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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 7.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., JULY, 1874.

No. 7.

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The Household.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CROSBY BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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MY OLDEN HOME.

Sitting by my window, thinking,
Musing on the days of yore,
I can almost scent the roses
Blooming by the well-known door:
Almost see the golden willow
Wave its long arms to and fro;
Almost hear the pleasant voices
Of the loved of long ago.

Almost see the ships at anchor
In the waters of the bay;
Almost see the wavelets glisten
'Neath pale Luna's silver ray.
Ah! my eyes are filled with tear-drops,
And I wonder as they fall,
Is it truth or is it fancy,
Do I thus behold them all?

Many years have bloomed and withered,
Since, old home, I saw thee last;
Time has brought me many blossoms,
Seldom is my sky o'ercast:
But to thee my thoughts are turning
With affection's fondest glow,
And for thee my heart is yearning,
For the friends of long ago.

DOES IT PAY?

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL years had elapsed since the events recorded in a former chapter when one afternoon as Mrs. Early was sitting upon the verandah with sewing in hand instructing her children, and raising her eyes now and then to admire the loveliness of the scene around her, a carriage was seen approaching the house. Its occupants were a fine looking elderly gentleman, apparently a stranger, and a younger man.

"Whose residence is this?" asked the former.

"This, Judge," replied his companion, "belongs to Mr. Alfred Early, one of the first early settlers of this town."

"Evidently a man of taste and culture, and of good sense besides," said the first speaker. "See that fine avenue of arching elms, that tasteful and well trimmed hedge, and the rose

and honeysuckle twined carefully over the verandah! See the neatly shaven grass on the lawn, the artistic arrangement of the luxuriant shade trees on the grounds; and what a fine garden and orchard! This place is a much more desirable property than any I have seen."

"But," said the other, "there is more land on the place I offered you; and as for trees you can easily set them out, and make your grounds to suit yourself."

"No, no, Johnson," replied the Judge, "I am too old to wait for trees to grow; and my wife and daughters would be homesick I am sure in any of the other places you have shown me. The truth is I would not take one of them at any price. If you pioneers knew what was for your interest you would all set out trees when you first come, and then you would have the benefit of their growth."

"I do not know whether Mr. Early will be willing to sell his place," said Johnson, "but we can inquire."

Now it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Early had just been discussing the matter of removing to town in order to be near their sons while in college, and at the same time to give their daughters better educational advantages. Mr. Early had recently received a promising offer of a partnership in business with a friend. So when Judge Mason called next day and offered \$8000 for the place a bargain was soon closed to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Well, Eleanor," said Mr. Early to his wife, as they all sat together upon the verandah that evening talking it over, "considering I bought this place at government price, 160 acres for \$200, we have done pretty well I think, and it seems it was all owing to trees and improvements. I believe trees do pay after all."

"They have paid us in more ways than one, father," said Charles; "you do not know how many lessons mother has taught us from the trees; lessons that she gets from Ruskin or some of her favorite books. I am sure I shall always be a better man for thinking of all she has told us about them."

"Yes," said Margaret, "the trees are our examples."

"How so?" asked Mr. Early.

"Oh, she says that as they are continually reaching upward higher and higher, so we should lift our thoughts and best affections to God; and as they spread out their branches, so we must stretch out our arms in good will and Christian charity towards all mankind."

"And then they teach us politeness and unselfishness," said Alice, "each branch bending so gracefully to make

room for the others, never crowding or pushing."

"Sermons in stones, tongues in the running brooks, and good in everything," quoted Mr. Early. "That is mother's way, is it not? Now I think of it, Eleanor, we ought to thank you for the sale, for we should never have had the trees or improvements if it had not been for you. I shall invest \$4000 in your name and call it your tree money. That is the least I can do in return for all your good advice."

"Ah, Alfred," replied Mrs. Early, "it is a very easy thing to give good advice, but very few people have sense and resolution enough, or even the disposition to follow it when given. No, dear, it was not my plans that improved and sold the farm, but the kindness and energy of my good husband in executing them so well. Besides a great many of the improvements are of your own planning. You are too modest."

"Well, wife," said Mr. Early, "I know one thing that pays a man even better than trees; and that is an appreciative wife."

EVERGREENS.

Evergreens are generally regarded as difficult to handle—more likely to die than live—and of little use except as ornament, all of which is a mistake. One single rule will insure perfect success in planting evergreens, viz.: Keep the roots always moist, and never expose them to the sun or drying wind—and for this reason, the sap of an evergreen is resinous, and if dried becomes a gum, not soluble in water; hence, it can never again circulate through the pores of the tree. Another necessity for this care, is the fact that evergreens are always in foliage, and thus always drawing upon the roots for support. This same need of moisture makes a mulch about the trees after planting, very useful. Do not get the impression that because a certain amount of moisture is essential, they should be planted in wet soil. The usual moisture in any good, well mellowed soil suitable for cultivation, is sufficient. Soil saturated with water at or near the surface is injurious, and to many varieties fatal.

It is high time that every land owner was awake to the value of our best evergreens for beauty, shelter and timber. A single dollar will bring you by mail, trees enough, to beautify your home. Five dollars will buy enough to form a wind barrier which shall greatly mitigate the severities of winter, and in coming years bring compound interest on cost and culture, as timber trees.



ABOUT CARPETS.

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the manufacture and use of carpets originated in the East. It was but natural that this should be so. The domestic customs of the people, their mode of sitting or reclining upon the floor, instead, as we do, upon chairs or couches raised above it, made the necessity for some covering for the floor more apparent; and as necessity is the mother of invention, carpets, or as we should rather call them, rugs, were always, and are still, one of the chief articles of domestic wealth in the East.

Among the Hebrews, carpets and hangings were in frequent use. In *Exodus*, the directions given for the hangings of the tabernacle and the court "of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twilled linen wrought with needle-work," show conclusively that the art of decorating and adorning fabrics of this kind had even then reached a point of high development.

In Greece, the use of carpets as coverings for the floor is mentioned by Homer, and the web of embroidery which Penelope was engaged on every day, and unravelled every night, so as to keep the suitors for her hand at bay until the return of her faithful Ulysses, was intended to serve either as a hanging for the walls or as a covering for the couch or for the floor. At the banquets of the Greeks, and of the Romans, who obtained most of their luxuries from imitation of the Greeks, the use of splendidly embroidered coverings for the couches upon which the guests reclined was carried to a pitch of wasteful extravagance. No material was considered too precious or costly for this use. Gold, silver, and precious stones were used in profusion to decorate fabrics made of silk, of velvet, of the finest cashmere wools, or of camel's hair.

In Europe, the use of carpets is of comparatively quite recent date, and though their manufacture by the improved machinery of modern times has so cheapened their cost as to put them within the reach of many, yet they are by no means considered as indispensable an article of household necessity as they are here in the United States.

The use of costly and elaborate tapestries for the decoration of the walls was common in the palaces of Europe, while the floors were either

bare or covered with rushes—a kind of grass much resembling our rank meadow hay. Even as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, the floors of the royal presence chamber were covered with rushes, and luxury in this respect was a daily renewal of this covering. This daily change of fresh straw was brought as a charge of inordinate luxury of living against Thomas a Becket. The filth which was allowed in these "good old times" to accumulate upon the floors, even in the palaces and houses of the rich, we can hardly conceive to-day. Erasmus, in his letters, speaks of the dampness and moisture thus kept in the houses, and how prevalent fevers, colds, and diseases of all kinds are made by living in such an atmosphere. The rushes, or hay, thus strewed over the floor, were often allowed to remain until they rotted, while the scraps of meat and food from the tables, the mud from the shoes, and the dust which the careful housewife of to-day removes so carefully once or twice a day, were allowed to remain until they became the actual hot-beds for disease.

It seems the more singular that the use of carpets should have been delayed so long in England, when we reflect that the manufacture and use of tapestry were quite general at a very early period. One of the most interesting and historically valuable pieces of the tapestry work of this early period is that known as the Bayeux tapestry, which was made in the time of William the Conqueror, under the direction of Queen Matilda, by herself and the ladies of her court. The design of this most elaborate piece of work is to represent, in various pictures, the conquest of England. This piece of work is in seventy-two divisions, is twenty inches in height, and two hundred and fourteen feet long. Each of the divisions contains pictures of scenes illustrative of the conquest of England by the Normans, and they are singularly valuable as correct representations of the costumes and manners of the times. This tapestry is now the property of the town of Bayeux, in France.

As early as the reign of Henry VIII an attempt was made to introduce into England the manufacture of tapestry upon a large scale. Before this date England depended chiefly for its supplies upon the Low Countries. Bruges, Antwerp, and Arras,—from which the last term arras, for tapestry, as used by Shakespeare, was derived,—together with Brussels, and other cities furnished the chief supplies. The first attempt was unsuccessful; but in 1609 a manufactory was established at Mortlake, in Surrey, to which James I contributed a subscription of nearly three thousand pounds. The business, however, increased slowly, but attention began to be directed to it, and in 1757 the Society of Arts awarded a prize for the best imitation of Turkey carpets to their secretary, Mr. Moore, who had induced some Huguenot refugees from France to devote themselves to this branch of manufacture. Now England manufactures carpets which are used all over the world.

In France the manufacture of carpets was begun as early as the reign of Henry IV, but, as in England, the

first attempt was not entirely successful. In 1664, Colbert, the great of Louis XIV, to whose personal interest France was indebted for the introduction of so many new branches of industry, established at Beauvais, an ancient town situated about forty miles northwest of Paris, a manufactory of carpets and tapestry, which is still in operation, and is still classed as second only to that of Gobelins. This manufactory, which was also established by Colbert as one of the "royal manufactories of the furniture of the crown," is still acknowledged universally to be the leader of the world in the production of carpets as objects of luxury. None of them are sold, but they are all used either for the decoration of royal palaces, or as presents to other royal houses. The weaving is all done by hand, and, as the designs are chiefly copies of famous masterpieces of painting, the work necessarily requires more artistic than simply mechanical ability for its execution, and is both costly and slow. A square yard is considered a fair result of a year's work, and the value of such a piece is about seven hundred dollars. The largest single piece of work ever made here was a carpet for the Louvre, which measured about thirteen hundred feet in length, and was composed of seventy-two separate pieces.

In the United States, it is traditionally reported that the first carpet ever used in a private house was one found in that of Captain William Kidd, the famous pirate, who was executed in 1701. This was probably some small Eastern rug, which he had taken from some one of his prizes. From the files of New York papers of the year 1760 advertisements have been culled, showing that Scotch and other carpets have been offered for sale there by merchants engaged in importing from the mother country. Yet until after the revolution their use was very limited. The rag carpet, of strictly domestic make, and the sanded floor, satisfied the demands for comfort or fashion made by the mothers of the republic.

The problem of making a power loom which should automatically perform so apparently difficult a task as to weave a two-ply web, so as to produce any required pattern, was, however, solved by Mr. Erastus B. Bigelow, of Massachusetts, who also invented a loom for manufacture of Brussels carpets. His improved loom, by which figures were produced which would match, was patented in 1845.

By the introduction of these looms in manufactories in Massachusetts and Connecticut, carpets were so greatly cheapened as to be brought within the reach of almost every one. The so general use of carpets was a necessity some few years ago from the fact that the floors of our houses were generally built of such poor material, and in such a shiftless manner, that the floor was too unsightly to be left exposed. Within a short time, however, with greater attention paid to the construction of our floors, having them properly laid in narrow boards, which are accurately fitted, and then stained and oiled, the carpet has become again reduced to its proper position—as a covering to the floor, in-

stead of being a concealer of its defects. A room thus furnished, with a well-made floor, upon which a carpet with a border is laid, is kept clean so much easier, and looks so much better than one of the old style, where necessity required that the carpet should fill every corner, that there is no doubt of its general acceptance. The fashion of our carpets will then change, and no carpet will appear well unless it has a suitable border, and a pattern which is not a fragment, but complete in itself.—*The Great Industries of the United States.*



THE SPARROW'S SONG.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

O bonnie bee, in your yellow vest,
Wandering east and wandering west!
My little ones are gone from their nest,
Where I left them safe, the other day,
Under the buttercups tucked away,
Near by the brook where the blue-bells play.

O bonnie bee, come whisper to me!
Have you seen, beneath the maple-tree,
Any strange thing that could evil be?
Have you seen the leaves stir at my door?
Have you seen shy feet cross the field's floor?
Alas, my nestlings will peep no more!

O silvery brook, that rang so light
A slumber-song for my birds at night,
When the stars tipped the buttercups bright!
Did you hear strange sounds when noon was high,
Or were you dreaming under the sky,
Watching the silver clouds go by?

O little maiden, with kindest eyes,
Like bits of blue from the summer skies,
And a voice that makes me sweet replies!
Come here and whisper, if you can tell
Who stole the nestlings I loved so well
From the soft nest in the daisy dell!

O cruel pussy-cat, grave and sleek,
Prowling about with air so meek!
I know full well, though you will not speak,
Who stole my birdies so dainty sweet!
And who, with her soundless velvet feet,
Came down from the farm-house through the wheat,—

And, while my mate and I were away,
Pushed back the buds from our low doorway,—
And there the pretty ones sleeping lay!
How can I think of the rest? Ah, me!
How can I sing again, though the lea
Blush red with roses as red can be?

—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

THE FLOWER MISSION.

THE following graphic description of the rise and progress of a benevolent enterprise recently started in a neighboring city is condensed from an article in Harper's Magazine for May. It possesses a peculiar interest for all lovers of flowers, and we trust that the example of this young teacher may be followed by many others in the crowded cities throughout the land.

Five or six years ago a young girl, at that time teacher in one of the towns near Boston, noticed in her daily rambles the great waste of fruit, and especially of flowers, in the gardens of the wealthy. Myriads of fair, sweet blossoms that might gladden sad hearts and tired eyes drooped and faded through long summer days, sometimes because their owners were absent at seaside resorts or traveling

abroad, oftener still because of the superabundance resulting from liberal culture.

Each week our wide-awake, thoughtful girl came into the great city, always bringing with her a basket or a bouquet of fresh, fragrant flowers, sure, even on her way from the depot to her home, to be asked for flowers by a score or more of little children, ragged, dirty, unkempt; yet with the love of the beautiful in their hearts. There were always some special cases, too, of the sick and infirm to whom the glad coming of this young girl, were it only to leave a rose-bud and a leaf of geranium, was a benediction.

The summer passed away, but not the happy thought born of the summer. A brief consultation was had with Mr. Hale and Mr. Chaney. The first Sunday in May, 1869, in several of the city churches a brief notice was read, inviting all having either fruit or flowers to spare, or time to gather wild ones from the woods, to send their gifts to the chapel of Hollis Street Church, which would be open on Monday and Thursday mornings from eight till twelve for the reception and distribution of flowers and fruit to the sick and poor in the city.

We quote a few words from an account of that first day's experiment: "The first to come were two bright-eyed girls, who, glowing with the air of their lovely country homes, and excitement from the thought of the pleasure they had the means of giving, appeared with baskets filled with houstonias, cowslips, violets and anemones, nicely tied up in pretty bunches; then two more, with baskets full of English violets; and again another with field flowers. So far all were personal friends; the next contribution, however, was from a stranger—lovely hot-house flowers, and ripe red strawberries. Again a silver-wedding gift of twelve beautiful bouquets, seeming to the donors the pleasantest memorial they could have of their own happiness. Again a Lady Bountiful sends her carriage laden with cut flowers, pot plants, and branches of flowering shrubs, placing her carriage also at the service of the ladies—a welcome gift indeed, for it is no light task to carry the large flat flower-laden baskets to their destination."

One incident of this first day is worth noting. In an upper room in a poor tenement-house lay a sick child, wasted with fever and the prostration which followed. It had seemed impossible to rouse him, or excite the slightest interest in anything. The young lady who had carried her flower-basket to the room selected a bunch of shining golden buttercups, and held them up before the child. The dull, languid eye brightened, the tiny emaciated hand opened to receive them; too feeble for a spoken word, the smile that flitted across the wee white face was eloquence enough. The fingers closed tightly over the simple flowers that were like yellow sunshine to the little sufferer. When a second visit, with fresh flowers, was made on Thursday, the boy's mother said: "Jimmy would not lay the flowers out of his hand while he was awake; only when he slept could I put them in water to freshen a bit, for he must have them in his hand again

as soon as he waked." Sure enough the little fellow still held his withered treasures, which had been more to him than doctor's visits or prescriptions. Fresh flowers from the basket brought a smile and look of grateful recognition to his face; the long, weary hours of convalescence were lightened and brightened for one little sufferer by the Flower Mission. Surely it was blessed on its very birthday!

The work begun under such favorable auspices never flagged through the long summer. School-children in the surrounding towns made excursions to the woods and fields, and sent in generous collections of wild flowers, mosses, graceful ferns, and luxuriant vines. Regular contributions were sent in from private conservatories. Railroads transported, free of expense, all baskets and parcels for the Flower Mission, not only over the roads, but found always among the employers at the depots some one to carry them to the chapel. If the baskets were marked with the owner's name and residence, they were returned also by the next train free of charge. In the gathering every one united, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and Unitarian, all for the love of God and his children, as free in their bounty as the Great Giver himself.

We copy a few statistics from the report of the ladies connected with the Flower Mission at the close of the first season, in October, 1869:

Contributions in flowers,	- - -	356
Contribution in plants,	- - -	30
Contribution in fruit,	- - -	30
Number of contributors,	- - -	106
Number of towns sending contributions,	- - -	26
Number of bouquets distributed,	- - -	6718

Of these, 1,132 were sent to the people confined to the city during the warm weather. The plants were scattered among various homes. The remainder of the flowers were taken to the hospitals and asylum, and sometimes to the jail and State prison.

During the second year of the mission the contributions, and consequently the distributions, were more than doubled. Each year the increase in contributions has been noticeable. In 1872, thirty-four towns contributed to the Hollis Street Chapel. Nearly 12,000 bouquets were distributed, besides 700 donations of fruit, and over 2,000 pond-lilies. Statistics, however, give very little idea of the work accomplished; least of all of the amount of happiness conferred, of the hours of pain and weariness alleviated, the human hearts filled with grateful love, and the blessing which enriches the giver even more than the receiver.

The report of the physicians connected with the hospitals is most encouraging. They say it is a great aid to convalescence when the patients have something to divert their thoughts from their own suffering, and nothing answers that purpose so well as the fresh beauty and fragrance of flowers. In Chelsea many of the physicians send in lists of special cases in their practice where such gifts would be particularly beneficial; oftentimes they say the fruit sent is the best of agents in hastening recovery.

Among the pleasantest records of the mission are the visits to the Benet Street Dispensary, where many poor sick people go for advice and medicines—often two hundred patients

in the course of the day, each waiting their turn, and weary waiting it is. The surprise and delight manifested when the flowers are distributed among them must be seen to be appreciated.

The Children's Aid Society in New York have created a mission. The ladies, also, connected with Dr. Bellows' church, incited by two of their number who had witnessed the working of the Hollis Street Mission, established a Flower Mission at the Sunday-school rooms on Seventh avenue.

The good effect in the prisons, jails, and other reformatory institutions cannot be exaggerated. While we would not lessen the denunciation of sin, the penalty of wrong-doing, the rebuke of bad habits and pernicious customs, we would add to the command "Do not this thing!" the positive element of a refining influence, elevating by every means within our reach the taste of the young (as susceptible to good as to evil,) by educating the sentiment of the beautiful, by providing innocent and attractive recreations. Having driven out the evil spirit, care should be taken not to leave the chamber empty, swept and garnished, lest seven others more wicked enter in.

HINTS FOR THE JULY FLOWER GARDEN.

Many of our lady readers will find the following hints from a lately published floral book, "A Simple Flower Garden," very suitable for this month's gardening operations.

With the warm weather of this month comes the lighter work of training and guiding the new luxuriant plants. In this the habit or manner of growth must be considered. Vines, like the climbing roses, murandia, and nasturtium, must have suitable trellises to which they may cling or be fastened. The grower's taste must be the guide in the matter of style and position of the trellis. The only point to be observed is that the trellis shall not shade any other plant. Sometimes vines are allowed to sweep over the ground in seeming freedom. The effect is very pretty, if care is taken not to let the vine invade other plants. Plants like the carnation, that need the support of a stake, to which they are tied, must now receive attention. A common lath, sawn in two, will make a cheap stake. The plants must not be fastened tightly, but have room to expand as they grow.

Plants that creep over the ground, like the verberna, are greatly improved by being pegged down. This is nothing more than using hair-pins, or twigs from a tree, so cut that one end can grasp the stem of the plant and the other be thrust into the ground. The best twine for tying plants, or for any other work about flowers or plants, is what is known as shoemaker's linen thread. It can be found at the shoe-finding stores. This matter of training plants, either in the house or garden, is one that the grower's own taste must mainly guide as best it may.

Cutting flowers in the garden seems a very simple affair; yet upon the way it is done depends the size of the crop. The usual way is to cut all flowers with a long stem. It may seem unnatural and almost barbarous to do so; but

the true way, for the greater part of our flowers, is to remove them without a stem. Roses of all kinds should be cut with a long stem. The longer the better, provided other buds are not destroyed.

The carnation, and all plants that bear their flowers in clusters, should be removed without stems. The heliotrope should have a very short stem, and the verberna should only be cut off as far down as the first leaf. A bit of iron wire will serve for a stem, if it is desired to make the flowers into a bouquet. If they are placed in shallow dishes, which is the best way to display them, stems are of no consequence.

The time for cutting is always just after sundown, unless a storm is feared that will destroy them before they can be cut in the evening. On cloudy days it does not make so much difference. The explanation of this is to be found in the sap in the plant at different times of the day. From the earliest dawn until sundown the leaves are actively drawing upon the roots and the sap is flowing freely. At sundown this ceases, and the leaves are nearly dormant till morning. The plant is taking its rest—is asleep. The sap may be accumulating, but is not flowing rapidly, as during the day.

A flower cut in the sunshine will wilt at once, and if not put into water will quickly perish. A flower cut at sunset will remain fresh all night, even if it is not put in water. If put in a close, hot room, it will fade in an hour; but in a cool place will not appear to change for many hours. Flowers cut, therefore, at evening will keep the longest and afford the most pleasure.

In this connection it must be kept in mind that no rose should be allowed to expand fully. Cut them all while in bud. This may be applied to every flower. It costs more to bring one flower to full maturity than to produce a dozen buds. Therefore, cut as soon as in condition, and cut them all. To suffer the flowers to fade on a plant and go to seed is to lose nine-tenths of the whole crop. Freedom and generosity in the matter of cutting flowers is the best policy and truest economy.

The tuberose can hardly be called a simple flower; yet, as it costs no more to grow a good plant than a poor one, this splendid flower should be admitted into our little handkerchief garden. The simplest way to cultivate one is to purchase a bulb, already started, from some reliable florist. It should be growing during July in what is called a seven-inch pot, and should have a cluster of well-developed leaves. The price will be about fifty cents.

When the plant arrives, it should be sunk in the ground up to the rim of the pot. During dry weather it must be watered whenever the soil in the pot becomes dry. Nothing more need be done to it, except to tie the flower-stem to a stake as soon as it is a foot high. In September it will be removed to the house for blooming.

HOW TO MANAGE CUTTINGS.

In reply to a correspondent, the Floral Cabinet gives the following directions in regard to the making and managing of plant cuttings:

In selecting a cutting, a great deal depends upon a judicious choice; if the slip is too young and full of fresh

sap, it will fade away from too much evaporation; if it is too old—hard and woody—it will take a great while to strike root.

You must take a cutting that is perfectly ripened and is from a vigorous shoot, yet a little hardened at the base.

It is also essential to have a bud or joint at or near the end of the cutting, as all roots strike from it; and the nearer it is to the base, the greater your chance of success.

Plant your cuttings in common red pots, filled half full of rich loam and two inches of sand on top (scouring sand will do, but not sea sand); wet this thoroughly, and put the cuttings close around the edge of the pot, for if the bud or joint comes in contact with the surface of the pot, it seems to strike root more quickly. Pull off the lower leaves before you plant the cutting. Press the wet sand tightly about the tiny stem, for a great deal of your success in raising the cutting depends upon the close contact of the sand with the stem. When the cuttings are firmly planted, cover them with a glass shade if possible, as it will greatly promote the growth of the plant.

Moisture, light and heat, are the three essentials to plant life—without them no cutting will start.

Shade for two or three days from the sunlight, but don't let the sand become dry; then give all the sun you can obtain, keep up a good supply of moisture, and you can hardly fail to root most of your cuttings.

Cuttings of roses, verbenas, oleanders, heliotropes, etc., can also be rooted in small vials filled with warmish water and suspended from the window casement. Select the cuttings as described above; pull off the lower leaves, and insert the end for about an inch into the vial; tie a string about the neck of the vial and hang in the sun. If a bit of cotton wool is wrapped about the cutting where it goes into the neck of the vial, and it is kept wet, it prevents the rapid evaporation of the water. When the tiny roots show themselves about an inch or more in length fill up the vial with a rich composted soil; let it hang for two or three days longer, then break off the glass carefully, without disturbing the roots, and pot the plant.

Managed in this way the roots receive no check, and the plant will grow very vigorously. The cutting can be taken from the water and the roots planted in pots, but they will cling closely together and are not as naturally disposed as when the glass is broken off after the roots are covered with soil.

A child can raise cuttings by this simple process. If a third or more of the water in the vial evaporates, it must be filled up with warmish water.

—Minnie H. wishes to know how her amaryllis can be made to blossom. I will tell her my experience. I had a fine one three years old, and no signs of blossoms, and a friend told me to repot the bulbs in good fresh earth. I did so, and was rewarded in the fall by nice flowers. The bulbs must be three years old before they will blossom.
R. M. H.



THE FASHIONS.

THE season for thin dresses, and cool hats and mantles is now at its height. The shops present such a variety of pretty, cheap dress that everyone can afford becoming street costumes as well as tasteful home dresses.

To dress in cotton cannot now be displeasing to the most elegant taste. The silk finish given to the new cantrics make them as lady-like and stylish in effect as summer silks; and they have the advantage of looking new and fresh after every washing. If they were as expensive they would be quite as highly prized as the richer materials are. Then, there are the satin striped piques, with a wonderful variety of design, stripes in lace and net-work, and self colored figures on satin, and frosting in the ground-work, making really elegant dresses, far more beautiful and becoming than many of the higher priced dress goods that are ruined as soon as soiled.

One of the novelties in summer fabrics is a coarse barred canvas batiste, which looks somewhat like dull buff colored mosquito netting. It soon becomes soiled and stringy and if it were not new and expensive, would not be considered at all stylish. The designs vary, some presenting lace patterns with lines of floss silk running through them, some are in plain checks, and others have stripes of pure linen alternating with those of silk and linen.

Grenadines will continue to be popular, and are more durable as well as more stylish when made on silk finished crinoline, or black silk. Old black silk skirts, or even very fine alpaca ones for the foundation, with the grenadine put on in flounces and puffs, make elegant costumes.

Pretty hair striped lawns, with fern leaf, wheat-ear, chintz and lace like borderings are imported in great quantities and are very fresh looking and cool for warm weather.

Batiste, such as was worn last summer, only costs half as much as it did then and makes pretty polonaises for wearing over dark skirts in warm weather.

Croise cloth in light wool and the canvas batiste, described above, are about the only, decidedly, new fabrics this summer. The cambrics, lawns, and piques being the favorites.

Polonaises are still fashionable and are such very becoming and convenient garments that we hope they will become a permanent institution in ladies' costumes. They admit of such a variety in draping and trimming, that it is impossible to give any very definite directions in regard to making them. Patterns can be obtained at any of the various agencies with such full descriptions that any lady can easily be her own dressmaker.

Basques and overskirts are also much worn and are perhaps a little more stylish in effect than the polonaise; both these garments are often

made with vest fronts or trimmed to simulate vests; the pleated waists are much worn for house dresses and are very cool and convenient as well as pretty.

Redingotes are rather gone past, but those that have them will wear them through the present season.

We are sorry to observe that trained skirts are trying hard to become popular for street dresses. If American ladies would only learn that long dresses are wholly unfit for the street and should be confined to the drawing room and lawn, we would not object to long skirts, but to see rich silks and other expensive materials used for sweeping sidewalks is exceedingly trying to our national pride. If people were possessed of correct ideas concerning the propriety and fitness of different costumes, they could easily discern between elegant house dress and becoming street suits. But now what is beautiful in the house is considered equally fine for the street, where it may look decidedly out of place and in very bad taste.

Almost every variety of trimming is used; and the manner of arranging it is as varied as the materials. Fringe, lace, bias bands, puffs and flounces of the same goods as the dress or in a different shade or contrasting color are seen as well as kilt pleatings, folds, and more stylish and richer than all are the new bugle trimmings, and the laces both black and white which are ornamented with rich bugles.

Bonnets and hats do not show any very decided change, but the former are a little less bonnets than ever as they do not now have strings, and only differ from the hats in having face trimmings and being placed far back on the head.

There are the gipsy hats, the Normandy shapes, the turbans, and the hats which turn up in front or on one or both sides, then there are reversible hats trimmed on one side with flowers and on the other with high loops, and worn sometimes with one and sometimes with the other in front. Broad leghorns are used for shade hats, and also fine straws.

Flowers are used more than ever for trimmings, many of these are very beautiful, sprays of jessamine, delicate forget-me-nots, pansies and wild flowers mixed with grasses, all look well on black lace hats. These black lace hats have the advantage of looking well with any costume, and if any change is required it is only a change in the spray of flowers. Ribbons, lace scarfs, bugles and silks are used for trimming also, and such a variety of styles are seen in both dresses and bonnets that it must be a capricious taste indeed, that cannot be suited.

The small mask veils are now mostly worn, taking the place of the much prettier pointed lace veil, and a mere strip of spotted net is now considered more stylish than the square veils of real lace. Ash grey is the favorite color for gauze veils which are worn with traveling suits, and the thick gauze has given way to the lighter tissues which are much pleasanter to wear.

Parasols, or rather sun umbrellas, are very large and in quiet colors, such as black, brown and grey. The

prettiest are made of soft twilled silk, some of them are lined and bordered with fringe, but the chief elegance lies in the handles, some of which are beautifully carved ivory, others of ebony and satin wood. The tops in many instances are of solid silver, mounted with jewels, some forming crosses, daggers, sword-handles, croquet mallets, etc. The small sunshade or parasol is now seldom seen, except for carriage use and by those who can afford to have them lace covered and richly ornamented.

Ruffles and ruches have quite taken the place of the former turn down collar; even linen collars are now worn in the shape of pleated frills at the back and only the tiniest points turned down in front. Sleeves have frills to fall over the hand also and these should match the neck ruches.

Velvet ribbons are no longer worn around the neck, but lockets and crosses are suspended by fine gold chains. The long ends of velvet necklets would crush the fashionable ruches and spoil the effect of them.

Both the styles and materials for children's dresses are remarkably pretty this summer. Linens, piques, silk finished cambrics, and washing satines and lawns, not only make durable and comfortable dresses, but are really beautiful. For little girls dresses are cut in Gabrielle style, with sleeveless tunics or over dresses simply tied down with a sash.

Older children wear polonaises and redingotes either made plain or trimmed with ruffles.

Hats are much the same as they have been for several seasons past, no decided change being seen. The gipsy and Normandy are favorites, though the latter is certainly not as becoming as many of the simpler shapes.

A WOMAN'S BUSINESS DRESS.

Every woman should so arrange that her wardrobe may contain articles suitable for all the common uses of her life. For incidental uses she may in general safely trust to the inspiration and the resources of the moment. What novels are to literature, what champaign is to daily food and drink, are occasional dresses to a woman's wardrobe. Of course if the whole life is of the novel and champaign order, the occasions requiring special and elegant dresses will be many, and should be provided for. But to the class of mental, moral and physical dyspeptics who crave no diet save the light, brilliant, stimulating and substanceless, we do not propose to address ourselves. It is only those whose lives have a meaning, who will profit by any suggestions we may have to make—those women whose elevated aims in life, and devotion to objects of their love and duty, save them from the degradation of a slavery to vanity and ostentation, yet who, from the very refinement of nature and nobleness of mind which has given them their high purposes and spirit of devotion to others, would desire always to wear the tasteful and the fitting.

Of morning dresses or business suits there should always be a good, though not a very large supply. No half-worn flimsy can, or ought to take

the place of these. Every woman needs business dresses just as much as her husband, father or brother need their business coats. And as a woman's employments usually vary more than a man's, she requires a greater number of the suits, which should vary to fit her temporary occupation. Thus the "house-mothers," or daughters, who have frequently to assume some of the duties of housemaid, or of cook, should keep constantly in readiness dresses suitable for the performance of those duties.

The pretty calico, or delicate muslin morning dress, in which a lady should preside at the summer breakfast table; or, the alpaca, or French flannel wrapper, which looks so comfortable on a winter's morning, might present anything but an attractive appearance after having been worn while cooking the breakfast. It is true one may, by aid of good luck, a big apron, and rolled-up sleeves, escape soiling the dress; but the bottom of a spider that has just been lifted from the fire is apt to be black, and if, in moving it about, it comes in contact with the gown, the condition of the latter is not improved. Besides, tired hands are not always steady in their motions, and a coffee-pot may tip, or a gravy-boat may incline from a safe level with results disastrous. So it is safer, if one is occasionally obliged to play cook, to have two or three cooking dresses. These should be of dark and closely figured calico; not, as the oft-quoted "old woman" said of the delft tea-set, that it may not "show dirt," but that iron rust, fatal to all light calicoes—coming from no one knows where—or equally fatal fruit stains—unremovable save by acids quite likely to remove bits of fabric at the same time—may not render it old and soiled-looking on the first day of its use. In fashion, these cooking or house-maid dresses should be as simple as possible; flounces, tucks, folds or ruffles are all equally unendurable.

The usual morning dress admits of some ornamentation, but excess should be guarded against; much trimming is not "in keeping," either on the gown or the apron, which old-fashioned dress-protector will never be despised by neat women; on the contrary, they will always endeavor to be fully supplied with an abundance of them.

Every lady who lives in the country is, or should be, something of a gardener. For this employment she will need a special costume, and nothing is so comfortable and convenient as a dress of light woolen material, made with full trousers, loose waist, and skirt reaching a little below the knee, like the costumes worn in classes for calisthenics. The same style of dress is most appropriate for berrying expeditions and mountain-climbing, and for boating and fishing excursions.

But home duties and enjoyments do not form the sum of life's employments for all women, and in the lives of many they are supplanted by occupations more nearly resembling those of their fathers and brothers. Women thus situated will need regular business suits. These should be strong, serviceable material, quiet in color and but slightly trimmed

Shabby finery—always detestable—is never more so than on the person of a self-supporting woman. But we do not necessarily mean that a dress of fine material may not be so remodelled as to be suitable for a business dress. If of dark color, neatly kept, and all expensive or “fussy” trimmings removed, a gown that has served its time as a “best dress,” may be very becoming and suitable for daily use; or light-colored, all-wool materials may be dyed for this purpose. What we object to is that when a dinner or an evening dress has become *passee*, its owner should don it “about house,” or in her school-room, her office, her studio, or her shop, without fitting it for its new use. For, besides that the long skirt will speedily get frayed and soiled, and the flounces and ruchings, once so pretty, must soon share the same fate, and that the finery is now as out of date as in its new surroundings it is out of taste, it is a very wasteful way. The dress re-made would last twice as long, and the trimmings, if of real lace, or handsome passementerie, or fringe, or velvet, might serve for another nice dress instead of being worn out in a service for which they are not adapted.

An old black silk, neatly remodelled, forms, perhaps, the most useful of all business dresses during cold weather. Next best are dark-colored silks, then the ever-ready, long-suffering black alpaca; or, for very cold weather, a dress of dark, fine English flannel or waterproof. For business use, in weather too warm for silks, we can recommend colored cambrics or linens, but only such as are so plainly made and trimmed that any Bridget can wash and iron them; for no one can enjoy wearing a dress that will show the slightest spot or stain, when it can not be made up without calling into requisition the services of a French laundress and incurring an expense of nearly one-third its first cost.—*Hints on Dress.*

CARRIE'S ECONOMY.

BY MRS. ELIZA E. ANTHONY.

“Carrie Waring, do tell me how you manage to dress so stylish, on such a small sum of money? You and I have the same allowances, and yet you look as if you had three times the amount; while I always look shabby; sit down and tell me, that’s a darling,” coaxingly said Minnie Waterbury, as she took off her friend’s jaunty hat and basque, and drew her down on the crimson sofa, which was drawn up before a cheerful fire.

Carrie Waring was below the medium height, all curves and dimples, with large gray eyes which could flash, as well as melt, silky brown hair, a tiny mouth, and small feet and hands. She wore a blue dress, with ruffles of silver gray, a gray overskirt with blue trimmings, and a stylish cloth basque, with a velvet vest, fitted her trim form to perfection. Her hat which Minnie was admiringly examining, was of silvery-gray velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon, and a long blue plume. A snowy lace frill, within a black velvet ruff encircled her white neck, and was confined by a gray and blue velvet bow;

and altogether, she was a perfect picture of taste, elegance and neatness.

Minnie Waterbury was a complete contrast to her friend, both in personal appearance and in dress, having raven hair, a clear though dark complexion; and, rarely found with jetty hair, eyes of soft blue; a large, but well-formed mouth, teeth like pearls, (well worn simile) with hands and feet as she said, always in the way. Her dress of pale-green cashmere was much too large for her; and though ruffled and puffed to the extreme of the fashion, was spotted here, and torn there; a lace ruffle over a plain tie completed her attire, and she cast a dissatisfied look at herself in the mirror, as she continued: “Carrie, just look at my dress; I have only worn it a month, and it is almost fit for the rag-bag. I have spent all but ten dollars of my allowance, and that won’t go far towards buying a new one. But, how did you manage to get that new suit, it is complete from head to foot? Ah, it was a present, was it not?”

Carrie Waring nestled down in one corner of the sofa, as she answered: “No! but listen, and I will tell you the secret of my new attire to-day. First, my dress which you admire so much, is made of two old ones: my blue dress, and mother’s gray one. I ripped, and ironed them, and with the aid of my sewing-machine made this suit in a short time, buying only the lining, braid and cotton. Then my basque which I am proud of, is made out of brother Asa’s broad-cloth coat, I ripped it to pieces, sponged and turned it, and now I have a handsome basque; the only expense being the pattern and buttons. My velvet vest which is so fashionable now, is made of Asa’s old vest, which he had thrown aside; and by raising the pile of the velvet with a hot iron, it is as good as new. I bought a tasty hat frame for a mere nothing, and mother gave me a piece of velvet to cover it with, the ribbon is new, but the plume is my old black one dyed blue. Now my lace frills; I purchased some net and lace, and with a little trouble made half a dozen ruffles for the price you would have to pay for one. Pieces of my vest, made the ruff, and I bought the bow. So you see how little it costs to dress well, if you wish to be economical, and are not afraid of the work. Now, Minnie what are you going to buy with the ten dollars you have left? Let us see if we cannot make that go as far as twenty ordinarily would.”

Minnie Waterbury who had listened to Carrie in open-eyed amazement answered dolefully: “I don’t know, Carrie, ten dollars won’t buy a dress, and if I get a new hat I will have to wear it with an old dress. Tell me what to buy, please, and I will do just as you say.”

“Don’t promise rashly,” Carrie laughed: “But I will tell you what you can do. Rip up that green dress you are wearing, and by getting five yards of black and mingling the two colors judiciously, you will have a new suit, and the cashmere will take five dollars. Then, with the remaining five dollars, you can buy velvet and trimmings for a new hat, the frame of which, will not cost much; lace and velvet for ruffles and frills: silk for a

stylish tie; and a pair of gloves, and then you are dressed completely. Out of your old black silk dress, you can make a handsome redingote, trimmed with lace and bugles, as I have yards to spare, which you are welcome to. Now, are you satisfied with my planning? Am I not economical?” smilingly asked Carrie, of Minnie, who answered: “You are a regular witch; while I am so stupid, I never would have thought of such a thing; but many thanks for your advice, and I will follow it. In exchange for the lace here is an embroidered set; collar, cuffs, and handkerchief. Now, do not refuse it, as I have more than I need, and a fair exchange is no robbery you know. Carrie dear, how true it is, that if people would calculate and plan more than they do, they might dress just as well, and with far less outlay of money, and I, for one, am always glad to hear of some new way to get along economically.”

OATMEAL FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Oatmeal contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. To make the hands soft and white one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with wheat bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country, confessed that she had a great deal of house work to do, and kept them white as any idler’s by wearing bran mittens every night. The paste and poultices for the face owe much of their efficacy to their moisture, which dissolves the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to become tender and delicate. Oatmeal and paste is as efficacious as anything, though less agreeable than the pastes made with the white of eggs, alum and rose-water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the eggs keep it sufficiently soft, and the rose-water perfumes the mixture and makes the curd not so hard.

COLORING WITH COCHINEAL.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to the query in the last HOUSEHOLD, I venture to send my recipe for coloring scarlet with cochineal. Required for one pound of goods, two ounces cochineal, two of muriate of tin and one of cream of tartar.

Heat three gallons of soft water in a brass kettle, when blood warm add the muriate of tin and cream of tartar, and one tablespoonful pulverized cochineal. Wet the goods in warm water and let them boil in the dye one hour, turning them often. Put the cochineal which remains, in warm water boil in that another hour and rinse in cold water.

H. T. NEWELL.

TO CLEAN LAST YEAR'S SILKS.

For the remaking of last year’s black silks may be recommended an excellent mode of cleaning. Rub each breadth carefully with a woolen cloth to get the dust from the surface, then sponge it all off with water in which one or two black kid gloves have been boiled, a quart of water for a pair of

gloves; iron while wet, with extremely hot irons, on the wrong side. For colored silks the same colored gloves to be boiled. For this purpose it is well to save old kid gloves of all colors.

Another mode tried with great success is the same process of rubbing off the dirt with a woolen rag, then mix an equal quantity of strong tea and vinegar, with which the silk is washed by rubbing it with a piece of flannel. It must be made very wet.

Smooth the silk carefully, folding it, and in about fifteen minutes iron it on the wrong side with very hot irons. This applies only to black silk, black ribbons, cravats, etc., but might be injurious to colors.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

The love of beauty and refinement belong to every true woman. She ought to desire, in moderation, pretty dresses, and delight in beautiful colors and graceful fabrics; she ought to take a certain, not too excessive, pride in herself, and be solicitous to have all belonging to her well-chosen and in good taste: to care for the perfect ordering of her house, and harmony and fitness of her furniture, the cleanliness of her surroundings, and good style of her arrangements: she ought not to like singularity, either of habit or appearance, or be able to stand out against a fashion when fashion has become custom: she ought to make herself conspicuous only by the perfection of her taste, by the grace and harmony of her dress, and unobtrusive good-breeding of her manners: she ought to set the seal of gentleness on every square inch of her life, and shed the radiance of her own beauty and refinement on every material object about her.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

OVER-DRESSED CHILDREN.

Over-dressed children are as attractive as organ men’s monkeys. At no time of life is simplicity of attire so beautiful as in childhood or youth.

To see a little woman with an immense breastpin, or a pair of enormous earrings, is simply absurd. Jewels should be worn only when genuine. Refinement in feeling requires refinement in dress. A lady of delicacy will be found ever delicately and modestly attired. Cheap silk has the meanest appearance of any cheap goods. Silk is a luxury, and should be of good quality.

HARMLESS HAIR RESTORATIVE.

The basis of all the best lotions for restoring hair is cantharides or ammonia. A solution of borax in camphor water is useful. It cleanses the roots of the hair, and acts very slightly as a stimulant; and thereby it will serve to promote the growth of hair. But one of the best stimulants we know of that has not hitherto been published, is this: Vinegar of Cantharides, 1 fluid ounce; Glycerine, 2 fluid ounces; Rose-water, 6 fluid ounces; mix well. Let the mixture stand for twenty-four hours, and filter.

—The *Utica Herald* declares that ladies wear their belt buckles behind to aggravate their female friends when they turn around to look after them as they pass.



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In a light willow cradle a century old,
A beautiful infant lay sleeping;
It's mother a nursery tale had just told,
And now o'er her infant was keeping
A tender watch as it slumbered in sleep,
A faithful guard did the mother keep.

She watched the dear child as it silently lay,
For a smile on its face was beaming,
And fancy's bright vision around her would play.
While her thoughts on the future were stealing,
And she whispered a prayer for protection and
guide,
On the sweet little infant that slept by her side.

"O most merciful Father, thy aid I implore,
Be my infant's protector, its heavenly guide;
In wisdom—in goodness give increase of store,
In the pure walks of life may it always abide;
And when the last tendrils of life shall be riven,
May its spirit ascend to the angels in heaven."

The sweet little prattler awoke with a smile,
As the prayer of its mother was ended;
And with bright rosy face, joy beaming the while,
He stretched forth his arms to be tended.
The mother in rapture, face beaming with joy,
In her arms fondly clasped her beautiful boy.

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

THE KINDERGARTEN, or the child's garden, is attracting more and more attention in this country. Although it has not yet been introduced in this state, there are several schools on the kindergarten system in Boston and vicinity, and their diffusion throughout the country is manifestly only a question of time. A compilation from a French work recently published gives the best idea of the beginning, development and results of the system that we have seen. This French writer, who got his information while a prisoner in Germany during the late war, assumes that Rousseau first struck out the idea upon which the kindergarten is based. His national vanity, perhaps, leads him to think with Lamartine, that when the Creator wishes to set the world on fire he kindles the blaze in the heart of a Frenchman. Rousseau is credited, however, with effecting a revolution in the notions of his day about education. His ideas made an impression upon Pestalozzi, the founder of modern teaching, who was born in Zurich in 1745. After studying languages, law, theology and literature, he entered a spinning factory, where he became acquainted with all the forms of destitution prevalent among the poor. He became their instructor and helper, and it is claimed that he was greatly stimulated in his work and ideas by reading Rousseau's "Emile." Agreeing with Montaigne that "a sound head is better than a full one," he thought this could be best secured by adhering to nature's process in the development of the intellectual faculties.

While Pestalozzi was laying the foundation of the new system, there was born at Oberweissbach, a village in a Thuringian forest, one who was destined to erect the superstructure. Froebel was the son of a Protestant minister who, throughout his early childhood, treated him with great severity, leaving him no liberty whatever. His mother dying, a maternal

uncle took charge of him and treated him in the kindest manner. The uncle and child often walked out together, and conversed about what they saw, the observations of the former always adding fresh information to that already acquired by the studious and grateful child. He was sensible of the contrast between the dull, dry and tedious lessons of his father and the interesting narrations of his kind old uncle. After a time Froebel was apprenticed to a forest keeper, who had a small stock of books, and these, with nature, in the midst of which the boy lived, were Froebel's sole instructors. He soon made acquaintance with the schoolmasters of the neighborhood, who had noticed his talents; through this acquaintanceship he was led to adopt their calling. He accordingly began his studies in Germany and afterwards went to Switzerland, where he encountered Pestalozzi, and formed a connection with this great reformer of popular schools.

The war of 1813 drew Froebel into the army. When this war was over he returned to his original purpose with still greater enthusiasm. He established at Keilhau, in Thuringia, a school for children of from two to seven years of age, bringing to bear on the theory of nature's process the experience of his own childhood. He called this school the "kindergarten," or child garden, for the reason, as he stated, that a child was a young plant and should be reared accordingly. At first he was pronounced crazy and an innovator; after some experience with his method the people finally praised him; official interference not only ceased during his lifetime, but the Government at last encouraged him. In short, Froebel lived to see kindergartens established throughout Germany—dying at the age of seventy, proud of having so happily realized his beneficent and modest aim.

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

Nothing, says M. Bourlouton, is more interesting than a visit to a German kindergarten. It consists of a large, well-ventilated structure, to which is always attached a garden planted with trees and flowers. The children occupy its various rooms according to age, the boys on one side, the girls on

the other; a child is admitted as soon as it can walk; they number all sizes from two to six years of age. Froebel was averse to sending children to regular schools before the age of seven. The children of the rich have kindergartens of their own, for which a charge of seven dollars a year is made, while the kindergartens for the poor are free excepting an average charge of one and a half cents per day for two meals supplied to them.

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

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

An hour of physical exercise always follows an hour of labor. Then comes singing which is learnt by ear; then marching about the floor, turning and winding as in a ballet; then sports in the garden with small spades, consisting of digging in the ground and building up or excavating tenements of all kinds. A part of the time is devoted to gymnastic exercises. The children are made to stretch their arms and fingers and stand on tiptoe, play soldier, and finally practice games devised by Froebel himself specially to exercise the organs of hearing, touch and sight. Many a time, says our author, the results have astonished me. On visiting a kindergarten of sixty pupils I have witnessed a sort of blindman's buff, in which every child in turn had to guess, by an exclamation, the name of the child who seized its hand. Not one in so large a crowd made a mistake.

These exercises develop, to a remarkable degree, perspicuity and thoughtfulness, while a love of labor under this form becomes seductive. The children are eager to get to a school where all is frolic; and every

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

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

A STRAWBERRY STORY.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"It is summer! it is summer! how beautiful it looks;
There is sunshine on the old gray hills, and sunshine on the brooks;
A singing bird on every bough, soft perfumes on the air,
A happy smile on each young lip, and gladness everywhere."

"And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
The wild-wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere."

"Oh! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers, and watch the opening buds;
Or seated in the deep cool shade at some tall ash tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit?"

—M. Howitt.

"Come away!
Where the fairy cup moss lies
With the wild wood strawberries,
Come away!"

—Hemans.

"Oh mother, mother!" said Alice and Bertha, "may we go strawberry-ing with Janette this afternoon? She says they are ripe, and she knows where all the best places are in the front field. It is so pleasant down there now. The grass is so green, and not too high. It is not too hot for there is a breeze this af-

ternoon, and if the sun is too bright we can be part of the time in the shade under the great elm tree. Janette is a big girl you know, mother, and she can take care of us. She is waiting, and we have run so fast to ask you. May we go mother?"

"Yes," said the mother with a pleasant smile.

And full of glee the children ran to get their baskets; when little sister Mary four years old called after them.

"Take Mamie! Mamie go too, to get storterbewies."

Little Mary was a dear little girl with beautiful grey eyes and long dark lashes, rosy cheeks, white high forehead and brown curling hair. She always liked to play with "the chinglers" as she called the older children, and they were fond of her, but to-day they did not want to wait for her.

"Mother," said Bertha, "Janette does not want Mamie to go with us, she walks so slow."

"I will walk fast. I want to go too," said Mamie.

Just then Janette came to the door. "Come," said she, "I cannot wait any longer. We must hurry or we shall not get enough for tea." So the children hurried off leaving little Mary in tears and the mother trying to comfort her. But as Alice went out, her heart felt very heavy. She thought of little sister's earnest pleading tones as she said "I want to go too." She could not feel happy when she knew little sister was unhappy.

She turned back quickly just as she was going out and said, "mother I will take care of Mamie. Please let her go."

"Very well," said the mother "here is your sunbonnet dear, let me tie it." "And here is your little tin cup," said Alice. "Take hold of my hand and run fast." And off the children scampered, in high glee down the road, through the great gate into the large field in front of the house.

Janette and Bertha were already some distance off, but before they were out of sight stopped to gather some ripe strawberries that they found by the way. While they were busy Alice and Mamie overtook them.

"Oh! Alice," said Bertha, "just see how many there are here. See I've found so many already." And she showed her basket to her sisters.

Janette was busy filling her basket and did not look up.

"I've found one, I've found one!" said little Mary, eagerly stooping to pick a luscious red strawberry that her bright little eyes had found nodding on its stalk, among the grass and green leaves. "See, see!"

"Yes," said Alice, "put it in your cup."

"Oh! see here!" said Mamie "two, free!"

"I see," said Alice, "but that is green, it is not good to eat; you must only pick the red ones, red like this."

"Oh Janette! Alice!" cried Bertha, "see how many there are here, do come quick." So they wandered on, gathering berries here and there, very busy and very happy, until by and by, Janette said, "Come children, it is time to go home, I have filled my dish. Come, it is almost tea-time." The other children had not nearly so many as Janette, but if it was tea-time they

knew they ought to go home, so they stopped picking, and began to follow Janette home, through the fields.

Little Mary could not walk very fast, and often wanted to stop to rest, or to "pick pitty white fowers," or more berries.

"I don't see what you wanted to bring her for," said Janette. "She is only a bother."

"No she isn't," said Alice and Bertha. "She wants to come and she likes to get berries as well as we do."

"Well I can't wait for her," said Janette. So Janette hurried home with her berries, and the little girls followed leading little Mary and entered the house not long after, with bright happy faces, just in time to have their berries put upon the tea-table.

To be sure they did not have so many as Janette, and Alice knew she would have had more if she had not taken little Mary. But she did not care for that. She was very glad she took her little sister with her, for little Mary had been so happy.

Dear children, did you know that it always makes us happy to be kind?

How proud and pleased little Mary was when she showed every one the few berries in her cup, and said "I picked them all myself," and Alice and Bertha were as happy as she.

The next summer little Mary was sick, and died. Oh! how they all missed her! Nobody thought then she was "only a bother." More than twenty-five years have passed since that summer afternoon, but whenever Alice thinks of it, even now, she says to herself, "I am so glad I waited for her."

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

Number Six.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

In the management of children it should be remembered that they are not only more helpless, but more fragile than the young of the lower orders of creation, suddenly introduced as they are, to a new condition of life, a new and peculiar mode of existence—an abrupt change. As such, these tender and endeared human flowers are entitled to all of the watch, care, prudence and attention which a fond mother—with impulses peculiar to her relation to the helpless ones might suggest—can possibly bestow. They will demand special protection against the abrupt changes of temperature, especially of our fitful climate,—avoiding both extremes of heat and cold, since it is difficult to decide from which of these extremes the more serious results may be experienced.

Prominent among the symptoms of diseases among infants—and second to those connected with wrong habits of feeding, such as colic and similar pains, resulting from some derangement of the organs of digestion—are those connected with the eyes and ears, more especially the former. Sore and inflamed eyes are by no means unusual among infants, especially during the first months of life. The causes of these difficulties are numerous, prominent among which are the state of the stomach, excessive light and carelessness in washing the face. But

few may be aware of the fact that there is an intimate sympathy between the condition of the organs of digestion and the eyes, a sympathy between the inner skin—or mucous membrane—and the outer, particularly that more especially resembling the former, as that of the lips, ears, eyes, &c. This is seen among older children in the sudden appearance of a rash on the surface after eating certain shell-fish and many other articles of food of a peculiar character—irritants, or difficult of digestion, or the appearance of a nettle rash, resulting often from the excessive use of acids. But in these frail infants, a very slight derangement of the stomach will ordinarily be indicated outwardly, the eyes often being the seat of the irritation. It is by no means strange, since the customs of most communities are so reckless, so at variance with the order of nature,—feeding infants with an utter disregard of order, system and appropriateness.

Again, it should be remembered that in the peculiar state of the infant's eyes, so unused to strong light and to light of any kind, the bright light of a lamp or the sun must of necessity prove too exciting to such eyes, too stimulating. But still more. A careless nurse or an ignorant mother—and wisdom does not always result from often being a mother—may heedlessly allow soap or other irritating substances to get into the eyes while washing the face, always proving a source of annoyance, if not of positive disease. This condition is often aggravated by the strange recklessness of these persons in the use of lotions, eye-washes, etc., of which they know nothing—often proving worse in their effects than the original difficulty.

The care of the head of the infant is often, if not generally, strangely at variance with common sense and acknowledged physiological principles, as seen in the custom of sitting near a stove, holding the child's head toward the stove, often so near as to make the little one positively uncomfortable. If an adult would be injured by such harsh treatment, it is evident that a frail child must suffer correspondingly. An important condition of health is that the head should be kept cool and the feet warm, yet this rule, based on good sense and established principles, is far too often reversed, inflicting the most fearful consequences, especially upon those little ones, who are unable to reason and unable to help themselves. With such an excess of heat in the head—attended by coldness in the feet—as indicated by a suffused redness of the face, an unusual supply of blood at the brain, with a decided movement and beating at the soft part at the skull on the top of the head, it is no matter of surprise that congestions of the brain, and kindred diseases are usual among this class. While this beating is observed, it is safe and judicious often to sponge the head with cool water, allowing it to evaporate without wiping, cooling the brain slowly and safely. It is scarcely possible to keep the feet too warm, while the head is seldom too cool, though extremes should always be avoided.

It is safe to regard these little ones as human beings, "subject to like passions" and liable to suffer from the

same causes with adults, differing from us principally in the special frailty of their nature. Let them be made comfortable, neither too cold nor too warm, neither starved nor over-fed, and neither too quiet nor too much exercised or excited. While so many are dying all around us, a large per cent. dying before reaching the age of five years, we may feel assured that something is wrong.

THE PUZZLER.

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

Answers to last month's Puzzler were first received from Miss E. A. Kinney, Coaticoke, P. Q.

ANSWERS:—1. Answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit. 2. Wagon.

3. Spring is coming! spring is coming
With her sunshine and her shower,
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bower;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field and blooms on tree
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.

4. Cow-herd. 5. Blunder-buss. 6. Plough-man.

6. M A R S 7. M E A N
A R E A E L L A
R E A M A L B I
S A M E N A I L

9. Judges vii. 5-7. 10. 1 Ch. xi. 13, 14. 11. 2 Kings xvi. 10. 12. Judges ix. 49. 13. 1 Sam. vi 18. 14. 2 Sam. xvii. 17-19. 15. Judges xvii. 1, 2, 16. 1 Sam. ix. 22-24. 17. 2 Kings xv. 1-5 18. Joshua xxi. 41. 19. 1 Sam. xxxi. 3, 4. 20. 2 Sam. xxiv. 12-14. 21. Judges iii. 31. 22. Jer. xxxviii. 6.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty-six letters

My 11, 30, 10, 11, 14, 36 is a root.

My 6, 4, 19, 5, 2 is a household utensil.

My 34, 16, 32, 33, 35, 27, 24, 21, 8 is part of a door.

My 17, 35, 27, 7 is what all housekeepers should be.

My 1, 9, 12, 3, 18, 23 is to keep silence.

My 29, 30, 28, 31, 20, 23 is what all like to be invited to.

My 32, 13, 20, 26, 22, 15 is what parents like.

My 25, is a consonant.

My whole may be found in the New Testament and what all housekeepers should learn.

ALICE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in bread but not in honey.

My 2nd is in corn but not in wheat.

My 3rd is in wheat but not in grain.

My 4th is in gave but not in grief.

My 5th is in new but not in old.

My 6th is in day but not in week.

My whole is an interesting study.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

3. A consonant; a drink; a country in Illinois; to do wrong; a consonant.

SQUARE WORD.

4. A month; a girl's name; a vegetable;

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

5. To be sick; a girl's name; to fall; a territory; a town in Michigan; a drink. The initials spell the name of a state, and the finals a town in that state.



SUMMER DINNERS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN this torrid spell of weather one is nearly driven out of his wits, his clothes and his habits, or ought to be, all except the first mentioned item, which it is desirable that one should hold on to, even in hot weather. But as to habits, ought they not to be changed? And is there anything that will bear changing to better advantage than the gross and meaty dinners which even if allowed in winter, should be banished from summer? The summer tables should be spread with fruits and vegetables, with a mere hint of meat, as it were a connecting link of memory with the past.

For example, to-day I shall dine upon potatoes, new beets, green peas, lettuce, for the main dishes, and mulberries, and raspberries for the dessert. Let us turn our attention to them in this order.

As to potatoes, we admit that as good can be had in the city as in the country. And yet there is a pleasure in digging your Early Rose, or King of Earlies, out of the ground, cool and moist, and without letting the sun look upon them, furnish your table from your own grounds. Beets, too should come from one's own ground. In market you get just what there happens to be on sale. But there is a great difference in kinds. The Early Bassano beet is the best, on the whole; small light-colored, and very sweet. The Boston market beet comes next; and then the Blood beet; long, round, turnip-shaped, and all the rest.

Tenderly boiled, (and the tops of early beets should not be cut close, or the sweetness will boil out; leave the tops about half length, and cut them clean after the boiling,) in salted water, buttered and peppered, beets will cast glances at you like love's young dream, and you will involuntarily sigh, "Come rest in this bosom my own sugar beet!"

But the peas are the grand feature! It is probable that few people ever tasted a pea. It is almost an unknown flavor. I do suppose that not one in ten thousand who fondly suppose that they are acquainted with peas, have the slightest conception of their nature, virtues, flavor, and deliciousness.

To begin with, one should have the right kind. Peas differ in flavor and quality almost as much as one kind of apple from another. For early, take Daniel O'Rourke; for the next, McLean's little gem, which needs no bushing; and for the large and main crop, the Champion of England. With these three peas one may defy the world, and be a happy man.

Peas, like radishes, pie-plants, turnips, etc., should not be allowed to loiter by the way after being planted. They contract bad habits. Let them have a good soil, and come forward at a good pace, like people going home from meeting, if you would have their best flavor.

Next they must be picked right. A pea is a dead corpse after a few hours. Peas picked over night for the next day should be thrown to the pigs. One might as well open a bottle of champagne a week beforehand. A stale pea is as much worse than a stale wine, as a good pea is better than the best wine that ever deluded a man. Pick your peas with the dew on. Don't let the sun touch them. Put them in a cool place, a cellar or ice house, till they are wanted for cooking. Shell them nimbly. By all the reverence which you have for your ancestors, do not wash them! Nay, they are clean already. They have lived a virgin life inside of the cloister pod, and water, until the moment of vegetable apotheosis, defiles them. Pick out any specks, if you will. But the less they are handled by your warm palm the better will it be. For the sake of having peas in their ideal glory, one must dine at midday. We do. At twelve of the clock.

But we anticipate. Now let them be put in the pot, just enough boiled water put to them to cover them, a little salt having been thrown in, and then leave them on the stove for twenty minutes—if very large twenty-five minutes—not a second longer. The finishing stroke now is put in the shape of some good butter, which will speedily dissolve, and become neither pea nor butter, but both, a mystic broth, in which the hidden are united.

Now with a cheerful heart seat yourself at the table, and rejoice that Nature ever invented the pea, and that she gave it to the temperate zone. With such a dish, who would sigh for green turtle steaks? Still less for the gross meat of the shambles? In hot summer days let all your meat grow upon roots, not upon hoofs. Summer meat fevers the blood, fills up the system with gross fluids, obfuscates the head, and stupefies the whole man! Meat in the winter, if you will; but for summer, fruits and vegetables!

P. S. After Dinner.—We forgot to mention the dessert, especially the mulberries. Not the insipid sweet mulberries which men think of when the name is mentioned, but Downing's Ever-bearing, whose fruit, after several year's trial, we prefer to strawberries or raspberries. When not suffered to become dead ripe, it has with its sweetness a genial acid which redeems it from the reproach of the other members of the mulberry family, who are a world too amiable. The fact is, it will not do, in this wicked world, to be too sweet. Even if one is obliged to put constraint upon his nature, and to stir up an artificial quality of smartness, it will give him a better chance among men.

As to the raspberries, you can take your choice. On the hill-top you may fill your basket with any of the following kinds:—Doolittle, Mammoth Cluster, Purple Cane, Seneca, Miami, all of which are black caps. Or, if you prefer reds, you can try Ellisdale, Kirtland, Davison's Thornless, Clarke, Philadelphia, Arnold's Red; or you may choose the golden colors, in which case here is the Canada Yellow, Arnold's Orange, and the Golden Cap; and if out of all these kinds you cannot find one to suit you, you can get over the fence and try your hand at

wild raspberries, which swarm along the old fences, and are a bounty for little birds and even for many of the smaller animals.—Ledger.

REGULAR EATING.

Half of all ordinary diseases would be banished from civilized life, and dyspepsia become almost unknown, if everybody would eat but thrice a day at regular times, and not an atom between meals, the intervals being not less than five hours, that being the time required to digest a full meal and pass it out of the stomach.

If a person eats between meals, the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested, until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal; just as, if water is boiling and ice is put in the whole ceases to boil until the ice has been melted and brought to the boiling point, and then the whole boils together.

But it is a law of nature that all food begins to decay, after exposure to heat and moisture for a certain time. If a meal is eaten, and in two hours another, the whole remains undigested for seven hours, before which time the rotting process commences, and the man has his stomach full of carrion—the very idea of which is horribly disgusting.

As, then, all the food in the stomach is in a state of fermentive decay, it becomes unfit for the purposes of nutrition and for making good pure blood. Small wonder is it that dyspeptics have such a variety of symptoms, and aches, and complaints in every part of the system, for there is not one drop of pure blood in the whole body; hence, the nerves, which feed on this impure and imperfect blood, are not properly nourished and, as a consequence, become diseased. They "complain;" they are hungry—and like a hungry man—are peevish, fretful, restless. We call it nervousness, and no one ever knew a dyspeptic who was not restless, fretful, sidgety, and essentially disagreeable, fitful and uncertain.

The stomach is made up of a number of muscles, all of which are brought into requisition in the process of digestion. But no muscle can work always. The busy heart is in a state of perfect repose for one-third of its time. The eye can wink twice in a second, but this could not be continued five minutes. The hands and feet must have rest, and so with the muscles of the stomach; they can only rest when there is no work for them to do—no food in the stomach to digest. Even at five hours' interval, and eating thrice a day, they are kept constantly at work from breakfast until the last meal is disposed of, usually ten o'clock at night. But multitudes eat heartily within an hour of bed time; thus, while the other portions of the body are at rest, the stomach is kept laboring until almost daylight, and made to begin again at breakfast time. No wonder is it that the stomach is worn out—has lost its power of action. Many girls become dyspeptic before they are out of their teens, in consequence of being about the house and nibbling at everything they lay their eyes on that is good to eat.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE DESSERT.

—A green-grocer—One who trusts.
—The smallest women look hopefully to hymen.

—An infant aged seventeen advertises "to be adopted—a comfortable home only required, and no salary."

—"I came near selling my boots the other day," said John to a friend. "How so?" "Well I had them half soled."

—A prisoner, when asked what trade he would like to learn, said: "If there be no objections I would like to be a sailor."

—A Sunday School scholar being asked what became of men who deceived their fellow-men, promptly exclaimed, "They go to Europe."

—A cautious Evansville reporter, in speaking of a man both of whose legs were cut off by a railroad train, says: "He will probably be a cripple for life."

—Titusville, Pa., girls have voted not to purchase any dry goods where the stores keep open in the evening. They think the clerks can find some better business, and more congenial.

—It occurred to a Danbury scholar, while writing a composition, last week, to make the remarkable statement that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."

—"Would you take the last cent a person has for a glass of soda-water?" asked a Kankakee youth. "Yes," responded the unthinking proprietor; whereupon hopeful pulled out the cent and got the drink.

—A down Easter believes there is nothing like advertising. He lost his pocket-book recently, advertised his loss in the local newspaper, and next morning went down into his own cellar and found it on the floor.

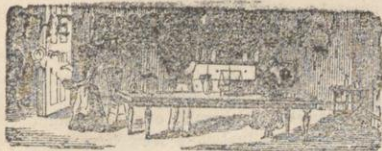
—"That's just the sort of umbrella that people appropriate—or in other words hook," said Smiggles to a companion, showing a very handsome silk parachute. "Yes," quietly remarked his companion, "I thought so when I saw you have it."

—John Randolph met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat. "Pass on."

—Two Milesians were standing at the Fairmount water-works, watching the big wheels splashing the water, when one of them remarked; "Mike, isn't this a quare country, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

—An ambitious young lady who was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

—Good talkers are becoming rare nowadays, but are occasionally to be met with. Of one whose conversation is very entertaining but rather disconnected, a witty lady once remarked, "Oh yes, he's very clever, but he talks like a book in which there are leaves occasionally missing."



STIMULANTS AND IRRITANTS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

ASIDE from our knowledge of the sad tendencies of our fallen nature, our strange and vitiated tastes, our inclinations to distort, abuse and reverse all of the tastes and impulses of our being, it would seem inexplicable that so many demand the excessive use of such articles as mustard, pepper, and their many combinations, more especially in the spring, sometimes as mere provocatives of the appetite and sometimes for ordinary relish. When these are used in the spring, as the winter appetite begins to flag—as it should on the approach of warm weather when less food is needed to sustain the heat of the body, their use is manifestly more absurd than at other times. The appetite will generally, if not always, demand all of the food really needed by the system, while all forcing is unnatural and cannot but be attended by unfavorable results. This demand is based on the exhaustion in cold weather of "respiratory food," when a large per cent. of our food goes to supply heat, keeping the body at about 98° Fah., and that exhausted by exercise or a wasting away of the body in its constant changes by such exercise mental and physical. Generally no other guide is necessary. To goad the appetite, therefore, to make it seem to ask for more than the circumstances require, is the height of folly and must be attended by unfavorable results. Such forcings such unreasonable demands on the organs of digestion, such overtaxing of their powers—worse treatment than our beasts of burden endure—cannot but depress, exhaust, and finally destroy their tone, producing dyspepsia, now so prevalent in some localities, a kind of king-like ailment, wide-spread and destructive of comfort and usefulness. The folly, therefore, of the use of such articles for this purpose, affording a supply of food not needed and that cannot be appropriated, is greater than that of supplying the larder with twice the amount of provisions needed, since in the former case there is not only waste but an absolute injury sustained.

Since these are produced in hot climates, it is reasonable to infer—if we admit the idea that the good Father has produced in all latitudes the products actually needed in those localities—that they are intended for such climates, and that they tend to reduce the temperature of the body. If this is true, their use with us in cold weather is absurd and must prove unfavorable. Their immediate effect is to goad, to excite immediate action, to stimulate, implying necessarily a depressed tone, a reduced activity after the reaction, which always follows stimulation. Indeed it is a well-established principle that all stimu-

lants must depress in their ultimate effects—must weaken if continued—action in the excess, and then reaction, an apparent, an artificial and superficial strength, and then weakness as the necessary result. I repeat, it is an acknowledged principle that stimulants naturally weaken as their ultimate result. The use, therefore, of such articles—medicines intended only for a temporary use—with radishes, artichokes, horse radish, and the whole range of these fiery articles, must tend to evil, derange the stomach, and finally depress the organs of digestion—the first steps toward dyspepsia, liver complaints, and general derangement of the bowels.

But it is asked, "Do we not sometimes need a better appetite in sickness?" That is wisely and kindly taken from us in certain forms of disease, as fevers, inflammation, etc., that we may not destroy ourselves when the heat of the body indicates fasting, when thirst takes the place of appetite, and when drinks are indicated as a means of cooling and moistening the parched mucus surfaces. All of these indications are the equivalent of a voice from heaven requiring fasting. When we can labor, which implies such a waste of the tissues that repairs are an absolute necessity, hunger is the legitimate result. Then we should reasonably heed these indications, satisfying such demands of nature while with the loss of appetite, indicative of the presence of a disease that demands fasting, we should not rebel or do violence to our nature.

Again, it is a well-known fact that most of these irritants, when applied to the skin, will blister or materially irritate and disorganize. It would seem reasonable that a similar result follows their contact with the mucus surfaces, the stomach, bowels, etc. Indeed, those who use them excessively are well known to have vitiated appetites, unsatisfied cravings, often an unconquerable desire for alcoholic stimulants, tobacco and similar articles, all indicative of a depraved state of the organs of digestion. The fact that we do not always feel this blistered state of the stomach is no evidence that it does not exist. St. Martin's stomach, as seen by Dr. Beaumont, was ulcerated, by the use of ardent spirits, before he knew of any difficulty, and so it may be with ours, on account of its comparative insensibility. If, with our abuse of that organ, its nerves were as sensitive as those of the eye, our lives would be unendurable.

It is reasonable to infer, therefore, that the use of these irritants necessarily goads and frets the organs of digestion, producing an unnatural excitement, demanding an unusual degree of activity, an overtaxing of all of the powers of the system, a wearing out of the human machine prematurely. They cannot give strength, and are not true nourishment. Their influence is to arouse the powers to an undue degree of activity in their unusual effort to expel a foreign substance, an enemy, from the body. Such an unnatural and forced activity must weaken, fatigue and depress, and finally destroy.

MEDICAL QUACKS.

The amount of money paid to medical quacks in this and other cities every year is much greater than is supposed, and the ingenious ways in which large sums are extorted from their frightened dupes should be better understood, not only by those who are in danger of becoming their victims, but by the officers of the law. We recently became cognizant of a case which, although flagrant and cruel to the last degree, is no worse than hundreds of others occurring every day in the dens of these thieves, scattered through some of the less frequented streets of the city.

A gentleman who had in his employ a young man of industrious habits and upright character, recently called upon us and stated that he feared the young man had fallen into the hands of a quack in the city, who was taking all his earnings, and endeavoring to fleece him of every dollar of his property. He had solicited the loan of \$700, which he confessed he desired to pay to a French doctor (!) who proposed to cure him of a dangerous disease. The gentleman desired us to aid him in attempts to save the victim from the clutches of the quacks, and, as he had been unable to influence him, proposed that we allow him an interview.

This we did, and learned that the young man really had no disease whatever; that, fancying that he was sick from reading the advertisements in a newspaper, he called upon the advertising doctor, who, after thumping his ribs and "sounding" him with a stethoscope, pronounced him "far gone" in consumption. He had already been taking his nostrums six months, paying large sums therefor; but at the last visit to the great French doctor he had discovered another disease, which he could not undertake to cure for less than \$1,000 cash in hand. As a special favor to him, however, he would cure the malady for \$700 in advance; and this sum he was endeavoring to raise by mortgaging his little property, and rendering himself almost penniless. The quack was very urgent, telling him that "death stared him in the face;" and if he did not raise the money at once, and commence with his medicines, it would soon be too late.

The young man, of fair intelligence, was completely deluded and thoroughly frightened by the artful quack, and it required much skill and effort to undeceive him. It is indeed strange that persons possessing a common school education can fall into such traps; and yet there are thousands bound hand and foot to these miserable advertising quacks, who, operating through their fears are extorting from them every dollar they possess. The sums taken are often very large, and the iniquity is of no mean proportion. To detect and punish these offenders is a difficult matter; but it does seem that some plan might be devised by which the cities and large towns should be rid of a class of imposters more dangerous and unsparing than midnight robbers.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

DEATH IN THE SIRUP-JUG.

Probably there are very few articles of daily consumption which are not adulterated in a more or less vile manner. One of the most scoundrelly impositions that unscrupulous rascals practice upon a long suffering public is the scandalous compound sold as sugar sirup. It is asserted that nearly fifty per cent. of the article sold under the seductive names of golden sirup, silver drops, etc., is a rank poison, formed by the action of sulphuric acid upon some of the substances containing the essential of wood fiber. The quantity of sulphuric acid used to form sugar by this process is so great that it cannot be thoroughly extracted from the product. It leaves enough to be dangerous even to the stomachs of robust men—excessively so to the more delicate organizations of children, who use far more of the article than grown persons.

Since public attention has been called to this rascality, many instances have come to light of mysterious sickness which disappeared on the use of this breakfast dainty being discontinued. Severe burning pains at the stomach, and racking headaches, are among the lighter symptoms of sirup poisoning. A case is mentioned where the cork in a keg of sirup sent for the use of a lumberman's camp was found to be nearly eaten away. Fancy a vile drug which will corrode cork, gnawing away at the coat of one's stomach. We will in future worry down our buckwheat cakes without the adventitious aid of sweetening, unless sufficient guarantees of the character of the article be furnished with it.

Fortunately, the detection of the pernicious stuff is easy. A small quantity of muriate or nitrate of baryta, mixed with water, makes a clear solution. If to this be added a small quantity of sulphuric acid, a white precipitate is formed, which is insoluble in water. Tannin also gives a black precipitate, unless the acid has been neutralized by albumen.

If any of our readers have reason for looking upon their matutinal sirup with suspicion, let them at once take a sample to a chemist and have it analyzed. If found to be dangerous, let the makers and retailers be prosecuted with the same vigor that wholesale murderers would meet with.—*Western Rural.*

—Quinine biscuit is the latest novelty to the medical pastry line. Each biscuit contains one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and the taste is so concealed that a hearty individual can put them down until the hair on the back of his head begins to curl, without knowing what he is taking. Next we shall have castor oil sponge cake and squill doughnuts.

—For cure for headache, put a handful of salt into a quart of water, add one ounce of spirits of hartshorn and half an ounce of camphorated spirits of wine. Put them quickly in a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirit. Soak a piece of rag with the mixture, and apply it to the head: wet the rag afresh as soon as it gets heated.



A PICTURE.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Within my room's serene seclusion,
Dwells evermore a pictured face,
Dream-haunted, like a rapt Carthusian,
With solemn eyes of tenderest grace,
Which seem to compass land and sea,
Yet never look on me.

Oh, eyes which gaze beyond and ever,
Yet never meet and answer mine,
What may your steadfast quest discover
On the horizon's hazy line?
What charm in yonder distance lies,
Oh, sad and wistful eyes.

Hopeful despite their depth of grieving,
Still patiently they watch afar,
As though awaiting or perceiving
The dawn of some unrisen star—
The star which often and again
My own have sought in vain.

Sometimes methinks its growing splendor
Brightens and glows on brow and cheek,—
The eyes grow luminous and tender,
The lips half tremble as to speak,
And all the face transfigured seems
By sweet prophetic dreams.

Ah, if when years have told their story,
Those dreams shall come divinely true,
That dim dawn bloom to sudden glory—
This face will shine as angels' do,—
These eyes, more dear than angels' be,
Will look—at last—on me!

—Scribner.

SKETCHING.

BY SARAH J. B. COLE.

THE delightful season of the year when tourists are beginning to plan the accustomed summer journey is now at hand, yet how few are prepared to enjoy the supremest bliss of travel. How very few of the many who will look upon nature in her sublimest and most fascinating form will be able properly to place them upon canvas or even paper. We believe it safe to aver that there is no earthly attainment so elevating, invigorating, and soul inspiring, as that of being able to study appreciatively, and copy accurately from the face of our great magnanimous mother earth.

American ladies are becoming the great tourists of the age, yet not one in a hundred is conscious of the loss she is sustaining in neglecting to add to her attainments the simple art of sketching from nature. Any person of ordinary ability and a fair amount of perseverance can acquire this art in a comparatively short time. "But," you say, "I had not the advantage when young and now I have no leisure." Ah! we know of ladies who have stolen the march of all their cares and made themselves proficient not only in sketching, but also in coloring.

Music in these days is fast becoming a mania, no lady being accomplished unless she play successfully one or two musical instruments. Not that I love sketching more do I love music less, and while my children learn music let them not neglect the more lasting attainments drawing and painting. Many a lady who has spent years in acquiring a musical education if asked to favor you with a song or

instrumental piece will at once inform you that she is entirely out of practice. Now what is the inference to be drawn from this? Just simply that very few married ladies can spare from their domestic duties the vast amount of time required to keep themselves familiar with this delightful but most easily forgotten of all sciences. Only a few days since we attended a large mixed party where there was not less than a dozen who had spent years at music, and yet of that large number only two young girls could be induced to touch the keys of the beautiful piano. The excuses urged were more amusing than satisfactory and only afforded another evidence that instead of compelling a little girl who has perhaps not the slightest love for music to spend from two to six hours per day for as many years or longer learning what she will forget entirely in one half the time, is a cruel and suicidal waste of early and precious years.

Not long ago we were in company with a lady of rare intelligence who after examining the paintings tastefully arranged upon the walls, remarked, "O! that I had been rightly instructed in my childhood. I had then as now a great love for art, and but little for music; yet I was kept to the latter for years, and now that I am unable to own an instrument I have forgotten it all and have not a thing to show for the long and incessant labor. Could I have been allowed my own inclinations I should now have pictures upon my walls made with my own hands, and be mistress of the most beautiful of all attainments, the art of sketching from nature." "Why not learn now?" we inquired. "Indeed, would it be possible at my years, and with all my cares?" "Never too old to learn" and "where there's a will there's a way." She made the attempt and is now in fair way to become a very tolerable artist.

SLANGY DERIVATIONS.

It is said that the use of slang is growing more and more a fashion and a habit with the English, and Mr. E. B. Taylor defends it entertainingly in Macmillan's, calling it "one of the feeders of what may be called standard language," and a genuine and influential branch of speech. He illustrates the curious way in which low words gradually become respectable. Thus, donkey, conundrum, fun, now unquestioned English, made their first appearance as slang, though how they came into existence there is no etymologist has proved for certain. From the wretches who make a trade of stealing children, polite society has adopted their cant word to *kidnap*—i. e., to *nab kids*. The verb to *knab* or *nab*, to *snatch*, is good provincial English, borrowed by the canting crew; but *kid* for child may possibly be a term of their own devising.

Not long since, to take another pair of examples, it was as "slangy" to speak of a *tie* as it is now to speak of a *choker*. It used to be a common habit of etymologists, when a word was troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it—to do, in

fact, with scientific pretension just what we have noticed the costermongers doing for colloquial purposes. One of these clever scholars (the great mistake of philologists lies in being too clever) was puzzled that a *Welsh rabbit* should mean a toast of cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of Welsh rare-bit. The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now the best edition of Webster's Dictionary gives it as "properly Welsh rare-bit." Now, the whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name rare-bit is a fiction, and Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describes in the same humorous way the special dish or product, or peculiarity of a particular district. For example: an Essex stile is a ditch, and an Essex lion a calf; a Field-lane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates, or Gourock hams, or Norfolk capons, are red herrings; Irish apricots, or Munster plums, are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps; and a Jerusalem pony is a donkey.—*New York Tribune*.

THE PYROPHONE.

Something entirely new is announced in the way of musical instruments. It is a Pyrophone. A pyrophone is a flame organ. Vibrating flames have long been known to science. Also that in a glass tube these can be made to rise and fall in union and emit sounds that are at times very sweet. This is the singing flame of the scientific lecturer.

A Mr. Kartner has been experimenting for two years, with the object of getting a musical scale, and has at last succeeded. His new musical instrument is described as possessing a tone very much like that of the human voice. It has three key boards, each key being in communication with a burner in a tube. On touching a key the burners are forced apart and the appropriate note is sounded; when the pressure is removed from the key the sound ceases.

THE REVIEWER.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; From the Earliest Period to the Present Day. By Evert A. and Geo. L. Duyckinck; Edited by date by M. Laird Simons. Published by T. Ellwood Zell.

The Cyclopaedia of American Literature was, at its commencement, committed to the editorial care of Evert A. Duyckinck, and the late George L. Duyckinck, and for two years exclusively occupied their attention. They were peculiarly qualified for this labor by their great familiarity with the authors of the day, and were heartily assisted in their investigations by the leading scholars of the country. The work was not restricted to professed authors, nor was it limited to writers born in America. The design of the Cyclopaedia is to bring together as far as possible, in one work convenient for perusal and reference, memorials and records of the writers of this country and their works, from the earliest period to the present day. There are numerous instances of this kind, not merely relating to authorship, but extending into the spheres of social and political life, which are to be sought for in literary biography, and particularly in the literary biography of America, where the use of the pen has been for the most part incidental to other pursuits. The history of the literature of the country contained in the pages of this work, is not only an exhibition of art and invention, of literature in its immediate and

philosophical sense, but is also a record of mental progress and cultivation, of facts and opinions, which derives one of its main interests from its historical value. It is the standard work in its special and attractive department. It contains graphic sketches of the lives and writings of over eight hundred of the most illustrious American Authors, accompanied by fitting extracts from the best of their works, and illustrated by numerous Portraits, Autographs, and other Engravings. In itself, it is a whole Library of American Belles-Lettres, adapted to the most refined home-circle. It caters, alike, to the taste of the scholar and the general reader. In no other work are so broadly and plainly set forth the greater and lesser landmarks of American Literature, whether of the past or of to-day. Its full, clear pages are a noble monument to the fruits of the life-toil of American Authors, creditable alike to its Editors and to its glorious theme. In presenting a revised edition of this classic work to the American Public, the Publisher has determined to make it worthy of general favor. At much cost and pains, the matter of the supplement has been incorporated into the general body of the work, thus avoiding the annoyance of several Indexes. The details of all the articles have been brought down to the date of publication (1873). In addition, the younger Authors, who have recently won a place in our literature, have been cordially welcomed to its pages. Copious extracts have been given from their best efforts, and numerous portraits added. The entire literary revision has been entrusted to M. Laird Simons, whose connection with various literary journals has given him peculiar facilities for a knowledge of cotemporary literature. This work will be issued by subscription in Fifty-two Semi-monthly Numbers, of 40 pages each, and at the price of Fifty cents a number. Should the work exceed the size estimated, all additional numbers over the fifty-two will be furnished to the subscriber without charge. For any information address the Publisher, T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia, or the General Agent, Horace King, Thompsonville, Conn.

ANTOINE, THE ITALIAN BOY. Boston: H. Hoyt.

This is a book of unusual interest, exceedingly thrilling, published also in England. It is the history of a mere lad, in high life, stolen away by a heartless gipsy and brought to this country and compelled to exhibit himself in the cities and villages of the west. It is stated by a recent paper that there are in this country seven thousand of these unfortunates, kidnapped at different times, leading a wandering life in the charge of the most cruel masters, living by their musical talents. This system of oppression and cruelty is vividly presented in this startling book, a book which will be had, sent free by mail, on the receipt of its price, \$1.50.

With the June number is commenced the forty-ninth volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Among the illustrated articles in this number are the first of a series of papers on Mexico, by Bishop Gilbert Haven; a second paper on Dr. Schweinfurth's wonderful explorations in Africa, treating of the Niam-Niams and the race of Pygmies; and a very entertaining description, by Charles G. Atkins, of the spawn-collecting and salmon-hatching enterprise conducted at Bucksport, Maine, under the auspices of the Fish Commission. The most beautiful feature of the number is a reproduction, with superb illustrations, of Drayton's "Nymphidia," originally published three years after Shakespeare's death. "The Prisoner"—also illustrated—is a poem of deep feeling and exquisite handling, by Zadel Barnes Buddington. A very interesting sketch, accompanied by a portrait of Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag," is contributed by James Grant Wilson. General George B. McClellan continues his series of papers on Army Organization, drawing especial attention to the Prussian General Staff Corps, and to the systems through which the armies of Europe are recruited. Eugene Lawrence, in "The Jews and their Persecutors," pays an eloquent tribute to this wonderful people, and recites the thrilling story of their persecutions. The chapter of gossip furnished in the "Recollections of an Old Stager" will prove novel and entertaining to all readers. Besides the two serial tales, short stories are contributed by Kate Hillard and Frances Hodgson Burnett. Poems also are given from the pens of Alfred H. Louis

Earnestly.

SECURITY. S. M.

EDWARD CLARK.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid farewell to ev-'ry fear; My wants are all supplied.
 2. To ev-er-fragrant meads, Where rich a-bun-dance flows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.
 3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re-store; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

TEMPLE. H. M.

E. CLARK.

1. Lord of the worlds above! How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are! To thine abode my heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God.
 2. Oh! happy souls who pray Where God appoints to hear; Oh! happy men who pay Their constant service there; They praise thee still, And happy they Who love the way To [Zion's hill].

EVENTIDE. 7s.

E. CLARK.

1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho-ly Sabbath day; Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads O'er the earth, as daylight fades; All things tell of calm re-pose, At the ho-ly Sab-bath's close.

ESTEY. 8s & 7s.

Mrs. EDWARD CLARK.

1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal; Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 2. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly, An-gels guards from thee surround us, We are safe, if thou art nigh.
 3. Tho' the night be dark and drea-ry, Darkness can-not hide from thee; Thou art he, who nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where thy peo-ple be.
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

VALHELLIA. C. M.

WILLIAM CLARK.

1. When bending o'er the brink of life, My trembling soul shall stand, Waiting to pass death's awful flood, Great God! at thy command, Great God! at thy command;
 2. When ev-'ry long-loved scene of life Stands ready to depart; When the last sigh that shakes the frame Shall rend the bursting heart, Shall rend the bursting heart;
 3. O thou great Source of joy supreme! Whose arm alone can save, Dispel the darkness that surrounds The entrance to the grave, The entrance to the grave.

and Rose Terry Cooke. The Easy Chair deals with the political career of Charles Sumner, and states the Wagnerian problem. The Literary, Scientific, and Historical Summaries are well sustained, and in the Editor's Drawer there are humorous poems by R. H. Stoddard and John Paul.

SCRIBNER'S FOR JUNE. "The South Carolina Problem" is discussed with fullness,

sharpness and apparent fairness, by Mr. Edward King, in the June number of SCRIBNER'S. This being one of "The Great South" series, the illustrations are, as usual, numerous, and deal with character as well as landscape and architecture. There are in this number six stories, or parts of stories, the authors being the now famous Saxo Holm (the beginning of a story in two installments),

Henry James, Jr., Rebecca Harding Davis, Adeline Trafton, Amalie La Forge, and Jules Verne. The second and concluding paper on Tennyson, by Stedman; an illustrated paper on "An Sable Chasm," the gate of the Adirondacks; a sketch, with portrait, of the poet Aldrich; an account of "An Elephant Hunt in Siam;" and poems by Colonel Higginson, Benjamin F. Taylor, Mary L. Ritter, Eliza-

beth Aken Allen and Martha P. Lowe complete the list of contributions. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about The Late Brooklyn Council. The Moral Power of Women, and A Good Fellow. The Old Cabinet has to do with Barbarism. There is a long and "timely" poem, "Diogenes in America" in Etchings, and there are book notices, scientific notes, etc., as usual.



BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

Be gentle, there are hours when he
By anxious care is tossed;
And shadows deep lie on his brow,
By business trials crossed.

Be gentle, 'tis for you he toils,
And thinks and strives to gain
Home comforts and home happiness—
Don't let him strive in vain.

Be gentle, though some hasty word
Should fall—it was not meant;
A smile, a kind word will recall,
And many more prevent.

Be gentle, oh 'twill soothe much care,
And make each burden light;
A gentle tone will smooth the brow,
And draw an answer bright.

Be gentle, though it may seem hard
To check an angry word;
Yet try and it will surely bring
A full and rich reward.

—The Happy Home.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

DEAR ELOISE:—Your letter with its charming appeal—perfumed by the flowers that are still life-like—lies before me. That I commence this reply is partly an answer to your loving, flattering request, that I write you from time to time not, as you naively, say “on any particular subject but as things come into your mind, for you cannot write amiss, whatever topic you choose.”

Thanks for your kind appreciation of my humble pen.

You confess you do not care for an expression of my opinion upon Darwinism, Evolution, Political Economy, the Arts or Sciences, for your husband's library is well filled, and can be referred to at any time, but you meant “hints on all that pertains to married life and housekeeping.” Ah! the secret is out. And you go on freely to say that the ordering and managing a household does not seem quite the smooth, easy, holiday affair you thought it while on your wedding tour.

I can imagine your fancy led you into a flowery future, where in a lovely morning dress, you dusted your rooms, fed the canaries, watered the plants, changed about the furniture, (a habit with all young wives,) then, later, in one of the pretty dresses from your trousseau, you were to sing and play for Lawrence, or while he read aloud to you, your fingers were busily fashioning something new to adorn yourself or parlors. Was it not so, Ellie?

Of course you could not see into the future, as you stood, white-robed and veiled, while upon your finger was placed the ring—a tiny circlet, yet whose meaning cannot be measured. Fair young friends surrounded you, and your husband cared not that all the world saw his pride and happiness. You do not find that Lawrence's love fails you, but he is “engaged in business,” often too engrossed to pay you those little attentions so dear to the heart of every woman; small in themselves but not in their results—added joy,

and content, and peace, with the strengthening of every purpose to be a loving, loyal, helpful wife.

You could not foresee that Lawrence should think best to remove from your pleasant rooms, where, taking your meals next door you had the pleasure of housekeeping, minus its cares. Now all is changed since you live in a country village, and are tried with your one maid of all work, who is ignorant, in many respects, often careless and wasteful. These changes do not overwhelm you. I see by your letter, you are still my bonnie, blithe little friend, anxious to know your duty, and to perform it, as every true woman should, no matter how great the difference between her flower-crowned wedding day, and a day when trials and troubles press hard and sore, and perfume and bloom have departed from life, as surely as from the wedding wreath.

But you are more fortunate than some women—and whatever of trouble or sorrows lies before you, as yet you have only care—that being new to you is irksome, and if any words of mine can help you I will not withhold them.

I think your small house with its pretty new furniture—modern and tasteful but not expensive, your flowers and vines, pictures and books, must make a lovely spot for the eyes to rest upon.

A house need not necessarily be large and costly, and expensively furnished, to represent a beautiful home life. I have found more real enjoyment, more genuine hospitality, and true refinement in a farm-house, than in a mansion with silver service on the table and other things to correspond. I need hardly say to you—let your house be orderly, even at the sacrifice of a few more dainty dishes on the table, and there must be system, or their will be confusion, disorder, and disagreeable scenes.

I once visited a friend an old school mate, who lived in a large town. The house was large enough—and it was well furnished. Mr. Russel was anxious his family should have everything to make them comfortable, but there was no system, and husband, children and friends all suffered from this defect. The meals were irregular, which was often a great annoyance. Soiled clothes were not all looked up and put in the wash. There was no regular day for ironing, and often the clothes were left over till another week, then there was time spent in search, inquiries were made, and often the clothes were hurriedly ironed, if needed immediately, or worn “rough dry.” Clothes were not mended as soon as aired, or as soon after as possible.

Not that the lady of the house had not time, or necessary help. She had only three children, and always kept two servants, but she perhaps had some piece of fancy work she was interested in, or she was embroidering and tucking, for she put a great deal of work in her children's clothes.

When guests left, the chambers were not put in immediate order, and this careless habit caused the hostess trouble and the next visitor often great discomfort. I arrived a day earlier than expected; Mrs. Russel hastened to put my room in order, but the next

morning I could find neither soap, nor face-cloth. The soap, I afterwards learned, had been taken by the children, whose wants in that direction had not been supplied.

I might go on and tell you of her own disorderly room, of nice dresses carelessly left on a chair to gather dust and wrinkles, instead of being hung upon a press, of the bureau, covered with ribbons, laces, medicine bottles, glasses and spoons, gloves, an apple, a magazine, letters, and various things at various times, all out of place. But my friend was not one who had “a place for everything, and everything in its place.”

I have known the horses to stand in the cold, and two or three people kept waiting nearly a half hour while a veil, or glove, or scarf was hunted for. When string or button came off, the apron or sacque or dress was pinned together; of course the cloth was soon torn and more time required to mend than to repair the loss at first. I know Gail Hamilton advocates the plan of letting the button remain off a while, for the greater pleasure and comfort when it is on again—but wise, and smart and talented as this lady is, I fear her plan if generally carried out would not be pleasant or comfortable for the family. This celebrated writer must have lived long enough to know that the masculine buttons must be attended to, or there will be “war.”

I spent some very pleasant hours with Mrs. Russel, but really every day somebody was made uncomfortable by this lack of system in every day duties. Sometime I will tell you of a different kind of a home.

My letter is already so long I cannot write upon the visit of your husband's mother and sister. I suspect they are “fussy” people, and such often cause as much discomfort as my friend Mrs. Russel. Of course there is a happy medium, and blest is that husband, and joyful the children, whose wife and mother walks in this serene middle path. Believe that I sympathize with you fully. E. B.

BAKING DAY.

BY GYPSEY TRAINER.

In my “Talk with Perplexity,” I said I would write next time about baking day, if Mr. Crowell would give me permission, and as he has very kindly done so, I avail myself of his courtesy to redeem my promise. This topic may seem a dry one, and it certainly does not possess the merit of novelty; nevertheless, I shall hope to say something in connection with it, that may profit a few, at least.

It is, perhaps, one of the most trying days of the whole week, as you are not only anxious to get your work done in season, but there are a hundred fears lest it will not be successful, unless you are so perfect in this department as to never expect a failure. Otherwise, you may find that your cake was not mixed quite hard enough, the oven was a trifle too hot, the pinch of salt was so easily forgotten, and while you were tending to one thing another suffered; then you get fretful and impatient and everything goes wrong. I do not expect

to tell you how to remedy this wholly, but hope to in part. It requires some brain-work, and housewives, in general, should think more. Farmers are every year striving to educate themselves for a higher and easier cultivation of the soil, and why should not farmers' wives and others, too, endeavor to put more mind and method into their work?

Of course, I shall not speak of any particular day of the week, as most people have more than one baking day, nor can I select the kinds of food to be cooked that will suit all, but let us suppose that your baking to-morrow is to consist of white and brown bread, cake and pies, and we will plan how it is to be done with the least trouble, and still be sure of the best success.

To-night you will mix the sponge for your white bread just before retiring, then in the morning it will be all ready to mould and form into loaves, which you can do while breakfast is cooking. After breakfast, mix your brown bread and set it to rise, then the dishes you have used thus far can be washed with the others, when your loaves of wheat bread are ready to go into the oven. You will now find a few minutes to attend to the numerous little things that are waiting to be done. Every cook delights in pastry and takes especial pride in cake-making, and now, that the plain part of your cooking is done, you will turn your attention to the ornamental, and make your cake as nice and tasteful as you please. When it is in the tin, the oven will be ready for it, together with the brown bread which is now risen sufficiently, if it was mixed with sour milk.

The heat of the oven will be just right for the bread until the cake is done, when it will bear more heat and the pies will require it. It is supposed that you have previously prepared whatever you intend to fill them with. If dried apple, you soaked them over night and stewed them while the other cooking was being done. Get your things all ready before you put your hands into the flour—spices, salt, butter, sugar, knife and fork, and anything else you will use—and then you will not find flour all over your knife basket, on the doors, and various other places. See, also, that your plates are ready.

A girl that once worked for us was four mortal hours making four immortal pies, and you may imagine that an attempt to eat them very much resembled trying to bite a pipe-stem. I presume they are in existence now, at any rate they were “fearfully and wonderfully made.” With what fascination I watched her as she rolled and rolled, spreading on a thin layer of lard, then a thick one of flour, squeezing it lovingly in her hands, then beginning the rolling process again, until my fear of starvation was overcome with pity for her elbows. Strangest of all, that woman still lives!

By making your crust neither too hard, nor too soft, it will roll out very easily. Put the crust on all the plates first, then fill as many as your oven will hold, covering them as rapidly as you are able, and proceed in the same way with the others. Some of the

helps that you will want are a swab to grease your plates, another to wet the edge of the crust, and a marker for the edge, all of which should be kept where you will know just where to find them. Before you set your flour tray away, sift it full, that it may be ready at a minute's warning. Do not leave your dishes for the dough to dry on, but wash them while it will take but half the time, or if you are obliged to set them away, fill them with water. I dare say you will be surprised at the short time you have been in doing this, and also, at the ease with which it has been accomplished, if you have been in the habit of taking your work as it comes, instead of making it come as you wish it.

I would not have you think that I expect any one to follow this formula literally; I have written thus plainly because I could more easily illustrate the difference between chance and system. As I may not talk with Perplexity and her sisters again, I will add a few hints that may not belong especially to my subject.

We may almost say that a minute saved is an hour gained, for if you neglect for a minute what claims your attention just now, an hour may be none too much to remedy the evil caused by delay. A little rent repaired while it is little, generally saves a large one, and often the entire garment.

Forgetfulness is the enemy of us all, and now and then, we find a treacherous memory has placed us in sore straits. It is very convenient to have a slate, or note book, to note down anything that is especially important, or that we are at all likely to forget. Then by referring to it each day, we can see if any duty has been omitted.

Above all, we must have our hearts in the work, not looking upon it as mere drudgery, to be got through with as soon as possible, no matter how. Trifles, you know, make up the whole of life, and who shall say that one trifle is greater than another, or that one serves her God better in thrilling hearts with sweet strains, or enchanting imagery, than another in patiently performing the prosaic duties of domestic life. It matters not what is our cross "if we only wear the crown."

CRUSHED WHEAT AS FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

As intellectual beings there is but one great and prominent consideration in the selection of our food, which is that we secure that which will afford us the most health, strength and vigor as a means of increasing our usefulness. A secondary thought relates to the gratification of the appetite, right of itself, provided no injury is sustained, no ill health is produced. The drunkard and the glutton may alike destroy health and abridge their usefulness by sensual gratifications, both do violence to nature, sin against the body by violating its laws—the laws of God—for which they must inevitably suffer.

Our body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," demands a three-fold

nourishment, sustenance for the muscles, or food rich in nitrogen, carbonaceous food, or that to sustain the warmth of the body, the animal heat, which must be kept at about 98° Fah. and the food for the brain and nerves, the phosphates. Wheat contains all of these elements, the first and second in large quantities, though the brain food is more abundant in fish, only a moderate supply in wheat.

It is important that this staple article should be prepared in the best possible manner, so as to retain all of its natural elements—first as the good Father intended—in the combination well calculated to promote health and consequent happiness. Nothing was created in vain; even the hull, so devoid of nourishment, utterly indigestible, still subserves an important purpose, that of a stimulant to digestion, beside adding to the general mass for distention. And just beneath this is the most important elements of nourishment of the whole kernel, the red fustion, that which sustains the bones and muscles and nerves, the iron, the "nitrates," and "phosphates," while the center contains but little save starch, a necessary constituent, manifestly intended for use in connection with the other constituents of the grain, to nourish the whole body—both to strengthen and warm. And here let it be remembered that this fuel, this starch is absolutely necessary, especially in cold climates—where it is found in unusual richness in the grains, far more in New England than at the South, on the average existing in about the ratio of four to one, as compared with the "nitrates" or the muscle food.

While the fine flour is manifestly robbed of most of the strength-producing constituents of the grain, the meal contains the whole. But, in cases of disease or of sluggishness of the stomach or bowels, or both, this often fails to secure a proper activity of the organs of digestion. Therefore, the great Dr. Warren, who introduced the wheat meal in 1821, calling it "dyspepsia meal," afterward found it necessary to recommend, in Boston at least, a still coarser article as "medicine food," the cracked wheat, to act still more as a stimulant to the sluggish organs of digestion. But this was not a perfect food, on account of its irregularities, some very coarse and hard, and some fine, so that it could not be cooked uniformly. Still another step in the same direction seemed to be needed that we might have the best form of the grain to meet all emergencies. This is secured at least at one establishment in this country—the "Atlantic Flour Mills," at Brooklyn, N. Y., an article known as "Smith's crushed white wheat," and sold by the grocers. By a new and improved process of preparation, in addition to the selection of the best quality of white wheat, a product is furnished peculiarly adapted to the use of invalids and children, though of course, it is a good, wholesome and palatable food for all classes. Rich in gluten, more mucilaginous than the cracked wheat, and more uniform in its texture, it seems to meet a special want for the sick, of a certain class, certainly, nourishing, easy of digestion, simple and unstimulating, peculiarly appropriate for that class of patients in whom a feverish or inflammatory tendency is manifest, yet furnishing all of the nourishment needed. It is so finely crushed that a simple pudding made of it may be safely and judiciously given among the first food for infants after being weaned, particularly to those suffering from constipation of the bowels. It has still another advantage for these children, in the bone materials contained in the outer coating of the hull, peculiarly appropriate during the time in which the permanent teeth are forming. The poverty of fine flour in this bone-food has long been felt to be the prominent cause of the defective teeth of the young of the present generation, who have had less than their ancestors of the good old brown bread and the coarser food of other days. Let it be distinctly understood that the bone materials are found, with the most nourishing part of the grain, just beneath the hull, in the darker part of the kernel, and that if this is thrown away or given to the cattle, as it too often is, the bony structure of our children suffer.

To those especially of weak digestion, it is particularly appropriate for the last meal, that alone, or, indeed, for the morning, if a single meal is desired, one easily assimilated and yet sufficiently nourishing for persons of sedentary habits. Indeed, it would be an improvement for all who retire within two hours after supper, to take a simple repast like this, if they would escape the tortures of frightful dreams and indigestion. But perhaps its crowning excellence is in its regulation of the stomach and bowels, by which the manifold evils of constipation, the cause of dyspepsia, according to Dr. Warren, are avoided.

LETTER TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I took up your welcome paper a few days ago, and read it through (as one may say) and enjoyed it hugely till I came to the letter of "Mrs. Conscientious," and there I found a paragraph, that must I say it, pleased me more than all the rest, for it reminded me of early days. I refer to that paragraph about that D. C. M., or as Petroleum Nasby would have it, Dreadful Chicago Man. Now Mr. Editor, I happen to live in the same neighborhood of that D. C. M. and know him thoroughly. We came from New England to the West together, many years ago, and I wish to say a word about him, in hopes of quieting the nerves of Mrs. C. so that she need have no fears of ghosts of porkers while on her long and dreary way to the post-office.

This D. C. M. is an old gray headed man and is engaged with the longest railroad in this country, and is as innocent as a lamb of any intention of frightening women and children with big figures, or apparitions of the extent of this western world.

I have the charity to think that in his old age he is forgetful, and does not remember of their ever having any pigs, and lambs, and calves, and chickens, and geese in New England when he lived there, and much more that they ever killed any of them, and if they had any timid women and

children in those days they must have shut them up in the house so they should not be frightened out of their wits at the sight of a slaughtered pig or biddy.

I have heard him speak of seeing children in that country; and he always spoke of their being bright, brave boys and girls, not easily frightened, and very anxious to know what was going on in the world, outside their own father's farm yards: but that was more than half a century ago—and things must have changed wonderfully since then.

Another thing he must have forgotten, and that is that the women only read THE HOUSEHOLD. I suppose he thought men, sometime, got hold of it; when the women went out on a "crusade;" and would look it over to find some item that did not treat entirely of Johnny cake, custard pie, and house-wife duties. He no doubt thought the "man of the house" would like to know what was going on in the great West, and how it was done, and so he told his story as simply as he could.

Now I can remember when he and I were boys, we thought it a grand sight to find a farm with a broad meadow on it; for where we lived there was not more than ten acres in a spot that was not hill or mountain, and the town had to select distant parts, to find room to have an old fashioned training on, the officers could not wheel a platoon of ten men on any part of the public domain, but since the war, things have changed some. The Vermont boys learned when on the battlefield to turn short corners, and that at short notice, and they were not afraid of a dead pig, or hen, or any other eatable flesh; nor were they afraid of dead men or live ones, if their record is true, and these same men were brought up in the same state and educated very much as Mrs. C. was, and I can't for my life see where the scare or fright at a simple story of home life comes in, in what T. I. M. said. There must be a screw loose somewhere.

I am sorry that D. C. M. is not at home to answer this thrust, but you will permit me to reply for him, as I think he would for himself. I know he would give Mrs. C. good advice about the children, for I heard him say once, that there were ten children in his father's family, and he was second in age, while there are only three in mine; so he must have had much experience with the ways of children as they grow up, and then if I remember rightly his father died when he was about seventeen, so he had much to do to help his mother bring up eight younger children. I know he could give good advice. But this I can say for myself; the limited education I was compelled to accept in those days, cramped my usefulness then, and I find it hard to get along with now.

Just as the hills and mountains cramp the farmer in his work, so the want of education cramps the expanding mind. When I go back to my native hills, it seems as though my elbows would hit on every side—the rivers look like brooks and the meadows like the lawns of a city nabob, after having lived in this Western country so

many years; and the mind and aspirations expand with the broad prairies, and when we speak of the way things are done here, we only tell what the New England people do when they get out from among the hills of New England, and get where the glorious sun can shine on them all day.

The vastness of the world enters into their minds and expands it, and they see things in a different light,—they think for themselves, and act for themselves, having broken the shackles of slavery that bound them to the past; and they drink in the freedom of the spirit as a man drinks water, and they grow accordingly.

When that D. C. M. returns, I will ask him to tell you about the beauties of this beautiful city and surrounding country, but I know him well enough to say he will not write for one sex or condition, but will try to enlighten every one, or interest at least, and till then say to our good sister C. to "let not her heart be troubled," the knowledge of the ways of the world are worth learning even at the hands of a dreadful man. More than one-half our education is obtained through the press—and we must let it have large liberties, or we shall be as ignorant as are the heathen.

I do not think the Editor of THE HOUSEHOLD will permit T. I. M. or any other man, to injure the people through his valuable paper, and what will interest one may not another. Begging pardon for occupying so much space to vindicate my friends, I remain, yours with respect,

J. O. E. for D. C. M.

Chicago, May 16, 1874.

A WORD FOR HOUSECLEANING DAYS.

You have wished no doubt, I have so often, if you do not understand painting "in oil" that you could do so. But there is one way of painting "in oil" that the most ordinary person can turn to account. It has more of utility than beauty in it, and yet not wholly lacking in the latter.

Redeem all your old pails and tubs from going to waste, by a fresh coat of paint. Every housekeeper ought to own a paint-brush, and know how to use it. Green is a very pretty color; then the same will do to paint your flower-pots. A few pennies worth will do, of green, then a pound or two of white lead, as it comes in sealed tin cans, in the shops and stores, a half pint of boiled oil, and a trifle of turpentine, carefully mixed, in some old dish, and a dress on that is too poor to be injured, and you are equipped for work. If you wish it "very shiny," add two or three tablespoonfuls of varnish. It saves the hoops from bursting off pails, as well as preserves the wood.

I first found out the value of this kind of "oil painting" on tin, several years ago. After having a large dish, pear-bottomed, which had so soon come to leaking that I was quite discouraged. I painted it all over the outside and it lasted nine years. Of course it must be kept off the stove, which can easily be done.

In moving, seven years ago, I stood doubtful for a few moments in packing, whether to throw away a tin

wash-dish that had come to mending or to move it. I was painting, I stopped up the hole with putty, thinking it not worth sending to the tin-shop for mending, and in a brief time had it painted, inside and out, a bright green. This was four years ago, and the same pretty green dish adorns my kitchen to-day; in constant use ever since. Tin slop-pails will pay well to have new bottoms put in, when worn, and re-paint.

Flag-bottomed chairs, before worn enough to wear off the flags, will well pay to paint (only the seats) with a light straw color. Purchase some staining-fluid for the wood part, but not spoil the whole by painting the whole chair straw color, as we have seen.

I have found this kind of work a very good investment, paying much better than seeing a lot of old tin pails and pans kicking around the premises, unsightly, and in everybody's way, having so often to be replaced with new ones.

MRS. JANE ELIZA FOOTE.

Castleton, Vt.

CATCHING RATS.

How shall we get rid of them? In the first place, says a contemporary, we must resolve to take time to do it and capture the whole lot; and to do this, no attempt must be made to capture single animals, since this will tend to make them suspicious, and will put them on their guard. Then provide a large box or barrel; place in it a quantity of old carpet, brush, etc. Bore a two inch hole in the side of the box, and leave it for some days. The rats will soon find it out, and frequent it. First a young one will go in and have a good feed, and come out all right: the old ones, seeing that he is not hurt, they, too, will go in, and in a short time every rat about the premises will frequent it.

When this occurs see that it is well supplied with food, and arrange over the hole a block having a corresponding aperture cut in it, but having also a series of wire stuck around the hole and pointing inward, just as they are arranged in the common wire trap. Every rat will go in as before, and not one can get out. Various methods may be adopted for killing them. If you are a sportsman, you can let them out one at a time, and shoot them or kill them with terriers. A few slips of sulphured paper thrust through the hole and burned is, however, a very simple plan, and will give them a very effectual quietus. We have known a case in which sixty-seven rats were caught at one time in a box arranged as described. In this instance the premises were effectually cleared of the vermin.

In this system the great agent is education. Let the animal be taught, during a period of several days, that there is no danger in the boxes, barrels or traps that we wish them to frequent, and they will rush in pell-mell, if they expect to procure food by the operation. Who has not seen rats attack corn, potatoes, bread, and other things, when covered up in a box and protected with considerable care? They will not only push covers aside and eat holes through boards, but they will seem to entirely ignore

the presence of wires, traps, and other et ceteras of the rat-catcher's art. So long as this feeling of security is not disturbed, just so long will the rats rush to the familiar spot; but once let one be caught, and his companions immediately take the alarm, and keep at a respectful distance.—*Selected.*

LITTLE HELPS.

Buy a good sized hand brush and keep it about your sink on purpose for cleaning vegetables. You will think your potatoes are not clean without its use after you have tried it. It is also the easiest possible way to clean your grater. Lay it in cold water or at least clean water, clean with the brush and rinse and dry. You will not be troubled with lint and threads on it. Of course you must always rinse the brush thoroughly and let it drain or dry to preserve the stiffness.

Keep always ready for use some fine sand-paper to clean the rust spots from the sink, the burnt streaks from the pie plates, the lamp tops, the rusty knitting or crochet needles, to smooth down the bottom of the porcelain kettles, or anything of the kind.

E. E. asks how to break the necks from glass bottles. I have read somewhere that the thread should be wet with turpentine and then set it on fire and the glass will separate easily under the thread. I have never tried it, and it may not be what she refers to, but I give it as I read it.

My husband, who likes all improvements and good ventilation, made a ventilator, as suggested in THE HOUSEHOLD, to place under the lower sash of the window, of a strip of board three inches wide, putting a hinge in the middle by which it can be made to fit closer at the ends, is more easily adjusted, and when not in use may be folded and laid upon the window seat. It is an excellent plan.

Wet the pie-crust with a little milk just before placing the pies in the oven, and they will be a nice brown color.

A CHEAP ICE PITCHER.

The following simple method of keeping ice water a long time in a common pitcher, is worth knowing: Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better), a layer of cotton batting about half an inch in thickness, fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stovepipe minus the rim. Place this over an ordinary pitcher filled with ice water, making it deep enough to rest on the table, so as to exclude the air, and you will be astonished at the length of time this ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice is melted.

—For cleaning glass a newspaper is one of the best articles in use. The chemical operation of some of the ingredients of printing ink gives a beautiful polish. Slightly moisten a piece of paper, roll it up and rub the glass; then take a dry, soft piece and repeat the process. No lint will remain, as is the case when cloth is used.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CARE OF SAUSAGE.—Perhaps there may be some (but I hope not many) of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to whom my plan of putting down sausage may be new, and it may seem out of season to bring it to view at this time, but an almost daily taste of that fresh luxury now late in the spring which was packed last fall, leads me to think it a pity for any one to be ignorant of it. Season to taste (I always use cayenne pepper for everything instead of black) then make the whole batch out in cakes as wanted for table use and fry it till done, keep a crock standing on the stove and fill in as you fry till nearly full, pouring in the gravy, I then carry to the cellar turn a plate over and put on a light weight let it stand till morning, then take off the weight and finish covering with hot lard, if the crock is well glazed it will keep good till harvest if kept in a cool place; if you try it once I think you will always fry in advance.

AN EXCELLENT TEA CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cold water, half a teaspoon of soda, mix stiff, roll thin, and bake crisp. A NORTHERNER.

APPLE PUDDING.—Place some nicely made apple sauce, an inch or two thick, in the bottom of the dish in which you wish to serve your pudding. Make some corn starch blanc mange, or boiled pudding, according to the rules given on the package, with or without eggs as fancy dictates; pour this over the apple-sauce and eat with hot or cold sauce. If eggs are used, the whites of them may be used for frosting, or jelly may be spread over the top or dropped in small bits over it to make it look nicer. It is quickly made and quite nice.

PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—Pare, quarter and core four or five apples, and place them in the bottom of the pudding dish; sprinkle over them four or five table spoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg, five pounded crackers, and pour in slowly a quart of sweet milk, add a small piece of butter, a little salt, and a few raisins scattered among the apples if you wish. Bake an hour in an oven quick enough to brown it nicely. It is good with or without sauce.

PORK APPLE PIES.—Make a deep pie the same as any pie of sliced apples, and cut a small slice of salt pork in small pieces and lay over the top of the apple, cover with crust or not as you wish. I usually cover them. Or it may be varied by using part m-classes, and a little clove and cinnamon for spice. A.

CORN BREAD.—In answer to Mrs. Ellen B.'s request for a recipe for light corn bread, such as our grandmothers made, I send my way which our grandmother (high authority in our house) says is better even than her mother's. Add to a quart of buttermilk, one half cup of yeast, set in a warm place over night. In the morning add one pint of dry bread crumbs, half a cup of sugar, two or three eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and corn meal enough to make a moderately stiff batter, and stir well. Instead of baking, I steam this loaf, having for the purpose a tin pudding form, or bucket, with a close fitting lid. Into this (well buttered) I pour the batter in the morning. After standing an hour or two and when perfectly light, I place the bucket in a pot of boiling water and steam it one and a half or two hours. You will then turn out a beautiful light brown loaf, delicious enough for the Empress of the Grangers, if there is such a dignitary. MRS. LOUISE V. BOYD.

Dublin, Ind.

LIGHT CORN BREAD.—I send Mrs. Ellen B. a recipe for light corn bread that is very good. Four quarts of corn meal, half a teaspoonful of sugar, one saucer of flour, with yeast, and enough warm water to mix. Bake one hour. Do not put to bake till light.

FOR TAN AND FRECKLES.—One ounce glycerine, one ounce liquid ammonia, four ounces rain water, mix and apply at night. LENA.

BLANC MANGE.—Mrs. H. J. H. in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD asks for a good recipe for blanc mange. I will

send mine which I think is good, and use it in preference to all others. To one quart of milk take three eggs and six tablespoonfuls of prepared cornstarch, beat the eggs well and stir in the milk, when near boiling add the cornstarch, previously dissolved in a part of the milk, stir constantly until it boils, then turn into a deep dish, to be eaten cold with sugar and cream, or sweeten while cooking and pour cream over when served. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.
E. E. P.
Coalburg, Ohio.

PLAIN CAKE WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—Three cups of flour, one and a half coffee cups of sugar, a tablespoonful of melted butter, nutmeg and seasoning to suit the taste, currants or raisins, two and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, water, or milk if you choose. Do not make very thick. Bake with a medium fire.

RAILROAD CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, and flavor to taste.

DINNER RELISH.—Spread a layer of canned tomatoes in a pudding dish, then one of onions, sliced thin, the next of buttered bread, and so on until the dish is full. Pepper and salt to your liking, add water enough to keep from burning, and bake slowly until done. If done right it will be a delicious dish.
SUNSHINE.

TO COLOR COCHINEAL.—One pound of yarn to one of cochineal, two ounces cream of tartar, two ounces muriate of tin; wet the yarn in clear water, pulverize the cochineal and sift, put in soft water, also the cream of tartar; when it begins to boil put in the muriate of tin, then the yarn, simmer one hour; air frequently, and rinse in clear water.
MRS. H. F. Y.

CEMENT.—*Editor of The Household.*—Mrs. M. A. C. asks for recipe for cement. If for glass and earthen ware, the white of an egg makes a transparent and durable cement; if for iron, the white of an egg and lime mixed makes a valuable cement, as fire or water make no impression upon it. It must be used immediately after mixing as it hardens quickly. Southerner will find it nice to fasten her lamp burners on with.

I would like to give the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD two recipes for cooking which I think they will like if they try them.

CORN CAKE.—Two cups of new milk, two cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt.

VINEGAR PIE.—One egg, one half cup of good vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of butter, the quantity of sugar depends upon the strength of the vinegar, spice with nutmeg or grated lemon peel, and bake slowly, as boiling it causes it to whey. Try it, it is nice.
MRS. L. E. T.

ICE CREAM CANDY.—*Editor Household.*—Will you permit me to answer A Subscriber's question in February number? Put three cups of sugar in an iron kettle, with little less than half a cup of vinegar, and one and one-half cups of water, butter the size of a hickory nut, do not stir the ingredients, but put over a hot fire, and boil until dropping a little into cold water it will be quite hard, add flavoring just as it is done, and pour (not dip) into buttered plates; when cool pull same as taffy. If you want taffy do not boil quite so long. The above recipe makes splendid chocolate candy by merely adding a cup of grated chocolate when you first put it on to boil. If you do not pull it, you have chocolate caramel. It is very nice when pulled.

TO COOK CRANBERRIES.—I send you my recipe for cooking cranberries, even if it is past the season. If the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD would only try it once, I think they would be willing to save it for future use. Take one quart of cranberries, look them over, and after breakfast put them in a crock or earthen dish, cover them with warm water—not hot enough to cook—throw in one tablespoonful of soda, set them on the back of the stove, where they will keep warm, and let them remain in this water two or three

hours, or until you are ready to attend to them. You can cook in any way you please, excepting it does not take so much sugar. I usually put my sugar in a stew pan with just enough water to dissolve it nicely, and when it boils up thick I dip my berries out of the soda water into the syrup, and let them simmer long enough to cook them, say ten or fifteen minutes.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two cups of graham flour, one cup of white flour, one-half cup of yeast, salt, one cup of water (warm) in which one-half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and one tablespoonful of molasses, stir with a spoon and let rise in the pan it is baked in.
MRS. E. M. W.

PIE CRUST.—*Mr. Crowell:*—Seeing the request of A. H. for a recipe for pie crust, will send her mine. One cup of lard and four cups of flour, using water to wet it.

Another good one is to take one cup of buttermilk, one cup of lard, four cups of flour, with just a little soda. Either recipe makes four pies.
J. R. H.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter two, eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, two-thirds cup of milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

ANNIE E. C.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I notice in the April number a request for a good cement for mending lamps. We have tried the plaster of Paris, but always with disappointment. We now use sulphur with perfect success. Fill the hollow part with the sulphur, and while it is melted with the hot iron, join the parts and set away to cool.
ADEL M.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have hitherto remained a silent reader of THE HOUSEHOLD; but with your permission I should like to become one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. Sunshine, I would consider it a great pleasure to correspond with you. I am a few years younger than yourself, but know how to sympathize with you, as I also have neither an intimate girl friend or a sister. As you have not given your address will you not write to me? My address is Pearl, Havana, Ill., box 189.

I would like to ask of the many writers of THE HOUSEHOLD, how many have a collection of wood? I should like them to give a description of theirs. I have commenced a collection of wood lately and have seventy-six specimens. I wish to get small specimens from all the different states, and would consider it a great favor to receive a few specimens from the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD. With best wishes for the success of "Our Paper," I remain your friend,
PEARL.
Havana, Ill.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir:*—Your very valuable paper has come to be a necessity with us, and we wonder how we were so long without it.

Will not some contributor give a recipe for oat-meal cakes? They are very nice eating, and excellent for invalids, as we know, from those we purchase in Chicago at a first class bakery, but they are expensive at a baker's and all families should know how to make them. Shall we not hear from some one on this matter?
H. C.
Oak Park, Ill.

Will some one in THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make yeast cake? Also potato cake?

If anyone will tell me a sure cure for chilblains or frosted feet, I will be very thankful, for we are not all members of one HOUSEHOLD?
SUNSHINE.

E. L. H. A. asks, in the February number, "How to clean zinc." I clean it by rubbing with kerosene.

Will some of your readers please answer the question in regard to keeping silver ware from tarnishing when not in use, and what to wrap it up in? and oblige,
MRS. A. C. B.
Hyannis Port, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your numerous readers tell us how to make cucumbers retain their green color when pickled?

I will send a recipe for hard times fruit cake. Two cups dried apple, soaked over night, chopped rather coarse, three cups of molasses, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, all kinds of spices, and flour as you would for cup cake. This will make two loaves.

Will some of your readers give us a recipe for old times Election Cake?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one please tell how to make a wax cross with log vine, and put on the frosty lustric I have seen on the nicest ones? and oblige,
S. E. R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—You do not know me, but I have known you two years, and I like you very much. You have recently asked how to make graham bread. As I used to make it better than most people, I will tell you how, but you must do it just as I say, or you would probably fail. And then I want you to understand that much depends upon the baking. The best made bread in the world often fails in the baking. It must be baked thoroughly through without being burnt. Have three pints of warm sweet milk, one teacup of fine wheat flour, one teacup of Indian meal, one teacup of good yeast, one teacup of molasses, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, mix these well together, then add as much graham flour as will easily stir in with a large spoon. Cover the pan and let it stand over night. In the morning stir again thoroughly for several minutes, and pour into two baking pans, brick shaped. Let it rise again, and bake one and one-half hours. Do this right and it is light, excellent bread, such as is a pleasure to eat. The flour should not be passed through a sieve, but whoever uses graham flour should have a tin strainer, a pumpkin strainer will do, this lets through the flour and most of the bran, but retains nails, sticks, etc., which are often found in coarse flour, and would be injurious if eaten.

I will give you also a very nice way of washing black or dark calico dresses, so as to prevent the colors running, and stripping. Spread an old cotton sheet upon the floor, if patched so much the better, and directly after wringing the dress from the rinsing water, lay it out on the sheet, and spread another old sheet over the dress, then roll all up tight together. Let it lay ten or fifteen minutes, then shake out and dry in the shade. The sheets absorb the water, so that the colors will not run or stripe.

A FRIEND AND READER.

Will some of the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to burnish up rusty crepe. I have a handsome veil that has become brown. I am afraid to dampen for fear of taking out the creases—would like an answer as early as possible.

My English ivy grows so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, can I do anything with it, or is it naturally of slow growth? My rose geraniums have such small light leaves on, do I give them too much light and water? I have a small but very fine daily rose in a pot, I take good care of it, when the green bugs get on it I wash it in weak ammonia water, but the leaves droop all the time and it does not look vigorous. Our calla has done well all winter, but I do not think the plan of the lady, who laid hers to rest on its side under a tree, would do in this dry Texas atmosphere, where the trees are not large enough to throw much shadow, and all vegetation parches up in the summer.

I have just read Ethel Gale's hints on house cleaning, and could not forbear a smile as I thought of how it was all lost on your female readers in this state, who know nothing about house cleaning as we northerners do, and very innocently inquire what one means when speaking of spring cleaning. They need a large delegation of live Yankee housekeepers imported into this state to teach them how to live, they have yet the rudiments of the art to learn.
FLORENCE SNOW.
Dallas, Texas.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a new subscriber to your most valuable paper, and have never been introduced to you, or your family of contributors, but I accept your invitation to send a few recipes which I see asked for and answer a few questions; not that I think them the best in the way, but I want to give a

little in return, where I receive so much every month.

A. A. F. and Minnie H. want to know how to make crust for tarts. Take of Horsford's bread preparation, one measure of each (as per directions accompanying) to a quart of flour, and rub lard or butter in same as usual and wet with cold water not very soft and do not knead it with the hands, but roll it without kneading and it is very moist and nice. Pie-crust made with the preparation is much nicer and does not require as much shortening as without, (so is more healthy.)

Some one wants to know where benzoin can be obtained. At any apothecary shop where they keep a large assortment of drugs. I obtained mine at Auburn, Maine, on Main St. Have used it a long time, not for freckles only, it is very nice to remove tan and sunburn, and I would advise every one going to the beach to procure it.

A sister asks for a recipe for blanc mange. One ounce of moss is sufficient for two quarts of milk; let it boil until it thickens, when you take some in a spoon and cool it, then strain it, flavor and salt it, and turn it into moulds and let stand till cold. It must be boiled by setting a tin pail with the milk and moss, into a larger kettle of water, then there is no danger of scorching; the tin must not rest on the bottom of the iron kettle, or it will scorch; cover both closely.

Silver should never be washed in soap.

Will some one tell me how to make a pretty hanging basket for a window?
L. A. F.
Wilton, Maine.

MR. CROWELL:—This is the first year that I have taken THE HOUSEHOLD. We are very much pleased with it, and look forward to its visits as an old friend. I would like to answer some of the questions in late numbers, they may be thankfully received by some one.

If B. will let the honey remain in the box as the bees put it, taking out only as she wishes to use it, it will prevent candying.

Here is my recipe for tart crust, which is very nice. Take five large cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of lard, (it is important that the shortening should be of a firm character for it is impossible to make good light flaky pastry with soft oily shortening,) mix well with the flour with a knife, add salt, and enough cold water to make in a stiff dough, touching with the hands as little as possible, after in a condition, roll out an inch thick, cut in quarters and lay on a plate and set in a cool place for two hours, then roll out, and be sure and do not take any more dough each time than is necessary for one crust, flour the board and roll, making it thinner in the middle than at the edges, which should be one-fourth of an inch thick.

Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to make conserves? and oblige,
E. M. H.
Zion, Cecil Co., Md.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will Josie Kean, or some other lady skilled in dyeing, please tell me how to color light hair a darker brown, nearly black? also how to curl it after it is dyed? The hair was cut off when I was a child.
BESS.

I see in your paper a request for something to drive away red ants. I found out by accident that to rub dry mustard on the shelves, especially along the edges next the walls, and let it remain, would drive them away.
M. M. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of your readers please inform me how to transfer pictures on to glass? Also, how to make mottoes worked on perforated card board with different colors of worsted? and oblige,
MRS. S. M. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one be so kind as to inform me through your columns how to can string beans or green corn, or both. Year before last I cooked them but little and in a few days they all fermented; last year I cooked them about an hour, with the same result.
A SUBSCRIBER.
Hyde Park, Mass.

In reply to "A Southerner's" request for the best oil for sewing machine, my experience is to use kerosene, I have used it constantly for the last nine or ten years, and my machine is always in good order, and no appearance of corroding.
A NORTHERNER.



HOW TO ENDURE.

Though my life is one of trouble—
Sorrow's clouds around me ride,
Yet I never trouble borrow,
Spending time in foolish sighs;
For this thought always cheers me,
While a sufferer here I roam—
Every day that hath its ending
Brings me one the nearer home.

Though with sickness oft afflicted,
Knowing hours and hours of pain—
Though by friends oft neglected,
Yet for this I ne'er complain.
For the time is swiftly hast'ning
When an end to this will come—
Every day that has its ending
Brings me one the nearer home.

And, since 'twas meant I should suffer
What I long and yet must bear,
'Tis folly in me to murmur
All the ills that flesh is heir to:
So I cease all my complaining,
Never here my fate bemoan,
Since I know a day is coming
When I'll reach a happy home.

—William H. Davis.

A COUNTRY EXPERIENCE.

BY MARIE A. BROWN.

SOPHIE WARREN was an only child. She enjoyed a monopoly of advantages, having no brothers or sisters to contest her rights or share her privileges, but then she had no playmates who were near and dear to her, and joy is but half a joy unless it is shared with those we love. She had toys and books and games, and everything she wanted to amuse her, and besides lived in a great city which afforded her every variety of sights and shows.

But the parks and promenades, the paved streets and the long rows of stores no longer suited her, she grew restless and dissatisfied—she was getting the "country fever."

She sat by herself at the window one day looking at the budding trees which skirted the side-walk, and she began to paint pictures of the country in her mind. Those who have a rich imagination can see scenes almost as real as if they were actually in the midst of them; so she saw in her fancy beautiful farm houses lying so easily on the mossy hillside, half sheltered by tall shrubs and trees and all clambered over with roguish vines which dropped their bells and blossoms on every window sill. There was a dazzlingly white fence with a pretty gate opening upon the gravel walk with its flower borders, and a tall dark hedge which kept the garden a secret from inquisitive eyes. Such an expanse of lawn, such broad low apple trees with seats around the trunk, such deep, cool shadows for the hot days! Then the little slope which led down to the foot of the garden to the creek, just the right depth for wading, with its little glancing fishes, — then the hill on the other side covered with violets and wild flowers growing in the clefts of the rocks, — the tumbings of the creek in little falls and its sly little pools glistening in the dark pebbly hollows. The berries growing wild in fabulous profu-

sion, the ferns and mosses, the queer little things which you have never seen before and don't know what they are, the treasures which you pick up at every step, the cool springs where you drink eagerly and dip your face and hands, and the exhilarating air which makes you feel as if you could fly, and suddenly goes through you as if you were a hollow tube and you exclaim: "I'm dreadful hungry!" Then a hasty scramble homeward, down the hill, over the stones which roll down faster still, by a short cut over the meadow, down by the barn and through the back door into the kitchen where dinner is all ready steaming on the table, and wondering eyes survey you from head to foot, and every body asks at once—"where have you been?"

And such a dinner! Imagination can hardly do justice to it. Everything good that ever was thought of, that ever grew, that ever was made;—chickens and eggs and thick rich cream, and mammoth loaves of bread, brown and white, with slices so big that it takes both hands to hold them, and so thick that the mouth must open to its full extent to take a bite, and butter that melts in the mouth, lovely little cakes all golden brown and crisp, great pies of custard and fruit and pumpkin which make one wish that dessert came first,—but the green vegetables reconcile one to the waiting.

And such a big-hearted matron at the head of the table, who seems as if she never could give you enough and keeps on filling your plate and fencing it in with rows of goodies. Such bright brown eyes as she has, and rosy cheeks and full smiling lips—a mouth which can never say no nor set the lips in refusal.

And after dinner the nap in the little snow-drop of a bed, from which you are awakened by little curly pates who steel in on tip-toe and promise mysteriously that they will show you a splendid place if you will come with them. And you know that you might stay there for months and there would be no end of the splendid places, that you could explore the whole country and make new discoveries every day—that there were any number of hills, and deep nooks where the sun never shone, and grottoes, and a cave, and a big cascade which you could hear ever so far off, and berry patches and frog ponds, and one place where the children never went "because there were snakes there."

"Sophie," cried her mother, "come here."

Down went the castle in the air, and Sophie found herself by the window looking out upon the dusty streets.

"Sophie, the door-bell rang, go to the door."

It was the post-man. Sophie brought the letter to her mother and while she was reading it, Sophie was resolving in her mind how to ask for what she wanted above all things—to be taken to the country.

She couched her request in very beseeching terms and represented in the most enthusiastic manner the delights which the country afforded and the dreadful sacrifice they were making by staying in the horrid city.

She was referred to her father. He was gruff, and dismissed the matter

as not to be thought of. Sophie, abashed but not discouraged, renewed the attack whenever he was in good humor, and with the peculiar tact and diplomacy which an only child possesses to perfection, she finally won his consent, which she accepted quite carelessly as a matter of course. Then they began to make ready, the mother and she, for the father could not leave his business. Sophie wanted to go to Pennsylvania, for she was persuaded that that state was the very bosom of plenty, a heaven upon earth.

They had happened to hear of a place where boarders were received in the summer. It was not exactly a farm-house,—it was a boarding-school in winter and a summer resort during vacation. Sophie did not like this so well; the school had a prosy sound,—but she was assured that a farm-house would be very lonely, and that here it would be lively, and as there was also land attached, and a garden and dairy, it was a farm to all intents and purposes, and society would make it all the more charming. The country was beautiful, the location unsurpassed, terms reasonable and every comfort guaranteed.

So it was all arranged, and one raw, chilly morning, very early, after a slight breakfast, they found themselves seated in the cars and rolling slowly away from the "quaker city." Sophie was glad to quit the streets and rows of houses—she was eager for the first grass and bit of water, if it were nothing better than a drain through some field. Soon the ground grew undulating, the train stepped along the ridges and spanned the gaps. She looked into the ravines for water and over the banks for flowers, but the train went so fast that she only saw dabs of violet and gold and white, so near as to be tantalizing. The train stopped every few minutes, and she examined the places, those wonderful country places—to see if they corresponded with her fancy. They fell rather short to be sure, but then these were not the place, and besides were only stations, the nice places were a good way from the depot.

After a long ride which began to grow tiresome, they stopped at a platform, and the conductor shouted—"Pleasantdale!" They were there. Now she would see!

They stood upon the platform and their trunk was dumped down beside them. It was noon, and there was a drowsy buzzing in the air, as if all nature had gone to sleep and was snoring faintly. A yellow sandy road wound up the hill which shut off the prospect in one direction, but there was nothing particular to be seen in any other, except the flat, irregular patches of different tints which were furrowed, or tilled, or planted, or growing their own special product. The trees were few, the sun hot. The country gave them a warm welcome, its inhabitants none at all. Of the rural population there were no specimens to be seen beyond an old man ploughing in a distant field, and a sun-burnt, bare-footed boy with a dilapidated straw hat on his head, who came down the road swinging a tin pail.

Sophie kept her eyes fixed on the road, for it was the road to paradise,

and along this high-way would come the carriage that was to conduct them thither. A horse's head appeared upon the brow of the hill and he began to descend it in that spirited manner peculiar to country horses;—he examined the road very carefully, raised his feet cautiously and set them down deliberately, while he pursued that singular backward gait that seemed to push the vehicle up the hill instead of drawing it forward.

Sophie held her breath. She was in an agony of impatience, intensified by a ravenous appetite and a burning curiosity to see the place. The driver was a young lad, who seemed to be sublimely indifferent to considerations of time or the object of his drive. The prudent steed gained the level without breaking any bones, rounded the curve gracefully and stopped at the platform.

The boy looked at them and inquired for Mrs. Warren, then asked them to get in,—they would send down again for the trunk. They climbed in at the front, stepped over the front seat and settled themselves in the back part of the vehicle. The sides were down, and they could see nothing but the yellow stretch of road and the side fences. A few blackberry bushes grew along the sandy banks and a cherry tree here and there bordered the road, but there was no shade, and the sun poured down its scorching rays. The horse sweated and poked—the boy answered indifferently the questions they put to him—"Many people?" "Yes, the house was pretty full this season,—they went down two or three times every evening when the train came in, they had several wagon loads of baggage. People had come to their place every summer for five or six years." "Why, did they like it so well?" "Yes, they felt at home, and it was quiet." "Was it much farther?" Sophie asked. "No, they were most there now."

And sure enough a village straggled into sight; they passed the blacksmith's, the grocery, which was also the post-office, turned a corner, the horse gave a knowing hitch and switched into a door-yard, and up to the porch in front of a red, sun-burnt house, with great, blank, staring windows like eyes with the lashes singed off. They got out—and stood for a moment, when Mrs. Franklin, their landlady, came out to meet them with a broom in her hand, and clad in the shabbiest of calico dresses. She greeted them kindly enough, and offered to show them to their room,—excusing her appearance, for she had lots of work and help was scarce.

They crossed a room which seemed very dark after the glare of the sunshine, and which was dingy enough with its rag carpet and stiff wooden settees, went up an enclosed stair-case with steep bare steps to the landing, at the head of which they entered a room which would have made a fair sized closet, and in which, with a reminder of the near approach of dinner, the landlady left them.

They looked at each other, locked the door, and surveyed their summer quarters. A narrow passage-way between the bed and the wall terminated in a washstand with a miscellaneous and battered toilet-set; the angle op-

posite was occupied by a very jaunty dressing table, draped in swiss muslin over rose color, but as space was precious, this luxury might have been dispensed with, especially as it did not incorporate a single element of utility. Between the two pieces of furniture there was a window looking into those opposite, in close proximity,—several curious eyes were furtively watching the new-comers already.

There they were. Their trunk had arrived and was brought in to diminish the space between the bed and wall; also to serve as a seat, for chairs were minus—there was no place to put them. That trunk, which had grown to be enormous, was like a huge wooden nail that pinned them to the spot. They resolved not to open it.

At this moment the dinner bell began to ring—commencing at the farthest extremity of the ground floor, it rang all along the passages, came up stairs and bestowed a special clang at each door and then rang down again. Discordant as it was, it was still an appetizer and Sophie brightened up at hearing it.

"I guess the dinner will be good," she said.

They went down and followed the clatter of dishes and the smell of the food to the dining hall. Mrs. Franklin met them and showed them to their seats at the upper end of a long low room with smoky walls and bare floor, in which the tables formed three sides of a hollow square. These were very narrow, and the coarse, brownish table-cloth failed to cover them; three-legged stools from the school-room formed the only seats, placed uncomfortable close together and requiring a most wonderful presence of mind in those that were accustomed to chairs with backs. But we must not forget that the country is calculated to develop Spartans, not Epicureans.

A double row of eyes were levelled upon our friends as they entered and took their seats. The glance was a compound of pity and malice; sorrow for their disappointment and gratified spite that others were caught as they had been.

They all sat and fidgetted impatiently with a greedy look—nibbling bits of bread and trying to hail the wild-looking, tattered, bare-footed wench, with flying hair, who were scud-ding around the tables with plates of eatables in their hands, tipping the contents in their mad haste. They were literally stormed with orders and looked scared half to death, replying to the repeated demands:—"in a minute, ma'am,—its all out, ma'am,—we haven't any to-day,"—and to the second request of some scamp of a boy who held his first plateful concealed in his lap—"why, I just brought you some of that." "No, you didn't," said the boy, and off she went to get it with a puzzled expression and an abstracted mind that made her forget a dozen orders on the way. The landlady walked around the tables keeping a sharp look out and helping the guests to those viands which were not intended to be helped the second time. She wore her drab calico, without any hoops; she had a square, angular figure and her clothes

hung straight down, as though fitted to a beam of wood. The proprietor, Rufus Franklin, was a little, brown, sinewy, dried-up specimen, with flesh like parchment well stretched over sharp bones, a pinched nose, red at the tip, and features that converged towards this promontory in little oblique wrinkles, precisely like a face formed out of a hickory nut, and the patches of red sunburn on each cheek completed the resemblance.

The boarders ate fast, the children bolted their food, good breeding was just on the very boundary of vulgar, rude habits; the amenities of the table were dispensed with, no one considered whether another was served.

Mrs. Franklin was now behind our friends asking in a weak voice: "will thee have a piece of ham?" She had a plate in her hand with a few of the cut slices, a fork stuck in one, just ready to damp it over their shoulders upon their plate.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Warren quickly, "we do not eat ham."

"Not eat ham, why what will thee eat—have a potato?"

"Yes, if you please," and a small yellow potato was dumped down for each.

They looked upon the country board. There was lettuce, cut up and floating in vinegar, mashed potato, full of lumps, with a pewter spoon stuck upright in the dish, gralham mush, thick, dark and gluey, baker's bread, and that was all,—no there was a small-sized pie at long intervals, with a crust that looked strong enough to defend the contents against any knife blade.

Now, Sophie was a dainty little body, and this dinner was more than she could manage,—eat she must, and yet she rebelled at every morsel. To make the matter worse, there was a boy opposite with great black eyes and a comical smile about the mouth, who honored her with a fixed regard. He never took his eyes off of her,—he seemed to enjoy her discomfiture, but yet, showed a friendly disposition by pushing a plate of ginger-snaps towards her.

As the meal was necessarily a short one, one of the ladies attempted to serve the pie. She braced herself, grasped the knife and fork firmly, felt gently with the blade for a soft place where the juice had penetrated and bore down upon the centre with a sort of sawing motion. The crust held bravely for several seconds, then broke with a crash and spattered the juice over the table-cloth and into the faces of the anxious spectators. There was a vast cavernous receptacle under the arch, and down at the bottom a shallow layer of sour cherries, one deep. The centre had given way, but the sides still held; it was quite an arduous undertaking to serve six pieces, but there was one saintly woman who always volunteered—"she had got her hand in," she said.

With appetites keenly whetted the Warrens left the table, the boy keeping close to Sophie, while his mother spoke to hers. The lady spoke low in an apologetic tone, said that they were used to it and that they made up deficiencies when they went to the city—that all the gentlemen brought up hampers of provisions

every Saturday night, and that was the way they got along.

The boy Silas disappeared, and by and by returned with several long strings of ripe blackberries, which he gave Sophie and watched her while she ate them. He asked her to go with him the next day to find some. "She didn't think she would be there to-morrow."

"Oh yes, you will," said he, "we all thought that the first day."

"But what makes you stay?"

"Oh, because we have to, there's no help for it, we can't get away unless we go back to the city, hunt up a new place and move out again,—and then we may get stuck the same way."

"Are there any pretty places around here?"

"Yes, kind of, there's the woods."

"Where?"

"Over there,"—pointing over his shoulder.

"Are there any flowers?"

"No, they're all gone."

"Is there any water?"

"No, not a bit for four miles."

While they were talking the rooms had cleared, the ladies had all disappeared and the children had gone off by themselves. It was the siesta—a blessed interval of forgetfulness, of which our travelers also availed themselves.

The bed was miserable—a few feathers beneath, some bunches of straw above, and the bits of pillows fitting into the back of the neck rather than supporting the head properly.

On going down to that luxurious apartment the sitting room, late in the afternoon, they found it a blushing, perfumed, fluttering human flower-bed; glistening silks, transparent, organdies, soft fleecy muslins, sparkling jewels, delicate laces and embroideries, bedecked the gay assemblage. Children in deep embroidered dresses and broad sashes, with gold bands and chains about their wrists and neck, walked back and forth in conscious vanity. Silas was resplendent in a spotless suit of white and a blue neck tie; everybody talked and chatted and appeared to be having a very pleasant time. Sophie felt ashamed in her sober traveling dress, for she had determined not to unpack her clothes, and she had not dreamed of anybody's dressing up in such an out of the way place.

She and her mother went out doors to look about. The exterior of the house was a counterpart to the unprepossessing interior; brick-paved paths led from one entrance to another, from the dwelling-house to the school-house; short-cropped grass, sere and yellow, covered the ground and was unrelieved by flower or shrub. A four-barred fence, unpainted, enclosed the domain, there were two or three stiff trees of scanty foliage, but not a vestige of fruit. Beyond the fence—the neighboring houses and the road; but beyond these was a very fair and pretty country, undulating and fertile, with little embossed farms to which distance lent enchantment, and occasional stately chestnuts and clustering groves.

They were recalled by the supper bell, a sound which thrilled unexpected emotions through Sophie's frame. She knew what it was to be hungry—

down-right hungry! They hastened in, for it was instinctively understood that being on hand was the first requisite to being served.

A glorious surprise awaited them. Fresh hot biscuits, peach sauce, cookies, and a glass of milk, restored the natural satisfaction, and with it good humor. It was not so bad after all.

The days passed, the few resorts were exhausted, the woods were scoured, but they were unattractive, full of mosquitoes and destitute of flowers, or ferns, or anything worth bringing away. The boys, being of a practical turn of mind, brought home wood turtles, the girls, more ideal, came home empty-handed, in default of finding anything that they liked.

The roads were so dusty that a walk was ruinous to shoes and skirts, it was always too wet to go out in the morning, too hot at noon, and too damp at night. The chief amusement of the day, the principal sensation that relieved the desperate monotony, was a visit to the postoffice every morning. The boarders started at the time, or a little earlier, in a solid column from the house, old and young together; they crowded into the grocery store and waited a good quarter of an hour at the counter, and returned—some provoked and empty handed, the others in earnest perusal of their open letters. That over, there were three good hours until dinner-time.

In the evening, just about dusk, the train arrived and the wagons sent down to meet it and bring up the new arrivals. Some walked down to see the cars and the people for a change, while those at the house ensconced themselves in the door-ways and porches to see who came and how many. The initiated waited for the novices—the wise ones were eager to greet the green ones and laugh at their chagrin. Load after load came up and alighted at the porch with the confused, pleasant expectations of city folks who had gained a rural retreat.

The new-comers—those who had not been there before—brought simply their trunks, a goodly number of them; those who had passed other seasons at this delightful summer resort, supplied themselves well with creature comforts. The larger families chartered an extra car for their freight, they brought half the contents of their homes: mattresses, pillows, bed and table linen, curtains and coverlids, rocking chairs, cribs, laundry accommodations, and great hampers and pails, boxes and baskets of provisions and eatables.

Those who were hungry after their journey were regaled on chip beef and weak tea, with the invariable cottage cheese. As it grew damp out-doors the boarders clustered in the sitting-room; some played cards by the light of a single tallow dip, some gossiped and scandalized the rest, while the irrepressible younger portion, nearly fifty boys and girls in all, went over to the school-room to dance to the music of a superannuated piano with a snarling tone, part nasal and part squeak, obstructed in its utterance by seven broken strings. The audible portion of the key-board kept

up an unremitting strain from six in the morning till eleven at night—executing everything from the forefinger medley of the little tot, to the frenzied gallop of the boarding-school miss, and the fantasia of the advanced pupil of the celebrated professor. The floor was rough and infrequently scrubbed; the dancers raised a dust that was absolutely stifling. About midnight the house relapsed into quiet, broken only by the screams of some uncomfortable baby.

And this was the programme day after day, week after week.

Mrs. Warren and Sophie dragged out almost a month there, and then, thoroughly cured of the country fever for that season at least, they went back to their own home and rejoiced with a new appreciation in the city comforts which they had proven were not attainable elsewhere,—the gas, the water, the bathing apparatus, the cool, high rooms, the cushioned chairs and rockers, and above all the delicious food, well-cooked and abundant, inspired in them an unbroken content with their own lot and a deep commiseration for those unhappy fugitives whom fashion and folly had driven from their homes.

STEPMOTHERS AND STEPCHILDREN.

BY E. D. K.

I am a first wife, and the mother of an impulsive and often wayward, yet generous-hearted and truthful little boy. My health is by no means robust, and I will not deny that the possibility sometimes suggests itself to me that my life will not be a long one. On such occasions, I naturally fall to thinking, What then? and I cannot but picture to myself a successor—another wife, and a stepmother to my child. Such is the ordinary sequence of events, when a man becomes a widower in early or middle life. Nor is it wicked, unnatural, or an insult to the dead, in a majority of instances. I will not believe that because a man marries a second time he therefore forgets his first love, or ignores the happiness and welfare of his children. On the contrary, it is often the very bitterness and desolation of his loss, the feeling of his own helplessness, and the longing of parental affection to supply in some measure the lack which his little ones so keenly suffer—the lack of motherly tenderness and care, guidance and counsel—the absence of that home atmosphere which only the woman who is wife can bring into any family, that influences the bereaved husband, since the dead can no longer minister in earthly things, to seek another who shall fill as best she may, the vacant place.

And the vacant place is no sinecure. When a man marries for the first time, he receives the congratulations of his friends, and his bride, secure in the affection of her husband, cares little for the transient criticisms upon her dress and personal appearance which curious or ill-natured lookers-on may utter or think. She "begins life" with him. She makes his home. With her children come new joys, binding them together yet more closely; and even the every-day vexations,

cares, perplexities, and sorrows, if borne sweetly and with the spirit of patience, forbearance, and charity, enhance mutual respect, strengthen mutual trust, and deepen and intensify mutual devotion. But a shadow falls upon the household, and the wife and mother is suddenly snatched away. Hearts ache, tears are shed, the last offices of love are tenderly performed, and the dead is laid to rest among the flowers. Who shall dare whisper anything but gentle and regretful words above the sod which covers her? What if, like other mortals, she had her weaknesses and faults? We cannot, we will not remember them, now. We bury them deeper than even her poor body. To us only the good lives, the true, the earnest, the self-sacrificing, the lovely.

Months pass, and meantime the daily needs and cares of the household compel attention, demand a guiding hand in place of that which has dropped nerveless, and ceased from toil forever. Shall the hand of a hireling take up the mother's duties? Shall one who has no interest in the moral welfare and no claim upon the affections of these little erratic, struggling souls, who is herself, perhaps, sordid, unprincipled, and scheming, or at best knows nothing of a mother's long suffering patience, shall such an one step into the mother's place and exact obedience with threats and harshness? Better, far better, that one should cross that threshold as wife than as mercenary housekeeper, for then has she a legitimate hold upon the children, and if she love the father and be a true woman, she cannot but have at least a longing to love his offspring, and be loved by them. I believe in women. I believe the majority of them are good and true at the core, and mean to do right. There are—to their honor be it said—fewer faithless wives than husbands, fewer heartless and cruel than conscientious and devoted stepmothers. I am indignant at the statute recently passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts giving the stepmother the power to collect wages of her husband for the care of his children by a former marriage. It is an insult to every woman in the state who out of love for the father has voluntarily assumed the weighty responsibility of becoming a mother to his orphaned little ones. It is virtually declaring that a man marries a second or third time simply to secure the services of a housekeeper, while at the same time she performs the offices of a wife, without receiving or expecting the wife's guerdon of unselfish love. Is it true, then, that a majority of the second and third wives in the state of Massachusetts, are such merely because they needed homes, or hungered for money, or wanted to change their maiden names? I will never believe it. I cry, shame on the men who framed and passed such a law! It is a humiliating personal confession rather than the protection it claims to be to the sex it so cruelly libels.

That there are unkind stepmothers nobody doubts, any more than that there are unfilial and rebellious stepchildren. But I contend that these are the exceptions, and not the rule—in the former case, especially; and

that of the many women called to succeed first wives in the care of the household and family, the most of them enter upon their obligations feeling the exceeding difficulty and delicacy of their task and longing to do their duty in the fear of God, and to the very best of their knowledge. Their position, however, as I have said, is no sinecure. There are relatives who bristle, and family friends who criticise, and gossips in plenty who watch for opportunities to carry bones. Then there are the children, who, it is needless to say, seldom, unless very young, welcome the new wife and mother, and indeed too often arm themselves at all points against her first advances of interest or affection; meeting her with sullen looks and covert if not expressed defiance. Tell me, if, in such a case, a stepmother is to be envied? And if subjected to misrepresentation and petty persecution and harsh judgment, taunt, invective, and organized opposition, on the part of those she most desires to love and benefit, her forbearance at length gives way, and she flees with her trouble to the husband who has promised to love, cherish, and protect her, and uphold her authority in the home over which he has besought her to preside, shall she be accused of setting the father against his children, and shall he be charged with unnatural cruelty and severity in enforcing the respect and obedience which is her right?

Let us be charitable. My own feeling is that stepmothers are more sinned against than sinning. When I see how children treat the mothers who bore them, with what utter disregard of their wishes, with what slights and insolence, and open disobedience, I can feel nothing but the most profound pity for the stepmothers who dare to succeed to their places, and assume the grievous burdens of a lot which only the most abject could envy. Poor victims! How often in their extremity they learn to find God nearer than mother or sister or husband, or any earthly friend!

But there is a word to be said also for the children. In a family where love has been the rule and discord the exception, the break which deprives the family circle of a mother's gentle presence is a calamity which cannot be measured, particularly if the sons and daughters are old enough to understand their loss. To such the advent of a stranger seems almost a sacrilege. The healed wounds open afresh at the sight of another occupying the vacant seat at table, beloved and tenderly cared for by the father as wife and mistress of his household. In the sharpness of this new grief, they are ready to think that he cares no longer for the dead; they resent the intrusion of one who, perhaps, cannot enter into their feeling, and carelessly handles books and ornaments which to them have all the sacredness of relics, and dismantles rooms which they would fain leave just as the dear dead hands arranged furniture and draperies months ago. O! stepmother who comest into such a family as this, tread softly in the sainted footsteps! Forget yourself, wholly! For a time, at least, think only of her who was wife and mother before you. You will not be the less happy for this tribute

to the memory of the dead, nor less dear to the heart of him who has chosen you to fill her place. Do not occupy the chamber which was hers. Fold about your shoulders no garment which she ever wore. Do not be in haste to take up the old carpets, or replace the worn-out furnishings with new. Let the old order of things continue till you have become in a measure identified with it, and grown into the gratitude if not the affection of the children. It is in such little ways as these that stepmothers come sometimes—yes often, to be mothers indeed.

And children—I am thinking of a may-be, and speaking to my own dear child—receive her who comes to you in the stead of your mother, if not with open arms, still with a determination to be tractable, obedient, and dutiful. Remember that her place in the family is not altogether a desirable one, and that you can help to make her burdens lighter and her heart happier, if you will. If you have ever regretted the hasty words, the reluctance to please, the want of respect, the willful disobedience which grieved your own mother, for her sake try to be to your new mother all that you was not but ought to have been to her. And do not doubt that she will know of it in the bright home where she has gone, and understand your penitence, and love you more, far more than she ever could have loved you while she was with you in the flesh. You cannot kiss her, or touch her hand any more, but you can touch her heart, still; for, though absent to your sight, she lives as truly as she ever did on earth, and it may be is your guardian angel, hovering near you, unseen, even now. For, if there be "ministering spirits," as the Bible says there are, what tenderer or dearer one could God choose for an orphaned child than the mother who loved him better than her own life, and perhaps gave that life for his with the drawing of his first breath?

PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Nineteen.

TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY.

"Yes, brother Hiram's wife allers thought their children better'n ourn. Jest as though their's was real chiney and ourn only common earthen ware;" and here Mrs. Root laughed a little malicious laugh, as though she had settled the matter for good.

"Why Aunt Hannah," said her visitor, "what has put such notions into your head; I never saw but they treated you and yours civilly,—quite as cordially as you do them I am sure."

"Treat us civilly! of course they do!" said Mrs. Root. "We're near relations and they couldn't do no other way, and I'm not going to be a mite more cordial than Hiram's wife is, I can tell you. But that don't make no odds about their feelin' that they are a leetle better than we plain folks at our house pretend to be. For if we aint nothin' but plain sort of folks, what's the use of tryin' and pretendin' to be anything else?"

But Hiram's wife," went on Mrs. Root, "thinks different. She wants

her children to talk nice, and walk nice, and eat nice, and, in fact, to be so particular, that when our children go there they don't feel a bit at home with their cousins, no more'n Hiram's children do here. You see she's brought 'em up to her sort of notions, till it comes sort of nateral to 'em, and she's got Hiram made over considerable too.

But I say what's the use of we country folks strainin' to come up to city ways, and then can't do it if we try? I tell 'em that we hard working people have got something to do besides studyin' manners, and takin' time to be so nice every day, right here at home among ourselves, as Hiram's wife tries to.

But there's one thing," went on Mrs. Hannah Root, "our girls have as good clothes, any day, as their's do, and they's as good scholars at school, if I do say it myself. And another thing, they don't pretend they are better than other folks around 'em, or strain themselves in trying to be what they can't." And here Mrs. Root shoved her glasses above the bridge of her nose, and saying, "it was time she went and put on her teakettle to git supper," left her visitor to think over the matter to herself.

And you, my readers, can all form an opinion for yourselves, something of what kind of a woman our friend was, by the bits of her conversation given in reference to "brother Hiram's family." Plain and home-spun, yet a capable woman in her way, but one who didn't believe in trying to be any better than you was, or than your neighbors around you. In fact, I think it would have been a matter of utter impossibility to have made Aunt Hannah into anything but what she was, certainly unless the matter had been taken in hand at an early day.

But because she was willing to go through the world in her home-spun way, was that any reason why she should frown on others who had more ambition for themselves, and for their families? And yet this is the very way that multitudes do; berating any attempt to better manners or better speech as folly, and as trying to be above their neighbors. And then, because their neighbors or friends, who do attempt to improve, cannot but see more plainly the lack of culture in others, they are set down as "getting above them," which is not so far from the truth after all.

But the question is, is it right, or is it wrong to try to improve upon our condition, and to lift ourselves, as far as possible, into a higher plane of life? Are good manners, correct speech, and a cultivated taste commendable, or are they not? Is there any virtue, of itself, in rough manners, in ungrammatical or uncouth speech, or in that content, which does not care for progression and growth as the world goes on?

I am talking candidly of these things because I know that very many—of our country friends especially—are not a little inclined to fall in with Aunt Hannah's views, and if they see your neighbors pushing ahead, and trying to help their children to advantages which they, in their younger days, were denied, it is called

"strainin'" and said to be unfitting them for their own station in life.

It is no such thing. There may be false ideas of "trying to be somebody," and false gentility, and all that; but this in no way makes the genuine the less to be desired. Because there are apes and dandies, it does not make the true gentleman the less a true man; and because there are coquettes, and fast young girls, and even idle, useless ladies among the most cultivated—or rather most fashionable classes—that does not make the true lady the less one, or serve to bring a discount upon real refinement, and pleasing manners and address of well-bred people. Perhaps it is because there are such shams, that Aunt Hannah is prejudiced against trying to be anything but plain folks, after all.

When Mrs. Root said that her children were as good scholars at school, as were her brother Hiram's, she only told the truth, for, as far as school-book knowledge went, they were quite equal to their cousins. But let a stranger go into the two families, and they would at once pronounce the family of Mr. Hiram Pickard better educated than the Roots. And this, because the home culture in the one family was so much superior to the other.

It was in a great measure owing to the fact that Mrs. Pickard, "brother Hiram's wife," instilled it into her children's minds that it was as well worth their while to try and "be somebody," as to come up just as it happens; and to thinking all efforts to self-improvement and to polite manners was useless for country boys and girls to attempt to become skilled in. It was the innate good breeding that considered it of importance to look, and speak, and appear to as good advantage as possible, at home and with one another, and thus it became more natural to do better when among strangers, and in company.

For instance, Anna Pickard and Julia Root, who were about of the same age, went together to visit some cousins in town. Julia was as good a scholar at school as Anna, and better looking, as far as mere perfect features were concerned, and was dressed, if anything, more expensively, yet with less taste than her cousin.

But when in a place of more pretension than their quiet country home, then it was that Anna's natural tact, good manners and more refined taste showed to her advantage. Instead of appearing home-spun, and feeling awkward, as did Julia, she could adapt herself to circumstances, while her good breeding gave her, as it were, an intuition of what was proper, which her cousin entirely lacked.

And here the manners of the two girls were noticable indeed, and so different, that even Julia felt it seriously and determined she would never go anywhere with a person again in whose company she felt so to disadvantage, and like an intruder among all the others. And yet she could not see where her deficiencies were, but knew it was in something, and knew also that her cousin's superiority came from learning at home to do her best, and then she was prepared to encounter the world. To be sure, these are

mere outside things, yet they go very far in helping one through the world.

It is because I wish to give a hint to some of the young people—and their parents too, perhaps—of this great HOUSEHOLD circle, that I have ventured to touch on this subject. I know there are those ready, like Aunt Hannah, to say this is all nonsense, and that rough, plain people are quite as good as others, in fact, they will try to prove that manners and correct speech are all affectation, and that if the heart is right no matter about the outside.

But girls and boys, without your pretending to be wiser than your parents, you know there is much in what is called the proprieties and refinements of life. And let me tell you also that true refinement springs from within, and is not mere outside show, as Aunt Hannah would have it. And is it not a duty to try to give pleasure in one's deportment, rather than to be outlandish and careless, as some are?

When Anna and Julia went to the city, Julia was twice as affected as was Anna, because there she felt a desire to do as her friends did, but her home education had left her without power to adapt herself to circumstances, and thus she must appear ill-at-ease with herself. So in trying to speak better than at home she made herself ridiculous, while Anna, who had been taught to do her best every day, did not affect to put on company manners abroad.

Girls and boys can, to a great extent, be their own teachers in these matters, if they only think it of importance to do so. There is no need of Julia Root murdering the king's English because her mother does—and she does not quite as badly—and yet her speech is far from being correct, and still farther from being well-chosen or approaching to elegance as Anna's does.

If it would not be considered impertinent, I would suggest to young mothers the importance of using their best endeavors to have their children learn, as far as possible, the proper way of behavior and manners from their cradles, and if one's own ways and conversation must be improved, cannot young parents take pains, not only for their own but their children's sake?

Is it not worth the attempt to have children stimulated, by precept and example, to try and "be somebody," and if circumstances do not favor one with the best of society to make that around us better by elevating ourselves? There is no good thing which is too good for every-day home use. And it is only by young people being trained to do their best at home, that they can be at ease among those who have been properly trained; and the earlier begun the more these things will become a part of nature to them.

KEEP UP FAMILY ATTACHMENTS.

One of the saddest things about a large family, who have lived happily together for years under the old roof-tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up, one by one, to years of maturity. It is often the case that, in the cares and

bustle of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, finally brothers and sisters will sometimes entirely lose sight of each other.

These kindred ties are much too sacred to be thus lightly severed. It takes such a little while to write a letter, and the expense is so trifling, that there can hardly be an excuse for the neglect.

A loving family circle, thus widely severed, adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each other's welfare. The two most remote, on the first of each month, write a part of a page on a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this sealed and forwarded to the family next in order. Some member of the household adds a little contribution, and sends it on to the next, and so on, till the circle is complete. Thus the family letter goes its rounds twelve times a year, and each one is kept well informed of the joys, sorrows, plans, and pursuits of the others. Family gatherings are frequent in such households, and the old home attachments never grow cold.

Sons in particular, away from home, are apt to grow neglectful of letter writing. Oh, if they knew how many heart-aches such neglect often causes to the loving breast that pillowed their tired heads in childhood, they would not be so thoughtless. If they knew the joy that a letter brought, and could see how its lightest words were dwelt over, and talked over by the fireside, they would not be so sparing of those messages.

Are not some of us sadly in arrears in this particular?—*Star in the West.*

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

There is not a thought that is not striking a blow; there is not an impulse that is not doing mason-work; there is not a passion thrust this way or that, that is not a workman's thrust. The imagination in all directions is building. You think that you are throwing out the net for game; you think that you are laying plans for your accomplishment; but behind all the conscious work that is going on in you, behind your visible attainments, there is another work going on.

There are as many master-workmen in you as there are separate faculties; and there are as many blows struck as there are separate acts of emotion or volition. Every single day these myriad forces are building, building, building. Here is a great structure going up point by point, story by story, although you are not conscious of it. It is a building of character. It is a building that must stand, and the word of inspiration warns you to take heed how you build it, to see to it that you have a foundation that shall endure; to make sure that you are building on it, not for the hour in which you live, but for that hour of revelation, when you shall be seen just as you are.

—He who betrays another's secret, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness at one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

Unparalleled Success

in the treatment of long continued or
CHRONIC DISEASES,

with evidences of

WONDERFUL CURES,

By **R. V. PIERCE,**

of the World's Dispensary, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Diseases of the Blood.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash or Erysipelas, Ringworms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores and Swellings.

"The blood is the life." This is as true as a mathematical or any other scientific proposition, and one that should influence every physician. From the blood we derive our strength and mental capabilities. When this source is corrupted the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. From our blood our systems are built up and kept in repair. The strength of our constitutions and our powers of endurance and the withstanding of disease-producing agencies with impunity, depend largely upon the condition in which our blood is kept. If it holds in suspension or solution vile fermenting poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon vital and important organs, as the brain, lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect of these poisons in the blood is, many times, most disastrous. Hence, it behoove every one to keep the blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and the more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year. When you purify your blood to cure Salt Rheum or any Erysipelas humor, you not only cure those diseases, but you put your system in such an improved condition that you are not so liable to any other disease. No matter what the external or exciting cause may be, the real or direct cause of a large proportion of all chronic or lingering diseases is bad blood. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as the varied forms of disease which depend upon the bad blood, a few of which I have enumerated at the head of this article, are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each minutely. For instance, medical authorities, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again, I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; but as all of these various-appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us.

The Liver is the great depurating, or blood-cleaning, organ of the system. Set this great "house-keeper" of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose my

Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets

are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great, eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence.

Enlarged glands, humors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents. The system being put under their influence for a few weeks, the skin becomes clear, smooth, soft,

and velvety, and, being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory.

The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. The cure of all these diseases, however, is with the use of these most potent agents only a matter of time.

I do not wish to place my Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor do I so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that I acknowledge it will not cure; but what I do claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. I do not recommend my Discovery for that disease, yet I know it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have a strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should, therefore, be discarded.

My Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of fluid extract of native plants, barks, and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery have brought to light.

Both Discovery and Pellets are sold by all first-class Druggists in all parts of the world.

Doctors Couldn't Help Him.

John A. Wilson, Esq., Melville, Morgan county, O., writes: When I was 12 or 13 years of age, I took what is called King's Evil or Scrofula, and by constant doctoring, it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I sent ten miles for the first bottle of your Discovery, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am 28 years old, and doctored with five doctors; not one of them helped me so much as one bottle of your Discovery. I am well and able to do a good day's work.

Salt Rheum and Eruptions Cured.

Mrs. A. W. Williams, Claverack, Columbia county, N. Y., writes: I had been afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form for a great many years, until I bought your Golden Medical Discovery, and took two bottles and a half, and was entirely cured. From my shoulders to my hands, I was entirely covered with eruptions, also on face and body. I was also afflicted with Rheumatism, so that I walked only with great difficulty, and that is entirely cured.

Hip-Joint Disease Cured.

J. M. Robinson, West Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872, writes: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1872, he writes this: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your great Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed, and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and is still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.

Thousands of Testimonials can be shown at the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., expressing the gratitude of those who have been cured by the Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, of all forms of Blood Diseases affecting the Skin, Throat, and Bones.

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS. . . . CONSUMPTION.

The great prevalence of this disease and its fatal results are well calculated to enlist our best efforts for its cure. What is Consumption? It is a disease of the lungs produced by an acrid and

impure condition of the blood, which, circulating through these most delicate organs, poisons and irritates their tissues and invites the scrofulous humors of the blood, causing the deposition of tubercles and establishing local scrofula. The old theory that it is a local inflammation, to be treated with tartar emetic, nauseating expectorants, and other debilitating agents, is a most cruel humbug.

Another prolific cause of the development of scrofulous disease of the lungs, or tubercular consumption, is Chronic Nasal Catarrh, which extending along the mucous lining membrane of the throat, trachea and bronchial tubes, finally attacks the substance of the lungs, and here establishes such an irritation as to invite the blood to deposit its burden of impurities in these organs. Consumption itself is not so often hereditary as is generally supposed. That a condition of low vitality may be transmitted from parents to children is unquestionably true. It is this deficiency of vitality which is inherited—a weakness which makes nutrition imperfect and leads to the deposit of tubercles. But thousands of persons who inherit feeble vitality would never suffer from Consumption if the functions of the system were kept correct and the blood pure. But when the stomach performs its office only partially and the food is but half digested, nothing is done to establish vitality and keep up the supply of good blood and nourish all the tissues of the system healthfully. And when the liver becomes torpid, and but very imperfectly pours off the effete, poisonous materials of the blood, the Lungs, as has before been shown, become irritated, the general health becomes broken down, and the person feels languid, weak, faint, drowsy, and confused. Pain in the right side, in the region of the liver, and sympathetic pain in the shoulders and spine and through the lungs is generally complained of. The patient has a dry, hacking cough—that Liver Cough! Small, minute tubercles are developed in the Lungs, and perhaps exist for months all unknown to their victim. Nothing is done to remove the tubercles by the ordinary treatment. Cough is only a symptom of the disease; yet this only is aimed at in the usual treatment.

There is no rational way to cure Consumption except to purify the blood and invigorate the digestive organs that they may manufacture healthy, rich blood. Those poisonous materials in the blood which cause the tubercles, must be thrown off by exciting the Liver to action. Vitality must be supported, the system nourished and built up, and the development of tubercles thus prevented. Remove the blood-poison by restoring the action of the Liver, and the cough, which is only a symptom of real disease, is relieved. You thereby strike at the root of incipient Consumption and cure the patient.

I have records of hundreds of cases of confirmed consumption, pronounced such by eminent physicians, that have been cured by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery, or with that and my Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sometimes also combining the use of Dr. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy, when the case was complicated with Catarrh. This statement will not seem extravagant even to the most intelligent physician, who knows the number of my patients and the rationality of my treatment. In fact I often treat physicians and members of their families for Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, entirely unknown to the personal friends and acquaintances of that physician. The truth being that most physicians do not profess to have any skill in curing those diseases, yet they are not willing to let the people know that I do cure them. They frequently employ my medicines in treating such cases, but don't let their patient know it. Consumption is, however, in general practice, much oftener cured than is generally supposed. I

have frequently remarked in the dissecting room the large number of cases where persons have died of other disease, yet their lungs, upon examination, showing unmistakable evidence of having, perhaps years before, been affected by tubercular Consumption. We have in the books records of hundreds of such cases that are well authenticated, and the idea that Consumption is never cured is but a popular fallacy.

Bleeding from the Lungs, Catarrh Bronchitis, Consumption.

A Wonderful Cure.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1874.

R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.
DEAR SIR: I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years, and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, 1872, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York city, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a very severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned from here but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days. In the September following I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My bronchial trouble remained, and the Catarrh was ten-fold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily, until about the 1st of March, 1873, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me any good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for some weeks. I felt much better, my appetite improved, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood, and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have no more hemorrhages from the lungs, and am entirely free from the Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands, knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied from my experience, that your medicine will master the worst forms of that odious disease, Catarrh, as well as throat and lung diseases. I have recommended them to very many, and shall ever speak in their praise. Graciously yours, WM. H. SPENCER.
P. O. Box No. 507, Rochester, N. Y.

MR. SPENCER is a gentleman very widely known, and, among those who know him, no one would pretend to question his statements, nor doubt his sound judgment.

His Testimony is Only a Fair Sample of Thousands of Others

received from those who have been cured of lingering Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, of severe diseases peculiar to Females, and many other forms of disease, by using my Family Medicines, after they had been pronounced incurable by eminent physicians.

Reduced to a Mere Skeleton Cured by Golden Medical Discovery.

Messrs. M. C. McMILLAN & SON, Druggists, of Latrobe, Penn., Jan. 10, 1874, write: We can truly say your medicines are becoming more popular in our community every day, and the demand is constantly increasing. One case in our neighborhood is worthy of mention. One of our customers, Mr. Simon Smith, has a child, which to all appearance was in the last stages of consumption and reduced to a mere skeleton. It had a terrible cough and wasting matter. Every one thought it out of the reach of medicine. They were induced to try your Golden Medical Discovery. The child is now as fat and hearty as any in the neighborhood. We understand that Mr. Smith intends writing to you and giving a description of the case in full.

Cured His Daughter of Consumption.

JNO. PARKER, Esq., Druggist of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., writes: Your medicines are spoken very highly of in these parts. A gentleman was telling me, a short time since, that your Medical Discovery cured his daughter of consumption, after they had given her up to die.

TO INVALID LADIES.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you, that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their minds never to take an-

other dose of medicine, nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging, we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their case would be deplorable indeed. But lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh irritating caustic treatment, and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription which has received the loudest praise, from thousands of your sex. Those languid tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs, that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps.

Treating the Wrong Disease.

Many times Women call upon their family physicians, one with Dyspepsia, another with Palpitation, another with trouble of the Breast, another with pain here, and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end but probably the worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is very strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty, and is largely prescribed among their Female Patients. It is worthy of all confidence, as may be seen from the following testimonials:

Dr. G. B. CHAPMAN, Plattsburgh, Neb., writes: I have under treatment a lady who, for the past seven years, has been afflicted, and, after trying several physicians without receiving benefit, is gaining rapidly on your Favorite Prescription.

ATLANTA, Ill., July 14, 1872.
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR: I have not words to express my gratitude to you for your advice and assistance in my case. There is not one who has used your medicines since they have been brought here, but that can say with me they have been greatly benefited. Since I have been so helped by its use, six or seven around me left off all doctors and other medicines, and now use it in their families, after being cured of the same disease as mine. You do not know what a wonder it created in our city, by its restoring my sister I wrote you about, for she had been under the care of three of our best doctors, but could not sit up but for a few minutes at one time. I begged of her to try your medicines, and before

she had used half the bottles she could go all around the yard, and has now just come home from a visit five miles away.

MRS. THOMAS McFARLAND.

From Ella A. Schaffer, Ind., Aug. 2, 1872.
Dr. PIERCE: I received the medicine you sent me, and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment I feel better than I have for three years.

Let the People Speak.

MANHATTAN, Kan., April 8, 1873.
R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR: Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles, and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in her past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in the stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant it to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many patent medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before. Very truly, yours,

GEO. B. WHITING.

Mrs. E. R. Daly, Metropolis, Ill., writes Jan. 9, 1873.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE: My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit.

Mary Ann Frisbie, Lehman, Pa., writes, May 29, 1872.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE: What I have taken of your medicines has been of more benefit to me than all others and hundreds of doctors' bills.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, 1873.
R. V. Pierce, M. D.:
DEAR SIR: Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement of my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under disadvantageous circumstances, having the supervision of the house, and during the season of "house-cleaning" I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully; lifting when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos."

—But, upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy, I find myself, after using less than one bottle, to be so much benefited that I have discontinued its use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terrible, and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources. At times it seemed almost impossible to stand, so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared. They were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have no return. All other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up-stairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving. But I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me. Very truly,

Mrs. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send two stamps for Dr. PIERCE's Treatise upon Chronic Diseases Peculiar to Woman.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION is sold by all Druggists.

Treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES a Specialty.

Without boasting, I can say that, probably, no other physician living is treating so many cases of Chronic Diseases as myself. Advertising largely, as I have for years in every part of America and several foreign countries, spending many hundred of thousands of dollars in this way, and making a specialty of the treatment of Chronic Disease, many thousands have thereby been led to consult me for relief. Although I advertise my family medicines, and sell them through druggists very largely, the sales amounting to over half a million dollars yearly, yet that is but part of my enterprise, the treatment of Chronic Diseases being an important and large branch of my business. The Family Medicines which I put up for sale are simply some favorite prescriptions and compounds of mine which my large experience in the practice of my profession has enabled me to discover, develop, perfect, and test, and the wonderful cures which they effect serve to call attention to and give the people confidence in me as a physician, and thus they have very largely increased my practice at the World's Dispensary. While the medicines recommended in the preceding articles are all most positive and efficacious, and have effected great cures, which many have looked upon as almost miracles, yet they must not be looked upon as by any means embracing the ultimatum or sum-total of my valuable medical resources for the cure of Chronic Diseases. Within the past few years some very important and wonderful new remedies have been discovered and tested in this institu-

tion. Among the most important is a series of positive specifics for

INDIGESTION OR DYSPEPSIA

by which we are now enabled to bring this terribly distressing complaint completely under control. Several hundreds of very bad cases have been completely and permanently cured. Most of these cases had been the rounds of Allopathic and Homœopathic treatment with little or no benefit.

A treatment of

PILES,

or Hemorrhoids, has also been perfected which seldom fails to cure in any case, however bad.

In the practice of my specialty during the past five years I have developed and tested, in the treatment of several thousand cases, a series of most positive remedies for

NERVOUS DEBILITY

and kindred diseases. No matter whether the patient be a young, middle-aged, or old man, nor whether the disease is the result of too much confinement, severe mental labor, or has arisen from excesses, abuses or indiscretions, these specifics are alike positive and certain in effect.

Some of the more prominent symptoms of these weaknesses and delicate diseases are: unmanly lassitude, confused understanding, weariness of life, irritable temper, blotches, and other cutaneous eruptions, absence of will power, fear of sudden misfortune, unfounded suspicions, feeble, staggering limbs, and body weakness in the back, night sweats, yellow, haggard and blanched complexion, derangement of sight, tremulous nerves, emaciated countenances, flaccid and feeble muscles, lack of self-confidence, inability to reason, calculate, or fix the mind upon a given subject, terrible anxieties, want of energy, and many other symptoms, where frequently physicians decide, through ignorance or carelessness, that the cause is altogether different from the real and true one. No case will manifest all these symptoms at one time and stage of the disease, but more or less of them are sure to be present. No other class of diseases is so common nor so poorly understood by physicians generally.

The remedies for these diseases, which I have perfected, impart tone and energy to the whole system, making the patient feel like a new being. To the prematurely old they are rejuvenating elixirs, fully restoring lost energy. These remedies, so positively certain in their effects, render these diseases more easily cured than almost any other class of chronic or lingering diseases. I now prescribe them with as perfect confidence in their supplying the exact wants of the mind's system, and effecting in due time a perfect cure, as I should feel in administering bread and beef to a starving man to satisfy his hunger. And why should I not have perfect confidence in them; since in thousands of cases treated by me, they have proven so uniformly successful? My treatise on Nervous Debility and kindred diseases will be sent to any address on receipt of two stamps.

In the treatment of

Diseases of the

KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

some very important and safe remedies have also been brought out which enable me to treat those diseases with unparalleled success.

Diplomas from Leading Universities and Medical Colleges.

hanging in my office, attest my thorough education in medicine and surgery, and an immense experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases with the development of new Remedies and modes of Cure, have enabled me to succeed in thousands of cases where others have failed. Most Chronic Diseases can be treated at a distance as if here in person, as my vast experience enables me to judge correctly from a written description of symptoms and answers to questions which I send as to the nature and extent of the disease under which the patient is laboring, and adapt medicines to cure in the least possible time. I have never seen one out of five hundred whom I have cured.

Some may suppose that I cannot obtain a sufficiently accurate idea of the condition of a sick person by correspondence to treat the case successfully. But a large experience in this practice proves the contrary, for some of the most remarkable cures that I have effected have been conducted through the medium of correspondence. In most long-continued cases the patient has thought over his symptoms hundreds of times. The location of every pain, the time at which he was most subject to it, whether acute or mild, constant or occasional, and under what circumstances he was subject to it, have been carefully noted. He has observed whether he had a rush of blood to the head, was feverish or chilly, whether troubled with cold hands and feet, whether full of blood or pale and bloodless, and he states these matters with accuracy and common sense when writing me; for he has a very good, if not a professional knowledge of the whole subject, and the importance of the symptoms. So in regard to digestion, he states whether food distresses him, whether troubled with acidity or wind in the stomach, what kind of food agrees with him. Whether his tongue is coated and bilious, or clean and healthy, and gives other particulars, too lengthy for me to enumerate, whereby I am enabled to get a perfect understanding of his case. If his history is not complete enough to enable me to get a perfect and unmis-

table understanding of his case, I ask him for answers to important questions, a list of which, made out in plain language, I send him. The people are far more intelligent in these matters than physicians generally are willing to admit. I wish to call attention to another very important argument in favor of consultation by letter. A patient is often confused while being personally examined by a physician. The sufferer frequently gives imperfect or wrong answers, or finds after the physician has left that he has failed to give one-half of the most important symptoms. This is not so in consulting a physician by letter. The patient, or an intelligent friend, carefully writes out the exact sufferings and feelings, with no embarrassment to interfere. He looks his letter over after he has written it, and sees if anything has been omitted or incorrectly stated. In this way I am frequently able to get a much better understanding of a case than if the patient were here in person, and I subject him to any amount of questioning and "cross-examination." In expressing the symptoms by letter, the patient is true to nature, and entirely confidential. The suffering, timid lady, and the nervous young man, speak just as they feel, and one great reason why I have succeeded so well in intricate and delicate diseases, when perhaps the family physician has utterly failed, has been because the confusion and timidity of the patient prevented that natural statement to the visiting physician, which was afterward given to me by letter. Many such letters are perfect photographs, as it were, of disease.

As bank tellers, and cashiers, who daily handle large quantities of currency, become very expert at detecting spurious money, rejecting it from among the genuine with only a glance at the engraving or a touch of the paper and never making a mistake, so the educated physician, with large practice and great familiarity with disease, can become equally skillful in detecting the nature and extent of any malady from a written description of symptoms.

Address all letters to

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,

World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The following extract is from an Editorial Article which appeared in the Buffalo News of May 2d, 1874:

A Mammoth Establishment and an Enterprising Proprietor.

It is hardly necessary for us to call attention to the whole page communication from Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of the World's Dispensary, which appears in this issue, as at least every invalid suffering from Chronic Disease must see and take a lively interest in the sound, common-sense ideas therein set forth, as well as in the indisputable evidences of wonderful cures that are given.

Buffalo has several business establishments of which she may justly feel proud, but few, if any indeed, that has acquired such world-wide fame and reputation as that of Dr. PIERCE's "The World's Dispensary." This establishment well merits its appellation. "The World's Dispensary," as it is, without doubt, the largest and most complete of its kind that can be found anywhere, and medicines are prepared within its walls that find a ready sale in every quarter of the globe. In fact the foreign trade forms no small part of the business.

A visitor to the shipping department, which is on the first floor, gives one a slight idea of the colossal proportions of the business there transacted. Here the visitor may see, as we did, huge piles of boxes being shipped to wholesale houses in every part of the land, also to foreign countries—even China and Japan contributing to the demand for these popular medicines. The Doctor has achieved this immense patronage and demand for his celebrated remedies by his great skill as a physician, the superior curative virtues of the remedies he had discovered, and his honorable dealings, his indomitable will and ceaseless industry. The cures that he has effected have often been wonderful, in fact almost miraculous, having frequently been effected, as he has shown us by ample evidence, after many eminent physicians in succession had failed. This success has had the effect to give him an immense practice at the World's Dispensary, so that, in a single month, he probably treats and cures more cases of inveterate Chronic Diseases than most physicians, in ordinary practice, treat in a whole life-time. His practice has become so large that he is obliged to employ four physicians to assist him in the examination and treatment of cases. And in the selection of his professional assistants he has spared no expense to secure men of thorough medical education, and who have been well skilled in the school of experience. Each devotes his whole time and attention to a specialty, while Dr. PIERCE, who has not only received degrees from at least two of the first Medical Colleges in the land, the evidence of which, in the shape of Diplomas, we noticed hanging in his office, but has also the advantage of an immense experience, is in constant consultation with them over the more difficult cases. Thus the patient has not only the benefit of Dr. PIERCE's large experience, but also that of a Council of Physicians, each skilled in his particular specialty. Besides these assistant physicians, in the dispensary department are also employed a short-hand reporter, to assist in correspondence and dispensing or drug clerks, each skilled in his business, that the Doctor's prescriptions may be compounded with the greatest care. Whoever has observed, as we have, the crowd of patients, almost constantly in the reception rooms at the World's Dispensary, and has heard the heartfelt expressions of gratitude and praise which they lavishly bestowed upon the honorable and worthy proprietor, cannot fail to agree with us that the diligent medical devotion, patient industry and unconquerable energy that have enabled Dr. PIERCE to achieve so much, have at the same time conferred a real blessing upon suffering humanity. We publish the above, not as a "paid puff," but as only a fair representation of one of the first business men of the land, whose fame is becoming world-renowned and whose enterprise contributes in no small degree to the prosperity of the city, giving employment to large numbers, and in other various ways promoting the general welfare of the people.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

There is no process in the arts so complex, no branch of industry so intricate as to be beyond the reach of the aid of science; none so unimportant, so humble as to be scorned by science. This handmaid, so to speak, bows in suppliance at man's feet and offers her aid in all of the departments of industry and in all of the schemes of progress. Yes, it comes to the aid of the sedate and plodding hen, allowing her more leisure for her appropriate worth of producing eggs, while the hatching is done with "dispatch and neatness," and with more certainty, yielding a larger per cent of chicks. It not only does this, but does the work just when it is needed. Hens, like human beings, love to have their own way, following their own impulses. If they wish to sit they are exceedingly persistent, and if otherwise, they heed no persuasion, no efforts at compulsion. The Incubator is under control, is perfectly passive. The temperature is as much under our control as that of our rooms, and indeed even more so, since the Incubator is made self-regulating, made to produce any desirable degree of warmth, and that continuous and uniform. The hen, on the contrary, is fitful and unreliable, sometimes remaining so long on her eggs as to raise the temperature too high, while at other times she absents herself so long that the eggs become cold and the chicks inevitably die, of course involving the loss of the eggs and the time of the hen. This is a matter of more importance than may at first appear, since the eggs of some of the pure-blooded fowls of the choice varieties are sometimes sold at \$15.00 or \$20.00 per dozen. The use of the Incubator, therefore, is especially desirable when the producer wishes to bring out an early brood, and when he does not care to run the risk of the destruction of a valuable lot of eggs by the fitfulness of his hens, since, of course, he may hatch them in his Incubator even in mid-winter and at times when his hens do not incline to sit.

Again, the fowl-fancier, if he owns the purest bloods, can scarcely afford to allow his most valuable birds to brood for three weeks and then care for her brood during twice that time, when she might be producing valuable eggs for most of that time, during which time she is worth to her owner more than one dollar per day. On the contrary, the Incubator quietly and silently performs this labor at a very much cheaper rate, hatching hundreds of eggs in the same time, while the chicks are consigned to the "Artificial mother," also warmed artificially and made to imitate the natural mother as nearly as possible. Facts prove that more eggs are hatched and more chicks saved and reared than by the usual methods by the hen.

The idea of artificial hatching is by no means a new one, though modern science and investigations have done much to perfect the machines, among which, that recently perfected by Mr. Graves of Boston is manifestly the best, or so considered by fowl-fanciers. The ancient Chinese and the inhabi-

tants of the Delta were familiar with artificial hatching, using "mamals" or hatching-ovens for this purpose, while the learned of other nations seized upon the same idea and made considerable progress in, if not improvements upon the method. The Chinese who lived in their boats on the canals and rivers hatched their eggs by bedding them in sand, laid in wooden boxes, placed on iron plates kept heated at a moderate temperature. The Egyptian method was adopted by Charles VIII as early as the close of the fifteenth century and later by Francis I.

The Egyptian proprietors of the ovens made an extensive business of hatching, taking eggs in large numbers from the peasants of the surrounding country hatching them for one-half of the products. These were laid on mats strowed with bran in a small oven four feet high, over which was a chamber with a vaulted roof, nine feet high, with a small opening at the top for the admission of light, the two connecting. The fire was at the top and the eggs below, first placed directly under the fire for twelve hours, then displaced by others, alternating for six days. On examination, the fertile eggs were still kept in the warmth for four days, after which they were removed and packed, receiving less care, in a temperature of about 88°, though in the first processes it was about 104°. They also hatched ducks eggs, (which required less care and exactness,) with a temperature of from 95° to 102°, straw baskets taking the place of the ovens.

The ancient Greeks were also familiar with this artificial incubation, as seen in some of their scientific works, and practiced it to some extent, making somewhat minute observations. These related mainly to the gradual development of the embryo—the changes and stages of growth from about twelve hours and onward.

In future papers it is proposed to give some of the more remarkable facts and stages in this almost miraculous process of incubation, as seen in the Incubator invented by Mr. Graves.

The Lassell Female Seminary, so long and favorably known commences its next year Sept. 24th, 1874. We commend it to our readers.

Low Priced Music Books.

ATTRACTIVE, USEFUL, AND VERY POPULAR.

CLARKE'S DOLLAR INSTRUCTORS,
FOR
REED ORGANS, PIANO & VIOLIN.

RIVER OF LIFE, 35 cts. Best Sabbath School Song Book.

CANTATA OF ESTHER. Dramatised. 50 cents. Immensely popular.

Father Kemp's Old Folks Tunes.
40 cents. Much enlarged. Sung everywhere.

RIVER OF LIFE, 35 cts. Best Sabbath School Song Book.

WINNER'S NEW SCHOOL for Piano, Cabinet Organ, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, accordion, Fife, Flute, Flageolet, Clarinet. Price of each Book, 75 cts.

RIVER OF LIFE, 35 cts. Best Book for Sabbath Schools.

WINNER'S BAND OF FOUR. \$1.00. 1st and 2d Violin, Cornet or Clarinet, and Bass. Sent post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.,
Boston. 71t 711 Br'dway, New York.

Any one going west can get some valuable information and reduced fares by writing to Asa C. Call, State Agent of Immigration, Algona, Iowa. 10t

The Reversible Body Perambulator is eminently worthy the attention of parents and those having the care of young children. Send for a catalogue giving full particulars with prices and styles.

Now that housecleaning is nicely over, thanks to the help of the American Peerless Soap, the thrifty housewife will have leisure to devote to the flower garden so that the grounds around the house may compare favorably with the bright and cheerful look within.

AN EXTENSIVE POPULARITY.—Each year finds "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have been proved reliable. Obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the worthless imitations that may be offered. Sold Everywhere.

EXTENSIVE ART-GALLERY.—Next to the Bible, no book is more useful than Webster's Dictionary. The Unabridged is an extensive art-gallery, containing over three thousand engravings, representing almost every animal, insect, reptile, implement, plant, etc., which we know anything about. It is a vast library, giving information on almost every mentionable subject. It indeed has been well remarked that it is the most remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—Household Advocate.

DR. SCHENCK'S STANDARD REMEDIES!—The standard remedies for all diseases of the lungs are SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEA-WEED TONIC, and SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, and if taken before the lungs are destroyed, a speedy cure is effected.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Schenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs; nature throws it off by an easy expectoration, for when the phlegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

To enable the Pulmonic Syrup to do this, Schenck's Mandrake Pills and Schenck's Sea-weed Tonic must be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver. Schenck's Mandrake Pills act on the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved.

Schenck's Sea-weed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative; the alkali of which it is composed mixes with the food, and prevents souring. It assists the digestion, by toning up the stomach to a healthy condition, so that the food and Pulmonic Syrup will make good blood; then the lungs heal, and the patient will surely get well if care is taken to prevent fresh cold.

Dr. Schenck can be consulted at the Quincy House, Boston, on Wednesday, March 25th, April 8th and 22nd, May 13th and 27th.

Advice will be given free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer, the charge is \$5.00.

Schenck's Medicines are sold by all Druggists throughout the country.

Schenck's Almanac can be had of all Druggists, free. 4-12

GREAT SPRING TONIC

HEGEMAN'S
Cordial Elixir of Calisaya Bark,
A pleasant Cordial which strengthens and improves the Digestion; an excellent preventive of Fevers, Fever and Ague, &c., and a great Renovator and Tonic for Invalids and debilitated persons. Hegeman & Co., New York, Sole Manufacturers. Sold by all Druggists. 5-3r

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

For Moth Patches, Freckles

AND TAN ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is harmless, and in every case infallible. Or for his Improved COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms. Or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. 5-6e

Chaplin's Life of CHARLES SUMNER,

With an Introduction by Ex-Gov. Claflin, is Ready. The Character and Services of the Noble Statesman, the Special Advantages Possessed by the Well-known Authors, the Beautiful Heliotype Portraits, Engravings, Facsimile Letters, its Size (504 pages, 12mo.,) and low Price (\$1.50), combine to render this the Most Popular Book of the day.—Agents Wanted.

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June, 1874.

1-tt

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I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE a perfect
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PURIFIER ever discovered. Entirely Vegetable.
Send to me and take back your money in all cases
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Organic matter, 64.00
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Inorganic matter, 17.00
Yielding Phos. Acid, 3.90
And Salt, &c., 5.00
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The inorganic matter contains phosphate and
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For grass land, mix with loam, say three times
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For ploughed land, sow it broadcast and plough
or mix well in.

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Price \$45 per ton, in Bags or Barrels, deliv-
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CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:42 a. m.; at 2:00
and 3:30 p. m.
MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 3:30 p. m.—connecting at New
London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:35
p. m., Montreal at 3:45 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p.
m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m.—arriving at New
London at 11:15 a. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at
5:00 a. m., Rutland (mixed) at 4:30 a. m., Brattle-
boro at 8:42 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15
p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at
5:00 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 9:40 p. m.
EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p.
m.—reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55
p. m., 10:20 p. m.
MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junc-
tion, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal,
and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:00 a.
m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.
EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:20
a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London
at 8:10 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White
River Junction and Rutland.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave New London at 3:17
p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River
Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Mon-
treal and Ogdensburg.

Pullman's Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars
are run on night trains between Springfield and
Montreal.

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't.
St. Albans, Vt., May 23, 1874. 3tt

Household Premiums.

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

No.	PREMIUMS.	Price. Sub- scribers.
1	One box Initial Stationery,	\$0 50 2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	20 2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50 2
4	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife	50 2
5	Name Plate, brush, ink, etc.,	60 2
6	Autograph Album,	1 00 3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00 3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00 3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves, Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00 3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00 3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00 3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50 4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00 4
14	Six Teaspoons (silver plated)	1 75 5
15	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00 5
16	Six Scotch Flaid Napkin Rings,	2 00 5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25 5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50 5
19	French Velvet Photo. Album,	2 00 5
20	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50 6
21	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.),	3 50 7
22	Any two vols. Household,	2 00 7
23	Peters' Musical Library,	2 50 7
24	Six Knives, (silver plated),	3 00 7
25	Package Garden Seeds,	3 00 7
26	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 00 7
27	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	3 50 8
28	Set Chess Men,	4 00 8
29	Pump and Sprinkler (Page's),	4 00 8
30	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4 00 8
31	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated)	4 00 9
32	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated)	4 00 9
33	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00 13
34	Chromo,	5 00 10
35	Sheet Music, (Agent's selection),	5 00 10
36	Alarm Clock,	5 00 12
37	Ht. Chromo, Morning or Evening,	5 00 12
38	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00 12
39	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00 12
40	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 00 12
41	Accordion,	6 50 14
42	Croquet Set,	6 50 14
43	Family Scales, (50 lbs. Shaler),	7 00 14
44	Clothes Winger, (Colby's),	7 50 15
45	Webster's National Dictionary,	6 00 15
46	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated)	8 50 15
47	Harper's Fireside Library,	6 75 16
48	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00 16
49	Harper's Bazar, one Vol., bound,	7 00 16
50	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50 17
51	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),	8 00 18
52	1 doz. Dining Forks, "	8 00 18
53	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.),	10 00 18
54	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10 00 20
55	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00 20
56	Violin,	10 00 20
57	Set of Plans and Views of Model House,	10 00 20
58	Eight Day Clock, with alarm,	10 00 22
59	Child's Carriage, (Colby's)	10 00 25
60	Cash,	6 25 25
61	Crayon Portrait, from any picture,	10 00 25
62	Castor, (silver plated),	10 00 25
63	Flutina, (Bussan's),	12 00 24
64	Cake Basket, (silver plated),	12 00 25
65	Nursery Stock,	10 00 25
66	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	12 00 25
67	Spark's Am. Biography, (10 vols.),	12 50 30
68	Photo. Album, (Bowles & Co.),	18 50 30
69	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00 30
70	Sewing Machine, (The Green Mountain),	18 00 36
71	Cooper's Works,	45 00 37
72	Guitar,	20 00 40
73	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	20 00 45
74	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated),	20 00 50
75	Copland's Medical Dictionary	21 00 50
76	Stencil Outfit,	25 00 50
77	Cash,	15 00 50
78	Nursery Stock,	25 00 55
79	Harper's Boy's and Girl's Library, (22 volumes),	2 00 60
80	Child's Carriage, (Colby's),	25 00 60
81	Sewing Machine, (Home Shuttle),	37 50 75
82	Tool Chest, (Parr's),	25 00 75
83	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	35 00 80
84	Zero Refrigerator,	38 00 80
85	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35 00 80
86	Cash,	35 00 100
87	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s),	45 00 100
88	Peerless Cook Stove, No. 8, with utensils,	48 00 100
89	Bayard Taylor's Works,	45 00 110
90	Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant,	50 00 120
91	Sewing Machine, (Grover & Baker)	60 00 120</

The Household.



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

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

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

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.

NEW PREMIUM. For seven yearly subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD we will send a copy of Great Industries of the United States, a book of 1300 pages and 500 engravings, retail price \$3.50. This is one of the most entertaining and valuable works of information on subjects of general interest ever offered to the public.

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.

WE OCCASIONALLY RECEIVE personal checks from agents and subscribers which we are obliged to return as the cost of collecting the money is too heavy. The best way to remit is by Money Order when practicable—otherwise have the letters registered, which can be done at any Post-office for eight cents, or send drafts payable in New York or Boston.

PERSONS who neglect to inform us of any change required in the direction of their papers until several copies have been lost must not expect that we will send others to replace them. We mail the papers in every case to the address as given us, and make all changes in the direction of them that may be required of us, but cannot make good any losses which may occur through any neglect on the part of the subscriber.

TO THE LADIES We have a few of the Beckwith Sewing Machines, price \$12.00, which we offer as premiums to such as desire a good cheap sewing machine. To those who wish to procure a machine of this description by canvassing for THE HOUSEHOLD we will send one for a club of only twenty-five yearly subscribers. This offer places a good sewing machine within the reach of any person who really desires to obtain it.

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

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting 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. 60, 77, 86 and 111 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed

at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

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

"Modern Prophets," by "Pansy" and "Faye Huntington," a book for all interested in the present temperance movement, is ready.

Chaplin's Life of Sumner—in great demand—the first edition was exhausted on the day of publication. A second edition is ready.

Henry L. Shepard & Co., the publishers of AMERICAN HOMES, will issue this month: Jules Verne's remarkable story, "Adventures in the Land of the Behemoth," in square 8vo., freely illustrated, \$1.50; "Popular Flowers, and How to Cultivate Them," by E. S. Ran I, Jr., and a new edition of "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," by the same author, for \$1.25; "Money and Music," an art story, by Charles Barnard; and "Nugae Inutiles," Mother Goose in Latin, with translations from the Latin, French and German, by J. M. Merrick.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS.—It is permitted to few men or companies to achieve acknowledged superiority in any important position or business. The present generation has witnessed stupendous rivalry in several branches of industry, and notably the Sewing Machine business. Among a multitude of competitors, steadily and surely the Wheeler & Wilson Company held their way from the beginning, upon fixed and honorable principles. Long since, their leading position in America was established. Abroad, at London, in 1862, they won the highest premiums; at Paris, in 1867, they distanced eighty-two competitors and were awarded the highest premium, the only Gold Medal for Sewing Machines exhibited; and lastly, amid unparalleled competition, followed the splendid triumphs at Vienna, noted in our advertising columns.

We give in another place, a two page communication from Dr. R. V. Pierce, setting forth in detail the merits of his remedies with some testimonials from people who have been benefited by them. The Dr. has been a frequent contributor to our columns for the past few years, and a few words concerning him and the business he has built up may not be uninteresting to our readers. On this point, the St. Louis Republican says: "Among the notable physicians of this country, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands deservedly high. He has obtained professional eminence through strictly legitimate means, and fully deserves the enviable reputation which he enjoys. A thorough preparation for his calling and extensive reading, during a long and unusually large practice, have made him extraordinarily successful in his private practice, and gained the commendation even of his professional brethren. By devoting his attention mainly to certain specialties he has been rewarded in a very great degree, and in these lines is recognized as a leader. Not a few of his preparations compounded for these special cases have been adopted and are used in their private practice by physicians throughout the country, and his pamphlets and larger works upon these subjects have been welcomed as valuable additions to medical literature, and placed among the regular textbooks of many medical schools. Acknowledgment of the services which he has per-

formed for medical science has been made by presentations of degrees from two of the first medical institutions of the land, and by the translation of several of his works into German, Spanish and other foreign languages. The increasing demand for his specifics sometime since necessitated the opening of a regular dispensary for their preparation, and from a small beginning the business of this establishment has now grown to mammoth proportions. Thus during the three months ending March 31, 1874, the sum expended for postage alone, not to speak of that paid on newspapers, amounted to \$2,080.70. Over a hundred persons are employed in the various departments, and a corps of able and skilled physicians are retained as an advisory board in difficult cases.

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

50 FINE VISITING CARDS. Printed, put up in nice case and sent by mail to any address for 50 Cts. Sample sent for 3 cent stamp. G. E. SELLECK, Brattleboro, Vt.

NEW CLOTHING HOUSE!
ROOT & McKEAND,
Merchant Tailors.

Having opened a New Custom Clothing Store, in Brooks House Block, corner Main and High streets, ask attention to their complete and attractive stock of goods for the Spring and Summer Trade, embracing the most desirable goods to be found in the market, as regards colors, patterns and quality. Also, a full line of cheaper goods for business and other wear, enabling us to meet all tastes and wants in price and style. We warrant every garment first-class as regards cut, trimmings and make-up. No goods allowed to leave the store unless perfectly satisfactory. A full line of Gents' Furnishing Goods.

ROOT & McKEAND,
No. 9, Brooks Block, Brattleboro, Vt.
CHAS. J. ROOT. WM. McKEAND.

ENGLISH CHANNEL
LADIES careful of their feet always wear ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes, and buy none other. A dark line around the sole near the edge shows where the channel is cut. No more ragged soles. Make your dealer get them for you. 7-1

PUBLIC FIREWORK DISPLAYS
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(GROUP 13, sec. 2, B.)
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