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Yonk Pa

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

THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 19.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., APRIL, 1886.

No. 4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

CROSBY BLOCK, - MAIN STREET,
BRATTLEBORO, VT.

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The Veranda.

APRIL.

Calling the bees to come and see
How blossoms ope on the waiting tree,
April mottled with sun and shade,
Whose violets ope in the green, green glade.

And buttons loose from the crystal vest,
That held the streamlet so closely prest,
And the little rills confined no more,
Have a low, sweet song as they pass my door.

Children hail with their songs of glee,
The gentle hand that has set them free.
They play in the sun outside my door,
And losing the years, I have passed two-score.

A low-roofed eot and a sparkling rill,
A wide old barn and an open mill,
A grand old wood and a well tilled plain,
And I, yes, I am a child again.

M. J. SMITH.

DRAINAGE OF BOTTOMS.

AS PROPER porosity of the soil is so indispensable to the thrift of crops, and is so easily acquired on most farms, it is strange that the requisite drainage is so much neglected by most of our farmers. Undrained land is practically sealed; and this is the reason why most of our staple crops will not thrive upon it. Humidity, heat and air are all necessary for the full development of plants; but with most of our upland crops there is more danger to be feared from an excess of moisture than from that of either of the other essentials; because, when the soil is saturated with moisture, and particularly when covered with the scum left by the settlement of water it is sealed; the access of air and heat is prevented, and the fertilizing materials that it contains are prevented from becoming available.

Where the soil is porous, and easily penetrated by rain and warm air, all the manurial matters that it contains are transformed into humus, and made available for growing crops; but where there is a clayey subsoil, impervious to water, as is the case with most bottoms, upland crops cannot thrive, unless there is artificial drainage. It is quite safe to say that there never was a bottom drained that did not pay a good profit upon even a liberal outlay; and some farmers go so far as to say that all lands should be under-drained. While we are satisfied that no lands can be injured by proper drainage, yet in many cases nature has done this so effectually that further efforts by the farmer are practically only labor wasted. For the fact in its natural simplicity must not be overlooked that earth retains water only by capillary attraction, that is, an in-

comprehensible attraction that each grain of earth has for water, and which no drain can overcome. Drainage simply relieves the soil of the excess of water above what is held by this attraction. And it is only this excess that is injurious to upland crops, and which must be removed before they will thrive.

Doubtless there is much artificial drainage that has proved very unsatisfactory, but this is usually the fault of the workman. It has not been well done; and of all farm work, this is one that must be carefully and accurately designed and executed to secure success. Ignorant or careless attempts at drainage are worse than useless, as they are just so much profitless expense and labor thrown away. In designing the drainage of a bottom, two essential principles must be kept in mind; that water cannot be induced to flow up hill, and the drains must not be too near the surface. Inattention to these principles is generally the cause of most of the failures.

The fall, or inclination, is of the first importance, together with the size of the drains in proportion to the area of land. Without enough fall and large enough outlet all efforts will prove unsatisfactory.

In laying subsoil drains, care should be taken that the highest parts be not less than eighteen inches below the surface of the land, so as to admit of deep culture. If put too near the surface they will prove an intolerable nuisance; and, moreover, experience has demonstrated that the most effective drains are those that average about two feet below the surface. Where farmers have the means, and are willing to afford the outlay, earthenware tiles are the best materials for secret drains, and their use has revolutionized farming in many parts of this country. But where the expense incidental to their use cannot be met, excellent drains, that will answer all purposes, can be made easily out of one and one-half inch planks, nailed together as an open trough, and placed in the ditches with the open side down. The superfluous water in the soil will rise into such troughs from underneath, and also percolate through any cracks, and if the timber is first class the drains will do good work for twenty years. The cost per yard of such drains is very small; and we have found them to work well, and prove one of the best investments on the farm.

Open ditches are ugly and undesirable, and should be avoided as much as possible, as they necessitate a considerable loss from the arable area of land, and generally have their edges overgrown with bushes and briars, which afford cover for snakes, wasps, rats, etc.

A long bottom may be drained by laying a trough a foot or more wide along the middle of it, and connecting at right angles two or three smaller short drains on each side, as feeders for the main outlet. Water will flow into drains from surprising distances; but the distance from which a drain will draw is of course affected by the character of the soil. In

tenacious, clayey soils it will not draw as far as in sandy or loamy, and a greater number of cross feeders will be requisite. We can state only the general principles which each farmer may apply in accordance with the situation of his land and character of the soil.

Of all the essential requirements for the production of good crops, that of drainage usually receives the least attention. In all sections of the country, most particularly in thinly settled neighborhoods, there are many farms that would be greatly improved if all the low, damp bottoms were well drained. There are many noted instances on record where large sums of money have been spent in draining most unpromising mud holes, or portions of overgrown swamps, and the results have always been very remunerative; and farmers may rest assured that they cannot easily spend money and labor better, than by bringing under good cultivation all the low lands on their farms.

A. P. F.

—Cabbages and cauliflowers will do better upon old ground, which is rich and mellow from previous cultivation. The manure should be old and well rotted, as green manure will not make a solid head, although it may make a rank growth of leaves. Many of our good gardeners are using artificial manure for these crops, applying no stable or barnyard manure, excepting such as may have been put in for a previous or earlier crop. Thus the land from which early peas, potatoes or spinach has been taken may be about right, if a liberal handful of some good fertilizer, or a small shovelful of rotted manure, is put in the hill before the plant is set. Some give a second application at the last hoeing, to insure the forming of the firm, solid head.

—If the angles of a horse's mouth become sore from the pressure of the bit use a wide one, and apply equal parts of alum, pulverized, and honey four or five times a day. For bruised and feverish mouth, from hard pulling on the bit, sponge the parts with alum water or white oak bark tea. Never use a flexible rubber bit for a tender-mouthed horse; let it be a leather-covered one or a rubber straight bit.

—It is a common fault with fruit growers that they set too many varieties. Three or four well-tested varieties of apples, pears or small fruits are worth more in dollars and cents than twenty kinds. It is pleasant to be able to exhibit seventy-five or a hundred varieties of apples at a fair, but it does not pay, nevertheless.

—An experienced blacksmith says that more horses' feet are ruined by rasping the hoof than by any other cause. This outside coating is impervious to water and does not evaporate. When broken into by rasping, the moisture of the foot evaporates, leaving the hoofs dry and brittle.

—In planting trees of any kind let the bodies incline toward the south when the tree is set.

The Drawing Room.

ROOM FURNISHING.

BY AUNT RACHEL.

THE thought comes that perhaps I can suggest something that will help those who have little towards furnishing a house.

We will start with the presumption that you wish the expenditure small, and though lace or muslin over colored silesia is pretty and dainty for chamber curtains, we will deal with the more common-place, cheaper cretonne; we will select a durable color, well covered with figures, a drab ground work with bright flowers is pretty, and will not fade; some of the blue retain their color. Besides the figured we will get a couple of yards of plain silesia or cambric, in color to correspond with the figured goods. This is to be used for trimming. I cannot tell the amount of cretonne to be used, as the size of the different boxes, etc., may vary, and you may not make all of the articles described, or use more or less paint.

Do you wish to paper the walls dark? As cheap a way as any is to get some very common paper, that which costs six or eight cents per roll, which is dark at the back, and put it on wrong side out, and finish with a bright border. This idea is a new one to me, but I know of a lady who has had her parlors papered with the above mentioned paper, who lives in a new and nicely furnished house. White walls are dreary and cheerless to me, but we can make them less so by a little trouble. To do this, get a roll of cheap paper which has a fancy stripe in it about four inches wide. Cut the stripe out and paste on for a border. Cut a strip of plain colored paper, either red or blue, to correspond with the color in the cretonne; put this on close to the other border, or leave a line of the white. There, that gives character to the room.

Have you a John to help you? If not, I think you can use a saw and hammer and nails. If the boards are rough and the nails driven crooked no one will ever know the difference if they are only firm.

First, I would either have a mantel or a large shelf in one corner of the room. I should prefer the mantel if your room is good size, as the dressing case and commode will be the only large pieces of furniture. Put your shelf where it will not interfere with placing your bedstead. Nail some wooden pieces on to the wall for your shelf to rest upon; or, instead of wood, get some iron brackets. Cover the shelf plainly with the cretonne, use the same for a drapery lambrequin, and cover the edge with a pinked ruffle or a puff of the plain silesia. You can put this on with small brads or gilt headed nails. The drapery part can be made more or less elaborate as you like, and there have been so many suggestions and descriptions of them published that I will not describe any particular style.

Between the two front windows we will put up a shelf which will answer for a side table. This can be made plain like the mantel, or rounding. Have you the head to a hog's head? If so, take half of it; (its good shape.) This can be covered and put up with brackets, or, a better way, particularly if the half circle is used, is to nail it on to the window casings the same height as the windows; then take a thin piece of board, and nail one end on to the middle of your shelf in front, and the other end nail to the mop-board. This makes it very firm, but the ungainly brace has to be concealed. To do this, take a piece of cretonne two inches longer than the required length from the front of the shelf to the mop-board, and allow a little for fullness around the top; have a hem two inches deep, and two inches above that run in a thread. Fasten it around the shelf, then draw the thread into a five inch space, and fasten it to the brace and the wall; finish with a bow of the plain color, also the edge of the shelf to correspond with the mantel.

Next we will manufacture a dressing case. For this a dry goods box will be needed as long as a bureau, but not as high. Put in a shelf or two, and paper or paint the inside as you choose. You can stain or paint the outside, or cover it with cretonne, make two curtains for the front wide enough to hang full and open in the middle, sew rings on the top, or make loops good and strong, run a cord or wire through these, and fasten each end to the corner of your box. The wire will be concealed by the frill of the plain.

This completes the body part. Now take four small cigar or salt boxes, remove the covers, and paint or cover the three sides to match the sides of the dressing case. If you cannot get the boxes, blocks of wood will answer, but are not as easily worked. Place the open side of a box toward the back and nail one on each of the back corners of the large box two inches from the end. Next we will cover a shelf long enough to reach from the outer edge of the boxes nailed on, (a rounding front looks the best,) put this in position and nail the remaining boxes on directly over the others. (I need not mention the frill around the shelf.)

You can add another shelf, or what is prettier still, hang a mirror, letting it rest upon the one already up. Make some small brackets in shape like the table between the windows, and put them on the outer side of the boxes.

The commode can be made like the bottom of the dressing case, using for the purpose a box the required height and not as long. In the place of shelves put in nails if you like, also put on a back board six inches high. I think that you had best buy a towel rack, rather than put one on to the end of your commode, as the cretonne will get soiled quickly.

A small table can be made hour glass style, by fastening round pieces on to each end of a standard, any rough, substantial piece will answer for this, and you can use barrel heads for the top and bottom. Cover the top, measure from each rounding piece and allow two inches; gather this in the middle, tack it on to both the top and bottom, draw the thread and fasten it tightly to the standard, put around this a band and a bow of the plain; around the top you can put a row of handy little pockets, by first taking a piece the required length and five inches wide. Cut another piece one-fourth yard longer and two inches wider, turn a hem both times, stitch the upper hem twice, so as to run in a rubber cord, sew it on to the lower part of the plain strip, and stitch a band on at intervals, say of four inches apart, or the width you wish the pockets.

Fasten this on, and haven't you a pretty table?

Two square boxes covered will answer the double purpose of ottomans and receptacles for work, shoes, etc. They will be better appreciated by those who sit upon them if you first cover the tops with several thicknesses of something soft.

If you can call to your aid a "John" or a carpenter, have the top of the boxes fit on over the lower part, the same as a paper box cover, put a puff around them, and finish each corner with a tassel.

Directions for making a chair with a barrel for a foundation have already been given, and I am afraid that I have not ingenuity enough to suggest anything else which would be presentable.

So much cretonne has been used that my preference would be not to put up any elaborate window lambrequins, but have double curtains made of muslin or cheese cloth, looped back with plain bands or ribbon. Measure them half a yard longer than is necessary to touch the floor, turn the half-yard down and gather them two inches from the fold. This forms a ruffle for the top. Let the turned over part fall over a piece of color which has been previously lined with white. A deep hem or a fall of lace trims the ends of the curtains prettily. If you have plain shades you can put a band or puffing a few inches deep over the tops so that the fixtures will not be seen.

A straw matting for the floor would be quite suitable with a few mats. If the casters on your bedstead are iron, they will rust and leave unseemly marks on the carpet. To obviate this, take them out and glue a strip of velvet or broadcloth over the rollers.

Now, as the furniture is ready, let me suggest that the looks of the room depends greatly upon the arrangement of it. Don't put your bed in the corner close up against the wall, but out where you can get to both sides of it. If a corner seems the best place for it, put the head of the bedstead cornerwise.

I hope you have a good bed. Make it up neatly; dispose of your furniture in suitable places; hang a few pretty pictures, and your room is, or should be, pretty enough for anybody to see.

—A great many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends, with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not born into a world of trouble; and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood, who has not been ground, as it were, to powder by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling! Therefore, do not grumble, but conquer your troubles.

—The household is a school of power. There, within the door, learn the tragedy of human life. Here is the sincere thing, the wondrous composition, for which day and night go round. In that routine are the sacred relations, the passions that bind and sever.—*Education.*

—In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—*Milton.*

—To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.—*Mrs. Charles.*

—Life is always rich, and spontaneous graces and forces elevate it in every domestic circle, which are overlooked while

we are reading something less excellent in old authors.—*Emerson.*

—A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—*Self-Reliance.*

The Conservatory.

MOSS ROSE.

AN INSCRIPTION.

What is the secret thy heart doth hold?
And what the message thy lips would tell?
The one, thou seemest so close to fold,
The other longing to breathe full well.

May I interpret, fair flower mine?
I kiss thy lips for the love fulfilled,
The thought which thy heart conceals, divine,
That I should fathom was never willed.
HAZEL WYLDE.

HOW TO OBTAIN EARLY ANNUALS.

FLOWERS, of all the most beautiful of God's works, who does not love them? We place them upon the altars of our churches at Christmas and Easter, as fitting emblems of the birth and resurrection of the Saviour. We cull them to deck the bride, and with fond and caressing tenderness we place them beside our dead. A home without flowers is a barren home indeed. And if by any possibility there exists a single person who does not treasure somewhere in his heart the memory of a childhood's home around which grew flowers, however humble, that person may truly be said never to have had any childhood.

How our mind reverts to the dear old home of long ago! It may have been devoid of grace and beauty, only a humble farm house among the hills, but it had rose bushes under the windows and morning glories beside the door, and the dear old garden with its poppies and marigolds and hollyhocks was magnificent to our childish mind beyond comparison. But, alas! they, with the friends they represented, have all passed away. Nothing but the memory is left; this can never die. And I rejoice that there are memories that never die, that there are flowers that never fade, and fields and streams and woods that have upon them the stamp of immortality.

But a great improvement has been made in the cultivation of flowers since those days. Where the old time garden could only boast of a bed of pinks, a few rose bushes, and a row of bachelor buttons, we now see a large variety of annuals brightening the yard of the poor man's cottage as well as the rich man's lawn. While nearly every family cultivates flowers of some description, many do not attempt to raise annuals, imagining they require more time in their cultivation than they have to spare.

Now, I know all about the cares that cumber the average farmer's wife, and how precious a commodity time frequently is to her, but, sisters, when we reflect that all the time there is, is ours, it appears to me if we judiciously divide this time, we may take the time to minister to our higher natures, as well as to our temporal wants. Is it not elevating and ennobling to our natures to look upon a lovely flower, the handiwork of God. Does it not instinctively raise the heart to the Author of every good and perfect gift? I know not how others may be exercised in their feelings, but when I am tired out with the cares and burdens of the day, and perplexed by the ills of life, let me go out and commune with my flowers, and a calmness, almost an inspiration, steals over my perturbed spirit.

If one wishes to raise annuals, it is not necessary to have a large piece of land

laid out in fanciful designs, and requiring the skill of a professional gardener to take care of it. A piece of land a few rods square will be as much as one person will care to tend.

As my acquaintance with the Flora family is more particularly confined to the common varieties, I shall only speak of these, for to me they are like old and tried friends which I cannot cast aside for new ones. As I have no hot-bed, I utilize the heat from the kitchen stove to start my plants, in the following manner: Any time from the first to the middle of March, we fill light, shallow boxes, with garden soil, and sow the following varieties in rows six inches apart; verbena, phlox, petunia, pansy, asters and everlastings, and then cover with pieces of carpet, and set behind the kitchen stove until the seeds germinate and begin to prick through the earth, I then remove the covering and set the plants under a window if possible, where they may obtain the benefit of heat, light and sunshine, all combined. When one inch in height we thin out, leaving them an inch apart, watering daily with tepid water. Before transplanting in the bed, we harden the plants by raising the window a few inches every pleasant morning. About the middle of May if the weather is warm, I transplant into the flower bed, using old newspapers for protection if the nights are chilly. For the encouragement of any who wish to try this plan, I will state that I seldom lose a plant, and I obtain flowers one month earlier than if the seed are sown directly in the bed. Now the second step is to begin to pull every noxious weed as soon as it shows its head above ground. If taken in season weeds are easily subdued, if left to thrive they will soon exterminate your plants, for weeds and flowers cannot both thrive in the same bed.

For your flower bed choose a sunny place free from the shade or roots of trees. Set *phlox Drummondii* one foot apart, and stake securely before they blossom. Give verbenas at least eighteen inches. Set balsams one foot apart, and prune off the lower branches if you wish large, double flowers. Protect your pansies from the sun by sheltering them with larger plants. Set everlastings six inches apart in rows, asters the same. When the plants are six inches high, cultivate with a hoe, loosening the soil around them and placing it up against them.

As nearly all farm houses have a back as well as a front yard, while I shall give no hints concerning the latter, I will suggest a way of improving if not of beautifying the former. Most frequently there is an unsightly place near the back door, where firewood has been prepared for the stoves. Have the chips raked up and placed around the currant bushes, and if you have no better use to put your chip yard to, have it ploughed up and sown broadcast to the double silken poppy. They will give you something beautiful to rest your eyes upon from June to October. And for further ornamentation plant the double hollyhock in every available place, we care not how many, they will require no cultivation, and the second year your back yard will become one labyrinth of color and beauty, and make a place that the children will fairly revel in.

Meridian, N. Y.

IN THE GARDEN.

When the earth is thrilled with the mystical touch of spring, and vegetation, responsive, springs into new life, 'tis then, my heart, responsive too, bounds forward in glad anticipation of what the dainty spring, the glowing summer and the full, rich autumn may bring to me and mine.

Nature, the grand enchantress, is slow in all her wondrous changes, and we must learn to wait and watch while she transmutes the dull, dark seeds into gems of living beauty. We must wait while the plants that have nestled and slumbered so long in the bosom of mother earth, are aroused from their lethargy and have gathered strength sufficient to creep into the light of day, where they will be greeted with the sweet south wind and kissed with the soft, warm rays of the sun. I have waited, oh, I have waited for the days when the breath of spring would sweep over my garden and call into life and light the beauty hidden there, and my heart tells me that I have not waited in vain.

With the first warm days of spring I hasten to the garden to see if I can find a promise of summer there, but all is dreary and bare, only the naked branches of the shrubbery, and beds and borders covered deep with straw and evergreen branches. Too soon I have come, not even a swelling bud to gladden my heart. If only I could find a violet. Removing some straw from a bed of English violets, I find to my joy, not one, but many sweet blossoms, and gathering some of these with their green leaves, I return with my trophy to the house to wait again, a while longer, and after this first trip, every day when the weather is suitable, that is, when my enemy, the wind, is not abroad, and when the rain is not falling, I must take a run through the garden, and look under the straw here, and lift the evergreen branches there, for just one look, and to tell my hidden earth-bound treasures that I am waiting for them with a welcome in my heart of hearts. The appearance of the upspringing plants in the spring-tide will send the blood pulsing through my veins as nothing else on earth can do.

To me, it is a joy inexpressible, to watch the tender, delicate, upspringing plantlet, from the appearance of its first tiny leaflet, to its unfolding bud, and opening flower, and of all the plants that springs from the earth, the earliest in my garden, save the English violet is the wild columbine. (*Aquilegia canadensis*.) The young leaves of this plant are so exquisitely delicate, so daintily lovely, more beautiful, even, than the finest ferns. The leaves are of the most beautiful green imaginable, they are tinted with red, and shaded with bronze, and over all is a beautiful metallic luster, but when fully grown, the red tint, the bronze hue, and the metallic luster are gone, still they are so beautiful, that sometimes, I am fain to kneel and rest my face for one moment in the cluster of fresh, clean leaves.

The cultivation of flowers has always been to me a source of great pleasure, and one in which I have never yet lost interest, and it is with a glad and willing spirit that I go to work in my little garden in the spring time, for in my love for my flowers I must care for them personally. I must have them around me in lavish profusion both to keep and give.

West Virginia.

ULHMA.

MY WINDOW GARDEN.

I would like to describe to you my window garden, which looks like a fragment of summer transferred to my sitting room.

Last winter I had quite a number of plants, but no suitable place for them, so was obliged to put them on a table before the window. Those farthest from the light receiving very little sunshine, grew sickly. Therefore my husband, a lover of flowers also, said he would make a frame for them, and at a later period fulfilled his promise.

I wish to describe this flower stand or window garden because it commends it-

self to me, and I think it will to you, both on account of its cheapness and beauty.

There are four upright posts of wood, two each side of the window, seven feet long, two inches wide and one inch thick. A broad shelf or roof, three feet six inches long and thirteen inches wide, is joined to these posts at the top by four brackets. A similar shelf is placed about eighteen inches from the floor.

On the upper shelf or roof of the garden are two deep boxes, the width of the shelf, filled with inch plant and moneywort, which climb down over the sides and front of the frame.

On the lower broad shelf or floor of the garden are two large calla lilies and a night-blooming cereus. Above this shelf, on each side, next the window, are two narrow shelves seven inches wide and fourteen inches long. These are filled with geraniums, a fuchsia, several cacti, a daisy, etc.

On the outside of the frame are also four shelves, two on each side, which are very convenient for plants which do not require very much sunshine, like the English ivies, cacti, some climbing plants. All of the shelves are supported by iron brackets, and the frame is securely fastened to the window-casing.

My husband stained the frame black walnut, varnished and grained it, making a handsome window garden frame at very little expense, as the actual cost was about one dollar aside from the labor, there being as nearly as could be estimated twenty-five feet of lumber, worth thirty-eight cents, two dozen brackets costing fifty cents, a little paint and varnish.

I hope that some of the sisters who love flowers, and would enjoy a garden combining beauty and economy, will induce their obliging John's to imitate the example set by my good man, and make for them this "thing of beauty and of joy" next winter.

PHILA H. STEBBINS.

Belchertown, Mass.

HOW SHALL WE MAKE A CONSERVATORY.

Having obtained a great deal of help from the many excellent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD, the thought occurred to me that perhaps one of the numerous Band might give me a little help in my present difficulty. My husband and I are anxious to have a small conservatory, and before we go to the expense of building one, want to know how to make it the best possible way.

Will not some of the sisters who have one tell us what they like best about theirs, and also what they do not like? What is the best material for a floor? We have a furnace in the house, and think of running a pipe to the conservatory.

Would also like some information in regard to the plants with which to fill it; but first I will tell you about the situation of the conservatory. It faces nearly east, consequently we get the morning sun. During the very shortest days we do not have the sun more than two hours, but by the first of February we have three or four hours of sunlight. I have succeeded best with geraniums, fuchsias, begonias, oxalis and inch plant, but would like to increase my varieties.

This winter I have been troubled a great deal with, to me, a new kind of plant insect. Can some one tell me the name, and also a preventive and method of extermination? It is something like a scale; is about an eighth of an inch long and of a grayish white color; is soft, and does not seem to move at all, but increases fast in numbers. The worst of it all is that no plant seems to be free from them. Plants that I thought were proof against insects have been attacked, and in some cases destroyed. Have used whale oil soap, which

seems to take them off for the time being, but in a few days they are there again. I have no success with tobacco smoke.

Is charcoal good to mix with the soil when potting plants in the fall?

My letter seems to be full of interrogation marks, but I told you in the beginning that I was coming for help.

PHILO.

AN AFRICAN NEW YEAR'S CARD.

The oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting cards. Fancy carrying about in your coat pocket a lot of thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are not very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his pen-knife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's day these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of that day apart from those of other days, appropriate a branch of the cactus to that purpose.

One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly fifteen feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this practice adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.—*St. Nicholas*.

PANSIES.

The pansy is a cheerful little flower, and its possessor often feels constrained to say:

"Open your eyes my pansies sweet,
Open your eyes for me;
Driving away with face so true,
The chilling wind and wintry hue
That linger so drearily."

The pansy, although a general favorite, is by no means easy of culture, as many of THE HOUSEHOLD Band can testify. It grows best in the garden, but can be raised in the house successfully. The failure of many is due to keeping the soil too wet. Great care should be exercised in watering, as the loam should never become very dry, and too much water causes the plants to "damp off." The green fly is an enemy which can best be removed by tobacco fumigation. Large, straggling plants should be trimmed down and cuttings rooted from the young shoots.

Portland, Me.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

THE GINKGO TREE.

I have been reading Mrs. G. W. Flander's ever welcome and interesting communication in the January number. She speaks of ginkgo trees, and of not being able to get satisfactory accounts of them. I give a few words on the subject gleaned from authors who have traveled in Japan. The ginkgo, or *Salisburia*, is remarkable for uniting in its leaves the peculiarities of the pine family with those of deciduous trees. Its leaves are like a tuft of needle leaves of pine, flattened out

and united together in a fan-like form. They are small, sharp-cut, and of light, clear green color. The bark is fibry, like the surfaces of old pine shingles. The foliage is most abundant near the extremities of the branches. It can be made very beautiful by occasional cutting back. It is a nice tree to plant near the house or walk, where its singular and pretty leaves can be seen readily. The seed is a nut, which is valued for eating. A rich sandy soil with dry subsoil suits it best. In Japan it grows to the height of eighty or a hundred feet. There is also a large leaved variety, and a variegated one, with leaves striped with yellow.

AUNTIEVIE.

—A bed of fringed, ruffled and spotted petunias is a sight to be admired, for both the double and single varieties have reached a high state of perfection. And the dwarf tropæolums are exquisite, the various shades of green contrasting so finely with the many-hued flowers. They bloom best if the soil is not very rich, as a rich compost induces leaf growth at the expense of flowers.

—One needs many white flowers to use in the arrangement of bouquets, vases and baskets for the house. White carnations and feverfew are indispensable, as well as sweet alysum, candytuft, gypsophila paniculata, and the late flowering, hardy eupatorium, with its lace-like flowers. Then in September we have the lovely anemone japonica alba, which is one of the last flowers to bloom, and continues till cut down by hard frosts. Try to have all the white flowers you can; you will never find you have too many.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the sisters please tell me how to treat the calla lily?
MRS. S. L. TOWDE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. M. A. Moffit says, "Keep four inches of water in a calla lily." How can I do so unless there is no opening in the bottom of the pot, and if there is none, will there be proper drainage? I am very anxious to know.
MRS. WM. TIENKEN.

On West Hill, in Troy, N. H., I saw a plant growing about two and one-half feet high, leaves like a maple, only thinner, and white berries with a small red dot on top. I have also seen some bushes in another place since then. Can some one tell me the common name and whether poisonous? Also what shall be done with a wisteria that is a foot high and has been so for three years. It is well manured, rich, and on the south side of the house. I wish it to grow and bloom.
IDA I. BEALS.
Winchendon, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to ask some of your floral contributors if crape myrtle, southern jessamine, and fruiting and flowering pomegranates would not stand the winter out doors, protected same as tea or everblooming roses. I have been successful so far in saving tea roses. I think those shrubs I have named ought to be equally as hardy as tea roses. I live in the same latitude of Cincinnati.
ESSIE.
Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I was glad to see plum trees mentioned, we have three and they are loaded with plums, but they drop off before they are ripe, the end of the plum seems to be punctured and the clear juice hangs in drops on the end. We have used whale oil soap and wood ashes. Can any one tell me the cause and how to prevent the large black scabs that form on the branches? We have tried cutting the branches off that are infected, but it comes out on other branches. It seems as though we should have to cut the whole tree away to free it from them.
MRS. LIZZIE DEARNDLEY.
17 Camden St., Lawrence, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what to do for my tea and moss roses? They will be growing fast, then I will notice a fine white web on them in places, they stop growing, the leaves become crisp and fall off. Also what shall I do with my calla? As fast as a new leaf grows, an old one dies down, till it is now a year old and has only two leaves.
LARMOREAN.

The Nursery.

WHERE DO THE WRINKLES COME FROM?

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
And joyous little Grace
Looked gravely in the mirror
At her rose-tinted face.

"Where do the wrinkles come from?"
Why first, dear, I suppose
The heart lets in a sorrow,
And then a wrinkle grows.

Then anger comes a-tapping,
And the heart's door opens wide;
Then hasten naughty envy,
And discontent and pride.

And the wrinkles follow slowly;
For the face has for its part
To tell just what is doing
Down in the secret heart.

"And the red lips lose their sweetness,
And draw down so," said Grace,
"And the lovely, youthful angel
Goes slowly from the face."

Watch the gate of the heart, my darling,
For the heart is the dwelling-place
Of the magical angel of beauty,
Whose smile is seen in the face.

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

ALMOST two hundred years ago the sunlight of an April morning shone on old Haverhill embosomed in the primeval forests, near the tranquil Merrimack. It was a compact little hamlet consisting of about thirty cottages and log cabins, at this time. In the center of the settlement stood a meeting-house, the pride of the village. On the few acres of open land the plow had just turned the furrows among the charred stumps of trees, and on the north and west bordered on the unbroken wilderness which stretched to the White Mountains, and by its extent seemed a bulwark against invasion.

In one of the best of these cabins, only a few rods from the little wooden church, lived Simeon Keyser, his wife Rachel, and their son Ebenezer, a boy of twelve years. The cottage was very rude, for it had been hastily thrown up, and the trees of which it was built were green and growing but a few months before; and as there was no time to burn lime the cracks between the logs were filled with sticks and stiff clay. The mortar used in making the chimney was clay also, and the floor was laid of logs split in half, roughly matched with a broad-axe, and laid together with the flat sides upward.

The door was a wide, thick plank split or hewn out from the middle of a great log, and hung on stout walnut wood hinges. The latch and catch were of wood too, and the latch was raised from the outside by means of a leathern string, which passed under it and through the door. When the latch string was drawn in the door was securely fastened. This method of fastening gave rise to the hospitable saying: "My latch string is always out."

Just as the Keyser family were rising from their breakfast on this sunny spring morning a light knock on the door was heard.

"Come in," called Mr. Keyser, in the familiar fashion of the time.

The latch rose with a snap, and a shy little miss of about eight years entered.

"Mother said I might come and play with Eben a while," said Prudence Hartshorn, the only child of the minister of the parish.

"Eben's got to pile some logs and boards that I drew from the mill yesterday," said Mr. Keyser, "but you can stay by and see him do it, only be careful and not get hurt. After that if you and he want to play I have nothing against it."

"Won't you have a bit to eat?" asked motherly Mrs. Keyser.

"No, thank you, ma'am, we have just

eaten breakfast at home. Father's started for Amesbury, and mother was so busy I thought I would come over. Shall I be in the way?"

"Not a bit, Prudy," said ruddy faced Eben, taking his hat from its peg and rolling up his sleeves preparatory to going out to the task his father had laid out for him in the back yard.

The Keyzers were going to build a more substantial cottage the coming autumn, and the pile of lumber drawn for that purpose was to be laid up in regular order "to season." It was pretty hard work for a boy of Eben's age, but he was stout and accustomed to labor, and though he "sweat like a Trojan," to use one of his father's expressions, he worked very busily for an hour. Prudy amused herself meanwhile by playing keeping house, making cakes and pies of mud and using broken bits of earthen ware for crockery.

"Well, I'm tired," gasped Eben, as he sat down and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a cotton handkerchief. "Seem's to me it's hot."

"Shan't I pour you some tea, mister, and won't you have a piece of gingerbread?" asked Prudy, with the solicitous air of a housewife.

"No, thank you, Miss Prudy, I'd rather have a drink of cold water, and I'll run and get it now while you are frying those doughnuts."

"Bring me some, too, to make my tea with," piped the miniature housekeeper.

In a very few minutes Eben returned, bearing a great wooden dipper half full of the cool liquid drawn from the "north-west corner of the well," as he expressed it. He looked around for Prudy, but did not see her.

"Prudy, Prudy Hartshorn, where are you?" he shouted.

"Whoop! whoop!" came her clear, young voice, hidden away somewhere among the piles of logs and boards.

"I'll find you in a minute," cried Eben, as he spied a piece of her white frock, "here you are, you little mischief; now I'm going to kiss you."

"I thought you could never find me," said Prudy, struggling to escape. "If I hadn't shouted I don't believe you would."

"Yes, I should though, for I should have seen your white frock. Besides, I would have known you were here."

"Well, you just shut your eyes and let me hide again," cried the child, darting away.

At that instant a shrill yell arose on the other side of the village, and in another moment a score of muskets rang out. "Indians! Indians!" cried the voices of the panic stricken settlers.

Ebenezer Keyser's face grew pale as death, and his heart almost seemed to stop beating. His little companion rushed to his side as if for safety.

"Will they kill us? Will the wicked red men scalp us as they did poor Mrs. Hutchinson?" she asked innocently, for that cruel story of the frontier was familiar to all the young folks of that period.

"Kill us! yes, if they find us," whispered Eben, "but I don't mean they shall find you. Here, Prudy, quick, let me hide you behind this pile of boards, and I'll tuck you in so that your white frock shan't betray you this time."

Trembling, half with fear and half with excitement, the young girl let the brave boy lift her up and let her down into a crevice between two piles of boards.

"Ain't you coming too," she asked, as he hastened to place a board over her hiding place.

"No, I've got to hide elsewhere. But don't worry, Prudy. The Indians can't find you, and I'll come for you as soon as they are gone. Be a good child and keep quiet."

"Yes, Eben, I'll be good; and as I

wouldn't let you kiss me a while ago, you may do so now," and she held up her pretty mouth.

"Well, good by;" and he hastened away with an anxious face, for the war-whoops of the savages were growing nearer and fiercer.

There were about two score in the attacking party. They had laid in wait during the morning hours until a suitable moment was offered for surprise, when they rushed forward in groups, simultaneously attacking nearly every one of the dwellings. Most of the men were shot down and scalped in their own door-yards or in the fields where they were at labor. The cabins were ransacked, and the women and children either killed or taken prisoners.

One of the pioneers, William Duston, escaped on horseback with seven of his children; his wife and youngest child, a babe, were taken prisoners. The latter was subsequently tomahawked. Mrs. Duston was preserved and succeeded in effecting her escape—an adventure which forms one of the most exciting narratives of the frontier.

Poor Farmer Keyser was killed in his field where he was sowing grain. His wife attempting to escape was also killed by the tomahawk of one of the monsters. The party then scattered, some going into the cellar to feast on the milk and provisions, the others going out through the garden, hunting after more victims.

Two of the warriors approached the place where Prudy lay concealed, stumbling over the very pile under which she lay scarcely daring to breathe. One of them struck the board over her head with his hatchet, at the same time uttering a yell that startled the very echoes.

The girl came very near crying out in her agony of terror. She was sure they had discovered Eben; but she was trained to habits of obedience and endurance, and by a great effort restrained herself. But her side was black and blue for days afterwards where she had pinched herself.

She heard them for a long time stepping about, and heard their deep, guttural voices in debate. It seemed as if they would never go away. All the prayers her mother had ever taught her came to her mind while she lay trembling there, and she repeated them over and over, ending each one, as she afterwards said, with the original imploration "And please, dear God, to save poor mamma and Eben."

At last the red men retired, leaving ruin and desolation behind them. At daybreak the villagers seemed secure; a few hours later in the morning, while the mist was hardly dry on the willows by the river side, the smoke rose from smouldering ruins, and the sword was red with the blood of brave men, of women and of mangled babes. Such were the sorrows of that generation.

Prudy, listening with all her might in her hiding place, after a time heard a smothered voice calling: "Prudy, are you safe? They have gone." And soon after she saw the face of her beloved playmate looking down where she sat crouched between the timber.

"How did you escape?" she asked Eben, as she clung to his hands. "I was afraid they would find you."

The boy laughed.

"They would not have done that so easy," he answered. "There is a pit dug just beyond that pile of logs, and it's right under some boards. I thought of it the last moment, and crawling in pulled the boards over it again. Two or three times they stood right over me and jabbered, but they didn't think to look for me there. 'Twas a regular game of hide and seek, and we beat them this time sure, Prudy. But I'm afraid the others didn't escape so well as we did."

When Mr. Hartshorn returned the next day he found a sorry spectacle awaiting him. He took Ebenezer, now an orphan, to his own home, and treated him as he would his own son. Our hero and heroine both lived to grow up, and I don't suppose you will be surprised when I tell you that Prudy married her old playmate.

They went up into New Hampshire to live, and in one of the towns of that state one of the loveliest sheets of water in the world bears the name of Keyser Lake, named in honor of the boy who hid his playmate at the Haverhill massacre and saved her life.

SOME CATS I HAVE KNOWN.

Some of my earliest memories are of Old Thomas, a great black and white cat, for many years a member of our family. "Old Thomas" he always was. There is a story that my brother, then in dresses, found a nest of kittens (of which Tom was one), in the barn, bringing them to the house in his apron. Tom is supposed to have frisked through kittenhood like others of his kind, but had outgrown all that when I knew him, and was the most dignified of felines. He was terribly afraid in thunder showers, and the first heavy peal would send him to the cellar door piteously begging to be let into its depths.

On Sunday nights, when in the twilight we sat around mother singing old church tunes, Wells, Hebron, Boylston, old Tom would walk back and forth upon our laps putting up his nose to our mouths, trying, I think, to find whence the sounds came. Very likely he had an ear for music.

There was a red-letter day one spring-time when a neighbor came with his camera to take the ambrotypes of the family. It was such a novel thing to have it done at our home. Some one proposed to have Tom's picture taken, which was done with little trouble. He behaved finely; curled up and went to sleep on the spread with which his chair was draped, and little Householders, if you will visit me you shall see Tom's picture, faded a little now, since it was taken more than twenty-five years ago, but still very lifelike. The end of Tom's life was always wrapped in mystery, but there were good reasons for believing it was wantonly taken by some hunter.

Sorry as we children were to lose him, we now had other cats and were consoled. Jessie, Phillis, Winfield Scott, Col. Ellsworth followed, besides hosts of nameless kitties whose lives were nipped—very early. Phillis, the mother of most of these, was the daintiest, most loving little pussy you could imagine. She was tabby, with pure white breast and throat, and back of rich yellow and black. How devoted she was to her family; how she hunted for them, one day bringing in two squirrels, each caught by the throat, a body dangling from either side of her mouth.

When family cares grew lighter she used to lie a great deal in the attic and how quickly, when her name was spoken from the lower entry, would she trip down the two stairways. There's a difference in cats as there is in people. There are dull cats, stupid, heavy, coarse ones. Phillis was a born lady, with such gentle, refined ways, quick instinct, and a great deal of spirit.

Winfield Scott and Col. Ellsworth were her first babies and, we thought, wonderful kittens. It was in the early war-time, and my childish patriotism bestowed military names upon our pets, but they were too cumbersome for every day use, and were soon shortened to Winnie and Nellie. They were very unlike in disposition. Winnie was always dancing and frisking about, while Nellie, the maltese, was the loving one, cuddling close to one even

when not sleepy. They used to follow their master on his early trips for the cows, gamboling in great glee over the dewy pastures, always following him home. One morning—the master hated to do it, but there was a new family of kittens and something must be done, little Winnie and Nellie danced out as usual with him—but they never came home.

There was Abigail Dodge. How we ever dared name her for that person whose writings were sometimes gales indeed, tempests, cyclones, I don't know, but, as might have been expected with such a name she proved to be of an original mind. Given to a neighbor a mile away, after some weeks she was found in a chamber at home, proudly caring for her one (her first) newly born infant.

Peter—despite his name—was the softest little bundle of fur, round, fat, with blue eyes, the only yellow cat ever allowed to grow up in our household. He was remarkable for nothing but his deep affection for us all and his enthusiasm in hunting rats. One winter the granary was over-run with those pests, and, regularly as nine o'clock appeared, the rattle of the lantern brought Peter out of the depths of sleep, on his feet, and eagerly waiting at the door as soon as his master was ready, and high times they had among the grain bins and corn barrels—sorry times for the rats.

There was one great event in Peter's life—no doubt he often thought of it—when the old home passed into the hands of strangers and the family started for the new one. He, with Phillis, his mother, were fastened in an immense brass kettle which swung from a wagon load of goods, but, not understanding what such proceedings meant, he somehow escaped, making his way back to the house, from which he was afterward safely taken to the new home. That happened twenty years ago. Yet, only a few weeks since, while stopping at the door of that old home, I stooped to pet a yellow cat, remarking that it looked like one we once had. The wife of the present owner, who has lived there but a few years, said, "Yes, his name was Pete; ye carried it away in a kettle and it came back again. Mrs. Linahan told me," and she laughed as heartily about it as if Peter had been a real acquaintance of hers.

I could tell you many incidents of his life, but mention can be made of only one or two. As regularly as the night came, in winter, he would take an after-supper walk, soon appearing at the sitting room window to be let in. When admitted, without variation, he went first to his master, perched upon his knee, rubbing and purring, then to the other members, ending usually in mother's lap, which he preferred as a sleeping place, but in which luxury he was not always indulged. No coaxing could change this order of paying his respects.

Nothing delighted him more than to be allowed to go up stairs early in the morning. No more napping then, for if being trampled upon and clawed did not awaken, a vigorous pull of the hair from Peter's teeth, or an affectionate lap of his grater-like tongue, speedily roused the sleeper.

When his young master went away in the early war days, he said, "You must keep Peter until I come back." I cannot tell you of that return, but the cat was kept for many years after, and always seemed as if it belonged to him who was called away from earth so young.

Peter's last illness was consumption, when he was thirteen years old. Though he evidently suffered, he was very cheerful and loving through it all. Dear old fellow! How we missed him, and how lonely seemed his empty chair when he had gone. No other cat could ever take quite so large a place in our affections as he.

There was a Phillis 2d who abode a year

with us, then yielded place to her son, Thomas Jefferson, who is now pursuing a very peaceful life, keeping himself in spotless attire. He is fond of long, rural walks and moonlight musings, but in these winter days finds his chief occupation in sleeping.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."—Bacon.

I want to chat a little about books to-day. What one of you is there who has not a favorite volume over which you pore on rainy days, if at no other time?

No doubt there are among you a number who would spend all day at your reading if you had permission. Since books are the source from which we draw more knowledge than any other, it is worth while to ponder a little upon the subject. I wonder just how many of you have ever thought of the vast amount there is to be gained by careful reading. There is an opinion abroad among the smaller boys, that stories and books that are not exciting are unworthy of notice. These same boys are not probably of the class that would devour dime novels. Oh, no! They are simply in search of something to please for the moment. If they will take that style of reading rather than a more quiet, they will find the highest and best grade of it in Cooper's novels. They depict American scenery and customs and life among the Indians in the best way.

But after all stories must come in more as a seasoning to our literary food. Just as at table some food is tasteless without seasoning, so in literary food we cannot take all heavy or all light, it must always be well mixed.

If you should spend the first twenty years of your life reading that which is comparatively of no value, what time have you to read the higher and standard works in literature? Choose in your fiction such authors, (and there are many,) whose tales tend to elevate and ennoble life. Do your part to sweep away the so-called literature by choosing or looking for that which is good. Such as Trowbridge, J. G. Holland, T. W. Higginson, C. A. Stephens and others. Should you never have time to read more than from them, you would be amply repaid. But then you would all like Blaikie and Smiles, who have written exclusively on outdoor sports and the practical uses of odd moments in every-day life.

Their work, and that of the authors before mentioned, can never be said to be injurious. On the contrary, every page of their writings teems with forcible, wholesome truths, so composed and stated that all can appreciate and understand them. Living up to the truths therein impressed is the only safeguard against the flood of so-called literature that is scattered broadcast throughout the land. Then later you are ready for Scott, Dickens, Miss Muloch, and that long list of truly eminent authors in whose writings are charms not to be told by pen or tongue. To these we must especially add the names of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Helen Hunt Jackson, as being such truly interesting authors in every particular, that young and old alike enjoy them.

Every story of theirs is full of life and spirit. Teeming with ideas which cannot help set you to reflecting. "Nelly's Silver Mine," by the latter, is a capital story. "Old Town Folks," by the former, is quite as good as her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They both describe the places and people so well, and impress the reader so strongly with their elevating, noble ideas in regard to life, that few can fail to be interested in their works.

Whatever you read, be it history, travel,

biography, or fiction, remember it is not the sensational literature that will or can elevate the mind and heart. Two young friends of mine, ten and twelve years of age, who have always read sketches of travel, history for children, and books of like character, are not only well informed boys, with whom it is a pleasure to meet, at home and abroad, but they are very fond of all outdoor sports. They can be combined, books and play. Most of our greatest men are those who have combined equal proportions of good, wholesome reading with plenty of sport.

In this fragmentary list we must not forget "Macaulay's Lays." They ought to be read by every boy whether he is fond of poetry or not. Many and powerful are the stories told of the influence which books exert over those who read them. Benjamin Franklin, when a boy, is said to have come across a copy of a book by Cotton Mather, called, "Essays to Do Good." Although several pages were missing, what there was of it he said, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my whole life, and if I have been a useful citizen the public owes all the advantages of it to this little book."

One word more. Beware of reading too much. That is, more than you can readily remember and put into practice. We should read to cultivate our minds, thereby making ourselves useful, as well as ornamental to society. Striving as in all other pursuits, to reach upward to a higher plane of life. Not content in eschewing bad books ourselves, but helping some companion on their way toward the realization of these words, "Whatever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise think on these things."

CECIL HAMPDEN HOWARD.

HOW PHIL BECAME A HERO.

"Hurrah! hurrah! a holiday! no school this afternoon!" shouted the boys, as they rushed out of the school house one pleasant day in winter. The ground was covered with snow, frozen just hard enough for coasting, and the boys hurried home to get their dinners, talking eagerly, as they went, about their sleds and where were the best hills.

But one little boy did not join in with the noisy crowd; he walked alone and with no merry shouts. This was Philip Ray. His mother was a poor woman who sewed for people, and who only earned just enough to buy food, clothing, and necessary things for herself and son. Phil's father had been lost at sea many years before. So Phil had no sled, as had nearly all the other boys who went to school with him.

Just back of the little brown house where Mrs. Ray lived was a long hill, at the foot of which was a pond, now frozen over, so it happened that the boys decided to coast on this hill.

When Phil looked out of the window and saw the boys with their gayly painted sleds, he thought he would like to be among them, even if he could only look on, so putting on his old fur cap and patched coat he was soon among the merry company. But the boys were thoughtless and went on with their sports, taking no notice of Phil, only to ask why he had no sled. No one offered to give him a coast down the hill, so after watching them a little while Philip went into the house. Mrs. Ray saw his sober looks and tried in vain to think of some way in which to earn money to buy a sled for him. Soon after she sent Phil on an errand to the other part of the village. It was quite late in the afternoon when he came back, but the boys were still on the

hill, so Phil ran out to watch them a little longer.

Among the coasters was Ned Arey, a boy about Phil's age, whose sled was handsomer and faster than any of the others. Now Ned, by his thoughtless remarks, had made the boys laugh at Phil many times that afternoon, as he had so often before.

The sun had shone so brightly during the day that the ice had begun to crack, but the boys did not mind that, so eager were they for their sport, coasting down the long hill and across the pond.

As it was almost night the boys said, "Now for one last race down the hill; let us see who will reach the other side of the pond first."

So away they went, but, as usual, Ned Arey's sled shot ahead of the rest and across the pond, when suddenly, just as he reached the middle, there was a loud crash, the ice gave way and down went Ned, sled and all, beneath the cold water of the pond, for the pond was deep.

Ned's playmates were too much frightened to assist him, but some ran screaming for help. But Philip Ray, in an instant, had taken off his coat and was in the water. Phil had learned to be a good swimmer the summer before, and now, when he saw Ned in danger, he forgot all the cruel taunts he had received from him. He soon seized Ned and had just borne him to the shore when help arrived. Ned had lost consciousness and Phil was nearly exhausted. They were carried into Mrs. Ray's cottage and Ned's parents sent for. Phil soon recovered his strength, and found himself a hero in the eyes of every one. The boys were all anxious to do something for him, and before night they had bought for him a fine sled with the name "Hero" painted on it in large gilt letters.

Ned Arey was quite sick for some time from the effects of the fright, and from being in the icy water so long. Ned's father and mother were very grateful to Phil, and they never forgot that he had saved their only son from being drowned. They sent him to good schools, and when he became older got him a position of honor and trust; they also helped Mrs. Ray in many ways. Thus Philip Ray gained a reward for returning good for evil.

MILLIE LEWIS.

NIGHT LIGHTS.—The common practice of having night lights in the bed rooms of children of well to do parents is deprecated by Dr. Robert H. Bakewell. He says that it has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of young children. "Instead of the perfect rest the optic nerves ought to have, and which nature provides for by the darkness of the night, these nerves are perpetually stimulated, and of course the brain and the rest of the nervous system suffers. Children thus brought up are excessively timid for years after on going into the dark."

—There are children in thousands of households who scarcely hear from their parents any other than words of censure and reproof, who would smile with intense joy if told at night how kind and helpful they had been, and what comforts they were to their parents, and would go to sleep to dream of angels and all bright and happy things. Ah! how little it takes to make hearts happy, and how little also to make them miserable!

—We all find out, sooner or later, that an idle life is a miserable one, yet too many of us strive hard to love work for itself instead of understanding at the outset that the end of work is to enjoy leisure. We would be far more successful with our children if we took care not only to teach them how to work, but to show them what a zest this very work gives their play.

The Library.

IN APRIL.

BY H. H.

What did the sparrow do yesterday?
Nobody knew but the sparrows;
He were too bold who should try to say
They have forgotten it all to-day.
Why does it haunt my thoughts this way,
With a joy that plagues and harrows,
As the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast?

There's a maple bud redder to-day;
It will almost flower to-morrow;
I could swear 'twas only yesterday,
In a sheath of snow and ice it lay,
With fierce winds blowing it every way;
Whose surety had it to borrow,
Till birds should fly past,
And chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

"Was there ever a day like to-day,
So clear, so shining, so tender?"
The old cry out; and the children say,
With a laugh, aside: "That's always the way,
With the old, in spring; as long as they stay,
They find in it greater splendor,
When the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!"

Then that may be why my thoughts all day—
I see I am old, by the token—
Are so haunted by sounds, now so sad, now gay,
Of the words I hear the sparrows say,
And the maple bud's mysterious way
By which from its sheath it has broken,
While the birds fly past,
And the chimes ring fast,
And the long spring shadows sweet shadow cast!

—Century.

HOME STUDY.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

I THINK few will question the truth of my assertion when I say that there are at the present moment in these, our United States, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of young people, wishing for a thorough and extended education, and seeing no means of gaining their desire.

Most of these imagine they can do nothing worth doing in this direction unless they are able to avail themselves of the discipline and instruction offered by schools and colleges. If such help is impossible to them, they yield to what they consider the hard necessities of the case, and let the years slip by until the fresh enthusiasm of youth is gone, frittered away on trivial objects, and they no longer feel a desire for any thing higher than the daily round may bring them.

Sometimes the early interest survives, fed by a strong natural bias, and the hope that by and by, when this or that difficulty is overcome, a better opportunity will offer. But the advancing years bring new duties, new necessities, a work-a-day world opens before us, in which every one must play his part and bear his share of the common burden. Care presses, time is filled. Even if the peculiar question, so long perhaps, a bar to our hopes, need no longer be considered, we find, to our surprise and sorrow, that the college study we have dreamed of is further away than ever. Our time is past, our opportunity lost, and only regret is left to fill the void.

We may, indeed, realize at last what "might have been;" we may see in the new light of practical experience which years, however spent, must bring, where our mistake was made, and attempt a late remedy. But here a new obstacle presents itself.

In early years the interest is easily awakened, ideals are high, perception is keen, memory retentive, thought quick and discursive, if not very profound—all the powers of the mind are on the alert for new acquisitions; and then, the right conditions furnished, mental development is as natural, and almost as unconscious, as growth in bodily stature.

But if, through all this fertile period,

the mind is left undisciplined, if the conditions essential to its true growth are denied it, what can we expect will come of it—that these mental arms, so bright, so keen, so flexible, when given into our keeping, are found, when put to the test after years of neglect and disuse, to have become dull, stiffened and cumbersome, or weakened and flaccid, and of little practical avail.

We may, indeed, still teach them good service, and by prompt action save them from utter destruction. All effort to that end, if persisted in cannot fail to bring valuable results. But the sad fact remains that it is made in the face of difficulty and a consequent discouragement which need not have been known, had the same effort been put forth earlier.

This may seem somewhat discouraging to the waiting, hoping young people above mentioned; but I do not mean it as discouragement. I only wish to make them realize, if I can, what sanguine, young persons, with their lofty ideas of the wonderful things the wide and untold future has in store for them, seldom distinctly perceive that now is their time, and very possibly their only time, to begin to build from the foundation all that is to be high and noble and worthy of honor in their future lives.

Carpe diem may be spoken in quite other than a Horatian or Epicurean sense. Let us make the most and the best of to-day. We are not sure of to-morrow. But whatever it may bring, we shall be not less prepared to meet it, for seizing upon and making our own all the fullness of life and knowledge that to-day may hold for us.

One of the principles of moral science is, "Secure a complete self-development." Not to do this is, in strict philosophic judgment, an immorality, more or less culpable, according as it is more or less conscious and willful. We cannot change our natures—the innate germs which hold latent within them all the possibilities of our being; but we can supply the essential conditions of growth and exclude all harmful influences, and so allow the formative vital force to work unimpeded until all are brought to their fullest and most harmonious development.

"Morality is fulfilled, and virtue consummated, and reason satisfied, when man has cultivated his spirit to the highest worthiness. This is the end of all self-culture."

But I fancy I hear certain fresh young voices asking for something more definitely practical. They are willing to grant all I have said. Their ideals are as high as any I can point out to them. They wish to possess the highest culture possible to them. They mean their lives to be broad and full, rich in high attainment and noble action. But how are they to begin? One has some leisure, perhaps, but no means at command. Another has little of either. Every one has his or her own special burden, limitation, difficulty. There is always a "lion in the way," if we will stop to think of it.

How are you to begin? There are ways to begin—this very moment if you like. But first, it is best to sit down and count up the cost. Decide how far you are in earnest—whether your desire is strong enough to carry you on, away from the starting point, which a fresh interest makes pleasant, over steep and stony places, and along a lonely path which has lost its novelty and become monotonous. Try to gain an impartial understanding of yourself, and decide whether you are or are not ready for the sacrifices such a course will demand. If you are not—I do not say give up the attempt, for that, so far as the intellectual life is concerned, is death—but recognize your weakness, make a resolution not to

let it master you; and then adapt yourself to it as to the weakness of a child. Look upon it as a lack of development rather than natural incapacity. Give yourself simple, agreeable tasks at first; and try to awaken your mind to an interest in all that is true and beautiful in spirit, in all that is elevating and thought-inspiring in the social, artistic and intellectual worlds. Let this searching, investigating interest once become an active element in your life and the rest is pretty sure to follow. I think the interest will come if you cultivate it.

I have, however, met some persons who seemed woefully to deceive themselves in this matter. While bemoaning their lack of opportunities, and claiming to be eagerly desirous of a higher education and culture, and willing to make any sacrifice for it, they, in reality, when put to the test, shrank back frightened, and gave up the trial at the first difficulty that presented itself.

I remember one girl of sixteen who once for a short time lived in our family, a bright, pretty girl, with apparently more than the ordinary endowment of natural intelligence, and in whom I was much interested. Seeing me reading French one day, she expressed a strong desire to learn the language. She lamented the fact that she had had so few school opportunities. She would do any thing for a chance to study, and especially to study French. Was it hard? Would it take her long to learn it? etc.

I answered her questions, and explained every thing as well as I could, and told her I would teach her that and some other things if she stayed with us. She thanked me effusively. But she never had a lesson. She went soon after to a small hotel as a dining room girl, so she could have more "society." It was far too dull with us for her taste, and I heard no more of her studies.

A little girl came to me one winter, wishing she could learn to draw. Her mother was very anxious that she should have lessons, she said. She was the daughter of a neighbor, who, though in no need of charity, was not able to give his daughter more than the ordinary common school education; and I thought if the child really cared for drawing she ought to have some encouragement and direction. I offered to teach her, gave her materials to begin with, and spent some precious hours trying to guide aright her unaccustomed eyes and fingers, and teach her to understand and apply in practice the fact that a straight line is not curved, nor a curved line angular—things she did not seem to know by intuition.

I gave her a copy, telling her to try at home to draw from it, and then to bring both to me, and I would correct her work and help her finish it. She came again soon after; but when I asked for the drawings, said she had not brought them. No, she had not succeeded in making a very good copy. How was I to show her how to do better, if she did not bring the drawings, I asked. Well, she didn't know just where they were. Wouldn't I draw her something else? I did so, and renewed my instructions as to her work with it.

She came again. No, she had not brought the papers. Her mother had put them into the fire. But she had brought her doll. And wouldn't I make it some dresses? I was not able at the time to do even necessary sewing for myself. Moreover, I thought that if a girl in her fourteenth year could not dress her dolls, she might better stop playing with them. And I did not make the doll dresses.

Instances might be multiplied. But I think it is already evident that students (?) of this sort would not gain a true education under any circumstances, however great their advantages might be.

They do not, whatever they may say, care for knowledge. I doubt if they would take it, and its responsibilities, if they could have it as a gift, with no trouble on their part. Certainly they would make no sacrifices, do no hard work to secure it.

But we will take for granted that there are none such among those who have undertaken the reading of this paper. If there are, they have probably ceased to follow me, and turned to the story pages long ago. So we will consider them as quite aside from the question, and concern ourselves only with those who do not merely dream fine, idle dreams, but while cherishing high ideals, hold themselves ready to work them out and live up to them, so far as it lies in the power of poor, weak, limited mortals to do, and who are not frightened at the probable sacrifice of ease and inclination which this may at times involve.

First then, let each and every one of these earnestly consider what he or she most wishes to know and to do, for what he or she is best fitted by nature. This decided on, it will be easy to see what must be the first steps of preparation for such knowing and doing. Then means, amount of leisure, all the circumstances and duties of one's daily life, may be thought over and arranged in such a way that a certain portion of time each day can be given to study.

This may seem difficult to some. But there is always a way. The opportunity will be yours, if you seek it in all sincerity. I have learned that we all may find, and will find, both time and money, in some measure, for the things we most earnestly covet.

No one knows until he has tried what may be done when one really sets oneself to work with a single eye for a single aim. It is safe to assert that, leaving out of the question wholly unforeseen and ruinous catastrophes, it is possible for any person to attain success in any reasonable ambition, provided every thing—absolutely every thing—is made subservient to the one purpose. Decide thoughtfully, carefully, what this purpose is to be. It may be the one special and all important work of your life. It may be only a preliminary of such work, the preparation for a hoped-for future course in college, an acquaintance with general literature, the mastery of a language or of the elements of some branch of science or art.

Whatever it may be, fix your eyes steadily on the end in view, and boldly advance with what power is given you. You may not be able to fly, or run, or even to walk through all the toilsome way; but you can creep, at least, and some day attain the goal. But there must be no loitering through shady lanes and alluring side paths. No halt may be made except through necessity or for needed rest.

Since I began writing I have learned of a man, a carpenter and builder, who has secured in the leisure hours after his day's work, during the past thirty years, a fair knowledge of the Latin, French and German languages, and who is, moreover, one of the best read men in English literature in the country. This man is never found loafing in a shop or saloon. He has accomplished so much only by putting all such indulgences away from his life, and making diligent use of the spare moments.

I do not doubt that to most boys and girls, and even to many older persons, who are unused to systematic study, this regular and persistent daily drill with some elementary text-book will often seem dull and tedious; and many will be the temptations to let it go "for once," when something more agreeable presents itself for a day, or a week. But if one begins to yield in this way, it is safe to

say that it will not be long before the whole enterprise will come to nothing. Judgment must be exercised, of course. The spirit of a thing should not be sacrificed to the letter. But as a rule, regularity must be insisted on. It is a part of the discipline, and an essential part.

A teacher and companions interested in the same pursuit would, of course, make such regularity easier, and the entire work more interesting and pleasant. Still there is one, at least, important advantage in favor of solitary work. If you are at all in earnest, you will form a habit of close and thoughtful study, which you might not do with a teacher at hand to solve all difficulties. And this habit is worth as much to a student as the actual knowledge gained. Every home student should take for his own the Latin motto: *Nulla dies sine linea*. Let no day pass without something accomplished. Do what you can by yourself at home, and then if your coveted opportunity comes at last, and gives you liberty to enter collegiate ranks, or secure the special instruction required by the aim of your ambition, you will be the better prepared to profit by it.

One reason why home study sometimes fails of a good result is because it is undertaken without method. Let us then give a few moment's thought to this branch of our subject.

I: the first place, the work should be suited to your strength, and then carried on steadily day by day—which does not mean doing so much in one day that you are tired out and can do little or nothing the next. Never let it encroach on sleep. Some authority on such matters has said that if a person sleeps eight hours, he can not do so much work in the remaining sixteen as to injure his health. This may be questioned. Yet if it had been said, as was probably meant, that of work suited to the measure of his strength, he could not do enough to injure him in the remaining sixteen hours, I think it might be relied on.

Then sleep eight hours, that you may work safely during the rest of the time. Study faithfully, but do not hurry. Above all do not cram. That is the reproach cast, and often justly, upon our high schools and colleges, and it is an error into which an ambitious student is liable to fall. Taking in more than the mind can properly receive and assimilate weakens instead of strengthening mental power, just as food which cannot be digested weakens the stomach and impairs the health.

One severe study is enough at one time. Another study, if light and agreeable in character, may be added, and some general reading done in connection with these with good results. Do not strain to do all you can in a day. Assign yourself a moderate task, one that shall fall below, rather than go beyond you. Average power; and when it is done, shut the book with a clear conscience. Neither allow yourself to neglect this work just because you do not feel in a mood for it, nor force yourself to it when you are really ill, or in need of rest. This, as well as other things, requires the exercise of judgment and common sense.

Under these conditions you will not weary of study, nor will it injure your health. Just beyond your present possessions you will always see new worlds to conquer. The habit of study, confirmed, will lead you on, always a little further, and will form an element of content and happiness, wherever your lot may be cast.

I have thought it right to point out some of the necessities, the difficulties, that must be met and conquered in order that any true progress may be made in the intellectual life; but surely the end is worth all the effort, and more; and I trust

no one will be discouraged. There is no need.

I do not believe there are any above the ranks of the lowest poverty, and the struggle for bare existence, who cannot, if they will, find some time and opportunity for self-culture. The opportunity may, indeed, be small, the progress slow, but with persistence, progress will be sure; and there will be greater proportional development for the very difficulties overcome. As has been said before, time and money will be found for the things we most care for.

"These things are all very well; but I think it is best to have the necessities first." I once heard a farmer say, in commenting on the piano, books, and other things of this character, that his neighbor bought for the education of his children.

Both men were in comfortable circumstances, the speaker considerably the richer of the two. His "necessaries" were parties, fine dress and "society." On these he spent his surplus. For these he brought up his children. His neighbor did not think these things absolute necessities. He did without them in some degree, preferring to help his children to the education which they thought necessary.

One young girl, with very little money at her disposal, found a special temptation in book and picture stores. She said she always felt as if she must shut her eyes and run by, whenever she came near them with money in her pocket. Yet little by little, good books came to fill the spaces on her shelves, and pretty, tasteful pictures lined the walls. Just how it was done, she hardly knew herself. The pinchings in the wardrobe, the self denial in regard to *bon bons*, fancy work, etc., did not count for much after the moment was past.

Another young girl, with a larger allowance of pocket money, looked enviously at these things, and lamented her own sad deprivation. All she had must go for necessities. The first girl thought of the dainty, perishable laces and ribbons, the perfumes, the constant changes of apparel, which this deprived young lady thought necessary, and smiled.

No one will find time for study unless he is possessed by the love of study. No one who shrinks from it will fail to find a dozen valid reasons why it should not be undertaken. No one who has an overmastering love for it will fail to find, even in the most unfavorable circumstances, a time and place to gratify his desire.

When I say love of study, I do not mean the love of study for its own sake, but for what it brings. Few of us, I fancy, find such delight in digging away at a heavy book, goading our brains to receive, our memories to retain, its mighty wisdom, that for its sake we can resist all the enticements of sweet idleness, twitching at our elbows, and spreading before our eyes alluring visions of the pleasures she has to offer us, if we will but yield our will and go with her. Few of us would think it worth our while so to hamper and deny ourselves for study alone, if it brought us no reward.

But the reward is sure. It cannot escape, if pursued aright. And by this reward, I do not mean merely the literal knowledge gained, great and valuable though that may be, and of important service to all the aims of life, practical or ideal.

A true reward of far greater service, is the development of mind and heart and spirit, which such patient, judicious, thoughtful study must secure—the enlargement of all the faculties, the growing capacity for culture, for knowledge, which may widen and rise, till it looks past the boundaries of earthly knowledge

to the mysteries beyond, and grows and hopes and wonders—and still grows—till it see itself as nothing, its power as nothing, but to hold itself receptive and ready for the teaching of a higher life.

This is the end of human development, the highest it can attain—to have reached the limit of human capacity, and be prepared to begin with the divine.

A CLOCK WOUND BY THE SUN.

There is a clock at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an updraught of air which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock is practically a perpetual motion machine.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the Band send me the words of the song entitled "Three Grains of Corn?" and of a song in which are found these words:

On a couch of straw in a cottage drear,
The invalid mother was lying.

MRS. ELIZA MOON.

Cuba, Clinton Co., Ohio.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send me the song, (words only,) "Nellie Gray?" I will return the favor, in any way I can.

MRS. A. J. NIXON.

West Brownsville, Washington Co., Pa.

Will some one be so kind as to give me the words of the "Inquiry," and also those of "The Parody" on it? and greatly oblige,

MRS. B. E. CHAPMAN.

Box 207, Clinton, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Can some of the sisters furnish me with the words of the song, part of which is,

"Now deacon," says I, "you've got to come to it."
By moral suasion I made him do it.
By telling him that I would marry his daughter,
He quickly agreed to drink nothing but water."

Mother used to know it long ago but has forgotten it. I will return the favor if possible.

ANNIE MOWRY.

St. Catherine, Linn Co., Mo.

Can any one send me a written or printed copy of the piece of poetry, "Gone with a Handsome Man?" I will repay the favor in some way immediately.

MRS. H. F. WEST.

Fayette, Jefferson Co., Miss.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can some one send me the poem, "Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No?" and another, the first verse, if I remember correctly, commences:

"Look up, look up, my bonny bride,
Ne'er think of your highland home."

I will return the favor in any way I can.

San Jose, Cal. MRS. T. W. SOWER.

THE REVIEWER.

Mr. Howells' readers are always divided into two sharply distinct classes; the one which reads and—perhaps resenting the truthfulness of his pictures—"can't endure Howells," and one which reads and likes, admiring the courage which puts real men and real women before us, instead of the ideal perfection most heroes and heroines possess. While it is pleasant, sometimes, to find in a novel as we find—sometimes, in real life, a strong, sweet, self-reliant nature, it is well that there are writers who can show our weaknesses as well as our strength. In his last, *INDIAN SUMMER*, Mr. Howells has given us one of his best books. No reader can deny the charm of the real heroine, Mrs. Bowen, or the lovable little Effie. We all know Mr. Colville, very many of us have met Imogene, and, we wish we knew a great many more men

like Mr. Waters. The charm of the title pervades the whole story, even when we are vexed a dozen times in a chapter with both the author and his ideal people, we cannot escape it, and we lay the book aside after lingering over the last page, with a real regret. Price \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

WOMAN IN SACRED SONG, is a large and handsome volume edited and compiled by Mrs. Eva Munson Smith, from the writings of more than seven hundred authors. It is a fine library of hymns, religious poems and sacred music, among which we find many favorite old hymns, and sweet and tender poems which are old friends. Among the authors we find the names of Alice and Phebe Cary, "H. H.," Adelaide Proctor, Miss Havergal, and more familiar still, Mrs. E. T. Housh; and "Hazel Wyld" and Mrs. Howard, so well known to our readers. The able introduction by Miss Frances E. Willard is well deserved by the work, which shows patient and untiring labor on the part of its editor, and should be well appreciated by her sister women all over the country. Price in cloth, \$3.50; half calf, \$5; half morocco, \$6; full Turkey morocco, \$9. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

FEBRUARY. The second volume in the series *THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS*, edited by Oscar Fay Adams, is quite as fine in its way as the preceding number. Many beautiful poems are gathered together in the dainty little volume. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of *THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN*, the third volume in the series of *CASSILL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY*, edited by Prof. Henry Morley. This helpful series is published weekly, each volume containing nearly 200 pages. Ten cents each; \$5 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

THE PORTFOLIO OF RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS issued by James Vick is a real work of art, giving six large colored plates, the most beautiful of which are the butterfly orchid and the pitcher plant. Lovers of these strange plants will fully appreciate the work. Price 50 cents. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The first copy of *THE FORUM* (March) promises to make a place for the new magazine among the solid periodicals of the day. Prof. Winchell, James Parton, Edwin P. Whipple, Edward E. Hale, and other well known names greet us as we scan the title page. Aside from its fine literary attractions, its clear, handsome print and fine paper commend it to all readers. \$5.00 a year; 50 cents a number. New York: The Forum Pub. Co.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for March offers an unusually fine and varied table of contents. The opening article, "The Tiber: Ostia to Bagnorea," by Wm. Davies, giving a most interesting sketch of the journey along the river, famous in song and story, to the quaint old city perched upon its rocky height; the illustrations adding largely to the pleasure of the reader. "Chests and Cabinets," by J. Hungerford Pollen is another delightful paper, carrying one back to the old days of secret drawers and strange hiding places, suggested again by the illustrations of rare cabinets. "The Romance of Art," by Leander Scott, tells the story of Canova's life. Wm. Holmden contributes an able paper on "Art in Persia," with seven illustrations, and A. Mary F. Robinson gives a sketch of Diane de Poitiers in "Profiles from the French Renaissance." In "An Atelier des Dames," E. A. Somerville sketches the life of women as art students in foreign cities. A fine full page engraving of Munier's "At the Spring," is given and a portrait of a celebrated beauty of old days forms the frontispiece. Several fine articles and valuable chapters of art notes complete the number. \$3.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

The March number of *THE PANSY* is as bright and winning as its flower-namesake. It has good serials from Pansy and Margaret Sidney, while every branch of good reading is represented, history, natural science, travel, behavior and morals, all in the most entertaining style. \$1.00 a year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of *THE KEYNOTE*, an illustrated magazine devoted to music and the drama, literature, art and current events. \$4.00 a year. Published weekly. New York: The Keynote.

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

F. A. REISSIGER.

Lento. Con molto espressione e sempre legato.

[illegible]

THE CENTURY for March opens with a description of a trip from Florence to Rome entitled "Italy from a Tricycle," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin contributes an interesting account of "Mountaineering in Persia," with fine illustrations, and there is another installment of Mrs. Van Rennsalaer's papers on "Recent Architecture in America." In fiction we have the second installment of Mr. Howells' serial "The Minister's Charge," and the fifth of Mary Halleck Foote's powerful story of mining life, "John Bodewin's Testimony." Mrs. Marguerite Wetherell Kernan contributes a strong story entitled, "John Toner's Experiment." There is a readable paper by W. J. Armstrong on "Emilio Castelar," with a portrait. The usual contradictions and corrections of other generals' war papers are given by the writers of the war articles in the present number. "Topics of the Time," and other editorial departments contain, as usual, interest and entertainment. \$4.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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

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

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

OUTING for March. \$3.00 a year. New York: Outing Pub. Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE CHURCH MAGAZINE for March. \$4.00 a year. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co., 1510 Chestnut St.

ST. NICHOLAS for March. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

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

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

BABYHOOD for March. \$1.50 a year. 15 cents a number. New York: Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman St.

QUERIES for February. \$1.00 a year. Buffalo, N. Y.: C. L. Sherrill & Co., 274 and 276 Main St.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for March. \$1.50 a year. Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.

THE VOICE for February. \$1.50 a year. New York: Edgar S. Werner, 48 University Place.

THE MUSICAL RECORD for February. \$1.00 a year. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE for March. \$1.00
a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.: The Brooklyn Mag-
azine.

C. E. Allen sends out his ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND PLANTS for 1886 in very attractive form, filled to overflowing with new and old varieties of flowers and vegetables together with a fine list of small fruits of all kinds. Mr. Allen's great variety of plants, and excellent facilities for filling his many orders by mail are too well known to our readers to need any recommendation from us. Brattleboro, Vt.: C. E. Allen.

We have received the NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE, published by the Dingee & Conard Co., Rose Growers, West Grove, Pa., and take pleasure in recommending it as one of the handsomest and best catalogues of the season. This company makes a specialty of growing and distributing roses, and also offer choice, hardy shrubbery, climbing vines, fine seeds, etc. They send by mail or express, as desired, and are well known as amongst the most reliable and trustworthy establishments in this country.

D. M. Ferry & Co., the well known Seedsmen, of Detroit, Mich., announce that they are on their feet again, and ready and anxious to receive orders for seeds from every one of their old customers, and from as many new ones as feel kindly disposed toward them. They are in condition

to fill promptly every order with new seeds of the best quality. Their Catalogue of Seeds and Plants is at hand, full, as usual, of desirable things for the garden.

RAWSON'S ILL. HANDBOOK OF VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS is a large and handsome catalogue well filled with every thing pertaining to flower and vegetable culture. The new firm, successors to the well known house of B. K. Bliss & Sons, evidently intend to keep up the excellent reputation of their predecessors. Boston: W. W. Rawson & Co., 34 So. Market St.

Geo. S. Josselyn, Fredonia, N. Y., sends out a Catalogue of Grape Vines and Small Fruits, among which are many old and tried favorites as well as new and attractive varieties.

We have received a DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF GRAPES AND SMALL FRUIT PLANTS issued by Lewis Roesch, Fredonia, N. Y., which presents a most tempting variety of these articles.

L. Templin & Sons, Calla, Ohio, issue their usual flower catalogue for the season. All flower lovers will appreciate the fine variety of seeds and plants which fill the book.

—The great man loves the conversation
or the book that convicts him, not that
which soothes and flatters him.

The Dispensary.

THE ARREST OF HEMORRHAGE.

BY I. A. LOVELAND, M. D.

THE blood is the life of a person. If through accident or disease it escapes even in moderate quantities the individual is immediately prostrated, and if in large quantities, the extremities become cold, the countenance ashy pale, the mind unconscious, the heart beats feeble and flickering, and if this life-sustaining fluid is not promptly arrested, death soon takes place. A knowledge of the few simple methods by which hemorrhage can be controlled is of such practical value that I trust every reader of THE HOUSEHOLD will fix them firmly in mind, and that in an emergency, they will have the forethought to promptly carry out the appropriate treatment.

Hemorrhage is either arterial, venous or capillary, according to whether it is the arteries, veins or capillaries from which it flows. In the first case the blood is of a bright red color, and flows from the divided structure in jets, each jet being caused by the contraction of the heart. The force with which it flows is considerable, especially when an artery is first severed. In bleeding from the veins, the blood is of a dark red color and flows in a constant stream. When the capillaries give way, the blood is of an intermediate shade and wells from innumerable points.

Whatever the form, the measures to be adopted to arrest bleeding can be classified under the head of position, pressure, cold and the application of astringents. If an artery in one of the extremities is wounded, the first thing to do is to elevate the part above the heart. With the patient lying on bed or sofa, it is an easy matter to place and keep the lower limbs higher than the rest of the body, or in case of the upper extremities to raise the hand above the head. If, however, the artery is of considerable size this alone will not suffice. The clots of blood must be quickly cleared away so as to see the exact point from which it issues, and then the finger or thumb or both should be firmly applied until the arrival of the doctor. In cases where a doctor cannot be obtained for some hours, a compress may be made that will act as a useful substitute for the tired thumb and finger. Take a piece of lint, wool or cotton, and press it into a firm mass, and slip it under the finger; then make another a little larger than the first, and over this and around the wounded part apply a bandage as tightly as the patient can well bear it.

Hemorrhage from the veins is less dangerous and more easily controlled than from the arteries. Unless it is some very large or deep-seated vein that is wounded, the bleeding can be arrested by assuming the proper posture as in case of a bleeding artery. As tight clothing impedes the flow of blood, all such between the wounded part and the heart should be loosened. Ice water squeezed from a sponge directly on to the bleeding spot is useful, as it causes the smaller blood vessels to contract. If the bleeding keeps up, dry lint or cotton saturated with Monsel's solution, or a strong decoction of hemlock or oak bark had better be pressed into the wound and then a bandage applied.

In all cases of arterial or venous hemorrhage there is more or less bleeding from the capillaries. Sometimes they alone are the seat of the hemorrhage as in the case of a cut. This form of bleeding is usually promptly arrested by the application of cold water and the lint or cotton packing. It is useless to attempt

to apply any adhesive plaster until the bleeding ceases, as the plaster will not cohere if it come in contact with any blood.

Bleeding from the nose is a very common affection. It may be caused by injury, by a rush of blood to the head, or by the stoppage of some other discharge, or there may be a passive draining of venous blood in consequence of obstruction in the circulation by reason of disease of the heart or liver, or the blood may be too thin, and the vessels too lax, as in scurvy, and sometimes in the last stages of severe fevers. In the red-faced and full-blooded who usually suffer more or less headache, this hemorrhage, confined, within narrow limits, is salutary, as serious disease may thus be warded off. Except in this condition, the bleeding should be arrested as soon as it can be done. It is a common practice to incline the head over a basin of water, which, while it is convenient, tends to keep up the flow. The best position for the head is an erect one. Cold water or ice should be applied to the forehead and back of the neck, and powdered nutgalls, tannin or matico snuffed up the nostril. This treatment proving ineffectual, as it will in rare cases, the surgeon must be called, who can immediately arrest the hemorrhage by plugging the nostril.

The only remaining form of hemorrhage to which I will allude is that from varicose veins. When they burst, the bleeding is often profuse, spurting out in a manner well calculated to alarm those unacquainted with the ease by which it can be arrested. The first thing to be done is to place the thumb directly and firmly over the bleeding orifice. Then a compress should be made of cotton or linen cloth, into the folds of which should be placed a large button mold, or a flat button to render it firmer. Apply this, and over it place one or two larger compresses made simply of smoothly folded cloth, and keep the whole in place by means of a handkerchief or bandage. If the several dressings be put on with sufficient firmness, the hemorrhage will surely be arrested. As an auxiliary measure the patient should lie down and keep the limb elevated.

Gilsum, N. H.

CURING RHEUMATISM WITH CELERY.

A German correspondent of an English paper writes as follows: "I have had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and was healed in two days' time by a soup made of the stalks and root of celery; therefore I desire to make this simple remedy known through the columns of your valuable paper, for the benefit of all sufferers from gout or rheumatism of any form. I was induced to try it by seeing the following notice: 'Numerous cures of rheumatism by the use of celery have recently been announced in English papers.' New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants are continually being made. One of the latest is that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted, the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known."

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from "diseases of the heart" do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, experiments have been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held in Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subjects

of thorough post-mortem examinations; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting till chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. The causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict "heart complaint." That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power. —Exchange.

SLEEPING UNDER THE CLOTHES.

Miss Nightingale gives the following advice: There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bed sores, a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains dampness and acts like a poultice. Never use any thing but light woolen blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.

COUGH SYRUP.

My little boys are just through with the whooping cough. Perhaps some one would like the recipe of the syrup I gave them. It is good. One ounce each of thoroughwort, slippery elm, flax seed, and licorice stick, simmered together in one quart of water, till the strength is entirely out, strain, add one quart of best molasses, one-half pound of loaf sugar, simmer all together, and when cold bottle tight. Dose one tablespoonful three times every day.

HANNAH.

FLAX SEED SYRUP.—This excellent remedy for a cough is made thus: Boil one ounce of flax seed in a quart of water for half an hour; strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and half a pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and a loss of appetite, add half an ounce of gum arabic. Set this to simmer for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wine-glass full when the cough is troublesome.

—For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish than collodion, and being always at hand, can be applied. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which were formerly supposed

to be the surest application for allaying the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from the ordinary accident of this kind, and any thing that excludes the air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

A SUBSCRIBER. *Cracked Wheat, etc.* If we would "get the best," I prefer having the grains all hulled before pulverizing, as the "Health Food Co." do, thus making superior products. I prefer the rolled to the cracked, as it is more readily, thoroughly and easily cooked, as all of the grains are best when thoroughly cooked—seldom enough. All such whole wheat products are excellent, in contrast with the fine, white or impoverished flour. No, such wheat will not "increase the fat of the flesh," at least as much as the fine flour does, since such is but little less than a mass of starch, more warming and fattening than strengthening. If you will use this wheat for breakfast, a smaller quantity of the oatmeal for supper, and the "cold blast flour" for bread—all made by the same company—using much less sugar, butter, the sweets and oils in general, making bread and fruits very prominent, with a little plain fish, I think that you will be improved.

S. R. *Bad Breath.* In some instances, the foulness of the breath may be attributable to a bad condition of the teeth, to nasal catarrh, to eating onions, and the like, but there are other and quite as prominent causes. To better understand this, just remember that the human lungs are somewhat like the city scavenger cart, in the matter of promoting cleanliness, their important office being that of carrying off the waste, worn-out and putrefying particles of the body, becoming worthless in consequence of their age. It is plain that if the system is in an impure state, the blood, as it goes to the lungs for purification, must be impure, the office of the lungs being to rid the body of this accumulated impurity, the breath, of necessity, partaking of this impurity. Again, the cause of this impurity is intimately connected with our food, whether pure or otherwise. There is a great deal of meat which is more or less putrid, or "tender," partially made so by actual decay, or putrefaction. Such meats, decaying vegetables and fruits, to a certain extent, must produce impure blood, that being one source of "bad breath." The grains furnish us with the purest food, the least liable to decay and defects, while the true condition of the grains is more readily seen than that of meats, particularly with the fruits and vegetables. Once more. When food which is very difficult of digestion is eaten, or when more of common food is taken than can be digested, as in any other warm place, the undigested portion ferments, in the stomach and bowels, producing gas ("wind in the stomach") with general impurity, a part of which is taken up, carried to the lungs, escaping in the breath—often very foul. When the system is thus saturated with foulness, it is carried off in the best way, by various means, a part collecting in certain places, forming sores, abscesses, etc., running off—not the "life"—the accumulated poisons, which, otherwise, might produce fevers and other diseases. To purify the breath, therefore, purify the blood and the whole system, keeping the teeth clean, and the bowels open and free.

MRS. N. SAVAGE. *Sick-Headache.* While the causes of this affection are numerous, the more prominent one is improper food, too much in quantity, taken at improper times, too often, etc. (I will say here that your husband's case reminds me of my own—long ago—inherited from my mother, and endured by me with great regularity, till I changed my habits of living—not now having had it for forty years, and I do not intend to have any more of it for forty years to come!) From the symptoms given, I feel sure that this case is caused by indigestion, a derangement of the stomach, the undigested food fermenting, putrefying, producing a large amount of gas which affects the head. The prevention consists in the adoption of a plain, simple style of living, the food to be easy of digestion, as the plain is, as contrasted with the rich, the highly spiced and greasy—taken in moderate quantities, slowly, well chewed, at regular times—no lunches—with a still more simple and moderate supper. At the time, if you fail in the prevention, as soon as there is an uncomfortable feeling at the stomach, drink freely of warm water, till vomiting is secured, even if it requires two quarts, which can do no harm. It is frequently well to drink the second dose, that the stomach may be fairly cleared of its foulness. If the stomach feels weak, fast for several hours, never being in any haste about taking food. When the head is hot, apply cold water cloths, several thicknesses, all over the head, as a means of cooling it, and particularly to that eye, with its soreness and pain. After vomiting, removing the real cause, a few hours of rest from hard labor will be sufficient.

The Dressing Room.

DRESS AT HOME.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

IN THE "Household Correspondence" of a certain paper, a young lady's query has led to the airing of some very curious opinions upon this subject.

It would seem that the whole question and answer could be contained in a nutshell. Let your dress always be tidy; next, suitable in quality for the work in hand. But just here comes the difference in one's point of view. One thinks "any old rag" is suitable for washing, ironing, or cleaning house. But really, a dress that has lost its freshness but none of its claim to tidiness should be worn. A comfortable-looking calico wrapper with a collar, one that is on its last day's work, is none too good for the worst of housework.

But the query referred to, was upon another point, though its suggestions and the discussion following covered an illuminable ground. It was, "What shall I do when the door bell rings and my hair is in crimping pins?" Then followed a statement of her mortification upon such a time, when the person at the door proved to be a young man who was known to be very particular in his ideas of woman's dress.

Advice by the gross came to this young lady's queries. It was an excellent opportunity for the bald to inveigh against bangs, frizzes or crimps in any form. Some virtuously objected to the sin against nature's work, and the wickedness of wasting five minutes each night to put one's hair in tea leads or wire crimpers, and as long next day in taking it down and out of them. Oh holy, smooth-haired, and hairless critics! Do they not spend more than ten minutes each day decrying the sinfulness of the pretty girls' crimps? It is more difficult to do one's hair in glossy simplicity than to follow the frizzled fashions; it takes more time to keep the hair in "shining bands" than any other way, and these same persons that mourn the folly of frizzes, spend thrice the time at each end of the day brushing their own locks. One might as well say that nature never planned for brushing, as that crimping pins were an improvement that was an insult to her taste and original skill.

As for the young querist who was so mortified at finding a gentleman acquaintance at the door, and her hair still in crimpers, if it was neatly put up, her mortification was without cause, unless her crimps were tied with rags or rolled in newspaper. The young men that call upon young ladies who do their own work, are supposed to wear working clothes when at home or at their labor, and are also supposed to be accustomed to seeing their sisters' hair in pins.

If one has housework to do it is not untidy to keep the hair neatly on pins until the perspiring work is over. The woman that must work over the hot stove until the last minute, is as excusable for coming to the dinner table with her hair still neatly rolled up on tea leads, as her laboring husband is for coming to the laborer's twelve o'clock dinner with his working costume on. Yes, the crimpers are a part of her working costume! Because they are "hewers of wood and drawers of water," or twelve o'clock diners, is no reason that she should not look "as pretty as a pink," (if she can, poor thing,) when ready to take up her afternoon sewing in her cozy sitting room, (she ought to have one,) or at the head of her tea table.

But neither she nor her husband should

come to any table with uncombed hair. It is but the work of five or six minutes to clear the hair from snarls in the morning and put it into a neat French twist or a low coil at the base of the head as is most becoming, and a man's locks are so easily attended to that he has no claim upon toleration if neglectful.

If she wears her hair on long pins for crimps, an elastic about the head will hold them down, or a fine, invisible or skeleton hairpin will fasten the pin down that left to itself is apt to suggest a horned animal. A half dozen tea leads are very unobtrusive if not exactly ornamental.

If the lady who was so disturbed about the gentleman's seeing her hair in pins, was a lady of leisure, one whose mamma kept a cook to prepare the meals, and a second girl to serve them, then her mortification was well founded, for she had no excuse whatever. It is expected of the "lilies of the field" that they shall always be emblems of beauty, from dewy morn to starlit eve.

We respect, love and admire our own working classes, but claim that what is ladylike neatness for them may be downright slatternly for the maiden born to the cultivated ease of wealth and high social position.

The stand taken is, that neatness is always imperative and very possible to all. But what is neatness for one kind of work is not for another. Dress suitably to the work in hand; that covers the whole ground. Work may be of a dirty nature, but for the worst one can wear a pair of rubber oversleeves and a rubber apron, considering the time they will endure and their vast protection, they are in the end an economical investment. These save a vast deal of washing, starching, and ironing.

The use of dressy rags for housework cannot be deprecated too much. The expression may need explanation to some. There are a class of working people that are so desirous of dressing stylishly as those persons alone can afford to do who have an assured income independent of any exertion, that to accomplish this feat which is "over their head" they never waste (?) a dollar for a tidy calico, but in summer wear torn, tagged out, be-ruffled, be-laced, and be-fringed grenadines for their kitchen dresses. In the winter matted velvets and fretted out woollens—all this untidiness that both money and time may be saved for show occasions.

Ring the door-bell and a frowzy head is stuck out from behind in a shame-faced way, "Oh, it is you, I am so glad 'twas no one else," and the owner of the uncombed hair steps behind the door lest some passer-by see her, and you pass in to see before you a girl you have envied for her superiority in dress at the balls and parties you both attend. But the spell is broken. Here is the key to her ability to outdress her equals in income and position. She is cleaning house, and has on an old evening dress, once the envy of all her mates, now but a model of untidiness, a reminder of the old beggarly jingle of one's childhood, "Some in rags, and some in shags, and some in velvet gowns."

Many times these dressy gowns, after serving their time as best dresses, and later as afternoon gowns, might be made into tidy housework costumes. But these dressy (?) persons, cannot afford the time. All their sewing is upon "best" gowns, a few more ruffles are needed, a few more revers (they probably call them reverses, and certainly they do seem to revere finery and show above all else,) desirable, and the showy dresses now grown shabby, are, for want of time, donned anyhow for working dresses. A loop of fringe in front trips them, in trying to regain their balance the French heel of the soiled party slipper catches in

a rip on the facing or dress binding, "and down comes rags, slattern and all." (Slightly altered from the original.)

It is tidy and economical to use these dresses after they have served as home afternoon costumes, but remove all the ragged frippery, mend neatly, and patch largely, and put in a neat collar or ruffle, and with hair combed plainly into a knot at the back, any worker need not be ashamed when about her business, if some chance caller arrives, even if her hair is "on the pins."

Mock modesty, mock neatness, mock finery, are all vulgar. Certain people away from home suggest like their closed up parlors when on rare occasions opened, "On dress parade."

Untidy, uncombed, unkempt women who spend nine-tenths of their life in cheerless kitchens to save the luxury of a sitting room fire, are prone to love many nice things in one room, and to love very nice suits or costumes to wear on "dress parade" away from home.

In buying clothing see to it that the feet are stockinged and shod neatly, if they cannot be nicely, at home. Better wear a two-dollar shoe for best, and as good if different ones at home than to buy four-dollar French kids for that mistaken best, and have the home shoes out at the toes and down to the heels. Better plain, unbleached, untrimmed cotton underwear all the time than shamefully shabby makeshifts at home, and Hamburg be-ruffled, fine clothes on "state occasions." Don't put a soiled, be-ruffled white skirt over a torn balmoral in winter, and delude one's self into feeling "dressed up." The thin veneer of a stylish gown is a poor disguise.

Don't wear a sack and petticoat about your daily work and then put embroidery enough on a "best" garment to buy two good dark cambrics, even ready made. Surely the one pressed to the dire necessity of such tramp-like wardrobing will not reply, will she? "Pooh! I would not be seen with a ready-made garment on." Such touselled critics do exist and live on a pretence of perversicacious niceness.

Some think they cannot afford collars or ruffles daily, but it is easy to give each collar a day or two in the housework dress, after it is not quite fresh enough for that revered "best." Two linen collars a week will easily do this. Surely most of people could find time for this. Ruchings to throw away when soiled, bought in quantities, cost hardly a penny a week. Do wear neat prints and ruchings then, if nothing more, morning and afternoon.

CROCHET SHELL LACE.

This lace is very pretty made of number 70 unbleached linen. Crochet loosely. Make a chain of fifteen stitches.

1. Miss four, in the fifth loop work one double crochet, (putting the thread over once,) chain two, miss three, one double in fourth stitch, chain five, one double in fifth stitch from last double, chain five, one double in last stitch, turn.

2. Chain three, eleven double under the five chain, chain one, seven double under the next five chain, chain one, one double in first hole, chain one, one double in last hole, turn.

3. Chain three, one double in first hole, chain one, one double in next hole, chain five, one double in one chain between seven double and twelve double, now make one double between each of the twelve double, turn.

4. Chain three, one double between first and second double, now make one double between each of the doubles in the last row, making one chain between each one, one chain, seven double under five chain, one chain, one double in first

hole, one chain, one double in next hole, turn.

5. Three chain, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in next hole, five chain, one double in hole after seven double, now make one double between each double in last row, making two chain between each double, turn.

6. Three chain, one double between each double in last row, making three chain between each double, one chain, seven double under five chain, one chain, one double in next hole, one chain, one double in last hole, turn.

7. Three chain, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in next hole, five chain, one double after seven double, one chain, three double between each double in last row, making one chain between each three, turn.

8. Five chain, one single under one chain, five chain, one single under next one chain, continue in this way all around the scallop, this will make eleven loops, now one chain, seven double under five chain, one chain, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in last hole, turn.

9. Three chain, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in next hole, five chain, one double in hole after seven double, six chain, one single under first five chain, six chain, one single under next five chain, continue this way all around the scallop, turn.

10. Chain seven, one single under first six chain, seven chain, one single under next six chain, continue this way all round the scallop, one chain, seven double under five chain, one chain, one double in next hole, one chain, one double in last hole, turn.

11. Chain three, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in next hole, five chain, one double after seven double, this finishes first scallop, chain five, one single under last seven chain, turn.

12. Chain three, make eleven double under first five chain, one chain, seven double under next five chain in heading, one chain, one double in first hole, one chain, one double in last hole, turn.

Now repeat from third row. Unite the scallops by catch with single crochet in the seven chain opposite in the first scallop, and the next time across catch it in the next seven chain, and so on until you have caught in four times, or until the scallop is finished.

Elgin, Ill. MRS. A. B. CRAWFORD.

INFANT'S SHIRT PATTERN.

I have seen several directions for infant's knit shirts but having one that I think is superior to any, which I have never seen in print, I send it for the benefit of the members of the Band. Use fine Saxony yarn and small bone needles.

Front.—Cast on fifty-seven stitches, knit five times across plain.

For the first row of the pattern, slip one, thread over, knit five, slip one, knit two together and pass the slip stitch over, knit five, thread over, knit one and repeat from "thread over, knit five," until you have four patterns, ending with thread over, knit one. Purl back. Repeat until you have five rows of holes. Knit five times across plain. Instead of purling back the last time knit plain and that counts as one of the five times across plain. This completes the pattern. You can use as many patterns as you like. I use two for this size shirt.

Now knit thirty-six rows, two plain and two purl, narrowing off one in the middle of your needle the first time across.

Knit twenty-eight stitches, drop the remaining twenty-eight off on another knitting needle or a hairpin, and cast on six stitches. Knit back and forth forty times. This makes twenty ribs on the right side. Bind off eleven, knit nineteen, turn; slip first stitch and knit back plain

Bind off four, knit twelve, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain. Bind off four, knit five, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain. Knit three, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain. Knit all off plain and slip on a hairpin.

Take up the stitches on the other side, knit back and forth thirty-six times. Knit two, bind off three and knit the rest plain. Knit twenty-three, cast on three, knit two, (this makes the button hole.) Knit two more rows and finish off as the other shoulder, only binding off five stitches first.

Back.—Knit the back the same as the front, only knitting the forty stitches all the way across, and narrowing off four the first time across after finishing the ribbing. Knit twenty-two and slip off on a hairpin, bind off eight, knit sixteen, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain, bind off four, knit seven, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain, bind off three and knit all off plain. Take up the stitches of the corresponding shoulder of the front and bind off together.

Take up the twenty-two stitches you slipped off, bind off four, knit twelve, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain. Bind off three, knit four, turn; slip the first stitch, knit back plain. Knit all off plain and bind off as the other shoulder.

Sleeve.—Cast on fifty-three stitches, knit ten plain, then commence your pattern, and knit it the same as the bottom of the shirt; repeat the pattern three times. In purling back, knit the ten stitches plain until it is square, then bind off. This forms the gusset. After repeating the pattern three times knit twenty rows, two plain and two purl, and then bind off.

AUNT JERUSA.

CROCHETED HOOD.

Use single wool, any color preferred, and crochet a foundation in afghan stitch, eight inches wide and one and one-half yards long.

Now crochet a chain eight inches long, turn; draw worsted through the first stitch, leaving the new stitch on your hook. Take up the next stitch in the same manner, and so on to the end, when you will have as many stitches on the needle as there were in your chain.

Now draw the worsted through one stitch the first time, and through two every time after until only one is left on the needle. Look at your work carefully, and you will see long stitches extending vertically all across it. Draw the worsted through the first leaving the new stitch on the needle, and continue as before.

When finished cover this foundation with chains of eight stitches crocheted very loosely. Commencing at the lower right hand corner, work across the piece, fastening the chains into the long stitches which you will see all over the work. Make the chains a little closer about the face, and let them run over the edge, so as to make the hood stand out about the face.

Now double the piece together and sew the back edges together, making a seam seven inches long. Round the corner a little to fit the head. Place a bow of ribbon on top and one on each end.

When wearing the hood cross the two pieces behind before bringing around the neck. Fasten in front with a fancy pin, and if of a becoming color you will find yourself quite "fascinating."

Massachusetts.

CLOVER LEAF EDGING.

This lace is composed of shells and leaves.

First, work four shells as follows:

Seven chain, turn; in fourth stitch from the needle work three double, one chain, three double, this makes a shell,

three chain, one double in end of chain, turn; take up second stitch, draw thread through the stitch and loop, draw through the third and fourth stitches in the same way. Now with three chain commence another shell. Two double, one chain, three double, three chain, one double in fourth stitch of loop, turn; seven chain and shell.

For the clover leaf, now make fifteen chain, turn, leaving six stitches for stem; one single in seventh stitch of chain making a loop, turn; make three loops in this one, as follows: three chain, one double, three chain, one double, seven chains, unite the last at the base where loops were made with one single crochet, turn; put the needle under and in the first loop, three chain, one double, work one single, one double, three treble, now put the needle under and in the first loop, three chain, one double, one single, one double, three treble, now put the needle through the upper stitch of the second shell, draw thread through and finish the scallop in the same loop, as follows: Three treble, one double, one single; second loop, one single, one double, six treble, one double, one single; third leaf work in the same way, six chain on the six chain of stem, and three single on shell.

Then with three chain commence another shell to repeat the pattern between the six trebles of the second lobe of leaf, fasten to the third lobe of preceding leaf the same as the first lobe is united to shell.

This is correct as I have worked from it. MRS. HATTIE D. TAFT. Sturbridge, Mass.

LADIES' CROCHETED SKIRT.

Material required: one pound of Germantown or Midnight yarn.

Make a chain of three hundred and twelve stitches for a medium sized skirt, (this makes twenty-four scallops of thirteen stitches each,) and unite.

1. Make a chain of two, then four double into first four stitches of foundation chain, *three double in one stitch, five double in next five stitches, miss two stitches and five double in the following five stitches; repeat from * all around foundation chain.

Continue according to these directions until you have eighteen inches of the skirt, being careful that the shell of three comes each time over the former shell, and that the holes made by missing the two stitches come directly over each other.

Then instead of five double between the shells and holes, put only four, (which narrows two double in each scallop.) Repeat this four rounds. Then make three double between shells and holes for four rounds, or until your skirt is within eight inches of the length desired.

For the remaining eight inches double crochet in every stitch, leaving the placket opening by crocheting back and forth instead of around.

For the last row, double crochet, one chain, miss one stitch, double crochet into the next stitch, and so on around, making a place to run a ribbon or braid through to tie the skirt on.

Complete the bottom of the skirt by a few rows of shells.

A neat finish around the placket opening and across the top is made by one row of small scallops.

MRS. RUSH J. THOMSON.

Pennsylvania.

KNITTED PURSE.

Use medium purse silk and No. 18 steel needles. Cast on rather loosely one hundred and one stitches.

1. Plain.

2. Slip one, knit one, *throw thread

over needle, knit three, and draw the first of the three over the other two; repeat from * to the end of the row.

3. Plain.

Repeat the second and third rows until the purse is of the required width, about four and one-half inches, then bind off just loosely enough to make this edge the length of the first. Sew the edges together on the wrong side with an over edge seam, leaving an opening in the middle through which to pass the coins. Work one row of single crochet around the opening.

From stiff pasteboard cut a stretcher just as wide and two inches longer than the purse, and cover it with two thicknesses of thin cotton cloth. Over this draw the purse, hold in the steam of a boiling kettle until slightly damp, and leave it on the stretcher to dry. When thoroughly dry slip from the stretcher, draw up the ends, and add tassels and rings. If preferred, one end only may be drawn up, and the other sewed flat and ornamented with fringe.

TO KNIT DOUBLE HEEL.

1. *Slip one, knit one; repeat from * to the end of the row.

2. Slip one, purl all the remaining stitches.

Repeat these two rows until the heel is of the required length.

FLORENCE BROOKS.

DIRECTIONS FOR BABY'S CROCHETED SACK; TRICOT STITCH.

Make eighty-five chain, tight, with fine hook.

1 and 2. Plain.

3. Count twenty stitches, widen one, count twenty-two stitches, widen one, crochet one, widen one, count twenty-two stitches, widen one and count twenty stitches, which will complete the third row.

Widen every row on the shoulders till you have twenty-one rows.

4. Counting twenty stitches, widen one, crochet one, and widen one.

5. Counting twenty stitches, widen one, crochet three, and widen one.

6. Counting twenty stitches, widen one, crochet five, and widen one, and so on taking the odd numbers.

Put sixteen rows on the sleeves, and sew up on the outside. Crochet the last row with a fine hook, making it small around the wrist.

Make eighteen rows under the arm size, making in all thirty-nine rows for the length of the sack. Widen every third row under the arm size and back. Widen under the arm size by widening one, crocheting one, and widening one.

For the border, crochet three thick, work in every third stitch; make three rows in this manner.

4. Five thick work in first bunch, fasten in next bunch with short stitch, continue this around the sack.

On neck and sleeves put three rows instead of four. Crochet loosely.

I used Saxony yarn.

L. M. C.

CROCHET SLIPPERS.

First make a chain of five, join, turn; make one single stitch into the first two stitches, in the third stitch make three single stitches, then two single stitches in the remaining stitches, turn; crochet back the same way as the preceding row, by lifting the under stitch and leaving the upper stitch to form the ridge, and so continue until you have twelve ridges on the right side. Always widen in the center of each row, and this will bring it into a point. This is for the front. Then crochet up one side fifteen single stitches, crochet back and forward always forming the ridge, until you have twenty-five

ridges on the right side, join to the other side of the front, and finish by crocheting a chain on the top of four stitches, then a treble, then a stitch into every other stitch, then join; then make a scallop in each hole, then make a chain of four and crochet into every stitch all around the scallops; this forms little scallops all around the large scallops. Run ribbon through the holes, and tie in front to make a bow. Buy cork soles, bind around with cashmere, and then sew on the slippers.

A. B.

CROCHETED RICK-RACK EDGING.

Begin six points from the end of the braid. Make a chain of three, thread over and catch in the second point, draw through first two loops, and then through the next two, chain one, put thread over, and so on till you have used twelve points; turn, put thread over, put in first hole, draw through two loops, leaving two on the needle, put thread over and in the next hole, this time leave three on the needle, and so work till you have twelve loops on the needle, put thread over and draw through them all, fasten with one chain, make a chain of eight, fasten first two points, chain three, fasten next two points, chain ten, and count back three points on the opposite side of the braid and fasten, chain three and begin as at first. Keep all chains on the wrong side.

Material: Rick-rack braid, any No desired, and cotton thread. NETTIE. Kansas.

MUSLIN TOILET SET.

A pretty toilet set is made of clear white or dotted muslin over colored satin. Make a mat fourteen inches wide and twenty-seven inches long, lined with the satin and edged with lace. In one corner a pretty design may be outlined on the muslin. The square cushion is of satin covered with muslin which is also outlined to correspond. Trim with lace, and place a large bow of ribbon on one corner. The toilet bottles can be covered with satin, or use cut glass ones with ribbon tied around the neck. If dotted muslin is used you can work each dot with colored silk. One seen recently was worked in different colors, a nice way to use up remnants of floselle. The muslin looks equally well over silesia, if an inexpensive set is desired.

MRS. M. H. NICHOLS.

Gloucester, Mass.

QUILL LACE.

Cast on eighteen stitches. Knit across once.

1. Knit plain.

2. Purl fourteen. Pay no attention to the remaining stitches.

3. Slip off the first of the fourteen stitches on the right hand needle with the four, then knit nine, narrow, thread over twice, knit two.

4. Purl fourteen, making one stitch of the two loops.

5. Slip one, knit thirteen. This ends one quill.

6. Knit eighteen.

7. Knit four, purl fourteen.

8. Knit one, narrow, thread over twice, knit eleven.

9. Slip one, purl thirteen.

10. Knit eighteen.

Repeat from first row.

Vevay, Ind. MRS. I. S. KNOX.

TAM O'SHANTER CAP.

As these caps are so fashionable now I send directions for crocheting one.

Cast on six chain, join and work around, making a flat piece, widening at intervals. Make as large as you wish for the head piece, then crochet one round without increasing. Crochet the succeeding rows,

diminishing in the same proportion as you increased, and work the head band without either increasing or decreasing. Nine or ten rows will be sufficient for the band. It should be crocheted tighter than the other part of the cap. This is very pretty made of cardinal Saxony or German wool. Mrs. J. C. MEINS.

The Dalles, Oregon.

STAR WATCH POCKET.

Use a medium steel crochet needle and either button-hole twist, letter D, or filoselle. If filoselle is preferred only two threads should be used.

Wind the silk six times around a small lead pencil and slip it off. Over the ring thus formed work fifteen single crochet and join the last to the first with a slip stitch.

2. * Make six chain, pass over two single crochet on the ring and fasten with a slip stitch to the third. Repeat from * four times and fasten the last chain to the same stitch from which the first chain of the round was taken.

3. * Over the first six chain work eleven single crochet and fasten with a slip stitch to the same stitch on the ring to which the chain of the preceding round was fastened. Repeat from * four times. There is now a five-pointed star for the center of the pocket.

4. Work slip stitches over the first half of the first point. This is done to bring the silk into position for working the large ring that is to surround the star. When the silk is at the sixth stitch on the first point * make ten chain, and fasten to the sixth stitch of the next point *. So proceed until a ring is formed around the star.

5. Over the first section of the ring work twelve single crochet and fasten with a slip stitch to the same stitch to which the chain of the previous round was fastened. Repeat until all the sections are covered.

6. Turn the work and make slip stitches over the last four stitches of the last section. This is to bring the silk into position to work this round. Turn the work and make three chain, (the first two of these three take the place of one double crochet,) pass over one single crochet on the ring and work one double crochet in the next single crochet, one chain, pass over one single crochet on the ring and work one double crochet in next single crochet, one chain, one treble crochet in the point of the star, working the stitch over both the preceding rounds *, one chain, one double crochet in every alternate stitch on the ring. Repeat from * until three sections and two stitches on the fourth section are worked, observing to work one treble crochet into each point of the star. Then three chain and fasten with a slip stitch into the fourth stitch on this section, one single crochet into the next single crochet on the ring, five chain fastened with a slip stitch to the single crochet last worked to form a picot, * two single crochet into next two single crochet on the ring, five chain to form a picot on the single crochet last worked. Repeat from * until the round is completed and fasten with a slip stitch to the second of the three chain stitches, that were worked at the beginning of the round. These picots make the edge of the top of the pocket.

7. Make five chain to form a picot on the slip stitch, * two chain, pass over two double crochet on preceding round and in next double crochet work two double crochet, make five chain to form a picot on the double crochet last worked, and work two more double crochet in the same stitch with the last two double crochet, two chain, pass over two double crochet of preceding round and fasten with a slip stitch to the next double crochet, five

chain to form a picot on the slip stitch. Repeat from * until the first of the picots is reached.

Break off the silk and fasten. Sew the pocket to the basque by the picots of the seventh round. FLORENCE BROOKS.

BABY SOCK. (CROCHET.)

I find this pattern very pretty and simple to make. Materials, one lap each white and colored zephyr. With white make a chain of thirteen, turn, miss one, work twelve double crochet, one chain. This one chain is made in order to turn the work nicely.

2. Take up the back loop and work plain double crochet throughout. Repeat until there are twenty-eight rows, or fourteen ribs on each side.

29. Work down the twelve stitches, seven chain, turn, miss one, work back, take up same loop on the chain that is taken up on leg part.

31. Work eighteen, four chain, turn, work back twenty-one stitches.

33. Work twenty-one stitches, three chain, turn, work twenty-three stitches.

35. Work twenty-three, turn, work back.

37. Work twenty-one stitches, leaving two, turn, work back.

39. Work down eighteen stitches, turn, work back.

In making the fortieth row the wrong side will be toward the hand.

Join the sides. This forms the leg and instep. At the point of joining begin with the color, work around the instep and leg one row double crochet, taking up six stitches down first side of instep, two next notch, three second notch, two across the end, two on third notch, and three on the toe. Work the other side of instep to correspond, having sixty-one stitches all round.

2. Plain, but worked in single crochet, that is by putting hook through back loop and drawing through both loops at once.

3. Same, but increase five times by taking up a stitch on back of work, one in middle of toe, one each side a little from toe, and two in heel little apart, about four stitches. Work five rows plain.

9. Decrease five times same places where you increase, by putting hook through second loop, then the first, and draw wool through all three loops on hook.

10 and 11. Same as 9th row, except in 11th row work till within four stitches of the middle of toe. Turn sock wrong side, join the edges, taking up four stitches at toe, also at heel, and work them as one.

For top of leg join white and make seven groups of trebles, four trebles to a group.

2. Make another group of four trebles in the center of first row.

3. Join on the color, four trebles in center of white group, fasten with double crochet to the loop between first and second groups in second row, three chain, fasten to loop between two groups of trebles in first row, three chain, fasten to top of sock, three chain, fasten to same loop in first row, three chain, fasten to same loop in second row, then repeat till finished.

Run ribbon through the ribs at ankle and tie in front. This sock is very pretty worked in treble crochet, that is the leg and instep, but instead of twenty-eight rows only fourteen of the treble crochet are required. MINNIE J. W.

PRETTY LAMBREQUIN DESIGN.

Make any number of chain stitches divisible by nine, half as long again as desired when finished, as it takes up in working.

1. * One double crochet in each of first nine chain stitches, nine chain stitches, miss eight, one double crochet in next nine chain stitches, *; repeat to end of row, finishing with nine double crochet.

Every row has to be worked on right side of work, consequently the twine has to be broken at end of every row.

2. * Nine double crochet, nine chain stitches, *; repeat to end of row, finishing with nine double crochet.

3. * Nine double crochet, four chain stitches, one single crochet through fifth chain stitch of 2d and 3d rows, drawing tightly together, four chain stitches, *; repeat.

4. * Nine double crochet, nine chain stitches, *; repeat.

5. * Nine double crochet, nine chain stitches, *; repeat.

6. * Nine double crochet, nine chain stitches, *; repeat.

7. * Nine double crochet, four chain stitches, one single crochet through fifth chain stitch of the 5th and 6th rows, four chain stitches, *; repeat.

8. Repeat the 5th row.

9. Double crochet to end of row.

The Heading.—* Six double crochet in third double crochet, miss two double crochet and fasten on third by one single crochet, *; repeat.

To finish off on the bottom, work ten triple crochet in fifth double crochet, one single crochet in ninth double crochet, four chain stitches, one single crochet in fifth chain stitch of chain of last row, four chain stitches, one single crochet in first of the next nine double crochet; repeat.

The fringe is put in every other loop of the edge of the last row described.

Geneva, N. Y.

HATTY.

KNIT SKIRT.

C. A. D., in the December number, inquired for the directions for a knit skirt for a child, two years old. I think she will like this one. It takes from one and one-half to two skeins of Germantown yarn, knit on small sized wood or bone needles, two breadths, ninety-six stitches each.

1. Knit plain.

2. Knit seamed.

3. Knit plain.

4. Narrow, knit four, throw thread over, knit one, throw thread over, knit four, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over the narrowed one, knit four, throw thread over, knit one, throw thread over, knit four, slip one, narrow, pass slip stitch over the narrowed one, etc.

5. Seam across.

6. Like the 4th row.

7. Seam across.

8. Like the 4th row.

9. Seam across.

10. Like the 4th row.

11. Knit plain.

12. Seam across.

13. Knit plain.

14. Repeat from fourth row until you have three of the pattern rows between four rows of the seams. Then knit two, and seam two, thirty-six rows, or until long enough.

The back breadth, after the pattern rows, knit and seam one-half, and then the other, which leaves the opening. Some make a row of holes around the top, but I prefer to have it sewed on a binding. ETTA.

NIGHT-DRESS CASE.

Cut a pasteboard twelve inches square, cover with blue silk on both sides, then cut four quarter squares or three-cornered pieces, to fit in the form of a square, cover those both sides with silk and join each piece on the sides of the twelve-inch

square by a strip of silk two inches wide that will give room for folding over the dress. It may have a laying of white wadding on under the silk with sachet powder if desired. Trim with pretty lace edge, also cover with some pretty lace designs. After the dress is folded and put in, fold each three-cornered piece over and fasten in the center with a button and an elastic loop. Finish with a pretty blue satin bow or rosette. These are very pretty to lay in the middle of the bed in the day time, and are also handy. It can be made of pink in the same way.

Sturbridge, Mass. HATTIE D. TAFT.

FRENCH LACE.

Cast on thirteen stitches and knit across plain.

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

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

3. Knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit two.

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

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

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

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

8. Bind off four stitches, knit twelve. Repeat. JENNIE.

Pittsfield, Mass.

HOW TO HANG BOOK SHELVES.

Di Vernon advises the sisters to hang up book shelves by a cord with a large knot tied under them. Now I want to tell her and all the sisters that a better way is to string thread spools of equal size upon the cord between the shelves. They are more ornamental, besides keeping them level and quite firm. They can be painted like the shelves or stained black-walnut or mahogany color and varnished. The deep cut spools are preferable to the shallow ones.

MRS. E. S. WILSON.

THE WORK TABLE.

We are constantly receiving letters from subscribers, complaining of incorrect directions for knitting insertings and lace, and, hereafter, can publish only such as are accompanied by a sample, knitted from the directions after they are written. It can give but little trouble to the experienced knitters who kindly send us such patterns, and will be a great favor to us.

Will some one please give directions for crocheted silk purse? L. M. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Hortense please send me the directions for daisy mat? Westerly, R. I. MRS. DAVID SUNDERLAND.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish to make some fancy rugs to utilize a large quantity of worsteds left of carriage afghan, also silk left from crazy quilt. Can any of the Band give any directions for either? and does any one know any thing about making rugs same as tidies, of Java canvas? I don't quite understand the knit rug in August number, 1885. MARGARETT.

Maine.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Allow me to correct an error in Handsome Lace, by Mary J. Thursky in the May, 1885, HOUSEHOLD. Cast on twenty-seven stitches instead of twenty-six. In the eighth row knit eleven plain stitches instead of three, as given in the directions, and instead of the fifteenth row as given, repeat the eleventh, and use the fifteenth given in the directions for the sixteenth, which is not given at all. Then begin again at number one. S. A. LEONARD.

Boston, Mass.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions how to knit a calla lily for lamp mat? I understand how to make the mat also the center of lily. A. B. MORSE.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

The Dining Room.

NEW DESIGNS IN TABLE FURNITURE.

BY MAXFIELD.

DINNER giving among the wealthy is one of the most onerous of their many social duties, and to keep up with the fashion, a tax not only on the time, but a serious drain on the purse, if one copies after the English style as it is now the fashion to do. China and porcelain, silver ware, glass and linen, were never so rich, so artistic as at present. Silver grows more massive and the decorated porcelains and cut glass are fragile and elegant in the extreme.

The present styles in silver ware are copies of old English models, the hammered and Japanese work having gone by, and we now see imitations of the old Queen Anne, or fluted ware, and the *repousse* flower and leaf designs of English, and sometimes French patterns. The fluted and *repousse* designs combined give an excellent effect.

It is not long since the tall, stately epergne formed the center piece of every pretentious dinner table. It gave an air of distinguished solidity which nothing has replaced but was so obstructive of the view and so annoying when one would look at or talk to a fellow diner across the table that we are not sorry to see it going out of favor.

Wax candles are now preferred to gas light, and beside the drop and bracket lights in the dining room, a well appointed table has two candelabra with spreading branches, and four small candlesticks. These bear wax candles each one of which is fitted with a small shade of colored glass which by a most ingenious contrivance of springs, gradually falls as the candle is consumed.

The center table ornament is a low silver dish filled with begonias or ferns, or a narrow scarf of embroidered plush crosses the cloth and on this is arranged an oval flower holder with center mirror in which leaf and blossom is so disposed that they seem to be growing from, and reflected in the water. Another pretty fashion is to have a large number of tin dishes an inch high and one and one-half inches wide and the shape of a crescent or horseshoe. Fill these forms with damp moss which must be completely covered with short stemmed flowers, or pansies; arrange about the table in the form of a chain or such other device as suits the fancy.

Each corner of the table has massive silver comports for bonbons, and at each end a larger comport for fruits. These pieces are all of the most beautiful workmanship, some comports being composed of grape leaves and vines in *repousse* and pierced work; others are of fluted work which is simpler but more easily cleaned, as a thrifty housewife remarked.

Silver table ware grows smaller in size, and there are many new and odd designs. Pepper boxes and salts are made to imitate stew pans, mushrooms, cats, dogs, boots, shells, leaves and flowers, while the butter plates are no less unique. An article much appreciated by the gentlemen diners is a silver cigar lighter in the form of Psyche's lamp.

Silver teacups are much used in France. The fashion has never become general here though occasionally one sees a set of after dinner coffee cups in silver. When these are decorated like the Niello or Tuba ware with inserted metals of black and red, the effect is fine. Then we have silver crumb scrapers and pans, silver asparagus tongs, silver cheese scoops, silver fish knives and small silver

forks to use when fish is served, individual silver butter knives to accompany the tiny silver butter plates, silver pickle and toasting forks, silver bonbon sets, in fact, all wood and metal used at the table is now supplanted by silver, while in France, almost no china is used in aristocratic families.

Elaborate tea caddies are making their appearance in the silver smiths' windows as the fashion of brewing tea at table is again revived. These caddies are made of silver, lacquer, gold, or porcelain with silver stand, the lid or top is small, not holding more than two teaspoonfuls, and is generally used as a measure for the tea. Those who have preserved the caddies of their grandmothers can now bring them into use thus causing a pang of envy in those *nouveau riche* who have no pedigree to back their assumptions.

There are in this country several services of gold plate, one belonging to the Astor family. A service of this kind gives a royal air to a banquet, but even among the very wealthy there are few who care for them as their safe keeping entails a deal of trouble and anxiety.

Spoons come in very choice designs. The Indian coffee spoons, something after the fashion of the old "apostle spoons," are studies from Catlin's illustrations of the North American Indians, and from objects in the National Museum at Washington, and are valuable as true pictures of savage life, as well as exquisite works of art. You can purchase a single spoon, and if you wish a dozen you can have them all different. Other spoon patterns illustrate scenes from the court life of several centuries ago, others give a pictorial description of shells and sea weed, while still another kind alike interests folks, little and big, by the story of little Red Riding Hood, and rhymes from Mother Goose done in engraving or etching. Another design in spoons is called the "berry pattern," from the fact that each size spoon shows the fruit and foliage of a different berry, the fruit being chosen with reference to the size of the spoon. Among the many fruit spoons none is more generally useful than the orange spoon, as with this little instrument the juice can be scraped from the half of an orange with a considerable degree of grace and ease, while in the consumption of ice creams and water ices its sharp point and long, shallow bowl gives it great superiority over the common spoon.

At lunches and receptions the past season paper dishes have been used for serving ice creams and salads. A floral design as a morning glory, fuchsia or lily in the natural colors contains the frozen cream, while salads are handed round in delicate cups set in a leaf of crisp green lettuce or parsley, all of paper. And such a rage was there for the realistic and unique that one of the favorite sweetmeats was a delicate mushroom with creamy white surface and pink or dark cream under leaf.

It is quite the thing for dishes to typify the food within or the different courses. Eggs are still sent to table in an imitation straw nest of which a motherly old hen forms the cover. A cream holder is in the form of a cow, while the same animal often adorns the butter dish, in this case serving as handle.

Fish plates are painted with water scenes, sea weed, shrimp, crabs, lobsters and various kinds of edible fish. Oysters are served on china plates the exact counterpart of an oyster shell or on small plates on which the delicious bivalve is so naturally depicted that one feels sure they can be lifted with the fork. Individual water pitchers have the ice in a pocket and the water in the center. This contrivance is ingenious and convenient.

A unique tooth pick holder is of gold or

silver in the form of a porcupine mounted on a suitable base. The whole affair is covered with little holes like a pepper box, and when the picks are inserted the article has a most realistic appearance. A breakfast caster of entirely new design has a triangular base mounted on three solid silver balls. The three bottles are of richly decorated porcelain, with the usual supports and handle.

A most beautiful table ware is now made from the slag resulting from the melting of copper, gold and silver ores at Argo, Colorado. This goes through a variety of processes being subjected to intense heat and strong acids, the result being a metallic glass with the strength of light cast iron which can be manufactured into any form of table ware, "with the most beautiful sprays of onyx-stone colors upon a general background of opal."

These are only a few of the thousand and one things which ingenuity can devise and art perfect to adorn the tables and cater to the appetites of the *bon ton*.

In household decorations we have oddities no less pronounced. At a New York jeweler's we see lamps in a variety of forms, one of the prettiest being in the shape of a beautiful white owl. The stem of a large rose rises from its head, the closely folded petals of the same concealing the glass globe. To replace the flying Cupid or Mercury we have a flying stork with extended legs and wings, highly ornamented and intended to be suspended from the chandelier or center piece by an invisible wire. A novel flower holder is a white bear in bisque with an opening in the back for flowers; and a porcelain vase represents the stump of a pine tree around which clammers a wealth of nasturtium vines and blossoms.

New hall lamps have frames and chains of solid fire gilt brass, with etched glass sides either square or round. These have a chain and balance for lowering and raising the same as the parlor drop lights and make an admirable hall decoration where gas is not used.

In art bronzes, which are almost indistinguishable from the real bronze, figures were never more artistic and beautiful. The subjects are historical, mythological and fancy, and all tastes can be suited. They come framed in plush, bronze, wood and solid German metal, those of brass being most expensive. Among the more striking we notice Queen Elizabeth, Psyche and Venus, Pompeian water-carrier, and Pointer and Setter; the two latter being particularly adapted for dining room decoration.

Thermometers have run the whole gamut of the decorative craze from the crystal model of Bunker Hill monument to the one in the shape of a closed umbrella of fine brass. The tube is mounted on this and the handle and chain are elaborately ornamented.

Japanese curiosities which a few years ago were represented by paper napkins, shoes, fans and screens with now and then a bit of porcelain, are now imported in such a bewildering variety of materials and styles as greatly to increase our respect for that curious people of whom we have till lately known so little. Thin lacquer work is unsurpassed and comes in the shape of trays, boxes, cabinets, caskets for jewelry, etc.

In porcelain the better known grades are the Satsuma, Awata, Kioto, the latter made by the famous manufacturer Tazuan, Imari and Kaga ware. Some of the larger pieces shown this season were nearly two years in the hands of the workmen and are correspondingly high in price.

Silk portieres, embroidered with all the skill and quaintness of design for which their artisans are famous, are beautiful enough with their odd and many hued emblems to cause a breaking of the tenth

commandment by any woman who views them, unless her pocket book be uncommonly plethoric, for they cost from two to three hundred dollars. But really odd, foreign, and desirable for a common house are those of strong bamboo and huge heads, the whole resembling a section of very wide fringe. These are quite durable, and one eight and one-half feet long and of appropriate width costs only fifteen dollars.

THE DESSERT.

"Lady" primarily signified "bread server." Hence it will be seen that the kitchen queen has good warrant for considering herself a "lady."

"What and When to Eat," is the title of an article in an exchange. The "when" never gave us any trouble in our eating, but we have been compelled to do a sight of skirmishing after the "what."

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shopkeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness."

"How much of your time do you expect, Bridget?" "O, faith, mum, oi won't be wanting much; oi'll only be asking yez for three-thirds of me toime, and 'dade, that's not as much as oi was getting at me last place."

The frequent signs of fallibility in the storm signal flags recall the way the fellow "told time" by his go-as-you-please clock. "When it is half-past three," said he, "it strikes four, and then I know it is twenty minutes past two."

"What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a Harlem school teacher of a rather slow boy. "I am going to be a school teacher, and make the boys do all the ciphering," was the impudent reply.

Maude. "Isn't this a queer title for a book—'Not Like Other Girls.' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls." Mother. "I do not know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother, instead of staying in the parlor to read novels."

"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Professor Nettlehead, looking up from her sewing. "You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined her husband; "I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing. A few moments later the professor said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "Ah!" she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock; if I were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell what time it is. I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing."

"I must have some rest this summer," said the clock; "I am all run down." "I think I need a country seat," said the easy chair, leaning on his elbow. "I am getting played out," said the piano; "a little fresh air would be a good thing for me." "That's what I want," said the sofa; "a little fresh hair at the springs." "I should like to go with the sofa and lounge in the woods," said the foot-stool. "If my legs were stronger," said the table, "I should go to the country for some leaves." "Country board is always so plain," growled the sideboard; "nobody that is knobby or polished goes there." "Let me reflect," said the mirror; "they have very plain-looking lassies there too, do they not?" "You make me plump," said the divan; and here the housemaid closed the folding doors and shut them all up.

The Kitchen.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS AND ECONOMIES.

BY BROWNIE HART.

IT IS almost with a feeling of surprise that I find myself again writing to THE HOUSEHOLD. Probably I should not be doing so, had not Dolly's courageous championship of my unpopular cause stimulated me to another endeavor in the epistolary direction. What has become of Economy, the sister who was the originating cause of the "Four dollars per week" discussion? Why does not she relate through the columns of our paper, her success, or the reverse, in adapting to her own particular case the various economies suggested by her HOUSEHOLD friends?

Right here I would like to ask Economy if she has ever tried the efficacy of soup as a reducer of meat and grocery bills? By "soup" I do not mean the kind which involves the purchase of a soup bone, the burning of a quantity of fuel to give to the same several hours' steady boiling, the preparation of numerous varieties of vegetables, seasoning, thickening, etc., but some simple variety, which can be as easily and quickly prepared as any other dish which may form a portion of the meal.

From September until April or May, soup regularly forms the first course of our six o'clock dinner, and though, even with its aid, I have not yet succeeded in reducing our table expenses to the proportionate sum of four dollars per week, its use has been proved to be both beneficial and economical. Our favorite varieties of soups are potato, tomato, and noodle, with variations. Once a week we have oyster soup, but so many excellent recipes for the preparation of this have already been given, that I will not occupy space in writing needless directions.

For potato soup, pare and thinly slice one large or two small potatoes, and put to cook in about one and one-half pints of water. Boil until the water is reduced to one pint, add one pint of milk, (less if you have not plenty, but in that case add sufficient hot water to make the quantity equal one quart), one teaspoonful of butter and salt to taste. Serve with crackers. This soup may be varied by the addition of a sliced onion when the potatoes are put to cook, or by the addition of celery. As the latter method is a favorite one with us, I usually in preparing celery for the table cut off the green tops and the roots, wash thoroughly, dry slowly in a warm oven, and put away in bags, (little empty salt sacks are nice for this purpose,) until needed. A few of the dried leaves or roots put into the water when the potatoes commence to boil and removed just prior to the addition of the milk and butter, give a very delicate and agreeable flavor to this otherwise plain soup.

Another favorite variation is prepared on the days when we have fried oysters. The liquor remaining in the can after the removal of the oysters is added to the soup with the milk and butter, and the whole allowed to boil up once before serving. Were it not for the presence of the potatoes this variety could not be distinguished from genuine oyster soup.

The second on the list (tomato) is perhaps the most readily prepared of all. One pint of canned tomatoes, or its equivalent in raw ones, put to cook in one pint of water. When boiling well, or, if raw, when thoroughly cooked, add one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, stir till it foams, add one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of

butter, salt to taste, and two soda crackers, or a handful of oyster crackers finely crumbled. I have given the above recipes as prepared for our family of two, but the proportions can, of course, be increased as required.

For noodle soup it is necessary to have a meat foundation, but it is surprising what really good soup can be made from little scraps of meat which would otherwise be comparatively valueless. From the center bone and little pieces of fat cut from a small, uncooked round steak I have made a soup sufficient in quantity for our small family, and as rich as we care for it. Scrape the marrow from the bone, and put bone, marrow and fat to cook in one quart of cold water. Boil half an hour, remove bone and fat, add sufficient boiling water to make the quantity in the kettle equal one quart, salt to taste, add noodles, cover closely and cook ten minutes.

For the noodles beat one egg, add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a very stiff dough. Not knowing the exact quantity I am unable to give more explicit directions. Roll into a long, thin sheet, then with the hands roll the whole up tightly, and, with a sharp knife, shave from the end in thin slices, the same as in cutting cabbage for cold slaw.

Sometimes I add a sliced onion to the meat when put to cook, and at the expiration of the half-hour, add small quantities of thinly sliced, cold boiled potatoes, turnips, peas, tomatoes, or any other varieties of vegetables I chance to have remaining from previous meals, and allow them to become well heated before serving the soup. In this instance the noodles are omitted, but dumplings may be made by adding a sufficient quantity of flour to the beaten egg to admit of its being rubbed with the hands into small particles. Add to the soup when it is boiling, and cook about ten minutes.

If Economy has not habitually made soup a portion of her dinner bill of fare, and will give the above varieties a trial, I think she will be surprised at their satisfying effect upon the appetite, resulting in a diminution of the quantity of meat and vegetables consumed, as well as at their wholesome qualities and trifling cost.

Why do we not hear from Southern Sister? Has she been irretrievably wrecked on those three fatal rocks, viz.: beefsteak, oysters and coffee? Regarding the latter "rock," I have observed that those who refer to it, have almost invariably made "the very best" Mocha, Java, etc., a *sine qua non* to success, but while it is, of course, better to procure these, if possible, very good coffee can be made from the cheaper grades. We use coffee costing only from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound, and it never fails to be clear as amber and delicious in flavor. The first requisite is a perfectly clean coffee pot. Now, please do not feel insulted. I have known old housekeepers, and model ones, too, in most respects, who never thought it necessary to empty and wash their coffee pots until the accumulation of grounds made it necessary. Their coffee wasn't so bad, either, but I am sure, under the same circumstances, mine would not be drinkable. In the first place any coffee left in the pot after a meal should be poured into an earthen or china receptacle, never one of tin as that discolors the coffee, the grounds removed and the coffee pot thoroughly washed, scalded and dried. When ready to make fresh coffee, put into the pot one heaping tablespoonful of ground coffee for each cup required, and add a corresponding number of cups of water, either cold or boiling, it makes no difference that I can see, remembering to proportion the amount of ground coffee and water to the amount of cold coffee on hand, that is, if

you wish to have four cups of coffee, and have one cup of cold coffee, put into the pot only three tablespoonfuls of coffee, and three cups of water. Let this just come to a boil, add the cold coffee, and set where it will keep warm but not boil, until sent to the table. The addition of the cold coffee is supposed to, and usually does, "settle" the whole, but if on trial it should not do so, at your next attempt mix one teaspoonful of beaten egg with the ground coffee before putting it in the pot, and if your coffee is not beautifully clear and fragrant, I shall be greatly surprised. The addition of cream to the coffee is almost a necessity in securing a delicious beverage, but where this is not obtainable, the following will be found a decided improvement over the plan of using cold milk. When the coffee boils, and the cold coffee, if any, has been added, pour into the pot, milk in the proportion of one scant half-cup for each cup of coffee, let it boil three minutes and serve. Coffee thus prepared can scarcely be distinguished from that in which cream is used.

I, too, have had a "rock." I say "have had," for, thanks to Helen Herbert, it is a thing of the past. Her article on "Pie and Cake" caused it to vanish as completely as though destroyed by dynamite. Previous to my perusal of that ever-to-be-gratefully-remembered communication, I could not make pie crust fit for the consumption of either biped or quadruped, and as it was about the only failure I had suffered in my culinary attempts, it was naturally the art which I was most determined to conquer, but at the time of reading her letter I had become so discouraged by repeated failures that I resolved if the following of her directions brought the customary result, viz.: wet, heavy pie crust, fit for nothing but to be thrown away, I would never try again. The result, however, was success, and success it has been ever since, until my husband now says, "You can make as good pies as your mother." A higher compliment he could not pay, and for it, and for the relief and satisfaction of having, at last, steered clear of my "rock" dear Helen Herbert, please accept my grateful thanks.

Chicago, Ill.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Do not rush into the spring cleaning on the first mild day that comes, for health and life are thereby endangered. Do not rush at it and rush through with it, thus lessening your vitality, and tiring yourself out before you have fairly begun. But calmly wait until the warm days are come to stay, then deliberately plan out your work, and make haste slowly, and resolve to get all the pleasure possible out of the work. Do not attempt to clean more than one room in a day, for it is as much as one or two women can do justice to, and feel good and rejoice over when done.

Begin always in the garret and come down with the work. If bags of stuff are hanging on the walls and rafters, take them all down and brush the dust off them, sweep clean a place on the floor, and pile them thereon. Rip the seams and hems from all old clothes that have been reserved for carpet rags, and put the good pieces in a basket to be washed later. Gather up all useless things, old hats, shoes, useless rags, ends and seams, and old paper boxes, have them taken down and out and buried under a grape vine or rose bush. Have the old wooden boxes split up into kindlings, or into neat stakes for plants, and supply their places with new boxes. With a clean broom sweep the ceiling or rafters and walls thoroughly. Sprinkle the floor with water from a fine sprinkler, sweep up the

dust carefully, lift it, and have it put on the flower border. Have made previously some new bags. Old, clean ticking is nice for this purpose. Empty the old bags, unwrap the bundles, shake them out and do them up again, put them in the new bags, and hang them on the rafters. The windows should be taken out, washed and replaced. The garret floor should now be carefully scrubbed with a scrubbing brush, and washed and wiped dry, great care being taken to prevent the water from dripping through the cracks in the floor, for it would deface the ceiling beneath. The water should be frequently changed. Four or six bucketfuls will not be any too much. Now wash the garret door and steps in clean hot water. There is not any thing that will purify and freshen up a house like the garret cleaned as suggested above.

After the garret the up-stairs rooms should receive attention, one at a time, and in their order. Take from the room every thing that is easily movable. The beds and bedding should be taken down, and hung over a line, or placed where they will get a good airing and sunning. The tacks should be drawn from the carpet, and the carpet carefully folded, and taken down, shaken, and swept on both sides, and hung over a line. Sprinkle and sweep the floor, and dispose of the dust. Pin a clean, soft towel over a new broom, and with it carefully sweep the ceiling and walls, and, if necessary, whitewash the ceiling.

If there are closets in the room, take every thing from them, dust, and wash the shelves nicely, shake out, refold and replace the articles, as soon as the shelves are dry, and as you go over the articles of clothing, lay aside all such as are fit only for the rag bag, or will do to give to the very poor.

Wash the windows in a clean, hot suds, using old linen cloths, rinse in clean, warm water, and rub dry with an old, soft silk or linen cloth. Wash the doors and wood work carefully, wiping them dry quickly as you proceed. Care should be used in scrubbing the floor, and the water renewed often, having the bucket nearly full. For washing the floor a soft cloth like an old towel is nice, or a piece of an old brown cotton counterpane will answer admirably. Wipe the dust from the furniture, wash and wipe it quick and dry, and varnish it, which is easily done. A pint of furniture varnish will go a long way. A camel's hair brush will be required, and any woman or half-grown girl can in a short time varnish all the furniture of a bed room. As soon as the room is dry, replace the carpet and bedding, arrange the furniture, put up clean curtains, and clean sheets, and pillow cases, and a clean spread on the bed. And rest awhile in the sweet consciousness that the room is clean and the work well done. Proceed thus with the other up-stairs rooms, and wash down the stairs and banisters.

Next should be done the sitting room, dining room and kitchen, then the parlor. The hall comes last because every thing has to be carried through it.

Remove from the parlor every thing save the piano—all pictures, books, vases and *bric a brac* should be taken out, and the curtains taken down, before the carpet is taken up, and pin papers or cloths over the piano to protect it from the dust. Before the vases are returned to the parlor they should be washed, and the glass over the pictures cleaned with a damp cloth.

Most kitchens are hard to clean. If the walls are of wood, they should be washed, if of plaster, kalsomined in a neutral tint. My kitchen walls are of wood. They are washed as is the ceiling every spring, and painted in a tea or light

stone color. The windows are washed often, the floor twice a week, and the stove kept polished. This kitchen is a large, pleasant room with beautiful outlooks.

It is of the utmost importance that the cellar should be thoroughly and effectually cleansed, but this work comes not within the province of a woman, but she can superintend it, however. Have all the fruit, vegetables, bones, barrels, jars, jugs and bottles taken out, have the rafters, walls and floor swept clean as clean can be, the rafters and walls whitewashed, the floor scrubbed, the shelves and windows washed, and wire netting put over the windows, and an inside door made of the wire netting, thus excluding all intruders in the shape of flies, insects, and snakes. I am told that flowers of sulphur if used in the whitewash will prevent mildew. Have the old boxes and barrels split up and get new ones. All the jars and jugs should be washed and scalded in weak lye before being taken back, and it would be well to sun them for a day.

It may not be inappropriate to remark here that ammonia, a teaspoonful to a gallon of water, will greatly facilitate the cleansing of paint and glass. It will remove grease spots from wood work, finger marks from doors, and spots from carpets.

Lye, lime and ammonia, are very hard on one's hands, and after using either, bathe your hands in salt and vinegar—and that reminds me that of all things, and we have tried many, salt and vinegar applied hot is the best thing for cleansing brass, which should afterwards be polished with fine ashes.

To cleanse silver, mix prepared chalk with aqua ammonia until it forms a soft, smooth paste, wash the silver clean, and with a bit of new cotton flannel, apply the paste over the whole surface of the silver, and when dry, polish it with the dry prepared chalk, using a larger piece of cotton flannel. And remember that kerosene oil will remove rust from iron and steel.

To keep red ants from your cupboards after the shelves are washed and dried, lay on them a sheet of clean paper, and sprinkle unslacked lime thickly over it, and over this lay another sheet of paper, and see that both sheets fit the shelf snugly. The lime will keep the ants at bay, and will not affect the taste of any thing. The papers and lime should be renewed every week.

And if red rovers, the horror and detestation of all good housewives, have penetrated your strongholds, mix together some common salt and spirits of turpentine, and apply to the slats and railing, and to every crack and crevice of the bedstead, and the marauders will speedily vanish.

When rag carpets become so soiled as to present an unsightly appearance, they should be ripped apart and washed. The comfort of having them clean will fully compensate one for all the labor involved. Never use soft soap about a carpet of any kind, it will fade them badly, but slice some hard soap, plenty of it, into a pan of boiling water, and let it boil until it forms a nice soft soap into which put a teaspoonful of aqua ammonia. After the carpet is ripped and shaken, lay a breadth of it on the floor, and pour some of the soap on every soiled spot, then scrub the spots with the broom, using some hot water. Go over every breadth thus. When one strip is gone over, put it in a tub of hot suds, and take it through the wringer. Each strip should have two separate suds, and be rinsed through two clean waters. When clean, hang on the line to dry. Do not try to rub the carpet, the scrubbing with the broom, the hot water and the wringer, will cleanse it all right.

Now when a convenient day comes, have the pieces that were ripped for carpet rags washed perfectly clean, and when dry, wrap them up in close cotton bags, and put them into close cotton bags, and hang the bags in the garret where they will be safe from moths and dust, and ready to work with any time. All nice linen and silk rags should be reserved for washing window glass. Old knickerbocker goods make most excellent floor cloths. For floor cloths, one needs something that is a good absorbent, and that will be nice and soft to handle. Crash is stiff and harsh.

A little vinegar put in the stove polish will increase its shining qualities.
Riverside, W. Va. UHLMA.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Number Twenty-two.

BY THERESA.

On such a night as this, with the mercury down to 30° below zero, the thoughts turn naturally to the poor and needy in our land, of whom there are very many, wanderers without food, shelter or clothing, and destitute of the most common comforts of life. Some are brought to this condition by dissipation and folly, spending what should be for their own and family's support, for that which nourisheth not. Many have worked hard all their lives, and merely "kept soul and body together" at that. Health fails, they cannot even do that longer, so their poor home must go, and there is nothing more cheerful to look forward to than "over the hill to the poor house" at last. All are to be pitied, "God's poor," and doubly so, the wrecks who are the cause of their own wretchedness, because they will be so foolish, and worse than foolish. Why will they not stop and ponder upon their ways? Whither are they drifting. Do they not know that this world is not their abiding place, and that 'tis not all of life to live, nor all of death to die.

Our windows are covered with thick frost work, more beautiful than human fancy can devise or fashion, but all is bright within. We draw the easy chairs and center table with its wealth of reading (HOUSEHOLD among the rest), a little nearer the fire, and the long winter's evening is passing quickly and pleasantly, making us, I trust, thankful that it is as well with us as it is.

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Pussy monopolizes the rug nearest the stove, seeming to think it placed there for her special benefit, and fully appreciating its comforts, judging from her loud, incessant purring.

Caps of cotton flannel for elderly people's and invalid's night wear in winter are very comfortable. Pretty narrow lace in knitting or crochet adds much in giving them a finish. Among my patterns are two good-fitting ones—one that old ladies call a "sheep's head," very simple to make. The other is nearly the same, being a trifle more work, as the neck is fitted, and the back part cut off wider, which fullness is to be gathered and sewed to the neck piece.

Another comfort for housekeepers in cold weather, is a rug placed where they stand most of the time, either before the "broad shelf" or table in the pantry or kitchen, while baking, etc., and now in the long days of spring is the time to make them. Take old print dress skirts, whose waists and sleeves are worn out, tear in strips a finger or more wide, and braid tightly as possible, so they will lie flat, as loosely braided ones are a nuisance, and roll up every time the foot touches them. Old overalls, shirts, underwear, and many such things work in well, and it is one good way of disposing of them,

but being thicker cloth, the strands need not be quite as wide as the print. They can be sewed round or oblong, according to choice, using a large darning needle with strong carpet thread. Have two, so when one needs washing, another is ready for use while this is drying, which in winter takes a long time. Plenty of them to scatter about are useful, if one has time to make them. After cold, dry snow has fallen, we took ours out on to the stone walk, and after shaking lightly, covered with snow and swept each way, then again and again the same. This cleansed and brightened them wonderfully, and was almost equal to washing where there are no grease drops. Ours in common use are thoroughly washed every spring.

Hortense, the rugs spoken of were made before the crazy patchwork was fashionable, but probably with small pieces they might be made crazy fashion to better advantage. The ones I tried to describe, were made of strips sewed on to a foundation, something as "log-cabin" or "poverty blocks" for quilts were made. Suppose you want a square rug, cut a piece perhaps a finger square of black, and baste in the center of the foundation, now sew a strip the width you have, on one side the black, right sides together, then turn the red back towards the edge, and baste in place. Sew another red strip on the opposite side the same, and if red is plentiful sew it on the other sides also, though a different color will do as well. Now the center piece is surrounded, use some dark color for the next row around, then, say plaid, green or blue next—just what you have—till finished. This lady had considerable plaid cut on the bias, and used just the pieces she happened to have, arranging best she could with colors and material on hand. The center pieces for the rugs longer than square were also oblong. I think the directions are plain enough so you cannot fail to understand this time, only exercise your own taste and judgment in regard to colors, etc. Please let us hear through THE HOUSEHOLD if you succeed.

I once saw a man helping his wife clean a rag carpet, one quite cool morning in late winter or early spring, on the snow before the crust thawed, and as it had assumed considerable color, I thought the carpet needed it badly, and that it must be sweet and clean. They each had a broom and swept it one way and the other, several times over, and I think threw snow on it, but I am not sure. It seemed a good way, but the greatest objection, as I thought, would be in tearing up the rooms so early in the season. Those wishing to avail themselves of the snow, could do so if they had a room not much if ever used in cold weather, and after drying the carpet, fold away till the room was cleaned later in the season and ready for it.

UNPRACTICAL RULES—AND OTHERS.

Sometimes we find rules for doing or making things which prove to us, when we try them, misleading if not wholly impractical.

For instance, I cut a scrap from a newspaper, some little time since, "How to Cleanse Kid Gloves," and laid it carefully away to experiment upon in case of need. It was "Take a little sweet milk and a bit of soap, spread the glove smoothly over a folded towel, and with a piece of white flannel dip in the milk, rubbing the glove downwards, continuing the process till the glove looks yellow or dark, and as though it were thoroughly spoiled. After drying, put the glove on the hand, rubbing it till it will be clean, smooth and glossy."

Well, in due time, a delicate pair of

kids needed cleansing or something done with them, so I tried very carefully the above rule, and found to my disgust that not only did the gloves look entirely spoiled, but actually were ruined. The moisture shrank and caused the kid to curl as it became dry, the attempt to put it on the hand tore the glove, while the pretty flesh color gloves looked any thing but of the lovely former tint. All the rubbing would not render them either shapely or glossy, and as a consequence the gloves have never since been worn.

But for this experiment I might have cleaned them with benzine, even though that is distasteful, so that they would have done for common wear, or I might have sent them to the dye-house-agency, and had them cleansed or else dyed black for a very small outlay, and the gloves would then have been presentable.

We can use dry meal and flour to remove some of the soil from gloves, which is harmless, even if they are not perfectly cleansed. In this case the gloves are put upon the hands and rubbed in a dish of meal, then brushed clean.

Black kids may be nicely freshened by putting upon the hands, dipping the fingers in a saucer with good black ink turned in it, and then rubbing the gloves till all the parts are touched, allowing them to dry upon the hands, and perhaps touching them in a bit of thin mucilage to give them new luster. A touch of good boot blacking may also be used with good effect for black or very dark colors of gloves.

Boot polish also comes in play for many things besides boots, trunks and hand bags, but it is always well to experiment on a piece of cloth or other article before beginning on the garment, then no mistakes will be likely to be made. For instance, we have touched rusty spots on black dresses with the polish, and with good effect. We have brightened up buttons on a dress and also other trimmings even to lace, being careful to wind the latter around a large bottle to keep it in shape. And you can do wonders with a rusty hat or bonnet of black or dark colored straw by going over it with the shoe polish sponge, and in fact if you once use the sponge for such things you will find no end of ways where it can be made useful. This is always at hand, as dyes of various kinds may not be, even in case one is practiced in their use.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BE IN EARNEST.

Much of our success in life depends upon our earnestness, while many of our failures may be traced indirectly to a lack of this important quality. In reading the lives of eminent men and women who have been benefactors to the world, we find that their success and usefulness has largely been dependent on their earnestness and perseverance. Charles Dickens is among the many who could be named who arose from obscurity to eminence mainly by his earnestness. His own words are "In great aims as well as small ones I was always thoroughly in earnest."

Earnestness is not only necessary to succeed in literary pursuits, but it applies to all the various pursuits and avocations of life whereby men and women obtain a livelihood. The merchant, mechanic and farmer, must be in earnest if they succeed in their respective occupations. The physician also requires a large degree of earnestness to properly fulfill his responsible calling. When our loved ones are stricken down with disease, we feel less solicitude, if earnest, active measures are being taken for their relief and restoration to health. The preacher of the Gospel, above all others, needs earnestness in his high and holy calling, to make his words effective. Who has not

listened to a sermon, good in itself, and only lacking in earnestness of delivery? The teacher, too, must not only have earnestness but a love for her vocation to be successful.

And now we come down to that monotonous avocation called housekeeping, which every housekeeper wears of at times, but in which all who have assumed its duties, must in some manner fulfill them, notwithstanding I firmly believe if by some means there could be a little more earnestness infused into it, the complicated machinery would run easier. And, also, if we could trace our non-successes and failures to their real origin, that in nine cases out of ten we should find that they arose from a lack of forethought and earnestness in the matter. In practical cooking we all desire good results, but can these results be obtained without forethought, earnestness and supervision. For instance, in the manufacture of bread, we may start it from good flour and yeast, but if neglected and left to itself beyond a certain length of time, we cannot expect it to turn out a floury poem. To succeed we must give it a share of our time and attention. In the preparation of dinner, it is not an uncommon thing to have boiling, baking and frying all going on at once. We must concentrate our attention not only on one, but on all three of these, to make our cooking a success. To be a successful cook, one requires the watchful strategy of a general, who knows just how, where and when to marshal up his forces to make the battle a victory. We must inform ourselves just how long it takes to cook certain dishes, otherwise one dish may be ruined while waiting for another.

For the encouragement of young housekeepers whose early pursuits in life may have caused a practical knowledge of cooking to be neglected, I will say per-severe for you can learn to cook, if you only go about it as earnestly and as perseveringly as you did the pursuits you followed prior to your marriage. While good cooking is a science not learned in a day, you have no reason to be discouraged, for one of the best cooks I have ever known, did not graduate from a cooking school, but spent all the earlier years of her life as a music teacher. Later in life she married, and assumed the duties of cook and step-mother, without much practical knowledge of either. But with the same earnestness which characterized her efforts in obtaining a musical education, she set about learning to cook. She must succeed, for there were two daughters in the family old enough to criticize her amateur efforts, and, if so disposed, to make disparaging comparisons between her cookery and their departed mother's. By obtaining good, practical directions from her friends, and by close observation united with good judgment, she was spared the humiliation of unkind criticism, and succeeded so well that in time she became the most noted cook and housekeeper in the whole village where she lived.

A. B.

Meridian, N. Y.

BITS OF TALK.

Shall we wrap our bread closely after baking or not? that's the question. Some of our HOUSEHOLD contributors advise dampening the crust of the loaves when taken from the oven, and wrapping closely, as a method to secure soft crust, and we have formerly practiced this method to a certain extent. But we have read that wrapping the loaves closely prevents the escape of the gases which are considered deleterious, and for some little time past our practice has been to lay a cloth upon the table or bread board, dampen the loaves, if rather hard, turn upon the side, and then lay another cloth over the

whole baking, merely to cover not to keep the steam from escaping. Unless bread is improperly baked the crust will not be hard if treated in this way, while it seems reasonable not to confine the gases which cause the unhealthfulness of fresh bread. For who does not like a fresh loaf, instead of being confined to stale bread for the stomach's sake?

However good may be any recipes for yeast, and however long yeast may be kept good, I should not think of keeping house without a package of cake yeast to have at hand in case of emergencies, and also, as a general thing, to use in raising my home-made yeast. With this there is no need of making yeast at inconvenient times, so as to save the old for seed, or of sending the children to the neighbor's to borrow a cup of yeast in case of shortage or failure.

Chancing into a friend's one Saturday evening in hot weather, I found her in the kitchen making yeast at that unseemly hour. She had been away from home for a day or two, had forgotten to make new yeast before leaving home, and must bake bread Monday, so there was no way, as she thought, but to kindle a fire and make the yeast, as she had only enough for a single rising left. A package of yeast cakes costing a few cents would have saved all this trouble, and then she would have had cakes enough left to have done ten bakings more, and to have made her yeast besides. I prefer it also for constant use in hot weather especially, to any home-made I have ever used or seen, as there is no danger of its spoiling or the bread becoming sour.

In using cake yeast I make a batter and stir the cake, after letting it become soft, into it, instead of merely dissolving the cake, as directed on the wrapper. And sometimes I tie a pinch of hops in a bit of cloth, and put in the water before making the batter. As I always put a quantity of potatoes in my bread before I set the sponge I do not mind having it in my yeast.

Some correspondent writing about keeping cod-fish from becoming too dry, advised changing it from cellar to other places, as needful to keep it about right. This is troublesome, besides who wants cod-fish open either in cellar or pantry to give its odor to the other contents of the room? My practice is either to cut or peel the fish when moist, and put into a close covered dish, a salt box, or better a stone jar, (perhaps you have a cracked one which will be just the thing) then it is in convenient shape for use, and sufficiently moist to pick up easily. The prepared fish is convenient, but I rather prefer to get the whole fish as a general thing.

Several times I have seen inquiries how to make the frosting for lemon pies, puddings, and so forth, so that it will not shrink or curl up. The secret of doing this is very much, I think, in not putting on the frosting till the pie or pudding has been from the oven for a short time, long enough for the first heat and steam to escape, as this shrinks the egg at once. After, it may be returned to the oven for a moment to brown the outside a bit. Some contend that beating the eggs in the old-fashioned way, on a plate and with a fork, is better for this frosting than using an egg-beater. But isn't it hard work? ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE RISE OF THE LAMP.

Lamps, derived from the Latin *lampus*, has been defined, until within a few years, as a receptacle for oil with a wick for illumination. But the inventions of the past generations have made it impossible to distinguish between the lamp proper and any other artificial means of giving light. As used by the Egyptians, Greeks,

and Hebrews, lamps were simple flat vessels, round or oblong in shape, at one end of which was a small handle, at the other a nozzle, and with a larger opening in the center, into which the oil was poured. The oil commonly used was vegetable, but, according to Pliny, sometimes of liquid bitumen. These lamps, many of very elegant form and ornamented with fanciful designs, were hung by chains to bronze candelabra. Tarentum and Aegina were especially famed for making them of great elegance.

Among these Canadian French the same low, oval, metallic vessels, furnished as in early days, with a handle at one end and a nozzle at the other, may still be seen. Some are made to be carried in the hand, while others are suspended by chains in the middle of the room. The Hebrews kept their lamps burning all night, and this custom is still in vogue in Aleppo and Egypt. From the earliest times until within about a century the lamp remained much the same, consisting simply of oil and a wick in some kind of a vessel. A complete revolution in artificial light was caused by the invention by M. Ami Argand, in 1784, of a burner with a circular wick. The flame was thus supplied with an outer and inner current of air. Argand was also the inventor of the glass chimney, as applied to his and other lamps. The so-called astral lamps were provided with these circular wicks, the reservoir for the oil being arranged in the form of a hollow ring, enveloping the central stand that supported the burner. In consequence of the peculiar shape given to the ring, the lamp cast no shadow at a little distance off. An ingenious piece of clockwork machinery was devised by Carcel, in 1780, for pumping the oil from the reservoir at the foot of the lamp up to the burner, and thus supplying it always from the same point. This lamp, afterward slightly improved by others, was in many respects the most perfect of these contrivances, but its great cost prevented its general adoption. It was, furthermore, so large and heavy that it could be moved only with difficulty, and the very complicated nature of its mechanism required access to skilled workmen to keep it in repair. A modification of the Carcel lamp, known as the Diacon, was long popular in this country.

In 1787, Peter Keir made the great invention—since fully developed by Aronson—of raising the supply of oil by means of another fluid with specific gravity greater than oil. This fluid was generally a mixture of salt and water.

The "automaton," invented by Porter in 1804, was very ingenious. The lamp was suspended on an axis, counterbalanced by a weight, so that it hung level when full, but at an angle of forty-five degrees when empty, thus being fed evenly by the gradual ascent of the burners.

In 1822 Samuel Parker, Jr., made an important improvement; the fixing of French chimneys upon burners by means of metal supports.

The difficulty of distinguishing between the countless inventions relative to lamps and those referring to general illumination does not appear great prior to 1865, when the production of petroleum greatly stimulated the study of practical methods of generating light.

It is remarkable that the invention of Hero of Alexandria, in which the oil was raised by water, involves the pressure principle, since developed in nearly a hundred forms. It is adapted to any kind of inflammable fluid, and while burning may be rolled on the ground, upset, or reversed for any time without danger. It is interesting to note that the most important recent inventions in lamps are chiefly American. A full description of them all would occupy volumes; but it is safe to

say that no other household article has undergone so many and such marked changes in the past century as the lamp. —Exchange.

VERSATILITY OF OCCUPATION.

Although there often is marked distinction and success to be won by the person of a single pursuit, yet such persons are surely more liable to over exertion or to abnormal development of those faculties called in play; in short the strain is too often upon one set of nerves and muscles while the others are allowed to remain weak and flaccid, contrary to those important laws whose practice tends to produce mental and physical symmetry.

Although many occupations afford great variety within themselves yet many present but a monotonous round. We sometimes fancy what seems light work always easy, but be it ever so trifling, want of variety sates, and the same position and style of work will weary. Many of our fellow creatures are so happily situated that they have or may have great variety of employment, and surely there is no more independent or useful class than those capable of and willing to do what the hands find to do, and wise are they who learn by observation and inquiry the manner of performing the thousand and one kinds of work which it does not require long apprenticeship to understand.

To every housewife who as the wise woman "looketh well to the ways of her household," there falls the doing or overseeing of such various things that it is vastly important for her to understand as far as possible the details of each. It is not enough that she be simply a good cook, a careful and tidy housekeeper an expert, practical shopper, or deft with her needle, but that she possess practical information in large share upon these as well as very many other subjects.

Just here I might add a word to the many "Johns" of the farm and household, not, as they will at once surmise, with regard to lessening the work of the home keeper, they have already been ably advised in this matter, but as to the value of learning the use of those tools necessary for keeping in repair the multitudinous things which come under their care, thereby closing one of the many drains upon the family purse.

Now, I would not have any of us become that oft derided object, the Jack-at-all-trades, yet there are so many things which, if one will, they may learn easily and without laborious practice to perform satisfactorily.

The suggestion has an added value when we reflect how much of rest change of occupation affords. Often do we think how restful and refreshing it would be to those who so busily ply the needle or operate the sewing machine, if a part of each day might be devoted to some other work. The pale student, worn and wearied with excessive application to his books, might better devote a part of his time to some healthful, vigorous and useful employment. Albeit he might not so soon reach the coveted goal, he would add useful years to his life, and gather crumbs of comfort in the form of renewed physical energy and quickened mental activity, for what will it profit if the mind develop to gigantic proportions, should the body be too weak to bear the burden?

Now, I do not desire to prescribe continuous labor, with but the recreation of variety, but surely those forms of recreation which have some useful end in view are decidedly preferable to the listless, lounging sort, and since the fall the profitable occupation of mind and heart have ever been man's safeguard against sin.

Let it be our aim then as far as in us lies to so choose and arrange our work of life that each part of the entire physical

and mental structure shall sustain proportionate wear, remembering there is no replacing with new the worn parts and mending is at best unsatisfactory and ineffectual.

M. A. BROWN.

Maryland.

TURKEY CHOLERA.

To the lady who inquires if there is any method of prevention and cure for cholera among turkeys, allow me to give a few suggestions.

Cholera seems to be the immediate result of indigestion; the causes of indigestion I do not know. Make an effort to furnish such a variety of food as shall keep all of the organs of the body in a healthy condition. Cooked and ground food is more easily digested than whole grain; scalded corn meal, ground barley, and oats, or shorts, mixed, forms a very good diet. Crumbs of bread, cooked potatoes, and plenty of sour milk are desirable. Charred corn, as described in a recent number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, should be fed occasionally. As a preventive, I give the following recipe:

Turkey Cholera.—One ounce of cayenne pepper, one ounce of camphor gum, one ounce of anise seed, one ounce of black antimony, one ounce of gum guaiacum, one and one-half ounces of alum. Mix thoroughly one teaspoonful of this with two quarts of ground feed, before wetting, add two tablespoonfuls of fine lime, and one teaspoonful of salt. Give this regularly twice a week, at least. A little alum, or two or three drops of carbolic acid put in a pan of drinking water is also good, if one can be sure they will all drink of it.

If, in spite of these precautions, any bird becomes sick, take it from the roost at night and give about one-third teaspoonful of the powder dry and then a little water that it may be all swallowed. In the morning, repeat the dose; continue until the disease is partially checked, then diminish the dose gradually to a pinch until the bird seems perfectly well. This amount is suited to a turkey from two to three months old. It is necessary to be cautious as too much in any individual case may check it too soon and cause immediate death. Some cases require more than others, according to the stage of the disease. The lady who gave me the recipe said, "I have cured a great many and killed a number." I have had but four cases since I had this recipe and have cured them all. Until I had this, every bird that had the cholera died.

I will add, that, for a time, I sometimes use two of the ingredients, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper mixed with the dry meal and a small lump of alum dissolved and put in the water used to wet the meal. This is sufficient for hens and chickens, but not always for turkeys.

Iowa.

BITTERSWEET.

TAKE CARE OF THE DISH TOWELS.

Among all the multiplicity of subjects discussed in the volumes of our paper, I have never yet seen an article on dishcloths. I want to tell you how I care for mine. In the first place I have a pile of a half dozen of them, made of crash and nicely hemmed, kept in the drawer where is a pile of dish wipers, hand wipers, tablecloths, etc., and every Monday morning I take a clean one from the top of the pile and when the one used the previous week is washed, boiled, and ironed (this in defiance of the non-ironing sisters) I replace it at the bottom of the pile, thus insuring a constant succession in the use of them, and in consequence, they last a long time. When finally they do begin to wear, I take them for sink cloths, floor cloths, etc. A dishcloth thus treated bears no resemblance to descriptions of

them I have seen in other publications (never in our paper of course) "a mass of discolored rags, greasy, slimy, and odorous with miasma." No sister of our Band ever saw any thing like the above I dare venture to affirm, and yet I have noticed that otherwise neat housekeepers will use one dishcloth till it comes dangerously near assuming the appearance of a mass of rags, when they will replace it by another to repeat the same hard process. Sisters take good care of your dishcloths.

STELLA.

THINGS LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing very gently for two hours, pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquid when done, and let the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquid saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—*Exchange.*

A WORD OF ADVICE.

No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after your dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be any thing better than calico; but you have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes of being neatly and cleanly dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair uncombed, if a stranger or neighbor comes in. Moreover your self-respect should demand the decent appareling of your body.—*Farmers' Advocate.*

DEODORIZING FEATHERS.

To prevent ducks' or geese's feathers from being unpleasant, never use the feathers unless they are plucked from the bird ripe. Plucking feathers ripe means that they should not have any blood at the end of the feathers when plucked from the bird. If the feathers are taken from the bird unripe, or with the blood at the end of the feathers, such feathers should be perfectly cured—that is, the end of the feathers should be perfectly dry and hard—before used, or each feather should have the ends cut off. Those who intend to use feather-beds should see that the feathers are in good condition

before they are put in the tick. If foul feathers are put in the tick the bed will never be pleasant.—*G. R. M. Jefferson Medical College Hospital.*

—In the preparation of all albuminous foods, overcooking produces toughness, and it is by no means necessary to employ long periods of high temperature to obtain the best results. High temperatures are useful if employed for a short period at the beginning of an operation to coagulate the albumen near the outer surface of a cooking joint, to seal up the juices within, and so to confine the "goodness" and flavor of the meat. In cooking a leg of mutton in water, the meat should be put into boiling water, which should be kept boiling for four or five minutes, until a coating of firmly coagulated albumen envelops the joint. Afterwards a temperature of about 180 degrees, maintained for half as long against the commonly prescribed boiling-period, will satisfactorily complete the cooking.—*The Cook.*

—Articles of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of water, and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or even for two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.—*Exchange.*

—Never put a particle of soap about your silver if you would have it retain its original luster. When it wants polishing, take a piece of soft leather and whitening and rub hard. The proprietor of one of the oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia says that "housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds, as it makes it look like pewter."

VOLATILE SOAP FOR REMOVING PAINT, GREASE SPOTS, ETC.—Four tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn, four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of salt. Shake the whole well together in a bottle, and apply with a sponge or brush.—*Exchange.*

—If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth be mixed in the white of six eggs, well beaten, and applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

—A cement made by dissolving rubber cut fine in benzine, may be used to mend rubber boots and shoes. This cement will firmly fasten on the rubber patch.

SPOTS ON FURNITURE.—To remove white spots from tables or other furniture, rub the spots with camphor, and they will disappear.

—A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

—To remove ink stains, wash the cloth thoroughly in milk, then in hot water with soap, and the stains will disappear.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—May I come into The Kitchen for just a few minutes to chat with you? I have just learned a new lesson in cooking, and think many of you might be helped a little in a similar difficulty.

My John being unable to eat hearty food at night, and yet wishing a warm supper, as he carries only a luncheon for his dinner. I have been puzzled to obtain a variety when oyster stew, milk toast, etc., had been frequently repeated, when a friend instructed me in making broths which we find delicious these cold evenings. I make first a stock as follows: Procure a good soup bone (one near the joint is preferable) with considerable lean

meat on it. To each pound allow one quart of water. Let it heat slowly until it just reaches the boiling point, (but do not let it boil,) skim it carefully, and set it where it will barely simmer for eight hours; then allow it to stand in a cool place all night. In the morning remove all the fat, again heat it, adding an onion, about a dozen peppercorns (whole black peppers), a bunch of sweet herbs, and salt to taste. Let this simmer for about half an hour, strain, and set away in a very cold place. This will form the basis of numerous savory dishes, and though the directions seem long, takes but very little time to prepare.

For one meal I take as much of the stock (which will be a firm jelly) as wished, add an equal quantity of water, salt and pepper to taste, thicken with cornstarch or flour, (one teaspoonful to a pint of broth,) and serve with crackers heated in the oven until crisp. Again, omit the thickening, adding instead some boiled rice, or steamed barley. Or, to one quart of the broth add one pint (or one-half can) of stewed tomatoes strained through a sieve. Or, beat up two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk and bake in a greased cup, set in a pan of hot water, until firm in the center. Remove from the cup and cut in little cubes, triangles, etc. Put in the dish for serving, and pour over them one quart of boiling broth. In this way I can have a great variety of broths with only a few minutes' labor, as the stock will keep ten or twelve days during the cold weather, and half as long when the weather is warm.

Have any of you ever prepared a tongue in jelly? We had one at dinner to-day, and it was much admired by all the family. It is very nice for Sunday dinner, as it should be prepared the day before. Procure a small beef's tongue, boil slowly until tender, changing the water three times while boiling, to remove the salt. When tender, cover it with cold water and quickly remove the skin, and cut off all the roots. Set it on a plate to cool. Take one quart of the beef stock, add to it one-half box of gelatine previously soaked in one-half cup of cold water for two hours, and when boiling add the beaten white of an egg mixed with one-fourth cup of cold water. Strain and set in a warm place. In the bottom of a deep dish just large enough to hold the tongue, pour sufficient quantity of this liquid to cover to the depth of about one inch. Set it in a very cold place. When hard arrange on it thin pieces of beet cut in fancy shapes and carefully add more of the liquid to cover. When this has hardened lay the tongue (which should be very cold) in the dish, and pour in the remainder of liquid. Set it aside until ready to serve. If it sticks to the dish, set it for a minute in hot water and turn out on a platter. I know if you try it you will say you never had a handsomer dish for the table, and beauty is not its only recommendation.

I tried the washing fluid in January number, but did not succeed, for the lime would not dissolve. Was it because I used cold water?

Emily Hayes' apple pudding recipe in February number is delicious.

MRS. W. C. POTTER.

Hebronville, Mass.

DEAR SISTER:—The one in western Kansas, I mean, and surely I may call you sister, at least in pioneer life. This letter is not for the more favored of our sisters, but for us of the sod house and dugout. I know all about them, have lived in them, taught in them, and spent the happiest hours of my life under their dirt roofs. Unlike yourself my home has always been on the frontier, and I have had the benefit of the experience of many pioneer housewives. The comforts of my "sod"

house I owe to them. When John and I were married, our wedding tour was the journey to the "claim" which he had taken some months before.

A sod house, measuring 12x16 inside was soon put up, he wanted to build one before we moved but I preferred superintending my little home, having some "notions" to be tried. Then the question of furniture was to be decided. There must be two or three articles, certainly. These were a stove, a bedstead and some chairs; the rest could be manufactured. The house has a north and a south window, an east door, board floor and roof, and is plastered with gypsum. The roof inside is whitewashed. I had not even a "piece" of carpet, so I oiled the floor and made a couple of large rugs. One is made of strips of cloth, braided and sewed in oval shape, the other of wedge shaped pieces, buttonhole stitched around three sides and sewed to a gunny sack foundation.

The bed stands in the northwest corner with spread of red calico, covered with cheese cloth. Near the head of the bed stands a table and bureau combined. It is a dry goods box, end uppermost, fitted with shelves and a door. My John is very "handy." This is painted on the outside and has a cover of red calico, with a vine in white cotton yarn worked round the edge. Just above it is a shelf covered with the same, made of a board laid upon sticks fastened in the wall. It holds a small mirror, brush, comb, etc. For window curtains I bought two yards of unbleached muslin, tore it in two, put a hem at top and bottom, and tacked them up. At the bottom, just above the hem, is a band of the red. These cover the upper half of the window.

On the ledges are my treasures, a few plants in painted tin fruit cans. On the north one, in the fall, stood a white pom-pom chrysanthemum that was a thing of beauty for six weeks. I don't believe one of the sisters that have bay windows, conservatories or green-houses at command can realize what that one plant meant to me. In the south one now, there are two geraniums, a fuchsia, sweet violet, abutilon, and a lantana. The geraniums and sweet violet were grown from seed sown in the house in March, and transplanted to the north side of the house in May. The others were slips from an eastern florist and cost four cents apiece. I keep them through the nights without fire by putting inside a box lined with several thicknesses of paper, and covering with newspapers and a blanket. In the spring I will put them out on the north side of the house.

On the walls are a few pictures, taken from—don't be shocked—Harper's Monthly. From one the kindly face of Whittier looks down, resting me when weary. By his side is the care worn face of Lincoln. Two small landscapes are near by. Their frames are made of thin strips of pine, painted and tacked at the corners. The glass is laid on the back, then the picture, and over all a cloth smoothly pasted, the ends and sides overlapping upon the wood. Twisted yarn forms the cords, fastened to tacks driven in the back.

A bookcase, consisting of three shelves covered and fastened like the one that holds the mirror, was made, and contains our slender stock of books. Under the bed is a long box that answers the purpose of a wardrobe. The table is home-made and has leaves that take out instead of fold down, being broad boards nailed to thin strips of wood that pass under the body of the table. It, also, has a red calico dress when the work is done. The cupboard is another box, the top answering for sink and kitchen table. Both are painted. I did want a new table so bad last fall, but concluded to take the C. L. S. C. course of reading instead, and we

enjoy it so much that I do not regret my table. If you are a handy woman, I am not, you can do most of this yourself. I painted the woodwork of the house from that can also. This is my home, and though poverty built it, no statelier walls surround a happier household.

We have been eating make believe buckwheat cakes this winter, made as follows: To a pint of sour milk, add a half teaspoonful each of soda and salt, one egg, and shorts enough to make a moderately thick batter. If there are any cakes remaining put them in the batter the next time. I have made them with yeast the same as buckwheats.

As there is so much difference in the sourness of milk and the strength of soda, for griddlecakes and gems I put the soda in the milk; when there is enough it will "sing" after being stirred a moment.

When I have plenty of cream I often make a minute pudding. Into a pint of boiling milk stir enough flour to make a thick batter, cook five minutes and eat hot with sweetened cream.

In making gravy for steak or roast, I have found that cold water is much better than hot water. Take the meat out, put in the flour and let it brown, season to suit, then pour in cold water, boil a few minutes and serve. It must be made over a hot fire and cooked quickly.

Try this way of cooking onions for a change. Boil in salted water till done. Pour off and cover with milk, when it boils thicken to the consistency of gravy with flour wet in a little water. Season with pepper, salt and butter. RUTH R.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have managed in some unaccountable way to get my housework done quite early this morning, so I sit me down with a clear conscience to have my "say" out with THE HOUSEHOLD sisters. In the first place I want to thank you for all the good you have done me. I have been keeping house over a year now and I can say (thanks to THE HOUSEHOLD) that my pies are flaky and delicious, my cake light and nice, my bread—well, my bread behaves better than it used to. Why is bread-making the bane of every young housekeeper's existence?

Emily Hayes, you will send your recipe soon, won't you? I agreed exactly with Honolulu in regard to her system of doing work, so I tried her way of making bread. I succeeded no better though, than in my own way. Perhaps I ought to say that my bread is always light and white, but does not have the wheaty taste I so much desire.

Some sister asked about making buckwheat pancakes. My Ichabod thinks I take the lead on them. It may be too late to assist her any, but my way is to start them about the same as bread sponge, adding a large spoonful of molasses. I do not use as much buckwheat as some do. I take one part flour, one part corn meal, and two parts of buckwheat. This I sift into a bag and it is already for use, and saves time. When I want to use the pancakes I stir in a small amount of soda; of course it depends on the quantity of batter about how much is required. I also add two or three spoonfuls of milk, either sweet or sour. Mine are not always just right at first, but in two or three days they are delicious.

I am very much interested in the letters on economy; but I have come to the conclusion that I must be extravagant, for I can't begin to live as cheaply as some of the sisters. But then, I have no connection, however remote, with a grocery store.

This bright, sunshiny day reminds me that spring will soon be here, and with it comes the cleansing and brushing up to make "old things look almost as well as the new." Perhaps here I can give you a hint that will help you. Now between

you and me, my pocket book is very lean indeed; at the same time I have as great a desire to have my house look tasty and cosy as do the sisters who have a larger income. So I have to let my ingenuity take the place of that desirable thing—money. When I moved into this house, three months ago, I stood aghast as I saw how much I needed and how little I had to do with. In the first place I lacked window curtains for my kitchen and pantry. I do hate to see a half dozen colors of curtains in one house, so I wanted some of the same shade as my others. They were Holland of a creamy shade. It would take ten yards, and at twenty-five cents per yard, would make \$2.50. My dear sisters, let me tell you that by a little thought I was enabled to place that decimal just one place to the left. I bought ten yards of heavy manilla paper for twenty-five cents. I made my curtains, and they are strong and durable. From the outside one has to be told the difference.

I wasn't blessed with a carpet for my dining-room, so I stained a border three feet wide all around the outside of the room. I stained it with oil darkened with umber; when it was thoroughly dry varnished it. For the center of the room I took a piece of pretty ecru colored carpet, two breadths, two yards long. I sewed this together and put around it a border of felt, maroon colored, one-half yard wide. This made my rug three yards square. The size of my room was such that only two and one-half feet of the stained floor shows. ALTA.

New York.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a silent member of the Band for three or four years, and have often felt like complying with the injunction, "Ladies, write for your paper." Our good paper was first sent me by a friend, and ever since I have counted THE HOUSEHOLD one of the necessities of life. I have no valuable experiences to relate, as I am a housekeeper of quite recent date, but on one subject I feel qualified to speak, and that is boiled icing. I have read one or two requests for recipes for making it, but do not remember seeing any answer. My trials with that particular kind of icing have been great but now I feel equal to making it for any occasion, so will try to tell others, who may be troubled as I was, how to do it. To the white of each egg allow a cup of granulated sugar and very little water, just enough to keep the sugar from burning; stir until the syrup boils thick enough to candy when a little of it is dropped into cold water. Have the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth and gradually beat the hot syrup into them, flavor with vanilla or lemon, and spread on the cake immediately. By adding grated chocolate a very nice chocolate cake can be made.

I have another recipe that some may like on account of its cheapness, and because it is a change from the usual beef steak:

Liver Hash.—Boil a piece of liver the day before it is needed, in the morning chop fine and heat with a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to season nicely, and a little water. Have squares of hot buttered toast on a platter, and when the hash is thoroughly heated, spread over the toast and serve.

In the October number just received I see Minnie wants to know how to wash all wool flannel. My way is to put ammonia enough in warm soft water to make it feel slippery, soap enough to make a good suds, and then wash the flannel, rubbing as little as possible. Rinse in clear warm water to which the ammonia has been added as before, and then again in fresh warm water, with the ammonia put in again, and a very little bluing. Dry

quickly. This is a nice way to wash the little Shetland wool shirts, and instead of drying them on a line, pin them in shape on a towel and lay on a table or some flat surface until dry.

I have been helped so many times by the letters from the different ones in THE HOUSEHOLD, that I felt like contributing my mite of information

Bloomington, Ill. MRS. C. B. H.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD SISTERS:—Please consider this, charitably, as a small payment towards the debt I owe you for your entertaining and instructive letters during the past year. As you hold no note against me, it might be well to credit me, as did the farmers' wives of olden times, when a neighbor returned any thing they had borrowed, such as butter or eggs, by "marking it down on the cellar door." I have often thought I would write sometime, and might still have been thinking so, and yet the indefinite sometime have been as far away as ever, had it not been for Carrie D. Moffitt's letter, in the December number, 1885. Although you were too polite to mention my name, Carrie, still I know you alluded to me and I'll no longer be a "bog."

I often feel amused to read how the different sisters, eastern, western, northern and southern, regard their climate as the most delightful, their homes most happy and their Johns most deserving and kind. That is right, sisters! There is no state or territory in all our broad Union which does not contain beauties of natural scenery, happy homes and kind husbands. None with so disagreeable a climate that some people cannot there live, thrive and enjoy life. And how much better it is to believe that we live in one of the pleasantest places, have one of the happiest homes and kindest husbands in the world, and are among the happiest, most fortunate of women than to be dissatisfied with our homes, to envy others, and, shutting our eyes to the beauties of nature which lie about our home, to wish we lived in some other part of the world.

I have lived in far away Oregon, in the city of East Portland, also in Minnesota and in Michigan. Have visited in Missouri, Dakota, Illinois and various parts of New England, and of all the places where I have lived or visited, I have pleasant recollections. My home is now on a farm in the good old state of Maine, whose rugged hills dotted with groves are very dear to me, and I have no desire to leave the pine tree state for the "sunny south" nor for the western prairie. Beautiful though they are, they do not seem so much like home to me as Maine, with its short, sunny summers, charming autumns and snowy, merry winter time.

Sisters, let each and every one of us strive to make our individual home the dearest, most delightful dwelling place on earth to our own individual John, and to the friends who visit it let us try to make it a pleasant spot; let us appreciate the beauty and comforts of it and magnify them in our thoughts till they cast into darkness the longings for privileges and comforts which are beyond our reach and which will cloud all the sunshine of home if we give to them our thoughts and grieve because we have them not.

There has been much said about John helping in the house, but cannot some of us help John out doors and derive benefit and pleasure at the same time? We have a large orchard and last fall John and I gathered all the fruit except one day's work when we had two to help us. I was never in better health and spirits than during those beautiful autumn days when, donning my old jacket, one of John's old caps and a pair of old gloves with the ends of the fingers cut off, which, with my old easy shoes and working dress, combined to make a fantastic suit, I proudly marched into the orchard side by side with John who trundled a wheelbarrow upon which were a number of bushel baskets and boxes. I gathered the fruit from the low limbs of the trees and from the ground while John went about like a squirrel in the tree tops, plucking the ripe apples and stowing them in a large bag hung round his neck by a cord and kept open by a wooden dart. This enabled him to use both hands in gathering or in climbing from limb to limb. We chatted and sang and worked, happy as any two people could be, while the sun shone softly down upon us through the branches and leaves of the dear old apple trees.

But I'll not tell you how I tried to help pull bean vines one day and John bade me go to the house as it was too hard work for me; nor how I helped gather the ears from the ensilage corn one afternoon, and picked potatoes one afternoon. No! I shan't tell you a thing about it, for you probably all have made up your minds that I am a great, over-grown sister with hands like a man's, and feet as big as an elephant's. (If any of you should meet me on the street or in the cars one day you would never mistrust it was I.)

On Saturday when I am busy preparing beans, brown bread and other edibles, John often grasps the mop and floor-pail and washes the kitchen floor for me, and helps in many ways about the house when he can.

Evenings we play duets on our piano, or read aloud to each other, by turns, or, on moonlight nights, often take a sleigh ride and spend the evening with some young friends.

Lora Crews, I enjoyed your letter much. Your sentiments are mine.

Hope Harvey and Charity Snow, I live in an adjoining town and mean to call and see you some day, and thank you for your interesting letters and articles on various subjects.

My John holds up both hands in favor of pies, pies, pies! So I cheerfully make pies.

I extend kind wishes to one and all of my HOUSEHOLD sisters.

CORDELIA L.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Aquila, of Wisconsin, has given away the secrets of housekeeping Johns. No man would have a house kept by a woman as he keeps it for himself. He saves all the labor he can, chiefly by neglecting the very work he expects his wife to do. Housekeeping men never like to make beds. They know how to make beds, but what is the use of fussing? I am one of them and know what I am talking about. The best housekeeping Johns manage to make a bed when they are alone about twice a month.

Dish washing is done spasmodically. They go on and on without a thought of soap and water until every dish in the house is dirty. When out of dishes they rally their energies, seize dish cloth and towel and "whew!" back go the dishes into the closet, clean. A versatile man makes what he cooks fit the dishes he has on hand and regulates his diet according to the design of the dishes, and wonders why his wife don't have the sense to manage in the same way.

But generally Johns can only cook one or two dishes and these when wife is away become hash eaters, chowder eaters, soup eaters, steak eaters, etc. They always love the special dish they know how to prepare, and want it often when wife is away, but if she should ply them with it as they feed themselves they would consider it sufficient grounds for divorce.

When wife is on a vacation men never sweep but once—dust and cobwebs have to get out just the day before she arrives home, no matter how long she has been away.

This is a clean confession, and no good woman will laugh at it although she knows that it is a true photograph of John's housekeeping. The most domestic and house trained John just dotes on his wife because he knows that in housekeeping he is barely playing the part of a slouch beside the true artist. Oh, I can keep house, but I always doff my hat to a woman in that line.

RICHARD.

Connecticut.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I want to answer a question or two in this cosy corner of our paper and "say a little say" besides, if I may. First, if Mrs. G. L. C. will roll her raisins in flour after stoning them, they will not fall to the bottom of her cake.

Perhaps Alice Councilman would find her clothes more satisfactory if she should boil them. I know there are lots of people who think there is no need of boiling in these days of improved soaps and washing fluids, but I always feel as if my clothes look a little whiter if boiled, than they would otherwise. If the clothes are put to soak, even a short time, in very hot suds with a tablespoonful or two of ammonia, the labor of washing will be greatly reduced.

I want to thank the lady who suggests keeping journals for the babies. My wee girlie is seven months old, but I think I shall begin one for her and write backwards for the time past. If she should appreciate it when grown half as much as I should, had my mother thought to keep a similar one for me, I shall feel fully repaid for the time spent in its preparation.

I have made a discovery which may not be new to the rest of you but is quite a comfort to me. It is that bread is much nicer and finer grained if when mixed up at night, it is beaten vigorously (not simply stirred) for several minutes. Of course it must not be mixed very thick or the beating process would be too hard work for arms not over strong.

Now Kathie Kringle don't you think yourself rather naughty not to let me know who you are? I've been consumed with curiosity ever since your letter in the January HOUSEHOLD. I never wrote but one Patty Pitkin letter and have invested in a "John" since that was written, and, like the rest of mankind, he wears the traditional "biled shirt," but since he is a very exemplary and altogether model John, I let him. Shirt ironing has lost some of its terrors but I'm not perfect yet and many are the experiments that have brought alternate hope and despair to my soul. Hot starch and cold starch, separately and together, soap suds, beeswax, salt, spermaceti and borax have all had their virtues tested and with varying success. My latest method is to use the old-fashioned, orthodox cooked starch with no "fixings" whatever, and the result is tolerably satisfactory. I shall probably continue that way till it fails and then I should take it kindly if somebody would have some other method handy that I could try, for it would be a sad thing to have no more expedients to come to the end of things, as it were, and I trust that calamity will

not happen to me. The easiest and best way I know of doing up shirts is to let the laundress do it, but that isn't so cheap nor so courageous, and I mean never to give up finally till victory is mine. Perhaps some day when my hair is gray and my teeth gone and I have to use spectacles and crutches, I may have become quite an oracle on the subject of shirt ironing. If I do the world and THE HOUSEHOLD shall know it if I have to tell them myself.

PATTY PITKIN.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MINUTE SPONGE CAKE.—Beat three eggs two minutes, add one and one-half cups of sugar, beat two minutes, add one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat one minute, add one-half cup of cold water, with one-half teaspoonful of soda, beat one minute, add one cup of flour, beat one minute. I give this recipe as I found it, but I always use two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder in preference to the soda and cream of tartar. Flavor to taste. This makes a very nice six-layer coconut cake, by using the yolks of six eggs instead of three whole ones, and for the filling take one grated coconut, (it can be grated the day before using,) stirred into frosting made of the whites of six eggs and one-half cup of sugar, or sweetened to taste. This recipe is very good for any layer cake, or can be baked in a loaf. I will say that I always measure in an old-fashioned blue cup which holds one-half pint, and always measure the flour before sifting.

LEMON PIE.—For one pie take one lemon, one cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one teaspoonful of butter, and one-half cup of water. Take part of the water and put on to heat. When boiling stir in the above mixture, and use the rest of the water to rinse out the dish. The icing is made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown it nicely in the oven, and don't bake the crust before putting the custard in.

STEAM PUDDING.—Take one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter or meat fryings, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt, and stir well together, then add one cup of cold water, and one-half cup of dried fruit or raisins, and thicken some stiffer than cake. Mix it in the dish that you cook it in and steam one and one-half hours. Have the water boiling all the time, and don't take off the steamer or lift the lid.

SOUP SAUCE.—One tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter or grease, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Season to taste, nutmeg is best, and stir till smooth, then pour on boiling water to the right consistency and let it come to a boil.

BREAKFAST GEMS.—One cup of sweet milk or water, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt beaten well together, add about one and one-half cups of flour, stir thoroughly, and bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of unmelted butter, one cup of cold water, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to taste, I use one-fourth of a nutmeg, and add flour till as stiff as can be stirred well. Have plenty of flour on the moulding board, pour out the dough, sift on flour, and roll about one-third inch thick, cut in strips about one inch wide, and fry in hot lard. One secret of light, soft doughnuts is not to have the dough too stiff. I sometimes have to take mine to the kettle on a knife they are so soft.

Northern Texas.

SISTER RUTH.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Prepare the stalks as for pies, cover the bottom of a buttered pudding dish with slices of bread and butter, cover with the rhubarb cut into short pieces, sprinkle abundantly with sugar, then put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until your dish is full. Cover and steam while baking for half an hour. Remove the lid and bake ten minutes or until browned. Serve hot. I sometimes use sliced apple instead of rhubarb and add a little water.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Stir thickening into one and one-half cups of water, and boil a few minutes, then stir in two-thirds cup of sugar, and one-half cup of sweet cream, take off the stove, and add a piece of butter the size of a robin's egg.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful each of cream of tartar and soda, and flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

Linneus, Me.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Four cups of buckwheat flour, two tablespoonfuls each of Indian meal and wheat flour, and one scant teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, then add two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one cup of lively yeast, (I make my own hop yeast,) and enough warm water to make a thin batter. Use more or less water as you like your cakes thick or thin.

Stir well, cover close, and set in a warm place to rise over night. In the morning pour off a cupful and set away to raise the next batch with. Add to the remainder a pinch of soda dissolved in a little hot water. My cakes are always light and disappear rapidly when placed on the table. I mix the batter in a small milk pan.

L. S. L.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of rye meal, two cups of milk, one pint of water, two teaspoonfuls each of soda and salt, and one-half cup of molasses; thicken with Indian meal, not too stiff.

SURPRISE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; flavor with lemon. Its bulk and beauty are a surprise. I have taken one-half of the dough and put in coconut, and put the same on top of the cake.

M. M. P.

Paxton, Mass.

BOILED LEG OF MUTTON.—Slice into a pot of boiling water, one good sized onion, and a tomato, add one scant salt-spoonful of red pepper, salt enough to taste, and the meat. Boil briskly for about one hour. Then place in the oven with enough of the liquid to make gravy, which should be thickened with flour after the meat is a nice brown. Add to the liquid which is left in the pot one good handful of rice, let it boil twenty minutes and you have an excellent soup. I would say that canned tomatoes will do when the fresh ones are not to be had. Please try and report.

M. E. T.

Oakland, Calif.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup of hot water, one-half cup of butter, boil together, and while boiling stir in one cup of sifted flour, dry. Take from the stove and stir to a paste, and after this cools stir in three eggs, not beaten, stir it five minutes, drop in tablespoonfuls on a buttered (or greased with lard) tin, and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes, being careful not to open the oven door oftener than is necessary. Don't let them touch each other in the pan.

Cream for Puffs.—One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of flour, and flavor. When puffs and cream are cool, open the puffs with a knife and fill with cream. Please report your success.

Sterling, Ill.

MATTIE POWELL.

DOUGHNUTS.—Four eggs, nine ounces of sugar, four ounces of butter, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. For this quantity I use one-half a nutmeg grated, or a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, whichever is liked best. Put the ingredients in a pan, beat until light, have flour in a tray ready, then pour the mixture in, and work into a dough stiff enough to work with, without its sticking much to the fingers. I roll it from the main piece perfectly round, half size of a finger, then loop into rings, twists, etc.

Mrs. J. H. WALKER.

GOOD SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one teacup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sour cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour till stiff enough. Bake in a moderate oven.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two scant cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, whites of four eggs, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, vanilla, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Take out one-fourth of the mixture, and add one cup of chocolate. Mix like marble cake.

MOONSHINE.—Beat the whites of four eggs very light and sweeten them to taste. Then slice in very thin pieces two bananas and stir in to the eggs. Florida oranges or any kind of fruit will do. Do not make until just before going to the table.

ORANGE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, small pieces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of soda. This makes three cakes. For the icing use the white of one egg, juice and grated rind of one orange, and a little sugar. Lay it between the cakes.

BLANCHE.

Hyde Park, Mass.

CREAMED APPLES.—Pare your fruit, and either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander, sweeten it agreeably to taste, and fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamon, put a good layer of rich whipped cream, and sift white sugar upon the top.

Merton, Minn.

MRS. W. A. EGGLESTON.

TO EBONIZE WOOD.—I recently noticed in an old number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for my recipe for ebonizing wood. Paint the surface with drop black made rather thin with

spirits of turpentine. When thoroughly dry rub with the finest sand paper. Do this between each coat, of which there must be three or four if you would have first-class work. To finish rub with sand paper and chamol skin, then put on a very thin coat of best varnish to which you have added enough drop black to color it.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

MAPLE AVENUE SAUCE.—This is nice for dessert or tea. Peel six oranges and after removing seeds and outside of pulp, chop fine and add one cup of granulated sugar. Let it stand several hours and it will be found very nice.

READER.

SUNDERLAND PUDDINGS.—One pint each of milk and flour, three eggs and a little salt. Butter eight cups and fill them each half full; bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. The puddings will rise over the top of the cup.

Sauce.—Three eggs and two cups of white sugar beaten to a cream, and add a little vanilla. Set the bowl on the top of the teakettle full of boiling water, and add two tablespoonfuls of boiling milk or water to the sauce, beat well, and serve on the puddings. If the sisters will try this recipe they will some day have a delicious dessert.

SARAH A. LEONARD.

PUMPKIN PIE.—I would like to tell Pea Blossoms how to make pumpkin pies. I have a recipe that we all like very much. One cup of stewed pumpkin, three cups of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger. Bake with one crust. This will make three pies.

Ticeville, Dak. MRS. MARCIA FLANDERS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please send a recipe for steamed apple dumplings?

GENTIAN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the lady who understands giving a gloss to white shirts please inform us in full so we, too, may obtain this much desired result? and oblige many seeking this knowledge.

MRS. J. B. J.

California.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If a piece of silk plush has been wet, can the pile ever be raised, and if so, how?

F. S. W.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one send a recipe for making the "genuine English coffee cakes," also how to make cheese at home?

Ticeville, Dak. MRS. MARCIA FLANDERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one tell me whether ivy injures or preserves a house?

M. A. J.

Louisiana.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Frankie asked how to remove white spots from furniture. Take a bit of cloth and wet with alcohol, and another bit and wet with sweet oil, first rub with the alcohol then with the oil, and the spots will be gone. It should be done quick. I have tried it a great many times.

SUBSCRIBER.

Will some lady please give explicit directions how to make cheese, how to prepare a fresh or salt rennet for use, to salt one for keeping, and every detail of the business?

At the last rising of the bread why does the surface become covered with fine cracks?

IDINA.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters give a recipe for lemon pies? Something cheap but good without corn starch, if you can, and tell what to use in the place of it.

Parkville, Kan. NETTIE ROGERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I cannot make good, plain doughnuts, and as my John likes those better than sweetened ones, I wish I could catch the knack. Could any of the sisters help me in that matter?

F. C. M.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask if any one knows how to prevent a finger nail from breaking down into the quick just as fast as it grows out? Also how to make butter gather. After churning about half an hour the butter appears in little specks, but will not gather. Have churned an hour and a half sometimes; have added hot water, have added cold water; but nothing seems to do any good. Do somebody please help.

CATUGA.

I would like some one to tell me how I can obviate the difficulty in having the pastry of my custard pies not done on the bottom, while the custard is done to a charm. I do not like to bake them on tin plates. I hope some of the sisters have been more fortunate than I have and will tell me the secret, if any.

LIOLA.

Massachusetts.

The Parlor.

POESY'S SONG.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

"One early April morning, as I strayed beside the river,
To feel the first caresses of the sunshine and the breeze,
I beheld the springing grass blades, so tender, all
a-quiver,
And I found full many fancies the eager mind to
please;
"Who is there that would not," thought I, "delight to
praise the Giver
Of all the changing seasons and of earthly charms like
these?"
On every side, as well I gazed, surprising visions greeted,
So, little wonder while I dreamed, my longings made
their flight:
When came the spirit Poesy, and of me a deed entreated—
That I would take her song to sing, and make it true
and light;
"O gentle friend of mine! thou hast not ever to me meted
A lay of thine more graciously than this of spring
time bright.
The gurgling river winds along with sunbeams o'er it
dancing,
And music in the air is heard from feathered warblers
nigh;
A songy caroler scans me, as I towards him am glance-
ing,
To see what favor he may find from chosen mate so
shy;
The way he seeks to woo her heart, in sooth, I find en-
trancing,
And hope she will tell him fond "yea," while I still
linger by.
Fine traceries upon the blue horizon are appearing,
To vie with nature's verdant hue of carpet under-
spread;
In tenderest tints they softly show, with here and there
a clearing,
Where glints the warm light gayly through, to rouse
each lowly head;
For flowers to wake and smile in glee no longer now
are fearing,
But by the showers and kisses had to witching life are
led.
The crimson maple throws its stamens near its paler
neighbors,
So each help: well the other to look marvelously fair;
No one has seen through wintry days, the faithful trees'
own labors,
That when the spring time should appear both should
such beauty bear;
And none knows how the iris, with its leaves like shin-
ing sabres,
Will yet bring forth its deep blue flowers a most abun-
dant share.
The willows dip their dainty fingers in the water speed-
ing,
As if to stay its onward course, though futile this they
find;
For not a moment has it wayside frolics to be heeding,
And leaves besides the willows, many pleasant friends
behind;
Still it is not unresponsive to all the silent pleading,
While murmuring fleet messages to each of truest kind.
O Poesy, in the ripple of the river ever gliding,
And in the motions of the birds that hover on the wing!
O Poesy, in the sunbeam, and in the blossoms hiding!
I thank thee for the favors thou lovest so to bring.
Then fare thee well! O faithful sprite, return with thy
dear tidings,
Though for a while thou flitest far to bid some other
sing.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

"I AM sorry," said Mrs. Trimmer to the slender girl of eighteen, who on Saturday night stood waiting to be paid for her week's work. "I am sorry, but our orders are to reduce wages. To-night you can have the same as usual, but next week I must give you a dollar less."
"Reduce wages?" echoed the girl, blankly.
"Yes. Mr. Morrison has been using a great deal of money lately in extending his business, and other things."
"A grand new house," murmured the girl, but under her breath, and the fore-woman did not hear.
"He has a large stock here, and now times are hard, business dull, and he finds it necessary to cut down expenses as much as possible."
"A dollar less a week? Why I can hardly live on what I have now."
"I am sorry," said the fore-woman again. "But I can do nothing. Orders are orders. We have to follow them."
The girl said no more. She put into her purse the slender sum given her, and went out into the street. It was nearly

dark. The bitter March wind swept around the corner and pounced upon her as if, like the bully that it is, it found in her pale face and scantily clothed, slight form a fit subject to attack. She shivered, turned her collar up about her throat, and hastened her steps, more as if from habit than because she was thinking of what she did. Indeed, her thoughts seemed far away, as she walked steadily on, her head down, noticing nothing that went on about her.

When at last she reached the house in which were the two small rooms she and her sister called home, her eyes were full of tears. She brushed them away and went in, too much absorbed in the effort to control herself and appear as usual, to notice that Ada, who had already lighted a lamp, and sat by the table sewing, seemed also a little red and moist about the eyes.

But Ada heard the hesitating step in the hall, scarcely recognizing it as her sister's, so different was it from the familiar, light, impetuous tread. She looked up anxiously, as the door opened, and saw the troubled face, which its owner's most strenuous efforts could not make cheerful.

"What is the matter, Milly?" she asked at once.

There was no help for it. The bad news must be told and borne. It would not improve by delay. So Milly answered, laconically:

"Wages cut down. A dollar less a week."

"A dollar less!" cried Ada, aghast. "You could hardly manage at the old rate."

"True. But what does that matter if Mr. Morrison finds his profits insufficient for his desires?"

"Oh, don't be bitter, Milly, never mind. Perhaps I can find some extra sewing." But she sighed, and her heart was not so confident as her words.

"Ada," said Milly, suddenly, "has Mrs. Arkwright sent the work she promised for to-day?"

Ada hesitated. "Mrs. Arkwright came," she said, at last. "She tells me they have decided to leave the city earlier than they expected, and must buy the garments they need ready made."

It had been a large order. The girls had depended on it for many things made necessary by the late, cold spring. So Ada's red eyes and hesitation are not greatly to be wondered at.

Milly sank into a chair before the fire, and sat for a long time, gazing absently into it. At last she roused herself.

"Times are hard, business dull," she said, with a mocking laugh that held no merriment, "but I don't suppose Mr. Hartmann will reduce the rent, or the grocer the price of flour and potatoes. Suppose we order a reduction. 'Orders are orders,' you know."

"It depends on whom they come from. The reduction will be here, evidently. I wonder where it will begin."

Her eyes wandered about the plain, little room, which had to do duty for parlor, sewing room and kitchen, all in one. It was clean, and in exquisite order; but the eye found there two things only which the necessities of decent living would not seem to make imperative.

One of these was a small old-fashioned piano, which stood in one corner against the wall. The other was a mass of foliage and blossom seen through an open glass door at one side of the room. As Ada's roving eyes fell on this, she started and caught her breath.

"Will they have to go?" she said.

"No," said Milly, with some violence. "You shall not give up your flowers, whatever happens."

"Mr. Morrison would say that a sewing girl and a milliner's apprentice should

not aspire to the luxury of a conservatory."

"Let Mr. Morrison attend to his own conservatories—he has plenty—and let ours alone. It costs nothing but the heating."

"Ah, but the heating! I suppose I could sell them."

"To whom? But I say you shall not sell them. If you are to sit here alone all day sewing, you shall have your flowers."

"But I shall not sit here and sew if I have no work."

"It will come. You sew far too well to be long out of work."

Milly had almost forgotten her own depression in her desire to comfort her sister. Ada's love for flowers amounted almost to a passion. The care of them was a delight to her. The sight of them rested and refreshed her as she sat at her work through the long, toilsome, lonely days. She loved them almost as if they had been human. She would have sacrificed them unhesitatingly rather than see her sister so troubled—even if she must half break her heart for them afterward. But Milly was resolved that such a sacrifice should not be made.

The sisters had found their meager little home in what had been thought in its day, a large and handsome dwelling-house. But as the years went by, the tide of fashion had gradually ebbed away from that quarter of the city in which it was placed, and it was left stranded high and dry on the rocks of shabby gentility. Now surrounded by pushing new shops and factories, it was occupied no more by people of elegant leisure, but by those who, drawing out the narrowest possible income, fold their helpless hands and tell to every listener the story of the "better days" which they had known, and the loss of which they now spent their years in lamenting; and also by busy workers, all of whom found in the roomy old house a home feeling very pleasant.

To the rooms occupied by Ada and Milly Orcutt, a tiny conservatory, still in good order, was attached. The owner of the house, finding that the class of tenants who occupied his rooms would not pay extra rent for a luxury of this sort, had been forced to make no account of it, and left it to be used or not, at the option of the tenant.

Generally it was not used. But Ada had found in it a temptation which she had not been strong enough to resist. She was far too fond of flowers to be able to do without them altogether. And what with gifts from friends, an occasional slight purchase, and the loving care under which every thing grew and flourished almost as marvelously as the plants of a fairy story, it was not long before the little conservatory was very well stocked.

If it was an extravagance, it was a very innocent one, friends had said of it; and girls of eighteen and twenty, brought up in comfort if not in actual luxury, could hardly be expected to show the judgment and foresight of women of forty, with the experience of a hard life behind them. But to night Ada reproached herself bitterly. "I should have saved instead of spending any thing in that way," she thought.

"If it were not for the flowers, we might find cheaper rooms, perhaps," she said aloud.

"In a tenement house, swarming with drunken men, evil women and dirty children? Not yet, Ada. The piano shall go first." And Milly looked bravely and rather wistfully toward the corner where stood this last remnant and reminder of the days when their father was still with them, and they found a happy shelter in his love and care.

"No, Milly, the piano is not to go."

"But what is the use? There is no hope of lessons now."

"Dear child! what do you think we could get for it if we were to sell it?"

Milly did not answer, and Ada went on.

"Very little, if we could sell it at all, which I doubt. It is old and worn. It was never an expensive instrument, though the tone is good. Our mother's piano is worth every thing to us, Milly, but nothing to any one else. So say no more about selling it. You are getting on very well now, even without lessons. I can see that your voice has gained in the last six months."

"Very well, Ada. But what are we to do?"

"It is Saturday night, my dear—our play time. So let's put it all aside for a little while. It will come right in the end. Who knows but you will turn out a famous singer yet? And I?"

"What, Ada?"

"Well—perhaps a fashionable dress-maker who can set her own prices. Come, open that precious piano. I have been starving for music all day. The flowers like it, too. It makes them grow, I know it does. Wait! you shall have a rosebud for your button-hole. Perhaps it will inspire you, and it will perish willingly in such a cause."

Care does not long weigh heavily on young spirits. It may throw its blighting shadow over them for a moment, but it must wait until advancing years have weakened the rebound of elastic young hope, and deadened the early, instinctive faith in that divinity and beauty and purpose of life, which, in the first upspringing, glorious growth of that life, seem to be given with it, and not to be separated from it, must wait until a congenial domicile is thus prepared for it before it can enter in and take abiding possession.

Ada and Milly Orcutt had known trouble, but both were still too young—the one too calm and strong, the other too bright and cheerily careless by nature, to long yield themselves to depression.

The piano was opened, and they were soon singing and laughing as merrily as if such things as baker's and grocer's bills had no existence. Then, by way of good night, Milly softly sang in her soft, full, contralto, "The Day is Done." And they went to bed and slept as sweetly and soundly as healthy young girls should.

Care for the future was still held in abeyance when they rose next morning and prepared for church. This day, at least, was theirs, and they meant to make the most of it. So, if not very light of heart, they were not absolutely unhappy, as they turned their steps toward the quaint, old stone church on the corner, two blocks away.

It was the Sunday before Easter. The gray-haired reader read the service earnestly and impressively. It carried health and comfort to the hearts of our girls, who felt by no means too wise to be taught, even by these old and familiar words. They listened eagerly to the sermon, hoping to find in it, as usual, some clear, practical lesson of life for their help and guidance. They were not disappointed. Indeed, they almost felt as if Mr. Stamford must have known of their trouble, and shaped his discourse accordingly, so nearly did it meet their need.

Their heart sank a little, however, when in the course of his talk he touched on the subject of the Easter offerings, which, he said, it had been decided to apply that year to the relief of the poor in their own city, and especially in their own parish. A committee had been appointed who were personally to oversee the distribution of the fund thus formed, and make a detailed report.

Mr. Stamford described to them, moreover, several cases of great distress which had come to his knowledge, and

which were beyond his unaided power to relieve. He made a very touching and eloquent appeal for help, and all hearts were stirred to fresh, and in some cases, perhaps, unwonted impulses of generous self-denial and helpfulness. The poorest workman there mentally promised himself to save a few cents at least for the offering on Easter day.

"Oh, dear!" said Milly, sorrowfully, as the girls were walking home together. "It is hard that we can do nothing—or at most so little."

"It does seem hard. But—"

"God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best."

"He does not need our gifts, but those poor, suffering people do."

"They are His poor, suffering people."

"But it would be so pleasant to help them."

"Ah, yes. And if God wishes to grant us that pleasure, He will give us something to give."

Milly almost laughed. "Your logic makes short work of me, Ada, as usual. I see how it is. We have nothing to give to Him or His unless He first gives it to us. We need not feel so very generous after all, when we can only give back His own, the best we can do."

They spent a happy afternoon and evening chatting and reading—it was only on Sundays that they could allow themselves this latter pleasure—and singing the sweet old hymns they had learned to love when father and mother were near to listen to them.

The shadow of anxiety and depression returned, as was inevitable, next morning as they prepared for the day's work, Ada reflecting that after all, poorly paid as it was, it was better than none at all, which she feared might soon be the state of affairs so far as she was concerned.

But she went to work, with what cheerfulness she could manage, to finish some garments promised for that day. Toward evening she carried them home, and on her sister's return from work that evening, had a bit of good news for her. The lady for whom she had done the work was so pleased with it that she had given her some dresses to make for her children.

"Good!" cried Milly. "Then if we pay Mr. Hartmann for rent to-morrow all the money we can scrape up between us we may hope not to quite starve before more will come."

"The grocer will trust us, I think, if I have work."

"Cross, old curmudgeon! I wish we didn't have to ask him. But never mind! When I am that famous singer you were talking about, we'll pay him off for all his grumpiness."

"I wish you had more time for study, Milly, if lessons must not be thought of. If you could only get a place in a choir, or as chorus singer somewhere—no matter how humble the position if it would give you the right direction and practice—there might be a prospect of something better for you after a little."

"I have tried times enough—run off on a wild goose chase after something that was going to make my fortune in short order—only to find that all such places—even the poorest—are snapped up by girls who have the means for lessons and leisure for study which I have not."

"Well, don't be discouraged, Milly, your chance will come some day."

As Easter day approached, they again consulted their purses and each other with regard to the Easter offerings in which they sincerely wished to share. But after the honest debts were counted out, nothing remained except a few cents which they had been able to save only by walking when they had usually availed themselves of the street cars.

"Why need we pay for that coal until next week?" said Milly. "The man is good natured, he will wait."

"We have no right to trade on his good nature. We promised to pay him Saturday. Be just before you are generous, that was one of father's favorite maxims, you know, Milly, and he would not like us to forget it. The coal dealer may have bills to meet, and need the amount we owe him, small as it is. Or he may want to make an Easter offering himself. Who knows? We have no right to give his money. That would be no gift of ours, Milly."

Milly sighed. "You are right, of course, Ada, as you always are. But I wish—oh! what is the use of wishing?"

They were interrupted at this point by a tap at the door. As Ada opened it, a little girl came in, with an empty jelly cup in her hand. She lived with her mother on the upper floor, and being good-natured often did errands about the house for its numerous occupants, satisfied in the way of reward, with the pleasant words, the chance pennies, toothsome morsels, or bits of gay ribbon that now and then came to her.

"Please 'm," she said, "Mis' Whitmore sent back your jelly dish, and it was very nice, and she says 'thank you,' and—and—I guess that's all."

"How is Mrs. Whitmore to-night? Do you know, Emma?" Ada asked.

"I guess she ain't no better. I dunno as she's any worse, either. She don't sit up none."

Suppose we go and see Mrs. Whitmore for a little while, Milly," said Ada, when the child was gone. "She is always so pleased to have us come. Have we anything to carry her that she would like? No, our cupboard is as bare as Mother Hubbard's to-night. But I hate to go empty-handed. Ah! there are my flowers."

She quickly cut a few leaves and blossoms, and laid them together into the daintiest little bouquet imaginable.

They found the old lady comparatively comfortable, and happier than usual. A devoted church-woman, accustomed to regular attendance on church service, the deprivation in this respect which her illness imposed upon her, she felt as one of her greatest trials. But on this Good Friday the rector had visited her. He had read the service with her, and remained some time afterward chatting with her about the Easter services and decorations which she could enjoy in no other way. She felt almost as if she had been to church, she told the girls.

"And here are my decorations," she added, as Ada gave her the little nosegay. "How beautiful they are. If they would only last!"

"They shall," Ada declared, "that is, when these are gone, you shall have others in their place."

"You are very good to an old woman, my dears. What have I done that you should think so much of my pleasure?"

"Flowers were made to give pleasure," said Ada. "It is their mission in life. We must let them fulfill it."

"They make me think of what Mr. Stamford said to-day in regard to the flowers for the church, Sunday. It seems that they have set aside a certain sum of money for them. But they hope a part, at least, of the flowers required may be contributed by the church people who have flowers. The money saved in that way will be added to the Easter offering—the relief fund, which he said he told you all of last Sunday."

"Did he think enough flowers would be given for all the decorations? Or will they have to buy some?"

"He could not tell. But he said they still need many more than have been pledged."

"And to-morrow is Saturday," said Ada, thoughtfully.

She was still thoughtful when, after a pleasant good-night, and a promise to come again soon, they went back to their own rooms. She carried water into the tiny conservatory, and sprinkled her plants plentifully after her usual evening custom. Then she gave them a careful examination, her eyes dwelling on them long and lovingly, and, it must be confessed, rather wistfully. They were beautiful; but all she possessed would be but a drop in the small ocean required for the church, which was large, though no longer exactly a "fashionable church," as the irreverent phrase goes.

One wonders sometimes if the frequenters of the "fashionable church," worship a fashionable Christ, and if so, where they find him.

The next morning Ada had to carry home a little dress she had promised to have ready for the afternoon. Her way lay by the church, and as she passed, she saw the doors and some of the windows were open, and the sound of voices came faintly from within. "They are putting up the flowers," she said to herself. She lingered a moment, then hurried on again.

As she drew near the church again on her return, she saw the rector going up the steps, his hands full of flowers. She could not resist the temptation to speak to him, and, when he suggested it, to go inside for a moment.

"Have you all the flowers you need?" She asked, as she looked around on the busy workers.

"No, there are a few more promised which have not yet been brought in. But even with those we shall not have enough. Of course we can buy some, as at first intended, but I had really set my heart—perhaps wrongly—on saving a considerable amount for the relief fund."

"I think," began Ada timidly, "if you would like, I have a few flowers I can bring."

"My dear child," said the rector, with a good, kind glance, "do not feel under any obligation to give up your flowers unless you like."

"But if I like?"

"In that case, we shall be very grateful for them. And you will have for your reward the pleasant thought that they are the same as money for the offering to-morrow."

"I will bring them at once. You will be here when I come back?"

"Yes, I shall stay some time."

Ada did not stop to look at her flowers this time, but began cutting them right and left—flowers, vines, ferns, and all graceful, or prettily colored foliage, which she thought could be used with good effect. There were more than she had realized, and her basket was soon filled. She went to find another, and as she came back she stopped before a wonderful fuchsia which hung its warm scarlet bells in wanton prodigality over the light trellis Ada had one day improvised for its accommodation. The hand that held the shears dropped by her side.

"Fuchsias are lovely in decoration," she said. "But they droop so soon it is not much good to use them." Then she laughed.

"For shame, Ada Orcutt! I believe you are trying to find an excuse for keeping your fuchsia. It is a pity to cut it, though. I will take the pot just as it is, and they can do what they like with it."

A large calla, holding up several large blossoms, all still fresh and perfect, also escaped the destructive shears to be carried off bodily. For Ada called little Emma Rodway to help her, and was soon at the church with her fragrant burden.

"What lovely flowers!"

"And what a quantity!"

"Why, I do believe we'll have enough!" So ran the chorus of exclamations from the gay, young decorators who crowded around this new contribution.

"My dear child!" said the rector, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes. "We did not wish such a sacrifice as this. You must have cut every flower and vine you had."

"I did not cut these," said Ada cheerily, pointing to the two pots they had brought. "But you can cut them now if you like."

"No, indeed. They are better as they are. And they shall be returned to you Monday."

"I know just the place for them," cried one of the girls. "The calla must go there, before the altar. The fuchsia in that niche. Come, somebody, and help me carry it."

Just then the organist came hurrying into the church. He looked about with a troubled air until he saw the rector. He hastened to him and they talked together for a moment in low tones.

Mr. Stamford turned suddenly, and seeing Ada still standing by her basket of flowers, his face brightened, and he beckoned to her to come to them.

"Do you sing?" he asked.

"Only a little. I have not much voice."

"I am sorry. One of our singers has disappointed us at the last moment, and we must find some one to fill her place in the Easter anthems to-morrow."

My sister Milly sings. She has a very good voice."

"What is her voice?" asked the organist, eagerly.

"Contralto."

"Good!" I must see her. Where is she?"

"She works on Grand St., till six o'clock."

"Ah! will she be too tired to come to rehearsal at half past seven, do you think?"

"She is usually tired at night. Still if it will be a help to you, I think she will be glad to come."

"If she has a good voice, and can learn her part in the short time she will have, it will be a great help to us. Has she had any instruction?"

"She had lessons of a good master a few years ago, but none lately."

Ada sighed unconsciously, and the organist who had himself known disappointment and denial, in the early years of his musical career, divined the state of affairs.

"I must see her," he said again.

"Now, Milly," Ada said that evening as her sister came into the room, pulled off hat and gloves, and held out her chilled fingers to the cheery blaze which as yet had not failed them. "Now, my dear, you have been wishing you could make an Easter offering, and here is your opportunity."

"What do you mean, Ada? What can I give?"

"Your voice, dear."

"My voice! But people who are suffering for food and fire, don't care about my voice."

Ada enjoyed her mystification for a moment, then told her the whole story. Milly forgot her weariness in her delight. Supper was soon prepared and disposed of, and the two girls found themselves in the choir some ten or fifteen minutes before the appointed hour.

They were not sorry, however, for the organist was already there, and glad of the opportunity thus afforded to talk with Milly and examine her voice with reference to the part it was necessary for her to take.

Several of the hymns and anthems she was already familiar with, so these gave her no trouble, the organist seeming very

well satisfied with the way in which she rendered them, and making only a few slight suggestions and corrections.

A long and beautiful solo which was to have been taken by the recreant contralto, he had reluctantly decided to omit from the service. But he was so charmed with Milly's voice and quick intelligence, that while waiting for the other singers to assemble, he asked her to try it. It was admirably suited to her voice and style. She read easily, and after a few trials, she had so nearly mastered it that the old man was nearly beside himself with surprise and pleasure.

"You haf it, you haf it!" he cried, unconsciously relapsing in his excitement into the German accent, he thought he had entirely conquered, years ago. "You shall sing dis to-morrow."

When to-morrow came, and Ada sat in the dim, fragrant church, with that sense of home love and home rest about her with which the house of our Father always ought, and does sometimes impress us. When she saw her own pure lilies standing before the altar, and heard her sister's sweet, young voice swelling and quivering through the long aisles in glorious, triumphant praise of that Father and Lord, she felt as if she were in a dream. That Milly was not less moved than herself she well knew from the way in which she had sung.

Others also had felt the power and charm of that voice and the feeling it had expressed.

"Who sang that glorious alto solo?" Ada heard one lady ask another, as she stood on the steps waiting for her sister.

"A stranger, I think," was the answer, "A lovely voice was it not? So fresh and sweet."

This was only one of many comments, some of which the old organist heard, and if he had not already resolved not to lose sight of the young singer who had helped him so efficiently in his strait, the impression she had so evidently made on all who had heard her would have made it impossible for him to forget her.

But it had not needed that to fire his generous German heart with a desire to train and develop a fresh voice and musical intelligence which seemed to him beyond the usual order, and to help an aspiring young musician to find her true level in the world of art.

He took her at once under his care, and after a few weeks of preliminary instruction, gave her a place in the choir. It was a subordinate, unimportant place at first, but she had the promise of promotion if she showed the improvement to be expected of her after some months of faithful study. And the salary paid her, slight as it was in these first months of trial aided materially in that so long troublesome process of "making both ends meet."

"We have stretched them so much, they must be pretty nearly worn out," Milly once said quaintly. "I am afraid they will break off some day, and then what will we do, I wonder."

But they did not have to be pulled so hard in the year that followed the Easter day of which we have written, and they had a chance to recover somewhat from their stretched and ragged condition. For it so befell that good fortune came to Ada also, by a route she had not dreamed of.

The kind old rector had been much touched by Ada's gift of flowers, knowing, as he did, her circumstances, and all that her flowers were to her. The cut blossoms he could not save, but he made her pot plants his especial care, and himself carried them home to her on Monday afternoon. He looked at the despoiled pots in the little conservatory, and then at Ada, with a sort of tender commiseration which she understood.

"Never mind," she said, "the roots are all there—that is, most of them—and they will grow and blossom again."

"Perhaps they will—for you," said Mr. Stamford, doubtfully. "You have an excellent place for your plants, and you seem to have a special gift for making them grow. Have you ever thought of raising them to sell?"

"Oh, no."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea?"

"But could I sell them?"

"I think so. A lady asked me this morning if I thought you would sell the fuchsia. My wife sometimes buys flowers, and I know of several others in the church who I am sure would gladly become your customers. They could as easily buy of you as to send down town to a florist, if you had the flowers they wanted."

The idea once planted in Ada's mind, took root and grew apace. After another quiet, friendly talk with Mr. Stamford, she decided to make the venture, and at once set to work to inform herself on all points essential to the care of the plants and the conduct of the business.

She did not give up her sewing, but worked away busily long after a modest florist's sign had a place in the window. But one after another came in, was pleased with the perfection of the flowers, and the girl's pleasant manners, went away with full hands, came again, and brought friends.

So the orders flowed in, Ada's stock was increased, and the sewing very nearly crowded out, much to the girl's delight. She could sew, and sew well, if it were necessary, but she did not enjoy it. A florist's work was a pleasure to her. She could put her heart and soul into it, and perhaps that is the secret of her success.

"Easter is almost here again," said Milly one evening, as the girls sat before the fire resting after a busy day. "Not much like last Easter, is it, Ada? Here am I—first alto at St. John's, and perhaps a 'future' before me, as the dear, old professor says. And here are you, a successful florist, in a modest way, making more money in a week than you could then in a month, and planning an extension of business. How discouraged we were that week before Easter, do you remember? But we can give something this year, Ada."

"Didn't we give something last year, Milly?"

"I believe we did—that is, you did. The flowers you gave would bring you fifty dollars to-day."

"I don't think we have any reason to grudge them, Milly," with a quiet smile.

"I should say not. All this year I have been thinking of what Emerson says somewhere: 'Put God in your debt. Every stroke will be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.'"

"Yes," said Ada, softly, "and another has said: 'Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.'"

"It has been so in our case," said Milly, "but it does not seem as if it were always so. At any rate, the return is not always so quick, and so—so unmistakable."

"It is not always so quick, or so evident to the senses. But the reward is sure, nevertheless."

OLD HABITS.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

"A curious subject," says some one. Yes, but old habits are curious things, if we come to look at them.

"A very sensible subject," says another. True, the subject is full enough of

sense, the trouble usually is, people are not willing to consider it sensibly.

"But why not talk about new habits, instead?" asks some one who does not affect the antique. Because there isn't much to say about new habits, not having had them long enough to know much about them ourselves; but as for old habits, ah! they are very interesting to us all.

The word habit originally pertained to the body rather than to the mind, meaning any customary article of dress, but its signification is now mostly transferred to the state in which we oftenest find our thoughts and actions existing. Our daily doings have come to be our habits in the general acceptance of the term. Our habits are our mental and spiritual clothing. So it is not so very "curious" after all, if we should look over this apparel occasionally, to find out its condition and capabilities, as we do, if we are thrifty and economical, with our material garments. This is a good suggestion of an old writer:

"By all means use thyself to be alone. Know what thy soul doth wear. Dare to look in thy chest, it is thine own. And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

So let us about this time, some of these snowy or rainy days, take it for a job to examine our habits; "dare to look in our chest." That was very well said, for certainly it requires a good deal of courage to investigate all those old habits of years, and see if they are good, bad, or indifferent. We shrink from meddling with them, for fear we shall have to give them up, and some we almost fear to face, lest they confront us with disgrace. The more need of it then. A bad habit is like a bad promise, "better broken than kept." Come to the issue. We may not be very brilliant or talented, but it is left for every one of us to be brave and honest with ourselves. So let us away to that chest, and "tumble up and down what we find there."

And we find a pretty mess of it, even worse than we expected. Who would have thought it of us? But there is no retreat, and we will hope to find some things to our advantage, though the first showing may be quite otherwise. Reforms are always advantageous, and we are now in their line of pursuit.

"Do let us look at our good habits first." Very well. But where are they? We take up one old habit after another, and shake out, and reach deeper, and at last find a very few good ones. What does this mean? We thought we had a whole wardrobe of them, rich and strong. But it is pitiful to find no more really good, serviceable, presentable habits. What are we going to do about it? Why, put these few on at once, and wear them oftener, until we feel more at home in them, and people begin to recognize us by our good habits rather than any other kind.

Now don't be afraid you can't afford to wear them "common." For it is a delightful property of good habits, wonderful yet true, that unlike our clothing, the longer and more constantly they are worn, the handsomer and firmer they become. This is amazingly comforting and encouraging, especially to us poor people who often find it difficult to keep respectably clad for entrance into good society, in warp and woof of cotton, wool, or silk. But in these beautiful garments of right habits we may keep company with the good and great of humanity, and shine among the angels of our unseen but present community.

But to proceed with that chest. Come right back to it, every degenerate son and daughter of us. We may get a rich lesson, if nothing more, out of this cavity of poverty. Let us classify the rest of the

contents. This is always a good thing to do with confusion. It makes it less confounded.

See here, please. Why do we find this set of habits laid away, half worn, and ill kept? We once wore them faithfully, and it was really an inspiration to our friends to see us thus dressed. We occasionally get them on now in an awkward way, but they are defective, shabby, and even moth eaten. But they are too good to throw away. They have good stuff in them. They admit of brushing, re-modeling, and a thorough repair.

Yes, an old habit, once good, and now well mended, is equal to a new one, and in some respects much better. For it has once been familiar to the sight and feeling of our associates, and we have been bravely accustomed to its use ourselves. So it will not need to be "broken in." And besides it has pleasant or pathetic associations with the past which endear it, and furnish one reason for keeping it, while there are many still better and stronger ones for doing so.

As we unfold it for closer inspection, we detect an ancient, but delicate and sweet perfume like spring violets. And here they are, in one of the pockets. That tells the story? We wore that habit and some of these besides, when we were young, and some dear one now walking in paradise walked the fields at our side, and the world was as new as our habits. How becoming they were to us! With what grace and pride we donned them on all occasions! Some people said they hadn't any moral quality about them, but we know better now. They exhibited our true inner nature, and in a sense par-took of it. How did we ever happen to doff them! We cannot quite remember now, but think it must have been gradually, and in the same proportion we became a little less polite, a little less thoughtful, a little less agreeable, amiable, and upright, a little less manly or womanly generally. It was a sad day when we begun to leave them off. It is sadder still that we have neglected them so long. But we will mend them. It shall be a long, weary task, and many of the stitches will be set in our very hearts, but the balm of a pure and loving purpose will heal the wounds, and we shall appear re-arrayed in our restored nobility, perhaps soberer of hue than before, but really better fitted to do daily service for God and humanity.

Now for another research among this motley collection, and this time we will clear the whole thing out. Here is nothing but rubbish for the flames. There seem to be but two kinds of old habits left, both equally worthless now, but of entirely different character when originally assumed. The first are the habits of childishness, or ignorance, or of locality, either of them excusable, or proper, or innocent at the time when worn.

But we do not wish ourselves, or children, or friends, to keep on the habits of childhood in speech, or thought, or public or private manners after reaching maturity, nor do we desire the educated man or woman to perpetuate the habits of an illiterate ancestry or other early companionship. Neither is it convenient or befitting in a change of society or residence to retain always the exact habits of the former life, however good they may have been. Wise people will readily adapt their style of conduct to the exigencies of occasion as they would their dress, in any of the minor usages which do not involve compromise of principle. So we send out a big pile of these dear little habits in the waste basket, as no longer of use, though we may, if we wish, drop a tear over the pleasant or precious memories of some of them, as we would over our grown up children's baby dresses.

The only class of habits remaining

here, destined to destruction, is made up of those thoroughly bad, in their fabric, cut, finish, every thing. The bad is "dyed in the wool." No reformation, no mending for those. Bad old habits are different from the good in one important and distinguishing respect. The longer they are worn, the worse are they, and there is no remedy. These just now under our eyes and hands, are soiled, faded, and frayed. Can it be possible we wore them to that extent? Indeed they were never attractive, except most superficially. They were the meanest of "shoddy." It is not flattering to our fine perceptions or good sense, or high honor, that we ever chose them. They are a condemnation and degradation in themselves. But having chosen and worn them, we deserve to be humiliated. And we acted so foolishly about them too! We pretended we liked them, said they were as "easy as an old shoe." And if any one remonstrated, we answered illogically that "we had got into the habits, and it was hard to get out." But we are ashamed enough now. We repent. God forgive us!

It is said that "man is the creature of habit." More's the pity for him then, for a miserable confession of weakness is that. It should be the contrary. It is our right, and in our power by the aid of the divine working in us, to be the creator of the habits, instead of their creature. This is a hopeful outlook for escape.

It has also been said that "man is a bundle of habits." Let us see to it then that we make a respectable bundle of ourselves. That dreadful "chest" is subjugated to decency at last. We are emancipated. We walk forth in our "freedom suits," never again, we hope and pray, to be reduced to the same or similar ignoble bondage.

ABOUT HOLY WEEK.

BY CLINTON MONTAGUE.

The last week of Lent, immediately preceding Easter Sunday, is so denominated because it is commemorative of Christ's death for the redemption of mankind. It is sometimes called Passion week, the word "passion" meaning suffering and used in this sense in the New Testament—"To whom He showed Himself alive after His passion." In the early Christian ages it was termed the "great week," "Hebdomas Magna," on account of the important event it commemorates. Tertullian, Chrysostom and other ancient church fathers, mention the fact that during this week Christians were wont to fast on one meal of bread, salt and water, taken in the evening, while many abstained from food the whole week. Says Chrysostom:

"This is called the Great Week, not because it consists of longer days, or more in number, than other weeks, but because at this time great things were wrought for us by our Lord. For in this week the ancient tyranny of the devil was dissolved, death was extinct, the strong man was bound, his goods were spoiled, sin was abolished, the curse was destroyed, paradise was opened, heaven became accessible, men and angels were joined together, the middle wall of partition was broken down, the barriers were taken out of the way, the God of peace made peace between things in heaven and things in earth; therefore, it is called the Great Week. Therefore in this week many increase their labors, some adding to their fastings, others to their watchings, others give more liberal alms, testifying the greatness of the divine goodness by their care of good works, and more intense piety and holy living. All the world now goes forth to meet Christ, not with palm branches in their hands, but with alms

deeds, humanity, virtue, tears, fastings, prayers, watchings and all kinds of piety which they offer to Christ their Lord. And not only we, but the emperors of the world honor this week, making it a time of vacation from all civil business."

The greater number of Protestant churches do not solemnize this week, but by the Greek and Romish churches, the Lutheran church, the Church of England, the Continental Calvinists, the Reformed churches of Holland and the Moravian church, nearly as much attention is paid to it as by the primitive Christians. It commences with Palm Sunday and ends with Holy Saturday.

The most important events of our Saviour's life were crowded into the Paschal or Holy week. From Palm Sunday until the glorious Easter morn occurred a marvelous succession of events. When we glance at the outline of these we do not wonder that they were so sacredly and solemnly commemorated by the early Christians.

On Sunday of the Holy week Christ made His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, wept over the city, uttered the prophecy of its destruction, and cast the buyers and the sellers out of the temple.

On Monday He pronounced the curse upon the barren fig tree, and denounced the Pharisees in those strong terms that excited their enmity and made them resolute to destroy him.

Tuesday He visited the temple again, answered the deputation from the Sanhedrin who questioned Him as to His authority; delivered the parables of the two sons, the wicked husbandman, the wise and foolish virgins, and the talents; replied to the Herodians and the Sadducees, described the final judgment, and foretold the time of his own betrayal and crucifixion.

On Wednesday he went out to the Mount of Olives and to the garden of Gethsemane, where he spent the day in making those intercessory prayers recorded by St. John. In the evening He washed the feet of the twelve disciples, and foretold the denial of Peter and the betrayal of Judas.

On Thursday preparations were made for the passover. After sunset the passover was eaten, and Judas was pointed out as the traitor. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was instituted, and after singing the parting hymns they retired to the Mount of Olives. On the way Christ again predicts the denial of Peter, and that all would forsake Him. The agony of the garden and the arrest follows.

On Friday, after twelve o'clock at night until nine o'clock in the morning, occur the various incidents connected with our Lord's trial. At nine o'clock, the very hour the morning sacrifice was offered in the temple, Christ was nailed to the cross. Until the ninth hour, occurs the supernatural darkness, and at the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon, when the evening sacrifice was offered in the temple, the Saviour expires. That night Joseph of Arimathea entombs the body in a new sepulcher.

On Saturday a guard of Roman soldiers secures His tomb, and the women purchase their spices and make preparations to embalm His body. Easter morning He rises.

OLD MAIDS.

Some time since, what with readin' THE HOUSEHOLD makin' me feel as if I had a lot on my mind to say, an' Miss Grace a-coaxin' me to let her write it out and send it to the editor, I got so bold as to let her send a piece about "Grandmothers." I hadn't an idee he'd think it was fit to print, an' I said likely's not he'd think I was a fool for my pains, but he did put it in the paper, an' that sot me up

so that now I'm goin' to try him agin, on Old Maids this time.

I hain't a doubt but what there's lots of 'em that reads THE HOUSEHOLD, an' I came near bein' one on 'em. Mebbe that's what made me think so much about 'em.

Jim an' me was married last September, the day I was thirty-one.

There ain't no use shilly-shallyin' about it; there ain't a girl but what kind of shrinks back at the idee of bein' one of 'em, an' seein' this sot me to accountin' for the reason of it.

An' I've about made up my mind that one reason 's that the majority of girls haint got rich pas, an' the idee ov havin' to go to doin' somethin' to support themselves till old age kind o' frightens 'em. And another reason 's the idee ov livin' along alone and not belongin' very much in pertik'lar to nobody seems awful desolate to a woman, for a woman does kinder hanker after havin' a home an' feelin' that the folks in it needs her an' sets store by her.

And then for another reason, there's some so powerful afraid o' the name of it that they'd marry most any one to git clear ov that.

Now as for supportin' themselves, most girls is schooled to do somethin' now-a-days that could support 'em ef it come to that, an' except the few what marries rich, they needn't think life 'd be all play ef they got married; to my mind fur's work goes most of 'em finds it a pretty even thing. Besides, they might lose the nice feelin' ov havin' money of their own to do what they'd a mind to with.

I've worked out with folks where the lady'd have to go to such beggin' an' managin' an' coaxin' as would make you sick, to git money for things she wanted, an' she a-bearin' as much o' the hard part o' life as he did, an' he not thought by folks outside to be a stingy man neither.

There ain't no knowin' for sure how things 'll be till you try 'em. There ain't no probability that married or single wimmen either 'll go floatin' along on a bed o' roses all their lives. I've worked out for folks as seemed to have everything to make 'em happy but I hain't never seen any one yet but what had something to pester 'em. But what I do say, is, that when a young woman gits married to the young man she knows she wouldn't a-looked at ef she could 'av had her pick, jest for the sake o' bein' married or not havin' to earn her own livin', she'll most gen'ally find that she's taken a jump from the fryin'-pan inter the fire. I hain't lived around in families for no purpose, an' I hain't had eyes in my head for nothin', an' I wouldn't want anything more wearin' an' tiresome than bein' married to some one I didn't set no store by.

Then as for belongin' somewhere in somebody's life, I know what that hankerin' is, I had it myself, but I wa'n't such a fool but what I could wait till the right man come along.

Before I seen Jim there wan't a man but what I could get along without easy enough, but when Jim asked me I was sartin sure it wouldn't be no lyin' to say "yes" to them things the parson asks, an' somehow things don't look the same's they did, they're fresher 'n brighter 'n they was, an' I feel stronger to stand things, somehow.

But jest bein' so happy with Jim makes me see what a wearin', deadenin' thing 'twould be to try gittin' along with a man around that you hadn't no real love for.

An' it's a sight honorabler for a woman to be an' old maid because she hain't met or couldn't git the man she'd like, than for her to go lyin' through them vows she can't fulfill.

There ain't no use for no one to be a selfish, sot, gossipin' creetur, that every one hates to see come in. Jest think how many single wimmen there is usin' their

learnin' an' their nice ways a-sweetenin' up life for other folks. Wimmen that folks around 'em needs an' feels a-longin' to have with 'em, an' always thinks of with a kind of tender, lovin' feelin'.

An' then there's some not quite so gentle like, but seasonin' up life more, jest keepin' their own troubles back an' bringin' in a laugh here an' bit o' fun there, an' a good helpin' hand in time of need. Kind o' chirkin' up the tired folks an' heartenin' the sad ones, an' not makin' a fuss about the effort it costs 'em to keep the sun shinin' all the time.

You needn't tell me they don't belong to nobody; the world 'ud find out ef they was all taken out of it, an' there's more than one 'll rise up an' call 'em blessed some day.

B. S. GOODHUE.

A BROWN STUDY.

The outlook is somber and of quiet appearance. Thought strays, leading through undefinable ways and over incalculable distances. The white of winter snows has disappeared. Yonder hills are wrapped in the same mantle that the lowlands wear so gravely. The verdure of spring has apparently no small part as yet in the picture of nature. Earth is brown. The trees stretch out grim arms against a dusky landscape. The atmosphere seems also pervaded by the brownish quality. Here and there rough winds meet and gather up particles of dust into swift, dense whirls. The sentinels of the forest, with their evergreen foliage, by contact with so much dullness, themselves partake of the unenlivening effect.

Passers-by, are they brown-coated, too, this morning? That load of wood and the man thereupon seem both of the self-same hue. And a brown dog trots on beside. Yes, and the pedestrian making his way so slowly, by aid of a stout cane, has the veritable aspect of the surrounding scene, weary, worn, aged, and—brown. Objects that usually are adorning to the landscape, have become dispossessed of their individuality, as it were, and have been absorbed into the great gloominess which invests the outer world.

Herein lies influence. The more powerful that any sort of influence becomes, the more difficult, of necessity, is it found to be resisted. No power is safe which threatens to destroy one's personality, which blasts hope, cheerfulness or aspiration, hindering the best activity of the spiritual being. Natural life is not alone sufficient to comfort in this mortal frame, and none but the spiritual leads upward. Is there not, then, a way out of the murky path into which human nature is so liable to be drawn.

Above the shadows of earth shines the effulgent sun, as ever, ready to glorify the waiting world when bidden. As if to verify the statement, its beams for an instant tinge the brown below with faintest gold. There is a slight hint besides of spring time upon the willowy wands that dip into the river near by.

Is the picture really growing pleasing under the touch of appreciation? Certainly there is rift of cerulean color over the hill top, upon the brightening horizon, and there seems to be exquisite beauty in the tracery against the sky formed by the intricate interlacing of the bare branches of the trees. Indeed, a tiny bird is descried midway upon the maple and he is a harbinger of the season not far distant, when there will be a blending of both soft and brilliant shades to surprise and gladden the vision. The venerable woods do not reveal the tale, but they know that a miracle of loveliness lies concealed beneath, and that the quiet earth will duly awaken from long, cold sleep, to arise in wondrous form, and with renewed color, tone and harmony.

Shall not the spirit which recognizes

its own title written in still surer characters upon the scroll of heaven press upward for light, strength and love?

HAZEL WYLDE.

STANDS.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Now that stands are quite in vogue, I have thought a few words regarding them might not be amiss, especially as I myself have lately had a bit of experience re-modeling and beautifying several.

Stands, from the old-fashioned light stands of long ago to the handsome bass-woods of the present, are much sought for and admired in household use and decoration. No home furniture, be it ever so stately and grand, ever so humble and simple, is complete without one of some description.

A short time since I called upon a lady who, in exhibiting a few choice plants, called my attention to the stand upon which they rested. Her "flower stand," she called it, and that was the purpose it was then serving. Standing there in the sunny south window, holding the pots of geraniums, carnations and heliotropes, I thought what unwritten history it could speak, for it was not one of the wire inventions of the present, but a genuine, old-fashioned square stand, that had served in my friend's grandmother's days as a light stand. Drawn before the open fire in the long winter evenings, with the tallow dip placed upon it, the father upon one side, not reading the daily paper—alas! where was the sheet?—but, mayhap, the Weekly News, or more probably, the Old Farmer's Almanac, Pilgrim's Progress, or Baxter's Saints' Rest, while the good wife upon the other side busily clicked her knitting needles. Now it had outlived its day, but not its usefulness, for here in a fresh coat of bright vermilion paint with appropriate cover it was still doing good service.

The lady had also a good music stand made from an unused wash stand. Standing near her piano, I noticed her sheet music in one part, and instruction and singing books on the other. This was quite different from the one Samantha beheld at the Centennial, which I think readers of Josiah Allen's wife may remember. That was an open air band stand with the muse and lyre at the top. Samantha disputed at some length with a stylish young lady she met on the grounds as to what the "little house," as she called it, was, informing her it could not be a "stand" of any kind or description, and when the lady persisted it was a music stand, there was the lyre at the top, Samantha assured her with grave manner one need not look to the top of that building to behold lyres (liars.)

Another made from an old wash stand, had the top padded and covered with felt, the wood work ebonized, and strips of felt, perhaps nine inches wide, tacked around the top and bottom. The felt in this case was prettily embroidered. I think it had served as a shelf lambrequin, but it was now reduced to the stand. The lower section held Webster's unabridged dictionary, the upper rest, volumes of Appleton's Cyclopaedia. It was really quite literary and useful as well as ornamental.

There are oftentimes many things set aside, not worn out but out of use for the time, that a little ingenuity, well—"faculty," in New England vernacular, may make good articles of furniture. A hint from a newspaper may sometimes furnish an idea for starting. Occasionally when a new article is to be produced from an old one, we say "Bring forth our HOUSEHOLDS or our Journals, and let us see how much other people's experiences and suggestions may help us."

I do not know that these descriptions

may serve another, but I will set forth one other prized quite highly for its early associations, also for its present usefulness and beauty. It is a three-legged stand of other years, descended from my grandmother's furniture, no doubt a portion of her "setting out" when she left her father's house a fair and happy bride. The top was octagonal in shape, yet not a regular octagon, two of its opposite sides being longer, making the length more than the width. Its original color was red, but time and wear had much defaced it. It had been used and used, banished from one room to another, from one bed room to a smaller one, till finally we decided it was a fit subject for the attic. The legs at the crossing were becoming shaky, disjointed. The old red stand must go. But a bright idea suggested—the handy man!

He interviewed it, and behold its original strength returned. Now ebonized, it became a bright, shiny black, with a delightful fancy stripe in gilt, "gold bands," perhaps, would be a painter's way of expressing it, but it was pretty. In its new dress it was taken to the sitting room, and there with a small easel resting upon it, became the repository for the Christmas cards received that year by the family. The stand was well covered, and, really, our array was much admired. It was amusing to see the eyes of our friends wander from the cards to the stand and ask, "Where did you find this stand? I see you have a new one," and when it was explained to hear, "Well, I declare, I have one at home I can fix the same way."

So do, dear friends, by all means. The old, time-honored pieces of furniture, set aside, it may be, for a time, but preserved with care, may often be restored to beauty and usefulness. Do not, therefore, dispose of old things, unless beyond repair. There is always room in the garret, and the day may come, when fashion, that dreadful arbitrator, will again call them forth.

In the same room with my black stand, is another fresh from modern furniture rooms, a small, round bouquet stand, very pretty in design and finish, but it rarely receives much notice, unless flowers are upon it, the old being so beyond it.

A little expense, sometimes none, and considerable well directed skill will oftentimes bring from the old that which outshines the new even in stands.

THE CHOCOLATE GIRL.

Possibly most of the people who are familiar with the picture of the chocolate girl, used for so long as an advertisement, think it a creation of some artist's fancy. On the contrary, it is a portrait, the portrait of a very pretty Viennese woman, and has a romantic story attached to it. It seems that some years ago a young German student of noble birth fell in love with the pretty chocolate girl who served him with this delicious beverage in a Viennese cafe. She was a respectable girl and he an honorable gentleman; and he married her. He felt proud of her humble origin, and had her portrait painted by a famous German artist in the picturesque costume she wore when he first met her; and this portrait is now among the most valued art treasures of the government.

—Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful fire-fly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.—Arthur Helps.

—A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.—Beecher.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past two years and I think my washing incomplete without it. For washing blankets and woolen goods it has no equal.

MRS. A. M. CONNOR.

94 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In the beginning of April I procured a box of Dobbins' Electric Soap. My third girl who began the washing with her whole heart set against the soap was completely won over. The washing now is done in half the time it used to be, and of course not getting one-half the rubbing the clothes will wear so much longer. I am delighted with it and am giving cakes to various friends to try.

Yates Center, Kan. MRS. I. COOPER.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I enclosed seven wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for a set of cards illustrating Shakespeare's beautiful monologue, "The Seven Ages of Man." I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap only a few months. I would not be without it again.

MRS. GEORGE B. RANDALL.

Lake Village, N. H.

MR. CROWELL:—I am a girl of ten years. I attend school, and if I live to grow up, and am obliged to wash, I shall always use Dobbins' Electric Soap. Mamma has used it for about ten years, and I understood that if I saved my papers and sent them to you that you would send me something pretty. So every time mamma has undone a bar I have grabbed the wrapper before it went into the fire. I am in hopes to hear from you soon. I ask every little girl what kind of soap her mamma uses, and if they don't use it I tell them they had better try it. Please address,

ELLA G. SMITH.

23 Gates St., South Boston, Mass.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed the advertisement in my December HOUSEHOLD inviting subscribers to send for one of I. L. Cragin & Co.'s cook books, so I thought I would send for one. I enclosed seven pictures of Mrs. Foggy to I. L. Cragin & Co., for which I hope to receive the "Seven Ages of Man." I have used it a great deal, and find it a great help.

MRS. C. E. KIMBALL.

Box 453, Holliston, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for nearly four years. In that time I have tried other soaps but found none equal to Dobbins', and now will use no other while I can get it. I am sure that any one giving it a fair trial will say the same. I have just sent to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia for their cards. Yours with respect,

Leyden, N. Y. MRS. MARY S. COE.

MR. CROWELL:—I wish to thank you for a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD sent as a wedding present. It has been invaluable to me. Indeed, I should not like to do without it. I have just sent to Messrs. Cragin & Co., twenty-six pictures of Mrs. Foggy, for one of their panel pictures, Le Roman Nouveau, having seen their very liberal offer in THE HOUSEHOLD. I consider their soap the best I have ever used and I shall continue its use as a great labor saving soap, and have induced others to try it and now would not be without it. Respectfully, MRS. THOMAS G. DAVIS.

Westborough, Mass.

PERSONALITIES.

We are in constant receipt of hundreds of letters for publication in this column, thanking those who have sent poems, etc., also letters stating difficulties of complying with exchanges published. We are very glad to publish requests for poems, also the exchanges as promptly and impartially as possible, but we cannot undertake to publish any correspondence relating to such matters, not from any unwillingness to oblige our subscribers, but from the lack of space which such an abundance of letters would require.—ED.

We are receiving so many requests for cards for "postal card albums" to be published in this column that we would suggest to those desiring such, to consider whether they are prepared to undertake the task of writing and sending 80,000 cards! We are willing to insert as promptly as possible, all requests from actual subscribers giving their full name and address, but feel it our duty to give a friendly hint of the possible consequences.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Laura A. Benson, in the February number, please send her address to, MRS. I. A. THRESHER.

Winnetka, Cook Co., Ill.

Will Reba Raymond send her address to,

MRS. W. F. NORMAN.

Nevada, Vernon Co., Mo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Fannie Fletcher, who in the August number, 1885, gave directions for making a beaded hood, please send her address to, and confer a favor on,

MRS. B. F. NICHOLS.

Hampden Corner, Me.

How many of the dear HOUSEHOLD sisters will send me their postal autographs?

MRS. T. J. MARTIN.

Sorby, Wayne Co., Tenn.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will Loraine, or any of THE HOUSEHOLD Band who live in Florida, please correspond with me? I should like to know what those who have lived there all through the year think of the climate.

MISS A. FRANKARD.

163 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

A foreign visitor to the United States, on his return home, was telling the peculiarities of the people of different American cities. In one of them, he said, they had for a Shibboleth, "What do you know?" Without regard to any other of the circumstances in which an applicant for admission to their society might be placed, he had to show intelligent experience in a wide range of knowledge or he was excluded. We have often thought that was a very excellent test of character, and it is a test that more people than those living in the particular city referred to make continually, whether consciously or no. It is the ordeal every witness in every court of justice everywhere has to undergo. It is right that the test should be applied, and it is right that every applicant for attention in human society should endure the ordeal. The test is of value under varied conditions. In the sick room the question is asked of those who once were ill, but who are now enjoying health, about means of restoration, "What do you know?" The kindly hearts of a number of correspondents who, through gratitude, have come forward to tell the story of the means by which they are now well, lead to the publication of the following responses:

REV. A. A. JOHNSON, A. M., formerly financial agent, and now President of Wesleyan College, Fort Worth, Texas, wrote us under date of February 21, 1885:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—From 1878 to June, 1883, I was troubled more or less with catarrh. During those years I tried several remedies, but from them I received no permanent relief. In the winter and spring of 1883 I grew a great deal worse, and suffered greatly with sore throat, hoarseness, and catarrhal fever. At times I could not speak publicly, because of hoarseness and coughing. Alarmed at my condition, I sought a remedy, and was led to try the Compound Oxygen cure. It worked like magic. Within two weeks my hoarseness and sore throat were gone, and my general health began to improve at once. At the

end of three months, when I had finished the first treatment, the catarrh was gone. I have not been specially troubled with catarrh since. I regard the Compound Oxygen treatment as a wonderful discovery of science, and a blessing to suffering humanity.

A. A. JOHNSON.

On November 2, 1885, Mr. Johnson wrote: "You are at liberty to use any thing I have written you in favor of Compound Oxygen. I regard it as a great remedy."

From REV. G. W. GRAHAM, Clarendon, Texas, Nov. 7, 1885:

"I very gladly give my consent for my name to be used. I have been taken out of the jaws of death by your Compound Oxygen, and wish my former and present condition could be known to every afflicted one in all of this great land."

REV. I. S. COLE, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Manitowaning, Algoma, Ontario, Canada, bears this testimony: "I deem it a high privilege to assist in any way in making known so wonderful a discovery as your Compound Oxygen. I have found it of great benefit in my own family, and know of good results in the families of acquaintances."

Curiosity as to Compound Oxygen may be fully gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write a postal card or letter of request to Drs. Starkey & Palen, at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, also monographs on asthma, catarrh, consumption, dyspepsia, hay fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.; also, once a quarter, they issue *Health and Life*, a record of cures of patients made by the patients themselves. This publication has been issued every quarter for over six years, and is a complete answer to all questions as to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. All this literature, or any part of it, will be sent, post-paid, freely to any address on application.

—Ordered to clear the court, an Irish erler at Ballinasloe, did so by this announcement: "Now, thin, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must have the court."

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, Has the Advantage of being Palatable, and easily digested, and these two well known remedies being combined, are more potent in their remedial effects than if taken separately, and increase flesh and strength with remarkable rapidity.

—A double fortune: How a lady in this city accepted two husbands on one wedding day. She married a man for a husband, and a Mr. Husband for a man.

Keep sweet your breath—if maid or wife,
Or old or young, or large or small,
If you have any hope in life,—
If you have any friends at all.
Keep sweet your breath—and heed the warning,
Use SOZODONT each night and morning!

Like the Perfume Wafted from beds of flowers is the breath that has been rendered agreeably odorous with SOZODONT, which communicates to the teeth a marble whiteness, and to the gums a roseate tint. Use it, and beautify your mouth.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON, Physician to Her Majesty the Queen of England, speaking of the Cocoa plant, says: "The properties of this wonderful plant are the most wonderful of any known to the medical world. From repeated personal trials, I am convinced that its use is highly beneficial and tonic." To build up a broken down system, use the Liebig Co's Coca Beef Tonic, indorsed and recommended by the foremost physicians of Europe and America. Overwrought and feeble nerves are quieted, digestion is promoted, and new tone and vigor in all of the organs of the body follows its use.

See Dr. Hanaford's Card for all information about his books, medical fees, etc.

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119 SOUTH FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

We clip the following interesting item concerning the good work of one of our long-time advertisers from the New York Weekly Witness of July 3d, 1884:

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

EDITOR HOME DEPARTMENT:—I have read, with true sympathy, the request of "One in Need," and though I have never become one of the Home family by contributing my mite toward sustaining the Home circle, I wait—not as a stranger waiteth—but as one who has long shared the good things, in hopes to find a welcome.

To "One in Need" I would say: I am a constant sufferer, and have made the question of food my study for years. A grain of wheat is said to contain all the qualities for nutriment that the body requires; but to select only the starch or fine flour so generally used for food is to deprive our bodies of all sustenance. It is said two years would be the limit of life under such a regimen. But select other parts of the kernel and you have the real germ of health and strength. Do not use ordinary Graham flour. It has produced more dyspepsias than it has cured. The outer husk or burr of the grain is not removed, and irritates the digestive organs. I live upon the gluten of wheat combined with barley, and find it very nutritious; seldom eat any meat. It is a remedy for sleeplessness, if taken when retiring for the night. If I am permitted to inform you where to obtain the "Health Food," with full instructions how and what to use, I would like to direct you to send a description of your disease, inquiring what you need, to the "Health Food Co.," No. 74 Fourth Avenue, New York. You will receive advice and circulars free. Hoping and praying that the blessing of God may attend you, bringing peace to your household, and joy to your home, I write in the cause of

HUMANITY.

MELLIN'S FOOD, the only genuine substitute for mother's milk, is recommended by our most prominent physicians as the best and safest food for infants. It contains no farinaceous matter, which so often produces disorders of the stomach. For sale by druggists.

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JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE is highly indorsed by housekeepers and others who have tried it. No soap is required, and cleaning is done with a saving of much time and labor. All housekeepers should use it.

The annual statement of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston is worthy the attention of all seeking life insurance.

Those who have used the Boss ZINC and LEATHER COLLAR PADS and ANKLE BOOTS say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by Harness makers on 60 days' trial. DEXTER CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Dr. Hanaford's new book, Mother and Child, will be sent by mail, free of charge for postage, for \$1.00. Send to the author at Reading, Mass.

INGALLS' MAMMOTH \$1.00 STAMPING OUTFIT!

THIS OUTFIT CONTAINS 100 STAMPING PATTERNS AND COMPLETE ALPHABET

For KENSINGTON, OUTLINE and RIBBON EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON and LUSTRA PAINTING, BRAIDING, ETC. With this Outfit you can do your own Stamping, and Stamping for others. Please take notice that we have made a change in our \$1.00 Stamping Outfit, and now send 100 Stamping Patterns, instead of 35 Patterns.

Our New—1886—\$1.00 Outfit contains a COMPLETE ALPHABET (26 letters) for Hat Bands, Napkins, etc., and 100 STAMPING PATTERNS:

DESIGNS of Daisies 3x5 inches—Wild Roses 4-1-2x5—Autumn Leaves 3x5—Holly 3x6—Half Scallop 2x6—Bouquet of Forget-me-nots, Lily-of-the-Valley and Wild Rose 5x6—Fish 1x2-1-2—Elephant 1-1-2x2-1-2—Butterfly 1-1-2x2—Anchor 1-1-2x2—Mouse 1-1-2x3—Kitten 2x2-1-2—Dog 2-1-2x3—Scallops 2x6; 1-1-2x4-1-2—Vine and Scallop 2x7—Violet Strip 1-1-2x7—3 Strips 2 inches wide—Rosebud and Wheat 2x8—Daisies and Ferns 2x6—Strip of Acorns 2 inches wide—Braiding Pattern 3x8—Outline of Old Lady with Cane 3-1-2x10—Girl with Muff 2x5—Peaches 3x5—Tulip 2x2-1-2—Fuchsias 3x3—Owls 1-1-2x2—Rose and Forget-me-nots 2x7—Golden Rod 1x4—Rosebud 1-1-2x2—Buttercup 1-1-2x1-2—Bird 4x1—Excomb and Ferns 5x6—and 60 other Designs for Embroidery, Crazy Patchwork, etc.—in all 100 PERFORATED PATTERNS!

This Outfit also contains Price-List of Floss, Crewels, Silk, Chenille, etc. A Felt Tidy and Imported Silk to work it. INGALLS' INSTRUCTION BOOK for Stamping and Working, including Instructions for Indelible Stamping, and Ingalls' Big Catalogue, containing Thousands of Illustrations of New and Choice Stamping Patterns for all kinds of Embroidery; Box Stamping Powder and Distributing Pad, and our New Book: HOW TO USE FANCY WORK MATERIALS; also sample Briggs' Transfer Patterns.

WE SEND THIS OUTFIT BY MAIL FOR \$1.00.

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OUR CUSTOMERS have often called for a STAMPING OUTFIT, containing all large patterns. To meet this demand we offer this New Outfit containing the following Perforated Stamping Patterns. A large branch of OAK LEAVES, size 9x21 inches, used for EMBROIDERY, KENSINGTON, or LUSTRA PAINTING. A beautiful spray of WILD ROSES, 8x15, and a fine cluster of POND LILIES, 8x15, for Table Scarfs, etc. Artistic Designs for Ties, Panels, etc. Cluster of DAISIES, 8x9; GOLDEN ROD, 6x8; FUCHSIA, 7x9; OUTLINE HEAD, 9x12; Bunch of FORGET-ME-NOTS, 7x9; Design for TINSSEL EMBROIDERY, 5x11; VINE OF IVY LEAVES, 2-1-2x10; Cluster of POPPIES, 4-1-2x7; WOODBINE, 4-1-2x9, for Lustra or Embroidery; Bouquet of ROSES, DAISIES, FANNIES, GOLDEN ROD and FERNS, size 8x11 inches. Box POWDER, Pad, Ingalls' INSTRUCTION BOOK and Big Catalogue.

This Outfit is actually worth over \$3.00. We send this Outfit, post-paid, for \$1.25. We will send all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, without Powder, Pad or Books, for \$1.00, postage paid. SPECIAL OFFER!—We will send you the Ingalls' Mammoth \$1.00 Outfit and all the Patterns in this \$1.25 Outfit, by mail, for \$2.00. Illustrated Circulars Free. Address J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

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To send for our new Illustrated Circulars of STAMPING OUTFITS, FANCY WORK BOOKS, FELT and LINEN STAMPED GOODS, FANCY WORK MATERIALS, etc., before ordering any of these goods from other firms. Illustrated Circulars Free. We are HEADQUARTERS and PIONEERS of the FANCY WORK CRAZE. We give on this page a partial list of the goods we sell. Please select the goods you want, and we shall be pleased to fill your orders. We pay the postage.

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Price 50 Cents, postpaid. 5 for \$2.00.

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A NEW BOOK! *Finely Illustrated!* Contains full directions for this beautiful and popular work. KENSINGTON PAINTING is done with Pens instead of brushes. This book tells what Pens and Paints to use; gives a Description of the Terms and Materials used; tells how to mix Paints in the Preparation of Tints and Shades; also has an *Illustrated* description of color to use in painting Roses, Pond Lilies, Golden Rod, Panicles, Cat-Tails, Clematis, Azaleas, Fuchsias, Sumac, Wheat, Japan Lily, Forget-me-nots, Thistles, Leaves, Birds, Owls, Stocks, etc. The Instructions for LUSTRA PAINTING were written by the well-known artist, LIDA CLARKSON, and it is needless for us to add that the directions given are full and complete, and so plain that it will be readily understood how to do this fascinating work. The Instructions for HAND PAINTING gives Directions for Painting on Silk, Satin, Plush, Velvet, Felt, Bolting, etc. This book is FULLY ILLUSTRATED with artistic designs.

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This book gives the correct colors and shades to be used in embroidering Roses, Daisies, Lilacs, Clover, Poppies, Forget-me-nots, Bachelor's Buttons, Sorrel, Violets, Sun Flowers, Pansies, Lilies-of-the-Valley, Sumac, Golden Rod, Woodbine, Trailing Arbutus, Thistles, Apple Blossoms, Barberries, Innocence, Peach Blossoms, Lilies, Pine Cones, Cat-Tails, Wheat, Oats, Grasses, Mountain Ash, Smilax Leaves, Strawberries, Buttercups, Coleus Leaves, Azalea, Morning Glory, Geranium, Lone-in-the-Mist, Calla Lilies, Cocombs, Crocus, Cactus, Cherries, Bitter Sweet, Ferns, etc.

Ladies doing Kensington Embroidery will find this book a great help. Price 35 Cts. 5 for \$1.00. SPECIAL OFFER! We will send you these 4 BOOKS for \$1.00. Illustrated Circulars Free. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

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SPECIAL OFFER! The retail price of all the Books and Patterns in this advertisement is \$1.50. We send ALL (everything in this advertisement) by mail, postpaid, for 30 two-cent stamps (60 cts.) Circulars Free. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

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This Outfit contains our new 25c. book of Instructions for KENSINGTON LUSTRA, and HAND PAINTING, 8 Tubes of Winsor & Newton's Imported Oil Paints, 4 Colorado Pens, 1 Pen Holder, 1 Brush, a fine assortment of PERFORATED STAMPING PATTERNS for Kensington Painting, Sample of Briggs' Transfer Patterns, Box Stamping Powder, Pad, and a FELT BANNER for Kensington Painting. We send this Outfit by Express for \$1.50, or we will send this Outfit by mail (without the 8 tubes of oil paints) for 90c. Postage paid.

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By LIDA CLARKSON. New and Revised Edition.

Finely Illustrated with original designs by the Author. CONTENTS:—The Amateur's Outfit.—Harmony and Combination of Color: A Panel of Field Daisies.—Some General Hints: Fabric Painting.—Practice on Academy Board and Sketching Canvas: A Study of Wild Roses.—A Study of Pansies.—How to Paint Photographs in Oil or in Water Colors.—Hat Marks and Linings: Appropriate Designs, Initials, etc.—Plaques: How to Paint and Frame Them.—How to Paint Trailing Arbutus, Feather Clematis, Dogwood and Tulips.—Panel and Screen Decorations: The Purple Clematis, Fleur de Lis, Water Lily, etc.—Dye Painting: Lustra, Iridescent and Kensington.—Lambrequins and Other Artistic Home Furnishings: Clock Scarf, Banners and Bannettes.—Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Birthday Cards: How to Paint Them.—Suggestions for Holiday and Birthday Gifts: Pretty Trifles for Home Decoration.—Painting Backgrounds.—Modeling in Relief.—Puzzling Queries Answered.—Some useful Hints in Conclusion. Sent, postpaid, for 35c. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

RIGGS' Transfer Patterns

For Kensington and Outline Embroidery, Kensington, Lustra and Hand Painting, Braiding Patterns, Alphabets, etc. A warm iron passed over the back of the pattern transfers it to the material. Complete Catalogue, 196 pp. cloth bound book (containing hundreds of illustrations. Price, 25c. New Embroidery Shade Book, giving correct colors and shade for working these patterns. New Price List, and Sample Pattern, for 10c. BRIGGS' SHADE CARDS: these Shade Cards show 290 Shades of BRIGGS' IMPORTED SILK and FLOSS, made specially for working the Transfer Pattern. Price, 15c. Briggs' Complete Outfit, 70c. Briggs' Price List Free.

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A FELT TIDY

And Imported Silk to work it, for 20 cents.

A FRINCED LINEN TIDY

And Imported Embroidery Cotton to work it, for 16 cts. Illustrated Circular of Felt and Linen Stamped Goods free. Address, J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

FANCY WORK BOOK FREE.

We will send a FANCY WORK BOOK free to any person that will send us the full addresses of ten persons who are interested in Fancy Work. Address J. F. INGALLS, LYNN, MASS.

DESICCATED COCOANUT.

"No, sir, we don't make cocoanuts," said a member of a firm whose sign read, "Cocoanut Manufacturing Company," in response to an inquiry of a reporter for a New York paper. "What we do, is to prepare cocoanut for confectioners, bakers, and families, to be used for pies and pastry. The nuts are brought here by the vessel load, some ships bringing as many as 400,000 in one cargo. They are put up in bags of one hundred each. The average weight of the green nut is one and one-half pounds. The best are those thickest in meat and richest in natural oil and sugar. They come from San Blas, Cow Island, San Andreas, Ruatans, Jamaica, and Baracoa. They grow on the islands of the Caribbean sea, and the trees are so planted that the roots are constantly washed with salt water. The nuts are not picked from the tree, but fall to the ground when ripe, because of the decay of the stems. When the husk is taken off they are ready for shipping. The perishable nature of the green nut has made desiccated cocoanut more desirable in the market, and this is the article we manufacture and sell."

"What is the operation?"

"The cocoanuts are placed in a large hopper, from which they fall to a zinc-covered table on a lower floor. In front of this table several men are placed, who crack the shell of the nut with a hatchet as it falls on the table. Then the shell is pried off, leaving the meat whole. From six to eleven o'clock six men at this work open twelve thousand nuts. A peeling machine then takes off the brown skin of the nuts, after which the meats are broken into pieces, the milk drawn off, and the pieces put into tubs of clean, cold water. The meat is then inspected as to its quality, and next it is put into a grinding mill turning four hundred revolutions a minute. The pulp thus made is mixed with granulated sugar and put in long pans of galvanized iron, which are put in the desiccators and the water extracted at a high temperature. An interesting fact about the work is that the entire process must be completed by two o'clock in the afternoon, because of the delicate nature of the fruit. The number of people employed in this department is forty-six. The desiccated nut is white as snow, and perfectly dry, when it has been through the process, and it is then allowed to cool, and is left in a dry temperature for ten days before it is finally put up for the market. At three o'clock each day the work is all done."

"What about the idea that cocoanut is indigestible?"

"It is supposed by many persons to be so. But the best growths show by analysis about forty-eight per cent of digestible oils, five per cent of sugar, about forty-six per cent of water, and only one per cent of ash. This being the case, there is scarcely any thing people eat more digestible and nutritious."—*Exchange.*

"What did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What is that?" "Why, he is a sort of animal upholsterer."

"I shall teach you to speak properly, and then to write as you speak," said a teacher in the public schools. "Poor Billy Wilcox," said a little voice involuntarily. "What about Billy?" "Please ma'am, he speaks through his nose."

—A gentleman who was blessed with a musical son-in-law, on seeing an item to the effect that the "musician, like the cook, makes his bread out of do," remarked, "that may be so in some instances, but in my case the musician makes his bread out of me."

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A PHYSICIAN PRESENTS SOME STARTLING FACTS.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire.

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

SIR:—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death! Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly! My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal

church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease and its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease.

As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all the professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 30.



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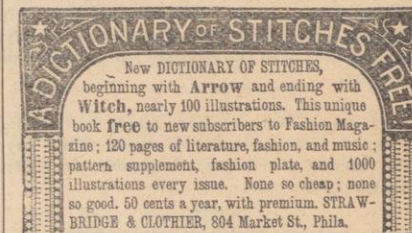
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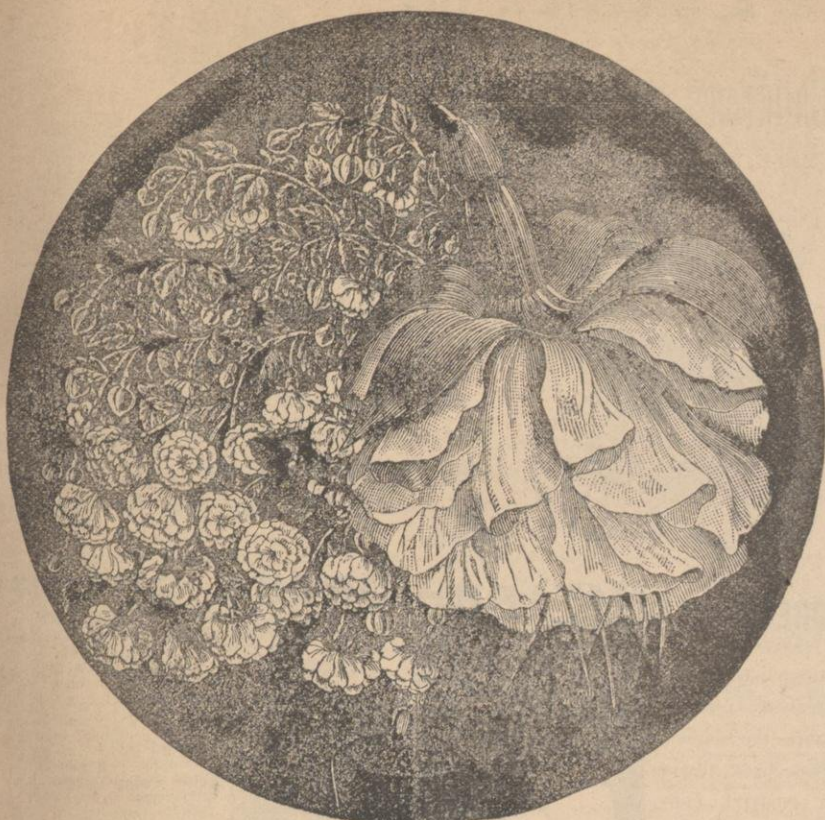


Newton's improved COW TIE holds them firmly, draws them forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean. **E. C. NEWTON, Patented, Ill.**

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in April, you can have green peas from June 15th to Oct. 15th, four months in the year. If but two varieties are wanted, plant Early Vermont and Telephone. Everybody likes them and will have them after one trial. Early Vermont is the earliest, most productive pea grown for market or family. Telephone, second early, the largest pods of any pea known, very sweet and prolific.



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By many leading judges of this popular flower, it is a common remark that my strain of Pansy for size, variety and rich markings is one of the finest in America. Always awarded first prize where on exhibition. Hundreds of testimonials could be given if space allowed. Price, per packet, 25c. 3 pkts. 60c. 6 pkts. \$1.00.

My Asters, Balsams, Hollyhocks, Carnations, Daisies, Primulas, Stocks, Sweet Pea, Larkspur, Verbena, Chrysanthemum, Petunias, Zinnias, have been grown and selected with much care.

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100 Verbenas for \$8.00.

I send 4 above \$1.00 collections for \$3.00; 8 \$1.00 collections for \$6.00; 13 \$1.00 collections for \$10.00, prepaid by mail, or stronger plants by express, to be paid by purchaser, and allow the purchaser to select 3 or 6 plants of a kind at \$1.00 rates, or I will select 16 good flowering plants for \$1.00, one of a kind, my choice of variety.

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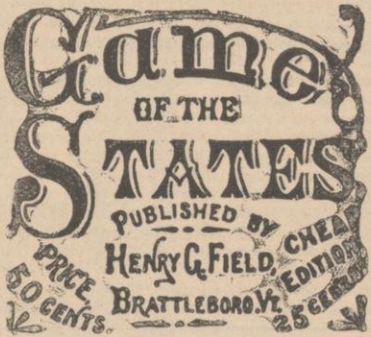
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Statement of Business for 1885.

Assets.....\$17,341,879.32

RECEIPTS.

For Premiums.....\$2,111,430.42
For Interest, Rents, and Profit and Loss.....931,352.14 3,042,782.56
\$20,384,661.88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims.....\$1,099,450.00
Matured and Discounted 280,373.00
Endowments.....231,128.66
Canceled and Surrendered Policies.....481,332.74
Distribution of Surplus.....
Total paid to Policy-holders, \$2,092,284.40
Amount paid for Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Fees, Advertising, Printing, Stationery, and all other incidental expenses at the Home Office and at Agencies.....371,339.41
Amount paid for Premium on investments purchased during the year, and accrued interest thereon.....39,153.62
Amount paid for Taxes.....35,337.80 2,538,115.23
\$17,846,546.65

LIABILITIES.

Reserve at Massachusetts Standard 4 per cent.....\$14,966,528.22
Balance Distributions unpaid, 82,430.94
Death and Endowment Claims not yet due.....184,447.00
Balance Suspense Acc't.....5,355.00 15,238,761.16
\$2,607,785.49

Special attention is called to a prominent feature of this Company; namely, the

Life Rate Endowment Policy,

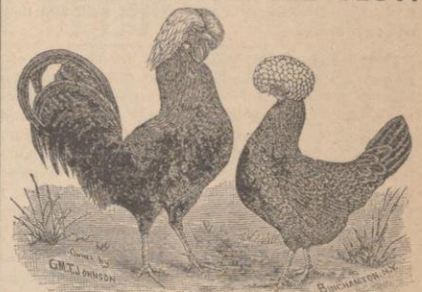
which combines insurance at low cost with an investment at a fair rate of interest, and at the same rate of premium formerly charged for life policies.

Pamphlets explanatory of this New Feature may be had on application at the Company's office, Post-Office Square, Boston, Mass.

BENJ. F. STEVENS, President.
JOS. M. GIBBENS, Secretary.

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PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

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LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first-class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 74 and 89 of the Premium List on another page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber

according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

A TRIAL TRIP.—In order to give every housekeeper in the land an opportunity of becoming acquainted with THE HOUSEHOLD we have decided to send it on trial THREE MONTHS—postage paid—FOR TEN CENTS, to any one not already a subscriber. This offer affords an excellent chance for the working ladies of America to receive for three months a publication especially devoted to their interests, at a price which will barely pay us for postage and the trouble of mailing. We trust our friends who believe THE HOUSEHOLD is doing good, and who are willing to aid in extending its influence, will see to it that everybody is made acquainted with this offer. This trial trip will be especially an aid to our agents in affording each one an opportunity of putting THE HOUSEHOLD into every family in his county at a trifling cost, where it will be read and examined at leisure, which will be the very best means of swelling their lists of permanent subscribers. We make this offer for a few weeks only, so get on board while there is room.

OUR WEDDING PRESENT of a free copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to every bride, has proved a very acceptable gift in many thousands of homes during the past few years, and we will continue the offer for 1886. This offer amounts practically to a year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD to every newly married couple in the United States and Canada, the only conditions being that the parties (or their friends) apply for the present within one year from the date of their marriage—enclosing ten cents for postage, and such evidence as will amount to a reasonable proof that they are entitled to the magazine under this offer. Be sure and observe these conditions fully, and don't forget either the postage or the proof. Nearly every bride can send a copy of some newspaper giving notice of her marriage, or the notice itself clipped in such a way as to show the date of the paper, or a statement from the clergyman or justice who performed the ceremony, or from the town clerk or postmaster acquainted with the facts, or some other reasonable evidence. But do not send us "names of parents" or other witnesses who are strangers to us, nor "refer" us to anybody—we have no time to hunt up the evidence—the party making the application must do that. Marriage certificates, or other evidence, will be returned to the senders, if desired, and additional postage is enclosed for the purpose. Do not send money or stamps in papers—it is unlawful and extremely unsafe.

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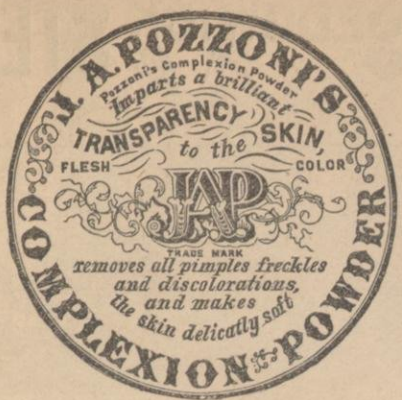
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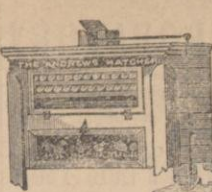
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Is designed to do away as far as possible with the use of injurious yeasts, which make the staff of life so much of a detriment instead of a blessing. Ten cakes in a box, price, 10 cents.

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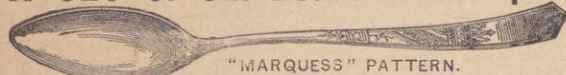
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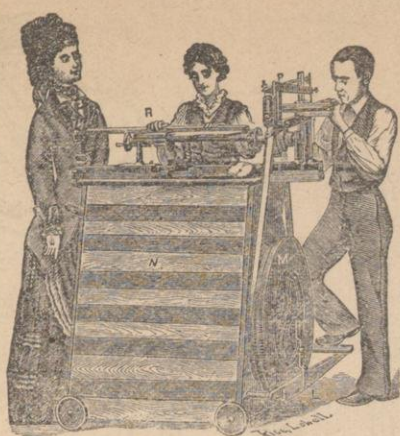
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68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
71	Stereoscope and 50 Views,	10.00	20
72	Folding chair,	8.00	24
73	Cash,	6.25	25
74	Child's Carriage,	10.00	25
75	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12.00	30
76	1 doz. Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	14.00	30
77	Ice Pitcher, porcelain lined,	15.00	30
78	Sewing Machine, (Highby.)	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Highby.)	50.00	50
82	Silver Watch,	35.00	80
83	Tea Set, silver, neat,	50.00	100
84	Cash,	35.00	100
85	Tea Set, richly chased, gilt, elegant,	75.00	150
86	Coffage Organ, (Estey.)	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of *THE HOUSEHOLD* are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

EMBROIDERY SILK AT HALF PRICE.

We are now offering the remnants, odds and ends, of our fall work, at Factory, consisting of beautiful colors, not less than one yard in length, all good silk, at 40c. an ounce, about ten colors in each package. We call it Waste Embroidery. New Book on Art Needlework and Knitting. Price, 10 cents. Send P. O. Order or Postal Note to
THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
SILK MANUFACTURERS,
35 Kingston St., Boston. 460 Broadway, New York.

WANTED

LADIES AND YOUNG GIRLS to work for us at their homes. No previous knowledge needed; easily learned; can be done in leisure hours or as a steady employment; from 8 to 12 DOLLARS PER WEEK CAN BE MADE almost from the commencement; steady work this FALL and WINTER. NO CANVASSING. For full particulars please address
KENSINGTON PLAQUE & PANEL ART CO.,
178 & 179 Tremont St. (Knickerbocker Building),
P. O. Box 5208. Boston, Mass.

THE HOPE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The last census is not altogether pleasant reading in many portions for the sons of New England, but it conveys lessons which they cannot afford to ignore. If it tells that Maine and Vermont stood stationary as regards populations between 1870 and 1880, it also records the rapid growth and prosperity of many cities and towns which are beginning to tread upon the heels of older communities. It seems to say that to manufactures, not to agriculture, must New England apply herself, and that to the skill of her artisans must she look for her old-time supremacy. This changed condition of affairs is recognized in many enterprising cities, a good example of which may be found in Waterbury, the bustling Connecticut city upon the Naugatuck that is so rapidly coming to the front as a manufacturing center. Waterbury has wide-awake citizens who take every opportunity to push it and to welcome new ideas. The advantage of such a progressive spirit is well shown in the case of G. W. Angell, who lives at No. 204 South Main street, Waterbury, and who gives this personal experience:

"For twenty years I have suffered tortures from chronic rheumatism. The doctors said I was incurable, but thanks to Athlophoros, I have now taken a new lease on life. I had tried numerous remedies with the hope of at least allaying my suffering, but all failed until a friend advised me to try Athlophoros. I did so, and as the result am now looking and feeling as though I had never known what rheumatism was."

Mrs. E. Vickers, of No. 46 Pleasant street, says:

"It is owing to Athlophoros that I am now alive. I suffered with inflammatory rheumatism for years, most of the time being perfectly helpless. One bottle of Athlophoros cured me. I can sincerely say that there is nothing like it for the speedy relief and permanent cure of rheumatism and can recommend it to all suffering from that disease."

The testimony is reinforced by that of Mrs. Jane Downey, of No. 24 Pleasant street, a near neighbor of Mrs. Vicker's, in this story of her case:

"Two bottles of Athlophoros cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. My family physician advised me to take the remedy, saying that he had done all he could for me, but could give me no relief. Athlophoros drove the rheumatism away, and I am happy to say that it has never come back. My daughter, who suffered terribly from rheumatism, was also cured by taking half a bottle of the medicine."

If you cannot get **ATHLOPHOROS** of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed. **ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.**

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The **LARGEST FACTORY** and **BEST CHAIRS** in the world. Send for Circular to
E. S. MERSICK, Sec'y, New Haven, Ct.

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We will send "Our Little Ones and the Nursery," the most beautiful magazine in the world for little people, absolutely free and postage paid, for six months, to any child born during the year 1882, provided the parent or guardian of such a child, will write us, giving its name, address, and date of birth. This offer only holds good for one year. Address,
Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 80,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

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Half inch,	\$3.25	\$6.00	\$9.00	\$12.00	\$17.50	\$32.00	
One "	6.00	12.00	17.50	23.00	32.00	60.00	
Two "	12.00	23.00	32.00	42.00	60.00	115.00	
Three "	17.50	32.00	47.00	60.00	90.00	170.00	
Four "	23.00	42.00	60.00	80.00	115.00	225.00	
Six "	32.00	60.00	90.00	115.00	170.00	320.00	
Nine "	47.00	90.00	135.00	170.00	250.00	470.00	
One column,	60.00	115.00	170.00	225.00	320.00	600.00	

Less than one-half inch at line rates.

Special positions twenty-five per cent. additional.

Reading notices 75 cents per line nonpareil measure—12 lines to the inch.

Advertisements to appear in any particular issue must reach us by the 5th of the preceding month.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Geo. E. Crockett, at the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

A BLUE CROSS before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. When you send in the subscription please mention the month you wish it to commence and thereby oblige us very much.

Our readers are earnestly requested to mention THE HOUSEHOLD when writing to any person advertising in this magazine. It will be a favor to us and no disadvantage to them.

The Royal an Ammoniacal and Short Weight Baking Powder. Views of the State Chemist of Maine.

I have procured in our open market and analyzed samples of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and the Royal Baking Powder.

Cleveland's Powder I find to be composed of good, pure, wholesome materials properly combined for producing the maximum of gas, and it is in every respect a healthful and desirable article.

The Royal Baking Powder I find to be more complicated in composition, and while the material it is made from is fairly good, it contains one ingredient that should not enter into the composition of any baking powder, namely: Carbonate of Ammonia. This is a strong alkali, unfit for human consumption, and I am surprised that this chemical should be used when it is so well known to be injurious to health in anything used for food. In comparison there should be no hesitation in choosing Cleveland's Baking Powder for purity and wholesomeness.

Cleveland's Powder gives off its gas slowly and evenly, while the Royal passes off much quicker. It is perhaps needless to say that in this respect the Cleveland Powder has the advantage.

The samples of the Royal Powder, which I have carefully weighed, are almost invariably short weight, from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., while the Cleveland Powder holds full weight.

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 11, 1884.

FRANK L. BARTLETT,
Maine State Assayer.

INFANT'S OUTFITS.

A bonnet, yoke dress, barrow-coat, or skirt, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. First short clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 patterns in all, 50c. For 20c., patterns card and kilt skirt, age 4 yrs. Full directions for each. LILLA DROWN, box 750, Brattleboro, Vt.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, 1883. Pronounced strongest of all known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

50 Hidden Name, etc. Perfumed Cards & Prize 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.



"WOOD'S" PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS EXCEL ALL OTHERS. THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Given Away

Popular Monthly Magazine, "Cottage Hearth,"

Subscription Price, \$1.50.

To any person sending us Fifteen ELECTINE Soap Wrappers by mail to our address we will, on receipt of same, send the above magazine for one year free of charge. The ELECTINE is a Chemically Pure White Soap, made only from the finest ingredients, and is the Best Laundry Soap in the world.

Address CHAS. F. BATES MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 161 Milk Street, Boston.

Send 6 cents in stamps for copy of the Magazine.

Brewster's Patent Rein Holder.

Your lines are where you put them—not under horses' feet. One agent sold 12 doz. in 5 days, one dealer sold 6 doz. in 15 days. Samples worth \$1.50 FREE. Write for terms.

E. E. BREWSTER, Holly, Mich.

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Plants & Vines, Vegetable Seeds.



Send your address for our Valuable Seed Catalogue.

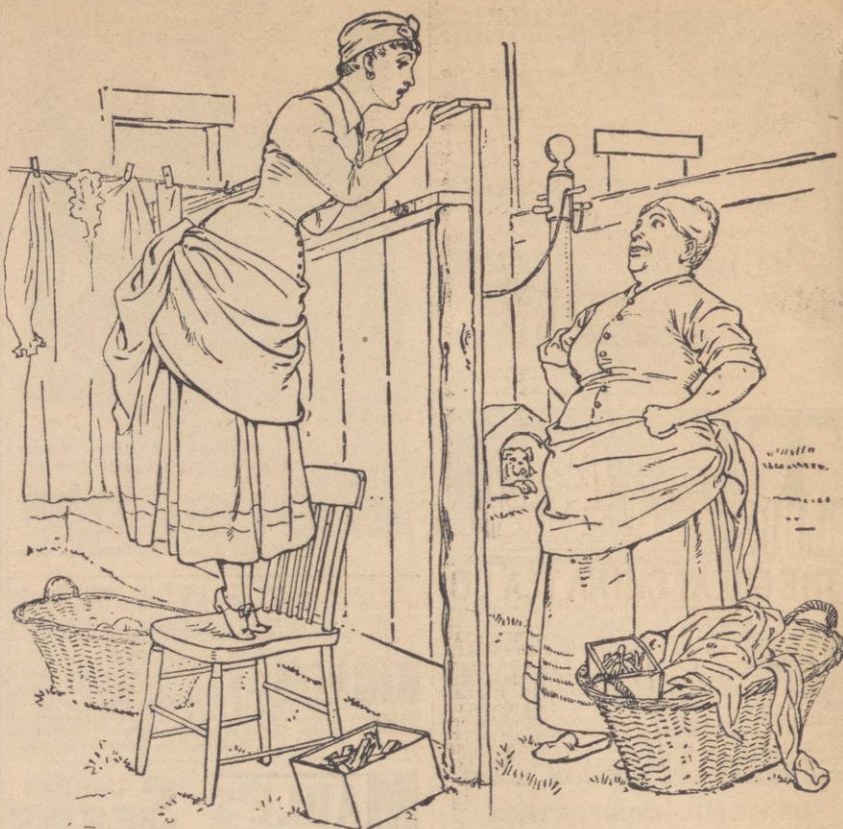
With Illustrations of Flowers & Vegetables, also contains Colored Lithographs of "BELMONT" STRAWBERRY, "MAUD S." PEA AND "VICTORY" POTATO. SEEDS BY MAIL.

Old Reliable Seed Store.

PARKER & WOOD,

No. 49 North Market St., Boston.

Mention this paper.



"HASTE MAKES WASTE."

"What!!! Have you finished your washing? I had much less than you and you are through first. What soap do you use?"

"It isn't the soap. Use washing powder and you will get through in half the time; it does the work for you."

"I know it will, but the clothes wont last half so long, we've tried it. We use Ivory Soap altogether, it cleans more easily and quickly than any other kind and I find the clothes last as long again. My folks wont let me use washing powder."

"Of course they wont, neither will mine, but I use it anyhow. I don't care to save their clothes at the expense of my time and back."

Reader, which do you value most, your laundresses time and back, or your clothes? If the former, then let her use washing powder.

MESSRS. PROCTER & GAMBLE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Sirs:—The sample of Ivory Soap received from you is an excellent Laundry Soap, of great purity and more than average cleansing power.

Very respectfully yours,

The John C. Green School of Science,
Princeton, N. J., Dec. 12th, 1882,

H. B. CORNWALL,
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

CHAS. A. STEVENS

CLOAKS AND SILKS

IN ORDER TO FURTHER INTRODUCE OURSELVES

To the lady buyers of CLOAKS AND SILKS before next Fall's season opens, we are now offering that which is positively the best value ever offered in America in AN ELEGANT (wear guaranteed),

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK FOR \$1.00.

This Gros Grain contains more pure silk to the square inch than most of the silks that are now being retailed at \$1.38 to \$1.50 per yard, which gives it the

PERMANENT RICHNESS AND SUPERIOR WEARING QUALITIES

It possesses. A. the silk is sold on a very small profit, we can not mail samples free, but will on receipt of four 2c. stamps, mail you a sample two inches wide, cut entirely across a piece; and the 10 cts. thus used may be deducted from your first order. We have, during the past few months, sold this silk extensively throughout twenty-seven of the states, and we firmly believe if you order a sample that it will be the means of our selling a number of patterns in your place.

CHAS. A. STEVENS,
Main and Washington Sts., Avon, Ill

CHEAPEST LIST

OF PLANTS, SEEDS AND CUTTINGS IN AMERICA.

LIST FREE. CHAS. W. BUTTERFIELD, Florist and Seedsman, BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

MUSIC

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PROF. RICE'S Matchless Piano and Organ Attachments. Object lessons teaching all chords; 15,000 chord variations; 1,000 tunes; 5,000 accompaniments; all notes; thoro' bass laws, etc.; 200 times faster than any teacher; 2,000 methods in one system. \$2. Sent on test. 10 music lessons, 10c. Circulars free. G. S. RICE & CO., 248 State St., Chicago, Ill.



THE GRIFFIN RUG MACHINE is a patented device for drawing in Rugs, and is superior to all others, both in the quality and quantity of its work; is simple, durable, and easily operated; is perfectly adjustable, as to length of stitch and loop. Send for Circulars. Agents Wanted everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.50.

G. W. GRIFFIN & CO., Franklin Falls, N. H.

50 Cards, hidden name etc., 1 pretty ring, outfit & present all 10c. 6 lots 50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

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Send for our Artistic Perforated Patterns for Embroidery & Painting, easily transferred, can be used many times over. 30 full-size Working Patterns, 2 Powders, Pads, &c., for stamping, 85c. Address PATTEN PUB. CO., 88 W. 14th St., New York.