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Vol. 19. BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1886. No. 5.

THE HOUSEHOLD.
A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.
GEO. E. CROWELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
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The Veranda.

IN EARLY SPRING.
BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

Oh! trees of the forests' arches,
Where the earliest blue-birds sing,
All your throbbing pulses tremble,
At the touch of the beautiful spring.
Like the rosy flush of the morning,
O'er your oaks' dark branches blown,
The pale pink hint of the summer
Like a fairy mist is thrown.
Oh, trees, from your warm hearts springing
Each beautiful, fair surprise,
How you flush in your pale, faint verdure,
'Neath the gold of these sunset skies.
In the wealth of the summer's greenness,
You will toss like an emerald sea;
But your misty tops, oh, forest,
Are a wonderful thing to me.
Long not for the full fruition,
And heed not the flattering breeze,
Burst not too soon into verdure
Oh, misty, beautiful trees.

PEANUTS.

AMONG the diversified industries of the farm that are well worthy of attention, the cultivation of peanuts has an important place. Thus far Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas produce most of what is marketable. South Carolina ships a small quantity, but none of the other states are recognized as producers of the nuts for sale in the general markets of the world. These "ground nuts," "peanuts," "goubers," "pindars," or however they may be locally called, have much more important uses in the world than to be munched by legislative Solons. They have a recognized place among the important exports of this country. They are among the best of oil producing materials, yielding about forty per cent. of oil, which is in no respect inferior to olive oil for cooking and table purposes, and superior for lubricating delicate machinery. This oil was formerly used largely in France and Spain for adulterating olive oil, but lately cotton seed oil, being much cheaper has almost entirely taken its place. Many thousands of tons of these nuts are imported into the ports of France annually, for the manufacture of oil, and the residue, after the oil is expressed, is used for adulterating cocoa in the preparation of chocolates, and it is freely asserted that often all cocoa is omitted, and peanut cake used alone in the manufacture of so-called chocolate confections. The cultivation of these nuts is not confined to a few of the Southern states, but extends all along the east and west coasts of Africa, as well

as elsewhere. And it was from Africa that they were first introduced into the south. They are not indigenous to the south any more than the negroes, by whose ancestors they were originally brought.

Peanuts are a fairly profitable crop, but rather troublesome to harvest. On land such as will yield half a bale of cotton per acre, they will produce about fifty bushels, and the product can be increased in proportion to the quantity of manure put on the land. Prices vary according to the size of the crop, and other causes that affect the quotations of articles of commerce, but the usual range is from \$1.00 to \$2.25 per bushel in the markets of Charleston, New Orleans, Wilmington and Norfolk. In the markets the nuts are divided into several grades, each having as distinct a quotation as any particular grade of cotton or other staple, only the largest, most evenly formed, best filled and cleanest are recognized as prime and fetch the highest prices. The cost of production cannot be fixed any more than that of cotton or corn, and depends much upon the skill and economical management of the farmer. The expense of preparing the ground, manuring, planting and working is about the same as that of a good corn crop, and the manner of cultivation is about the same. The land should be level and thoroughly pulverized, so that the young pods may enter the soil readily, for it must be borne in mind that the pods are not attached to the roots but to the vines, and are formed above ground, from the blossoms, and then turn down immediately, and work their way into the earth. When the vines are branched out well, and in blossom they should never be disturbed, and the cultivator should not be run too close to them, or it will tear the young pods out of the earth.

The harvesting of the crop is the troublesome part of the business, and what most generally discourages farmers from engaging in its cultivation. There are implements made somewhat like potato diggers, especially for lifting the vines, by plowing under them, and thus bringing them up with the pods attached. The vines are then turned upside down by hand, so that the pods may dry. In two or three days they become dry enough to be separated from the vines, and sacked for market. Whenever this crop is planted on a large scale, the separation is effected by a machine, having stout brushes upon a revolving cylinder, somewhat like a cotton gin, which brushes the pods off the vines. The pods are then carefully assorted by hand, and packed in sacks ready for market. The vines are very susceptible to frost, and while they should be allowed the utmost length of growing season, in order to mature the pods formed last, the crop should be harvested as soon as it is nipped by the first hoar frost. If the vines are allowed to remain after they are killed by cold, the pods are very apt to break off and remain in the ground. There is then another implement used for

raking out the pods that may have been broken off and left in the ground, but generally, on small farms, the hogs are turned into the field to do the gleanings, and they fatten rapidly on what they find. Loose, sandy and loamy soils are best adapted to this crop. A. P. F.

TO GROW STRAWBERRIES.

Of first importance is to prepare the soil thoroughly and deeply (eighteen inches is none too deep, a foot by all means) and manure liberally—the more fertilizer that is used the greater the yield and size of the berries, if applied with reason. The strawberry delights in a moist soil; hence in selecting land for planting choose that which is the most retentive of moisture. It will, however, succeed almost anywhere, if well manured, especially if mulched. Avoid the shade of trees.

Plant early as the season will permit, in all cases. It is better to wait for rain than to set layer plants in the time of a drought, however. Herein lies one of the advantages of pot-grown plants. They can be planted at any time with entire success, and it frequently occurs that there is little or no rainfall during the whole of July and August. In setting layer plants during warm weather it pays to dip the roots in a "muddle" just before planting, and to water copiously as soon as planted, shading each plant for a few days with a handful of coarse litter, or better yet, if one has them, with berry baskets or boxes. In setting pot-grown plants in a dry time, dip the "ball" in water before planting. Unless the ground is dry, even this is unnecessary. Always make the soil very firm about the plant in setting, pressing it with the full weight of the body poised upon the closed hands placed either side of the plant. Do not plant too deep. Plant even with the surface, or as the plants stood before being dug; no deeper. It is best always to plant at least three varieties—early, medium and late—to expand the season to its full limits.—Ex.

—It is more profitable to plant fruit than forest trees. The latter are useful as well as ornamental. If stock is not allowed to run at large, trees on the line of public roads are less liable to injury than in an inclosed field that is plowed. In a well-regulated neighborhood there is little danger that trees will be robbed. By planting trees that produce late fruit the temptations to steal will be removed. The fashions of "the fathers" of setting fruit trees on the side of roads, deserve to be revived.

—The best way to apply salt to paths to destroy weeds is as follows: Boil the salt in water, one pound to one gallon, and apply the mixture boiling hot with a watering pot that has a spreading rose; this will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. Put one pound to the square yard the first year; afterward a weaker solution may be applied when required.

The Drawing Room.

TRoublesome Company.

WE HAVE been having company at our house for a week past. It, or she, has gone now, and we are so absolutely and unfeignedly happy in consequence thereof that we have been having a little jollification this evening. The children were allowed to sit up an hour longer than usual, and I made them some pop corn balls and taffy.

Mrs. Dane opened the piano and sang as she has not sung for a year, and said never a word when I smoked two cigars in the parlor.

This is not very flattering to the "company," but it is "the gospel truth" all the same.

We are fond of company, my wife and I. We have a pretty little home, a well trained servant, and live in one of Boston's prettiest suburbs, so we always have various ways of amusing our friends. But the company just departed was not to be amused. She came on Monday morning without having gone through the little courtesy of informing us of her intended arrival.

She is not an intimate friend of the family, and simply made our house a stopping place as a matter of convenience to herself. This would have been all right had she not made herself a source of infinite inconvenience to all of us.

My wife greeted her with great kindness and cordiality, and took her at once to our spare chamber, and a chamber it is good enough for any one. It has not, however, an electric bell, but my wife has in it a small silver hand bell, and our Sally is sure to hear this bell if the visitor will kindly step to the door and ring it in the hall. This fact was explained to the visitor.

My wife had just come down stairs when the bell rang sharply. Sally went up; Sally came down.

"The lady would like a piece of castile soap instead of that in the room. She says she uses only castile."

There was no castile soap in the house, and Sally was sent out for some. My wife went up.

"I'd like a common crash towel," said our visitor. "I never use any other kind."

The common crash towel was taken up.

"Now I'd like a little bit of soda to put in the water. I always put a mere pinch in my wash-bowl."

Sally had returned by this time, and she took up the soda and castile soap. She came down and said:

"She wants to know if she can have blankets instead of sheets on her bed on account of her rheumatics."

The blankets were sent up. Sally had just reached the lower hall when the bell rang again. Sally went up; Sally came down. Sally looked "huffy."

"What is it?" we asked.

"She had me take down her back hair, and wants me to put her false front in crimps. I won't do it."

I record to Sally's honor and glory that she didn't do it.

The bell rang seventeen times that forenoon, and here are some of the causes thereof:

Our visitor wanted the bed aired, the room newly swept, the mirror polished, the window sash raised, the window sash lowered, the furniture changed about, writing materials, her letter posted, and divers other things.

At dinner she wanted tea when we had coffee, and warm bread when we had cold. She said that there was too much salt in the soup and too little in the gravy. She objected to pepper in anything, and asked for pie for dessert when we had pudding.

After dinner she kept us all dancing attendance on her all the afternoon. She felt a draught on her back and I was commissioned to hunt it up. Sally had to unpack her trunk; my wife had to go out and get a thermometer for the spare room because the guest could not bear a change of temperature.

Our sitting room was too hot; then it was too cold. The baby cried and gave the guest a headache. My wife applied remedies, and the patient made a pretence of fainting.

Such a week as it was! That woman made us all utterly miserable.

She was the author of a book of poems and a lecturer of some ability, and I suppose she regarded her eccentricities as becoming to genius, and our attendance on her as a fit tribute to a gifted lady. Hereafter we steer clear of gifted ladies and choose instead those who are not geniuses but are possessed of common courtesy and common sense.

ZENAS DANE.

SUNDAY IN FLORIDA.

Because we have come to this land of soft and languid air, where all the days are days of quietness and peace, we do not mean to forget that one day out of the week should be more quiet and more peaceful; a resting-time for both body and mind. We wear out too fast in this busy, hurrying age. After six days' labor let us rest on the seventh day; on the day set apart as a memorial day that the earth was created and all was well.

We are strongly inclined here to grow selfish, to live only for ourselves, forgetting that we all have Christian and religious duties. In the pleasing and exciting effort to make a home and a pleasant town, where only a few years ago the woods were unbroken, we find Sunday at home all too pleasant. We love to watch the growth of each tree and plant from one week to another, and to wander idly about in the Sabbath stillness. It is very easy to make excuses for staying at home from church. We say to ourselves it is rest and change and just what we need. We find "sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in running brooks, and good in every thing," but all the while we know that to make town and character just what they should be, there must be churches and all the people must attend. We have a very neat and pretty Congregational church about a mile from here with a settled minister. There is an organ and good singing, and the church is well filled. There are two sermons each Sunday. We went to evening service lately, and the sermon was so good, and the tenor solo, "Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?" so sweet, that we thought if some of our friends were there, they would hardly think we were "far from civilization."

In another direction, about a mile away, there is a Dunker, or Dunkard, church,

well attended, with good, practical sermons, and quite a large Sabbath school.

Two or three miles away there is a Carmelite church, and there are also churches in the colored communities, several miles from here. One is called Gil-gal.

We have no church here in Pleasant Valley, though we hope to have one before a great while. To-day we attended service in our little, rough, unfinished school house. The seats were hard, the stove smoked, and music was lacking, but we enjoyed the meeting and liked our young minister very much. He seemed earnest and eager to do his part of the work in the Master's vineyard. He urged us not to be drones in the hive, but to do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do. The house was full, and all were interested. Two little boys sitting together in one chair kept their eyes fixed on the minister, and I think understood what he said.

A neighbor has a class every Sunday at her home to study the Bible, she also has evening classes, and helps and encourages many colored people to learn.

Most of the people who come here intending to stay, care very little for gayety and dissipation. A skating rink would hardly flourish. There are no saloons or billiard rooms. I wonder sometimes that our young men do not miss recreation more. They all seem to enjoy the outdoor life, and work, and good health. Even the younger ones, the boys, are manly and industrious.

I know very little about Florida cities, but it looks to me now, as if Sunday here will always be very different from Sunday in many western cities where brass bands and picnic parties march the streets, and beer gardens and theaters are open, and life seems only a holiday. We are selfish enough to hope that all who care to spend Sunday in such ways, will go to those cities, and leave our fair Florida to those who hold the day more sacred.

How many invalids there are, confined to their rooms month after month, longing with all their hearts to get out once more to Sabbath service. We send sympathy to all such.

We have been turning the leaves of the extract book, to find something expressing the stillness of a Sunday in Florida. We do not find just what we wished for, but we think this description of the Saviour's teaching on the Lake of Galilee so beautiful that we will send it.

"It was night—
And softly o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-rippled ripples to the shore,
Tipped with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves played low upon the beach,
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences, unearthly sweet,
Seemed like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on His brow,
He stood and taught the people."

LORAINÉ.

—We must accept blame from any one, but we should know something of him from whom we would have praise.—*Marie Eschenbach.*

—When ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.

—The mind that made the world is not one mind, but the mind. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. And every work of art is more or less pure manifestation of the same.—*Emerson.*

—Lessons to be learned from the humility and cheerfulness of the grass: Its humility, in that it seems created only for lowest service—appointed to be trodden on and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and

it multiplies its shoots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Now, these two characters—of humility, and joy, under trial—are exactly those which most definitely distinguish the Christian from the pagan spirit.—*Ruskin.*

The Conservatory.

UNSELFISHNESS.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

It never was a common flower,
Though salient would be its power,
If broadcast o'er the earth 'twere seen;
And all would welcome it, I ween,
Not scorn it as a lowly dower.

O would it not be better known,
If hearts the precious seeds had strown,
In faithfulness, throughout the years,
And watered them with loving tears,
Just where the warning sunlight shone?

But, in our busy human life,
We find so anxious is the strife
To win, or fame, or place, or gold,
These bide, contented, in the mold,
Too oft by hearts with good thoughts rife.

How, then, shall thrive the plant and bloom,
That fit the weary world illumine?
It needs a special culture, sure,
Else it can never long endure,
To chasten lives or scatter gloom.

God gives some things in bounty, here,
While other gifts so rare appear;
Unselfishness, however, he meant,
Should but increase, the more 'twere spent,
A virtue, truly, to revere.

FLORICULTURAL NOTES.

Number Thirty-seven.

BY MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

"WHAT, haven't you told it all yet?" was the salutation of a friend this morning, who came in and found me with pen in hand, and several open letters before me, ready for action.

As if the theme of Floriculture could ever be exhausted. So long as earth puts forth her verdure, and buds and blossoms crown each season's growth, so long as novices continue to enter the ranks and new and beautiful truths are born with every day's experience, there will be something more to tell.

One might as well suggest that we have no further use for the alphabet because its letters are framed into words and sentences; but let us remember that those who follow in our footsteps, must climb by these same rounds, and as the world does not stand still, it may be that the words that seem so wise to us of to-day, may lose their significance to another generation, for who can predict the future of our posterity or bound the knowledge that they may attain?

No, I have not "told it all." I could not if I would. I would not if I could, because it would not increase our happiness to know we had reached the extent of knowledge in floriculture; that should we live ten or twenty years, we should be no wiser than we are to-day. If this were a truth, what would be our incentive to action? Would not our courage rapidly decline when we found there were no more "worlds to conquer?" I believe the ladder of knowledge, as regards our theme, stretches onward and upward through all the coming years. There are no stops by the way, no waiting for the river to run by, in the busy brain, but as soon as we gain one round we reach for another. Since we must rise by our own exertions in whatever we undertake, our progress in this instance depends upon our zeal in the cause, and our capacity to digest and apply little by little the truths that are brought to light by careful study, and earnest endeavors, for knowledge makes us wise only as we make it useful, and

"By knowledge do we learn ourselves to know; And what to man, and what to God we owe."

Among the questions at hand waiting a reply, I find some that I have already answered three or four times. This places me in a dilemma, for I would like to be courteous to all without wearying the reader. Dear eighty thousand, can you tell me how to do so? Shall we divide the unpleasantness between us and while I continue to write the same things over and over again, you will read them with what grace you can command? This would make an even thing of it, and indeed, it seems the right thing to do under the circumstances. For the same questions are asked by different individuals, and in all probability by new subscribers and novices in floriculture, and those are the ones that need assistance.

E. A. W., set your cactus out doors during the summer season. If your cereus is the flat leaved variety, do not give it the hot, mid-day sun or the leaves will turn yellow or blister. The Turk will bear all you can give it. They need water only when they are growing, rest them without any in a warm, dry place from October to March. Evidently they have not received proper treatment or they would have bloomed ere this. Perhaps you have petted them too much, they delight in being let alone six months of the year.

Pansy, roses to do well in the house require a rich soil, a light, warm, sunny window. Give them these and keep the foliage free from dust, and I believe they will bloom abundantly. Two of the varieties you named are hardy outdoor roses and they will do best in the ground, Jacqueminot and perpetual white. The safrano is classed among the ever-blooming roses, it has beautiful buds and is fine for house culture. Those who are not acquainted with the habit of hybrid perpetuals, often select them for house culture, supposing that the word perpetual when taken in connection with these roses mean continuous, but it is a mistake, for with the best of care they will not bloom but two or three times during the season. The ever-blooming varieties are more satisfactory, and better adapted to the window garden.

You did not state the name of your jasmine; some varieties are slow in starting to grow after being disturbed, they need a strong light, and mine do best in a warm, sunny window. When growth ceases, give them a rest and remember that while dormant they do not require water except in very small doses to keep the small rootlets from drying up. The *hoya carnosa* with plain, glossy, green foliage, is the freest blooming variety, and to my mind it is more beautiful.

New Subscriber, the tree of heaven belongs to the quassia family. Its botanical name is *ailanthus*, but it is also known as Chinese sumach. It is a tall, hard wood tree of rapid growth, with long pinnate leaves, and obliquely lanceolate, sinuate leaflets; it blooms in early summer. The flowers are borne in terminal branched panicles, they are small, greenish, and polygamous. The only variety that I have seen is *ailanthus glandulosus*.

Subscriber, the lemon verbena, *aloysia citriodora*, drops its leaves in winter and rests. They may be left out until the nights get frosty, but a hard freeze will injure them. They may be kept over winter in a cool, dark room, or in the cellar; if in the latter they will not need watering, if kept above, moisten the soil occasionally lest they become too dry. As soon as the buds begin to swell which is usually in March, bring to the light and water and trim into shape. This plant delights in a rich, light soil, but water should never stand at the roots. It is easily propagated; slips from new wood, or growth, root quickly in moist sand or

earth, under glass, or, in summer time take cuttings from the branches eight or ten inches long and set them firmly in the ground and they will root and grow finely.

Mrs. Kee, keep your Chinese primrose in a cool, light place, the soil moist, and remove all buds that put out. Let it have fresh air, but no sun. It does well if given a position out doors where the wind and sun cannot strike it. This is one of the plants that should never be allowed to become too dry, neither should it be kept wet and soggy, or the soil will sour.

Mrs. D. N. Ware, gloxinias should rest after blooming; dry off gradually and keep in any warm, dry place until they start into growth again, then repot if they need fresh soil, and place at the window, and water if there is good drainage, quite liberally. They are propagated in various ways, by cuttings, leaves, or division of the roots. Fill a shallow dish with sand and set in a sunny window, keeping it moist constantly, plant the cutting as you would a geranium, take off the leaf with an inch of the stem insert it in the sand to the leaf. In time little bulbs will form, and they should be potted in soil, and another season these will bloom; but slips if taken early in spring, will come into flower the same season. A good sized bulb will keep in bloom nearly all summer, and they will live and flourish a good many years; I know of one that is twelve years old. Their culture is very simple, and they are one of the most desirable and satisfactory plants that we have.

A. Y. B., the ixia, and sparaxis are closely allied and require the same general treatment. They may be potted from September to December and placed in any cool, airy place until they push through the soil, then give plenty of water and sun until they are done flowering, then withhold water gradually until the foliage dies, when they should be set away in a dry, airy place until they are wanted another autumn. In their native home these bulbs are accustomed to seasons of moisture and drouth alternately. We can take a hint from this and treat them accordingly. A rich, sandy loam suits their natures, and the pots should be well drained. Mine did not bloom until March last season, I think my room was too warm. From good authority it is said the proper temperature is about sixty degrees by day to forty by night.

Margaret Adams, the *thunbergia elata* is sometimes called black-eyed-Susan. The flower is buff with a very dark or black eye.

Yes, there is a plant called "Man of the Earth," it is also called wild potato vine. Its proper name is *ipomea pandurata*, the flower is white with a deep, purple eye.

The Chinese yam, and *dioscorea batatas* are one and the same thing. The tubers are edible, but I cannot tell you if they are a "delicious morsel," never having tasted them.

Mrs. A. E. Curtis, there is a difference between a stolon and a runner. The stolon is a branch which reclines on the ground, or bends over to it and strikes root, and by severing it from its parent we have an independent plant. By imitating nature, we can root many of our shrubs in the same way. A runner is a slender, leafless stolon, much like a tendril, lying on the ground and rooting, and budding at the point, and by cutting this slender thread, again we have an independent plant; we have an example in the strawberry or saxifrage.

A sucker is a branch which springs from a parent stem under ground, where it makes roots of its own, while farther on it rises above ground into a leafy stem, and becomes an independent plant when-

ever the connection is severed with the parent stem.

An offset is a short branch next the ground, or below its surface like a short sucker, bearing a tuft of leaves at the end, and taking root where this rests on the soil, like the houseleek.

Australian glory pea, *clianthus dampieri* is not a satisfactory plant to grow in the more northern states, our session of warmth is all too short for it to mature. Heat and sunshine is life to this plant, while cold and moisture are death. The seeds should be soaked until they swell before planting, then plant in sand and set in the warmest, sunniest window you have, and as soon as the weather is warm plant out in a sheltered, sunny place in sandy soil, disturbing them as little as possible in transplanting as they are sensitive to handling.

Artie B., as you are not a new subscriber, please turn to THE HOUSEHOLD for February, and you will find directions for planting sweet peas by C. E. Allen.

The best plants that I can find for out door vases are varieties of *sedum*, *echeveria*, *sempervivum*; these will stand the hot sun without injury. *Glaucium*, a white foliage plant, is also fine for the purpose, and very pretty to mix with coleus and *achyrantes*.

For edging a bed of tall growing plants *pyrethrum aurea*, and fern leaved parsley are good, both have beautiful foliage and thrive well in a dry, sunny place.

Mrs. W., for long distances, wooden boxes are best to pack plants in. The following is my way of putting them up. After shaking the soil from the roots I wrap them singly in damp moss to keep the roots from drying, then lay them evenly together, sprinkle the foliage, and wrap in oil paper before putting them in the box. If they do not fill it compactly, lay over dry moss until it is so, for the secret of safe carriage is to pack them closely so they cannot move about while being transported. I utilize old cigar boxes for the purpose. Sometimes when they are to reach their destination in one or two days I do not use the boxes but proceed as follows: Lay a good thickness of damp moss upon strong oil paper, lay the plants upon the moss and roll up carefully enclosing the ends, then enclose in strong wrapping paper. Do not tie the label on the plant with thread, for this if it does not cut into them, will cause them to rot if the weather is warm, but cut your slip long and narrow, write the name upon it, cut a slit or button-hole at one end, put it round the plant and draw the other end through it. Yes, I use tin, or have used it, but I cannot recommend it except for very short transits, for tin does not absorb moisture and the plants are more liable to decay. Small cuttings may be sent in tin, but if they are taken fresh and the box or can is air tight, no moisture is needed, but dry moss may be used to keep them from sliding about and becoming bruised. I have this day received a box of plants from a long distance, but they were put up so loosely, for fear of crushing, I presume, that they are broken into fragments and are dry as a stick. All the way I can tell what they are by the labels. So my box of rare plants does not enrich me, as it is quite impossible to resuscitate them. So let me repeat, in packing plants do not be too cautious about crushing them, but lay enough moss over the top to require quite a pressure to close the lid. My treatment of plants received by mail is as follows: After removing the moss from the roots I fill a shallow pan half full of water warm to the hand and stand the plants around the edge, immersing the roots, and while in this position shower over the foliage, and when I think they have drank their fill, which may be determined by their brightened appearance, I pot

them in small pots, water them well and shade from the sun a few days, but I do not give any more water, unless the soil looks dry, until they start to grow again. Please bear this in mind. A plant that has been disturbed cannot go to work immediately, its system has received a shock and we must not try to force it until a reaction takes place, for we can easily kill them when in this condition. To rear plants successfully we must be observant of the laws that govern them.

CULTIVATED DANDELIONS.

The common variety is a native of Europe, now growing wild in so many places. It is sometimes quite annoying, yet very useful, being one of the earliest and most wholesome additions of its kind used for greens. Both roots and leaves have powerful medicinal properties. The bright yellow flowers opening and closing very regularly in the morning and evening were selected by Linnæus for his floral clock.

For many years the leaves have been gathered in the wild state and used for greens, until a few years ago. When their cultivation was first undertaken in Boston it caused much sport. Now they are grown in nearly all large cities extensively for market, and in private gardens. To show the extent of their use in some places, for instance, in this town of six thousand inhabitants, four thousand pounds were grown, marketed and consumed, allowing about one thousand pounds shipped from the city here before the home product became marketable, or five thousand pounds in all, averaging nearly one pound to each person for the season. Should they be used in other places in the same proportion, nearly three thousand tons in one season would be consumed in the United States. Allowing one-tenth of this amount there would be three hundred tons used annually.

When first cultivated the seed was selected from the finest native plants. Now the common variety is in little demand, the improved, thick-leaved variety being every way far superior, growing to such proportions that often a single plant when cleaned for market will weigh from three to four pounds.

The seed may be sown in May or June, in drills eight to ten inches apart. As soon as the second or third leaf appears thin out or transplant in rows eighteen inches apart by twelve inches apart in the row, and they will be fit for use the following spring. Almost any soil will answer, but heavy loam is better. Being a strong feeder it should be manured liberally. The seed losing its vitality in two years, it is quite important to sow fresh seed each year. Rake the ground finely, sow the seed, and press the soil quite firmly, if sowed late, to avoid drying out before germinating in case of drouth. As the seed is delicate it should be sown shallow. It is better to make new sowings each year, the quality being much better than from old roots.

In marketing, if cut when half grown they command a better price than when allowed to develop their full growth. They are sold both in bunches containing about three pounds, and in bulk by the peck and bushel, retailing for from twenty to sixty cents per peck, selling at wholesale from fifty cents to two dollars per bushel.

The greens can be obtained three or four weeks earlier by forcing, selecting in the fall some of the best plants, setting them in frames, covering with litter to keep the ground from freezing, removing in the early spring, and covering the frame with glass in March or April.

Brattleboro, Vt.

C. E. ALLEN.

DRESSING FOR LAWNS.

In this country we need water to keep our lawns green through the summer, like English lawns. Without watering during August they usually get brown enough. The too common practice of covering lawns in the autumn with manure, giving them the appearance of barnyards nearly half the year, in most cases does no good, and often is a positive injury. The following suggestions from the Gardeners' Chronicle are not without value in this country, as we know by experience:

If some parts of the turf have a yellow, sickly tinge, it is for want of support, and a dressing of soot, wood ashes or guano, applied immediately before rain, would soon change the hue, and so stimulate the growth of grasses, that daisies, plantains, etc., would have but little chance. If worms are troublesome the best antidote is lime water. There need never be any fear of getting it too strong. We usually put a wheelbarrow load of fresh lime in a large tank of water, and as soon as clear it is ready for use. Showery weather is the best time to apply it, as the ground being soft, less water is required to bring the worms to the surface; they may either be picked up at once or left to die, and be swept up next day; after which roll well, and the improvement of the turf will be visible in a very few days.—*Vick's Magazine*.

—During cold weather the water used for watering plants should be tepid. It is highly injurious to give the house plants a sprinkling of very cold water.

—Keep the borders and edges of the beds clean of weeds, and the grass closely cut, trimming to keep the grass roots from spreading where they are not wanted. Any vines on the house or garden trellises, should have careful attention, and see that they are frequently trained, that they may make the most satisfactory growth. They cannot make the best growth if left loose to be blown and threshed about by the winds. Neatness and order make small or poor plants look more attractive than better and more showy plants if neglected.

—Set out the dahlias which have been sprouting in the hot-bed, or elsewhere, tuberoses, gladiolus, etc. Plants started in the hot-bed or cold frames may now be transplanted to the open border and flower bed. In transplanting, open a hole sufficiently large to receive the roots of the plant with any dirt that may be attached thereto, set it in and pour in water to two-thirds fill the hole, now scatter in fine soil to fill up, compressing lightly, seeing that the plant stands properly, and your plant will not wilt even if set at mid-day under a bright sun. Such has been our experience and observation with good plants. Spring flowering bulbs, which have flowered and their leaves have withered and dried up, should be dug up, dried, and laid away for fall planting.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some sister please tell me what will kill insects on house plants? How to treat a calla lily to make it blossom?
Vermont. EMMA.

A. T. B., I plant my ixias and sparaxis in October, treat just as I would amaryllis and narcissus—medium temperature and moist soil, adding a little ammonia to the water once a week. They bloom in the spring months and should rest afterward.
Delaware, Ill. R. C. L.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have only windows with a western exposure in which I can place my pots in winter, and am very anxious for success next year. Will some kind subscriber please inform me as to what variety of plants would likely do the most good and require but little heat?

M. E. S.

The Nursery.

THE BOY I LOVE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

My boy, do you know the boy I love?
I fancy I see him now;
His forehead bare in the sweet spring air,
With the wind of hope in his waving hair,
The sunrise on his brow.

He is something near your height, may be,
And just about your years;
Timid as you; but his will is strong,
And his love of right and his hate of wrong
Are mightier than his fears.

He has the courage of simple truth,
The trials that he must bear,
The peril, the ghost that frights him most
He faces boldly, and like a ghost
It vanishes in air.

As wild fowl take, by river and lake,
The sunshine and the rain,
With cheerful, constant hardihood,
He meets the bad luck and the good,
The pleasure and the pain.

Come friends in need? With heart and deed
He gives himself to them;
He has the grace which reverence lends—
Reverence, the crowning flower that bends
The upright lily stem.

Though deep and strong his sense of wrong,
Fiery his blood and young,
His spirit is gentle, his heart is great,
He is swift to pardon and slow to hate—
And master of his tongue.

Fond of his sports, No merrier lad's
Sweet laughter ever rang!
But he is so generous and so frank,
His wildest wit or his maddest prank
Can never cause a pang.

His own sweet ease, all things that please,
He loves like any boy;
But fosters a prudent fortitude,
Nor will he squander a future good
To buy a fleeting joy.

Face brown or fair? I little care
Whatever the hue may be,
Or whether his eyes are dark or light,
If his tongue be true and his honor bright
He is still the boy for me.

Where does he dwell? I cannot tell;
Nor do I know his name.
Is he poor or rich? I don't mind which;
Or learning Latin, or digging a ditch;
I love him all the same.

With high, brave heart perform your part,
Be noble and kind as he,
Then, some fair morning, when you pass
Fresh from glad dreams, before your glass
His likeness you may see.

You are puzzled! What! you think there is not
A boy like him—surmise
That he is only a bright ideal?
But you have power to make him real,
And clothe him to your eyes.

You have rightly guessed; in each pure breast
Is his abiding place,
Then let your own pure life portray
His beauty, and blossom day by day
With something of his grace.

A LITTLE GIRL'S MAY BASKET.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

THE lingering twilight of a lovely May night dropped its soft curtain; the bright stars twinkled, and the many sounds of awakened life were heard. A delicious breath of spring wafted from the upturned sod and the pulsing earth throbbed with bursting bud and bloom.

As the light in the west grew fainter, and stars appeared thicker and faster, a little girl of ten summers might have been seen leisurely walking down the path that led to her father's gate. It was Stacey Somers with a non-committal expression on her face, and air of expectancy in her manner. Presently the house door opened and her mother's voice called:

"Stacey, Anastasia, where are you, child?"

But Stacey suddenly dropped behind a tall syringa bush that grew near the walk, not responding to the call.

Some children I know would be rather afraid to hide away from mother after darkness had settled down, but not Stacey. She was well acquainted with every bush and every corner in her father's garden, and although I consider her a disobedient, naughty child, and shall proceed to show

that her misconduct was punished by her own act, I think there was no reason why she should be afraid of the "dark" more than the light.

In the month of May, the charming custom of May baskets still lingers in many towns, and Stacey's home was no exception.

Somehow there was an air of expectancy about the child as she cautiously watched. Had the sweet birds whispered it, or was it wafted by the breeze that a May basket, such a one as she would like, was coming to the dear child to-night.

It was a fact, and Stacey on the alert that she might behold the invaders, and seize upon them in due form and season, for a large share of the fun consists in the good run that follows after the loud rap, and Stacey planned to be ready. Stacey watched, but no click of the gate latch caught her ear. She was growing tired and the May dew was falling. What did it mean? Yes, her mother had stated distinctly and she heard her as she crossed the hall this morning, only mamma thought she had left for school, she plainly heard her say to Aunt Lucy, "Stacey knows nothing of the surprise in store for her to-night," and what else but a May basket could it mean? And the vigilant watch was renewed, but no lightly stepping feet, and softly whispered voices were heard, and somewhat dampened by the night dew and slightly crest-fallen, she crept in at last.

"Why Stacey, child, where have you been? did you not hear me call?"

The truthful child hung her head, for she could not utter a falsehood, and when again pressed gave an account of her proceedings.

"Well, dear, you have punished yourself, for your basket arrived only you were not here to receive it. Had you answered my call, obeyed at once, your happiness would now be much greater."

By this time, Stacey's tears were falling and considerable comforting on the part of her mother was needed before she could be induced to look at the contents. There was a well filled box and on the cover rested as dainty a combination of tissue paper as ever formed ye olden time May basket, but alas! it never rested on door step or found its way to the door knob; it was placed upon the sitting room table and the gift of her dear mother.

Here were a little thimble, bodkin, needle case, and scissors, quite a ladies' work-box, besides a writing-desk, well appointed; cotton for crochet, and a pretty pair of slippers, oh, how well mamma remembered her needs, but best of all, so mamma thought, was a book to be used as a journal. Here Stacey, each night was to write the happenings and events of the day, also matters referring to her conduct; if she had been corrected, and for what; if she had done wrong, and why.

To be sure she was but ten years old, and could not as yet form words very correctly, or frame sentences very well, but this, as mamma said, would be excellent practice.

Mamma had planned to give her a genuine surprise, as much so as a rap at the door and the pattering of retreating footsteps, and calling her from the garden was one feature. She would have seen the box and basket on the table with her name, and then—who placed it there?

Mamma advised the first entry in the little journal an account of its advent and the little part Stacey had acted, all of which was faithfully recorded.

The years passed on. Other May nights with the full moon shining and the soft stars twinkling came and were not, but the little diary held its way. Often has Stacey turned to that first chronicle and

reviewed her conduct, and as often made new resolves for the future.

There is always something to Stacey about the book reminding her of the beautiful time of spring; something of its freshness as she turns the leaves now dim and yellow, something of its charm as she reads its contents, and her mind wanders back to those days in the beautiful years of the past, for Stacey is a woman now.

That mother when she set her child the task of recording her mode of conduct, builded, perhaps, better than she knew, for it has been a duty religiously performed by the child, resulting in a more guarded, thoughtful life, better control and discipline of character, and more charity and less censure for the shortcomings of others.

The yellow volume gives account of excursions on the fair nights of May, especially one where the juvenile people formed a club, each contributing, and visiting the poor and aged with a generous donation on their door-step, or giving a pleasant surprise to a sick school-mate. And again it recounts the looking back in history to discover the origin of this night-fitting custom, and the rites of the May day and May pole are mentioned. Ah, yes! the little volume from that mother is a treasured gift to the now older grown Stacey Somers.

There is one pretty little story entered of "Bringing home the May," a scene in "Merrie England," where some village maids are to meet at early dawn, when the faint, gray light was streaking the eastern skies, and the early birds chirping their matin songs. Laughing, they wander on bringing a rose color to their cheeks that only dame nature can give, gathering wild flowers and the lovely hawthorn that grows in tempting abundance. But the pink-lined clouds are growing deeper, they must be homeward bound, but list! distant music is borne to their ears, and soon a nearer horn gives an answering blast. It is the young king with his men riding to meet a gay cavalcade of lords and ladies.

At their head rode Queen Catherine, of Aragon, and at her side Mary, the beautiful sister of Henry the Eighth. Many others, all richly and gayly attired made a brilliant sight the maidens will ever remember, for all this is true about Queen Catherine's going "a-Maying" with King Henry, from the palace at Greenwich to Shooter's Hill in England.

This is only one little historical incident I find recorded, and sometimes little inferences of Stacey's own are drawn.

Far away is the May night when Stacey received the little book and its accompaniments, but the lessons it has taught, have never been, will never be forgot. By faithfully recording her short-comings as well as the pleasant occurrences, she became, as I have stated, more watchful of her conduct and more truthful and conscientious in recounting it.

The May basket of the little girl dodging behind the syringa bush in her father's front door yard, listening to the sounds of the spring night, and watching the stars peeping forth, to that little girl, the gift she received and the lessons it has brought and taught her have been among her life long helps and blessings, and she earnestly wishes every father's daughter, and every mother's son, if no more even than ten years of age, will receive a similar May remembrance and be able to give a similar account.

KIND MRS. WHITE.

Mrs. White is handsomely dressed in fur, and her walk is stately and majestic. Her home is in one of the large stores not many rods from our house, and when I tell you that when not engaged in hunt-

ing the rats and mice that infest her master's premises, she fondles and tends two lovely roly-poly kittens, you will understand that she is a cat.

She is most conscientious, and never a lap of milk does she steal from the cans in the back store, never a nibble does she take from the cheese, hams, and quarters of beef and mutton suspended from the numerous pegs. Neither does she allow her babies to pilfer, and when the little pink paws are stretched towards some coveted dainty, or when they have thoughtlessly taken something not intended for them, Mrs. White scolds them forcibly, and often gives point to her remarks by roundly boxing the ears of the offender with her silvery paw that usually fondles them so gently.

Many of the boys who go to the grocery on errands, and others who seem to have no business there, might learn a lesson in honesty from sedate, matronly Mrs. White. For I am sorry to say these boys often take things that do not belong to them. I have seen them nibble raisins, pick off a bit of fish, grab a handful of nuts, slip an orange in their pockets, or take a sly dip in the sugar barrel. These articles do not belong to the boys, and to take what is not one's own is stealing. If the boys think they are doing right, why are they so careful not to have the store-keeper or his clerks see them putting these things in their mouths or pockets?

Beside honesty, Mrs. White has other admirable qualities which we shall do well to imitate. One day as I sat in the library, glancing now and then out upon the street, where the dry leaves were whirling up and about at the wind's fancy, and becoming lost to sight as a shower of snow flakes met and enveloped them, I saw Mrs. White coming down the sidewalk, and with her was—not one of her own fat, white babies—but a gaunt, wild-eyed kitten of six months or more. The poor creature was dragged, starved, and miserable, and had been most unmistakably ill used, and saw in every human being an enemy.

The kitten was so nervous that she jumped and started to run at each new sight and sound, but Mrs. White tenderly reassured her, and urged her on. Becoming interested in their maneuvers I left my work and went to the window to watch them. With much persuasion and infinite pains, Mrs. White induced her forlorn protegee to mount the steps of the opposite house.

In this house lived Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, very kind people who dearly love pets, and take the best care of and humor to any extent the huge, double-pawed, maltese cat, Foots, who lies on a blue velvet cushion in the back parlor.

Mrs. White is a friend of Foots. Once he took her home to dinner, and was not satisfied till his mistress had given them a couple of chicken wings and a saucer of warm milk. After this dainty repast he gallantly escorted the madam to the street, and watched till she had safely reached home.

Mrs. White having persuaded the kitten thus far, talked to her a while in cat fashion, and then turned to leave, but when the kitten followed her, she spit, snarled and boxed its ears till it was glad to retreat. Her actions puzzled me, but after a while the thought came that she was trying to find a home for the poor wanderer, and this belief was confirmed when the next day and the next the two appeared and each time a like scene was enacted.

Mrs. Freeman did not care to have another cat, but she could not allow a dumb animal to outdo her in kindness, so the third day when they made their appearance she opened the door and coaxed the kitten into the house. She was extremely

shy and would not allow a hand to touch her, but finally ate a little milk, and then at the first opportunity scooted into the yard. After this she seemed to regard the house as her home and went into the kitchen every day for her meals. Her short life had been so full of hunger, misfortune and abuse that it was a long time before she could realize that the kind ministrations of her entertainers were sincere and hid no base designs, but when the little creature realized that she was indeed among friends, she jumped up in Mrs. Freeman's lap, rubbed her head against that lady's arm, and in her dumb way thanked her for the food and shelter she had provided.

From that moment she was entirely devoted to her kind mistress, and Foots never manifested the least jealousy toward the new arrival, but did all he could to make her contented. Mrs. White visits them occasionally, and I sometimes see the three sitting on the back fence in the most friendly manner.

Dear children, honesty, charity and a spirit of friendly helpfulness toward the unfortunate, are qualities we all should cultivate. Remember that honesty is not only the best policy, but the only proper line of conduct. Exercise the beautiful grace of charity, as we all have faults, and many times require the kindly forbearance of our friends. Keep in mind the golden rule, and if you would have friends be friendly.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town.

My first impulse was to refuse, and harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to day."

He walked with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left put his hand on my arm, saying again, "Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm-hands at the door. One of them spoke to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father!" he said. "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke, were to you."

I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since, that those last words he spoke were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together!—*Ex.*

THE MOTHERS' CHAIR.

COMMON SENSE PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"Would you start Mabel to school this summer? Although she does not look to be over five, she was really six last Thanksgiving." This question was asked by an anxious, would-do-exactly-right step-mother of a pale, delicate, but sprightly little girl, who flitted gayly about the room, airing and arranging the appurtenances of a fine doll.

"No, indeed, not if she was my child. The sunshine of two more summers would cluster in her bright ringlets before she should be compelled to sit still an hour and a half at a stretch in a school room. Do you not see that the humming bird nature of the wee maiden cannot be compressed, and—"

"Should not nature be disciplined?" broke in my earnest interlocutor.

"Perverted nature should, but the happy, innocent exercise of animal life dare not be tampered with, without the risk of forfeiting its native glow, no more than a peach can be roughly handled without robbing it of its soft, ripe down. Mabel is a child of delicate, nervous temperament, no doubt inherited; and should have the sunshine and fresh air, with the exact amount of exercise and rest which nature dictates, for at least the first ten years of her life. Certainly, she may be taught, but the teaching can easily be effected by brief intervals of application at home, without the weariness of confinement, and the nervous strain of trying to be perfect, which a thoughtful, timid child will necessarily undergo in trying to please a stranger. Besides, there are other reasons why children should not be hurried into the school room, which a long experience as teacher has disclosed to my unwilling senses.

In our schools, the children of the vicious and disreputable inevitably mingle freely with those of finer mold, and no matter how assiduously the conscientious teacher may watch over the conduct of pupils, the coarse and bitter conduct will still continue to be a gourd, and the delicate peach will suffer more or less from being hustled about in the same bushel.

While teaching children at home it is always well to teach them that vice exists in the world. Make it so plain that in after years they will not be likely to mistake its dark visage when they come in contact with its votaries. Teach them to shun its company as they would avoid the region infected by small pox or cholera. But in the name of sweet, happy childhood, I beg of you, shield them from its vile shadow as long as you can, amid the fascinations of a pure home life. Suppose it does take time; will it take less time to overcome evil habits in after years? Besides, a mother with genius—and all mothers should possess genius—can teach her child in its little seat beside her while her busy fingers construct the new pinafore, or reconstruct the old jacket, or even while pa.ing potatoes for the dinner kettle.

I have in my mind a delicate little mother so systematic in this daily task, that the whistle of a certain forenoon train, is the regular monitor for lessons, and so dutifully is this understood by the small people, that at the well known shriek of the engine, playthings are hustled out of sight, and books in hand they rush to the kitchen, where no matter whether mamma is in the pastry or wash-tub, she patiently conducts the recitations which, when thoroughly done, again give place to the hastily hidden toys or the out-door frolic.

Beside the all important attainment of the "sound mind in a sound body" development, those children are acquiring the arts of pronunciation, inflection, spelling the words and mastering the

sense, better than nine-tenths of the children in our schools. Also, their stock of general information which comes from questioning and mutual conversation, would put to blush many older heads.

No, dear mother, I beseech you, do not hurry the little feet from the family threshold."

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

—If your boy is already in his teens, and you cannot control him except by the rod, you had better abandon the attempt to control him, and put him into other hands. The fault is certainly yours. We do not mean that you have sinned; all faults are not sins. But you have proved yourself incompetent to manage him, and the danger of continuing the experiment is altogether too great. It may be that your temperament and his are so antagonistic that you arouse each other's combativeness; it may be that they are so different that you cannot comprehend one another; it may be that he has greater force of character than you have, and therefore you cannot control him except by physical force, which is a very poor substitute. Whatever the reason is, if the fact is that you cannot control him, you had better get some one else to do it for you.

The father's first duty is to sympathize with his children, and so win their sympathy. If you want your boy to be manly, you must be boyish; if you want him to join in your ambitions for him, you must join in his sports and enter into his life. You cannot govern him by perpetual repression. You must guide him; and as you are to guide him you must have hold of his hand, and keep hold. If you do not want him to play cards, play something better with him; if you do not wish him to seek fun in the streets at night, furnish him with fun in the parlor. It is said of our Heavenly Father that "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." A great many fathers do not know their boys' frames, nor remember that they are boys. Most natures will yield to love more quickly than to authority; or, to speak more accurately, to the authority of love than to that of force. We are not recommending the substitution of entreaty for command, nor coddling for authority. We urge simply to keep up fellowship between yourself and your boy. So he will learn first to trust, then to obey you.

Give very few commandments; insist on prompt and ready obedience to those. Children who are kept in swaddling clothes all the time will sooner or later rend them off. God put the law of the human race in ten commandments on two tables of stone. There are some families that would require a folio volume to contain all the restrictions of their domestic Mount Sinai. The best school in which to learn is the school of experience. It is better that your boy should make a hundred mistakes and learn ten lessons than that he should make no mistakes and learn no lessons. You irritate your boy by perpetual criticism and perpetual law-making. There are families where the sole intercourse between parent and child is confined to, "John, don't do this; John, don't do that," on the one side, and "Why not, father?" on the other. The best father we ever knew rarely gave any command to his boys; not often even any positive advice. He left them to get wisdom by experience. When he did command, they never thought of disobeying. Great sympathy; few laws; these few absolute and inexorable; this is the condition of good family government.—*Exchange.*

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to utter a vigorous protest against the use of "paregoric," "soothing syrup," and like compounds for quieting young children.

I was talking to a friend not long since, who told me, that her three children would never go to sleep without a dose of soothing syrup.

I was so shocked that I mentioned the matter to an eminent physician, and asked if the practice was at all general. He said that it was, alarmingly so; that in about two-thirds of all his little patients, he was obliged to contend with the opium, or morphine habit, caused by parents administering these and other quieting nostrums. He said that they had a most powerful effect on a young child, and the habit, once acquired, was very difficult to break.

After thinking the subject over, I came to the conclusion that some one ought to write, and warn the thousands of young mothers taking our paper. The most of us have been taught that the old ladies are the ones to apply to for advice, that experience has made them wise. This is, however, a great mistake in numbers of cases, a large family is not always an indication of a wise mother; and it is amazing how much ignorance and superstition is to be found in old ladies, on these subjects.

Let young mothers remember that the natural food for the infant is the mother's milk; and nature knows just how to prepare it for the child's wants.

The less medicine given to a young child, the better, and never give a remedy unless you are sure that you understand just how it will act. If there is really anything wrong with the child, consult a physician that you can trust. It will pay in the end.

Do not think because your baby sticks out its tongue, that it is hungry, or that it is longing for any thing. I once knew a lady that had that impression, and after trying every thing she could think of, at last gave the child a pickle to suck. I do not know whether he kept his mouth closed after that or not. But I do know that he had a severe attack of colic, that I vainly tried to make the mother own was caused by the various things she had been putting in his mouth.

An infant should be nursed regularly, every two hours at first, but after awhile the time can be lengthened to three or even four hours. A mother that regards the well being of her child, will always nurse it if it is possible. If the milk should not agree with it, see a physician, and he may be able to remove the cause.

By being careful of her diet the mother can generally regulate the child's bowels better than by the use of drugs. Of course when nature refuses to supply the required nourishment for the little one, artificial means must be resorted to. But in all such cases a physician should be consulted, for it is unsafe to experiment much with an infant.

The mother will also find it a great help, in warding off stomach and bowel disorders, to have the child wear flannel next to the skin, from the very first, until it is three or four years old, in the summer as well as winter. It is especially advisable in the northern and middle states, and be sure to have long, flannel sleeves for the little arms. I feel like sending up a prayer of thanksgiving that the day of low necks and short sleeves for babies, has passed. COM.

—Wisdom is often nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—*Wordsworth.*

—To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—*George Macdonald.*

—Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow, and your results seemingly meager; but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, and the river to the ocean; both reach their destination.

The Library.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore,
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toll without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old,
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light,
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happy will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream,
Clasped to your hearts in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

A QUESTION OF CREMATION.

BY HAZEL WYLDE.

LET no one raise a voice of fearful protestation against the subject proposed for discussion. Cremation of epistolary remains, not human bodies, is my theme.

Shall we, or shall we not, destroy the sheets containing the written words of acquaintance and of friend? Many do this. Some without thought, others with good intent, while still other persons preserve the multitudinous communications, perhaps with not so much care for them as those feel who commit them to the flames. A very few, however, cherish an especial sense of sacredness in letters, looking upon the penned words as indestructible treasures of thought, of affection, or of mind. It would seem to these a sacrilege to destroy such letters. But have they considered the possibilities of sorrow over the reservation?

There is a *sanctum sanctorum* within the human mind, where words of love may be admitted, safe from intrusion of either strange or curious eyes. Letters which relate only to current events, or which detail passing thought or feeling, would they not better be buried with the past, than to accumulate in untold numbers like newspapers, since so many follow in their appearing, requiring the notice due them?

It must be admitted that some missives are too precious to part with, some too valuable, if one be permitted by the inditers to keep them. Some may better be reserved than destroyed, if their nature prove fitting to the escape.

This question of cremation has been present in my own mind for some time past, and it has been personally discussed with friends who have interestedly debated the matter. My own leaning formerly was towards the rescue of other-

wise perishable epistles, for sake of either convenience, friendliness, or tenderness of regard, while the cremation of certain unimportant or doubtful documents has always been practiced.

A letter passed from the hands of its writer into the receiving of another person, is beyond the protection of the former, if no provision be made for its return, and even then the valid claim would rest with the receiver, who is not obliged to give up letters which have been sent her—unless, indeed, she has promised in the contract of correspondence. A gracious person would do so, however, unless there were reasonable objection.

How many writers of letters consider the dangers attending their communications, from the time of their entrance into the mails and throughout the term of their existence? How careful are they to write only that which shall uphold themselves in true character and agreeable reputation? Do they consider, discreetly, into what hands their missives may chance to fall?

An honorable receiver will never pass letters from hand to hand, unless she have right by permission. She will not even show them to nearest friends, unless positive that there be no objection to her doing it. A sense of honor should be as inviolable in connection with any letters received without caution from the writer, as though special advice of secrecy had attended them. A fine sense of honor is inborn, and seems sadly rare, taking humanity in aggregation.

Only into the hands of a person of known discretion, should letters of privacy or of confiding nature be entrusted, as some grievous results have ensued upon the thoughtlessness of well meaning persons who had not the power of consideration between ordinary and important messages. It is safe, even to one's best friends, always to make some distinction in confidential parts of letters, that the readers may not mistake in the slightest manner, as even the most honorable and careful of people are liable.

But the keeping, or destroying, of letters is my special theme. It is well to be positive of the judicious reserve of letters, and not to retain them for merely personal pleasure. The incident of a package of love letters having been discovered and made public after the death of a woman who had treasured them from youth to old age, reflected poorly upon her better judgment. In her quiet, obscure life, she had not supposed that any but her self would ever see those letters.

Unless we ask our friends to destroy (and know they will concede) our letters, how careful we ought to be in writing.

In some friends, of course, we have an abiding sense of trust, and feel willing that our transmitted thoughts shall rest within their keeping as they may choose. Letters are so comforting, when bespeaking friendliness or loving kindness, that they should be esteemed as a part of the writers' selves. We, in our turn, should never allow them to resolve into sheer duty messengers, but give them as much (even more!) thought as we would to personal interchange of communication and visitation.

As Gail Hamilton has said: "Letters are the cream of social intercourse. In them you taste the wit and wisdom, the thought and feeling, of living persons, without the embarrassments of personal presence. It is conversation at arm's length—these letters whose dear, familiar handwriting is like light to my eyes—letters that bless me with their magical touch even while I hold them in my hand unopened." The letters which the foregoing citation eulogizes, are not the sort which bear the impress of carelessness, indifference, or compulsion. They may be reserved from death by cremation ac-

cording to the compact between writer and receiver. Other great souls have as sincerely upheld the blessedness of letters, by practice, as well as by written commendation.

Let me tell you some of the different modes of letter keeping which I have learned, that you may compare them with your own method, if you choose. One friend keeps only those epistles which come to her from nearest friends of her own, and not all of these after they have been answered. Another reserves none, after the answering. I have heard of one lady who retains a letter each from her correspondents, and one only. Another, when she has replied to a letter, retains it until she receives another from the person who sent it, whereupon, she reserves the later one, destroying its predecessor, and thus with all her correspondence.

Some persons save all letters a certain length of time, and afterwards destroy; others when the increase is so abundant that obligation is evident. I have known some to keep promiscuous collections. Others have an orderly way of ranking and filing away letters. I am sorry to add, that, I have seen in some homes, letters lying loosely about, as though the honesty of the family was either taken for granted, or proof against misfortune to the luckless looking incomers. I have sometimes wondered what certain of the senders of these letters would think, could they behold the fate of their favors! Would not cremation be a better and a kinder disposition towards them, than thoughtless or disorderly retaining?

Books are treasures of thought and of companionship. If they be of the right kind, they cannot be too liberally dispersed throughout our dwellings. They have been sent into the world as a public benefaction. But letters! They are something more, if true transcriptions from mind and heart. How honorably, discreetly, and kindly we should either withhold or cremate them. Peace unto the ashes of the burned! Sacred be the rescued!

AMERICAN LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

"The real virtues of one age," says Mozley, "become the spurious ones of the next," and it is hardly strange that the abnormal development of this treatment of childhood should be most apparent in the United States, where individualism has had freest play. The discovery appears to have been made here that the child is not merely a person, but a very free and independent person indeed. The sixteenth amendment to the constitution reads, "The rights and caprices of children in the United States shall not be denied or abridged on account of age, sex, or formal condition of tutelage," and this amendment has been recognized in literature, as in life, while waiting its legal adoption. It has been recognized by the silence of great literature, or by the kind of mention which it has there received. I am speaking rather of the literature which is now current than of that which we agree to regard as standard American literature; yet even in that I think our study shows the sign of what was to be. The only picture of childhood in the poets drawn from real life is that of the country boy, while all the other references are to an ideal conception. Hawthorne, in his isolation, wrote of a world which was reconstructed out of elemental material, and his insight as well as his marvelous sympathy with childhood precluded him from using diseased forms. But since the day of these men the literature which is most representative of national life has been singularly devoid of reference to childhood. One notable exception emphasizes this silence. Our keenest social satirist has not spared the children. They are found in company with the young American girl, and we feel the sting of the lash which falls upon them.

Again the silence of art is noticeable. There was so little art contemporaneous with our greater literature, and the best of that was so closely confined to landscape, that it is all the more observable how meager is the show in our picture galleries of any history of childhood. Now and then a portrait appears, the child usually of the artist's patron, but there is little sign that artists seek in the life of children for subjects upon which to expend thought and power. They are not drawn to them, apparently, except when they appear in some foreign guise as beggars, where the picturesque of attire offers the chief motive.

But if there is silence or scorn in great literature, there is plenty of expression in that minor literature which has sprung up, apparently, in the interest of childhood. It is here, in the books for young people, that one may discover the most flagrant illustration of that spurious individuality in childhood which I have maintained to be conspicuous in our country. Any one who has been compelled to make the acquaintance of this literature must have observed how very little parents and guardians figure in it, and how completely children are separated from their elders. The most popular books for the young are those which represent boys and girls as seeking their fortune, working out their own schemes, driving railway trains and steamboats it may be, managing farms, or engaged in adventures which elicit all their uncommon heroism. The same tendency is exhibited in less exaggerated form: children in the school-room, or at play, forming clubs amongst themselves, having their own views upon all conceivable subjects, torturing the English language without rebuke, opening correspondence with newspapers and magazines, starting newspapers and magazines of their own, organizing, setting up miniature society—this is the general spectacle to be observed in books for young people, and the parent or two, now and then visible, is as much in the back ground as the child was in earlier literature.

All this is more or less a reflection of actual life, and as such has an unconscious value. I would not press its significance too far, but I think it points to a serious defect in our society life. This very ephemeral literature is symptomatic of a condition of things, rather than causative. It has not nearly so much influence on young life as it is itself the natural concomitant of a maladjustment of society, and the corrective will be found only as a healthier social condition is reached. The disintegration of the family, through a feeble sense of the sacredness of marriage, is an evil which is not to be remedied by any specific of law or literature, but so long as it goes on it inevitably affects literature.

I venture to make two modest suggestions toward the solution of these larger problems into the discussion of which our subject has led me. One is for those who are busy with the production of books for young people. Consider if it be not possible to report the activity and comradeship of the young in closer and more generous association with the life of their elders. The spectacle of a healthy family life, in which children move freely and joyously, is not so rare as to make models hard to be found, and one would do a great service to young America who should bring back the wise mother and father into juvenile literature. —Atlantic.

THE CULTIVATION OF A TASTE
FOR POETRY.

While the old adage is true that "poets are born and not made," yet it is also true that a taste for poetry may be acquired. This culture should be commenced very early. Children like the soothing flow of pleasing rhythm and rhyme, and readily learn long strings of unintelligible words that have a jingling sound. True poetry is word painting in its highest form, and quite young minds can be made to appreciate its beauty, to some extent, at least, and to delight in the thoughts expressed.

Care should be taken in selecting poems for the young to memorize or to read. They should be introduced to the best writings of the best authors. It may be said that such would be entirely beyond their comprehension, and truthfully if they were given the same to read unaided. Parents should interest themselves in the matter, make selections, and prepare the way for intelligent reading, by rendering the substance of the poem to be read, into plain, familiar, conversational language, explaining all figures of speech used by the poet, giving more extended accounts of historical allusions, and bringing out the ideas underlying the words in a simple, clear and forcible manner.

For illustration, supposing Longfellow is the poet to be introduced. Give some incidents concerning his early life and home, awaken the children's curiosity as much as possible, then tell them that he wrote a beautiful poem about his native city. Give the main features of the poem in a narrative style, describing the situation of Portland, the islands of Casco Bay as seen from the Hill, the wharves and vessels of the harbor, the fort formerly on the Hill, and the "bulwarks by the shore," and the ancient practice of firing a cannon at sunrise and sunset. Then give a vivid account of the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbor, in which both captains were slain, and tell how they lie buried side by side on the Hill. Give also an account of Deering Oaks, which stand "fresh and fair," set apart as a public park.

Do not have the children sit as mere "passive recipients" while you relate all this, but encourage them to talk, to ask questions, and to feel that they are helping carry on the conversation. This can be done by skilfully asking questions, drawing out what they know, and suggesting thoughts in a way to make them arrive at correct conclusions, seemingly by their own efforts.

Let them find the representation of Portland on the map, and then begin to read slowly the melodious words:

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still;
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Pause at the end of each sentence and talk about it, teaching the children to make a mental picture of each scene presented. This they will soon learn to do. Hold up a pretty picture before their eyes, let them take a good look, then tell them to close their eyes, imagine they see the same, and tell you about it, then go back to the poem, tell them how Longfellow remembered the home of his youth, and when far away imagined he could see its pleasant streets, etc.

Imagination is a faculty largely developed in the average child, and it is wise to direct it into a proper channel, and to teach the little ones to form pictures in their minds which will be of value and sources of genuine pleasure in after life.

A poem taught in the above manner will

ever after be a favorite with the children, and they will never tire of hearing it read or repeated. Be sure and select pieces which contain noble and beautiful sentiments, thus cultivating the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. When children have learned really to enjoy good poetry, they have learned much. Wordsworth says: "To be incapable of a feeling for poetry is to be without love of human nature or reverence for God."

Portland, Me. ELIZA H. MORTON.

AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL-MASTER.

A hundred and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, there was a remarkable old school-master, whose name was Christopher Dock. For three days he taught school at a little place called Skippack, and then for the next three days he taught at Salford.

Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his A, B, C, the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were fine rewards. At various other points in his progress, an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had been diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read: "Industrious—one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into the school.

There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the testament until all were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without a mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a lazy scholar.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistake in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!—St. Nicholas.

CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any of the sisters send me the words to, "It's over the Mountain I'm Going, to the Cottage all Covered with Ivy," and "The Spanish Cavalier?" I will pay postage and return the favor in any way they wish.

S. E. HATFIELD.

La Motte, Jackson Co., Iowa.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of the Band be kind enough to send me the poem commencing,

"They stand, the regal mountains,
With crowns of spotless snow,
Forever changeless, grand, sublime,
While ages come and go.

Oh, calm, majestic mountains!
Oh, everlasting hills!
Beneath your patient watch, how small
Seem all life's joys and ills?"

And please tell me how I can repay the favor.

MRS. S. R. MORLEY.

Greeley, Weld Co., Colo.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the poem commencing,

"The Sabbath day was ending,
In a village by the sea,
And the uttered benediction,
Touched the people tenderly?"

I will return the favor in any way I can.

22 Circuit St., Boston, Mass. M. G. MOOR.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Can any one of your nu-

merous contributors tell me where the old book called "Ray's Poems," is for sale, and by whom? and oblige,
MRS. RUFUS BAKER.
Fairfield, Lenawee Co., Michigan.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the following lines:

"When clubs are trumps look out for war,
On sea as well as land?"

I think it is called the "Gambler's Grave." I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. A. A. COPELAND.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me where I can get the little piece of poetry "The Sailor's Little Daughter." The first two lines are,

"Safe rolls the ship at anchor now,
The sailor clears his anxious brow?"

This was a school speech of mine when I was a little girl. I would like to have a copy of it now for my scrap book. I have other poems I will exchange for it.

LUCY BRADSHAW.

West Point, Ark.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD readers send me the song containing the lines that are something like this:

"It's no wonder that I'm sad and lonely,
No wonder a stranger I roam?"

I will return the favor in any way I can.

MRS. FLORA E. SHOREY.

East Rochester, N. H.

THE REVIEWER.

There are few writers of short stories so widely read or so heartily liked as Rose Terry Cooke, and her hosts of friends will welcome THE SPHINX'S CHILDREN, a volume in which many of her best stories are gathered. True pictures of New England life are these, full of the rugged simplicity of the more rural districts where all warm impulses are repressed and hidden under the hardness and gravity of the monotonous life. Mrs. Cooke is a shrewd student of human nature and in these stories, many of them familiar to us, she is at her best. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Mr. George M. Towle's new book, A HISTORY OF ENGLAND FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, is a volume which deserves warm praise for the care and thoroughness with which it has been prepared. It is, of course, like all histories, a record of events; but, in addition, the author attempts to trace the development of English institutions and the gradual growth of political liberty; to indicate the changes in social condition and the advances made in different periods, in literature and the arts. Beginning with the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar, 55 B. C., the author briefly but effectively sketches the conditions of the time, the character of the inhabitants as well as that of their invaders, and makes clear to the young student or reader the early formative influences which combined to make the present England. Each successive step is taken with due regard to the importance of the period described, and no vital point in the history of the country is left untouched. The narrative comes down to 1885. Mr. Towle has an agreeable style, and his book deserves recognition as the best of the many histories of England which have been prepared for young people's study or reading. It is well illustrated and indexed, and contains twelve pages of chronological annals of English history, and lists of the sovereigns of England, with their prime ministers. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

One of the prettiest Easter gifts of the season is THE MESSAGE OF THE BLUE BIRD, TOLD TO ME TO TELL TO OTHERS. It is a leaflet containing eight full page illustrations from drawings by Miss Irene E. Jerome, with appropriate verse. Printed on beautiful paper, the antique covers tied with silken cords, it makes an extremely pretty Easter gift. \$1.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Brattleboro: Clapp & Jones.

The March volume of the THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS series edited

by Oscar Fay Adams is filled with gems from the writings of those whose poems are little known as well as the more prominent ones, and very sweet are some of the spring songs from these minor poets. Outwardly the little book is a counterpart of its predecessors. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

We have received a copy of a little book entitled WAHRHEIT AND DICHTUNG: A STUDY OF GEO. ELIOT'S LOVE-LIFE, by A. P. C. New York: E. T. T. Allen, 171 Broadway.

FOOD MATERIALS AND THEIR ADULTERATIONS, by Ellen H. Richards is a neat little volume full of information of more use to those who have a knowledge of chemistry than the general reader. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE, by Geo. Macdonald. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Dog Fanciers will find much to instruct and help them in DOGS; THEIR MANAGEMENT AND TREATMENT IN DISEASE, by "Ashmont." \$2.00. Boston: J. Loring Thayer, 186 Tremont St.

THE ATLANTIC for April is a fine number though hardly up to the usual standard in variety of its contents; two articles like Mr. Phelps' criticism on Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and Julian Hawthorne's "Problem of the Scarlet Letter," being too much for one spring day's reading. Miss Jewett's charming sketch of quiet village life, and Charles Egbert Craddock's powerful serial, "In the Clouds," of which a long installment is given, will find hosts of interested readers. A sketch of "Gouverneur Morris," by Henry Cabot Lodge, is the opening article of the number. D. O. Kellogg contributes a strong paper on the "Reformation of Charity," and Agnes Replier has an interesting article on "Children, Past and Present." Mr. James' serial seems destined to a long if not useful life. The poems are good, as might be supposed, with Whittier's name among the writers, and the editorial departments are excellent. \$4.00 a year. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for April is bright and readable throughout. Its novel series of articles commenced under the heading of "Our Experience Meetings," being at least, a new departure in magazine literature. Alice Wellington Rollins discusses the Mormon question. Miss F. C. Baylor contributes a short story of Georgia life, entitled "Aunt Sukey." Another story by M. H. Catherwood, tells the adventures of two young girls who took a novel method of obtaining a night's lodging. The two serials are well represented, "A Bachelor's Blunder," by far the better of the two, reaching an interesting point. Poems are contributed by Charlotte Fiske Bates, Dora Read Goodale and C. H. Phelps, and the editorial departments offer the usual variety. \$2.00 a year. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ST. NICHOLAS for April is a charming number, as all its young readers will agree; and they will all, naturally, turn to Mrs. Burnett's delightful story of child-life, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," before looking after the other good things offered with a lavish hand this month. Mr. Stockton takes his pleasant party of young readers into the Swiss Alps where they can climb mountains to their heart's content. E. S. Brooks tells a pretty story of a Chinese girl in his "Historic Girls." Mr. Scudder's story of "George Washington" is continued, and hosts of pretty stories, poems and pictures fill the number. \$3.00 a year. New York: The Century Co.

GILLETTE'S CATALOGUE OF NATIVE WILD PLANTS is at hand full of interest to the lovers of wild flowers. A full list of flowers, ferns, bog plants, etc., is supplemented by a new department—that of seeds of all sorts of wild flowers which will be valuable to those at a distance, or those who are not successful in transplanting these dainty and fragile plants. Southwick, Mass.: Edward Gillette.

THE QUIVER for April is an especially interesting number. While devoted largely to religious subjects, stories and instructive matter find ample space. \$1.50 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

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

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

THE MAGAZINE OF ART for April. \$3.00 a year. New York: Cassell & Co.

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

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

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

THE HOUR OF PARTING.

DUETTE.

Words by ELIZABETH A. WHITE.
Andante, con espressione.

Music by BELLINI.

p *cres.* *Dim.*

1. Sad hour of parting! too quickly here! Spir-its to sev-er, link'd by each thought, Bringing thy anguish! thy bitter tear!... thy bit-ter

2. Oh, thou bless'd spirit! bend kindly down, Drooping, Behold us! 'neath adverse faith, Shel-ter us from its with-ering frown, ... its with'ring

cres. *dim.* *mf*

tear! Lone-ly we'll wander through the day, Hopeless, must weep through night's delay, Our hearts are breaking, with this farewell,

frown, To thy protec-tion now we flee, Safe in thy shadow let us be! In sorrows part-ed by fate's compel....

p *pp* *poco riten.*

.....with this fare-well! Fare-well! Oh! must we say farewell! Fare-well! Oh! must we say fare-well!

.....by stern com-pel! Fare-well! It is our last farewell! Fare-well! It is our last fare-well!

p *pp* *Dim.* *Morendo.*

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

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

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

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

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

NEW MUSIC: We have received from J. M.

Russell, 126 Tremont St., Boston, the following: "Mother's Alone in the Old, Old Home," Song, arr. by V. Cirillo, 40 cents; "O, Source of Uncreated Light," 20 cents, and "Last Night," 10 cents, numbers of Russell's Musical Library.

The Dispensary.

SPRING HINTS.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

"Through heat and cold, and shower and sun,
Still onward cheerily driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving."

THERE is enough to do as spring comes on without doubt, still I would like to put in as first variety a little plea for thinking. If thinking, as physiology states, wears away or upon the tissues of the body, surely it is work—striving. And "if there is life alone in duty done," it is of prime import that we be about our duty.

The spring days are on, and the sun begins his daily course betimes; the robin's song is heard in the willow. Out in the meadow lots the young grass is springing, and a nameless thrill and vibration tells that spring is here; but the chill of wintry airs still lingers in our northern skies, however the orange flowers of the south may bloom, or the mocking birds sing, and a little thought for our health at this time, and that of our family, is quite worth notice.

Many a cold contracted at this season has resulted in serious disease. Many a time has the physician been called to battle pneumonia caused by too much reliance on the gentle airs of spring, therefore I believe it is wise to think of these things for a moment, and use proper caution if a mild day, yes, positively warm day in spring appears. On such a day how the tidy housewife bestirs herself, and remembers that house-cleaning looms in the near future. But, patience! Do not "take down" the sitting room stove yet. Its cheerful blaze will still be needed day and evening; and the children, too, must be looked after that they keep not on too long wet boots after playing in the "puddles," which every mother knows they dearly like, or damp clothes, if they should perchance be caught in an April shower. Nothing like dry clothes and warm clothes for the boys and girls. Many sore throats, earaches, toothaches, etc., would thereby be avoided.

Variation second. And again as spring days draw on, of what incalculable good would a short walk daily in the fresh air be. I know many housekeepers would consider this utterly impracticable and possibly beneath their notice. But I am of opinion that such would change to the other extreme, and believe that life lost some of its fullness should they be denied this refreshment of body and mind when once it became such. Nothing in the materia medica will so brighten and renew this human system of ours as the fresh winds of heaven.

I was reading a short time since in an educational journal that a teacher needed plenty of exercise in the open air to smooth out her ruffled nerves. Now I should like to know if a housekeeper does not also need a smoother? And if a short walk will have that tendency, it is surely worthy her thought.

Spring time is a pleasant season to begin rambles and walks for health, because in budding nature there is great pleasure and profit. If such a course is persisted in we are adding to our mental and physical growth. A mother who makes a rule to take her family out once or twice each week to the woods or fields, is giving them helpful instruction they will never wholly lose, however circumstances may overrule.

I have said daily in making this statement, but of course there are exceptions, and prudence and caution are always to be used. We should use the same wise

forethought in guarding against taking cold outside as in.

I suppose, as a rule, a rain storm would keep me indoors, and then it is pleasant to think of the bright days we have enjoyed and the pleasant ones to follow. I believe the round of home duties will be more cheerfully, more easily done, and life brightened and strengthened by such a course.

The petty cares of life grow less when we learn to look up to the vaulted sky. The myriads of stars twinkling through the blue tell of worlds and worlds beyond. What society!

Here is a short extract from Thoreau, a recluse, and great lover of nature, who once inhabited the shores of Walden Pond, Concord, Mass.

"I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in nature, and natural objects, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very dark melancholy to him who lives in the midst of nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain that waters my beans, and keeps me in the house today, is not drear and melancholy, but good for me, too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it will still be good for the grass on the uplands, and being good for the grass it would be good for me."

I suppose this man was intimately acquainted with nature, therefore spoke from experience; and similar testimony is given by lovers of nature.

Listen to Mr. Longfellow in that early poem, *An April Day*.

"When the warm sun that brings seed-time and harvest has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs the first flower of the plain."

Miss Willard says the breezy out-door life has a great charm for all women with whom she has exchanged confidences.

We are, as a people, much behind our English cousins in habits of out-door exercises; a walk of five or even ten miles is a common enough matter with them, while with us—"Oh, bless me! I never can."

Miss Willard relates an instance of meeting Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in Memphis, Tennessee, wherein she states, that although Mrs. Davis was a rare and radiant conversationalist, the statement that impressed her most and remained in her memory longest was this, "Simply to breathe is joy enough for a well-bred English girl."

No woman can really win in the battle of life who is not obedient to natural law. "There is no mistaking its utterances as they sound from the Sinai of Physiology and Hygiene."

The strong light of the sun is also a great strengthener and purifier. We may enjoy its warm beams while our hands are busily employed. Throw open the blinds and raise the curtains that the light, refulgent beams may enter. "Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sidney Smith is reported as saying.

And as a third variety I will mention, while we are basking in this warm sunshine, bedquilts.

Not to wrap about us, oh no! Between sun and fire we are comfortably warm, but to look over and fix over. This is a good item for spring work. I have heard of people who quite ignored or neglected this yearly custom, when lo! of a sudden the bed-wear was in a worn-out condition.

In these days of rapid living the old

fashioned quilts of our grandmothers have gone by in some measure, but bedquilts of some description we must have, and these need care. Perpetual care is the price of good housekeeping, but this does not signify constant fretting and wearing upon the system, and on the patience and good nature of those about us.

At this season of the year the appetite is rather inclined to flag; the liver is not so energetic in its work as might be. In such cases acids are said to act as a tonic. Such acids as the lemon, cranberry, etc., and a little intelligence, scientific knowledge, "book learning" if you will, goes far in helping the mother provide proper food for her family, proper, in that it contains the right elements for the upbuilding and repair of the human organism, that, like a steam engine, must constantly be replenished with the right kind of fuel or it will refuse duty. It is a good plan to mention new points in cooking, or new ideas, when neighbors meet together, (a great deal more profitable than the petty gossip that so many women indulge in.)

An informal general information club may easily be formed and oftentimes much learned. Simple remedies in sickness, new recipes in cooking exchanged, the merits of which may be discussed, leading to other ideas and on to more profitable talk, when, if one with note-book and pencil had jotted down, taken notes of proceedings, the company would be surprised at their own doings.

The benefits of walking often in open air, what books to read, good influence of disinfectants, and the beauty of sunshine. Just here let me quote a few lines from H. H.

"The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it, neither will people. Nobody knows or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms."

These and kindred subjects may be discussed when we meet in a neighborly way for a long or short call. Our eyes open to things about us is surely what we need, and many a housekeeper opens her eyes to many needs at this time of the year when the change of season comes. "Varieties" enough, I think I hear a worthy mother whisper, and I doubt not the truth, when we consider the multitude of cares and duties resting on her shoulders. The wardrobes of herself and family must be changed from cold to warm weather. But, industrious mother, be not in too much hurry to make the change, and before these variations are ended I wish to introduce one more, namely, the cellar.

"By and by, when I get to it." Yes, I know, but "by and by" may be too late.

Vegetables that have wintered there are fast approaching the season of "sprouting," and unless looked after, make poison the air and taint the whole house. I suppose many cases of fever and kindred diseases may be directly traced to poisoned air in the cellar. See to it! Get your "gude mon" to look after it, if beyond your skill. A healthy cellar is a good foundation, and a little forethought may keep it so.

As the days grow longer, and the spring of the year draws on, work begins in good earnest. Ah, yes! without as well as within. Shall we be behind so active, generous and wise a leader as mother nature?

"Buds on the bushes, and blooms on the mead
Swiftly are swelling;
Hark! the spring whispereth, make ye with speed,
Ready my dwelling."

—Our love of the real draws us to permanence, but health of body consists in circulation, and sanity of mind in variety or facility of association.—Emerson.

DR. HANAFORD'S REPLIES.

INQUIRER. *Corns.* No, I would not have them "removed by surgery," though it can "be done with safety," as it is easy to prevent them, and cheaper to remove them yourself. To prevent them, wear well-fitting boots, neither too small, nor too large. Corns are caused by too great friction of the surface, serving as a protection to the nerves beneath, on the same principle that the skin thickens on the inside of the hands of the blacksmith, and others who do rough work, particularly. You have simply not to cause any, not to "raise" them. If the boots should not be worn, or any thing of the kind, for a few months, the corns would disappear, as there would be no use for them. As they are albuminous, and, as albumen is easily dissolved by an alkali, they can be easily removed by a few applications of any strong alkali, as potash, or even saleratus, frequently applied. Should any strong alkali be used, it is well to have some vinegar, or any acid, at hand, to neutralize any that might be on any other part, by accident, as the acid will destroy the alkali. If also, it should "eat in" too much, causing pain, the vinegar may be applied to the corn. (Warts may be removed in the same way.) It is easy to put a pad, with a hole in the center, around the corn, protecting it from pressure, and promoting comfort. Just to the extent that they are thus protected, they will disappear.

INVALID. *Poisonous Drugs.* You are much in error in supposing that "roots and herbs are not poisonous." Unfortunately, the most popular medicines are poisons, though I do not believe that just because one is sick he should be poisoned, as I do not believe that disease, as Dio Lewis would say, "is a rat within the body, and that we must send in a rat-terrier to kill it." I do not believe that any drug should ever be given to the sick—who cannot bear poisons as well as the hardy—with the same strength which would allow it to be labeled "poison" in the drug store, the concentration fixing the poisonous element. For example, no one will regard essence of pepper as poison, yet no one would dare take much of the oil of the same article. I go farther still, and say that no one should ever depend on medicine alone, but, while taking medicine, should have due regard to the diet, to cleanliness, pure air, sunlight, exercise and rest. No, there is no more safety in taking vegetable medicines than in the use of "minerals," so far as the poison is concerned, as the most virulent poisons in the world are of vegetable origin, one drop of an extract from the peach stone proving fatal! While these vegetable medicines are really the most active poisons, they have one advantage, that of being thrown out of the system more readily than the "mineral" poisons, but it would generally be still better if not at all thrown into the human stomach. It would be more to the credit of the "botanics," if in their selections they would discard all of the violent poisons—which they by no means do—using only the more common, the safer "roots, barks and herbs." These safer remedies are to be found in both kingdoms, the iron among the "minerals," etc., with the many "mints" in the vegetable world, in the use of which it is safe to remember that man is but a feeble creature, easily slaughtered—as the medical records of the past will show—while disease is not a monster to be slain, but the absence of health, the great idea being to promote health, to make it natural by providing the necessary conditions, giving medicines only when they seem demanded, with much more good advice.

HEALTH-SEEKER. Your inquiry in reference to the class of foods properly called "medicine-foods," is highly proper and important. While it is true that such food as we find in nature, with the necessary preparations, is well adapted to man in his healthy state, it is as true that, in sickness, in the debilitated state of the digestive organs, unable to appropriate ordinary food, science and art may very properly come to our aid. These principles apply with special force to the "wheat germ preparations" to which you refer. And, while in the strongest terms which I am capable of employing, I would denounce the custom of removing the germ and the gluten from the "prince of grains," just for the sake of securing whiteness, at the expense of nourishment, defrauding the ignorant, I am glad that so good an article has been prepared for the sick, even though the rest of the wheat should be destroyed, or given to the swine. On good authority, it has been stated that these "germs" of the wheat contain, pound for pound, ten times as much real and available nourishment as the best of beef steak, though the steak is by no means the most nourishing part of the ox, eaten principally because it is popular, and because it is so tender that one can eat it with greater rapidity. The fact that this germ is that from which the future wheat is to be raised, containing the vital part, and the fact that beef is about three-fourths water, will convince one that this statement of its vast superiority over beef is correct. The New York Health Food Co. is entitled to much credit for producing such articles for the sick as "brain food," "universal food" and the various extracts, "vitamine," etc., affording nourishment without the stomach labor of digestion.

The Dressing Room.

FASHION NOTES.

BY GOSSIP.

THE icy blasts of winter have given place to sunny days, green fields, and cerulean skies, while a corresponding change has been made in bonnets, dresses and wraps. The counters, which a little time ago groaned under their weight of furs and heavy woollens, seem now to luxuriate in a wealth of lighter fabrics. A change especially welcome to the weary salesman, whose shoulders and arms were strained almost beyond endurance in handling the immensely heavy cloths so much affected during the past winter.

The new cotton prints come under various names, as crocodile cloth, boucle crepe, Turkish, Bulgarian, and Algerian crape. These are all woven like crape, or simply have a crape finish, and are without gloss or stiffening. These must never be ironed, but smoothed and pulled in shape while drying. These goods are very artistic and are mostly of French design; the colors are medium tones, or white or cream with a variety of small and medium sized figures.

Stripes are much worn, and the striped and crinkled seersuckers, which come in nearly all colors with white, cannot be too highly recommended; these, like the crape finished goods, need no ironing, which is no small item in hot weather, where there are many for whom to wash and iron.

The new white goods are woven and finished in such a manner as to give them something the look of woolen bareges. White embroidered dresses will be worn even more than last season; in fact, embroidery appears in a variety of styles and on almost all fabrics.

In this climate all woolen goods, except the most cumbersome, can be worn at all times except on a few of the most sultry, dog days, and never have these fabrics been brought out in greater variety of styles and colors than at present. Among the newest we notice the canvas effects which come in stripes on plain goods, overshot work in figures, and block works of lace laid on the surface of the cloth, while scarcely less beautiful are the fine all wool batistes, which are by some considered the most delicate and exquisite of summer woolen dress goods; and then there are serges, light weight flannels, cheviots, tweeds, nun's veiling, camels' hair, and a few bourettes and light weight boucle goods, with many others we have not time even to mention. The ever useful cashmere is more popular than for several seasons, especially in light colors.

Jet is now used for trimming colors, and some handsome street costumes are of blue, garnet, purple or brown velvet with elaborate jet trimmings.

In wraps there is no decided change. Newmarkets in light weight cloth, jackets, and short mantles are all worn. Tight garments should be lined with silk in the waist and sleeves for convenience in putting off and on and the less damage done the dress. The most desirable jackets have double breasted fronts with tight backs, while the fronts may be half loose or tight fitting. Very large buttons are used on these garments, also numerous clasps. Now and then we see a cord and loop trimming, but most jackets have no ornaments, depending for style on their fit and finish. Bright red jackets are worn by very young ladies and are especially pretty when a fresh, bright face and jaunty hat surmount them.

The sleeves of wraps are much larger from the elbow down, and as the weather

grows warmer the padoga sleeve will be worn.

Woolen or Angola laces are now brought out in colors and shades to match all the new woolen goods and can be had from one inch to forty inches in width. The wider grades will be in demand as flounces, skirt fronts, over skirts and panels. These draperies are easily arranged at home, not needing the help of a skilled modiste as do some heavier materials. The guipure nets form lovely little wraps and mantellets made up over silk with trimmings of edging to match.

This is another velvet season, and velvets and velveteens are made into handsome street and reception dresses, and everywhere appear as trimmings.

In the make-up of cotton goods the styles are somewhat simple, and the old surplice and blouse waists are revived with charming effect, while bretelles, plastrons, fichus and small capes give an airy gracefulness to thin frocks. Many plain, round, tucked skirts are seen, but they have a narrow foot plaiting set under the hem.

In wool dresses the drapery grows less bunched. A good model is a kilt plaited skirt trimmed to any desired depth with rows of braid or velvet ribbon. The front drapery is a very short, scant apron, and the back is a long, rounded point plaited in very full each side the center at the top. Perfectly plain postilion basque, with buttons each side the center skirt seam, and a V shaped vest reaching the top of the biases. The vest is of velvet or of the material crossed with braid, and is fastened in by small, close set buttons, which also fasten the basque the rest of the way. On the upper side of the sleeve put a V shaped cuff to match the vest. A particularly handsome suit has a skirt of tobacco brown diagonal with bands of velvet graduated in width and of different shades of the same color, beginning with the widest and darkest, set on plain before the plaits are laid. Overskirt and waist of a small figured brocade the exact color of the skirt, the vest and cuffs formed of the different shades of velvet in much narrower widths than those used on the skirt. Carved buttons of dark brown wood, which show the various shades seen in the velvet.

An elegant reception toilet shown at a recent opening is made of peach stone brown velvet, cut princess, with full plaits in the back, which are extended to form a medium length train. The bodice is *decollete*, with a shoulder strap. From the waist line the front opens over a vest and front breadth of blush pink satin, the latter festooned with exquisite white lace, the cascades being caught on the left side in three places by bunches of blush pink ostrich tips. The shoulders are covered by a fall of lace to match that on the skirt. This is draped and fastened in front by another bunch of the feathers. Dog collar of pink velvet with diamond ornament. Long gloves with embroidered tops. Hair dressed high, with bunch of tips and branching gold ornament set with diamonds.

A pretty arrangement for a square cut bodice is to fasten a handsome chain bracelet across the chest just below the throat. When this is fastened, place loops of velvet ribbon in the fans of lace that form a full ruche around the neck. If desired, a pendant can be suspended from the center.

All sleeves have fullness enough at the top to give a round, plump effect, while on dressy costumes very high ones are worn by those who possess slender shoulders.

The old fashioned hook and eye fastens most of the new dresses, but large buttons are seen on double breasted garments, and with clasps are used in fastening overskirts and panels.

Bonnets are small and close but slightly larger than those of last season. The Gainsborough hat with its long plumes reappears, to the delight of the piquant faced damsels, to whom they are so becoming. Lace bonnets are being prepared for use a little later in the season, and are marvels of bead work and embroidery. Light colors are reserved for dress occasions and watering places. Most bonnet crowns are cut up in the horse shoe shape, and the hair must be so arranged as to show somewhat. Beads are used lavishly on all kinds of head gear. Garnet and amber beads in flat, three-cornered shapes are a novelty. These are set in rows on the brims, and whole crowns are often covered with them. Soft scarfs of crape or silk and ribbons, especially of satin and velvet, are used as trimmings with numbers of slides and pins. These are massed on the front and are arranged even higher than ever, if that be possible. Tinsel effects in millinery are going out, for which every body of taste will be most thankful, as they give a brazen and soldier-like air, especially on the enormously high hats, neither desirable nor pleasing. Many bonnets are made of crape, and for use on these there are delicate crape flowers and the most cobwebby of gauze ribbons.

I will describe two very pretty dog collars, as some of the young lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD may like to try their hand at making these fashionable toilet accessories. A bias band of black velvet, stiffened with canvas and lined with silk, is made of such a width as to accommodate five rows of cut jet beads, each one the size of a small pea. This fastens in front with a fine cut jet clasp, and on each side of this from the bottom of the collar hang eight strings—four on a side—of twenty beads each, each string of which is finished by a spike shaped jet ornament of appropriate size. Number two is made of two widths of picot edged blue satin ribbon, that for the neck being two inches wide, properly stiffened and lined and fastened with wrought silver clasp. Of the half-inch ribbon form a double row of points, made after the manner of the first half point of the common tape trimming. The points should alternate, not fall one over the other, the lower row being the longest. Finish each point by fastening on it a small imitation silver coin and put a row of the same where the points join the collar.

The Mikado craze is extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its effects are being seen in the costumes of the *beau monde*. The Japanese "Kimono" is used as a wrapper by my lady, who finds it most comfortable and becoming. The shape and style of these Kimono's are entirely beyond description. One must see them worn or look at the picture of a Japanese lady of rank to appreciate them. The materials vary; one was a rich, red crapy silk on which asters and the "node shiko" and leaves were embroidered in brilliant colors with a mingling of gold thread. This was lined with red silk and worn under two other garments of similar cut made of silk gauze tissue, through which the bright colors and gay flowers gleamed with exquisite effect. The "obi," or sash, has an important place in most Japanese costumes. They are about five yards long and vary in width, some being very wide. They are elegant for evening wear with rich dresses.

Wrappers are indispensable for those who take an active part in household duties. A pretty model, to be made either in cotton or thin wool goods, is cut princess front with two darts; back of the skirt straight and full and gathered on with standing ruffle about three inches below the waist line. The bottom of the front is slashed up to a depth of five

inches, forming blocks. Under these a flounce is set sufficiently wide to fall two inches below the bottom of the blocks. A two inch plaiting is set under the back breadths to make them even with the front. The turn down collar and cuffs are trimmed with two rows of any flat braid or lace, while two rows of the same pass down each side of the front, terminating at the tops of slashes. Instead of wrappers young ladies wear plain skirts and blouse waists, while for use with partly worn skirts nothing is prettier than the short, plain jackets of Turkey red cotton trimmed with red and white embroidery or white lace. Crochet lace, or lace made of rick rack or feather edged braid is very effective on these waists.

Colored skirts are worn on all occasions except those where full dress is required, or with thin summer dresses. These skirts are made of flannel, farmer's satin, poplin, alpaca, mohair, etc., and have a gored front and side with a single plain breadth in the back. The trimmings consist of tucks, ruffles, braids and embroidery. Skirts can be bought ready made at reasonable prices but nearly every one can find among her cast off clothing some dress which, when washed and pressed, can be made into a desirable skirt, either alone or in combination with some other material. The work is slight, and material and money are both saved.

Bustles are indispensable, and for those who dislike "cages" there are wash skirts with ruffles from top to bottom of the back breadth. These are stiffly starched and pulled in shape while drying, not ironed.

The perfumed ribbon for bonnet trimmings are a high novelty. When used near the face, as strings, the warmth causes it to exhale the most exquisite bouquet.

Some of the new evening dresses are of fairy-like loveliness, being almost covered with cut iris crystal beads which reflect all the colors of the rainbow.

PINE APPLE LACE.

Make a chain of twelve stitches, turn, make three trebles in fourth stitch of chain, chain three, fasten in eighth stitch of chain, chain three, make three trebles in same (eighth) stitch, fasten in first stitch, turn, * chain three, make shell of three trebles in farther edge of shell in preceding row, chain three, fasten in first stitch of next shell, chain three, make shell of three trebles in same stitch, fasten in last stitch of shell in preceding row; turn and repeat from * until you have a strip with twelve shells at each edge, this forms heading for one scallop which is worked back and forth underneath, beginning with:

13. Chain one, three trebles, two chain, three trebles, (forming shell,) all under the three chain between tenth and eleventh shells of heading, chain four, shell of three trebles, two chain and three trebles under three chain between sixth and seventh shells, chain four, shell under three chain between second and third shells of heading, chain five, fasten in first stitch of foundation chain; turn.

14. Ten double crochet under five chain, chain one, shell on first shell, chain four, ten trebles under two chain of second shell, chain four, shell on third shell, chain five, fasten in outer edge of last shell in heading; turn.

15. Work along five chain in single crochet until first shell is reached, chain one, shell on shell, chain four, one double crochet between first and second trebles *, two chain, one double crochet between next two trebles, repeat from * until there are nine double crochets, the last being between ninth and tenth trebles, chain four, shell on shell, chain five, single crochet under one chain after shell; turn.

16. Ten double crochet under five chain, chain one, shell on shell, chain three, one double crochet under first two chain, * two chain, one double crochet under next two chain; repeat from * until there are eight double crochets, chain three, shell on shell, chain five, single crochet under one chain after shell; turn.

17. Work back in single crochet along five chain until first shell is reached, chain one shell on shell, chain three, one double crochet under first two chain, * chain two, one double crochet under next two chain; repeat from * until there are seven double crochets, chain three, shell on shell, chain five, single crochet under one chain after shell; turn.

18. Like 16th row, but only six double crochets in center instead of eight.

19. Like 17th row, but five double crochets instead of seven.

20. Like 16th row, but only four double crochets.

21. Like 17th row, but only three double crochets.

22. Like 16th row, but only two double crochets.

23. Like 17th row, but only one double crochet.

The apple is now complete and the two parts of scallop are to be joined.

24. Ten double crochet under last five chain, work in single crochet along first half of shell last made, then by a double crochet catch together the two chains of last two shells, single crochet along last half of other shell, turn; chain five, single crochet under one chain at end of last complete scallop.

25. Make ten double crochet under each remaining five chain, catching under each one chain between.

This finishes first scallop and brings your thread to the heading. Repeat from first *. Join first three lesser scallops in second point to last three in first, by taking out hook at center stitch and putting in center of small scallop opposite, draw thread through and finish the ten double crochet as usual. M. A. BROWN.

Lombard, Cecil Co., Md.

INFANT'S KNITTED SACK.

Requires two skeins of Saxony yarn. Knit with a yoke. Cast on fifty-four stitches for down the front.

1st to 12th rows, knit plain for a plain stripe.

13. Knit one, purl one, alternately.

14. Purl one, knit one, to the end.

These two rows are repeated five times more, which forms the pattern stripe.

Knit twelve plain rows, then twelve pattern rows, and twelve plain rows, making five stripes or sixty rows. Cast off twenty-five stitches for the armhole, knit to the end of the row, knit back and cast on twenty-five stitches for the other side of armhole. Continue the knitting on the back till there are six pattern stripes and six plain stripes. Cast off stitches for the armhole and knit the other front side.

Yoke.—Pick up the stitches across the top of the back and knit one plain stripe. Then take up the stitches across the top of the front and knit a plain stripe, bind off twelve stitches from the front end of needle to shape the neck better.

Knit the other front in the same way. You now have your stitches on three needles. Take the fourth needle and commence knitting where you leave off binding off, knit to the end of the first needle, this time beginning the pattern stripe. Cast on twelve stitches for the top of the armhole, then knit across the back; cast on twelve more and knit across the front.

Knit two pattern rows then commence to decrease to shape the shoulder by narrowing in every row exactly over the center of armhole. Bind off a stitch each time across at the front edges.

The back of yoke being the widest will have two plain stripes and one pattern stripe, then bind off.

Sleeve.—Cast on fifty-four stitches and knit five plain stripes and five pattern stripes. Bind off loosely and sew up. Knit a border across the bottom the same as that on the bottom of sack.

Directions for Border.—Pick up stitches down the front, make nine at the corner, pick them up around the bottom, make nine more at the other corner, then continue up the other front side.

Observe that three stitches must be knit plain at the beginning and end of each row.

In consequence of the pattern sloping the last repeat will not work quite out. Each alternate row is purled.

1. Narrow, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

2. Purl; also every even row.

3. Narrow, knit one, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

5. Narrow, knit two, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

7. Narrow, knit two, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

9. Narrow, knit two, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

11. Narrow, knit one, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

13. Narrow, * over, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three; repeat from *.

15. Knit plain.

Bind off loosely on the wrong side. Crochet an edge on the bottom. Run a ribbon through the crocheted edge at the neck or not, as you choose.

I knit one from these directions and think it very pretty. It is plenty large enough for my six months' old baby.

MRS. W. L. KETCHAM.

LADY'S HOOD, OR FASCINATOR.

Materials, four ounces of single zephyr or a corresponding amount of German-town wool, and two ounces of split zephyr or Shetland wool. Use very coarse steel needles or small ivory or rubber needles.

Cast on sixty-five stitches, knit across five times plain, * then purl across, then five times plain *, repeat from * to * seven times; then purl twenty-three stitches, (removing the remaining stitches to another needle or cord,) then, * across five times and purl *, repeat from * to * twenty-five times; bind off four stitches, drop the next, bind off five more, drop the next, and so on till all are bound off; then return to the remaining stitches on the third needle, just where we left off, drop the first stitch next to the long end, bind off four, drop the next stitch, bind off five, drop the next, bind off five, drop the next three stitches in all, which purl, and then five times across plain. Knit this side like the other. The dropped stitches may be pulled so that they will drop through all the rows, making a pretty open work through which narrow ribbons of the same or contrasting color to the wool may be run. Or it is quite pretty without the ribbon. Now fold and sew together across where the sixty-five stitches were first cast on. This is the top of the head upon which a pretty bow of ribbon may be placed to hide the sewing. With the fine wool crochet an edge all around the hood. Crochet four double (*i. e.*, thread over once before putting the needle under) into middle of every ridge or puff.

2. Four double in top of preceding row.

3. Six double in top of preceding row.

4. Three chain, and single crochet between every long stitch. This makes a pretty scallop and finish.

The long ends may be crossed in the back and brought forward, and fastened under the chin with a bow like the one on the top of the head, or simply fastened in front without crossing.

Connecticut.

HELENE HARTE.

ANOTHER ANCIENT POINTED LACE.

Cast on eleven stitches.

1. Slip one, over and narrow four times, over twice, knit two.

2. Knit three, purl one, knit one, over and narrow four times.

3. Slip one, over and narrow four times, knit four.

4. Knit five, over and narrow four times.

5. Slip one, over and narrow four times, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow.

6. Knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit one, over and narrow four times.

7. Slip one, over and narrow four times, knit six.

8. Knit seven, over and narrow four times.

9. Slip one, over and narrow four times, over twice and narrow three times.

10. Knit two and purl one, three times, knit one, over and narrow four times.

11. Slip one, over and narrow four times, knit nine.

12. Knit ten, over and narrow four times.

13. Slip one, over and narrow four times, over twice and narrow three times, over twice, knit three together.

14. Knit two and purl one four times, knit one, over and narrow four times.

15. Slip one, over and narrow four times, knit twelve.

16. Bind off ten, knit two, over and narrow four times.

The "binding off" should be loose enough to correspond in length with the opposite side of the scallop. The fagoting can be made wider by adding two stitches for each row of open work.

NELLIE MAY.

SMYRNA LACE.

Cast on twenty-five stitches and knit across plain.

1. Knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

2. Knit four, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

You will observe that these two rows are just alike.

3. Knit five, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

4. Like the third.

5 and 6. Knit six, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

7 and 8. Knit seven, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

9 and 10. Knit eight, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

11. Knit all plain.

12 and 13. Knit fourteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit the rest plain.

14 and 15. Knit fifteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit five.

16 and 17. Knit sixteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit four.

18 and 19. Knit seventeen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit three.

20 and 21. Knit eighteen, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two.

22. Knit all plain.

Begin again at first row.

NELLIE MAY.

SHELL TIDY.

From the Shell Pattern given in September, 1884, number, by C. M. B., I am knitting a tidy. I cast on one hundred and thirty stitches, which knits five times

through the pattern, and three for each edge, which are knit every time across, instead of being purled, except first stitch, which is slipped every time. There is no need of the purl stitch on the last end of pattern now, so I left it off, or it would require one hundred and thirty-one stitches. I think tides like this must have been knit in our grandmother's time, for one is occasionally seen now, and I have often wished for the directions. It has been called "feather stitch tidy," which seems an appropriate name. Mine is not as loosely done on such large needles, as the ancient ones were, and will not be as "stringy." With the editor's permission I append the directions, as they are short and simple, and tidies are constantly asked for among the many new subscribers ever year. Use four ply, number 10, Dexter's cotton.

SHELL PATTERN.

Twenty-five stitches are required for each pattern.

1. Knit two together four times, over and knit one eight times, knit two together four times, purl one; repeat.

2. Purl.

3. Plain knitting.

4. Purl.

Commence again at first row.

NELLIE MAY.

PRETTY CROCHET LACE.

Make twenty-two chain, one treble (thread over once) in tenth stitch from hook, two chain, one treble in thirteenth stitch, two chain, treble in sixteenth, two chain, treble in nineteenth, two chain, treble in last.

2. Five chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, ten trebles in last chain.

3. Three chain, one treble in each of ten, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble in third stitch of chain.

4. Five chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on treble, two chain, treble on each of ten, and one in three chain at end.

First row of next scallop. Eight chain, treble between third and fourth trebles, two chain, treble between fifth and sixth, two chain, treble between seventh and eighth, two chain, treble in last treble.

Repeat from second row.

TENNESSEE.

FLUTED EDGING.

Cast on thirty-three stitches and knit across twice plain.

1. Knit three, purl thirty.

2. Knit thirty, leave three stitches on the left hand needle; turn.

3. Purl thirty.

4. Knit thirty-three.

5. Knit three, purl thirty.

6. Knit thirty, leave three stitches on the left hand needle; turn.

7. Knit thirty.

8. Purl thirty, knit three.

9. Knit three, thread over and narrow all the way across.

10. Purl thirty, leave three on the left hand needle; turn.

11. Knit thirty.

12. Purl thirty, knit three.

MRS. A. W. PARKHURST.

Box 81, Amherst, N. H.

FLUTED EDGING.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain.

2. Purl fourteen.

3. Slip off the first of the fourteen stitches without knitting on to the right hand needle with the four, knit nine, narrow, over twice, knit two.

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

5. Slip the first stitch, knit thirteen.

SECOND QUILT OF FLUTING.

1. Knit eighteen.

2. Knit four, purl fourteen.

3. Knit one, narrow, over twice, knit eleven.

4. Slip one, purl thirteen.

5. Knit eighteen.

Repeat until long enough.

Massachusetts.

MARIETTE.

GRAPE BORDER.

To Mattie J., of Dakota. I tried your directions for shoulder cape, and think it would be beautiful. I converted it into a sack for my eleven months old baby, by making chain just long enough to have seven shells or gores, one for each front, one for each shoulder and three for the back. Drop off one gore for each sleeve, make a chain long enough for the under part of the arm, and join to the back gore. Work on until it is of the desired length, still widening a little toward the bottom.

For a border I used the grape pattern, leaving off the grapes up in front and around the neck. It made a pretty little sack. I used nearly four ounces of zephyr.

I have not seen directions for grape edging in THE HOUSEHOLD so I will try to give them.

1. Work around the article with treble stitch, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain.

2. * One treble in the space between the first and second trebles of the first row, one chain, one treble between third and fourth trebles; one chain, work on in this way till there are six trebles, between the sixth and seventh trebles make five trebles, turn and join with single crochet to the back of the first of the five trebles, two chain, five trebles in the next space, one chain; repeat from *.

3. * One chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, five trebles in the next space, two chain, five trebles between the first two of five, two chain, five trebles in the next space, one chain, (don't forget to turn and join after making the five trebles, this makes the shape of ball or grape;) repeat from *.

4. * One chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, one chain, five trebles, turn, fasten two chain, five trebles, two chain, one treble; repeat from *.

5. * One chain, one treble until you come to the bunch, five trebles, turn, fasten, two chain, one treble, one chain; repeat from *. This completes the bunch. Finish with a scallop of six trebles with one chain between each, skip one space, fasten down, skip another space, make another scallop, and so on.

The last row is a chain of three stitches fastened with single crochet between every treble of scallop. Mrs. H. S. W.

Cedar Creek, Greene Co., Tenn.

KANSAN LACE.

Cast on eighteen stitches.

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

2. Over, narrow, over, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit five.

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

4. Over, narrow, over, knit one, narrow, over, knit three, over, narrow, knit

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

5. Knit eight, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow three together, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over, knit two.

6. Over, narrow, knit one, slip second stitch over the last one knitted, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow three together, over, knit three, over, narrow three together, over, knit nine.

7. Knit ten, over, knit one, over, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit one, narrow, knit one, narrow.

8. Over, narrow, knit one, slip second stitch over last, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, knit one, over, narrow, knit three, narrow, over, narrow, over, narrow three together, over, knit three.

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

10. Over, narrow, knit one, slip second over last, over, narrow three together, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow three together, over, narrow, knit one, narrow, over, narrow, knit two.

Massachusetts.

MARIETTA.

MOSS LAMP MAT.

Purchase one-half ounce each of four shades of single scarlet zephyr. Take the darkest shade, open and cut where the thread separates it into small skeins. Take four threads of the zephyr, tie a knot very near the end, then divide, holding three threads in the right hand and one in the left hand. Now tie a square knot about three-fourths of an inch from the first knot, continue tying knots that distance apart till the zephyr is gone. Should the one thread be used up before the others tie on more zephyr and finish. After all the zephyr is tied up, take the work in the left hand, untwist if twisted, cut with scissors the three threads in the middle between the knots.

Procure a thin card board a little larger than the lamp or vase bottom you wish to use, cover with the material you wish the center of the mat to be. Wind the tied and cut zephyr loosely around a card two and one-half inches wide and cut once.

Now sew the darkest shade around the outside edge of foundation, each piece sewed in the middle, leaving the ends loose, one-half of an inch apart. Put the next darkest shade inside this, in the same manner, with the lightest shade inside, leaving a space large enough for the lamp.

Cover a stiff card-board with scarlet flannel and fasten the mat firmly to this and you have a pretty mat. Of course a moss mat should be made of shaded green, double zephyr preferred.

TISLET TEMPLE.

FRENCH LACE.

My hobby is knitting, and as each HOUSEHOLD comes I seize the first opportunity to try over the knitting patterns, in which I take a special interest. And just here let me say that a modest little pattern called by some "French Lace," though it is known by other names, is one of the prettiest patterns in wool edging. It is nice done with Andalusian wool on medium sized wooden needles for flannel skirts, and when done with Pompadour wool it makes a very dainty trimming for baby shawls, etc.

Any one having scraps of black velvet and no bright pieces to combine with them in the popular crazy patchwork, can make a handsome tidy by basting the bits of velvet, in any shape or size, only be sure the edges overlap a little, on a piece of black lining the size required, then with various bright colored embroidery silks, herring-boning around each piece,

and adding a spray or flower to fill up any vacancy that suggests itself, until the desired degree of craziness is obtained. Finish the edge with heavy cream colored lace fulled on a little.

CANADIAN PUSSY WILLOW.

PRETTY CALENDAR MAT.

Take a piece of black satin, velvet or silk, to measure about eight inches in length and seven in width. Work in embroidery a pretty wild rose with a running vine on one side of the satin (or material), at the right hand side, leaving sufficient space for a small calendar to be gummed to the lower part of the satin, (get the smallest you can.) Baste the satin to pasteboard measuring six by seven and one-half inches, turn the edges over and line with any thin material. Take pink chenille the shade of wild rose and sew around the edge, make a loop to hang by of the same by fastening chenille at each end of the upper square of the work, finish by making rosettes at each corner of the same material.

The one I saw was made of black silk and was very pretty; the calendar was about one and one-half inches square. The form I have given will do for one two and one-half inches square.

AUNT MAB.

RUTH'S LACE.

Cast on twenty-five stitches.

1. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit sixteen.

2. * Knit one, thread over three times, repeat from * until only nine stitches remain, then knit nine.

3. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, slip sixteen stitches on right hand needle without knitting, drop loops, now slip those sixteen stitches back on left hand needle. Now you have sixteen long stitches. * Pass the next four of these long stitches over the first four and knit the next four first, then the first four, repeat from *, knit nine.

4. Knit twenty-five.

5. Slip one, knit two, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit sixteen.

This completes one scallop.

Very pretty lace knit in Saxony yarn.

Vevay, Ind. Mrs. JAMES S. KNOX.

PRETTY HOOD.

I will send directions for a very pretty covering for the head called a twilight.

Materials required, a little over one lap of whole zephyr, one of split zephyr, and one and one-half bunches of crystal beads.

With the whole zephyr make a chain of thirty stitches, double crochet in each stitch, * turn, miss the first stitch, double crochet in all but the last; repeat from * until you have seven stitches. Break off wool, begin in the middle again, crochet down until you have seven. This is the lining and should come a little below the ears, but not much. Now take a coarse steel hook, catch into first stitch at the bottom, crochet six chain, loosely, take a bead, draw stitch through, six chain, catch into same stitch. So continue until hood is covered with loops, each loop containing a bead. Ribbon same color. White with silvered beads is quite pretty.

PEARL.

KNITTED SLIPPERS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have received so many valuable hints from your magazine that I would like to return the favor if possible, and will proceed to tell the sister who asks how to knit slippers that will come high, like a shoe.

Take four knitting needles, and for a number eight slipper, men's size, cast on one hundred and eighty stitches, as for a

stocking. Knit one and seam one for eight rounds, then take the center of one needle as a starting point and narrow once on each side of center stitch, and knit as before. Narrow in same place every round until right size for ankle, then knit without narrowing until high enough. Finish with any pretty edge.

Mrs. W. N. W.

STRAWBERRY STITCH.

Cast on thirty stitches.

1. Knit one, seam three together, knit three in one, (knitting first stitch, seam next, knit next,) seam three together, knit three in one as before; repeat.

2. Seam across.

3. Knit two, seam three together, knit three in one.

L. G. C.

Box 1125, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

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 lady of THE HOUSEHOLD please send directions for a knitted shoulder cape? California. Mrs. W. H. B.

Will some one send a pattern (knit) in fancy stitch, for a lady's jacket with sleeves, how much Germantown, etc., for one who measures thirty-four inches bust measure? I. I. BEALS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please give directions for making a crocheted breakfast cap of twine or coarse linen bread? Mrs. M. F. PIERCE.

Bird City, Cheyenne Co., Kan.

Will some one give directions for knitting a tidy? and oblige MISS M. E. CUMMINGS.

Winchendon, Mass.

Will some one please send directions for crocheting baby's zephyr sack? Mrs. A. S.

Can Mrs. W. S. Shearer, of Wallace, Cal., send directions for knitting an edging to correspond with those given for knitting a bedspread in the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1885? and oblige Mrs. K. C. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters please send directions for crocheted rose, or send me a zephyr rose? I will return the favor. Belleville, Ill. Mrs. V. G. JOHNSON.

Will some of the kind sisters please tell me of some pretty fancy articles for a sitting room and how to make them, also what kind of tidies for a stuff set? Mrs. H. L. S.

Massachusetts.

Will some of your many subscribers give directions for knitting a gentleman's scarf, also the quantity of yarn for one two yards in length? C. P. C.

To Old Subscriber and Mrs. I. J. Robinson. The eleventh row of Normandy lace in April number 1885, should read thus: Nine plain, over, knit two together, one plain, knit two together, over, three plain, (17 stitches.) The twelfth row is correct.

Mae Halbert, short stitch (in crochet) is putting the hook through the stitch which you wish to take up, and pulling it right through.

Single Stitch.—Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through in a loop, and also through the loop on the needle.

Double Crochet.—Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through, take up the cotton again and bring it through the two loops.

Treble Crochet.—Turn the cotton round the needle, put it in a stitch, bring the cotton through, then take it up and bring it through two loops twice.

Long Stitch.—Turn the cotton twice round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops three times.

Will some one send a handsome hood pattern, something thick?

I saw a quilt this week which was very novel and pretty, made of children's pictured handkerchiefs, such as you buy for five cents each. They were all different pictures, and they were quilted as you went along. The back part of the square being of cretonne, one square would be in four squares, and the other, one large square. The border was of turkey red, and the handkerchiefs that were small were pieced out with red.

EMILY ELLIOTT.

The Dining Room.

THE MANNING GIRLS' EXPERIMENT ON THE DINING ROOM.

BY ELLEN LYMAN.

IT WAS a large, pleasant room, with two front windows, which in summer served as a commodious dining room, and in winter as both kitchen and dining room on ordinary occasions. To be sure, there was the summer kitchen where washing and other heavy work could be done, and which of course saved much of the litter and confusion that otherwise would have necessarily been crowded into the living room. The large, convenient pantry was accessible from both, which much simplified the management of the household labors.

But this combined kitchen and dining room at the Mannings', pleasant as it was from the outlook, failed to be an attractive family room, especially to May and Edith, who had, while attending school in a neighboring town, become used to the more tasteful ways of home keeping in the family where they boarded. The cook stove, with its necessary surroundings looked homely to them from the other side of the room where the table was set, while the open sink, with the shelves above where it was so convenient to put various things while at work looked far more unsightly than they usually had done. Then Edith complained that it was so much work to remove things from the cooking table to make it presentable after meals were prepared, especially when visitors were present, while in other ways it seemed only an ordinary work room.

Now this was not, I think, because they had imbibed too many fanciful notions, as their parents were inclined to assume, but more because the taste had been developed by contact with the world without, and the old ways seemed more homely than formerly had been the case. At the same time, the parents accustomed to their usual plain ways, failed to see the deficiencies as they appeared to the daughters.

Now the girls had come home for the holidays, and Edith was to remain during the winter to assist her mother about the work, and also to care for the younger children while the parents made some visits among family friends. Then in the spring May was to remain at home and Edith return to school. This arrangement equalized affairs somewhat, helped reduce expenses, and made it possible for them to attend school more terms than had help been hired in the house all the year, and they both staid at school together, as they would have delighted to do.

It was during the first week of vacation that a letter came from a cousin of Mrs. Manning, living in a quiet way in a neighboring city, proposing to visit them and stop over the holidays. Her daughter was staying at the time with other friends, so would not accompany her mother. All were glad to have Cousin Emily visit them, but of course the girls began at once to talk over what could be done to make the room more attractive, and give it a less homely, kitcheny look, as they termed it.

At first they proposed setting the table in the sitting room while their visitor remained, but this was vetoed at once, as being unnecessary and making much additional work, though for occasional company for a day this was frequently done.

"Why," said Mrs. Manning, "Emily has only a few small rooms in her city home—her part of a house—and cannot make much spread were she so inclined.

Let her take us as we are, and we shall all enjoy the visit better than if we change our family arrangements for the time being, and she will be more at ease with us."

"But can't we do something to make this room look more cosy, and to tone it up a little in some way?" said Edith. "There are those shelves above the sink, so handy and so homely, let us see, we will have a curtain which we can draw in front when not at work and thus cover the unsightliness from general view."

"And this little cooking table," said May, "mother would not think she could get a meal of victuals without it near the stove, but it is not needful in the room at other times. There is, I think, a set of easters in the shed room, and we will have them put in the table, and as it is small and light we can roll it into the pantry or out room, when not needed for use, leaving the dirty cooking dishes on it till time to wash them."

When these things were done, Mrs. Manning herself remarked upon the additional tidiness of the room, and wondered none of them had ever thought of these improvements before, and it was very little trouble to move the table or to draw the curtain at any time. The girls then hunted up some pieces of carpeting, sewed one kind around another as border, and thus made quite a respectable drugget to put under the dining table, which not only made the room look more cosy and pleasant, but gave additional warmth to the floor beneath the table.

Then May brought an old stand from the chamber, which she covered with a square of unused cretonne, and placed upon it a few pots of plants from the variety accumulated in the sitting room. This brightened up the room, while some other little devices gave additional finishing touches thereto. And it made it pleasanter for work room as well as for dining room, and often on busy days it served for living room as well.

Cousin Emily, of course, was not to be told that these little improvements had been made in view of her visit, for the girls had proposed some changes before, which would probably have been carried out in the future, if not just at that especial time. But they thought she might give them further hints to act upon, which she did when the subject was broached to her.

"It seems so roomy here," said she one morning, as they all lingered in the breakfast room for a time. "With the high rents we have to pay in the city, we are obliged, in our circumstances, to utilize all available space, and to make the most of every room."

Then she told them something of how she managed to make a single room serve for parlor and sitting room, and, with a sofa bed in it, to serve for guest chamber as well. How another room was separated by screens and used for dining room, and for most of the household labor, except in the hottest weather, when a small side room was made to do duty for part of the work, and this upon an oil stove to save heating the rooms.

"The screens—that is what strikes me as just the thing for this large room," said Edith, "and I wonder we have not thought of it before, though they are little used in country homes."

"But where are we to get the frames?" queried May. "And how shall we cover them? For such things are not to be had ready made here that I know of, and if they were the expense would be more than father and mother would think they could afford."

Cousin Emily said that if there were a pair of old-fashioned clothes bars in the house they could be made to answer a very good purpose, or most any man, handy with tools, could put together a

frame which would answer as well as a more expensive and highly finished one would do.

There must be feet put on the clothes frames, or any other to keep in place, and it was better to have it in two parts, hinged together, when it could be folded or put in different shapes as needed.

And this was soon under way, Mr. Manning himself being enough of a carpenter to make the frames with Cousin Emily's supervision, while a few yards of cretonne served as cover, being tacked on with small tacks, the cloth covering the edges of the frames, as they were only plainly, finished and would be perhaps more useful than ornamental.

And very useful this was found to be, as time made it a more and more indispensable article of furniture. Placed before the stove and sink it hid these from view, and also the work table when that was not removed, leaving the other part of the room tidy for a dining room. It was not so high as to keep the warmth from the stove to much extent; and very cold mornings the screen could be set in such a way as to leave the stove unhidden and yet most of the cooking and kitchen furniture be out of sight. Then this same screen could be used to partition off a little bath room, for the time being, when it was desired to give the children baths in the warm kitchen, or, indeed, to serve for a sort of toilet contrivance for any of the family. Again, placed in a corner, it made the little ones a cosy play room, or in front of the lounge, when one wished to lie upon it, and be a little screened from observation. Indeed, it had various uses and in all seasons of the year. Sometimes to keep off the wind from an open door, at other times to hide the litter made in cutting work, which must be left, perhaps, for a time unfinished. After this, the girls had a smaller one made for the chambers, where it was found especially convenient where two occupied the same room.

Besides the screen and various other little changes, Cousin Emily suggested that a few yards of cretonne like that of the screen be purchased to make curtains in front of the what-not shelves in one corner of the room; those shelves so convenient for work baskets, for stray books, and for this, that, and the other articles placed or thrown promiscuously upon them, as is liable, in a family, to be done.

This made the room look more tidy while the curtains were in a way ornamental, and the shelves could be made more useful than when uncovered. And drapery is becoming so much a part of home arrangements, that a room is now scarce furnished unless there is something of the drapery kind serving for doors, curtains, or whatever suggests itself to the household womenkind.

And really, this large and somewhat unattractive living room presented a much more cosy and pleasant appearance and the parents as well as the daughters were delighted by the changes made.

NAPKIN ETIQUET.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is bad form to fold the napkin after dinner, that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not befit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unostentatious care, and lay it on the left

of the plate, far from the liquids, liquors and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated.

The napkin has played famous parts in the fortunes of men and women. It is one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts.

At the court of the empire, Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of a napkin and the manner of eating an egg, made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte Beuve, was disgraced, and left off the visiting list, because at a breakfast with the emperor and empress at the Tuileries, he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his two knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon, and drained with its tip.

The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances so far that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes open and note what others do.—*Exchange.*

THE DESSERT.

—Always goes round with a long face—an alligator.

—George—"Do you know, Ethel, old Stokes had a perplexity fit the other day?" Ethel—"A perplexity fit? You mean a parallel stroke."

—"I declare!" exclaimed the poet as he trudged home through the slush, "I almost wish I had never written that poem on 'Beautiful Snow.'"

—Mrs. Grundy says that "the children of the women of culture usually have their stockings in holes." It strikes us that this is better than having holes in their stockings.

—"In London the tricycle is used by milkmen," we are told. In this country they use the plain, simple pump. America has a great deal to learn before it equals England in some particulars.

—"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a rural school director of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing," replied the old gentleman, "the building's big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

—An old lady who died recently in London bequeathed to the doctor who had attended her for the last thirty-five years a huge box containing all the bottles of medicine he had ever sent her, unopened. The doctor cannot understand, for the life of him, what caused her death.

—It is narrated that a very pretty but not an over highly intellectual literary girl met Mr. William Dean Howells for the first time the other evening, and becoming quite interested in his talk, asked him for his autograph. Mr. Howells assented willingly and wrote a very witty verse to a very pretty girl. "Oh, Mr. Howells," she exclaimed, girly-girlyly, "how sweet! Is it original?" "Oh, yes," he replied, smiling benignantly. "You don't say! Well, I should think you would write something for the newspapers or the magazines. I've seen lots worse things than this in print."

The Kitchen.

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

BY AUNT HANNAH.

EVERY number of THE HOUSEHOLD is so replete with good things, every topic so ably handled, every department so fully represented, that it often seems as I look over the treasured copies that there is nothing new that can be written to interest or enlighten the Band.

But when I reflect that new subscribers are constantly being added, not all old housekeepers, but many fair, sweet brides who have much to learn ere the thorny path to perfection is smoothed by tact and experience, and that we can all learn even from the most humble sources, I am emboldened to dip my pen in the ink and share with others such bits of domestic knowledge as I have myself found useful.

Every season brings its duties, but it is perhaps in the spring and fall that the work of the house wife is most pressing. It is an old saying that, "As the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen," and though there may have been a slight lull in the hurry and rush during midwinter, the lengthening days bring with them a multitude of new duties.

The housework and sewing should be so advanced that midsummer may find the housekeeper sufficiently at leisure to be able to take a walk, a drive, or a nap after dinner, without feeling that there is going to be a domestic earthquake in consequence of her absence from the kitchen.

Every thing in and about the house must be cleaned and put in order and there is nothing like taking time by the forelock in this kind of work. It is a good plan to look over closets, cupboards, trunks, bags, etc., on rough, sloppy, blustering days when there is little chance of company as it is extremely annoying to be disturbed when engaged in this work.

It is a great convenience to have two boxes or bags in which to keep pieces, one in which to keep pieces of the clothing then in wear by the family, and when a garment is thrown aside take the roll of pieces belonging to it from that box and put it in the other.

It seems a great job at first but is much easier in the end if every cast off garment is at once ripped, washed, and laid in the place allotted to such articles. The buttons put in their box, the linings, tops, etc., with others of their kind. They are then ready for use at a moment's notice. The tops and back of pants and the partly worn coats can be worked over into garments for the boys, while almost every old dress, if of good material, can be utilized for the little girls. If there is not enough for a whole dress you may be able to get out a skirt, or a plain slip to wear under an apron or Hubbard. A frock coat, though ever so faded, if whole and of good material can be made into a handsome jacket for a young lady. I saw one the other day made of an old bottle green coat which was so badly faded on the back and shoulders as to be unfit, in its present condition, for further wear. Lois carefully ripped and pressed every piece, and selecting a pattern of a walking jacket where the pieces could be used to advantage, made up the cloth wrong side out. The work was not great, and the garment when done was stylish and comfortable, quite as good an one as could be bought for twelve dollars, and no expense save that for trimmings and pattern. In order to make such a piece of work as this a success one must have some skill in cutting and fitting, but a

majority of our girls have more skill and time than money.

Old stockings should be carefully saved and the tops cut over for the children. A good pattern for this purpose can be bought for ten cents and those who are not skillful at the work will find it a great help. Woolen ones too much worn for further use should be put aside for rug work, and the cotton ones for dish cloths and scrub rags. The bottom of an old scarlet undervest makes a nice petticoat for baby or even its three-year-old sister. Cut off the requisite depth, trim the bottom with a wide knit lace which will be nice catch up work, and attach to the usual waist or belt. Old table cloths can be utilized by cutting a napkin from each corner and dividing the center into dish wipers.

In looking over the attic, put in one place all the old clothes intended for rugs or rag carpets. If you have not time to make these yourself there may be some one in your neighborhood who will work them up at the halves. If you have time and strength for this work, well and good, but you cannot afford to hire it done when rugs and carpets can be bought so cheaply.

Moths are a great pest and the best way is not to let them get a foothold. Some odors, as those from camphor gum, tallow, etc., are offensive to the creatures, but I positively know of nothing that will kill them except fire and boiling water, unless one could catch them separately and then pound them to death on an anvil. If they are in the floors they can be kept from the carpets by pasting strips of stout, new cotton cloth over all the cracks and around the edge between the floor and baseboard. If they are in the carpet they can be killed by going over it with a damp cloth and hot irons. Steam is effectual and does not injure the colors. During May and June it is a good plan to sprinkle insect powder about the edges of carpets after each sweeping, giving a double portion to dark corners, as under commode, bureau, and bed. This tends to prevent the laying of eggs by the miller to whom the powder is distasteful.

In putting away woollens and furs, be sure there are no moths in them and then place in stout paper bags such as flour comes in. These bags must be pasted together, not tied. If you have a handy man in the family a nice packing box can be made of a large dry goods box. The cover must be hinged and fitted as tight as possible and the inside lined with several layers of newspapers. Shut a paper between box and lid and not a moth can get in. Such a box long enough to hold a dress skirt without folding, with sides papered or covered with chintz, and the lid stuffed, is a convenient article in any chamber where closet room is not abundant.

Our changeable climate, which gives us many cold, damp days even in midsummer, renders it imperative that at least one stove beside that in the kitchen be left in peace. Indeed, if the rooms are of fair size they are better left standing, but in this case the funnels and chimnies should be cleaned and the stoves blacked at the time the rooms are cleaned, that every thing may be safe and ready for use the first cold day. If stoves are stored for the summer, a coating of kerosene oil will preserve them from rust; an old cloth or paper should also be thrown over to keep off dust.

Cracks and broken places in walls can be mended with a mixture of plaster of Paris and cold water, mix but little at a time as it soon hardens. A thin, broad-bladed knife will be useful in applying it but if there are cracks in the corner you may have to use your fingers.

For those who do not wish the trouble of making whitewash that which comes

in tin cans, ready for use except to add hot water as directed, is very nice. Home made whitewash will be much improved by the addition of a little blueing or indigo. If the ceiling is much smoked scrape and wash with strong soda water—washing soda—and if there are discolorations from leaks in the roof, scrub with a solution of white vitriol. You may have to apply it several times. Then put on the whitewash as usual, going over the whole room twice in cross directions. Every amateur whitewasher knows the propensity of the fluid to spatter, and the decided affection it has for the border at the top of the room, and the nicer and more expensive the border is the more the whitewash is bound to stick to it. My husband found a way last fall to obviate all this. He took a straight, thin piece of pine board three feet long and three and one-half inches wide—a clapboard would do nicely—and on one side at the center fastened a long handle. I held this article at the top of the room against the border while John wielded the brush. The result was that the ceiling was whitened to the very edge and in the deepest corners, and the border left without spot or stain. We also whitened around the center piece with a small paint brush which reached into corners and angles as the larger one could not.

It sometimes happens in old houses that it is desirable to paper walls that have been painted, and though paper will never stick so well on such, much good will be done by washing the walls with strong soda water. Rinse this off and when dry apply a sizing made by dissolving one ounce of good glue in a pail of water. Go over every part thoroughly and when dry put the paper on with rye paste—all paste should be used cold—to which a little powdered alum has been added. Proceed in the same way when papering wooden walls, only in addition every crack must have a strip of stout cotton cloth pasted over it. And even then the paper will often crack on the seams. If there are large cracks in any of the floors you desire to paint, fill with a compound made as follows: Make a paste by boiling one pound of flour and a tablespoonful of alum, in three quarts of water. In this soak newspapers torn in bits. Mix and stir till thoroughly incorporated and when ready for use it should be of the consistency of putty.

Water and soap will soon destroy the best of oil cloth, and though they must be occasionally washed, put on little water, wipe with a cloth wrung out of skim milk, and finish with a dry rag. If oil cloth is varnished once a year, or twice if in constant use, as in a kitchen, its term of service will be almost indefinitely prolonged. After the usual sweeping which should be done with a bristle, not corn broom, fasten a large dry cloth on the broom and go over the floor with it. If you do you will not be annoyed by the fine dirt clinging to your skirts or baby's slips.

There should be a crumb cloth under every dining table but if the carpet is much soiled you can easily have it cleaned by taking it up and sending it to the proper place. If you do not wish to send it away, rip and wash a breadth at a time, selecting a fair day with a good breeze. Have the water warm with plenty of ox gall and salt to preserve the colors. Use any good hard soap and rinse till the water runs off clear. A barrel and poulder are great helps in this work. Of course the carpet must be well beaten before putting in the water, and it will be well to turn, or change the breadths about before relaying to bring the wear in new places.

It is most distressing to see either soot or ink spilled on a carpet, but fine salt will remove both, if quickly and persistently

applied. After all liquid is absorbed, slightly moisten the next application of salt, and scrape off when discolored. Continue till the carpet is clean.

I know you are dreading the doing up of those beautiful lace curtains in the parlor. Let me tell you how to do the work easily and satisfactorily. In the first place do not try to wash more than two curtains at a time or you will be likely to tear them. When they are taken down shake to remove dust, and baste a two-inch strip of cotton cloth all around the edges. Fold the curtains till quite small and lay in a tub of lukewarm suds. In half an hour gently press and put them in a basket to drain. Articles of this sort must on no account be wrung or rubbed. For the next water dissolve two table-spoonfuls of borax and some shavings of Ivory soap in two pails of water which may be used a little warmer than the first, and place the curtains in this. Set the two in the sun and turn the goods often to remove the yellow look. As soon as they are sufficiently whitened, scald, rinse, blue and starch. The starch must be very, very thin, and when the curtains are well drained dry on sheets which you have fastened on the floor, or pin to the quilting frames. When you put them to dry you will see the advantage of the strip about the edges. Keep them folded during the whole process, and if gently handled they will come out as good as new.

Last season a set of plain gray shades with painted dado's were completely spoiled—as we supposed—by swarms of flies which a careless servant allowed free range of the room. The shades were whole and nearly new so that we could ill afford to lose them, but what could we do? Mother solved the problem by taking them, one at a time, on the piazza floor and pouring over them a pailful of cold water which was at once swept off with a clean brush. When they were clean we moved them to a dry spot—each taking an end and being careful not to wrinkle them in the least—when they were again fastened down and left to dry. As new curtains were needed in the kitchen it was thought best to relegate them to that place where they made a most respectable appearance, and no one but an initiate would have mistrusted what they had been through.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Number Twenty-three.

BY THERESA.

Having excellent success in making apple pies to-day, I thought as soon as they were done I would tell the sisters, while fresh on my mind, that one cause of the filling running out and making the pie stick to the baking plate upon attempting to slip it, might be in not being sufficiently careful when filling. Some place the slices as it happens, not thinking the points may pierce the crust, and then what is to hinder the juice oozing through? We have sometimes experienced the same trouble, but not now. We quarter and core the apples after paring, same as for drying, then slice the quarters, and find it a nice job to place them in the crust evenly, with no chance for them to prick through. It takes time, but pays in the end. The sugar is sprinkled on next, using more or less, according to the tartness of apples, then the seasoning, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, or extract of lemon, or they are good without, and some stomachs will not bear it. We put no water in the pies, and never find apples dry enough to need it, though many think they must use it. Wet the under crust around the edge, and press the upper crust to it firmly, to prevent the juice from escaping.

Brown sugar is cheaper for pies, gingerbread, ginger snaps, and some things, but for nice, light cake and doughnuts, granulated is better. We have tried brown sugar for doughnuts, but when fried they are not light; cling together same as the sugar does. Many kinds will freeze if left in a cold place, and upon squeezing a handful, will crawl back, as though alive, and perhaps it is. Glucose? Who knows what that is? No worse than many other adulterations in the market, which is not upholding glucose by any means.

We use cold starch for collars and cuffs, generally, but having other things that needed boiled starch, we wet the collars thoroughly and starched in that (before thinning for the aprons) this time, and had better luck than usual. Put a little salt in the starch, when to be used cold, or, instead of ice cold, have the water warm, and it will penetrate the several thicknesses of cloth to better advantage. Do not throw away the cold starch that is left, (as I did, until a minister's wife told me better,) but let it stand a while and settle; then pour off the water, drying what remains, and there will be almost as much as at first, showing what a small amount is required. After 'tis dry, put in the package with the rest. To those using great quantities this will be found quite a saving.

When ironing "starched things," a case knife is indispensable in case the least bit of starch adheres to the irons, to scrape them with, before ironing another stroke, or it will come off on the linen, and the brown spots will be anything but ornamental.

Be careful about large knots in the end of your thread, when gathering with double thread, or when basting work for the machine, or perhaps a bent or broken needle may be the result, when sewing over them, which I have known to be done.

When frying doughnuts, and black specks, (which are particles of flour or dough that get browned or burnt,) adhere to them, it is a sign your lard needs straining through a cloth, or melt it just enough so the lump can be removed from the kettle whole, and scrape off the bottom into the kettle. This can be warmed and meal stirred in, which the biddies will like, and may be, in return, reward you with an extra egg, so it will not be all loss. The kettle can then be rubbed dry with clean paper, and the lard replaced. Some say that frying raw potatoes in the lard will cleanse it, and so it may, but I cannot see how they will clear it of the "specks," so but what the above operation will need to be performed.

Greens are a favorite dish with us, and the spring time is hailed with delight, (not on account of "greens" alone, but we must wait till then, of necessity,) and we begin to talk of them as soon as the snow disappears. Cowslips are so bitter I never enjoyed them until being told that "they should be parboiled." Boil up well in one water, then pour off, and boil in another water till done. Well do I remember when "boarding round," how good they tasted, the best I ever ate; and upon asking the lady how she cooked them, received the above information. It may be new to some, same as to me then.

The wife of John 3rd is to be congratulated that instead of standing to compound puddings and pies, with aching head and back, she can take that time to read, or lie and rest, (but she should never read lying down, for that is called very injurious to the eyes,) and be thankful that she has such a good, kind husband, who does not exact that laborious task of her. Who ever heard of a man thinking these things will overburden the stomach, after partaking of a hearty meal? A sensible letter, John. You will both live longer to

enjoy each other's society, if you have the courage to banish from your table food that will prove deleterious if persisted in, without regard to health, or anything but the "taste and flavor." A temperate use occasionally is palatable, and may do no harm for those "best friend" will bear it.

HOW I MAKE BREAD.

Because my husband says that I make the "best bread of any woman in the county," and persists in saying it, I have come to believe that my bread must be good. I, myself, have eaten bread that, to my mind, did not come up to my own. And again, to be candid, I have eaten bread that was far better, though my husband is good enough to insist that mine is ahead. Moreover, he glories in the idea that my bread is always good, even in the face of my remarks about "gray bread," and "hard crust," or "too much rise," or "not enough rise." Still, I will add in self justification that my bread is always eatable. And further, for fear you will think me bigoted, let me say that it is the only thing about housekeeping that I do with thorough success. And if this is the only talent I have, why not allow me, unmolested, all the praise I can get.

I divide bread-making into three stages. In the first place I use compressed yeast. You can get it, I think, anywhere now, especially in the large towns. It is the best and surest yeast to use.

First stage. If the bread is set over night use cold water. Take one-half cake of yeast to one quart of water. Dissolve the yeast thoroughly in the water, then stir in a quart and about a cupful more of flour. I always give the batter a good, thorough thrashing before setting away to rise. I think it makes the bread finer. Now place the batter in a cool, but not cold place. It will be ready in the morning by seven o'clock. It should be set the last thing before going to bed.

If the bread is set in the morning, use warm, but not hot water. It should be ready in two and one-half hours. Sometimes sooner.

Second stage. The bread is ready to be kneaded when the foam around the edges begins to fall. Not when it has fallen, but when it begins to fall. This, of course, will require close watching.

Take one tablespoonful of salt, two of butter, and four of sugar. Dissolve these in hot water, and add enough milk to make one pint altogether. Add this to the yeast, or batter; and stir well, but not too much. (If graham bread is to be made, pour out less than a quart of this mixture for one loaf, add graham flour and one-third cup of sugar. Knead and set to rise, same as the white.) Stir in white flour and knead until smooth, then set to rise in a warm place.

Third stage. From three-quarters of an hour to one hour should be plenty of time for the second rise. Large bubbles of air will be formed around the impress of your fist in the dough. But if you use a common butter jar for the first two stages, as I do, you will, without further ceremony, make it into loaves as soon as it climbs over the top and begins to meander down the sides of the jar. Make four loaves, to be baked in separate tins. Knead each loaf until it becomes smooth and shiny; then stop immediately.

Alternate kneading and cutting with a knife lessens the labor of kneading. After placing in the tins punch each loaf with a fork or sharp pointed knife several times, and cover with a light cloth or paper. Never allow wind to reach bread until it comes from the oven. One-half hour should be plenty of time for this third and last rising. Generally, when a loaf is ready for baking, it will move when the tin is disturbed. Again, the top of the loaf often presents a blistered

appearance. My bread is never allowed to rise more than one inch outside of the oven. No duty, not even baby, keeps me from my bread when it is ready for my attention. "Gray" bread comes from its waiting.

When once in the oven it is like a mischievous scholar—it must be watched. It will always rise more in the oven than out. Too hot a fire produces a hard crust, and is apt to leave a doughy spot in the center of each loaf. Too slow a fire makes "too much rise," also tends to dry out the bread. Therefore, a moderately hot oven is required. I think, as a general rule, twenty-five minutes should suffice for baking. I resort to the standard way of testing—the use of the broom splint. If the least particle of dough adheres to it, back into the oven goes the bread, though with one door open, to prevent burning. The idea that loaves will shake free from the tin, when done, is not to be relied upon.

I always have better bread in warm weather. This is because the general temperature of the room is higher. If you will allow me one more simile, I will liken bread to an infant. If kept warm and comfortable, the result is highly satisfactory.

When bread comes from the oven, turn each loaf on its side with the tin loosened, but not removed. This steams the bottom and sides, making them moist. Cover all with a light cloth and allow to stand in a cool place. A breeze will not now harm but benefit it. When still warm, place in a jar or tin bread-box, large enough to allow a plate or cover to fit closely over the top without crowding the bread. Always use a sharp knife to cut new bread.

B. S. SAUNIER.

MADE OF FRAGMENTS.

"What delicious brown bread," said Mrs. Marcy to her hostess, as the sugar-loaf shaped bread was placed upon the table and the warm slices cut to eat with the occasional supper of baked beans. "How do you make it such a rich, dark brown, and so tender and moist, so altogether different from the lighter looking and more slightly cooked loaves we usually see in these days? And just sweet enough, yet not spoiled with molasses."

"How?" queried the hostess, "well, it would be difficult to tell just how this loaf was made, only that it is composed mostly of fragments. Fragments saved that nothing be lost, and yet there is where the best of the loaf is obtained."

"Fragments?" returned the visitor, "fragments of what?" I thought brown bread was made of 'rye and Injun,' as our grandmothers used to say. Yet this seems like a real old-fashioned loaf."

"That is because the bread is well baked," said Mrs. Carter. "It was put into the stove oven as soon as it was heated in the morning, and remained there till now. As to the fragments of which it was made, let me think. There was accumulated in the waste box some pieces of ginger cake, and bits of other cake not suitable for the table; there was one doughnut and half of another, left over from a former frying; a square of johnny cake; one or two graham biscuit, (and we never like graham made into toast, so save it for other purposes.) The outside crust was cut from the doughnuts, and where it was necessary, from the other scraps, and all then crumbed fine in the hands, as can readily be done, or if not, rolled on the bread board. To this was added half a saucer of squash, left from a dinner, and as much mashed potatoe saved for the bread instead of being thrown away, with half a cup of scrapings from the bread pan and molding board and some scraps of pie crust left from the last baking. To these broken

fragments was added warm water, and the mixture set in the back oven to slightly ferment. When ready to mix the bread, I took the potato masher to press out any lumps which may remain, and if it seems needful as it sometimes does, pass the whole through the collander.

If this is not sufficiently sweet add a little sugar or molasses, salt as needed, and a little yeast, though sometimes scarce any is needful, with bread made of fragments. We have now quite a consistent sponge, into which we put our corn meal and rye, stirring it as thick as common sense dictates. I mixed this loaf after dinner yesterday, though in hot weather I should not add the yeast and thickening till evening. In the morning a little soda well dissolved, is added, the whole well beaten for a moment and then put into the oven to remain till night. I choose days for baking brown bread when I can have a rather moderate fire, and baked in a deep covered dish, we think better than in a shallow open pan."

"But almost every one mixes brown bread now with sweet milk and baking powder, or with sour milk and soda, and steam a few hours instead of baking, but that does not make bread like this," said Mrs. Marcy.

"No, such a loaf we like occasionally made, to eat hot for dinner, but we in our family do not relish it for after eating nearly as well as bread made of yeast, and well baked to a good reddish brown."

"But do you always make your loaves of fragments?" Enquired Mrs. Marcy of her hostess.

"Oh, no, for sometimes few pieces accumulate, and sometimes it occurs to me just at night that I will make a loaf for the oven the next day, in which case I mix with only the usual quantity of corn meal and rye, adding more yeast and also more sweetening than when made of sweet pieces. But our best, tenderest loaves are made, as a usual thing, of just such bits of savings, only it requires some judgment and experience to enable one to get up nice bread in this way."

Of course it would be no economy to spoil a whole baking of bread for the sake of saving the broken bits, though a little common sense and practice will render one adept in using the fragments to advantage in many ways. For us it is a matter of economy, as we have neither pigs, chickens, or even a dog to eat the leavings from the table; and a wise housekeeper can utilize much from various fragments. When these can be used for other purposes it may not seem best to save such pieces, though we affirm that our bread is the better for it. We seldom cut our large loaf when hot, for dinner, but bake a smaller one for that purpose.

ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTATOES FOR DINNER.

If one has a fine variety of potatoes it is an easy matter to cook them nicely for dinner. They will be found most excellent and present a handsome appearance if cooked in this way: Select potatoes of a uniform size; wash, peel and parboil them, then place them in a bake pan, sprinkle salt and pepper over them, and put a little butter in the pan; place them in a brisk oven, and bake until nicely browned, then transfer them to a dish and send them hot to the table.

In the late spring potatoes can be freshened up by laying them in cold water and letting them remain in the water for several hours before they are peeled; then boil them; watch them, and the moment they are done remove them from the fire, drain the water from them, and return them to the fire for a moment or so, pour over them some drawn butter; and the instant it comes to a boil remove the pota-

toes from the fire, transfer to a warm dish, and send to the table.

When new potatoes come, in the late spring and early summer, they will be found most appetizing cooked and dressed as directed above. It is not always essential that the potatoes, when done, should be returned to the fire. They can be put in the dish at once, and the drawn butter poured over them. If one likes parsley, a little of it can be chopped fine, and put in the drawn butter, and sprays, that have been freshened in water, arranged prettily over the potatoes.

On a day when one has roast meat for dinner, beef, pork, mutton or veal, the potatoes can be cooked in the pan with the meat, and are by many persons highly relished when cooked thus. The potatoes for this purpose should be of uniform size, nicely washed and peeled, and placed in the pan around the meat, salt and pepper sprinkled over them, and occasionally they should be basted with the gravy in the pan. They will cook in from a half to three-quarters of an hour. They should be served in a dish separate from the meat.

If one wishes a dish of mashed potatoes to be appetizing, and to present an extremely elegant appearance, one must be willing to take a little extra pains with them. They should be washed through two waters, then peeled, and as fast as they are peeled thrown into a pan of cold water. They should be boiled either in a tin, or porcelain-lined vessel, which should be clean as clean can be. They must be watched while boiling, and the moment they are done lifted from the fire, and the water drained from them. Mash them through a colander. To half a gallon of potatoes add a large spoonful of good, fresh butter, and a sufficient quantity of fine salt; stir the butter and salt well through them, then pour in a half teacup of sweet cream and stir well through them, and then beat them a few minutes with a large spoon, and they'll become as white and as light as the falling snow. This should all be done very quick, so as not to allow the potatoes time to get cold. They should be sent to the table in a hot dish, and garnished with sprays of parsley.

The daintiest and most delicate way in which potatoes can be cooked, in my estimation, is to roast them whole with their jackets on. Here, again, potatoes of a uniform size should be selected, and nicely washed through two or three waters, then laid in a pan and the pan set in a brisk oven. When nicely browned, and thoroughly done, remove them from the oven, place them in a deep dish and send to the table. If the potatoes are of a good variety, and have been properly baked, they will, when broken open, present a white, light and mealy appearance.

Potatoes when boiled whole, in their jackets, are not to be disdained, not by me, anyhow. Here, too, we must exercise care in selecting potatoes of a uniform size, and in washing them. They should be removed from the fire the instant they are done, and the water drained from them. It is an improvement, I think, to put them in a bake pan and set them in the oven for a few minutes before sending them to the table.

UHLMA.

Riverside, W. Va.

MECHANICAL HINTS.

Cement to Mend Iron Pots and Pans.—Take two parts of sulphur and one part, by weight, of fine black lead; put the sulphur in an old iron pan, holding it over the fire until it begins to melt, then add the lead; stir well until all is mixed and melted; then pour out on an iron plate or smooth stone. When cool, break into small pieces. A sufficient quantity of this compound being placed upon the crack of the iron pot to be mended, can be soldered

by a hot iron in the same way a tinsmith solders his sheets. If there is a small hole in the pot, drive a copper rivet in it, and then solder over it with this cement.

A Cement for Iron.—Mix sixty parts of pulverized cast iron turnings with two parts of sal ammoniac and one part of flowers of sulphur, and add water until a paste is formed. A cement is thus obtained which grows hot spontaneously, evolving sulphureted hydrogen, and soon becoming very hard. Of course it must be prepared immediately before using.

To Prevent the Cracking of Wooden Faucets, etc.—Put the articles in melting paraffine, and heat them there at a temperature of 212° F., until bubbles of air cease to escape from the wood. The whole is then allowed to cool to about 120° F., when the wood is taken from the bath and cleansed from the adhering paraffine by rubbing with a dry piece of cloth.

To bend Mahogany or Walnut Moulding.—Take two pieces of lumber, one to fit the inside the other the outside of the moulding (the lumber, of course, cut to the curves required); soak the moulding in boiling water for ten minutes, then put it between the pieces of lumber; then clamp them together, slowly bending the moulding; let it stand three days, and it will be fit to use.

Cement for Fastening Knives and Forks into their Handles.—Take one pound of rosin and half a pound of powdered sulphur; melt together, and mix in about twelve ounces of fine sand or powdered brick. Fill the cavity of the handle with this mixture, melted. Make the shank of the knife or fork quite warm and insert in place, and let it remain until cold, when it will be found to be firmly fixed. The handles of knives and forks should not be put in hot water.

To Obtain Length of Arc.—Rule for length of arc when chord and versed sine are given: Multiply the square root of sum of square of chord, and four times square of the versed sine, by ten times square of the versed sine; divide this product by sum of fifteen times square of chord and thirty-three times square of versed sine; then add this quotient to twice the chord of half arc, and the sum will give the length of arc nearly. To obtain twice the chord of half the arc add the square root of the sum of square of chord and four times the square of versed sine.

Removing Rust from Russia Iron.—"What is the best method of cleaning Russia iron of rust?" The ordinary method is to rub off the rust and apply plumbago stove polish. To a similar inquiry, the Scientific American gives this reply: "Dip the pipe in a solution of one part sulphuric acid and ten of water, and then immerse in a bath of hot lime water; finally rub with dry sawdust." To the inquiry, "What kind of blacking or polish can be made use of to make Russia stove pipe look like new?" the reply was: "Take of asphaltum, two pounds; boiled linseed oil, one pint; oil of turpentine, two quarts. Fuse the asphaltum in an iron pot, boil the linseed oil, and add while hot. Stir well and remove from the fire. When partially cooled, add the oil of turpentine. Some makers add driers." Japan is better than paint to keep tin from rusting.

In the Tin Shop.—As to the inquiry whether it isn't injurious to immerse hot coppers in water, it will be found just the reverse. The immersion removes the oxide coat, and also softens the coppers. This treatment, also, so improves coppers that they will hold their tinning better and more easily take tinning. New bench shears are not finished up on either oil or grindstone, but ground on a fine emery wheel. When they have to be ground on a common coarse grindstone the suggestion to finish up on a fine oil stone will be found to greatly improve the cutting edge.

If you have a vitrified emery stone, you will then have no need to either resort to a grind or common oil stone. Tune up often. Never forge out coppers with tinning on them. Always burn it off good. Continued hammering or forging of coppers, after they drop below red heat, will harden and make them brittle. After you have put your zinc in the acid to cut it, then immediately set it afire. The acid thus treated will be purified and softened, and much smoother soldering can be done with it. Skim off or strain when cold.—*American Artisan.*

SOME EXCELLENT RECIPES.

From time to time I have seen in THE HOUSEHOLD inquiries for the following:

Apple Jelly.—Take half a peck of tart, juicy apples, quarter and core, but do not pare them; put into a preserving kettle with two lemons cut up with them, and rather more than cover with water. Let them cook until reduced to a pulp, when strain through a bag made of coarse cotton cloth, and to every tumbler of juice add two-thirds of a tumbler of white sugar. Now boil hard for twenty minutes; put in glasses and cover next day, using a brandied paper next the jelly, and covering the glasses with paper wet with flour paste.

To Cook Cauliflower.—Take off the outer leaves, and separate the cauliflower into little branches. Put into a saucepan with a little salt, and cover with cold water. Boil until soft, when drain off the water, put in a gill of milk thickened with a little flour, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and a sprinkling of pepper. Boil up again and serve hot.

To Cook Spinach.—Spinach requires a great deal of washing to free it from the grit by which it is covered from its low growth. Put it into a saucepan with a little salt and only the water that adheres to it. A large quantity of spinach is needed to make a dish, as it wastes considerably in cooking. Boil it for fifteen minutes, pressing it down when quite tender. Drain thoroughly, and chop quite small. Put into it some butter and stir until it is hot. Serve with two or three hard boiled eggs cut into halves to garnish the dish.

To Can Tomatoes.—Scald to remove the skins; boil in their own juice twenty minutes. Heat your jars by pouring hot water into them, then empty and wipe dry. Put the tomatoes in scalding hot and seal at once. These tomatoes keep perfectly.

Cocoanut Layer Cake.—Cream together one pound of pulverized sugar and one-half pound of butter; add six eggs, leaving out the whites of two; then one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder and flour enough to make tolerably stiff. Bake in three jelly tins about fifteen minutes. For the filling: the whites of two eggs well beaten, one-half pound of pulverized sugar and one grated cocoanut.

"S. T. H.," of New York, asks in the November number how to prepare chocolate as a beverage. Put in a porcelain lined saucepan, if you have it, a quart of milk. When boiling, stir into it half a cake of grated chocolate. Let it boil fifteen minutes; if too thick, dilute with hot milk. Some persons add a few drops of essence of vanilla.

A Nice and Cheap Pickle.—Chop fine one large head of cabbage, three large green and three large red bell peppers. Add two ounces of yellow mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed and three tablespoonfuls of salt. Boil three pints of vinegar, and pour on the mixture hot. Stir well and put in a large jar. Fit to eat in a few days.

To Wash a White Knitted or Crocheted Shawl.—Make a suds of warm water, almost hot, and good soap; wash clean, and

rinse in water of the same temperature. Stretch between two lines to dry, putting a clothespin in each corner. Let it dry as quickly as possible, shake and fold.

Baltimore.

Mrs. A. C. W.

GOOD MORTAR.

Machinists and engineers often have occasion to use mortar, and will value the appended information: Good mortar is a solid silicate of lime, that is, the lime unites with the silica or sand to form a silicate of lime. In ancient days those who had some conception of the way the two things united superintended their mixing; but nowadays anybody is supposed to know how to make mortar, while nobody knows much about it. Dry lime and sand laid together or mixed and kept dry for a thousand years would not unite to form silicate of lime any more than acetic acid and carbonate of soda dry in a bottle would effervesce.

To make silicate of lime just as good as was made by the Romans all that is necessary is to proceed intelligently: Procure good caustic, i. e., fresh burned lime, and if you find it all powder, i. e., air slaked, don't use it; use only clear lumps. Slake this (if possible in a covered vessel,) using only enough water to cause the lime to form a powder. To this while hot add clean sand—not dirt and loam, called sand, but sand—and with the sand add enough water to form a paste. Then let it lie where it will not become dry by evaporation, if in a cellar so much the better; for as soon as you have mixed the sand and lime as above, they begin to react one on the other, and if not stopped by being deprived of moisture will go on reacting until silicate of lime (as hard as silicate of lime ever was) is formed.

But if you take this so-called mortar as soon as made, and lay bricks with it, unless the bricks are thoroughly wet you stop the formation of lime, and might as well lay your bricks in mud. Lime and sand, after being mixed, might lie two years with advantage, and for certain uses such as boiler setting, or where the whole structure of brick and mortar is to be dried, the mortar ought to be mixed for one year before use, and two would be better; but for house building, if the bricks are so wetted as not to rob the mortar of its moisture as soon as used, mortar that has been mixed a month will form good, solid silicate of lime among the bricks it is laid with, in ten years, and will be still harder in a hundred years. The practice of mixing mortar in the streets and using it at once is as foolish as it is ignorant, and would be no improvement. Silicate of lime is made only by the slow action of caustic lime and sand, one on the other, under the influence of moisture. Dry they never will unite, and mixing mortar as now mixed and using it at once, so as to dry it out and stop the formation that the mixing induced, is wrong.—*Exchange.*

LABOR SAVERS.

Since the sisters have so freely expressed their opinion of the non-ironing system, I am not afraid to advocate non-dishwashing. Now, my systematic sisters, before you hold up your hands in horror let me explain. The dishes are washed and rinsed in hot water, the knives, forks, spoons, glass and iron and tin ware are wiped. The other dishes, after rinsing, are drained in a colander.

If a little forethought is exercised there will be no trouble to have plenty of hot water. Our colander is a pan, the bottom of which is filled with holes made by a hammer and nail. If my dishes are not as smooth and shining as yours after they have been laboriously wiped I will yield

my plan and no longer urge you to save labor and the washing of dish towels.

We have been drying corn on a frame made for that purpose. It is made of thin pieces of wood. There are four legs, each fifty inches high, joined at top by strips of wood, the front and back ones being a little longer than the width of your stove, and the side pieces about as long as from the stove hearth to the stove pipe. On these four pieces fasten with twine a cloth; almost new muslin is best. You cut the corn and put it on this cloth, and set the frame over the stove. It is high enough from the stove to allow you to cook under it. Stir often, and should it begin to scorch, put a pan or kettle of water under it, covering to keep the steam from wetting the corn.

We have found it better to boil the corn on the cob, as it seems more sweet and tender than when cut raw from the cob. We can dry nearly a boilerful of ears in a day, so that by night it is ready to be put in a cloth bag and hung by the fire for a few days.

Another great labor saver is a creamer. I can imagine I hear you saying that you cannot afford one. A barrel with a faucet in and a few cans of convenient size are all that is necessary. One creamer that I have seen was a tub, and for cans one stone churn and two tin cans from the drug store, in which such paints as chrome yellow or other powders are kept. The water is drawn out by a faucet, and carried up a few steps into the wood-shed, where the creamery is kept. It requires only about nine pails of water per day, though more would be needed for more milk. This is much less labor than washing pans, and the butter is so much better.

WISCONSIN SCHOOL MA'AM.

HOW HERRING ARE CURED.

In Mr. Perley's report of the fisheries of the bay of Fundy, the manner of curing herring is thus described:

The fish are scaled by being washed in bushel baskets with a square bottom, open like a coarse sieve, the men standing in the water up to their knees. The best fish have very few scales, and only half a bushel of them are taken in the basket at once; they are then salted in large tubs, the salt being stirred through them by hand; the quantity used is half a bushel of salt to two and a half barrels of fish, which are a tub full. They lie in salt twenty-four hours, and are then washed in fresh water to prevent their becoming "salt burnt," after which they are strung on rods with their heads all turned one way, and then hung up in the smoke-house.

In Clements the smoke-houses are usually thirty feet square, with fourteen foot posts and a high roof; no fish hang nearer the fire than seven feet, but the most careful curers do not hang them nearer than eight feet. Rock maple is used in smoking; when it can not be procured ash is used, being considered next best. The process of smoking usually occupies eight weeks, and it requires the whole time of one person to watch the fire and to attend to the smoking, in which much judgment and great care are required. The smoke is usually made up at nightfall, unless the weather is warm and wet, during which time no fires are made.

In fine weather the smoke-houses are thrown open through the day to cool, and the greatest care is taken all the time to keep down heat, and to render the smoke as cool as possible by numerous windows and openings. After being smoked, the fish are packed in boxes, eighteen inches long, ten inches wide and eight inches deep, measured on the inside; and there should be twenty-four dozen fish in a box of prime herring. If the fish are large and of the best quality, it requires some

pressure to get this number into a box. The Digby herring are in some instances cured in pickle, unsmoked and packed in half-barrels.—*Scientific American*.

LEARNING HOUSEKEEPING.

An English lady who has resided for some time on the continent writes: The complaints I hear daily about servants and housekeeping induce me to make a proposal—namely, that of establishing the system which is practiced in Germany, of sending every young girl after she has finished her school education, and before she is "out" to learn housekeeping. This every girl in Germany does, be she the daughter of a nobleman, officer, or small official. She goes direct from school into a family corresponding to her station in life. Those who are rich go where they pay highly, and are in a "good family," so that they are enabled to live well, and have good cooking and great variety.

No one is taken into one of these establishments for less than a year, so that with every month a new branch is learned—one month the preserving of fruit in season, the next laying in of apples and vegetables for winter use, preserving of eggs and butter, etc. These girls are taught every thing, from washing up dishes, sweeping and polishing the floors, clear-starching and ironing, dusting and cleaning ornaments, cooking, laying the table, waiting, polishing the silver and glass up, to decorating the table with flowers and fruits. Great is the ambition of the pupil to hear that her taste and management are the best. Combined with these duties are those of keeping the household linen in repair and learning plain sewing. Thus the young girl gets experience in household affairs.

Though the pupils have to learn every thing, servants are kept in these establishments, who in their turn are taught by the advanced pupils, who have learned from the mother of the family. This accounts for the excellent housekeeping in Germany, where comfort is combined with economy, and the pleasure of having every thing precise and clean. The labors of the day are over by midday (dinner being at midday,) when everybody is at liberty for study, needlework, or amusement till time for preparing supper.—*Exchange*.

HOW TO USE A GRINDSTONE.

A grindstone is one of the worst used implements on the farm, or in the workshop. Few take the trouble to think about their work, and consequently the great majority of people fail to get the most and best use from their tools. The few who do think, will agree with us when we say that a grindstone is both badly used and badly chosen. It is too small; too thick; it is not evenly and truly set and centered; it is not properly speeded and is turned either too fast, and made to throw the water around, or too slow, and so fails to do its work well; it is not well taken care of, and it is badly used.

A grindstone, to do good service, should be at least three feet in diameter and two and one-half to three inches in thickness, having a bevel on each side of the face for grinding on. It should be quite free from hard spots of iron pyrites, which are injurious to tools, although these may be taken out with a sharp pointed punch. If it is not centered truly it will work out of shape, and soon require truing up. It should run as fast as possible, as it does work both better and more quickly. To prevent it from throwing water, a piece of bagging should be fastened to a staple fixed across the frame on each end but not so close as to grind it out. This will catch the excess of water and yet keep

the stone wet enough, and clean it. The stone should be kept in the shade, and never in water, which softens it and makes one side wear faster than the other. The water box should have a hole in it to let out the water and keep the stone dry when not in use. In grinding it should mostly turn from the tool, and if used otherwise, great care should be taken by the one who holds the tool, not to gouge the stone.—*American Agriculturist*.

RENOVATING OLD FURNITURE.

Furniture that has become defaced with white spots and slight scratches, can, with little labor, be made to appear almost as good as when new.

An old and handsome mahogany dressing bureau, which had become badly defaced with white spots and slight scratches, was restored to its pristine beauty by the following means: I got a basin of clean, hot suds, and one of clean, clear, hot water, and some clean cloths. I washed a portion of the bureau with the hot suds, and rinsed it with the clear water, and with a dry cloth rubbed it until dry. The whole surface of the bureau was gone over thus, a portion at a time, and when it had become quite dry I poured a little alcohol over a few of the spots and rubbed with a clean cloth until dry; indeed, I used the alcohol over the whole surface of the bureau, going over a small space at a time, and rubbing it rapidly. Places that were very bad received a second application of alcohol. The next day a coat of copal varnish was applied, and the bureau appeared as handsome as ever.

Most any kind of old furniture can be treated this way, and if one has not the varnish, a little flaxseed oil can be rubbed over it. If after the washing your piece of furniture appears greyish, or whitish, do not think you have ruined it and become discouraged, for the alcohol and varnish will restore it completely.

Perhaps it would be well enough to try the experiment on some old or disused article, if one is apprehensive as to the results, but I have gone over several articles of furniture as above, and always with the most satisfactory results.

UHLMA.

DISH WASHING.

Apropos of the subject of caring for nice dishes, it seems to me that a practical way out of the difficulty for most housekeepers is to wash them themselves. We know that is the practice of many English ladies who keep servants, and a late traveler in Holland, who visited in a wealthy family, speaks of a very pretty domestic custom of his hostess, which was to have a bowl of hot water, towels, etc., brought to her, and sit and wash up the delicate china while her guests and family yet sat and chatted about the tea-table.

To descend from china to—ironware, I have discovered a better assistant than the wire pot-cloth, viz.: a circle of tin, say two inches in diameter, bent up on one side. Here in Montana we use a great deal of canned goods, and I use one of the circles cut by the can-opener.

Please all sign your real names. I would so like to know if Content and Inez of Montana live near me; will they write me? EVA WARREN COLLIER.
Bedford, Mont.

TO PRESERVE GREEN GRAPES.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, at Indianola, Texas, writes: "A very simple and successful method of preserving the green grapes of wild vines, is one employed in this state, which may

be interesting to some of your readers. The grapes must not be too old; the best time is just before the seed begins to harden. They are, after being picked and freed from stems put into bottles (strong wine or champagne bottles are best) so as nearly to fill the latter. These are then filled with fresh and clean water. After this they are all placed in a large kettle, partially filled with cold water, and the temperature raised nearly to the boiling point. The water in the bottles expands by the heat, and part is driven out. As soon as sufficiently heated, they are taken off, enough water poured out of each bottle to merely allow a well-fitting cork to be pressed in tightly. After being corked they are sealed up with sealing wax or common beeswax. As the bottles cool down, a partial vacuum is left in the neck of each.

Grapes thus preserved have kept for years in this climate, where canned fruit almost invariably spoils during the hot summers. They can at any time be opened and prepared like fresh grapes; no difference will be found in the taste. It is better to use the water, also, in which they were kept, as it contains a large percentage of tartaric acid, which gives them the pleasant sour taste."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never use water from a stone reservoir for cooking purposes.

Cook oatmeal in a double boiler, or in a covered pail set in a kettle of water. Be sure to salt it.

A sponge may be cleansed by letting it lie covered with milk for twelve hours and then rinsing in cold water.

Salt will curdle milk; therefore, in preparing milk toast, sauces, scrambled eggs, or any thing of which milk is the foundation, do not add the salt till the pan has left the fire.

A good polish for tortoise shell is made of rouge powder, which rubbed on with a soft rag and rubbed thoroughly, will serve to give an excellent polish. The shell should be rubbed with the hand afterward.

Melted paraffine poured on top of jellies, jams, etc., also on the top of canned fruit when the covers are discolored, will be all the covering necessary, excepting a cloth or paper to exclude dust. One can use the paraffine many times.

Any one who doubts as to the best way to have clear jelly, is assured on strong evidence and many proofs that to allow the juice to drain through a flannel bag without squeezing it, will render this matter easy and satisfactory.

To poach eggs nicely, lay muffin rings in a spider of hot water which has a little salt in, then break each egg by itself in a saucer, and pour into the rings as you break one. They can be lifted out by the thin slice which you use to turn griddle cakes.

You will find empty salt bags very convenient for straining starch, fruit, juices, etc. One lady of my acquaintance keeps them especially for covering pots of butter. They are washed, cut open, laid smoothly over the butter, and covered with a half inch of salt. The pots are then tied down with several thicknesses of paper.

A correspondent sends this recipe for pumpkin soup, which she recommends: Take three pounds of pumpkin, peel it, and cut it into small pieces. Put it in a saucepan with water enough to cover it, adding a little salt, boil gently until it is soft, drain it and pass it through a fine colander for it must not be watery. Put three pints of milk in a stewpan, and mix with it the strained pumpkin, let it come to a boil, add a very little white sugar, and salt and pepper to taste and serve.
—*Exchange*.

CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though I am a comparatively new member of the immense band of women who are striving to make their names immortal by writing weighty (?) articles for the paper, there are a few things I feel like saying, so with the poor, much abused editor's permission, I am going to intrude upon the circle.

If the lady who desires a good, economical stove polish, will make a discreet use of the regular old-fashioned kind two or three times a month, and in the interim use an old piece of coarse flannel sometimes dampened slightly, I do not believe she will bankrupt her husband by the extravagant purchase of stove polish.

Com., in December number, 1885, wishes to know how to dry currants for cake. After being thoroughly washed in warm water and looked over carefully, rub with a coarse towel or cloth, then spread on tin plates and set in a warm (not hot) oven or warming closet and they will be ready for use in half an hour.

In serving soup be sure to warm soup bowl, plates, ladle, etc. It will save the mortification of serving dish watery soups. I learned this by experience, and write it for the benefit of other inexperienced housewives.

A Subscriber in November number, 1885, asked for a remedy for falling out of the hair. Cold sage tea is a very simple remedy, and stopped mine from coming out after sickness.

Graham Gems.—Two cups of graham flour, one cup of white flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter mixed with flour, salt to taste, enough sweet milk to reduce to thickness of drop cakes. Milk and water or water alone may be used. Heat gem pans, fill with batter and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Curry Powder.—One ounce each of ginger, mustard, and black pepper, one-half ounce of cardamom, three ounces each of coriander and turmeric, quarter of an ounce each of cayenne pepper, and cumin seed. Pound all fine, sift and keep tightly corked. One teaspoonful is sufficient to season any thing. Nice for soups, boiled meats or stews. Mrs. A. S. Wisconsin.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For three years I have been receiving information from THE HOUSEHOLD but never felt that I had any thing worth contributing until in the January number I read A. E. C.'s request for directions for making shirts stiff with one starching. I therefore introduce myself by giving my way, which I think is quite satisfactory, especially in cold weather when the starch all freezes out.

Dry the shirts without starching. In the evening before you iron, make an ordinary cooked starch, taking a tablespoonful of starch. Let it boil ten or fifteen minutes, stirring frequently, and make it quite thin. While it is boiling add your starch polish, if you have any, if not, a lump of white wax, a little lard or salt, or a few drops of kerosene. When this has cooled sufficiently add a tablespoonful of starch dissolved in cold water. Thus you have the cooked and raw or cold starch in one. Rub it thoroughly into the articles to be starched, roll tight till ready to iron. This is sufficient for four shirts. Iron them perfectly dry, and if you haven't a polishing iron, dampen slightly with a wet cloth and rub the hot iron briskly over them a few times and you will be surprised to see how they shine. If you will shape the collars and cuffs with the iron before putting them in the pail to dry, as Julia Sargent Visser suggests, it will prevent them blistering. I find a quart cup just the right size for cuffs.

I have a recipe for starch polish which I will give, if I have not already written

too much for the first. It is as follows: One ounce of white wax, three ounces of paraffine, one ounce of spermaceti, one-half ounce stearine. Melt all together in a tin vessel, pour in a tin plate to cool. Add one inch square to every quart of starch.

M. E. N.

Spiceland, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Another of the brides desires to say "thank you," for her gift, and to ask admission to the Band.

Reading the article in the February number about renovating old straw hats, it occurred to me that I might add a little information in that line as I learned the milliner's trade before I was married. A solution of gum arabic brushed over the hat after removing the dust, will give the straw a luster and also stiffen it. You can press the hat into any desired shape while wet and it will be sure to stay in place when dry. I never met with success in curling feathers over the fire. I use a fruit knife or the back of scissors, drawing under, and curling the feathers in ringlets. The fine curls give the feathers an unnatural appearance.

My method of steaming velvet is this. Heat a flat iron very hot. Take a piece of white cloth long enough to go around the iron doubled two or three times. Wet it and wring slightly. Place the iron on the larger end and put the cloth around the bottom of it. Now take your velvet in both hands and draw over the cloth from one end to the other. If this does not remove the crease, wet the cloth again and repeat the operation. In steaming plush it is well to remove the cloth and draw the plush across the iron (if not very hot) so as to thoroughly dry it. Do not take hold of the plush only near the ends as every touch while wet leave an impression which is difficult to remove.

Mrs. G. E. W.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I think some of the ladies might be glad to know how I bind my HOUSEHOLDS, pamphlets, and my little girl's paper covered book. Beg a pasteboard box from some store where you deal, cut two covers a little larger than the book. These are to be covered with paper or cloth. I generally prefer cretonne. Cut the cretonne an inch and a half larger than the pasteboards, cover each board, using flour paste, and bring the edges over, and lay them neatly on the other side. To finish off the inside of each cover, take different cloth or paper, and paste over the inside, leaving a margin of about an inch all round. For the back take a strong piece of cloth, chevrot or drilling, width varying according to the thickness of the book, and cut the length of the covers, this strip of chevrot to be covered with cretonne cut a little larger all round than itself. Baste the two together turning the cretonne over the edges. Then sew one cover under each length of the strip. This completes the cover. Now bind your pamphlet the entire length of its back with a narrow bias or straight muslin and fasten it in the cover, by sewing the narrow binding to the chevrot back in the cover. I have bound my Mozart's Sonatas, and intend to bind my Beethoven and Bach's Fugues. With pretty cretonne I consider it quite ornamental.

I find much of interest in The Mother's Chair, in fact I would not exchange our HOUSEHOLD for any paper I have ever seen. I am training my three-year-old baby girl, morally and socially, largely at the expense of an imaginary Janie. Janie runs away from home, tells stories, wets her finger or thumb to turn pages, is cross to mamma, refuses to be washed and combed, in short, Janie always stands ready to commit any little fault I may be trying to correct in my darling. Her small soul is sometimes dismayed at the

number and magnitude of Janie's enormities, but the sweet, serious face fairly beams with delight when reformation takes place, and Janie stays at home, is ready to pick up her playthings, and even hands the comb to mamma, requesting to have her hair combed, which last act is of course a climax, and we drop the curtain accordingly. We are the best of friends, my baby-woman and I. Two things I always try to teach her. "Mamma knows best," and "Mamma always loves her." Hoping that I may shape by the first, and soften with the second the path her tender little feet must walk.

I feel a personal gratitude towards Mrs. W. H. Murray for the Wide Smyrna Lace in January number. I have made two collars of it, one of number ninety unbleached linen thread. It is beautiful. Any knitted edging may be utilized for collars by adding three or four stitches for a little narrow band. This little band should only be knit every third time up. In Smyrna lace knit entirely to the top only in the sixth, twelfth and eighteenth rows. I think it a waste of time and eyesight to knit lace by the yard, when trimming can be bought so cheaply, but if I had not a dress trimmed with very handsome torchon lace for my little girl, I should be much tempted to knit enough of this beautiful pattern with linen thread number forty, to finish the bottom of a little dress for her.

I hope it is not out of place here to say I am glad THE HOUSEHOLD does not say much about crazy quilts. I never did like them. I suppose there is "too much method in my madness."

Do you all know that it is a great convenience to know, particularly in fruit season, that any thing at boiling heat may be poured in glass vessels of any kind, by simply providing a conductor to pass off the heat. This can be done by putting something metal in the jar or dish, letting it project a little over. I do not hesitate to pour any thing boiling hot in my prettiest glass dish, after first laying in it a spoon. In canning I generally put a meat fork in the jar, in filling jelly glasses a teaspoon is most convenient.

AMARYLLIS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though it be a little out of my line, let me add my mite to the columns of your most excellent paper.

I was an invalid in my teens, and not altogether strong I have learned something of economy in strength as well as means, and as I sit swinging in my bed hammock at eight o'clock mornings, and wonder if my neighbors think and say, "There's a shiftless housekeeper." To you who have strength to "do up" your work in the morning as it should be, it would seem so, but let me tell you I keep no help, thereby saving the wages, \$2.50 or \$3.00 per week, besides the board, to say nothing of the annoyance of servants and the wear and breakage, which, with your own careful usage, last much longer.

I heard a lady say not long since, I cannot afford to hire my washings done even, I can better do them than do my mending, for I find with injudicious rubbing my clothes are worn out and come to mending in a surprisingly short length of time.

Now, my sisters, take my advice, as soon as breakfast table is cleared, while your beds are airing, and while the children want a little petting and a mother's smiles in the morning free from care and hurry and confusion, which too many mothers feel, because they think to be exemplary housekeepers the work must be "done up" in the morning early, as soon as it can possibly be rushed through. This makes the little things fretful. Just do as I do, take them out on the piazza, or tent house, wherever you have your hammock, read or tell them a story, and see the little treasures skipping about

their play before you finish up your morning work.

Another thing, a breakfast of boiled eggs, toast and a cup of chocolate is good enough for any one, and costs but little labor and time to prepare, and allows another half hour of the sweetest rest, saving the time many of you expend on an elaborate breakfast which is not half so healthful and twice as expensive.

Two hundred and fifty dollars per year remember you save by not keeping a servant, this put in the bank will give you, at six per cent., fifteen dollars each year. All this goes on while you swing in your hammock, luxuriating in the pleasure you can get reading the pages of THE HOUSEHOLD, or any other good reading, and if you chance to see a nice picture, or any other little luxury you would like to indulge in, you can say to yourself, "I can afford this, for I saved it by doing my work as I was able to do it, and without the expense of hiring a servant." I do not mean to speak disparagingly of good servants, for I have had experience with them, and have had good faithful girls too, but when not a positive necessity I enjoy my home and its comforts when sole mistress, and as Dr. Franklin says, "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned."

P. D. M.

Vermont.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"Louise," said a friend to me the other day, "Why don't you ever write to THE HOUSEHOLD nowadays? I have not seen your signature for a long time, and I do think some of your notions about bringing up boys are worth airing?"

"I do ventilate some of my ideas, if not in THE HOUSEHOLD," I replied.

I have been much interested in the four dollars a week question, reading what this one or that has to say about it. My family consists of four the year through, and five in vacation, and I have many comers and goers. I think I cannot feed a person a week for one dollar. I do not waste food, and have by experience learned to buy closely, and cook palatably. I have received many valuable hints and much instruction from THE HOUSEHOLD. If I could have had its assistance early in my career as a house and home keeper, I should have been grateful for such a helper as I was not to the manor born. Having been a teacher previous to my marriage, and having no love for housework, I had to cultivate an aptitude for it. I tried for years faithfully but vainly, as it seemed to me, to produce the same results that old housekeepers were able to achieve. After my first baby came, my health was poor, but after a year of sickness and weakness, I discharged help as a matter of economy, and did my own washing and ironing and other work. At two years of age my boy had dysentery, and I had bilious fever. We gave up housekeeping and boarded for two years. Then we tried housekeeping again and have never moved since then.

But through the ups and downs of eighteen years of married life, it took me nearly sixteen of them to learn that even if I am the wife of a comparatively poor man, it is not, nor ever was, wisdom for me to do heavy housework. I have for years had a small class in music. Two years ago as applications were increasing, I decided to send out my washing and ironing. I have never taken it back and will not unless my fingers and brain fail me, and my husband's health fails also.

Perhaps some of these young housekeepers are doing with mistaken zeal what their previous life and strength unfits them for. I encountered a brave, but frail little woman, a few months since, who was wearing herself out with many cares and much labor. I related the experience of my ups and downs more fully to her than I am able to do on paper to you, and asked her if she was sure she could not make her brush pay for her washing bill. I had noticed the plain shade at the window as decorated with a flight of swallows, and also on the mantel shelf a lovely panel of water lilies. She has since informed me that she has a class of three whom she is teaching to paint. All cannot teach, but I counsel those who wish for good reasons to put out heavy work, think well whether they cannot in some way earn or save enough to make it possible. I live not in a farming community, but in a factory village.

For four weeks I have been alternating from the lounge to an easy chair. A severe cold invited the ever willing malaria to assist in frustrating my plans for the month of February. I would have planned and done some of the spring sewing, preparatory to house cleaning this month,

I have laid some plans which I hope to mature later.

I have been looking over late HOUSEHOLDS and also old ones. I find myself wondering where Gladys's Wayne is, and whether Rosamond has sent Midget to Vassar or Wellesley. I believe Hazel Wyde is a Connecticut woman. I know many of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, but a few of its writers except by name.

A friend to whom I just offered this to read, says, "Why you haven't alred a single notion about boys." Why, so I haven't. Well I will some time.

Connecticut.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was much interested in, but more amused at Di Vernon's kind advice to that young housekeeper in western Kansas, for I knew from experience, that she was asking her to "make bricks without straw." As I did not see the Kansas lady's letter, I do not know what her house is, or its exact location, but I am the possessor of a homestead in the north western corner of Kansas, so I think I can judge something of the "possibilities" that surround her.

First, dear Di, a willow ceiling is usually made of poles for rafters and ridge pole, covered with willow brush, upon which are filled sods and dirt sufficient to exclude the rain, if it comes often enough. But let the hot sun shine—as it seems to me it shines only in Kansas and Nebraska—for two or three weeks, and then a sudden, heavy rain come, and there is usually hurrying to get furniture, and sometimes one's self, from under the streams that run through the cracks in the sun-baked roof. Ever since I came from the Green Mountain state, six years ago, and began teaching, most of my days have been spent in sod "mansions" of various kinds, so I've had considerable experience in that line.

Has the Kansas housekeeper a sod house? I prefer them to frame houses on some accounts. They can be made very comfortable, and the walls can be papered or kalsomined, or do very well if simply washed with the native lime, which we find in the canons of Nebraska. The windows are nice for plants, they are so deep. "Soddies" are much cooler in summer and can be made to exclude the cold winter winds better than frame buildings. The greatest objection I have to them is the dust.

But I began this to let Di Vernon know how scanty are the "natural helps" which we homesteaders have, compared with those she has. She says, "Get some evergreens, branches of acorns, bright berries," etc. That is just what I have longed so much to do, but, alas! I have failed to find in western Kansas and Nebraska an evergreen, acorn, or bright berry, except sumac. On these treeless plains there are no rocks, stumps, or old logs for moss to form upon, and I would go miles after a handful of ferns, but they are not to be found. I think sometimes, if the more favored sisters in the east would send boxes of such things into the west to be distributed, they would be as welcome as the boxes of clothing which are occasionally sent out.

Now, don't for one minute imagine that the west is a horrible barren place, not fit for the residence of civilized beings. It is a grand country, and I love it. We have lovely wild flowers and grasses. The farmers rejoice because of the lack of what I would like to find—old mossy stumps and rock. And such fertile soil! I intend to have a few acres of sod broken this spring, and expect to raise sugar cane, corn, beans, peas, turnips, beets, squashes, melons, cucumbers, etc., upon the same. We merely turn the turf over, cut places for the seeds, drop them in and wait until it is time to harvest our crops. We can usually persuade flowers, and plants that require very mellow soil, to grow nicely upon land that has been plowed twice.

Our country is so level that we can see towns twelve miles away. We have glorious sunrises, sunsets, rainbows and moonlight evenings, such as people who are shut in by mountains never see, and in the hottest days of summer we are usually favored with a breeze, so if sheltered from the sun, one can keep quite comfortable.

As for sod houses with thatched roofs, I will say they don't all leak, and some of the happiest hours of my life, and I am three years older than Di, have been passed in the "little old sod shanty on the claim."

I wish the young housekeeper in western Kansas would send me her address, that I may know if, when I go to Kansas this spring, she and I will be neighbors.

Lake, Neb.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—While reading the February HOUSEHOLD, I looked for familiar names. Gladys Wayne was the first to greet me, and cheered my heart as of old. I wonder if a personal letter will come soon, for you are in my debt, Gladys, and I have much to tell you, and to hear of your home doings.

And did you know, Mabel D., that this moment while writing I am but a half hour's walk from Arlington, and its principal streets are very familiar to me? I have a brother there, so I reciprocate your friendly greeting and extend my hand from High street to—

It is a trial to one's patience to find omitted in

any recipe, the quantity of flour or saleratus, or other ingredient or necessary information. Every detail should be explicit and clear. It reminds me of Widow Muggins' famous plum pudding, which no one by questioning could ever ascertain how it was made. The widow's replies were always unsatisfactory and evasive, and something after this fashion:

"How many eggs do you use?"

"Well, that depends on whether one is fond of eggs. Mr. Muggins always liked eggs so I used more for him than some folks would."

"How much sweetening do you put in?"

"Well, poor dear Muggins did like his pudding rather sweet, so I made puddings for him sweeter than if he hadn't such a sweet tooth, you know."

"Mrs. Muggins, please tell me just the right quantity of flour."

"Yes, dear, that is very important and depends entirely on the size of the pudding, if you want a large one, it takes considerably more flour than a small one."

"You use raisins and spice?"

"Yes, how dear Muggins did like raisins and currants, and said I put in just enough to give it the right taste."

In despair the questioner tries once more:

"How long time is required to bake the pudding?"

"You must judge of that by the size of the pudding. It needs to be well baked. If I make a large one it takes much longer to get well done, than when I make a small one. Poor, dear Muggins always did like a large pudding."

Next in vexation, is to attempt to knit or crochet from directions, and find omissions and commissions. Too many stitches, or not enough stitches, and a large margin for guessing, "Muggins" like. That experience has come to me so many times, that now I seldom will try any but Nellie May's directions, which are generally correct. Last week, wanting an open, easy knitting pattern for a flannel skirt, I tried from four different periodicals, directions for the same, and not one could I get through with, satisfactorily. I was discouraged; pulled out the needles, and wrote this letter.

RIVERSIDE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MUSTER GINGERBREAD:—E. S. C. wants to know how to make old fashioned muster gin bread. This recipe is of the year 1800. One quart of molasses, one-quarter pound of butter or lard, one-half pint of thick milk, one ounce of saleratus dissolved in the milk, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, three and one-half pounds of flour. Roll one-half inch thick, cut in squares, wash with milk and molasses, bake on tins.

SCRAPPLE.—Take eight pounds of scraps of pork and beef that will not do for sausage, boil in four gallons of water, when tender chop fine, strain the liquor, pour back into the pot, put in the meat, season with sage, summer savory, marjoram, salt and pepper to taste, stir in a quart of corn meal, simmer a few minutes, thicken with buckwheat flour very little, cook very little after it is thickened, stir constantly, put in pans to cool, slice and fry in lard a nice brown.

York, Pa.

A. M. KURTZ.

GREEN CORN PANCAKES.—Take five good ears of sweet corn, just too hard for eating but still in the milk, grate into any convenient crock or pan, scraping all milk and loose corn from cob, add two eggs, one cup of sour milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda, enough flour to thicken as flour batter cakes. Salt to taste and bake as ordinary pancakes. Try them and I think you will want to try them again.

MRS. W. N. W.

POTATO SALAD.—A most delicious relish and an elegant dish for the supper table can be made of cold boiled potatoes. The potatoes must be of a good variety; we use the white star or the beauty of Hebron. Select a dozen good sized potatoes, wash clean, and boil them with their jackets on; so soon as they are done, drain the water from them and set them away until the next day. Then, in the afternoon, prepare them in this way: Peel the potatoes and cut them into thin slices, peel, slice and chop fine two medium sized onions, slice and chop fine a handful of slender red and yellow peppers, or cut them in thin rings; there will, also, be required one tablespoonful of salt and one-third teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

In the bottom of a deep bowl put a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle over this a light layer of the chopped onions and of the chopped peppers, and sprinkle over this a little of the salt and cayenne pepper, then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the ingredients are all used. For this a dressing will be required, made thus: Into a half-pint, or a little more, of good, pleasant-tasting vinegar put six tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and six tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of ground mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of black pepper, mix it well, set over the fire and let it boil a few minutes. Then

beat to a foam three raw eggs, stir them into the dressing, and remove it immediately from the fire, and when perfectly cold pour over the salad. Do not stir the salad; set it on ice or in a very cold place until wanted. This salad should be sent to the table in handsome glass dishes, and if the table is set for twelve or fourteen persons, do not send it to the table in one or two dishes, but in six, three for each side of the table, using medium sized dishes. Lift the salad carefully with a large spoon from the bowl and transfer to the dishes, which should be filled nearly level full, never heaping full, and garnish the salad with strips of pickled beet, pickled cucumbers, and of cold, hard boiled eggs. If desired, half the quantity can be used, but it will keep a week.

In making some of this salad, lately, the boiled potatoes became frozen in the night, but freezing did not detract from them in the least, they were white as snow. I hope some of the sisters will try this recipe and report.

BEFSTEAK WITH BROWN GRAVY.—In the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. J. D. Mosher, of Canton, Lewis Co., Mo., asks "How the beefsteak is cooked on the large steamboats, and how the brown gravy is made that the beef is dressed with?" On the large steamboats on the Ohio river, beefsteak is cooked for breakfast in this way: The beefsteak is cut in large, thick slices, and well pounded, and pepper and salt sprinkled over both sides, it is then laid in a very hot pan in which there is hot butter, or hot butter and suet mixed, it is placed immediately in a very hot oven and browned very quickly. The brown gravy which has formed in the pan is served with it. Steak cooked in this way is most excellent, and is quite equal to that broiled over hot coals. The quantity of gravy can be increased, if desired, by dredging a little flour in the hot grease, stirring at all the time, and then pouring in a little hot water, stirring all the time. The exact quantity of flour and water cannot be given. After a little experience it will come all right.

Riverside, W. Va.

TO MAKE CANDLE WICKS.—If candle wicks are steeped in lime water and saltpeter, and dried before using, the flame will be clearer and the tallow will not run.—Farm Journal.

PAPERING WHITEWASHED WALLS.—One pound of glue, one-fourth bar of soap, dissolve in six quarts of water, let stand until blood warm, apply with a whitewash brush, dry thoroughly, and paper. The paper will stick and not come off. If S. F. Bickwell tries this please report.

Winchendon, Mass.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, with one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through it. Beat the yolks and whites separately, adding whites the last thing before the flour. Bake in four jelly cake tins.

icing to put Between.—One egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in two-thirds cup of sweet milk, put on the stove and stir till done. Flavor with lemon. If those who try this will closely follow directions, I think they will, like myself, pronounce it excellent.

Will some one oblige me with a recipe for fruit cake?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of allspice, and five cups of flour. They are as good, if not better, than the boughten ones. Please report success.

Ontario.

HAMBURG STEAK.—Take lean raw beef, chop very fine, add chopped onion to flavor, if liked add a little more, season with pepper and salt, bind with an egg, make in small flat cakes, dip lightly in flour. Be sure and have the spider quite hot, butter it well, cook quick like beefsteak.

SUBSCRIBER.

EXCELLENT FROSTING.—Get finest quality confectioner's sugar, take half a pound, pour in water by the tablespoonful and stir until it is a thick cream. Use no eggs. Be sure and get double X confectioner's sugar, common sugar will melt when you put water in it.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak four pounds of salt beef two days in water, then boil with one pint of beans. The beef flavors it just right.

Will some one tell me how to make Dutch mustard? the kind we buy in bottles; it always keeps fresh and good.

LOUISE.

DELICATE CAKE.—Whites of six eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, three-fourths cup of sweet milk, flavor with lemon. Add to three cups of flour one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda stir quickly and thoroughly, and bake in sheets.

For dressing between layers, take whites of two eggs, beat well and add one cup of white sugar, spread this over each layer and sprinkle thickly with grated cocoanut; also apply dressing to top and sides. Please try and report.

Crawfordville, S. C. MRS. O. P. MORGAN.

SAUSAGE FOR SUMMER USE.—Cook the balls and lay them in tin cans edge ways, (the cans will hold more put in this way,) when the cans are full, fill up with hot lard or the fryings and seal up, with a weight on top till cold. Sausage put up in this way retains their fresh flavor much better than when put down in jars.

Illinois.

PENELOPE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—In answer to questions in THE HOUSEHOLD the following remedies are never failing: The oil of peppermint will drive away ants, a few drops put where they run; the same will cure chilblains, relieve the headache or any aches and pains. Sage tea and a little borax will prevent the hair from falling out and make it grow.

KITTIE.

Will some of the Band inform me how to make corn meal cake? Also bisque glace?

PEGGY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Finding that our paper contains information on about every subject, I venture to send in a request. Will some one who is posted on the subject of hens please let us know all he or she can about raising, feeding, etc? Something about hen houses, hen yards, how warm they must be kept in winter, how long it is before June chickens lay, and in fact, any thing that is useful for a person who has the hen fever to know?

SAPPHO.

Will Dr. Hanaford or any of the sisters give diet for baby who needs more food than the mother can give it?

MRS. L. M. C. S.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—For ebonizing furniture, carriage black is used.

ETHEL.

What will prevent hens from eating eggs?

S. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—For the benefit of those who are occasionally afflicted with nose bleed, I give the remedy of a celebrated Philadelphia physician. "Chew a bit of cloth, wad of paper, or the corner of your handkerchief, and bite hard."

MRS. E. B. CLEMENT.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. A. W. in your March number inquired for a recipe for packing eggs and butter to be kept during the summer. My mode for packing eggs is to slack lime to the consistency of white washing. Allow it to stand twenty-four hours, then put in the eggs (not necessarily all in one day) until the vessel is filled. The eggs should always be covered with the water. As butter is produced from market wrap it in a cloth dampened and well sprinkled with salt, then placed in an earthen vessel and covered with brine made of salt and water. A press should be put on to keep the butter under the brine.

York, Pa.

A Subscriber in November number asks how to stop falling hair. Take a good sized carrot, slice very thin, and put with enough fresh butter to cover it well, then set it on the back of the stove and simmer several hours, strain and scent with citronella, use freely as a dressing, and wash the head once a week in salt water.

Will some of the sister tell me how to make cream gravy?

L. B. S.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask some of the subscribers to your paper to give their method of cleaning white silk lace?

M. C. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will you, or some one, tell me how to take the lime off a copper teakettle?

E. D. B.

Flora Flagg, bake your beans in milk, if not too expensive a luxury, otherwise a tablespoonful of butter put in an hour before taking from the oven, or a piece of fat fresh beef. Any of these substitutes are preferable to pork.

Boston, Mass.

E. F. D.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one please tell me what will take red paint out of white linen lawn? Turpentine has failed.

What kind of glue or cement shall I use for mending the handle of a majolica teapot so that it will not come off in use, or if dipped in hot water?

LUIE.

Texas.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell me what will remove fruit stains from marble? also, how to cleanse undressed kid gloves?

MRS. H. B. G. Massachusetts.

The Parlor.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY F. M. FISCH.

By the flow of the winding river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the green grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the Blue—
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the Blue—
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friends and the foe—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the Blue—
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender
On the blossoms blooming for all—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Wet with the rain, the Blue—
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years now fading,
The braver battle was won—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms, the Blue—
Under the garlands, the Gray.

So when the summer calteth
On forest and fields of grain,
With an equal murmur fallteth
The cooling drip of the rain—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Broidered with gold, the Blue—
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red—
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE BOTANY CLUB OF CALAMUS MEADOW.

IT WAS the doctor who began it. Said he to his patient, "Now, my friend, as you value your life, for your own sake and that of your family keep out of the shop all you can. The air is full of dust which irritates your lungs, and they don't have a fair chance of healing. Ease off on the work. Keep out of doors a great deal. Ride often. Take your wife and children out into the woods and fields, which are full of interesting things, and let nature try her hand at a cure. She is better for a case like yours than a whole drug store of remedies. But I warn you that she cannot help you if you will persist in toiling early and late in that shop and breathing the sawdust-laden air."

For Dr. Brown this was an unusually long speech, but it left just the impression he meant it should. It is doubtful, however, whether Frank Sandford would have consented to "ease off" had it not been for the wise little wife, who said, "Try it, dear, for this summer. We can live on less than we have been using. I'll have no new dress, and the pretty things we had planned for the house can wait. If you can regain your health it will be worth everything—everything."

So when May sunshine made the earth warm, and verdure was springing up on the rounded hills which overlooked Calamus meadow, the Sandford family could have been seen frequently turning their steps towards the woods, roaming over the pastures, and as the strength of the invalid returned, following the path of some swift little brook back to its birth-place, far up among the rocky slopes.

Perhaps, after all, it was the children who really began the club. Not a blossom escaped their eyes, and to the repeated question, "What is this 'pretty flower?'" mamma and papa were so often compelled to say they didn't know, that they began to desire to learn something about them. Frank Sandford was brought up on a farm, where he had seen many of the lovely wild flowers which abound, but like Peter Bell,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Dandelions, violets, red columbine, of course he knew them, but to him a dandelion was but a common yellow flower, not a company of hundreds of tiny, delicate blossoms, each separate one a perfect and complete floweret.

"Why can't we study and learn about their parts and how to find out their names?" said Mrs. Sandford; "I really am ashamed that I cannot tell the children more about the plants. I should like to know for myself. Do you know what books we need and how to begin, Frank?"

Frank was no wiser than his wife, but stepped into the public library that night and asked Miss Harris if there was any book there which would help them about studying flowers. "I think this may," said she, handing him "Talks Afield."

"It was recommended by one of the teachers, but has seldom been called for." Well, the book was carefully read, much of it on the rainy days which kept them in-doors, or while they rested during some long walk. Not all of it did they understand, but even Fred and Florence, the children, could soon give the names to the different parts of the flower, and counted petals, stamens and pistils of every one they found. They learned that plants are grouped in families, all members of which bear some degree of likeness, though it is not always plainly seen at first. It was a surprise to know that the snowy spiraea in their yard, the strawberry and the apple are relations, children of the rose family.

"I see you out a great deal in the pastures lately," said Mrs. Grant, a neighbor, one day to Mrs. Sandford. "Does your husband grow stronger by the out-door life; do you think?"

"He certainly does improve in many ways, sleeping more, having a better appetite, and I really think he coughs less. We are taking so much interest in studying flowers that we go out every day when the weather is suitable. I never supposed there were half so many wild flowers. I believe I haven't used my eyes until this spring; at all events, I see things now in the fields and by the roadsides which I never knew before were there. But we don't yet know how to find out the flowers' names. Don't you think we ought to have another book than this?" showing the "Talks Afield."

"My boy Harry," said Mrs. Grant, "is studying botany this spring, using, 'How Plants Grow,' and is already analyzing a little. He hasn't been very fond of some of his studies, but likes this heartily. It gives him an object for his long rides and walks, so he lays in a stock of useful knowledge while he gains health, (for you know he was never a strong boy,) and he too is learning to use his eyes. Perhaps Gray's botany is what you need, and Miss Williams, his teacher, I'm sure would be very willing to help you."

Miss Williams and Harry Grant were added to the botany club, which now numbered six members. They studied the Crowfoot family. Although late for hepaticas, they were able to find a few blossoms, enough to study and a specimen for each to press. They learned that the marsh marigold and anemone, like the hepatica, have but one flower cup, although Harry, at first, could not see why

the three-parted involucre of the latter was not called a calyx. Of course they knew buttercups—but even buttercups were not alike, they found, as they presently learned to distinguish the species bulbosus from the acris, and examined the curiously bent styles of the hooked crowfoot.

There were times when Mrs. Sandford laughingly complained of the trials to be found in the pursuit of knowledge, such as torn clothes, muddy shoes and the like which the children would bring home, but usually some new flower had rewarded their search when these mishaps occurred, and the mother's censures were not severe.

Out of a woodland near by Harry brought a thick stalk of flowers with white petals raised on slender claws, and many stamens on delicate white filaments. The branch bore compound leaves, two or three times divided with sharply cut leaflets. From another wood came handfrs of a low perennial with three shining evergreen leaves, a scape bearing one white flower and roots of golden yellow twined among the masses. Unlike in appearance as these were in many ways, our students found them actea and goldthread, belonging to the same Crowfoot family with anemone, hepatica and columbine.

Presently a new member was added to the club. Mary Andrews was of necessity a stay-at-home member, since she was suffering from the effects of an accident which had confined her to the house for more than a year, but took a lively interest in the study, and enjoyed the glimpses of out-door life which came to her in the sweet blossoms of spring and summer. The shy boy Harry was careful to remember Mary in his rambles, and many new specimens did he carry to her. It was she who read to the club one day when they met with her to study a new acquaintance that the Sandford family had found, a leafless shrub with handsome rose colored flowers, the rhodora, Emerson's poem addressed to this charming flower, in which are these lines:

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

There was one gala day which the club gave up to flower hunting, driving over remote roads, in out of the way places, peering into thick woods, exploring mossy banks, and here are some of the pretty and curious things they brought to Mary Andrews the next afternoon as they met in her room to study the specimens; pip-sisewa, two species of pyrola, partridge vine, pitcher plant, wild calla, medeola, with its little white tubers which taste like cucumbers, the fragrant arethusa and pogonia, (but they had to learn of these from an advanced botany,) laurels, sundew, sundrops, frost weed, St. Johnswort, cleavers, pearlwort; and the invalid almost forgot her pain as she handled the flowers and listened to the account of the rambles of her friends.

That night a neighbor who happened in while the Sandfords were at tea affirmed there was nothing on the table but bread and butter, milk and sauce, (this good woman had made ten pies that day for her family of four,) she saw dust on the chairs, and didn't believe Mrs. Sandford had taken up a carpet this spring. "And no wonder things were going to ruin when a housekeeper roamed out of doors so much."

No doubt this was a very shocking state of affairs, but let us listen to Mr. Sandford, as on that same evening he said to his wife, "The doctor's advice has done me more good than his medicine. I feel twice the man I did three months ago. We haven't had as much money, but I've been able to look after the shop, keep the men busy and haven't lost many jobs. And yet, but for you, Sarah, I'm afraid I should never have tried the experiment."

"It has been a good thing in many

ways," his wife replied. "I am stronger for the walks and drives, we have learned to help our children in some ways we could not before; we have just taken a peep into a fascinating study which we can pursue as long as we live. When we have made acquaintance with all the plants described in Gray we'll go to South America and study tropical flowers," said she, laughing.

In these winter days Harry Grant looks over his neat herbarium, recalling with each page some bit of landscape, a view from the hilltop where this was found, the song of the birds where he first saw yellow violets, and the picturesque stream by whose banks he gathered pickerel weed, arrow arum and sweet flag, planning to add to his specimens in the coming summer, especially to study the largest of all families, the Composite, which his teacher thought too difficult for him at the time.

The invalid girl has not the memory of drives and walks, not even the pressed flowers to remind her of the study, but thoughts of the kindness of those friends who shared with her the beauties of woodland and meadow have cheered many a moment of loneliness, and returning strength to the injured limbs gives hope, when another summer shall come, of again treading the firm earth and gathering in their own home the flowers of the field.

LESLIE RAYNOR.

NAMING THE BABY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOWLES.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow were the joint owners of the finest baby ever seen. Large, stately, and very intellectual for a child of four weeks, his happy parents were proud indeed.

He could cry lustily when hungry, and already preferred light to darkness.

To his admiring parents it did not seem possible that there could be a more promising child, or one more deserving of a good name, and yet, so far, they had been unable to decide what he should be called.

Philip Snow believed most heartily in keeping up the old family names which had been originally taken from the best of books, and would gladly have bestowed upon his first-born the name his father and grandfather had borne.

Mrs. Snow believed equally in perpetuating family names, only it was her father's name that was most worthy of being perpetuated.

Philip and Sarah were both persons of very decided views, and it was not easy always to make these decided views correspond.

There was nothing the happy father would not do for his son, except to name him Joshua.

He was happy even in the privilege of getting up nights in the bitter cold of winter to warm his milk, or to walk the floor with the crying child, when too much and too frequent feeding gave him a pain in the stomach.

Never was there a more devoted mother than Sarah, but she could not bring herself to allow that he should be called Daniel; it might do for some children, but her baby deserved the best.

They sat together one evening in the late December, on either side of the cradle, admiring the rosy sleeper, and talking in hushed voices of his beauty and promise; or they sat in a silence too sweet for words, as they thought of all he would be to them in the years to come.

"Really, Sarah," spoke Philip, "I think we ought to decide on a name for baby soon. Here he is four weeks old, and growing every day. We shan't quite like to call him baby when he is one and twenty."

"Probably not; but as it lacks twenty

years and eleven months of that time, I think we need not despair of finding him a name. For my own part, if you are willing to call him Joshua, for my father, we will name him to-night."

"Joshua is well enough for a grandfather, Sarah, but really for a baby Daniel is preferable by far; that is my opinion, my dear. It is the name of my father and my grandfather, and I would like to honor them and him by calling baby the same. Danny would make a good baby name."

"It is altogether too babyish for my child, Philip," answered his wife, with emphasis. "I hope you remember that he is not always to be a child, lying in the cradle or shaking a rattle. There is something grand and dignified about Joshua that he will have reason to be proud of when he is a man."

"It is astonishing to me, Sarah, that you should want to name him for your father when he is living so near us. When baby is old enough to ride out with his grandfather people will say, 'Look! there goes old Josh and young Josh.'"

"No, indeed, Mr. Snow, nobody will ever think of calling my father and my son such senseless names."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Snow, for I hope they will never have occasion to do so, but just give them a chance and see what they will do! Now my father died so long ago, no such objection exists."

"Yes, Philip, your father died long ago and cannot care what we call our baby; but my father would think it a very proper token of respect, and I think we ought to please him; but of course, a woman's opinion is of no consequence; it doesn't seem to be."

"They are worth a good deal more than a man's; to let the woman have her say about it; but really, Sarah, it is too bad to quarrel about which we should honor of two such men as your father and mine."

Just here a bright thought struck him. "See here, Sarah, let's call him for both of them. Daniel Joshua Snow would make an excellent name."

"Indeed, you'd like to have my father's name in the middle, would you, and never have him called by it? That is a thing I will never submit to, Philip Snow."

"Don't get so excited, Sarah. If he likes Joshua best when he gets older he can do as half the folks we know, write his name D. Joshua. I am sure if he likes it so I shan't make a fuss about it then."

"I wish you wouldn't now. Why not call him so now as well as twenty years from now, I'd like to know. As for having his name written in that senseless way, I'll never consent to it, and you ought not. Every one would say, 'D. Joshua Snow, he must have a horrible name, or was called after somebody that disgraced himself,' and then where would your father's honor be? No, Philip, we'll call him baby till he's old enough to choose his own name, before he shall be called that."

Philip bit his lip and kept silence. He didn't like to quarrel, but he did like his own way as well as most of us, and he felt a good deal hurt at the way in which his brilliant suggestion had been received. Now Sarah might offer a plan of settlement, he had done his part."

"What do you say to leaving it all to Helen, Philip? I've heard you say you'd trust her judgment anywhere. We can let her decide it."

Helen Morse was a mutual cousin, greatly beloved by each. Philip pondered a moment. He thought of the old saying:

"If a woman says she will, you may depend on't; if she says she won't, she won't and that's the end on't."

If he must give up, it would be better for his marital authority that it be at Helen's decision, than at Sarah's demand. She was coming to visit them next week, and

she should be umpire. She had far too much sense to think that Joshua Daniel was a suitable name for the finest baby in the world. He hadn't a doubt how Helen would decide, not he.

"Very well," he said aloud, "we will leave it to her when she comes."

Perhaps if he had known of a certain dainty note, now in Sarah's pocket, with whose contents he was to be surprised by and by, he would not have consented so readily. Closely following Helen's letter of Monday in which she announced her coming, came this little note that Sarah had not yet shown her husband.

MY DEAR SARAH:—I hope you will not be too much astonished, but I have a bit of news for you. A few hours after I wrote you I had a call from a friend who strongly objects to my leaving town now unless he goes too. He returned to-day from Cincinnati very unexpectedly, and insists that he cannot dispense with my company so soon. So, my dear, can you make room for two instead of one? I must see young Philip, the wonderful, without longer delay. I suppose he is to be named for his father, of course. Let me hear from you to-morrow, and if you can take us for a few days into your pleasant home, you shall see my face on Tuesday with that of my best friend, Joshua Henderson, a painter of considerable repute. It is late, so I will reserve further explanation till I see you.

With love, HELEN MORSE.

Mrs. Snow had felt a little doubtful about the first name of the best friend, for Helen had written in haste, and an unfortunate blot came in the way; however, a person of discernment could see that it was Joshua. Mrs. Snow patted the note in the depths of her pocket and smiled knowingly. Surely the name of Helen's best friend was the one she would select for baby, and Mrs. Snow considered the matter as quite settled. Nevertheless the next morning she decided "to make assurance doubly sure," by just hinting at her wishes in her letter.

Philip, too, as he sat in his office, waiting for one who had an engagement in a few minutes, concluded it might be as well to drop Helen a line to let her know what was expected of her; so it came to pass that a day later, Miss Helen Morse sat in her pleasant home with two letters unopened in her hand, trying to imagine why Sarah's letter had not been enclosed with Philip's, now that the government is so liberal in the matter of weight. "They must be getting extravagant since the postage has been decreased," she laughed as she opened Sarah's; "they ought to have put the extra pennies in baby's bank, for I'll warrant that Sarah has one for him already, and I must tell her so when I see her." Here is the letter:

MY DEAREST HELEN:—It will give us great pleasure to receive both yourself and your best friend next week, and we are especially anxious to have you come, as Philip and I have agreed to let you decide on the baby's name. He wants it Daniel Joshua, but I am sure you will agree with me that Joshua D. will be a much more desirable combination. My father's is a name to be honored, and as it is also the name of your best friend I am sure you will agree with me.

In haste, SARAH.

Philip's note was equally brief.

DEAR COUSIN:—Come as soon as you can and name the baby. We have agreed to abide by your decision. Really, now, don't you think Daniel Joshua is a prettier name than Joshua Daniel? I know that your good sense and your appreciation of the high character of the father I lost so long ago will leave no room for doubt. (He pulled you out of the cistern, you know, when you were only six, for which, of course, we are all grateful.) I've no doubt he will be called Daniel, so I have

already begun to call him by it when Sarah is out of the room, and I think he almost knows his name. Come Tuesday without fail.

PHILIP.

Long Helen pondered. It was a delicate matter: whichever way she decided, one of her friends would feel aggrieved; and then the baby; when he grew up wouldn't he blame her for helping give him such a name?

Philip and Sarah were both old friends and cousins, and she knew their failings, and fancied it might be well for both to give up as well as one. At this point Mr. Arthur Henderson was announced.

"Well, Helen, what is it?" he questioned, as he sat near her. "Some weighty matter is being decided by the look of your eye and wrinkled brow, I imagine."

"I am a little puzzled, Arthur, to know how to please two people who are very anxious to have their way about the same thing; but, unfortunately, the way of each is different. You see Philip and Sarah cannot quite agree on the baby's name, and have decided that when I get there next week I am to settle the great question."

"No wonder you look as if the care of the nation rested upon you. Will my advice be of service to you?"

"Perhaps. As you are to be a cousin yourself some day, I suppose there is no harm letting you into harmless family secrets. Each of them has sent me a letter, unknown to the other, setting forth the advantage of Joshua Daniel, and Daniel Joshua, respectively, these being the names of the two grandfathers."

Mr. Henderson laughed as he read the letters. "Really, our relatives seem exceedingly anxious to have their own plans carried out. I am afraid either will find it hard to yield to even your verdict, Helen. By virtue of your office, why not suggest that there are other names in the world from which to choose, and that, in the interest of peace and a happy home you advise the selection of a different one? Possibly they could be induced to honor their new cousin, that hopes to be, by giving the baby his humble name; and I flatter myself Arthur is quite as good a name as Joshua, Daniel even."

"I'll do it," declared Helen. "Happy baby! what an escape for him; for I do not think they will refuse my request. Ever since I read the 'Idyls of the King,' it has been my favorite, and I think I love you a little better for bearing the name."

These two had long been friends, and lately lovers, and there were many things to talk of, now that the great question of baby's name was decided, as far as they could do it. With the early spring there was to be a new home founded in a neighboring city, and many were the plans concerning it.

After Mr. Henderson's departure, Helen wrote to her friends a joint letter, many pleasant thoughts filling her heart as she wrote.

Again it was evening, and Mrs. Snow had lighted the evening lamp, intent on finishing a bit of embroidery that was to make more dainty the little garment she had been fashioning. Nothing was too good for the young king who lay smiling and sweet in his cradle by her side.

Mrs. Snow was very good-natured to-night, as indeed, why shouldn't she be? She felt so perfectly certain that her way would be pronounced the best, it was not worth while even to be anxious.

A minute later a step sounded on the walk, and soon Philip came in and joined them.

"Here's a letter, Sarah," he said presently, "directed to us both; it seems to be Helen's writing, but I don't see why she should write again so soon. I hope nothing has happened to prevent her com-

ing on Tuesday. You read it, please, while I take up the baby, bless him."

Mrs. Snow laid down her sewing and took up the letter.

DEAR PHILIP AND SARAH:—I received your letters this morning, and I think, as they both refer to the momentous subject of naming the baby, I will answer them together. (Here Sarah looked at Philip, and Philip at Sarah. Was each conscious of an unworthy desire to bribe the judge when the letters were written?) If Philip had inquired which I considered the least "homely" name for a baby, Joshua Daniel or Daniel Joshua, possibly I might have answered it; as for which is the prettier, I'm sure I cannot tell.

So long as you can't quite agree, ("a very mild way of putting it," muttered Sarah, under her breath,) what do you say to letting me name him for my friend, Arthur Henderson?

By the way, Sarah, I think you must have made a mistake in reading my last note. I remember getting a blot on it, and thinking I ought to rewrite it, but had not time before the mail closed. If you are willing to let me have my way, I am very sure little Arthur will always be glad he didn't have to bear up under the weight of either of the others. Isn't it the best way to honor your fathers to teach him to be as honest and upright as the one, as benevolent and kind as the other? If Arthur does not suit you, of course there are many others equally good from which to choose.

Of course I am too ignorant and inexperienced to speak authoritatively on such matters, but it really seems to me that so pleasant a thing as naming the handsomest and most promising child in the world, ought never to have an unpleasant thing said or thought about it.

I shall, however, call him Joshy or Danny, as you decide. (If you will not let me have my way, with as smiling a face as possible, though I sincerely trust that when you see my Arthur with me on Tuesday you will not blame me for wanting your boy to have as good a name. If he bears it, too, may he be as stainless a knight and as true a gentleman by and by as either of his namesakes of earlier times. Now, my dear cousins, good by till Tuesday, with many kisses for the nameless (?) boy.)

HELEN.

There was silence in the Snow household as she finished. Later she said: "Philip, I don't know what you think, but I'm free to confess I think Helen is right. If we can't name this precious child without quarreling, we don't deserve to have such a treasure."

"That's a fact, Sarah; and much as we like our own way, there are other things better worth having. And after all, Arthur is a good name enough for anybody's baby."

When Miss Helen Morse and her friend, Mr. Henderson, stopped at their door on Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Snow and Master Arthur welcomed them joyfully.

"See," said Mrs. Snow, as she took Helen's bonnet, "see, he smiles as if he knew you had done him a good turn. He half knows his name already. What a fine looking man your Arthur is to be named for. We'll leave the gentlemen a little while to let them get acquainted, so you can tell me all about it and just when the wedding is to be, Helen. Of course I want to know it all."

A FALSE ECONOMY.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landman spoke carefully, for she knew her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thomas both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and adds very much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It's a funny kind of economy at all events. But if you must have it, I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents, but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put his wallet back in his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door on his way to work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella and upon re-entering the sitting room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked her what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," repeated Kate tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor, I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time, but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright eyed, rosy cheeked girl of eight years.

"Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents."

"What?"

"Oh, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty one's to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! if you want a hoop, go and get one off some barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to dinner there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent. But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came home to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing, but the exhalation of domestic ferment for which no one was particularly responsible; and might have cherished the conviction that women's fashions were a nuisance and a

humbug, as a frightful draft upon a husband's pocket book.

After tea, Albert did a few chores about the house, and then he lighted a cigar and went out. He went a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her swollen eyes. She was in deep grief and was sobbing painfully. He stopped the child and asked her what was the matter.

She answered as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her hoop. They had nice pretty hoops, while hers was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one on the head (for the child's grief touched him); "perhaps we'll have a hoop sometime."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant has got one left—oh such a pretty one?"

"No, not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."

Sobbing again, the child moved on towards home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked the billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Riker, "what do you say to playing them off Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

And so they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting game. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh he went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport, and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars, and sauntered down the hall to watch the others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanations, "and certainly it is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remark very plainly, and he had a curiosity to hear what the other who seemed unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong there. The result can follow in two ways. First, it can lead men away from their business, it can lead men to spend money who have not money to spend. Whenever I visit a

place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as he can. He had been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe, you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty? But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning and asked him for a dollar to spend for some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person, and suppose his little child put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five men have declared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose! And, moreover, they would have said so feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my word," said the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentlemen. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands, when they ask for a trifling sum of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over, when it is given. What floods of joy that one dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table.

The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heartsick, because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken hearted, for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed, and yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home, he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and greatest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and, in the morning, when he beheld the child's delight, and had received her grateful happy kiss, the question came to his mind; which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop cost thirty cents. He could play two games of bil-

liards less, and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert arose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me half a dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that! Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part, that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her?

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert carried with him that morning to the shop.

A very simple lesson, is it not; but how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson.—*Exchange*.

BOYS, LETTERS AND THOUGHTS.

BY CHARITY SNOW.

Our Kent had a letter a few days ago from his old friend, Grant Parker. They had been quite intimate, as boys in country neighborhoods are apt to be, going to school, sliding and skating together, changing works, etc. But a year or two ago Grant drifted off to the city to make (?) his fortune. Kent felt pretty lonely for a while, though he declared he didn't envy Grant, for said he, "I had my little dab at city life the year I was clerk for the Morton's, and I am free to say I prefer to stay in the country, to breaking my back lifting heavy rolls and smothering in a stifling city store."

But Grant's folks had a houseful of boys, and so he could be spared, and as he was crazy to see and hear and learn and earn, what country boys always imagine can be seen, heard, learned and earned in the city, he was allowed the chance. Kent says he is convinced that he won't become a millionaire very soon, yet he is watching him with much interest.

But I am a long time getting to that letter. Here is an extract from it, *verbatim et literatim*. "How is all the folks? I suppose there all a live and that is about all. there is 6 roomers here now and We ar going to have a candy pull to morro night. My room mate is a nice stiddy fellow. I expect it is offel dull in your place this winter. I don't see what keeps you alive. there is something going on evry night here. I wisht you was here to go with me."

Kent passed me the letter and sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. I thought there was a suspicion of moisture in his eye, and ardently hoped that Grant hadn't written anything to stir him up, and make him discontented with his home and work. But when I read the letter I knew my Kent well enough to understand that all his regrets were for Grant rather than for himself. As for myself, I could have laughed and cried both, over the pitiful little letter.

"Well!" said Kent, looking at me.

"Well!" said I, looking at him.

"I say it's a shame," he broke forth, "for a good hearted fellow like Grant to be going down hill like that! Why, the fellow used to be a decent speller and writer. Now look at this! He doesn't do as well as when we were in the third reader class together; and as for his candy pull with the six roomers in a little box of a room, let me tell him I can have one in our big kitchen with six times six if I choose to ask as many. And why doesn't he tell me what some of the things are that are going on every night. Nothing very elevating, I'll be bound to say. And yet, what glorious chances there are if he would only improve them; lectures, and

the many charms and helps to be found in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. I never enjoyed anything more than the winter I was at school in B., and belonged with them. One can take a regular course of study in several branches. Then there are books, papers, music, gymnastics, almost everything in the way of pleasure and improvements. Even their work was a pleasure. How well I remember the Sabbath morning I went down on the wharves with my arms full of tracts and papers for the sailors, and their delight in getting something to read. I felt well repaid for my long walk and scramble over the sides of the vessels."

Kent returned here from his reminiscences to Grant again.

"Now, why isn't he of them? Simply because he doesn't wish to be, for I am sure he is not uninvited. And he presumes to pity us here in the country. Wonders how we keep alive in such an 'offell dull place.' That's too good! Why, what with the church meetings and lodge of Good Templars, singing school, lyceum, sociables, and other transient affairs, I can hardly find time to read, or make a friendly call, or stay at home. I was wondering to-day what evening abroad I should give up for the privilege of spending one at home. And Grant thinks, poor fellow, that we are dying of dullness," and Kent laughed loudly at the idea.

Here might come in the almost endless discussion of questions which are so often brought up. "City versus Country?" "What shall we do with our Boys?" "How shall we make Home Attractive?" "How can we keep the Boys on the Farm?" etc., etc. But do not be alarmed, friends, I am not going to attempt to discuss either or any of them, singly or collectively, only to express a few fragmentary thoughts called up by the little episode referred to, with the humble wish that they might do some good.

As long as families exist and boys grow up, there comes a time when the spirit of unrest possesses them, as a class. It may be with or without reason. We find it in the best of families, where everything that a reasonable boy can want is apparently within his reach. The faithful and sheltering care of kind parents, the companionship of loving brothers and sisters, the advantages of good society, the judicious expenditure of money in his behalf, good employment. But the demon of unrest holds him fast, and draws him out and away from home work, restraints and influences. Money can't buy him, and love can't hold him. Some go so far as to say that it is a species of insanity peculiar to youth. The kindest thing one can say is that it is nature, and truly, "it is a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." But we will call it a malady. It is sometimes quickly cured. The boy finds his youthful hopes and dreams unrealized. Friends, fortune and position are slow in coming. He finds life's work, unaided, harder than father's farm work. Happy the boy who has sense enough to acknowledge his error, and to go back to an open and welcoming home, and to warm and true hearts. Understand that I refer to those who leave home young, before they are matured in years or established in character. No unfledged bird has any business out of the nest until it can use its wings. And yet occasionally one will survive. So it is also true that there are a few who find their place in the outside world thus early. They fill it acceptably and honorably, and do worthy work worthily, thus growing in favor with God and man. All honor to such.

But there is a third class, alas, who neither go back to their homes to grow, like the first, nor go on and up to position like the second, but who go down, perhaps not to the lowest depths, but their

whole tendency is downward, mentally and morally. How are we to know, you and I, to which of these classes our boys will belong when they go out from us, if go out they do? Ah! there's the rub! If we only knew? But since time can alone reveal this, our part is to do our very best now and here.

"Make home attractive?" Yes, in every way in your power. Spare no pains or expense to keep your boys (and girls, too,) just as long as possible. Life's realities, responsibilities and burdens will come to them all too soon. If, by any effort of yours you can prolong the season of youth, do it. Indulge them, not foolishly, wickedly and weakly, but kindly and judiciously. Don't feel as if it would pauperize you to give them a pint of molasses now and then for a candy pull, with the neighbor's children as guests. Don't begrudge the few extra sticks of wood in the kitchen stove for the boiling of said pint. Don't mourn over the marks of boot heels on the painted floor. Don't fret because it takes an hour or two to set things to rights the next morning. The children will cheerfully help clear up themselves, in memory of the frolic, and they will find other ways, too, of paying mother back for her indulgence.

Let the young folks have plenty of room, and warmth, light and music, books, papers and games, and cosy chairs their very own. Mark their birthdays by some appropriate gift that can be kept, like a book, picture, ring or pin. Something that may be both ornamental and useful. No matter some times if it is simply ornamental. They do some times appreciate a gift just for its beauty, and surely anything which helps to cultivate the love of the beautiful is greatly useful. In this practical world we are too apt to overlook this fact.

Never forget the glad Christmas season. There is no better time to teach the lesson that love loves to bestow, and that God is love. And do not forget the grown children. We all have ways of feeling very childish about Christmas time. The simplest love token is treasured and appreciated.

People who treat their children just about right are seldom left in their old age to become town paupers, or to make over their property to some comparative stranger for a life maintenance. No indeed. When you see the like you may be sure there is a radical wrong some where, very likely away back when the now old folks were younger, and thought more of making money than of the comfort of their family. I tell you people generally get their pay in the same coin they give out. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

I heard a father of grown up children tell a little story lately that fits in here. "When my boys were young I used to manufacture maple sugar every spring, and I am inclined to think it was more of a source of amusement and entertainment to my boys and their mates than it was of profit to me. There was scarcely a day or an evening but they had a train of boys at the sugar camp, and quite often there must be an extra party, with pork and beans, baked all day in a hole in the ground, (lumberman fashion,) and most likely they'd coax their mother to make a loaf of brown bread. Then they would have pop corn and apples, and all the maple syrup, candy and sugar they could eat. I used to grumble a little over it, but I can look back now and see a great many things I am sorrier for than the loss of a few sweets. The last time my boys were at home with their wives and children we all walked up into the sugar orchard. The old boiling arch was partly demolished and overgrown, and the bean hole was full of dead leaves; but the boys were jolly, telling the wives and babies all

about old times, and hunting up the trees with the initials of their former visitors cut in the bark. 'I wonder if they have all made their mark in the world as plainly as they have left it here?' cried one boy, while another (to parents they are always the 'boys,') called out, 'All honor to the father who thought more of his boys' happiness than of his maple sugar. Let's give him three times three!' and the old woods resounded with their cheers. 'You didn't make much money, father, out of the job, but it was one of the best investments you ever made. How much it sweetened our dispositions, and the mischief, and worse than mischief, it kept us out of, you can never know.' And the fond father and grandfather wiped away a surreptitious tear, as he turned to go, which I knew was no tear of regret.

To be sure, every one else has said it, but let me say it, too; let your boys have something of their own. Give it to them, or sell it to them, but let it be their very own, somehow. The place where lies their own property, be it in stock, or land, or tools, has a charm for them a little beyond any other place on earth. Make that place their childhood's home. It is in your power, but in the power of no one else. What matters a little more or less of what you are pleased to call "my property" to the love of home in your children? Oh, avarice, avarice, thou art the very root from which springs many a child's destruction!

Said a great, big boy, big enough to be teaching his first school, when he got home after an absence of eight weeks, and had shaken hands and kissed all around, "Now I want to see my bossy." And away his long legs went to the barn, like the veriest school boy, and I think very likely he kissed the "bossy." I should think none the less of him if I knew he did. Said "bossy" was a fine young Jersey cow, no fairer nor fatter than many another, but it was his, don't you see.

Years ago the same boy, several degrees smaller, exhibited to me two pigs. "There," said he, triumphantly, "ain't them the prettiest pigs you ever see in your life? Why, they jest talk to me." What I saw were two little dirty pigs, and their gruntings were no more like words than those of every other pig. 'Twas the ownership that glorified them in his eyes and ears.

But alas! there's many a Christian father who doesn't know that the gift of a pig would be a means of grace to his boy, and the worst of it is, he doesn't want to know it.

Here I am at my utmost limit of time and space, and I had a word for the boys, which must wait. But never mind, boys, I am inclined to think your fathers and mothers needed advice more than you this time.

THE LEGEND OF THE HARP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KORNER,

BY HELEN HERBERT.

Secretary Sellner and his young wife were floating on the springtide of their wedded happiness. The honeymoon was not yet passed; they meant to prolong it through all the years to come. Not mere regard or passing fancy had brought them together. Deep and long-trying affection had set its seal on their union.

They had early come to an understanding, but delay in Sellner's promised appointment had compelled them to wait long before marriage could bring the consummation of their happiness, the dreamed of home together, the beginning of what they hoped would prove a long life of united love, joy and usefulness.

But Sellner's papers came at last, and

on the very next holiday he led his wife home. After the long constrained days of the marriage festival, with its ceremonious feasting and health-drinking, they found it very sweet to pass the pleasant evenings quietly together, with no third to trouble their peace. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp occupied the hours which sped away all too swiftly for the loving pair; and the perfect harmony in the music seemed to them a pleasant augury of peaceful happiness in future days.

One evening, after a happy hour with flute and harp, Josephine began to complain of a severe pain in her head. She had not mentioned a similar attack from which she had suffered earlier in the day. Her effort to appear as usual, combined with the excitement of the music, had thrown her into a nervous, feverish condition, which she could no longer conceal from her husband.

Sellner was alarmed, and went hastily in search of a physician, who came presently, but treated the matter as of little importance, and promised her entire recovery for the next morning.

But she passed a restless night, tossing and muttering in ceaseless delirium, and in the morning the physician found her with all the symptoms of a serious nervous fever. He tried all means of relief, but Josephine daily grew worse. Sellner was beside himself with grief and despair.

On the ninth day Josephine herself felt that her weak frame could endure no more. The physician had told her husband earlier that he had no hope of her. She knew that her last hour was approaching, and with quiet submission awaited her fate.

"Dear love," she said to her husband, as he raised her in his arms, "I am sorry to leave this beautiful earth, where I have known you and such happiness. But though I may no longer stay with you, my love shall hover about you, a faithful guardian spirit, until we meet again above."

As she finished she sank back, and softly fell asleep.

It was the ninth hour of the evening. Sellner suffered unspeakably. He battled long with life. His health gave way, and when, at last, he rose from the sick-bed, all his youthful vigor had departed. A heavy melancholy had taken the place of despair, and a mute pain hallowed all his recollections of the beloved one.

He would have nothing changed in Josephine's room, but kept it always as she had used it. Her sewing still lay on the little table, and the harp stood in the corner, untouched and silent. Every evening Sellner made his sad pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love. He carried his flute with him, and leaning against the window, as in the happy days of the past, he breathed into the familiar tones his love and longing for his lost bride.

One evening he stood thus playing in Josephine's room, lost in a sad and tender reverie. The clear moonlight poured its radiance about him through the open window, and from the castle-town near by the watchman called the ninth hour.

Suddenly, as if stirred by a spirit breath, the soft tones of the harp stole out upon the air.

Sellner started and looked around. The flute tones died away, and again the harp was silent.

Tremblingly he began anew, playing over and over Josephine's favorite song. Clearer and stronger sounded the silver strings until the tones of harp and flute were blended in a heavenly harmony.

Sellner sank on his knees, half in terror, half in joy, stretching out his arms as if to embrace his beloved. He felt a soft air breathing upon him, a pale, shimmering light fled past him.

Softly, eagerly, he cried: "I know thee, thou holy spirit of my transfigured Jose-

phine! Thou didst promise to hover over me with thy love. Thou hast kept thy word. I feel thy breath, thy kisses on my lips. I feel myself enfolded in thy glory."

Full of awe, but happier than he had been since Josephine's death, he again took up his flute; and again the harp-strings rang out, gradually growing softer—softer, until at last their whispers died away in long-drawn, plaintive harmony.

Sellner's being was stirred to its inmost depths. Restless, he threw himself on his bed; the whispers of the harp called to him through all his feverish dreams.

He woke late, wearied with the phantasies of the night. Some strange influence held possession of him, which he felt foreboded a speedy dissolution, and pointed toward the victory of the soul over the body.

With ceaseless longing he waited for the evening, and then with joyful expectation, he went to Josephine's room. The soothing tones of his flute had calmed his mood, and wrapped him in a quiet reverie when the ninth hour came.

Scarcely had the last stroke of the bell trembled away into silence, when the light tones of the harp were heard, softly swelling until they rose into full harmony.

When the flute was silent, the spirit breathing of the harp was silent also, and the pale, shimmering light again glided past him.

In his happiness he could only gasp: "Josephine, Josephine! Take me to your true heart."

This time also the harp ceased its music in slow, soft tones, until its whisperings were again lost in long, trembling accord.

Much shaken by the events of the evening, Sellner staggered back to his chamber. His servant was alarmed at his appearance, and not waiting for direction or permission, hurried away for the physician, who was also Sellner's old friend.

The physician found him in a burning fever, with symptoms similar to those which had attacked Josephine, but much more violent. The fever increased through the night, during which he unceasingly raved of Josephine and the harp.

In the morning he was more quiet, for the battle was over. He knew the end was near, although the physician had said no word. He told his friend what had happened on the two foregoing evenings, and no remonstrance or reasoning could alter his conviction of its reality and significance.

As the evening came on he grew weaker, and at last he asked that he might be carried to Josephine's room. When there, he looked cheerfully about. He greeted the pretty memorials of his lost wife with quiet tears, and spoke calmly, yet in a tone of firm conviction, of the ninth hour as the time of his death. As the moment drew near, he bade his friends and servants farewell, and sent them away, except the physician, who wished to remain with him till the end.

The fateful hour sounded from the bell-tower. Sellner's face was transfigured. Strong feeling shone from the pale features.

"Josephine!" he cried; "Josephine! Greet me as I go forth. Let me know that you are near, conquering death by your love."

Loud rang the silver strings through the silent chamber, swelling into clear, glorious harmony like a song of victory; and about the dying man hovered a shimmering light.

"I am coming," he cried, then sank back, battling with his pain.

Softer and softer sounded the harp, its unearthly harmonies dying away in sweet,

long chords; and then, as Sellner's labored breathing grew suddenly, strangely, awfully still, with a quick clang and moan, the harp-strings flew asunder as if torn by a spirit hand.

The physician was trembling with awe and wonder. He went to his dead friend, who, notwithstanding the struggle with which his life had passed away, now lay as if in a light slumber.

He closed his eyes, and, deeply moved, left the house.

It was long before he could put the thought of this night out of his heart. He left the last moments of his friend wrapped in silence, until, at last, in a more open mood, he related the events of the evening to some near friends, and showed them the harp, which he kept in his possession as a treasured memento of the dead man and his love.

WHERE TO FEEL SYMPATHY.

A kind-hearted man knew that a poor widow and her children were in great distress, because their one cow, which chiefly maintained them, had died. The man was not able to help them much, but he did what he could, and then he went around to the neighbors and told the tale of trouble. He received many words of regret from those he visited; but he thought to himself, "These kind words won't buy a cow." So he went back to the richest of those he had visited before, and the rich man told him how keen were his feelings of regret for the poor widow.

"Yes, yes," said the plain man, "I don't doubt your feelings, but you don't feel in the right place."

"How so?" said the rich man; "I am sure I feel with all my heart."

"I don't doubt that," said his visitor, "but I wish you to feel in your pocket."

AN OLD TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The following is a pledge taken from an old almanac of the year 1837:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits, and drink, is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction, that should the people of the United States, and especially the young men, discountenance entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

(Signed) JAMES MADISON,
ANDREW JACKSON,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"Borrowing," says old John Taylor, "is one of the most ordinary ways in which men sacrifice their future to the present." Debt constantly tempts to present ease and indulgence at the expense of future discomfort and deprivation. He who contracts a debt, mortgages his future self. Pay-day steals rapidly along, and generally brings no means of relief. The money earned before it is expended goes further and purchases far more enjoyment than money spent before it is earned. He who builds or enlarges his estate by the steady accretions of industry and economy, travels the straight and narrow way of thrift; a future of independence, substantial in its rewards, is directly before him. He who improves or buys with promises to pay, pledging his future labors and gains, follows the broad and beaten track whose end is dependence and want.

—Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life?

—Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it.—J. G. Holland.

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 will say of the Dobbins' Electric Soap that it is the best I have ever made use of, and I have done laundry work for seven years, and know something of the effect of soap upon the hands, as well as upon clothes.

MRS. SUSAN J. KNIGHT,
West Falmouth, Me.

DEAR ED.:—I like Dobbins' Electric Soap very much, the best I ever had, shall use no other as long as I can get this.

MRS. JOHN LORD,
Alfred, York Co., Me.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I enclose seven wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, for the seven cards they offer. I think "Mrs. Foggy," or any woman, very foolish to wash until noon, when it can be done in three hours with Dobbins' Electric Soap, and very little labor. It is a new thing in Peapack, and I think it will do a great deal of washing here after all of the "Mrs. Foggies" find it does not injure "Mrs. Enterprise's" clothes. Many thanks to I. L. Cragin & Co., for sending it to Peapack. My sincere wishes for their success.

MRS. SAMUEL CLARK,
Peapack, Somerset Co., N. J.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap last spring for which I would now say it is the best laundry soap I ever used, and I have tried a good many kinds. I used it eight years ago by learning about it in THE HOUSEHOLD, (our favorite paper,) and after moving here could not get it very often, and then only out of town and by paying a higher price, but our store keeps it now and I don't intend to be without it again. I enclosed seven wrappers to Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. My little boy wants a set of Shakespeare cards for his album. I did not intend to send them until I had enough to get two sets, as I have two little boys, but Eugene says he cannot wait any longer. Yours respectfully,

EMERETTE A. POWERS,
Marlow, N. H.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap three times so far, and have given it a good fair trial, and must say I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I shall order a dollar's worth of our grocer, and then send wrappers for some of the beautiful cards, advertised by Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. Respectfully,

MRS. JOHN F. DOLBEARE,
Pascoag, R. I.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:—I am the wife of a trader who has sold many a box of that excellent soap, Dobbins' Electric. I sent twenty-five wrappers some time since to I. L. Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, and received their offer of music which was satisfactory. I use Dobbins' Electric Soap every washing and have as yet found no other to equal it in my estimation.

MRS. G. E. CLEAVES,
Windsor, Kennebec Co., Me.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I have given Dobbins' Electric Soap a fair trial closely following the directions. I have used other soaps but I find Dobbins' Electric Soap to be the best.

MISS H. M. WEBSTER,
Downingtown, Chester Co., Pa.

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 Fannie Fletcher, in the October number, send her address to
MRS. G. NAYLOR?

Medford, Jackson Co., Oregon.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of the sisters living on the seashore in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, who are interested in school work, please send their address to
Cambridge, Vermont.

GENA CHASE.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will the readers, or members, of THE HOUSEHOLD please piece me a square for a quilt, 12 by 12, with white center in which write name and state? I will return the favor to those who wish.

MRS. JULIA A. FERNALD.

South Hope, Knox Co., Maine.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD to send me postal card with verse and autograph. I will return the favor if desired.

MRS. OLIVE L. CHAUNCEY.

Maine, Broome Co., N. Y.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please ask Jael Vee, through THE HOUSEHOLD, to write me her full address.

ANNIE DRINKWATER.

Tenants Harbor, Maine.

NEW LIFE AND VITALITY.

A large class of writers seeing in the public press the statement of cures by the Compound Oxygen Treatment, at once write to the references for fuller particulars. The patients who have been cured are so numerous, and they have so freely spoken of their restored health, that the divided task has been to many a light one. Once in a while too, however, one who has made a specially striking statement is hard pressed and finds it necessary to ask relief from part of the task, as in the case of a prominent member of the bar of Topeka, Kansas, Hon. H. P. Vrooman, whose title came through service in the courts for a term as judge. He is also prominent in temperance work, being Chairman of the State Executive Committee of the Prohibition Party of Kansas. In one of his letters he says, "I have been interrupted about twenty times since commencing writing." This brief statement gives some idea of the value of his time. The reason for his being called upon on this subject, and letters written to him, is found in a letter to Doctors Starkey & Palen, June 27, 1882, telling of the benefits his wife had received from their Compound Oxygen Treatment.

We quote part of the letter only. "In the interest of suffering humanity, I send you for publication an account of the almost miraculous cure which your Compound Oxygen performed in the case of my wife. Her condition was a very peculiar one.

If you will refer to my description of her case, when I made the first order for your Treatment, in December, 1877, you will see that she was suffering from severe attacks of colic and vomiting, the result of a complication of Dyspepsia and other diseases. The attacks first came at intervals of two or three months, then at shorter intervals, and were more severe, until she became so weak and exhausted that we are sure she could not have lived many days longer, had not your Oxygen Treatment come just as it did and saved her, for the colic and vomiting had become almost perpetual, and her strength and life were nearly exhausted.

We could see a change in her condition from the first inhalation. She continued

to gain steadily, and for the past four years has had no severe attacks."

This statement of necessity attracted wide attention, and led to his being written to from many points. His request for relief is made in a letter, dated February 24th, 1886, as follows:

"Since I sent you my testimonial, which you published in June, 1882, I have received scores of letters from all parts of the United States asking almost all kinds of questions about the Oxygen, etc., but the main thing most of them wished to know was, whether I do really exist, or whether I am a mere myth, and you only humbugging the people with fictitious names for the purpose of deceiving them.

And now I wish to say to the public further (if you will publish it,) to save my answering so many letters, that my wife has not been compelled to take any more treatment for nearly five years, since which time her health has been constantly improving, and she weighs more than she ever has before, and has borne a fine, healthy boy, now almost four years old, who, of course, is smart, he being the seventh son.

I impart this information to show the public that the Compound Oxygen is not merely a temporary relief, but that it will permanently cure and give new life and vitality to the whole system; and if any are still solicitous to know whether I am or not, I will say in the language of Daniel Webster, 'I still live,' and may be found with my law sign still out at No. 455 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kansas. I hope what I have said may remove some doubts concerning the permanency of the cures performed by Compound Oxygen, and that afflicted ones may not delay too long in testing its efficacy."

Compound Oxygen, its mode of action and results, a treatise of nearly two hundred pages, giving full and interesting information is mailed free to every applicant by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

—The wretch has been arrested who, at a social party, said that a young lady playing the pianoforte was like an ape because her fingers were 'mong keys.

A neighbor of ours, Mrs. A. R. Fenton, who was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that she could not raise her arms to the top of her head or shut her hands, after using five bottles of Athlophoros is nearly free from the trouble. Hitchcock & Burbank, Pittsford, Vt.

—The world is pretty even—the piano has spoiled many a good dish washer, and many a good dish washer has spoiled a piano.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, Palatable as Milk, and Borne by Delicate Stomachs. Dr. J. W. COMPTON, of Evansville, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion largely. I find it very palatable and borne well by delicate stomachs, even children take it readily, and it is very useful as a cough remedy."

—"What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

There's nothing half so sweet in life (Next to the joys of home and wife) As fragrant breath and pearly teeth, With hard and rosy gums beneath— And see these charms of which we sing Have from sweet SOZODONT their spring—

Irreproachable
Not one word of censure can justly be uttered against SOZODONT. No other dentifrice makes the teeth so white, and yet none is so entirely free from every objectionable ingredient.

—"Yes," said a south side dealer the other day, "I must get 'Bacon's Essays,' for I want to post up on pork."

FIRST-CLASS TOILET SOAPS.
From a long acquaintance, with the Indexical soaps made by Robinson Brothers, of Boston, I take great pleasure in saying that I regard them as excellent, always giving me full satisfaction. MRS. DR. J. H. HANAFORD,

SPECIAL OFFER
made only to subscribers
of The Household.
WORCESTER'S
DICTIONARY
GIVEN AWAY.

A Pocket Dictionary of the English Language, Compiled from the Quarto and School Dictionaries of
JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D.,
with Foreign Words and Phrases, Abbreviations, Rules for Spelling, and Numerous Tables.

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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.**

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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.**

HOW TO TREAT INSECT STINGS.

The pain caused by the sting of a plant or insect is the result of a certain amount of acid poison injected into the blood. The first thing to be done is to press the tube of a small key firmly on the wound, moving the key from side to side to facilitate the expulsion of the sting and its accompanying poison. The sting if left in the wound, should be carefully extracted, otherwise it will greatly increase the local irritation. The poison of stings being acid, common sense points to the alkalis as the proper means of cure. Among the most easily procured remedies may be mentioned soft soap, liquor of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), smelling salts, washing soda, quick lime made into a paste with water, lime water, the juice of an onion, tobacco juice, chewed tobacco, bruised dock leaves, tomato juice, wood ashes, tobacco ash and carbonate of soda.

If the sting be severe, rest and coolness should be added to the other remedies, more especially in the case of nervous subjects. Nothing is so apt to make the poison active as heat, and nothing favors its activity less than cold. Let the body be kept cool and at rest, and the activity of the poison will be reduced to a minimum. Any active exertion whereby the circulation is quickened will increase both pain and swelling. If the swelling be severe, the part may be rubbed with sweet oil, or a drop or two of laudanum. Stings in the eye, ear, mouth or throat, sometimes lead to serious consequences; in such cases medical advice should always be sought as soon as possible.—London Garden.

IMITATING HER ELDERS.

Are the babies learning the ways of this wicked world before their time. An exchange gives, "as a fact," the following incident, when a bright little four-year-old was imitating her elders by playing and "making calls."

"Now, mamma, you be Mitheth Dones, an' I'll be Mitheth Smith, an' tum an' mate you a tall."

Mamma—"Very well, Mrs. Smith. I'm glad to see you—How do you do, and how are the children?"

Totty—"I'm twite well, I tank you; but the children has all dot de hooping toff."

Mamma—"I'm sorry to hear it. How many children have you, Mrs. Smith?"

Totty—"Oh, I have ten, and dey is a gate tial to me wif my housekeepin'."

Mamma—"They must be, indeed. But how does your husband, Mr. Smith, do?"

Totty—"He's very well, tank you, but he's had bad bithness, and he hath failed."

Mamma—"I'm sorry to hear that your husband has failed; but you haven't lost every thing, Mrs. Smith, for I see you make calls in your own carriage."

Totty—"Oh, yes! I teep my carriage. We has paid one cent on a dollar, and dose right on."

—The Thomas Cat is the name of a paper recently started "out west." The editor says that he will make a hard "scratch" for success and hopes by his purr-severance to merit it. The paper will be printed for a-mewsment as well as profit.

—"Have you ever participated in private theatricals, Mr. Dumley?" asked a young lady. "I did once," he said. "You were successful, I am sure?" "Well, I don't know. I was greeted with roars of applause, and while I was on the stage the audience was convulsed with laughter." "That is evidence of great success. What comedy did you appear in?" "It wasn't comedy, it was tragedy."

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH!

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN,

OF WHICH THE PUBLIC KNOWS BUT LITTLE, WORTHY CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced except in favor of TRUTH. It is needless to say, no medical journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ? you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers, as they may be called, many times a day, as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily, night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from 65 gallons of blood each hour, or about 49 barrels each day, or 9,125 hogsheds a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment! Do

you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption, weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict!

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high-sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part, constantly adding fuel brought from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do; for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "my kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have never there had a pain nor an ache!

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where there are few nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is? It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as

shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

Take it when sick as a cure, and never let a month go by if you need it, without taking a few bottles as a preventive, that the kidneys may be kept in proper order, the blood pure, that health and long life may be your blessing.

H. H. WARNER & CO.



We have made a specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold-Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Teas of all kinds from 80 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 80 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATE CASTERS as Premiums with \$5, \$7 and \$10 orders. TEA SETS with \$10 orders. DECORATED TEA SETS with \$15. GOLD-BAND or MOSS-ROSE SETS of 44 pieces, or DINNER SETS of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. We carry the largest stock and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston. Send postal (and mention THE HOUSEHOLD) for our large Illustrated Price and Premium List. As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to the publisher of THE HOUSEHOLD.

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STRICTLY PURE. Best in the world for all purposes, the Laundry, Bath, or Toilet. Will not yellow, stick or green the clothes like many soaps made mostly of rosin. Contains no filthy, disease-giving greases, cleanest soap made. Positively cures and prevents chapped or sore hands. Send us seven Wrappers or Trade Marks and get the handsomest set of cards ever sent out. Sold by all grocers. Manufactured only by FISK MFG. CO., Springfield, Mass.

PARKER'S \$1.00 STAMPING-OUTFIT
For Embroidery and Painting. ALWAYS AHEAD!
LARGER PATTERNS; MORE OF THEM! Best yet offered!
Powder Pad, stamped Tidy, Silk, Instruction Books, Mammeth Catalogue, &c., and

100 ELEGANT PATTERNS AND ONE COMPLETE ALPHABET.

THE VALUE OF THIS OUTFIT IS IN GOOD USEFUL PATTERNS. They are not a lot of worthless little patterns crowded together on a single sheet, but every pattern is useful. Illustrated Description of the Outfit FREE. By Mail \$1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Kensington Embroidery Book, giving colors of all flowers, 35c.; Fancy Braid and Crochet Book, elegant patterns, 10c.; Outfit and both books, \$1.15. Direct to T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.



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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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.

CORNY SWEET CORN. Six days earlier than **Early Marblehead**. Every market and family garden should have it. **Belgian Beet**, **Improved Valentine** and **Golden Wax Beans**, **New Cabbage**, **Cucumbers**, **Lettuce**, **Celery**, **Dandelion**, **Melons**, **Onions**, **Potatoes**, **Squash**, **Tomato**, **Turnip**.

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My **Asters**, **Belamcandas**, **Hollyhocks**, **Carnations**, **Daisies**, **Primulas**, **Stocks**, **Sweet Pea**, **Larkspur**, **Verbena**, **Chrysanthemum**, **Petunias**, **Zinnias**, have been grown and selected with much care.

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From 6 to 12 varieties, if as many of a kind. - - - BY MAIL, PREPAID.

15 Begonias, \$1.00	15 Fuchsias, \$1.00	12 English Ivies, \$1.00	12 Hardy Perpetual
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15 Petunias, Single and Double, 1.00	20 Pansies, 1.00	12 Sweet Scented Geraniums, 1.00	6 Calceolarias, .50
15 Salvia, 1.00	10 Pansies, .50	12 Everblooming Roses, \$1.00	4 Cyclamens, .50
15 Coleus, 1.00	25 Verbenas, 1.00		4 Primroses, .50
15 Tuberoses, 1.00	10 Verbenas, .50		4 Moss Roses, .50
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100 Verbenas for \$8.00.

I send 4 above \$1.00 collections for \$8.00; 4 \$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.

C. E. ALLEN, Brattleboro, Vt.

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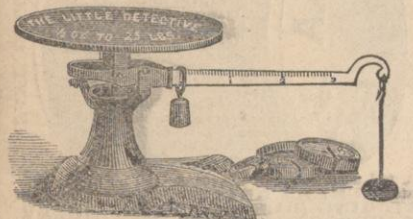
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No More Short Weights.

\$10 SCALE for \$3.



Weights from 1-4 oz. to 25 lbs.

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We will send one of the above Scales on receipt of \$3.00, or the Scales together with THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, to any address in the United States for \$3.50. Address THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

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HORSE BOOK Send 25 cts. in stamps or currency, for the REVISED EDITION of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." It gives the best treatment for all diseases, has 60 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, better than can be taught in any other way, a table showing doses of all the principal medicines used for the horse, as well as their effects and antidotes when a poison, a large collection of valuable receipts, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information. Hundreds of horsemen have pronounced it worth more than books costing \$5.00 and \$10.00. The fact that 200,000 sold in about one year before it was revised shows how popular the book is. The revised edition is much more interesting. Address,

THE HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.

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All sent by mail, free, on the receipt of the price. (Stamps for change.) (The "Health Rules" will be sent in *Good Bread*, *Anti-Fat*, and *Anti-Lean*, and with the medicine.)

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Dr. J. H. HANAFORD, Reading, Mass.

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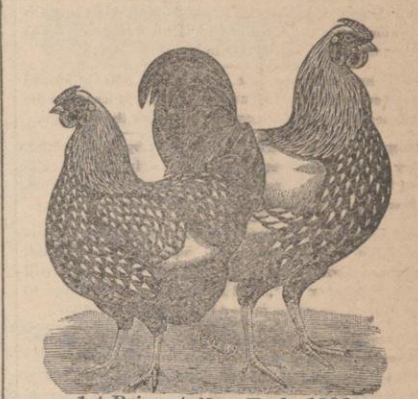
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Newton's Improved COW-TIE holds them firmly, draws them forward when lying down, pushes back when standing, gives freedom of head, keeps clean. E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, N.Y.

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IN THE WORLD!

The Health Food Company claims to make the best foods in the world, and this claim is abundantly sustained by the testimony of over one million consumers. The best bread in the world is made from the Health Food Company's "PEELED WHEAT FLOUR."

Peeled wheat is as different from natural wheat as hulled rice is from unhulled rice. The flour made from peeled wheat is all food, just as hulled rice is all food. Moreover, "Peeled Wheat Flour" is all good food, being free from the inert husks of bran, which exist in "crushed wheat," "grits," "raham," and other coarse and crude cereals. "The Peeled Wheat Flour" makes the perfect bread for the up-building of every tissue of the body.

The mother cannot do her whole duty by her children in the matter of nutriment for the growth of brains and nerves and bones and muscles, unless she provides for them the perfect bread made from the **Perfect Peeled Wheat Flour**.

The best Breakfast dish in the world is made from The Health Food Company's

WHEATENA!

(Trade mark)

WHEATENA can be cooked in one minute, or it may be eaten in milk without any cooking at all.

AS A NOURISHING AND PALATABLE FOOD IT IS PERFECTION.

READ OUR FREE PAMPHLETS.

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Entered as second-class mail matter at Brattleboro, Vt., Post Office.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1886

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

PERSONS ACTING AS OUR AGENTS are not authorized to take subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD at less than the published price—\$1.10 per year, including the postage.

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THE HOUSEHOLD is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which the subscription was paid. Persons designing to renew their subscriptions will please remember this, and by taking a little pains to send in good season save us a large amount of labor.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE STAMPS, 1's and 2's, will be received in payment for any sum less than one dollar but DO NOT send full subscriptions in that way. It is just as easy and as safe to send bank bills in a letter as their value in stamps, and they are worth a great deal more to us.

OUR PREMIUM ARTICLES in all cases are securely packed and delivered in good condition at the express office or post office, and we are not responsible for any loss or injury which may occur on the way. We take all necessary care in preparing them for their journey, but do not warrant them after they have left our hands.

CONCERNING ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES.—To those of our readers who wish to buy an organ or sewing machine, we offer the advantages obtained by a wholesale purchase direct from the manufacturers, and guarantee to furnish a first-class and every way reliable article at a very great saving of expense. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction warranted in every case.

CORRESPONDENTS will please be a little more particular (some of them a good deal more) in writing proper names. A little care in this respect would prevent many annoying mistakes and the trouble of writing letters of inquiry. Names and places so familiar to the writers that it seems to them that everybody must recognize them at a glance are oftentimes serious puzzles to strangers unless plainly written.

CANADIAN STAMPS are of no use to us, neither can we credit full price for mutilated coin. Revenue and proprietary stamps are not postage stamps and we have no use for them. And will all our readers, every one, if you must send the ten cents in stamps, oblige us by sending 1's and 2's, and put them into the letters loosely? Do not attempt to fasten them even slightly, as many are spoiled by so doing. Seal the envelope well, and they can't get away.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP.—Many of our friends have expressed a desire to subscribe for more than one year at a time, so as to be sure of the regular visits of THE HOUSEHOLD without the trouble of renewing every year, and some have wished to become Life Members of the Band. To accommodate all such we will send THE HOUSEHOLD two years for \$2.00, six years for \$5.00, and to those who wish to become Life Members, the payment of \$10.00 at one time will entitle them or their heirs to receive THE HOUSEHOLD as long as it shall be published.

LADIES PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, when sending recipes or other matter for publication with your subscriptions or other business, to keep the contributions so distinct from the business part of your letters that they can be readily separated. Unless this is done it obliges us to re-write all that is designed for publication or put it all together among our business letters and wait for a more convenient season to look it over. So please write all contributions ENTIRELY separate from any business and they will stand a much better chance of being seasonably used.

TO CARELESS CORRESPONDENTS.—It would save us considerable time and no little annoyance, besides aiding us to give prompt and satisfactory attention to the requests of our correspondents, if they would in every case sign their names to their letters—which many fail to do—and also give post office address including the state. Especially is this desirable when subscriptions are sent, or any matter pertaining to business is enclosed. We desire to be prompt and correct in our dealing with our friends, but they often make it extremely difficult for us by omitting these most essential portions of their communications.

AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN FREE to any subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD, who will send its value in subscriptions, as offered by us, is certainly a most unusual offer and we are not surprised that it should attract the attention of very many of our readers, for in what other way could a first class organ be so easily obtained for the family, church, hall, or lodge room as by procuring the value of the instrument in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD? We have already sent out many of these organs literally "from Maine to California," and in every instance so far as we have learned, they have given the most perfect satisfaction. Reader, do you want one of these instruments? We have one ready for you.

AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remitting it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 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 next 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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"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS' "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.



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—OF—

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Namely, Prof. Horsford's Self-Raising Bread Preparation, put up in paper packages, Rumford's Yeast Powder, in bottles, and Prof. Horsford's Phosphate Baking Powder, in bottles with wide mouths to admit a spoon,

are made of Horsford's Acid Phosphate in powdered form, and are

HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS,

because they restore to the flour the nourishing phosphates lost with the bran in the process of bolting.

These Baking preparations have received the endorsement of, and are

UNIVERSALLY

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They Increase the Nutritive Qualities of Flour.

BARON LIEBIG, the world-renowned German chemist, said: "I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of flour is increased ten per cent. by your phosphate Baking Preparations, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our Wheat fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this!"

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Ask the dealer in your place for our Carriages, and if he does not have them, send for Catalogue and your order for any special Carriage will be promptly filled.

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a disease of the mucous membrane. It generally originates in the nasal passages and maintains its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus along the membranous linings and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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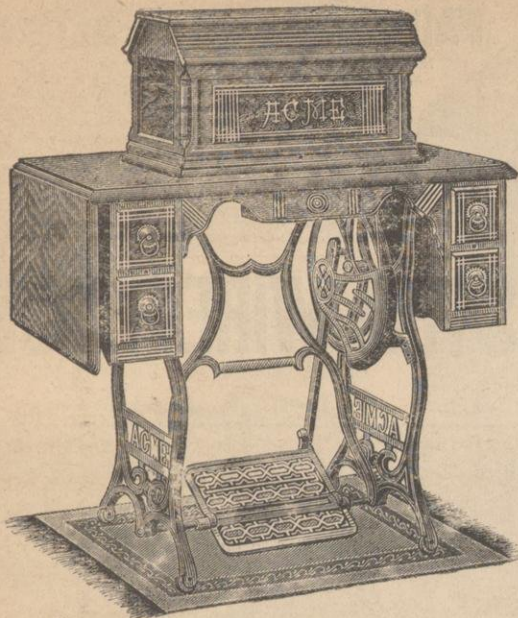
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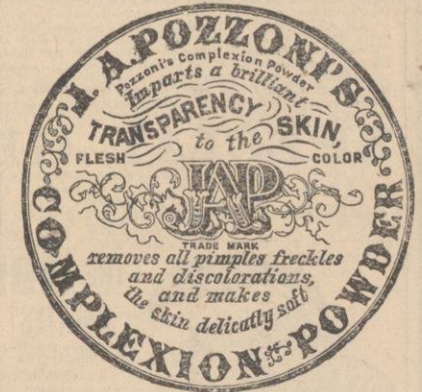
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It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently uses.



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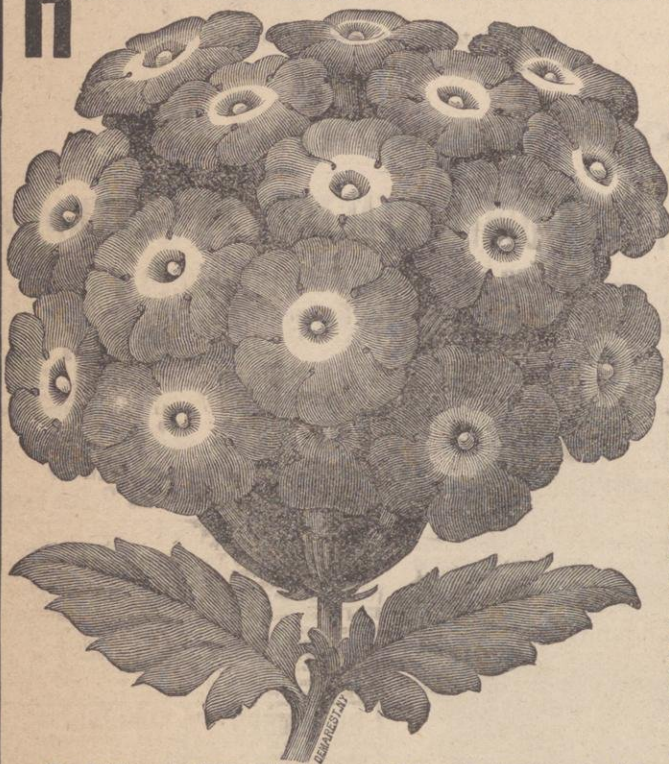
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Plants of any of the above sent post-paid by mail for 30 cents each, any four for \$1, or the entire collection of Henderson's 14 New Mammoth Verbenas for \$3. Please remit by Money Order, Express Order, or Registered Letter.

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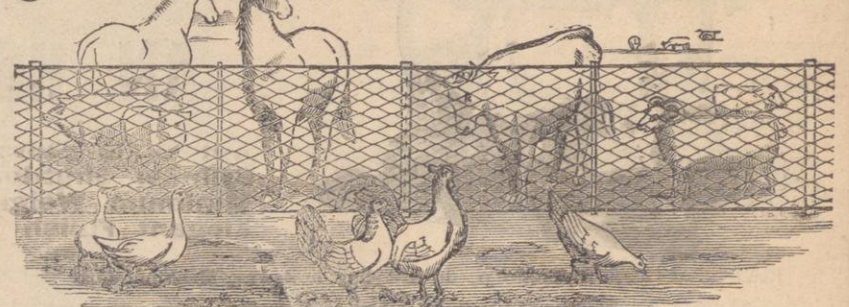
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Each Outfit is packed in a nice Satchel, with handle, as shown in this illustration, which serves to carry the patterns in when doing stamping for your neighbors, or as a receptacle for the outfit at home. At regular retail prices the patterns alone would amount to at least \$4.00. Ladies can make their own living with this stamping outfit, doing work for their neighbors, besides beautifying the home and ornamenting their own and children's clothing. The reason we can sell this outfit for so little money is that we manufacture them all ourselves and pay no second profits to anyone. Many ladies are supporting themselves to-day doing stamping, and the "craze" is becoming more prevalent every day. Our immense factory fronts over 300 feet on the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and is the most extensive of its kind in the world. The Postmaster General having recently located a postoffice in our building, expressly for our mail business, we have now complete facilities for filling all orders promptly and to the entire satisfaction of our customers. We shall be pleased to see any of our customers in person, or anyone in this section of the state can tell you of our absolute reliability.

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Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. **WHITE TEA SETS** of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. **Decorated TEA SETS** of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. **STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES** with \$15 orders. **GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets** of 44 pieces, or **White Dinner Sets** of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. **THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.**

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He is the Largest dealer in Embroidery and Stamping Materials in the World.
Mammoth Catalogue of patterns. 25 cts. Stamping Powder, (black, blue or white), per box. 15 cts. 25 skeins Embroidery Silk, (assorted colors) 13 cts. Waste Embroidery Silk, (all good silk) per box. 21 cts. 12 knots Emb'y Floss, 25 cts.; Large Ball of Tinsel, 11 cts. French Embroidery Cotton, per doz. skeins. 17 cts. Imported Arrasene, (fast colors) per doz. skeins. 30 cts. Fine Emb'y Chenille, per skein. 3 cts.; per doz. 35 cts. **Color Card**, (with piece of silk of each shade). 15 cts. Linen Ties (choose your own patterns) stamped. 15 cts. Felt Tidy (with silk to work it, four colors) 15 cts. English Crewels, per skein. 3 cts.; per doz. 35 cts. **Illustrated Price List of Outfits and Materials, FREE.** Kensington Printing Office, 112, Lustré Outfit, \$3. **T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.**

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Cecil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labelled thus: **JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

CANCER A SCIENTIFIC CURE.

Dr. W. E. BROWN, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.
Send six cent stamp postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, right away than anything else in this world. Fortune awaits the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 A DAY AND EXPENSES GUARANTEED.

Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **SHAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 percent more made in keeping poultry. Also **POWELL MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.**

6 MONTHS FREE! Send the names and addresses of 10 friends with 10c, and we will send you our interesting story paper free for 6 months. **THE HOME GUEST, SOMERVILLE, MASS.**

ACME PILLOW SHAM HOLDER!

A SMART MAN or woman wanted in every county to introduce our Acme Pillow Sham and Mosquito Net Holder, the most useful and fastest selling article ever offered agents. Sells at sight without much talk. A Golden Harvest to be reaped in the next Three Months. General Agents and Traveling Salesmen Wanted on Salary. Write at once and state territory desired and salary wanted. Address **H. N. FLANDERS & CO., 1300 Broadway, New York.**

WANTED AT ONCE 1000 LADIES to Crochet Dolls, Children's and Ladies' Caps, \$1 to \$4 a doz. paid. All material furnished. Steady work the year round. Send 15c. for samples and particulars. **Empire Knitting Co., 255 Sixth Ave., N. Y.**

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30 useful and indispensable articles for only 25 cts. Every lady that wants her fancy table complete should send! Offer good until September 1st only. **W. G. BERTRAM & CO., Townsend, Mass.**

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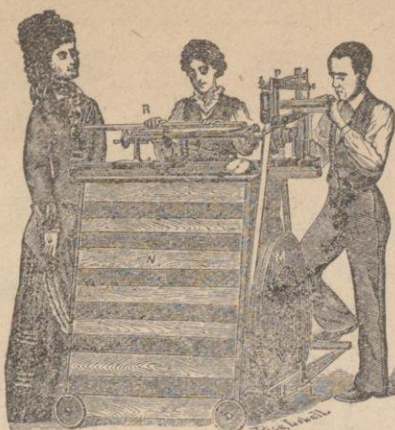
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CALVES and COWS prevented sucking each other, also SELF SICKING, by Rice's Patent Mal. Iron Weaner.

Used by all Stock Raisers. Prices by mail, postpaid. For Calves till 1 year old, 55c.; till 2 years old, 80c.; older, \$1.12. Circulars free. Agents wanted. **H. C. Rice, Farmington, Conn.**

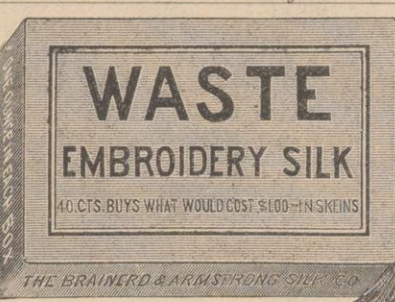
NERVOUS and Mental Diseases and the Alcoholic and Opium habits treated by DR. J. A. LOVELAND,

GILSUM, N. H. Correspondence invited.



JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price \$5 to \$50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. **EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.**

Send your name for **PRAY** large descriptive list of fancy work, which is sent free. Waste embroidery silk, 25 cts. is sent free. Large ball of tinsel for 11 cents. By mail. **W. P. PRAY, Lynn, Mass.**



Our Factory Ends of Embroidery Silk are known far and wide, and are in great demand. Price, 40 cents per box. Club orders of ten boxes get one extra. Crazy Stitches in each package. One dozen applique-flowers and figures, only 50 cents. Send Postal Note.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SILK CO., 469 Broadway, N. Y. 35 Kingston St., Boston.

EVERY LADY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO S. T. TAYLOR'S

Illustrated Monthly Fashion Report, ISSUED THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH. The cheapest Fashion Journal published. Single Copies 6 cents. Yearly Subscription, 50 cents. Send orders to **S. T. TAYLOR, 920 Broadway, N. Y.**

AUTHORS desiring to have either a BOOK or PAMPHLET printed should correspond with **FRANK E. HOUSH, Publisher, Brattleboro, Vt.,** before placing their orders.

Shopping by Mail!

Miss Marjorie March, Lock Box 76, Philadelphia, Pa., makes purchases for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, with discrimination and taste. Orders from all parts of the country promptly executed. Send stamp for circular. Miss March takes pleasure in referring by permission to a few of her numerous patrons: Geo. E. Crowell, Ed. of HOUSEHOLD, Brattleboro, Vt.; Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Winthrop, Me.; Mrs. G. V. Hocker, Leesburg, Fla.; A. J. Fisk, Ed. of Helena Herald, Montana, and many others from thirty-seven different states and territories.

DIPHTHERIA.

My son, when seven years old, was dangerously sick with diphtheria. I am satisfied the generous use of Baker's Great American Specific saved his life. I feel certain that by using this remedy in time it will cure almost any case of this disease. Read directions in each circular. **Geo. W. GREEN, Outside Guardian Ancient Brothers Lodge Odd Fellows.**

MAURICE BAKER & CO., Portland, Maine.

50 Silk Fringe, Embossed, Hidden Name, &c. Cards, 10c., 6 pks. 50c. Franklin Ptg. Co., New Haven, Ct.

WANTED. Shorthand Writers: as Reporters for the Press, Correspondents, etc. The Principal of the School of Shorthand, Cambridge, has been induced to issue a course of lessons, (Pitman's system,) together with mail instruction, to enable young men and women, of small means, to enter the work of shorthand writing, at a trifling cost. A limited number will be taught through mail, or personally, the complete course (reporting style inclusive) for \$5.00. A guarantee given. Address **W. H. DILLON, Principal School of Shorthand, Cambridge, Mass.**

CARDS!

60 Fancy Pictures and 25 Elegant Cards in Gilt Edge, Silk Fringe, Hidden Name, &c. 1 Songster, 1 \$5.00 Prize. Puzzle, and 8 Parlor Games, all for 10 cts. Game of Authors, 10c. **IVY CARD CO., Clintonville, Ct.**

300 GAMES, Puzzles, Parlor Magic, Conundrums, Songs, Album Quotations, Embroidery Designs, and pack of Name Cards, Gilt Edge, Silk Fringe, 10c. Hidden Name. Topp Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.

GREATEST OFFER YET! 50 Styles of CARDS, Hidden Name, Golden Beauty, Floral Motto Remembrance & Embossed Souvenir elegantly engraved with your name, 10c.; 6 sets and this beautiful Pearl-Handle.

4-Bladed Knife (for Indy or gent. 50c.) By getting four friends to send with you, you obtain an elegant Knife FREE. **WALLINGFORD PRINT'G CO., Wallingford, Ct.**

50 Cards, hidden name etc., 1 pretty ring, outfit & present all 10c. 6 lots 50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

20 GOLD EDGE HIDDEN NAME CARDS and new Sample Book, 10c. HUB CARD CO., Boston, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD PREMIUMS.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Stationery,	\$0.50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name Plate, Brush, Ink, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory Handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Sugar Spoon,	75	3
7	Autograph Album,	1.00	3
8	Package Garden Seeds,	1.00	3
9	Package Flower Seeds,	1.00	3
10	Half Chromo, May Flowers,	1.00	3
11	Butter Knife,	1.00	3
12	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1.00	3
13	One vol. Household,	1.10	4
14	Fruit Knife,	1.25	4
15	Pair Tablespoons,	1.50	5
16	Call Bell,	1.75	5
17	Carving Knife and Fork,	1.75	5
18	One pair Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
19	Six Scotch Plaid Napkin Rings,	2.00	5
20	Six Teaspoons,	2.25	5
21	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2.25	5
22	Rosewood Work Box,	2.50	5
23	Fruit Knife, with Nut Pick,	2.25	5
24	Child's Knife, Fork and Spoon,	2.50	6
25	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2.50	6
26	Six Tea Knives,	2.50	7
27	Six Nut Picks,	2.75	7
28	Gilt Cup,	2.75	7
29	Photograph Album,	3.00	7
30	Spoon Holder,	3.00	8
31	Family Scales, (12 lbs., Shaler),	4.00	8
32	Pie Knife,	3.50	9
33	Soup Ladle,	3.50	9
34	Cake Knife,	3.50	9
35	Pickle Jar, with Fork,	3.50	9
36	Six Tablespoons,	4.00	9
37	Six Table Forks, medium,	4.00	9
38	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	3.75	10
39	1 doz. Teaspoons,	4.50	10
40	Family Scales, (24 lbs., Shaler),	5.00	10
41	1 doz. Tea Knives,	5.00	10
42	Sheet Music, (agent's selection),	5.00	10
43	Carving Knife and Fork,	4.00	12
44	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g,	5.00	12
45	Butter Dish, covered,	5.00	12
46	1 pair Napkin Rings, neat,	5.00	12
47	Syrup Cup,	5.50	12
48	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6.00	12
49	Six Table Knives, silver plated, solid metal handles,	5.50	14
50	Caster,	6.00	14
51	Cake Basket,	6.50	14
52	Croquet Set,	6.50	14
53	Family Scales, (50 lbs., Shaler),	7.00	14
54	Webster's National Dictionary,	6.00	15
55	Clothes Wringer,	7.50	15
56	Folding Chair,	5.50	16
57	Six Tea Knives, silver plated, ivory inlaid handles,	7.00	16
58	Card Receiver, gilt, fine,	7.00	16
59	Celery Glass, silver stand,	7.50	16
60	Fruit Dish,	8.00	16
61	Gold Pen and Holder,	7.50	17
62	Butter Dish, covered,	7.50	18
63	Spoon Holder,	7.50	18
64	1 doz. Tablespoons,	8.00	18
65	1 doz. Table Forks, medium,	8.00	18
66	Photograph Album,	10.00	18
67	Caster,	8.00	20
68	Syrup Cup and Plate,	8.50	20
69	Cake Basket,	10.00	20
70	Elegant Family Bible,	10.00	20
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, (Highy),	40.00	40
79	Silver Watch,	20.00	45
80	Folding Chair,	20.00	50
81	Sewing Machine, (Highy),	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	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150.00	150
87	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80.00	175
88	Gent's Gold Watch,	125.00	275

Each article in the above list is new and of the best manufacture, and due care will be taken that they be securely packed and properly directed, and sent by mail, express or freight.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states, and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of the list and name the premium selected.

Premium clubs will be kept open ONE YEAR if desired. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express or freight are at the expense of the receiver.

New subscriptions and renewals are counted alike for premiums, but ONE'S OWN SUBSCRIPTION IS NOT INCLUDED in the club for any premium whatever.

Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

BOSTON CITY SHOPPING AGENCY

done for out-of-town residents. Good taste, lowest prices. Send for circular giving details and references. **P. O. Box 1407, Boston, Mass.**

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.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in ten days, and no return. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing **C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau st., N. Y.**

PATCHWORK SILK. Ladies send 10 cts. for our package of crazy patchwork silk. **The CALL, Box 1040, Dorchester, Mass.**

McCLELLAN AND BURNSIDE.

The recent death of General McClellan leaves but few living of those unfortunate commanders who found themselves unequal to the great responsibilities placed upon them during the civil war. Burnside, Halleck, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, and others, had passed away before him, honored by the nation they had served, after having lived down the hostile criticism their official acts had excited. Equal justice will be done to General McClellan, and a true estimate of his abilities as an organizer and a soldier will be recorded. In his political ambition the genial Burnside was far more successful than his old commander, and death found him a senator from Rhode Island. McClellan might have been a cabinet officer but for factional quarrels in New Jersey which made his appointment inexpedient.

Rhode Island's devotion to her handsome senator illustrates a happy characteristic of the smallest State which still distinguishes her. General Burnside was not a native of "Little Rhody"—having come east from Indiana—but he had the right timber in him, and was made governor and afterward senator of his adopted State. The same spirit may be seen in her citizens to-day in their hearty reception of that which will be of benefit to them. A case in point is that of Mr. John A. Bishop, of Central Falls, R. I., who tells this story:

"For eighteen years I suffered with neuralgia and never got any relief until I took Athlophoros. After that had cured me of the disease I became afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for which I was treated by two doctors. Neither of them did me any good, in fact I grew worse under their treatment. Again I began taking Athlophoros, and, strange as it may seem, relief came almost instantly. The pain abated so that I was able to get around in less than three days, and as I daily grew stronger the rheumatism left me altogether."

Mrs. S. T. Goss, of No. 42 Dudley Street, Providence, can confirm this seemingly wonderful cure out of her own experience. She says:

"For thirty years I suffered with muscular rheumatism, during which time I used every known remedy and all sorts of prescriptions from physicians. At times I would gain a little relief, but only for a short period, after which the disease would attack me with renewed violence. It was while I was suffering one of these very severe attacks that a friend spoke to me of the wonders Athlophoros was doing and advised me to try it. I did get a bottle and in two days after beginning to use it was on my feet. Athlophoros is now kept in my house and is looked upon as indispensable. It is the greatest preparation I ever knew of and will cure rheumatism just as it is claimed it will do."

Mr. J. D. Payne, one of the most prominent citizens of Westville, Ct., where he has a pleasant home on Fountain street, is outspoken in his praise of Athlophoros.

"I did not think there was any cure for rheumatism," he says, "but I am pleased to say that there is and that it is Athlophoros. Three doses of it cured my wife of rheumatism."

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.**



FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING
ESTABLISHED 1866
Takes the lead, does not corrode like tin or iron, nor decay like shingles or tar compositions, easy to apply, strong and durable at half the cost of tin. Is also a SUBSTITUTE for PLASTER at Half the Cost. CARPETS and RUGS of same, double the wear of all cloths. Catalogues and samples free. **W. H. FAY & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.**



LITESCHES BURGLAR-PROOF SASH-LOCK
AND AUTOMATIC WINDOW-HOLDER
Made of Malleable Iron and cannot be broken. Equal in all respects to cords and weights, and at one-tenth the cost. Can be applied with a screw-driver by any handy person. Sample complete for one window mailed upon receipt of 10c. CIRCULARS FREE. AGENTS WANTED. TOWN RIGHTS GIVEN AWAY. **J. R. Clancy, Syracuse, N. Y.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Monthly Circulation, 75,000 Copies.
ADVERTISING RATES.

Unobjectionable advertisements only will be inserted in THE HOUSEHOLD at 50 cents per line, agate measure, each insertion—14 lines making one inch. By the year \$5.00 per line.

The following are the rates for one-half inch or more:

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	4 m.	5 m.	1 yr.
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 1886, by Geo. E. Crowell, 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.

Powerful Medicine in Baking Powder.

This certifies that I have examined samples of Cleveland's and the Royal Baking Powders purchased by myself of grocers in Burlington, and that I find Cleveland's Baking Powder is composed of pure and healthful materials, properly compounded; while the Royal contains as an adulteration or impurity an Ammonia compound. The use of Ammonia compounds in such a preparation I regard as injurious, as they are powerful medicines and do not serve as food in any way. The Royal, contrary to the representation of its manufacturers, contains Tartrate of Lime.

I find, moreover, that Cleveland's Baking Powder is of considerably greater strength than the Royal, both samples being equally fresh.

BURLINGTON, VT., Aug. 19, 1884.

A. H. SABIN.

State Chemist, and Professor of Chemistry in University of Vermont and State Agricultural College.

The Chemist of the New York State Agricultural Society Finds Ammonia in the Royal Baking Powder, and says:

"Ammonia is used in a Baking powder to make the powder cost less. I have always been opposed to its employment, considering that it is not a constituent of pure baking powders. I would not use such an article, nor recommend it."

And adds: "The results of a complete analysis of several packages of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, purchased by myself of grocers, confirm the fact that it is made of pure and healthful materials, well manufactured, and is in every particular reliable and most wholesome. Having had the examination of the materials used in manufacturing the Cleveland Powder for many years, it affords me pleasure to recommend it without reserve."

WM. M. HABIRSHAW, F. C. S.,

Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York; Chemist of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society; Analytical Chemist to the New York Produce Exchange.

INFANT'S OUTFITS.

New Health Patterns, a barrow-coat or skirt, bonnet, princess skirt, etc., 10 pat. in all, 50c. First Short Clothes, a Hubbard dress, bonnet, stocking, etc., 10 health pat. 50c. For 20c., pat. coat and kilt skirt. Full directions and amt required. LILLA DROWN, box 780, Brattleboro, Vt.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamilton Organ and Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mfd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 5c Sample Tin Can by Mail, 25c.

PAPER FLOWERS. For 10 cts. silver and 2-ct. stamp will send sample of roses, pinks, etc. Mrs. M. C. Eaton, Box 19, Westminster, Mass.

"WOOD'S" PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS EXCEL ALL OTHERS. THOS. WOOD & JO., 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

—THE— Popular Monthly Magazine,

"Cottage Hearth,"

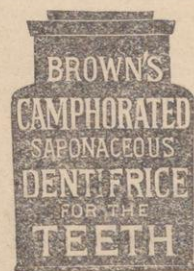
Subscription Price, \$1.50.

To any person sending us Fifteen ELECTRINE Soap Wrappers by mail to our address we will, on receipt of same, send the above magazine for one year free of charge. The ELECTRINE 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.

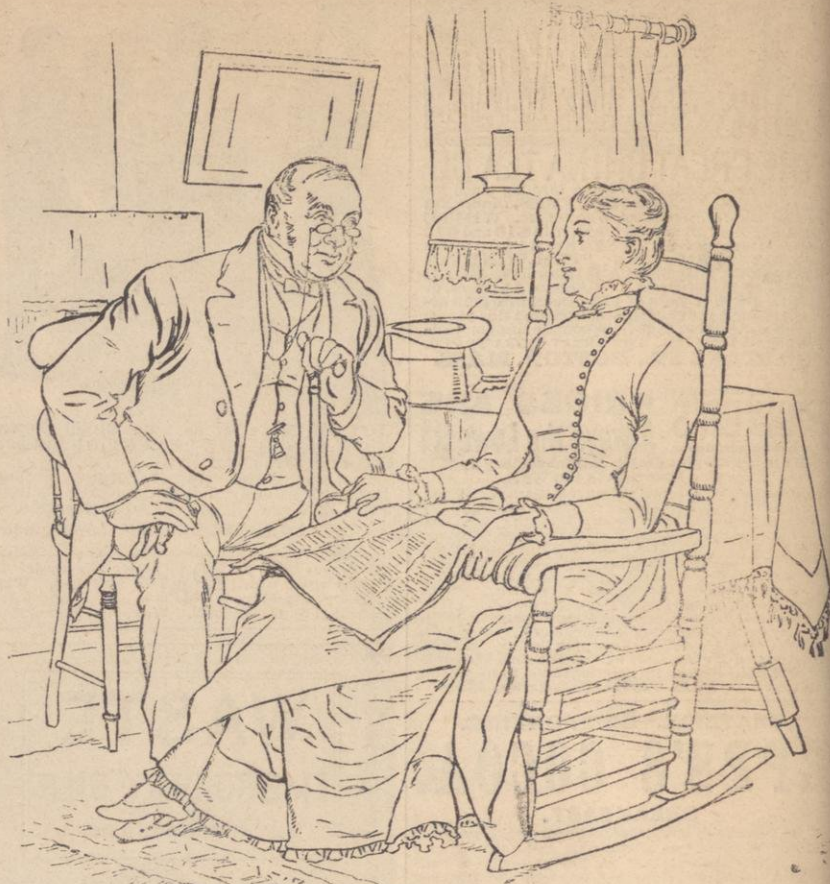


A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE FOR

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth and PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

PAPER 16 Page Book Illustrated. Directions for making paper flowers mailed for 5 cts. FLOWER CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.



"What is meant by 'free alkali,' Doctor? I see it mentioned in the advertisements of IVORY SOAP."

"'Free Alkali,' Madam, is the alkali which is not combined with the fats or oils of which the soap is made, due to the ignorance or carelessness of the soap-maker. Soaps in which 'free alkali' is present are decidedly injurious to both the clothing and the skin when habitually used. I have seen reports of analysis made of the Ivory Soap by men eminent in our profession, and all pronounce it to contain no 'free alkali,' to be made with great care and of materials of the best quality, carefully selected, so I unhesitatingly recommend it for every purpose about the house for which good soap is required."

Down With High Prices.

30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF

ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES

Sold Direct to Consumers.

The "Little Detective," \$3.00

L. D. Postal gives Postage in CENTS.

Weights from 1/4 oz. to 25 lbs.

FAMILY SCALES, 240 lbs., \$5.

Platform Scales, \$11 to \$20.

Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools.

Farmers' Forge, \$10.

Forge and Kit of Tools, \$25.

Farmers can do odd jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.

Only manufacturers in America

using nothing but the best of English

Steel for bearings of all scales:

2-Ton (6x12) \$40.

3-Ton (7x13) \$50.

4-Ton (8x14) \$60.

Beam Box and Brass Beam with

each scale, 300 other varieties. Also,

Trucks, Wheelbarrows, Corn Shells,

Feed Mills, Copy Presses, Money

Drawers, Clothes Wringers and

all Hardware Specialties.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.

No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., \$50.

SEWING MACHINES,

PRICES REDUCED

FROM \$65 TO \$18.

A beautiful Machine, perfectly

finished, improvement on the

Singer pattern, Black Walnut

Furniture, containing a full set of latest

improved Attachments. War-

ranted perfect. Save money.

Send for Circulars.

Chicago Scale Co.,

151 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Dining Room Notes,

By Emily Hayes,

is a practical little cook book compiled largely from the series of papers published in THE HOUSEHOLD during the past five years under this familiar title, with the addition of many new and excellent recipes. The book is in pamphlet form, containing over 200 pages. Price 40 cents in currency or postal note. Don't send stamps. Sent postpaid, on receipt of price. Address,

EMILY HAYES,

Lock Box 267, - Brattleboro, Vt.

SHORTHAND WRITING.

Best paying Home

Study for young ladies. Lessons by mail or personally.

Great demand for shorthand clerks. Situations procured

for students when competent. Circulars free.

J. W. ROBERTS, Elmira, N. Y.

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