cotton and linen rags of every color and description, matrons can be furnished with bibles, spectacles and snuff; mothers with grammars, spelling books and primers for their children; and young misses may be supplied with bonnets, ribbons and earrings for the decoration of their persons, (by means of which they may obtain husbands,) or by sending them to the said mill, they may receive the cash."

In 1816 "Cramer's Pittsburg Almanac" contained this advertisement:

"RAGS! RAGS!—We again entreat our economical housewives to take care that not an atom of this valuable article is lost. To them you are indebted for your bible, the education of your children, and the fair maid, however nice in handling those nasty things, will have a means of holding a correspondence with what she holds most dear on earth—a sweetheart. See how important!"

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in *THE HOUSEHOLD* regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their *honest opinion* of it for publication in *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

Let Every Subscriber to *THE HOUSEHOLD* do these things at once:

1st. Buy seven bars DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP of any grocer, and get a bill of it.

2d. Cut from the bottom of each wrapper our name and address.

3d. Mail us all these pieces of paper with our name on, the grocer's bill and your full address.

4th. We will mail YOU FREE seven beautiful cards, in six colors and gold representing Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man."

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,  
116 So. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Soap from the manufacturers in Philadelphia and am highly pleased with it. It gave perfect satisfaction. I had just completed a white dress, or rather the making over of a white dress that had lain in the house for years and become very much smoked and yellow. The old did not reach, so I was obliged to buy some new to complete the garment. I had matched it in quality, but the shade was shocking. I really had no hopes of ever getting the old to correspond with the new, so in my trouble I determined to try Dobbins' Electric, so much spoken of in *THE HOUSEHOLD*, and it went beyond my expectation. The old fabric became as white as the new with one washing. Many thanks for it.

MRS. W. S. STURGEON.

Fairview, Erie Co., Pa.

MR. CROWELL:—This is to certify that the sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap received by me some time since has been thoroughly tested. It will do more washing and better than that amount of any other soap.

JOHN H. KILMER.

Winesburg, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—Having read about Messrs. Cragin & Co.'s offer of Shakespeare cards to those sending a grocer's bill for seven bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap, I have sent my bill to them. I would say that the soap is more help to me than any "Biddy" I have ever had, and henceforth I use no other as long as I am able to get Dobbins'. MRS. S. C. GEROW.

Marysville, Cal.

MR. CROWELL:—As I have quite a passion for collecting cards, I took notice of your notice and purchased of my grocer seven bars of Dobbins' Soap, and sent bill to the manufacturers so as to get the cards. I would say that we prize the soap highly in our family and gladly recommend it to all.

MRS. ABBIE F. BLAKE.

Laconia, N. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—After having tried one bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all housekeepers. It saves me three hours' work every washing day, and I could not do without it at all. It is the best washing soap I have ever had in my house.

HANNAH WILLIAMS.

Youngstown, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—I was very much pleased with the sample bar I received from Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. It certainly does all you claim for it. What a comfort to wash without boiling your clothes in summer time!

Mt. Gilead, Ky.

EMILY DAVIS.

## OUR EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Our friends will please take notice that this is not an advertising column. Those who want money or stamps for their goods come under the head of advertisers. This column is simply for exchanges.

Mrs. Chas. H. Johnson, Waterbury, Conn., would like to exchange minerals for a lily encrinite and a sea anemone. Also wishes pieces of black silk velvet, two by four. Please write first.

Miss L. E. Eldridge, box 15, South Chatham, Mass., would like to exchange a walking jacket pattern for anything ornamental, or adapted to household use.

C. E. Kimball, West Newbury, Mass., has good kitchen apron, doorman or ladies' double-breasted coat pattern, to exchange for pieces of print, any size, or fancy advertising cards. State which pattern is wanted.

Mrs. A. E. Ham, Gainesville, Ga., would exchange music, flower seed, ladies and children's patterns, Florida moss, a recipe for a very fine cosmetic, for any kind of fancy work, shells or books.

Mrs. Mary Queen Ware, West Point, Miss., is anxious to get a pair of maltese kittens. Any one having them will please communicate with her, stating what they want in exchange. Would also like to get a poodle or King Charles pup.

Mrs. E. J. Frost, 1826 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa., has a pair of handsome cretonne window lambrequins, nearly new, to exchange for a rug knit of Brussels carpet ravelings, four feet by twenty-seven inches.

Mrs. E. Jennings, N. Wayne, Kennebec Co., Maine, would like to exchange spatter work for choice minerals from Mammoth cave and other localities.

Miss F. C. Stanley, Fountain Creek, Maury Co., Tenn., has seed of the white and wine colored althea and slips of white jasmine to exchange for cabinet curiosities, stuffed birds, Florida moss, or sea shells.

Miss Mary A. Dean, Arcadia, Carroll Co., Iowa, has Scribner's Magazine, beginning February, 1880, to exchange for Harper's or Littell's Living Age. Also flower seed for root or wild red columbine, or a Jacqueminoit rose.

Mrs. M. E. Stephens, Santa Maria, Santa Barbara Co., Cal., has shells, curiosities, shell ornamental work, mosses, etc., to exchange for girls' winter clothing, such as dresses, aprons, under-wear, etc. Girls' ages, eight to fourteen years.

The editor's thanks are due Mrs. Stephens for the beautiful specimens of moss received.

Mrs. E. J. Rowe, 5 Freeland St., Worcester, Mass., would like pieces of cretonne over six inches square, and any number, in exchange for patterns of honiton lace, sailor suit for child five years old, sack, basque, and patterns of fancy work.

Mrs. M. G. Smith, box 235 Brandon, Vt., has to exchange small Turk's Island sea shells, Confederate money, and American revolutionary money. What is offered?

Mrs. L. W. Higley, Denison, Crawford Co., Iowa, will exchange worked mottoes or large tassels for sea shells, moss, or any thing in cabinet curiosities, or large pine cones.

Mrs. Della M. Luce, New Portland, Somerset Co., Maine, has five yards of knit edging about two inches broad to exchange for something useful or ornamental.

Requests for exchanges will be published as promptly as possible, but we have a large number on hand, and the space is limited, so there will necessarily be some delay.

We are constantly receiving requests for exchanges, some with no signature, others signed only with initials, or number of post office box or street. We cannot publish such requests, nor those not from actual subscribers.

We cannot undertake to forward correspondence. We publish these requests, but the parties interested must do the exchanging.

## GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

If the thousands and tens of thousands of weak and weary sufferers throughout the land, who, in spite of care and skill, are steadily drifting downwards, could have the benefit of that subtle and singularly vitalizing agent known as Compound Oxygen, the help, and ease, and comfort it would bring to wasting bodies and depressed spirits would be blessings beyond price. If, reader, you have an invalid wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister, or any one who is under your care and dependent upon you, and to whom life has become a burden through weakness and pain, consider seriously whether you are not bound, in both love and duty, to give this sufferer a chance of recovery, or at least, the blessing of ease from pain.

You are offered the amplest means of information in regard to this new Treatment. If you can examine testimony without prejudice, and can weigh evidence with judgment and discrimination, you can hardly fail to see that in Compound Oxygen there is a healing power that is simply wonderful.

Let, then, the sick and suffering whom you care for and love, and for whom you have not been able to get relief, have a trial of this new remedy. It can do them no harm; and, seeing what it has done and is doing in so many thousands of cases, all the probabilities are in favor of its doing them good.

Send to Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about this singularly efficacious remedy. It will be sent to you free.

The growth of this new Treatment during the last two or three years, and the results which have attended its administration, are of the most remarkable character.

The causes which have produced this growth are natural and legitimate, and are mainly dependent on the testimony and indorsement, in their immediate neighborhoods, of persons who have been relieved of distressing chronic ailments. These persons become warm advocates of Compound Oxygen, and speak of it to friends and neighbors. Sufferers from diseases, which no medical treatment had been able to reach, seeing what has been done in other cases, naturally enough take heart and hope again, and make another effort to recover the lost blessing of health. If relief comes to them, as in four out of every five cases it certainly will, they, in turn, become advocates of the new cure; and so the fame of its wonder-working power is continually extending, and in constantly widening circles.

These causes of growth are, as we have said, natural and legitimate, because based on the actual results of the Treatment, and the voluntary testification of living witnesses. So long as these efficient causes are active, the growth must continue, and the use of the Oxygen cure go on extending, until its beneficent influence, in the relief of suffering and cure of disease, reaches to every city, town and neighborhood in the land.

Every one who procures a supply of the Oxygen Treatment is regarded by Drs. Starkey & Palen as a patient, is under their special attention, and may consult them freely in person or by letter. They give to every case submitted to them their intelligent care, and the benefit of all the experience and observation which have come as the result of many years spent in the active work of their profession. For this no extra charge is made. They do not sell their Oxygen remedy, and then, after getting the purchaser's money, put him away from thought or concern. No physicians in the land hold a closer relation to their patients, or watch their progress toward health more closely. A careful record of every case is made when submitted, and the record is continued as each report of progress comes to them, so that they know the condition of every patient, what the Oxygen is doing or has done for him, and what advice he needs to secure the best results of the Treatment. These records of patient's cases, while under treatment, already cover many thousands of pages, and give a history of cases and cures more remarkable than anything to be found in medical history.

## PERSONALITIES.

E. S. Caywood whose address was given in the Exchange Column, August, 1881, at Modale, Ia., has removed to Albion, Ia.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—We wish to offer to the ladies who contribute so many interesting articles to your columns, a package of our Diamond Dyes for trial, free of charge. Each one will please specify the color wanted, and enclose stamp for postage. By giving this offer a prominent place, you will greatly oblige. We are confident that these dyes are superior to all other kinds. Very truly yours,

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.

Burlington, Vt.

Wanted, a tiny set of ear drops for a little girl; also, a set of coral armlets, with or without clasps. Will some one exchange or purchase for me? Address,

MRS. SUE THOMASON.

Covington, Hill Co., Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please tell Brownie, Claremont, N. H., I am very grateful to her for the poem, "Going Home." If I knew her address, I would write to her.

MRS. A. L. W.

## GARFIELD'S WORDS.

Suggestive Passages from the Public and Private Writings of

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

Compiled by W. R. BALCH. With a Memoir and a fine Steel Portrait. Price \$1.00

Brief, wise, pithy, eloquent paragraphs on a great variety of subjects. These, with the Memoir and Portrait, form an admirable souvenir of President Garfield.

## COUNTRY BY-WAYS,

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Author of "DEEPHAVEN," "OLD FRIENDS AND NEW," "PLAY DAYS." 18mo. Gilt top. \$1.25.

"We find in them a certain kind of country life and scenery presented with delightful freshness and truth to nature. They belong to the most refined order of literature, yet they have a fidelity that is at times almost photographic in their depiction of the quiet scenes and the rural characters which form their basis. Miss Jewett is a writer to be admired without reservation."—*Boston Gazette*.

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"Just the thing for a holiday present."—*Springfield Union*.

## 4 Books for Children.

## THE CHILDREN'S BOOK.

Edited by HORACE E. SCUDDER, author of the "Bodley Books." A handsome quarto volume, containing 450 double-column pages. Profusely and beautifully illustrated, and very attractively bound. The frontispiece is a charming colored picture designed by ROSINA EMMET. \$3.50.

The Children's Book is in itself a whole library. It contains generous selections from the best standard books ever written for children, including Fables, Tales, Ballads, Stories, Songs, and other Poems. These have been chosen with great care, and with the numerous pictures and the attractive printing and binding, make a book of extraordinary value and interest, which cannot fail to be exceedingly popular as a gift-book and a book for every family.

## CHILD LIFE.

A Collection of Poems, selected and edited, with an introduction, by J. G. WHITTIER. Illustrated. Full gilt, \$2.25.

## CHILD LIFE IN PROSE.

Selected by J. G. WHITTIER. Illustrated. Full gilt, \$2.25.

"These two books would constitute a library for any family of children, the value of which they would never cease to acknowledge. Parents who are forming little libraries for their households will do well to begin with these, even if their means forbid buying any others at present."—*Boston Advertiser*.

## CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Charming poems for and about children. By LUCY LARCOM. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"Many a thoughtful child and appreciative mother will thank Lucy Larcom for this beautiful volume."—*Christian Register* (Boston).

## A HOME IDYL AND OTHER POEMS.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of "The Vagabonds," etc. 1 vol., 16mo, gilt top. \$1.25.

This book contains many of the poems Mr. Trowbridge has written since the publication of "The Emigrant's Story," in 1874. Mr. Trowbridge's ballads and poems of every-day life are so true to nature and reveal so warm a sympathy with the experience of every-day people that they are deservedly very popular.

## THREE EXQUISITE BOOKS.

## LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK.

## EMERSON BIRTHDAY BOOK.

## WHITTIER BIRTHDAY BOOK.

These Birthday Books are of the first order of excellence, in their literary, artistic, and mechanical features. The most striking passages in the works of LONGFELLOW, EMERSON and WHITTIER, are arranged on the left-hand page.

Two days are assigned to each page, and on the right-hand pages, under the same two days are given, in many instances, the names of distinguished persons born and the record of memorable events occurring on that day, especially persons and events mentioned in the paragraphs on the opposite page. A blank space is left under each date for the autographs of friends born on that day, and for such memoranda as one wishes to make; so the book is at once a beautiful gift and an autograph album. Each of the books has a fine portrait of the author and 12 choice illustrations. The cloth bindings are beautifully stamped, and the flexible calf, seal, and morocco bindings are elegant enough to satisfy the most exacting taste.

Price of the Birthday Books in cloth, \$1.00 each; in flexible calf, morocco, or sealskin, \$3.50.

\* \* \* For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the publishers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.







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MONEY MAY BE SENT AT OUR RISK by postal order, or in a registered letter, or by a bank check payable in New York or Boston. Don't send personal checks on local banks.

POSTAGE STAMPS of the smaller denominations—1, 2 and 3s—will be received in payment for THE HOUSEHOLD from those who are unable to send subscriptions in any other form. Do Not send any larger ones.

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.

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.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer, and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs, literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on 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.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1882. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper

giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to any body—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Rolled Gold Solid Ring only seventy-five cents. Greatest offer ever made by a responsible firm. Read advertisement. G. W. Pettibone & Co.

Better than putting one Dollar out at compound interest, is the sending to Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md., for two boxes of his Celery and Chamomile Pills, which cure nervous disease, quiet the mind, bring on refreshing sleep, and prevent paralysis.

—There is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, hysteria, female weakness, etc., promptly cured with Brown's Iron Bitters.

# CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE.

MADE OF GRAPE CREAM TARTAR, AND CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA TERRA ALBA, NOR ADULTERATION OF ANY KIND WHATEVER. Unequalled for making delicious and wholesome Biscuits, Cakes, Pastry, &c., which can be eaten by those in feeble health without fear of distress.

Recommended for purity and healthfulness by the Eminent Chemists:

Professor JOHNSON of Yale College.  
Dr. GEETH of University of Pennsylvania.  
President MORTON of the Stevens Institute.  
WM. M. HABIBSHAW, F. C. S., Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York, etc.  
Sold only in  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$  and 1 pound tin cans by all Grocers.

CLEVELAND BROTHERS, ALBANY, N. Y.

On receipt of 60 cents we will forward to any address, postage paid, a pound can.

## ASTHMA

Quickly and  
Permanently

## CURED

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequalled as a positive Alternative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing." If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to

H. P. K. PECK & CO.,  
553 Broadway, New York.

## BEST READING AT LOW RATES.

Harper's Monthly, \$3.20; Demorest's, \$1.75; Arthur's, \$1.50; Peterson's, \$1.40; Floral Cabinet, \$1.00; Vick's ILL. Magazine, \$1.00; Andrews' Bazar, 75 cents. All other publications equally low. CATALOGUE FREE!

AM. SUB. AGENCY, EAST WEAVER, N. H.

AN ELEGANT PRESENT! A gilt-bound Floral Autograph Album, only 15c. 47 select quotations, A Story paper, and an Elegant Sample Chromo FREE! with each Album. G. W. BOCEMSDES, West Haven, Conn.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

# YOUTH'S COMPANION.

1882

## THE PUBLISHERS

Have spared no effort to present an Announcement of new features for 1882 that shall represent the best ability in entertaining literature. The names of writers for the COMPANION and a selection from the topics that will be treated in the coming volume are given below.

## Its Serial Stories.

These are by writers of rare gifts and experience. Several of the Stories will illustrate topics that are engaging public attention.

A Serial Story. Illustrated.	By W. D. Howells.
A Live Story for Boys. Illustrated.	By J. T. Trowbridge.
An English Story. Illustrated.	By William Black.
Witchcraft at Deacon Wiggins'.	By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Four Nights Among Russian Nihilists.	By a Writer in Russia.
Tales of Old New England Taverns.	By Rose Terry Cooke.
Stories of Successful Business Men.	By James Parton.

## Its Stories of Adventure.

Incidents of Frontier Life and Adventure in the West; in Africa; in Australia; in Greenland; in China, Japan and Corea; in Russia; in New Zealand; on the Ocean. Fully illustrated.

A Pioneer School-Mistress: Her experiences—amusing, often thrilling—related to her Eastern friends. By Adeline Hall.

Lost in the Gran Chaco; or, Six Weeks in a South American Wilderness: A Six Weeks' Flight among the Cannibals. Illustrated.

By H. S. Dearborn, C. E.

Perils of a Linesman's Life: Guarding a Telegraph Wire in Sumatra. By Lieut. Grinnell.

On Recent Battle Fields. Illustrated. By Archibald Forbes.

A Story of South Africa. A Serial Story. By Capt. Mayne Reid.

Nobody's Boys. A Serial Story. Illustrated. By C. A. Stephens.

## Amusing and Practical.

The Pigmies of a Nether World.—Some very graphic stories, woven of so strange a union of facts and probabilities, that we predict for them both the entertainment and wonder of our readers. By Henry M. Frost.

Hints for Debating Clubs.—A paper both practical and entertaining—in connection with which the Companion will offer a gift of books in the hope that it may prove the nucleus for a Society Library. By Prof. A. F. Chase.

A Backwoods Boy's Struggle for College. By C. A. Stephens.

## The Companion's Writers.

Henry W. Longfellow,	Marie B. Williams,	Dinah Maria Craik,
John G. Whittier,	Charlotte Mary Yonge,	Julia C. R. Dorr,
W. D. Howells,	Frances M. Peard,	Annie A. Preston,
E. P. Whipple,	Prof. Richard A. Proctor,	Theodora R. Jenness,
J. T. Trowbridge,	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,	Sarah P. Brigham,
William Black,	George M. Towle, Esq.,	Celia Thaxter,
Canon F. W. Farrar,	Col. Paul H. Hayne,	Mary N. Prescott,
Henry Ward Beecher,	"H. H.,"	William H. Rideing,
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe,	Mary A. Denison,	Marion Harland,
Louise Chandler Moulton,	"Ruth Chesterfield,"	Edna Dean Proctor,
Harriet Prescott Spofford,	"Charles Craddock,"	Charles Barnard,
Rebecca Harding Davis,	Fred A. Ober,	Sarah Winter Kellogg,
Rose Terry Cooke,	J. D. Chaplin,	Lucy Larcom.

## Very Valuable Articles.

The Ministers of the English Government during the Revolution.	By E. P. Whipple.
The Beginning of Great Industries.	By James Parton.
Life Scenes, as a Clergyman sees them.	By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
Success and Failure in Life.	By Canon F. W. Farrar.
Other Recollections of Authors.	By the late James T. Fields.
Natural Wonders of the South, Pre-Historic Mounds, Floating Islands, Phosphate Deposits, Bat Caves, Honey Caves, etc.	By Harriet Prescott Spofford.
Articles on Home Education for Working People: What books to study at home—A course of Home Reading—The Books Essential to Intelligence—Why Read Poetry? What Poetry is Essential to Common Intelligence—A list of books that all should read.	By S. E. Pierce.

## Illustrated Travel.

China.—Incidents and facts connected with ten years of official residence in China; in which personal adventures, incidents of social intercourse with the people; and detailed views of every-day life in China will be given.

By Hon. Chester Holcombe, U. S. Legation, Pekin.

Russia.—Life in the out-of-the-way Nooks and Corners of Russia, given in a picturesque and striking series of articles. The author has been sent to Russia by the Companion especially for this purpose.

By Mrs. A. H. Leonowens.

Mexico.—A Naturalist's Adventures on the Mountains of Mexico, by one who is travelling in that country for Scientific Societies.

By Fred A. Ober.

## Useful Articles on Home Industries.

Articles Upon Fancy Work, Embroidery in Crewels and in Silk, Appliquéd Work, Lace Work, Novelties of Knitting and Crochet Work, etc.,	By Annie E. Ramsey.
Training for Nurses as Physicians' Assistants. A new profession for women,	By a Trained Nurse, Mass. Gen. Hospital.
Ways by which Girls may Earn Money at Home.	By Rebecca Harding Davis.
How to Prepare Inexpensive, but Appetizing, Food for the Table.	By Miss Parlow.
The Raising of Household Pets for the Market.	By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

The Editorials, as heretofore, will be prepared by the most qualified pens, and all current topics will be treated clearly and fundamentally.

The Children's Column will be under the same popular management as for the last fifteen years, and the Prize department will be more liberal than ever.

Subscription Price, \$1.75. Specimen copies sent free.

Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

**SPECIAL OFFER.** To any one who subscribes now, and sends us \$1.75, we will send the Companion free to January 1st, 1882, and a full year's subscription from that date.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, 10 set reeds only \$90. PIANOS \$125 up. Rare Holiday inducements ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

**FLORIDA CURIOSITIES.** Five beautiful Novelties 25c; three varieties moss 25c. Circulars for stamp. E. J. BRIDGE, Orange Spring, Florida.

100 Cards, beautiful new designs, with name, 10cts. CARD WORKS, 66 & 68 Reade St., New York City.

40 Large Chromo Cards, Feathers, Hands with name, 10cts. Postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

## OUR LOOKING GLASS.

IN WHICH OUR ADVERTISERS CAN SEE THEMSELVES AS OUR READERS SEE THEM.

We endeavor to exclude from our advertising columns everything that savors of fraud or deception in any form, and the fact that an advertisement appears in THE HOUSEHOLD may be taken as evidence that the editor regards it as an honest statement of facts by a responsible party. Nevertheless the world is full of plausible rascals, and occasionally one may gain access to our pages. We set apart this column in which our friends may give their experience in answering the advertisements found in this magazine whether satisfactory or otherwise. State facts as briefly as possible, and real name and address every time. And we earnestly request our readers when answering any advertisement found in these columns to be particular and state that it was seen in THE HOUSEHOLD, and we think they will be pretty sure of a prompt and satisfactory response.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I am anxious to have the ladies know what a lovely dye color they can have by sending for the Diamond Dyes advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD. I sent for a package of cardinal red, and used it to color white woolen yarn, and it is lovely; besides it makes very nice. I hope you will all send and get one package at least, and I think you will get more.

Whitehall, Mich. MRS. JOHN BELL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—It came. I did not believe it would, but it did, sure—by mail, postage paid, of course. After reading the Dover Egg Beater advertisement in THE HOUSEHOLD, I thought I would waste a fifty-cent scrip in trying to get one. What but wasted would it be, if sent away to Boston to strangers? I was mistaken. The Dover Egg Beater came as advertised. The Dover Stamping Co., of Boston, did as agreed. The Beater is worth dollars, and I would pay dollars rather than be without one. This testimony is due to so perfect an article.

No one need fear losing, when sending for a Dover Beater.

F. L. B.

Helena, Montana Ter.

We have received two letters from persons who answered the advertisement of the Globe Works in our November issue, sending money but getting no response. We wrote the parties who represent the Globe Works in relation to these complaints and received a reply that seems to relieve them of all blame in the matter. That mistakes will sometimes occur in any business of considerable size all must admit, and we feel sure that so far as this company is concerned they will, so far as possible, rectify all such mistakes for which they are responsible. We intend to have our advertising columns as reliable and as valuable to our readers as any part of the magazine and are highly pleased that so few complaints have been made about them.

## KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL WHY? CURES!

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cures the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY: Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

## KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, \$1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's.

Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

VISITING CARDS. 50 Best Quality Cards, written with any name, mailed upon the receipt of \$1.00.

H. E. POTTER, box 1171, Providence R. I.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
In Debility.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives vigor where there has been debility, and renewed strength where there has been exhaustion.

—“Why men drink, is what staggers us,” says a woman's journal. What men drink, is what staggers them.

Mr. Martin A. Connolly, a merchant in Oil City, Pa., writes: “I inherited ill health from my parents, who were both short-lived. My wife is a sickly little woman, and has suffered considerably. We have had five children, three of whom died in infancy; the other two, a boy four years of age and a girl of seven years, have always been quite puny, weak and sickly. Some time ago I read a medical work that spoke of iron as being essential to life, that a want of iron in the blood was the principal cause of ill health. Shortly afterward I saw an advertisement of Brown's Iron Bitters. I determined to try it for myself and family. The result has far exceeded my greatest anticipation. Myself, wife and children have all grown healthy and strong. Sores, aches and pains, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness, formerly so common in my family, trouble us no more. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold.”

—“Hope for bald heads!” angrily exclaims the editor of the Jersey City Journal, after reading the heading of a newspaper advertisement. “Hope is not what we want. We need hair.”

It is a pleasure to us to call the attention of book lovers to the advertisement of Houghton Mifflin & Co., in this issue of THE HOUSEHOLD. To those who know this popular house no recommendation is necessary, to such as do not we cannot commend it too highly.

—In reply to the question, “Will the coming man be bald?” the Norristown Herald affirms that “he generally is when he first comes.”

Mr. James J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, Mass., appears on our pages with announcement of seeds for 1882. Mr. Gregory is among the first whose well-earned reputation for care, and in his immense seed department, has inspired confidence among the thousands of buyers all over the United States.

—A Chicago man has succeeded in making bear's oil out of sunflower seeds, and a Georgia genius has produced delicious butter from cotton seeds. Talk about any country getting ahead of us!

On the last page of this paper our readers will see a column advertisement of the New England and Colorado Mining and Milling Co. We call attention to this advertisement believing it to be an honest and honorable company doing a legitimate business, and as such worthy the confidence and patronage of the public.

—To his absent father a little boy writes that his puppies are growing every day, and sometimes twice a day.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.25. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

Fun and fact, with scissors caught, Have many a pleasant moral taught.

Those of our readers who wish to procure good reading at low rates are referred to the advertisement of the Am. Subscription Agency in another column.

—A Sunday-school boy upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied: “Because of the famine in the land.”

Boys, read the unparalleled offer made by the Acme Mfg. Co. Printing Press and complete outfit only \$2.

—“Oh, you are too self-conscious,” said Fogg to a young man. “I self-conscious!” exclaimed Adolescence, “I am conscious of nothing.” “That's what I said,” replied Fogg.

We call attention to the advertisement in this issue of the World Mfg. Co. We are assured that the gun they offer for \$7.50 is a great bargain. The firm is old established, and enjoys a first class reputation for honorable dealing.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fee, etc.

## Organs and Pianos.

A great opportunity is now afforded our readers to buy Pianos and Organs at extremely low prices. Attention is called to the large advertisement of the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, which appears in this issue. An Organ or Piano is the most suitable Holiday Present, and we advise those who wish an instrument to order from Mr. Beatty. Read his advertisement carefully.

—Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.”

## What Ails You?

Is it a disordered liver giving you a yellow skin or costive bowels, which have resulted in distressing piles or do your kidneys refuse to perform their functions? If so, your system will soon be clogged with poisons. Take a few doses of Kidney-Wort and you'll feel like a new man—nature will throw off every impediment and each organ will be ready for duty. Drugists sell both the dry and liquid.—Evansville Tribune.

**FLORENCE ETCHING SILK**  
SOFT FINISH  
PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR  
ART DESIGNS IN OUTLINE  
THIS SILK HAS A SOFT FINISH;  
IT WILL NOT SPLIT OR FRAY  
IN WORKING,  
AND IS DURABLE  
BOTH IN COLOR  
AND TEXTURE.  
SOLD BY  
LEADING DEALERS.  
COARSE FINE

Samples of Florence Knitting Silk and Illustrated Book of Rules for using the same, sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address

Nonotuck Silk Co., Florence, Mass.

**\$50 PRIZE WORD HUNT.**  
**IN GOLD** will be paid by the publishers of “SEED-TIME AND HARVEST,” which is a New Illustrated Rural Magazine, for the four best lists of words to be formed from the eleven different letters in its name. Send six cents for the January number which gives full particulars. Address, SEED-TIME AND HARVEST, LaPlume, Lack's Co., Pa.

**\$10.60 FOR 40c.**

Any one sending me 40 cents and the addresses of 50 of their acquaintances will receive by return mail goods that retail for \$10.60. This is an honest offer, and if you want a fortune, don't let the chance slip. J. D. HENRY, Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.

**YOUNG MAN**, If you wish to learn home, address FRED DUNHAM, Box 937, Portland, Me.

**50** Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. **Snow & Co.**, Meriden, Conn.

**HOPE FOR THE DEAF**  
Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums  
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING  
and perform the work of the Natural Drum.  
Always in position, but invisible to others.  
All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly.  
We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address, H. P. K. PECK & CO., 558 Broadway, New York

## The most powerful Electro-Magnetic Brush ever in the market.

It is curing Nervous Headache, Dandruff, Dizziness, preventing hair from falling out, relieving Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. Has just been awarded the FIRST PRIZE of a SILVER MEDAL at the Old Mechanics Fair in Boston. The writer of the following testimonial, Dr. J. H. Hanaford, will be recognized by the reading public as the author of “Mother and Child,” “Our Home Girls,” “Anti-Fat and Anti-Lean,” “Good Digestion and Dyspeptic's Friend,” “Good Bread and How to Make it,” etc.

READING, Nov. 15, 1881.

I regard Mr. Hill's Brush as a good article used simply as a hair brush, but its value is enhanced by its power to apply one of the most potent medical agents, when used as an Electric or Magnetic Brush in the modification or removal of pain. It is admirably adapted to this purpose, the application being gradual, gentle, pleasant and safe. I am satisfied its use changed my hair to a darker hue after using it for only a few weeks. (Signed) J. H. HANAFORD.

Sold by Drugists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Price \$1.50. Pocket Companion, \$1.00. We will mail either or both to any address on receipt of price. Send postal for testimonials.

Address **HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed.



An Unprecedented Piano Offer.

Length, 7 ft. Width, 3 ft. 6 in. Wt. 1000 lbs.

Overstrung Bass! Large Size! Great Power!

Piano New Style No. 1899. 7 Oct. Elegant Rosewood

case, Large front, Round Corners, Carved Legs and Lyre

Fine Mouldings, Agrafo Treble, Best Iron Frame, French

Action, all improvements complete, \$173.75

With stool, book and cover, only....

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

## ORGANS AND PIANOS.

ORDER NOW for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

**BEATTY'S ORGANS.**  
Church, Chapel & Parlor, \$30 to \$1000, 2 to 32 stops  
Have you seen “BEATTY'S BEST” Parlor Organ? Price only \$107.75. CHAPEL ORGANS, \$97.75. THE LONDON 18 Stops, 5 full sets of Reeds, only \$65. THE PARIS now offered for \$85. The BEETHOVEN. New Style. No. 9,000, 27 Stops, 14 full Octaves of the Celebrated Golden Tongue Reeds. It is the Finest Organ ever made. Write or call at once for full particulars. Other desirable New Styles now ready.

**BEATTY'S PIANOS**  
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT \$125 to \$1600. WARRANTED. If you cannot visit me be sure to send for Latest Catalogue before Buying.

Always be sure to Remit by Money Order, Bank Draft, Express prepaid or Registered Letter. Money refunded after one year use if not just as represented,

FREE COACH METS TRAINS

27 STOPS. Visitors

Welcome

The BEETHOVEN New Style No. 9,000

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

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Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington,



Saved Her Daughter's Life After the Doctors Had Given Her Up. A Woman Cured of Consumption by Woman's Friend.

STOWE, Vt., Feb. 11, 1881.

S. HARDY'S SONS:—I sold some Woman's Friend to a lady from New York, who came to Waterbury. The doctors said she must die of consumption. I saw her and persuaded her to try Woman's Friend, and when she had taken one bottle could walk one-fourth of a mile to church. When she commenced taking it she could not speak loud, nor sit up half the time; six bottles cured her, and now she works in the telegraph office. Her name is Lois Pine.

I have sold Dr. Hardy's Woman's Friend for the last fifteen years, and can positively say I know it is the best medicine for what it is recommended in the world. It saved my daughter's life after the doctors said she was liable to die at any time.

Mrs. Russell, of Waterbury Centre, Vt., says one bottle saved her the price of a hired girl one summer. S. C. BUZZELL.

Woman's Friend Restores to Sound Health Where the Best Physicians Failed to give Relief.

EAST RUMFORD, ME., Feb. 12, 1881.

DR. S. HARDY'S SONS:—Dear Sirs:—I am more than pleased to give in my testimony in favor of your valuable remedy, the Woman's Friend. My daughter Rosalia had very delicate health, especially after the age of 12 or 13 years, not being able to go a full term at school, and sometimes would commence a school and have to give up teaching on account of poor health. We had the best physicians in the community, but found no relief until we were induced to try Dr. Hardy's Woman's Friend, which gave her sound health. She is now teaching by the year in North Carolina. Others have tried it in our community with similar results.

Respectfully yours, A. J. KNIGHT.

Dr. S. Hardy's "Woman's Friend" is the best remedy known for diseases peculiar to women. It is put up by S. Hardy's Sons, proprietors, Cornish Flat, N. H., and for sale by druggists generally. Price \$1.00 a bottle.

Four Cases of Cures by Woman's Friend.

NORTH RUSSELL, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1881.

S. HARDY'S SONS:—There is a lady in Wisconsin that used your Woman's Friend after using many other remedies, and it proved to be the best of all. Also one in Macomb, N. Y., after suffering a long time she was relieved by your Woman's Friend. Another, who was discouraged because she had used many things which did no good. I persuaded her to give the Woman's Friend a trial; she did so and was perfectly cured. In my case it proved a perfect remedy and effected a cure. I gladly send these, hoping they may benefit those who are suffering.

MARY A. D. LEAVITT.

Dr. S. Hardy's "Woman's Friend" is the best remedy known for diseases peculiar to women. It is put up by S. Hardy's Sons, proprietors, Cornish Flat, N. H., and for sale by druggists generally. Price \$1.00 a bottle.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, GENERAL AGENTS.

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CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED!

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North American Photo-Copying Co., 25, 27, 29 and 31 East 3d St., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

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LIQUID is an essential favorite with Ladies of the Stage, Opera and Concert Room. Ladies of Fashion pronounce it PEARL NE PLUS ULTRA. Send for testimonials.

Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle. Beware of imitations. CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

15 Beautiful New Year's or Calling Cards, written, 25 cts. W. H. Wright, 20 Campbell Park, Chicago, Ill.

# BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

## IRON BITTERS

A True Tonic.

## IRON BITTERS

Complete Strengthener.

## IRON BITTERS

Sure Appetiser.

See that all Iron Bitters are manufactured by BROWN CHEMICAL CO. and have crossed red lines through them.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BROWN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

## Dr. Hanaford's Card.

The sick, who give a careful description of condition, symptoms, temperament, employments, etc., will receive medicine for six weeks, with carefully prepared directions. Fee \$3, sent with the order.

MOTHER AND CHILD, giving the treatment of prospective mothers, and of the infant, treating of food, clothing, bathing, air and sunlight—all needed by both—will be sent by mail, free, for \$1.25.

OUR HOME GIRLS, a pamphlet treating of the management of the girl, her recreations, labors, dress, education, proper food, etc. Sent by mail for 25 cents.

ANTI-FAT AND ANTI-LEAN, a small treatise treating of the means of restoring both the fat and lean to their normal condition, the former without medicine, or mainly by food, and the latter by food and medicine. A treatise and prescription combined. Price 25 cents; sent by mail free. In consequence of an unexpected demand, this work is reduced to 25 cents. Those who have paid 50 cents will receive the "Home Girls" free, by addressing Dr. J. H. Hanaford, Reading, Mass.

STOMACH REGULATOR AND LIVER INVIGORATOR. Intended for Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Torpidity of the Liver, and all derangements of that organ. Price 40 cents (stamps) for enough to last one month; \$1.00 for three packages, three months, sent, as above, by mail.

GOOD DIGESTION, or the DYSPEPTIC'S FRIEND.—This is intended to meet the wants of a large class of the victims of Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel Complaints, Indigestion, etc., showing how to avoid them or cure them. The principles are clearly and plainly given in the language of the people. A pamphlet of 60 Pages, sent by mail for 20 cents. Stamps taken.

FOR THE MILLION! GOOD BREAD AND HOW TO MAKE IT.—This pamphlet of 20 pages contains the principles of bread making, with much other important matter for the housekeeper. It will contain the "Health Rules," both sent by mail, as above, for 12 cents.

HEALTH RULES sent with "Good Bread," "Anti-Fat," etc., and medicine.

THE HOLIDAYS.—Those ordering "Mother and Child" for \$1.25, will receive "Home Girls" or "Good Digestion" free, from Dec. 5, 1881, to Jan. 25, 1882.

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## FFIS

A London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

DR. AB. MESEROLE (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address

DR. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

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A package will dye one pound of any goods a standard shade, and many of the colors will dye from two to six times that amount a bright shade.

They are far superior to all other Dye stuffs, not only in the bright shades so useful for all fancy silks and woolens but in Black, Brown, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Cardinal Red, and other dark and rich colors, so much desired by all, but hitherto not obtainable of good quality. All the colors are so simple in their method of use that no one can fail.

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Yellow, Eosine (Pink), Purple, Violet, Plum, Maroon, Crimson, Magenta, Old Gold, Cardinal Red. The above Dyes are prepared for Dyeing any article of Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Basket Work, Easter Eggs, etc., etc. They are especially useful for all kinds of fancy work.

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One 10 cent package makes a pint of the finest writing ink. Black, green, red, blue, or violet. For sale by all druggists.

We will send any color by mail on receipt of 10cts.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

## CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

## IRON BITTERS

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## IRON BITTERS

For Delicate Females.

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No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
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4	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60	2
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6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, or May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pain Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.25	6
24	Child's knife, fork and spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler,) 3.00	8	8
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Table Spoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3.75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler,) 5.00	10	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46	1 pair Napkins Rings, neat,	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5.50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5.50	14
50	Caster,	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6.50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler,) 7.00	14	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6.00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7.00	16
59	Celery glass, silver stand,	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8.00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7.50	18
64	1 doz. Table Spoons,	8.00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
67	Caster,	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
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72	Folding Chair,	8.00	24
73	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith,) 12.00	2	

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 54,000 Copies.

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Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	6 m.	1 yr.
Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$8.75	\$11.50	\$16.50	\$30.00
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Two "	11.50	21.50	30.00	37.50	60.00	90.00
Three "	16.50	30.00	41.00	50.00	71.50	130.00
Four "	21.50	37.50	50.00	64.50	90.00	170.00
Six "	30.00	50.00	71.50	90.00	130.00	235.00
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Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

## THE BEST READING.

Every family that desires to provide for its young people wholesome and instructive reading matter should send for specimen copies of the *Youth's Companion*. Its columns give more than two hundred stories, yearly, by the most noted authors, besides one thousand articles on topics of interest, anecdotes, sketches of travel, poems, puzzles, incidents, humorous and pathetic. It comes every week, is handsomely illustrated, and is emphatically a paper for the whole family.

—She was a four-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more, mamma!" "Very well, dear, you needn't." "Well I don't love you." "All right, dearie; mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you; but I don't feel just like it now."

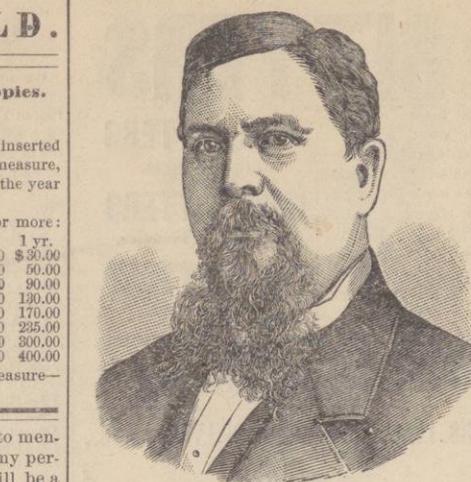
The Robbins Washer and Bleacher has been frequently advertised in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past two or three years, and from the numerous testimonials that have come to us from our readers who have sent for them, we can but regard them as a genuine, labor-saving machine, worthy the consideration of all housekeepers. We are assured that the company is perfectly reliable and all orders are filled to the satisfaction of their patrons.

—Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf-mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet.—*Lowell Citizen*.

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Mr. Geo. E. Crowell, proprietor of THE HOUSEHOLD, informs us that he is in receipt of numerous inquiries for our address, induced by the cordial testimony borne by several of his regular contributors to the value of our Foods in sickness and health. We therefore append our address, and desire to say that pamphlets describing our Health Foods, and indicating how the strong can continue to be strong, and how the feeble may be strengthened, together with the opinion of Prof. Austin Flint and others, and giving full details as to prices, and recipes for healthful cooking, will be mailed to all addresses forwarded to us by postal card from readers of THE HOUSEHOLD.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 74 Fourth Ave., New York. Agencies:—New England, 696 Washington St., Boston; Hartford, Fox & Co.; Philadelphia, 632 Arch St.; Baltimore, 138 No. Charles; Chicago, 705 Wabash Ave.



## A SENSATION

Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a need long felt and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of these terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition, destroying the possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris and sudden death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Celery Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of nervous, headache children in our schools and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try them.

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Is Warranted to Cure ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment. All first class druggists have it. Price \$1. per package.



Thirty-Six Varieties of Cabbage, 26 of Corn, 28 of Cucumber, 41 of Melon, 33 of Peas, 28 of Beans, 17 of Squash, 23 of Beet and 40 of Tomato, with other varieties in proportion; a large portion of which were grown on my five seed farms, will be found in my Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1882 sent free to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. All seed sold from my establishment warranted to be both fresh and true to name, so far, that should prove otherwise, I will refill the order gratis. The original introducer of Early Ohio and Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, Marblehead Cabbage, Phinney's Melon, and a score of other new Vegetables. I invite the patronage of the public. New Vegetables a Specialty.

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By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

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MARGRIE MARCH, 1124 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa., will do your shopping. Send for circular.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES** living in the country! Boston shopping of all kinds at lowest prices. Fur Goods, Fine and Ordinary Laces, Jewelry and Fancy Goods a specialty. Samples sent when practicable. Orders executed with good judgment and prompt attention. For terms address Mrs. E. C. RAYMOND, 116 Tremont St., Room 4.

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