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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. A. RICHARDS, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 10.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., MAY, 1877.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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

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### A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,  
The dust and din of the town,  
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,  
Till the strong treads the weak man down.  
Away to the bonnie green hills,  
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,  
And the heart of the greenwood thrills  
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,  
The vale of the dun and the brown,  
The push and the plash and the potter,  
The wear and waste of the town!  
Away where the sky shines clear,  
And the light breeze wanders at will,  
And the dark pine wood nods near  
To the light plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,  
And steaming above and below,  
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,  
And the thought has no quiet to grow.  
Away where the clear brook purils,  
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,  
And the plume of the fern uncurls  
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage, so sweetly  
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,  
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me  
With thoughts ever kindly and good.  
More dear than the worth of the world  
Fond mother with bairnies three,  
And the plump-armed babe that has curled  
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,  
The dust and the din of the town,  
Where to live is to brawl and to battle  
Till the strong treads the weak man down.  
Away where the green twigs nod  
In the fragrant breath of the May,  
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,  
And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

—J. Stuart Blackie.

### DOOR-YARD ORNAMENTATION.

WE HAVE made great progress the past few years in our style of gardening. Formerly every little door-yard, however small, was cut up into a labyrinth of narrow walks, carefully edged with dwarf-box. This sort of needless and unsightly patchwork is fast passing away, and a far better taste is being shown in the smooth, soft carpets of green grass, with the needful flower beds cut out wherever

required. Flowers are like diamonds; their settings should be of the inconspicuous order, and never the most prominent features of the two, as often seen among the "shoddyities" in both fashionable society and horticulture. Our florists and nurseryman still have a considerable demand for "box" for edgings; and it is a pity, although 'tis true, that we have so much bad taste shown in our suburban gardens.

Sometimes the grounds are cut up into walks resembling an old-fashioned patch bed quilt of many colors, and the proprietor, not wishing to be outdone in the way of variety, crowds a thousand species and varieties of plants into a space where a hundred would be a far better number, and show to better advantage. This trying to see how many varieties can be grown, has been a curse to pomology, and is rapidly ruining floriculture. A dozen plants well grown, show better taste and judgment than a hundred, as far too generally seen.

We hope our readers will remember this when making their selection of seeds and plants this spring. Choose only a few of the very best, and that of species that will give a succession of bloom through the season, and bestow upon these all the care that would have been given to many, and see if greater satisfaction and better results will not be derived therefrom.

We know of a man who cultivated three hundred varieties of Gladioli last summer but one-tenth of the number properly selected would have furnished all the beauty and other merits found in the entire lot. To strive for the very best is commendable; but to seek to obtain everything is like trying to gain an education by studying everything and knowing nothing thoroughly.—*Rural New Yorker*.

### BEAUTIFY YOUR HOMES.

It is astonishing to see the lack of taste around many village and farm-houses, and their owners seem to think that it is money thrown away to beautify their houses; but let them offer their places for sale, and then they will realize the difference between a house without paint or with one coat in a lifetime, with no blinds, no pleasant door-yard, no tasty fences around the house, no shade trees, no fruit trees, no beds of flowers, no climbing vines up the porches, no garden worthy of the name, no snug, well painted outhouses, no nicely graveled walks; but in their places we often find a dwelling, out of repair, outhouses in a state of decay, fences in poor condition, and the general appearance of the place repugnant to our feelings.

Here, too, we see the old sign: "This place for sale," hanging on an old tree, with barely a leaf upon it. Here it has hung for many years, and there it will continue to hang, probably till the owner goes into his grave. Nobody wants to buy such a forlorn looking "home;" and people in search of a country place pass on till they see another sign: "This place for sale;" and here they find order, taste and neatness prevailing—a beautiful cottage, or other style of house, outbuildings in perfect repair, fences neat and in good order, shade trees abundant, fruit trees loaded with apples, pears, peaches, plums and cherries.

In the well planned garden they find an abundance of strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, quinces and grapes; and the place suits them and they purchase it. Now, this place cost but a little more than the one they passed, in regard to its adornments. What was done to beautify it was done by degrees, and the expense was never felt as amounting to much, and so it always is with people who commence to lay out their homes in the right manner.

### "HIDE-BOUND" TREES.

Trees having long stems exposed to the hot suns and drying winds become what gardeners call "hide-bound." That is, the old bark becomes indurated—cannot expand—and the tree suffers much in consequence. Such an evil is usually indicated by gray lichens, which feed on decaying bark. In these cases a washing of weak lye or lime water is very useful; indeed, where the bark is healthy, it is beneficial to thus wash trees, as many eggs of insects are thereby destroyed.

We would, however, again refer to linseed-oil as far more effective for insects, and would, perhaps, do as well for moss and lichen. After all, these seldom come when trees are well cultivated. It is neglect makes poor growth, and poor growth lichens.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

### GOOD ROADS.

Two things are necessary to a good road. First a smooth surface to drive on, allowing the vehicle to pass along smoothly. Secondly, to have it smooth and crowning, to let the water pass directly into the ditches. It is not necessary to cast up a high embankment, or hogback, as it is often called, in order to have the rain run off. Experience teaches that it makes no difference whether it be high or low, if it is rutted it will hold the water, and get worse and worse, and with the high bank the travel is confined to a narrow space, which is ruinous to the road-bed.



### SUNSHINE IN THE HOME.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

AS VALUABLE as is the light of the glorious sun, as necessary as it is to the highest form of health, nay indispensable, as useful as it is as a tonic and as medicine, especially for the nerves and for the debilitated eye, as much as it sends joy and life through the whole frame, it is not the present purpose to speak of that only incidentally and as a fit emblem of another light equally joy-inspiring and healthful to the social nature. While it is the height of folly to make the home a prison-house of darkness, as somber as the grave, by excluding God's light through fear of a little fading of carpets and furniture; or to exclude a straggling fly, (flies are too shrewd and wise, guided by instinct, to live in the dark,) there is still greater folly; that of expelling the light of cheerfulness and hopefulness from the home-circle by the indulgence of peevishness, moroseness, repining, "borrowing trouble," and in general terms, by looking on the "dark side," taking everything by the hot or rough handle. In far too many households at least three-fourths of the effort and labor is practically to make ourselves and others around us unhappy, discontented and miserable. This may seem a startling statement and yet observation will convince us that it is true, particularly so in the life of the intemperate, the libertine, the nervously morose, and many others of the same class. This life may be a "vale of tears" and yet we make the most of our tears, originate most of our sorrows, plunging ourselves into the dark valleys of sensual indulgence, sin, physical, mental and moral, while the high table-lands of obedience are just above us, more or less attainable to all. Instead of rising to these by making the most of our talents, using the means of happiness all around us, sipping sweets from all the flowers within our reach, we repine, seek misery, and sometimes almost repine if we do not secure a generous share to constitute the basis of our repining.

In other words we far too often, if not generally, shut out the light by drawing the curtains of unrest and disquietude and grope in darkness and misery. This we do by vain imaginings, by anticipating evils which we

have no reason to expect, and then feeling and appearing as if those evils were really being endured. We first have a conflict with our conscience, and then quarrel with those around us as a natural result. We blame our associates, reminding them of their short-comings, entering a fearful list of faults on the debtor side of the ledger, and none on the credit. Our children are made to feel that home is but little less than a prison from which they at some time hope to escape, and that labor is a task—life's duties one constant round of disagreeable toils. Under such circumstances it is by no means surprising that they become discontented with such restraints, such thick veils to shut out social joys, and as a consequence, as soon as the circumstances will permit, rush to the city, and almost as a legitimate result rush into dissipation, vibrating to the opposite extreme, seeking in false chances what should have furnished safely in the home circle.

Let it be remembered that a child is but a child, one in thought, one in desires, and one in seeking the sources of amusement and recreation. That is an unwise parent who would rob the child of these characteristics, as natural and as needful to that age as a small body and a large appetite. To change the boy to a man, a man in feelings and conduct, is to do injustice and violence to a God-given nature. Such a boy is a citizen in embryo and possesses the materials from which a man can be made—after a series of years—the exuberance of spirit, the out-gushing of feeling, and the high pressure being as natural and necessary as playfulness to the kitten. Such a boy is a human being, having the right of such, and may well claim the treatment due such, and that in the home circle. If he is unamiable and unmanageable, it may be because his better nature has not been developed by proper treatment, because he is often treated as a menial—seldom as a companion, an heir, one having a mutual interest in what pertains to the general happiness of the home circle—and often made to feel that any tools, any books, any clothes are good enough for a boy—instead of having a fair chance with others and made to feel that he is of some importance in that circle and may yet become an absolute necessity. It is profitable to consult such a boy in regard to the course to be pursued on the farm, in the work-shop, in all the concerns of life, identifying his feelings and interests with them, not only inspiring courage, but subjecting him to a course of training so needful in his preparation for his future position in life. It is safe to make him feel that his interests are identical with those of his parents, and that he is not only a joint owner, but to a certain extent an equal partner. By letting in a little of such sunlight, letting him share a part of the responsibility, his labors will become far less irksome. Since they are felt to be his own labors, promotive of his individual interests. It is safe to be polite and courteous to such a boy, not only for his own sake, but as a means of teaching him these accomplishments. A request is far more authoritative in its practical workings than an austere command, since the

former appeals to the real manhood, encouraging self-respect, while the latter awakes the spirit of rebellion to be asserted as soon as the fear of the penalty is removed. The condition "If you please," or the simple "Please," constitutes an oil which wonderfully removes the friction of an unpleasant task. Indeed, the same courtesy in the ordinary affairs of the household, the "please" and the "thanks," the true politeness which implies a generous regard for the rights and comfort of others, must ever nourish the higher sentiment and strengthen the bonds which bind the family in one body. The same little acts of courtesy and politeness which we manifest in our intercourse with strangers and friends are equally appropriate in the family—in our intercourse with our best friends, our dearest associates.

The true light of the home can never be successfully promoted without mental and moral culture, that is, by the development of our higher nature and without the gratification of something higher than our animal propensities—the lower appetites. We are social, mental and spiritual beings, and we demand, imperatively demand food appropriate for these natures. Mental culture so far as the circumstances will permit—books, newspapers, THE HOUSEHOLD certainly—pictures, music, flowers, etc., are as certainly "necessaries of life," the life of an intellectual and immortal being, as certainly as the grain and forage are of the lower orders of animal life. Physical food sustains the body; but man is more than an animal and has higher necessities—lives in a higher plane.

In the present day our sources of improvement are vast, as compared with the dim past, while our means of development and of happiness are correspondingly enhanced. Knowledge is accessible more or less to all, and to a far greater extent than many suppose, as the experience and the attainments of the great attest, most of whom arose to distinction from the humble walks of life. Good and instructive books are abundant, both in the public libraries and elsewhere, which would constitute a valuable light in the home circle, while the young man, the brother, or the husband, can find no better or more pleasant and refining employment than that of reading aloud to the friends of that circle in the long winter evenings, as a return for their kind deeds, their attention to his wants, especially if such an exercise—or such a treat—should be varied by music and singing, so refining and elevating, and so calculated to soothe and dissipate the petty annoyances which may have ruffled the bosom of that family during the day. The employment of these evenings in this manner especially if some one is able to add to that instructions by such illustrations, incidents and information as such readings might suggest, drawn from travels and observations, would do much to throw a charm around the home, however humble in other respects, making it the pleasantest spot of earth, so endearing it to the hearts of the young as to prevent much of the love of roaming, now sadly depopulating many

rural districts. The pictures, books and musical instruments will cost but little—not half as much as the tobacco, liquors, and general needless and hurtful luxuries—since some of them last for a lifetime, while they will be found a continual source of pleasure, a light, a magnet to bind the present in closer and more endearing bonds, and to attract the absent home to the domestic center, where our highest pleasures are enjoyed, our life-dreams realized, and where life may be truly a success.



#### TWO GOOD ANNUALS.

BY JOHN N. DICKIE.

ANNUALS are not generally cultivated. This is accounted for from the fact that they are not generally understood, and from a fancied trouble in the rearing of the plants. Where they are grown, which is usually in the country, you find the very poorest varieties, and those not half cultivated. In the city they are almost totally neglected, flowers from the greenhouse being substituted in their stead. But the finest flowers in the conservatory must take a back seat in comparison with our best annuals. Of course this requires proof—something we rarely furnish the reader without due thought and consideration. It may, therefore, be looked at in the light of a bare assertion by the reader, and taken for what it is worth, while we enter at once upon our theme by a short talk about

*Phlox Drummondii*.—Here we have a flower which is positively unequalled by anything with which we are acquainted. Generally speaking, showy plants are not delicate, and *vice versa*; but the phlox is both showy and delicate. It must not be confounded with the perennial phlox, as it is strictly an annual, and the best of the family, too. It is a dangerous statement to make, but we have never yet, in all our travels, seen but two perfect beds of this flower! The plants are invariably huddled together in some little irregular patch of a bed, cramped, crowded, and drawn out of all proper shape; and although brilliant for a short time, soon fading and losing their beauty forever. And this, when it is capable of making the most beautiful bed in the world!

Reader, we feel a little indignant when we see all this, for so beautiful a flower is degraded, if you will allow the expression, by such treatment as this. Its true beauty is never discovered, and it is, consequently, never fully enjoyed; and with the hope of a little improvement in this respect, let us give our management of the plant from the seed up.

There are some twenty varieties of this flower advertised, and most of them are good; but for general use the following are the best: Deep Blood Purple, Scarlet, Rosea, Leopoldi, Flore-albo and Marmorato violacea. The seed should be bought of

a responsible seedsman, and early in the season, that you may get the varieties wanted. It can be started either in a hot-bed, cold-frame, or seed bed. Never sow flower-seed in the bed where the plants are to bloom unless they be of a kind difficult to transplant. Hot-bed grown plants flower early, but are not so apt to keep up a brilliant succession of bloom during the fall months as those started later.

We prefer sowing the seed of phlox about the fifteenth of April in a cold frame—a box placed on a bed of rich, mellow earth, and covered with a sash. A seed-bed answers very well, but the plants will not bloom quite as soon, of course. Make drills about three inches apart, and in depth about twice the diameter of the seed. Drop about a quarter of an inch apart. If they all germinate, pull up every other one and throw it away. One good, stocky plant is worth a half-dozen slender things. Water the bed every day, providing the sun shines, and keep the earth stirred constantly—directions necessary in the growing of any flowering plant, providing you wish to grow it well. Treated properly, its growth will surprise you, and by the fifteenth of May they will be ready for the permanent bed. This should be circular in form, and of any desired diameter; but don't do as Pinks did—plant phlox in one half and pinks in the other.

If you grow this flower at all, give it a bed by itself, else half its charm will be lost. And now, kind reader, above all things, set these plants not one half-inch less than a foot apart. Plant them closer together and they will mildew if wet, or, in lieu of that, grow slender and top-heavy, and cease blooming long before their allotted time. In our daily walks we pass a bed of phlox in the yard of a neighbor—quite an amateur in flowers, by the way—in which the plants have been set four inches apart. The blossoms are already becoming scanty, and the end is not far off.

But every flowering plant, no matter how great its beauty, has its faults. *Phlox Drummondii* has one, and one only, and that is the weakness of the stem. As it branches out and becomes covered with blossoms, the stem loses its erect position, and the whole plant falls to the ground. Although it will bloom in this position as well as in any other, it has a slovenly appearance, which mars the beauty of the bed. We remedy this by placing thin, slender sticks, painted green, around each plant. They are hardly noticed when it begins to bloom and are soon hidden altogether, while each plant maintains its upright position as if perfectly natural to it.

Some florists recommend this flower as suitable for ribbon beds. This is, in our opinion, a grave mistake, and in some future article on the making and planting of such plants we will prove it, we hope, to the satisfaction of the reader. Our advice is, to plant each color in a bed by itself, and the beds near each other. This will give better satisfaction, as well as evince much better taste.

As the seed of the phlox is quite expensive, you should, if you care to economize, save your own. Be sure and wait until it is perfectly ripe,

which will be told you by the dry and brittle appearance of the seed pod. Sever the stalk with a pair of shears just as the pods are ready to open, putting them in a box with a cover. If you don't do this they will soap and fly in all directions, and cause you to feel that life is indeed full of trials, and that of all mortals you are the most luckless and unfortunate. And now, let us close this article with a kindly notice of the much abused

**Marigold.**—This flower is the victim of prejudice. It has lost its once proud position, and is now given a weedy spot in the rear of the cabbage patch. We are a little indignant when we think over this bit of injustice, and are compelled to muse more than we should over the depravity of the human heart. If the marigold was once worth cultivating, why not now? Of course the fragrance is not particularly pleasant. We have done our best to imagine it so, but gave it up years ago as something well nigh impossible. But when we mention this failing, we mention all. Its habit is good, its foliage is beautiful, and the flowers well nigh perfection; and if placed in the proper position, and arranged in the proper manner, the marigold is invaluable.

There is one great mistake made in the selection of the varieties, for there are some varieties far superior to others. The African marigold I rarely ever cultivate. It is too coarse growing, and the flowers are of a bold, gaudy appearance, not particularly charming. But the French variety is elegant, and "just the thing." We prefer the tall varieties, although the dwarf sorts are very fine. But the marigold plants should never be set in a bed. Their place is in a hedge—that is, in a row, side by side, say a foot apart. As they are constant bloomers, with a dense and finely pinnated foliage, they are unequalled for this purpose. But they should not be allowed to grow up as they will. Keep the side branches evenly trimmed off. Never let them grow over a foot thick from front to rear. They will then grow taller, present a neater appearance, and stand perfectly erect, as would not otherwise be the case. I generally raise a great variety of annuals—oftentimes three-fourths of those advertised by one of the first houses of Rochester, but never do I neglect the marigold; and often have I smiled to see connoisseurs of flowers stand before my marigold hedge, showering upon its devoted head more praise than that bestowed upon the rarest flower in the garden.

In conclusion it should be borne in mind that this flower is half hardy, and that it will bloom at least three weeks earlier if started under glass. This is an object, for when once in bloom it is always in bloom.—*Christian Union.*

#### VICK ON FLOWERS.

The flowers usually grown from seeds are herbaceous perennials, biennials, and annuals. Shrubs and trees are usually obtained at the nurseries. Hardy bulbs, like tulips, crocuses and hyacinths, should be planted in the autumn. Tender summer bulbs, like the gladiolus, tuberose, and tiger flower, must be set out in the spring.

Herbaceous perennial are plants which die down to the ground every autumn, but the roots continue to live, and new branches and flower stems are thrown up for many years. Some continue indefinitely, but others die after three or four years, like the sweet William; but if the roots are divided every year, they will continue to live and increase. These are called imperfect perennials. Biennials flower the second and often the third year, and then die. Some varieties that are grown as annuals in a northern climate, are either perennials or biennials in their southern home, where there are no winter frosts. This is true of the verbena, marvel of Peru, etc.

As annuals flower in a few weeks, or months at most, after being planted and can always be depended upon for a brilliant show, they have always been deservedly popular, and each year almost marks a great improvement in our list of fine annuals. With a proper arrangement, a continuous bloom may be kept up from early in July until frost. Annuals are classed as hardy, half hardy and tender. Hardy annuals are those that, like the larkspur, candytuft, etc., may be sown in the autumn or very early in the spring, in the open ground. The half hardy varieties will not endure frost, and should not be sown in the open ground until danger from frost is over. The balsam and the marigolds belong to this class.

The tender annuals generally require starting in a greenhouse or hot-bed to bring them to perfection, and should not be set in the open ground until the weather is quite warm. The cypress vine and the sensitive plant belong to this class; but, fortunately, very few of our fine annuals. Some of them do tolerably well if sown in the open ground the latter part of May, but very great success is not to be expected in this way.

#### THE CYCLAMEN.

There is no better plant for window culture than the cyclamen. Neat in foliage, easily cared for, beautiful in flower, and of low habit it seems especially adapted for growing where but little room can be afforded. It thrives well in an atmosphere in which many plants suffer, and it is but little affected by the unconsumed gases which pervade the air of most rooms heated by furnaces, or where illuminating gas is used.

In some varieties the foliage is most beautifully marbled, dark green and white; and, in all, the contrast between the upper and lower surface of the leaves is very pleasing. In the flowers there is an endless variety: first, the species differ greatly in form and color; and, secondly, the varieties sport into an infinite number of shades, varying in intensity even on the same plant, according to the age of the flowers. Another recommendation is the permanency of the flowers which remain in perfection many weeks.

The summer and autumn blooming species, of which *C. Europeanum* and its varieties are examples, are not especially adapted for parlor culture as they bloom at a season when flowers

are not wanted in the house. It is to *Cyclamen Persicum* that we must look for the winter adornment of our windows. In this species the leaves are heart shaped, toothed at the edge, deep green with gray or white marbling, and pale flesh color on the under side. The flowers vary from pure white to deep scarlet.

The soil for the cyclamen should be a mixture of leaf-mould and sharp sand, with the addition of a little peat and turfy loam. These should be well mixed but not made very fine.

#### PRIMROSES AND BOUVARDIAS.

Mrs. G. I. H. wishes to know what to do with Chinese primroses after they have bloomed all winter. Keep in a shaded place through the summer and give but little water. In September re-pot in good soil, place in a window shaded from the sun, and water thoroughly. It will soon commence to grow, and in November or December will commence blooming again, and continue to do so until May or June. They are one of the very best of plants for winter blooming.

She also asks what to do with bouvardias that have not grown or blossomed all winter. About the middle of May remove from pot and plant it in the ground, in good rich soil; it will then grow finely and in August show signs of buds. About the first of September lift from the ground, being careful to save the ball of earth and fibrous roots; water well and place in the shade—sixty or seventy degrees—and when well started again, which will be in about ten days, remove to the house and place in a warm sunny window; it will then blossom for two or three months. Bouvardias require sun and heat, while the primrose is the reverse.

C. E. A.

#### CARE OF CALLAS.

A flower-grower whose callas are said to be "the wonder and admiration of the village" writes to a western New York exchange as follows:

I keep my callas growing all summer, set out on the ground near my dining-room door, in somewhat shady places, because I think them such fine plants to look at. I have not re-potted mine for five years, but every spring and autumn I dig out some soil and put in new, mostly the black, soft, velvety muck that abounds in our swamps. I let from four to six bulbs live in the same large pot. I used to think only one bulb of either calla or amaryllis must occupy a pot. From each bulb I have four flowers in a season, and sometimes more, and treated in this way my callas have been in bud and blossom ten months of the year, or from September to July inclusive. When I re-pot amaryllis to get bulbs to give to my friends, I often lose a season's flowering. One that I disturbed last summer missed its autumn flowering, and the other, not disturbed, gave me four stalks of gorgeous, lily-like flowers.

#### HYBRIDIZING GERANIUMS.

In answer to a correspondent, the Cottage Gardener says: There is but one way of effecting the hybridization of plants, and that is to apply the pol-

len of one species to the stigma of another. Most of the present race of geraniums are not hybrids, but cross breeds. You will need to remove the stamens of the flower you wish to operate on before the pollen is ripe, and envelop the flowers in a gauze bag both before and after the pollen of the other has been applied to one or all of the horn like stigmas. When the seed vessels enlarge, you may remove the bag. The best, time to apply the pollen is in the early part of the day, and the plants seed more freely when they are kept rather dry, so as not to be gross, a dry, well ventilated atmosphere being necessary.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD Band tell me what I can do for my English ivy, to keep slugs off from it. They first came on it in the house last winter, and putting it out of doors this summer does not free it of them. I have washed it in soap suds but that seems to do no good, and I'm so afraid it will die.

Also what will destroy the green louse on rose geraniums, and other plants, and the little red spider on pinks. If some of the friends can tell me how to get rid of these pests of my house plants, I shall be so much obliged to them.

FIDA.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please tell me how to clean a gilt picture-frame.

Mrs. E. A. H.

MR. CROWELL:—Please tell the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, that they can make beautiful pictures for framing, by taking a wood cut, or steel engraving of statuary, or heads of people they wish to keep, cut them out neatly and lay them on a piece of black calico, and frame them with or without a mat. I prepared a picture of Fanny Fern's monument in that way, and it is really elegant. It is also nice to take steel engravings from magazines and leave less than a quarter of an inch margin of the white paper and lay them on a piece of black calico three inches larger than the picture. These should be framed with very narrow frames. These pictures must be seen to be appreciated. VINNIE P.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—If any of the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, have slips of oak leaved, nutmeg, apple, lemon, peppermint, musk, pennyroyal, and citron scented geraniums that they would exchange for slips of pomgranate, double and single fuchsias, and balm scented geraniums, and bulbs of lily of the valley, crown imperial, tuberose and tritoma will they please address,

JESSIE GRAVES.

Birmingham, Ohio.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some of the readers of your paper please tell me how to take care of a parrot, and what to give them to eat?

L. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I wish you would say something in your paper about visitors gathering other people's flower seed. I bought some balsams last year, and had all the first seed gathered by visitors. Some people seem to think it no harm to go into another's garden and gather flower seed without permission.

A FRIEND.



## GOLDEN LOCKS.

## THE STORY OF A SWITCH

“WHAT do I know about such matters?” said Squire Postlethwaite, rumpling up his Saxon brown hair into a crest on the very top of his head.

The squire was standing in the middle of the sunny sitting-room—a room aglow with wreaths of autumn leaves and blossoming geraniums, with a wood fire on the hearth, which exhaled a faint piny perfume from the resinous logs which were crackling there, and the biggest tortoise-shell cat in New Jersey asleep in front of the blaze. And the squire’s wife was balancing herself on tiptoe to sew a button on his shirt bosom—a malicious button which had flown off without the slightest previous notice, a very Mephistopheles in mother-of-pearl. The squire was tall and big and easily wheedled; the squire’s better half was round and petite and possessed of a good deal of feminine diplomacy; and, as a matter of course, Mrs. Postlethwaite conquered.

“Oh, my dear, it’s the simplest thing in the world,” said she.

“But it’s so perfectly absurd!” persisted the squire. “The idea of my going into one of those Broadway places and asking for—a switch!”

“It’s done every day, my dear,” said Mrs. Postlethwaite, deftly breaking the thread. “And really my hair is getting so thin, what with crimping and frizzing; and everybody else wears a false braid, or a bunch of curls, or something, and I am positively singular without one. And I wouldn’t mind waiting until I go up to town in January, if it wasn’t for Fanny Leslie’s charade party. Everybody will be there, and of course you want me to look as well as any one else, don’t you, dear?”

The squire could not gainsay this leading proposition. He had married a pretty young country girl for love, and during all the five years of their wedded life the torch had burned clear upon the altar of his heart.

“Of course I do,” said he, heartily.

“Then you’ll bring me the switch, won’t you?” coaxed Mrs. Postlethwaite.

“If it must be, I suppose it must be,” assented the squire, with a grimace.

And when he drove off to the depot, he carried in a pocket case, next to his heart, a lock of his wife’s flaxen hair—not as a keepsake, but as a sample.

“Thirty-six inches long, at least,” Mrs. Postlethwaite called after him. “And crimped a little at the top, if it’s not charged extra for.”

Squire Postlethwaite didn’t go to the city every day. As a general thing, his peach farm in New Jersey occupied the most of his time and attention; but when he did mingle with the gay metropolitan world, he resolved to enjoy himself to the utmost. So he

engaged a room at the most expensive and aristocratic hotel he could find, visited the Academy of Design, where he didn’t understand the pictures at all, and went in the evenings to the theater, where he cried over the tragedy, and laughed his vest buttons off at the brisk little comedy that served as an afterpiece, and was a little abashed at the ballet. And it is most probable that he would have forgotten his wife’s commission entirely if, in the process of searching his pocket case for a note which he was to present for payment at a city bank the next day, he hadn’t chanced to come across the tress of shining gold.

“Hallo!” said the squire, smiting his knee with one hand, “here’s Polly’s hair! And I must go and buy the switch to-morrow, or there’ll be the deuce and all to pay.”

He went that afternoon to dine with old Mr. Ponsonby at Delmonico’s—for the squire had all a child’s delight in gilding and fresco and lights. Old Mr. Ponsonby rather discouraged the switch business when, over their modest bottle of claret, the squire broached his proposed errand of the following morning.

“I wouldn’t,” said old Mr. Ponsonby, shaking his head.

“Wouldn’t?” echoed the squire.

“Why not?”

“It’s running a great risk,” said Mr. Ponsonby, oracularly, “I’m told that yellow fever and smallpox, and all that sort of thing, are disseminated to an alarming extent through the medium of false hair.”

Squire Postlethwaite opened wide his eyes and mouth.

“They cut off the hair of hospital cases, and sell it to pay expenses, you see,” added Mr. Ponsonby, lowering his voice.

“No?” interrogated the squire.

“Fact,” nodded the old gentleman. “And, besides, they import a deal of it from foreign countries, where the people are in no wise noted for cleanliness or health.”

“Never heard of such a thing in my life,” asseverated Squire Postlethwaite.

“And the only way to be quite sure about what you’re buying is to see it cut from the human head yourself,” asserted Mr. Ponsonby, peeling a banana.

“But I don’t see how that can be done,” hesitated the Jersey peach farmer.

“I don’t either,” said Mr. Ponsonby, “and that’s the reason I advise you to drop the whole thing.”

Squire Postlethwaite shook his head mildly. It was all very well for Mr. Ponsonby to be thus lavish with his counsel, but Mr. Ponsonby didn’t know how it was himself. He wasn’t a married man. His wife hadn’t charged him with a particular commission, and wasn’t expectantly waiting for him at home.

“Let Mrs. Postlethwaite be satisfied with her own hair,” urged Mr. Ponsonby, nibbling at an olive.

“Women are never satisfied,” said the squire, gloomily.

“Then let her learn the lesson of contentment.”

“Women never learn,” said the squire.

But he recalled his friend’s good

advice the next day, when he walked into M. Emile Dupignac’s “Centennial Hair Emporium.”

M. Dupignac rubbed his hands as he hurried behind the plate glass counter, and begged blandly to know “in what he could have the happiness to serve monsieur.”

“I want a switch,” said Squire Postlethwaite, a little uneasy under the bright-eyed regards of M. Dupignac’s ten “sales ladies,” who were dressed rather more splendidly than his Polly, even in her church-going attire, and wore glittering jewelry, which our honest squire believed to be real and of great price—“and it must be of this color,” holding up the sample, “and one yard long.”

M. Dupignac critically surveyed the lock, with his head first on one side and then on the other.

“It is of a color truly ravishing,” said he. “But nevertheless I flatter myself that I can match it.”

And he briskly opened a drawer full of long switches, neatly packed in narrow pasteboard boxes, and odorous of camphor, and whisked out a mass of pale rippling gold, which he held up to the sunlight with Polly’s lock laid against it.

“Nature itself!” cried M. Dupignac, theatrically.

“No, you don’t!” said the squire, setting his teeth together like a steel trap.

“Comment?” demanded M. Dupignac.

“Put up that thing,” said Squire Postlethwaite, “and shut the drawer.”

“Monsieur would wish it a shade lighter?” queried the Frenchman.

“Or perhaps darker? *Vraiment*, it is a mere matter of taste.”

“Monsieur don’t want any of that sheared off trash,” said the squire, laconically.

M. Dupignac drew himself up with Napoleonic dignity. “Monsieur will perhaps allow me to assure him,” said he, “that there is no better stock than mine upon this *con-ti-nent*.”

“I’m not quite so green as to swallow everything I hear, if I do come from the country,” said the squire composedly. “Shut up that drawer, I say. None of your second-hand scarlet fever and smallpox for me. None of your dead people’s clippings out of the hospitals.”

“But, monsieur”—gesticulated the Frenchman.

“I tell you,” roared Squire Postlethwaite, waxing noisy as he became more in earnest, “I won’t buy a single solitary spear of hair unless I know where it comes from. I’ll see it cut myself, or I’ll let it severely alone.”

M. Dupignac’s momentary expression of dismay and perplexity gave way to an instantaneous illumination of all the facial muscles.

“By all means, by all means, if monsieur wishes it,” cried he, fitting the five fingers of one hand against the five fingers of the other. “Monsieur shall be satisfied. I court publicity. I—Laure!”—to one of the extravagantly dressed shop girls—“where, then, is that poor girl who was here this morning, wishing to sell her hair?—the girl with *les cheveux d’or*, the head of real gold that takes its burnish in the sunshine? Does she still wait, Laure?”

Mademoiselle Laure was not quite certain as to that, but she had the young person’s address. The young person should be immediately sent for.

“Let her be summoned at once,” said M. Dupignac, with a wave of the hand, as if he was a monarch, issuing a royal mandate. “And”—with a secondary sweep of his arm toward a velvet upholstered chair—“if monsieur will honor us by waiting but a few seconds, his undeserved doubts shall all be set at rest.”

“Seeing is believing,” said Squire Postlethwaite, cavalierly. And he sat down, softly whistling “Bonnie Dundee,” and staring steadfastly out of the window.

In about fifteen minutes there was a little bustle of arrival in the next room. M. Dupignac lifted a Nottingham lace curtain which shielded the glazed upper half of the door of communication, and placing his finger on his lip with a truly French gesture, pointed to a lovely blue-eyed young girl, dressed in faded and shabby garments, but with magnificent pale yellow hair floating like a glory down over her shoulders.

“By Jove!” ejaculated the squire, “that’s a splendid head of hair!”

M. Dupignac shrugged his shoulders. “She offered to sell it to us this morning,” said he; “but we had not then an opportunity to dispose of it. It is to succor her needy mother, poor lamb! They are poor but respectable.”

“You know them, then?” questioned the squire.

“I know them well. Ah,” added M. Dupignac, sentimentally, “how one has pity for the poor!”

“I’ll buy it,” promptly interrupted Squire Postlethwaite. “There’s no danger of any scarlet fever or smallpox there. She’s as fresh as a rose and as clear as a pink. What will it cost?”

“Look at the thickness! Look at the length of that *chevelure*!” cried the ecstatic Frenchman. “It is cheap—positively dirt cheap—at fifty dollars. But to secure monsieur’s custom—

“I’ll take it,” said the squire, with alacrity.

M. Dupignac motioned to Mademoiselle Laure. Mademoiselle Laure tapped a tiny silver call-bell, and a white-aproned man in the next room, who looked like a barber in disguise, went ruthlessly to work shearing away the long yellow locks. As one by one he dropped them into a flat willow basket at his side, the girl put her pocket handkerchief to her eyes and visibly sobbed.

“Poor girl! poor child!” said Squire Postlethwaite, feeling an uncomfortable sensation of tightness in the region of his heart. “It’s a shame—but then, if she’s compelled to part with it, I may as well buy as any one else. Here, you, monsieur, just give her this ten-dollar bill over and above the bargain. I can’t endure to see a pretty girl cry—never could.” Which, if the reader pauses to reflect, made Mrs. Postlethwaite’s switch come very dear.

However, the squire trudged off, with the yellow treasure neatly packed in one of the long pasteboard boxes. For he sat and waited for it to be

woven into a stem, sooner than be in any wise deceived by an article that was not the genuine one.

"At all events," chuckled the squire to himself, "I've outgeneraled the New Yorkers this time. I've proved to 'em that I'm not to be put off with the trimmings of their hospitals, nor any of their trashy imported stuff, brimful of ship fever and infection. To be sure it has cost a good deal, but I don't believe Polly will grudge the price when she hears all about it."

This was Squire Postlethwaite's last day in the great metropolis, and toward afternoon he completed his various errands to his entire satisfaction, and started off down Cortlandt street on a brisk walk to take the four o'clock train, which would land him within a few miles of his beloved peach farm, when, all of a sudden, emerging from a narrow side street, whom should he meet but the golden haired damsel who had cried so meltingly at having her tresses cut away that self-same morning in the Centennial Hair Emporium! And at the same moment, with a little bob of a courtesy, the golden haired damsel proved to him that the recognition was mutual.

"It is!" cried the squire, dropping two or three bundles in his bewilderment. "No, it isn't! Yes, it is!"

For the face and eyes and pretty little childish dimples on cheek and chin were the same, but, lo and behold! a luxuriant braid of aureate hair was coiled around and around the head under the natty little felt hat with its bluebird's wing.

"I'm much obliged for the ten dollars, sir," said the girl. "Gentlemen isn't generally so liberal."

"B-but your hair?" stammered our squire, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"Oh, dear, sir, it wasn't my hair at all," said the girl. "It's just a lot that M. Dupignac keeps on hand, mounted on invisible netting, and it ain't clipped off at all, only loosened from the net by a hook on the end of the scissors. Some of the customers likes it cut direct from the head—gentlefolks has all sorts of whims—and M. Dupignac keeps me for a blonde, and Mary Anne Perkins for a brunette. We rolls up our own hair boy fashion, and it don't show unless you get very close. I wouldn't told on him, neither," with a little toss of the head, "if it hadn't been for his wanting to crib all the extra ten dollars for himself."

Squire Postlethwaite drew a long breath. He began to be painfully conscious that he had not "outgeneraled" the city people so completely as he had imagined, after all. Should he go back, he asked himself, to M. Dupignac's Centennial Hair Emporium, and punch the head of that distinguished foreigner? or should he report the whole matter at police headquarters? or—perhaps best and most sensible course of all—should he take the originally proposed four o'clock train, go back to the Jersey peach farm, and keep his own counsel forever and a day?

Squire Postlethwaite decided in favor of the latter proposition. He went home with his golden switch in its box, gave it to Polly with a kiss, and never told her of his adventure.

And to this day she doesn't know how much it cost. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."—*Bazar*.

#### GENTLEMEN'S SPRING FASHIONS.

There is every indication that gentlemen accredited with the best taste are adopting a quieter style of dress for general wear. Large plaids are giving way to smaller and neater patterns, and fancy suitings of all kinds are yielding to plain diagonal or worsted cloth coats and vests, with trousers that form a becoming and effective contrast.

The prevailing style for business suits is a single-breasted morning coat of fair length in waist and skirt, to button rather high, and worn with one, two, or three buttons buttoned, the fore part and skirt moderately well cut away from the lower button, and flaps on the sides, with pockets under. A few are also made with four buttons to button, rather longer in the skirt and without flaps on the hips. The waistcoat is single-breasted, with a small step-collar, to button high, and of good length. The coat and vest are made from a black or dark blue worsted coating, the edges bound with plain silk braid, and the sleeves finished with a plain round cuff. Trousers are cut easy and straight to the leg, of good width, and to fall well over the boot; pockets in the sides, and welted side-seams. They may be made from from either stripes or checks, according to the figure of the wearer.

In fancy suitings, for undress, lounging, or travelling suits, the leading style of coat is a single-breasted sack, worn with three or four buttons buttoned, the buttons rather far apart, and the fore parts cut almost straight in front, being only rounded off a little at the bottom; three outside patch pockets; edges double stitched, the sleeve stitched round the bottom, and finished with one hole and button at the wrist. Waistcoat single-breasted, without a collar, and patch pockets to correspond with the coat. Double-breasted reefing jackets and single-breasted cut-away coats are also made in suits of dittos.

Cheviots, in smart mixtures and neat checks, are preferred to the smoother finished goods.

Double-breasted frock coats are made principally from the plain diagonals, and are cut of good length in the waist, with skirt in proportion. The smarter style of coat is made with silk breast-facings and flat-braided edges, and is worn with three buttons buttoned. For a plainer garment the edges are narrow and with cloth facings. A few dark blue Venetians are worn; but, as a rule, all dressed or superfine cloths find less favor than ever. A double-breasted white waistcoat, to show above the turn-over of the coat, and trousers of a very neat dark or medium-colored stripe are worn with the frock for semi-dress; or a waistcoat from the same cloth as the coat and less "dressy" trousers, for morning wear.

For spring overcoats, dark or medium colors are preferred. A new material imported for this season is the "Granville" cloth, a combination of the Saugrane and Napier patterns, of an elastic make and beautiful texture.

The colors are brown, brown mixed, Oxford, Cambridge, and steel mixtures, and are made up as single-breasted Chesterfields, cut easy to the figure, and of fair length. They are either trimmed with silk to the button-holes, cloth collar, and flat-braided edges, or beaded seams, double-stitched edges, and velvet collar to match.—*Home Journal*.

#### HOW TO MAKE PERCALE DRESSES.

Ladies who make up their summer wardrobes in February and March usually begin with wash dresses, leaving their handsomest suits to the last, in order to get the latest fashions; hence novelties for the wash goods are the first to be provided by the importers, and we hasten to record these. There will be both polonaises and basques with over-skirts. Two kinds of percale are required for most suits; one of these is of solid color, the other is in stripes, sprigs, or India designs with borders. There are long, simply-shaped princesse polonaises of indigo-blue percale, striped with gold and white, worn over a plain blue percale skirt, of which the merest glimpses of its two or three narrow gathered ruffles are shown, as the long polonaise almost covers it.

The polonaise has for its only draping two pleats in the middle of the back below the long Marguerite corsage. On its side form, and quite far back, is a large square plain blue pocket, with two ruffles across the top, and a strap of pale-blue ribbon tied across the center and finished with long loops and ends. The striped sleeve has similar trimming for cuffs. The plain blue collar is turned over in English points in front. The buttons down the entire front are blue vegetable ivory, or else smoked pearl, sewed on with eyes. The trimming around the bottom is a bias blue band, piped with gold-color, and finished with cotton fringe of mixed blue, gold and white. A similar suit has a polonaise of brown percale striped with cream and white, and trimmed on the pockets, wrists and down the entire front with long-looped bows of cardinal ribbon.

Another polonaise, with clinging princesse front, and the back draped and hanging in square tabs, is of India red figures on navy blue ground. There is a plastron of plain blue down the front, and the border is of solid blue. The plain blue percale skirt has three scantily-gathered ruffles bound with cradinal red. In the same fashion is a polonaise of wide blue and cream stripes, to which diagonal lines are added; a solid blue border edges the polonaise, and the flounces of the dark blue skirt, are bound with pale blue. The collar is standing behind, and the deep points turned over in front have the corners rounded.

The basques and over-skirts are of simple shape. The basque is longer in front and back than on the hips, and is very high about the neck. The over-skirt is long and straight in front, and shorter behind. The striped and cretonne percales are pretty for these, and are trimmed with pleatings or gathered ruffles of solid color, headed by wide white Smyrna lace, or English embroidery on white muslin.

Down the front and on the sides, are bows made of the two materials used on the dress.—*Harper's Bazar*.

#### CROCHET WATCH CASE.

Take shaded brown zephyr and chain three stitches, join; crochet grows double stitch, putting hook through front vein of stitches. Make another mat like first, sew them together half way; bend the other half over, to make an opening for the watch. Now crochet all round the mats a border of blue or scarlet, of two rows of treble, two chain between, edge with five double and one single, around the half bent over, crochet one row of one treble, two chain between, and edge as the other. Tie in at the corners formed by the half turned down, small ball tassels, crochet a strap to hang it by, of chain, eight inches long, into which work treble into every stitch. These are very simple, and quite pretty when finished.

ANNIE MAY.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—*Dear Sir:* Will you please to allow me to inquire through the columns of your paper, if some one of its many readers will give instructions in making curls, from either combings, or cut hair, that is, after the hair is woven, how do they proceed? If more than one row of curls are desired, how are they made? If on a frame, how is the frame made, etc.? How are the curls fastened to the head? M.

MR. CROWELL:—I saw in your paper that N. C. would like to know how to make some nice ornaments out of sealing wax. Take a piece of wire large enough to be strong, and bend it in the shape of a bracket, making it just like one, and tie on sprigs of a rose bush or plum tree. Then put your sealing wax in a pan and warm it, be careful not to get it so warm as to turn it brown, take a spoon and pour over the bracket till covered, hang up and it looks like coral. It is very pretty to set any little ornament on. You can also make frames for photographs. Can any of you tell what will take moles off the face? And what will make the hair grow? BESSIE HAY.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you please ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD Sisters to tell me how to restore the colors to a piece of all wool delaine which has become badly blotched? I have had it laid away, for some time but would like to make it up now, but find almost half of it full of tiny yellow splotches. It was a pretty drab color, and if none can tell me how to restore it they would oblige me much to tell me how to dye it some pretty color, suitable for a girl of thirteen or fourteen years. L. H.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like to say to those who have white flannel to wash, that I wash my white flannels in cold water. I use the bluing water after taking my clothes through it, and wash my white flannels and merinos in it, using soap to take out dirt, and rinse thoroughly in cold water, blue them and wring them through my wringer. They do not shrink any, and do not turn yellow. S. J. O.

Lakeport, Cal.



## A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Gather them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,  
That the restless feet will run;  
There may come a time, in the by-and-by,  
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh  
For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for the repetition sweet,  
That sounded through each room,  
Of "mother," "mother," the dear love calls,  
That will echo long in the silent halls,  
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear  
The eager, boyish tread,  
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,  
The busy bustling in and out,  
And the pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,  
And scattered far and wide,  
Or gone to that beautiful golden shore  
Where sickness and death come never more,  
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart—  
Cradle them on your breast;  
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,  
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—  
Little ones in the nest.

## THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

MY YOUNG readers have all heard of the Declaration of Independence which our forefathers proclaimed an hundred years ago. It was a time which "tried men's souls;" a time of anxiety, suffering and anguish. Great Britain had sent over a large army of "red-coats" and Hessians to subdue our people, and make them drink English tea and pay heavy taxes. But they said they would not do it, and when they tried to force them, the "boys" emptied their tea into Boston harbor, and met them at Bunker Hill, and fought them until the soil was soaked with human blood. Many hard fought battles followed, until finally the great and good men of that day, such as Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Sherman, Livingston, and Lee—I cannot name them all—sembled in Philadelphia, to devise means for mutual protection. After due deliberation it was resolved that "these United Colonies (the thirteen original states) are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

In old "Independence Hall," now standing in the city of Philadelphia, and filled with precious relics of the Revolution, hung a large bell, which as a strange coincidence, was inscribed "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

But the circumstances which I am about to relate were connected with the declaration of American independence. It was rumored that Congress had decided to issue such a proclamation. There was much excitement throughout the land, and especially at the Capital where Congress was assembled. On the 7th of June, 1776, when Lee offered his resolution, it was warmly discussed in the House. Some defended it earnestly; others opposed,

and still others were silent. Doubt and fear everywhere prevailed. During the day, the streets of the city were crowded with people anxious to learn whether Congress had actually declared for independence.

In the morning when Congress assembled, the bell-ringer—I do not know his name—went to his post and placed his little boy below to announce when he learned that the declaration was adopted, that this bell might be the first to peal forth the glad tidings. Long and impatiently they waited as the day wore on, and the tedious deliberations of Congress held the result in doubt. The old man shook his head and muttered, "They will never do it! They will never do it!" But in the midst of his mutterings, he heard the boy clapping his hands and shouting, "Ring! Ring!" And instantly the old bell sent forth its patriotic sounds, peal upon peal! The crowd below caught up the peal; every steep'e re-echoed it; shouts, illuminations, booming cannon, during all the night, declared the patriotism and joy of the people. I wish I knew the name of the little boy, the patriot of the revolution who clapped his hands and shouted "Ring! Ring!" One thing we know. He was not present at the Centennial celebration. O.

## SLEEP FOR CHILDREN.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

With many it is a question how their children shall be "put to sleep," while they seem to ignore nature's great plan. Sleep is a natural act and is easily secured under all circumstances, if we do not produce an unnatural condition. The fowls early seek quiet and solitude, and sleep without rocking, singing or reading, or even nursing. They sleep because they cannot well help it, because nature demands, because they yield to the impulse and let themselves sleep.

And here it is proper to say that children need more sleep than adults, as certainly as they need more food, relatively, on account of increased exercise. They not only need it, but it is necessary that this shall be obtained under the more favorable circumstances. The last influence of the mother or the nurse should be of the most pleasing character—neither the excitement of anger or of the highest pleasure, but a calm state of mind, the most complete quiet, and rest. A light supper is favorable to this, since while the stomach is at work, particularly if full of food difficult of digestion, good sleep is ordinarily impossible. It follows that it is not really best to nurse one to sleep by a full meal.

Violent rocking is also injurious, as much so as it is unnatural. This is not the repose of natural sleep. The child that has been accustomed to go to sleep naturally, simply by being "let alone," sleeping when nature demands rest and slumber, will be kept awake by such rocking, for a time, and then the sleep will be a disturbed one, unrefreshing. Habit controls the child as certainly as it does the adult. I insist that no child naturally demands anything beyond quiet, both of body and of mind, with drowsiness, to se-

cure good and refreshing sleep. They will learn, by habit, either to sleep with or without special means.

Shall we sing children to sleep? Ordinary singing—when not exciting—may do no harm, yet it is not necessary. The same may be said of reading to children, as a means of producing sleep. Indeed, worse results are likely to follow, since the exciting style is so often selected, which may not only delay the sleep, but so unsettle the mind as to produce disturbed sleep, as all excitement must do, even that in the afterpart of the day.

Still more. Not only are the children taught that artificial means must be employed, securing imperfect sleep, but the mother or nurse must be taxed, uniformly, to attend at the bedside, in cold or warm weather, doing no real good, but positive harm, since no better sleep can be obtained than that secured naturally, allowing the child to go to sleep, as adults do, when nature demands rest and repose. It is not only true that these artificial means are useless, under ordinary circumstances, but are attended by at least some bad results. The degree of these bad results may be inferred from the influence of very good or very bad news during the latter part of the day, or indeed, of anything that specially engrosses the attention, producing wakefulness almost certainly. All may know how difficult it is to secure good and refreshing sleep under such circumstances. It is safe to apply the same principles to the management of infants.

In fine, to secure the best sleep for the young, let the last meal be light—not more than one-fourth of that for the whole day—of a simple character, no meats, no new bread, no pastry, nothing hard of digestion. Let there be nothing unpleasant during the latter part of the day, no unkind words or punishment—by all means avoid the worst of punishments, scolding—and let all be quiet, harmonious, just as one would wish if that were to be the closing interview of life; nothing boisterous or exciting.

## THE WAY TO SPEAK TO BOYS.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his Sunday-school room. He walked through a number of streets, and, as he turned a corner, he saw assembled round a pump, a party of little boys, playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles the minister had come close to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister and the little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I wanted you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he knelt down and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when I was a little boy, very much; and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never play marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said:

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "In such and such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you'll come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and the boy washed his face and hands till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it's clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the streets of a large city when a tall man rapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to Sunday-school, and you pumped for him, and spoke kindly to him, and took him to Sunday-school?"

"Oh!" cried the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively, that I owe under God, all that I have attained, and that I am at the present day."

## CHILDREN IN HINDOSTAN.

There are thirty millions of children in India. Think of it a moment, and comprehend it if you can.

Thirty millions of children—that is

as many boys and girls, who play, and laugh, and cry, just as you do, as there were grown people and children in all the United States when the great war began. Only three hundred thousand boys and thirty thousand girls of all those millions, go to school. Perhaps you think it must be fine fun for all those millions who do not go to school, to have vacation all the time.

If you could talk with those little boys, you would not think they had much fun, for many of them would tell you how they have to get up before sunrise every morning, and drive the cattle, or sheep, or goats, to pasture, and then stay by them all day, to keep them out of the fields of grain, for there are no fences in India. The poor boys do not have a nice warm breakfast before they go. They have only a piece of black, coarse bread, and for their dinner they sometimes carry a little parched rice or grain, and at night, they get black bread again and some stewed vegetables.

Instead of pleasant stories and songs, and prayers to the dear Saviour, in the evening, they hear stories of frightful ghosts, and of the wrath of wicked gods, and for prayers they only repeat, over and over, the name of God. Other little boys have to work all day carrying brick or baskets of earth for new buildings. They get about three cents a day, and with that they have to buy food and clothing, and little enough they have of either. The poor little fellows never have a Saturday for play or a Sunday for rest. They must work, work, work, day after day, from year's end to year's end. Perhaps, once a year, if they live near enough to the Ganges, or some other sacred river, they go there to wash away their sins, but come back feeling as sinful as ever.

The little girls, if their parents are very poor, have to help gather the grain, and grind the wheat, and pound the rice. The most of them are never allowed to go out of their houses or yards. They have no pleasant pictures, or books, or pretty toys to amuse them. The only furniture in their houses are a few low, light bedsteads, some brass and earthen dishes, a wheel to spin thread, two flat round stones to grind the wheat, and a pipe for smoking. The walls and floors of their houses are made of mud, and the roofs of bamboos and grass. They are built round a small court or yard, which seldom has either trees or flowers. The women and girls have to spend their lives in such homes, with nothing to do except to cook. The little sewing which they require they hire done, and so they spend their days in gossip and sleep. The Mohammedan girl sometimes learns to read a few prayers in the Koran. The Hindoo girls are supposed to have no religion at all.

Religion is not thought to be a child's matter. Until they are fourteen, they are taught but one prayer, and that has more of evil than good in it. A little Hindoo girl is taught to dig a tiny toy pond in the garden, to stick a branch of the Bel-tree in the middle, and then worship the goddess Lilibootee—if worship it may be called—in words something like these:

"At holy tank with holy flower,  
Who comes to pray this midday hour?"

'Tis I! O, Lilibootee, hear!  
And save thy child the burning tear,  
Which e'en must fall, should one be brought  
To share my lord's love—curse the thought!  
And curse all co-wives! One more boon,  
Make me a joyful mother soon!"

The Mohammedan girl is taught that she has no soul, and the Hindoo girl has no god but the tree.

#### BOYS AND BUSINESS.

The American Builder deals hard blows, but deserved, we suspect, at the extravagant promises often made by the so called business colleges. At any rate there can be no doubt of the profound good sense in what it says about learning a trade. Not only does a good trade give a man ten-fold better assurance of a comfortable livelihood but a ten-fold better assurance of final wealth. The brains that will make a successful business man will make a successful builder, manufacturer, etc. And the best road to those places is to commence at that lowest round of the ladder, an apprenticeship:

Nearly every boy dislikes labor. The callous hand has no attraction for the most obscure rustic. What wonder, then, that when weary with his day's labor, the country lad reads with rare interest how this or that princely merchant came twenty years ago, to the great city, a poor boy, and worked his way to opulence, following the legitimate channels of trade. Nor need we think it strange that when he reads of these things, and learns further on how a thorough business education may be acquired in six months' time; more than this, that the managers of the school—magnanimous men—will help him to a situation—we need not think it strange that a restless fever seizes him, and a desire for a life of ease in the city is from henceforth an uncontrollable passion.

There has not been a day during the past five years, when a two line advertisement inserted in the Chicago Tribune, for a book-keeper, would not have been answered by at least fifty persons, the half of whom would have been perfectly competent to fill almost any position of the kind. And yet the managers of these Business Colleges unblushingly say to innocent rustics, that they will be aided in obtaining situations, after having completed their course of study. And so from all parts of the country, these deluded young men pour into the great city, with the vain hope that by some chance fortune may favor them and a way be opened by which they shall escape a life of what they deem to be degrading labor. Chicago today is full of these educated young men. They lounge listlessly around the corners of the streets, and besiege the doors of the employment agency of the Young Men's Christian Association; they go hungry; many fall into evil ways; but the rank and file of the great army are at length driven into the open country, that eternally stretches out its arms for the prodigal, and there they find that if a man would live he must labor.

Of the superficial training received by young men in these establishments, we have nothing to say; nor is it necessary to attempt to prove the fallacy of obtaining a business education under such conditions.

What then are our young men to do? The question is easy of solution. There never was a time in the history of the country when skilled labor was in such demand. Wealth has brought culture, and culture demands a thousand new industries that wealth is willing to pay for liberally. To become a skilled artisan is to obtain independence. An expert carver in wood can earn as much money in a year as the cashier of a bank. Good engravers make their own terms. We need workers in brass and iron who can give evidence of the possession of brains as well as hands. There will probably never come a period in human history when the supply of skilled labor shall exceed the demand.

#### LITTLE TOES.

How natural it is to love to look at the little toes, the tip end of the little man or woman. Then the thought comes, how very important are these same little appendages, no larger than a good sized bean, but showing signs by perpetual motion of future activity and progress. Shall they tread the mountain steep of goodness, or tread the devious ways of sin and sorrow?

"Happy if they sink not in  
Deep and treacherous paths of sin;  
Happy if their steps be found  
Never on forbidden ground.

We cannot think of anything more gracefully plump and interesting than the same tiny little feet, with their very small toes, that never yet touched the great rough world, never yet trod its rough, sharp sands or flinty slopes, or pierced by its briars and thorns. There is no balm like a mother's gentle, soothing voice or tender kiss, when the small transparent nails are stubbed by a great stone, or crushed beneath the weight.

How soon the wonderful owner of these beautiful toes begins to go alone—with the air of the greatest hero of modern times, he goes on conquering and to conquer, fearing not danger or defeat. He upsets, pulls down, faces and rises, all with the air of a king. How proud he will feel when old enough to fight his battles with chairs, stools, and all that comes in his way, or old dog Tray when he wags his tail in the young general's face, or strikes his paw at his tiny toes and causes a hasty retreat. But let him return to the contest and soon his own good sense of soldiery and Tray's good nature will teach him that peace is better than war, when had on honorable terms.

Dear mothers and teachers, oh! let it be your constant care to direct those little feet into paths illuminated by light and peace and hope as you start them on life's perilous journey.

P. C. J.

#### THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Brother Jonathan. 2. William Makepeace Thackeray. 3. The multiplication tables. 4. Mew-sick. 5. Man-hood. 6. Free, fee. 7. Dove, dove. 8. Four, for. 9. Shock, sock. 10. Seam, Sam. 11. Steel, seal. 12. Reel, eel. 13. Shoe, hoe. 14. Skate, Kate. 15. Smash, mash. 16. Seven, even. 17. Corset, corse. 18. Fire, fir. 19. Pandora. 20. Bacchus. 21. Angerona. 22. Cassandra. 23. Centaurs.

24. Chimera. 25. Chrysaorius. 26. Mabel. 27. Allan. 28. Grace. 29. Isabel. 30. Sherwin. 31. Dora. 32. Clifford. 33. Deer, reed. 33. Doom, mood.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of fifty letters.  
My 48, 29, 9, 9, 37, 34, 3, 8, 25 is of short duration.  
My 9, 11, 47, 22, 41, 4, 27 is what we all ought to be.  
My 5, 44, 15, 32, 7 is a kind of fruit.  
My 1, 13, 31, 26, 31, 29 is an Indian girl's name.  
My 49, 23, 43, 42 is not good.  
My 45, 11, 39, 38, 10, 18 is a low tract of land.  
My 40, 6, 28, 35, 50, 16, 30, 2, is an animal mentioned in Scripture.  
My 36, 19, 14, 17 is a wild beast.  
My 12, 46, 24, 21 is a part of a ship.  
My 8, 33, 20, 42 is something we all have.  
My whole is very good advice.

DELIA.

#### CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My first is in cow but not in horse, My second is in heath but not in moss, My third is in rat but not in mouse, My fourth is in mill but not in house, My fifth is in snow but not in rain, My sixth is in tree but not in cane, My seventh is in pond but not in sea, My eighth is in pod, and also in pea, My ninth is in shark but not in smelt, My tenth is not in sash but is in belt, My eleventh is not in gate but is in bar, My twelfth is not in train but is in car, My thirteenth is not in ship but is in boat, My fourteenth is not in swim but is in float, My fifteenth is in foul but not in good, My sixteenth is in flame but not in wood, My seventeenth is in bonnet but not in hood, My eighteenth is in cup but not in bowl, My nineteenth is in stove but not in coal.  
My whole was a distinguished man, a native of Italy.

DELIA.

#### CHARADES.

3. I'm striped and green, I'm yellow and brown,  
As may clearly be seen I'm in every town,  
I live on land and sometimes on rock,  
And without me the farmer could raise no stock.  
4. My first is a nickname;  
My second is a male descendant;  
My third means village;  
My whole is a seaport town of Florida.

DELIA.

#### ANAGRAM.

5. Ahetd rsdei no vyeer ssgnaip eerzsb,  
Nad ulskr ni yerve pisagn oewfiri;  
Ceah eassno sha tsi won edsiesa,  
Sit lepir evyre rouh.

H. H. L.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

6. Close; a lake; put on; peace.  
7. An abode; a coin; a girl's name; not far.

LITTLE NELL.

F. S.

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

*Rivers of the World.*—8. At a dollar pie. 9. Tom A. Carsen. 10. Any king's gate. 11. A poor hat, Mr. B. A. 12. Ears het up. 13. Cool road. 14. Rides tep, E. 15. 'Twas a cask, Han. 16. Ho! he cheat a cote. 17. Oh! an hog.



## CRYING DOWN ONE'S VICTUALS.

WE SUPPOSE you have all visited at some place where the lady of the house was in the habit, at every meal, of crying down her victuals?

She never wants company unless she knows they are coming, because as everybody knows she wants a day or two in which to prepare for them. She does not suppose anybody thinks this is the reason she wants to know; she thinks that they think it is because she shall be away from home.

And the mistaken soul after fretting, and sweating, and stewing over the cooking-stove a day or two, and ransacking her brains and her larder to provide something new under the sun in the eatable line, is ready when her guests come and seat themselves at her groaning tea-table—groaning beneath the weight of good things—she is ready to cry down her victuals, and wish in a melancholy tone of voice, and with a lugubrious expression of countenance, that she had something fit to eat!

She had such bad luck with her cookery. The mixing milk was too sour, and the yeast wasn't good, and the grocery man must have cheated her when he sold her the eggs for newly-laid. She'll warrant anything they had been laid a month, for she never knew her recipe for sponge cake to fail, if the eggs were only good.

Of course her guests hasten to assure her that there never could be any sponge cake any better than hers; and she smiles sadly, and tells them they ought to eat the sponge cake she can make, when the eggs are fresh.

She is sorry the cream pie is burned—but her stove is getting so thin at the back of the oven that no dependence can be put in it. She must have a new stove. If there is anything that aggravates her beyond measure, it is to have pie burned. And a cream pie above all others! It is so much work and expense to make cream pies.

Nobody has noticed that the pie was burned, and everybody hastens to tell her so, and to add that they thought it was perfectly splendid.

Then the poor woman begins on the doughnuts. She used to be a good hand at making doughnuts, she says; but somehow or other she seems to have lost her luck lately. Or else it is in the yeast. She can't tell which. Something is at fault. It is so provoking to have bad luck with doughnuts. It is such a hot, uncomfortable job to fry doughnuts in warm weather. She would as lief take a licking any time. And it scents the house up so, too. Smells like a fat-boiling establishment for a week.

And then all the guests feel mean and uncomfortable, somehow; as if they were to blame about something, and as if the sin of making their hostess' house smell like a fat-boiling establishment rested on their individual shoulders.

Now, this woman who cries down her victuals knows that everything on

her table is just as good as it can be made, and she has formed this habit of decrying it because she likes to have her cookery praised.

Praise is sweet to us all, and almost every woman—perhaps every woman—likes to hear her victuals well spoken of.

But the "proof of the pudding lies in the eating," and when guests "feed" well, then the lady of the house may be sure that her cooking is perfect.

And we don't want to be to tea very often at the house where the mistress tells us on sitting down at the table—"that she does wish she had something fit to eat," and adds when we rise therefrom: "Well, you didn't make much of a supper, did you? Well, I don't blame you! I s'pose you didn't like my victuals."—*Kate Thorn.*

## TEA AND COFFEE.

Taking into account the habits of the people, tea and coffee for supper and breakfast, add to the human health and life, if a single cup be taken at either meal, and is never increased in strength, frequency or quantity. If they were mere stimulants, and were taken thus in moderation and with uniformity, they would in due time, become either inert, or the system would become so habituated to their employment, as to remain in the relative position to them, as if they had never been used, as they are liable to abuse. But science and facts unite in declaring them to be nutritious as well as stimulant; hence they will do a new good to the system every day, to the end of life, just as bread and fruit do; hence, we never get tired of either. But the use of bread and fruit is daily abused by multitudes, and dyspepsia and cholera morbus result; yet we ought not to forego their employment on that account, nor should we forgo the use of tea and coffee because their ordinate use gives neuralgia and other ailments.

But the habitual use of tea and coffee at the last and first meals of the day, has another advantage—is productive of incalculable good in the way of averting evils.

We will drink at our meals; if we do not drink these, we will drink what is worse—cool water, or alcoholic mixtures. The regular use of these last, will lead the young to drunkenness; the considerable use of milk at meals, by sedentary persons—by all, except robust—will either constipate or render bilious; while cold water, largely used, that is, to the extent of a glass or two at a meal, especially in cold weather, attracts to itself so much of the heat of the system, in raising said water to the temperature of the body, (about two hundred degrees,) that the process of digestion is arrested; in the meantime giving rise to a deathly sickness of stomach, to twisting pains, to vomitings, purgings, and even to cramps, to fearful contortions and sudden death; which things would have been averted, had the same amount of liquid in the shape of simple hot water been used.

But any one knowing these things, and being prejudiced against the use of tea and coffee, would subject himself to be more unpleasantly stared at and questioned, if not ridiculed,

were he to ask for a glass or cup of hot water. But as tea and coffee are now universal beverages, are on every table and every one is expected to take one or the other, as a matter of course, they are unwittingly the means of safety and life to multitudes. They save life where a glass of cold water would have destroyed it. So that the use of these beverages is not merely allowable, but it is politic, it is a necessity.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

## FULL CHINA SETS.

I don't know why we should insist on having all the pieces of porcelain or earthenware on our table—at breakfast, dinner or supper—alike. Why have everything in sets? We already allow ourselves some freedom at dessert and at tea; why not, ladies, make a heroic strike for freedom the table round? There never were "sets" known till modern manufacturers began to take a trade view of life in all its phases. Of course there must be harmony, but harmony does not mean uniformity. And if the general color of our service is blue, or red, or yellow, a bit of either of the other colors may come in with the one, and no harm done.

Now and then at sales, on the breaking up of old households, pieces of old Worcester, or Wedgewood, or Spode, or Devonshire, may be met with, and if they are in good condition—neither nicked, nor chipped, nor cracked—they should be bought, always provided they are pretty, and they will make a good foundation to work upon. It does not do however, in china, any more than in pictures, to go by names. Go by what is pretty, or rich, or effective, and if upon turning up your tea cup or its saucer you should find a famous potter's name written on it, thank the gods that they made you poetical, and gave you a pair of eyes of your own for what is pretty.—*Clarence Cook.*

## THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

There is a peculiar pleasure and enjoyment to that housewife who can look over her well-spread table and say, "This is the result of my own skill and labor. No bread so sweet and nice; no pastry or meat so sweet and savory as that;" and in going through the house, there is a peculiar happiness felt in being able to say, "my own hands have made and arranged them." Yea, it is this happiness that makes the home and the household most attractive and lovely, because it is real; hopes and expectations realized, heightened by the labor and skill of those laboring for it. It is a happiness, an enjoyment, that which has been bought with gold, without labor and toil, cannot produce.

Gold and silver may purchase fine houses, beautiful grounds, fruitful fields; may furnish men-servants and maid-servants, and everything that nature may crave; natural wants may be supplied at hand, by the ring of a bell, or word of command; but that pleasure and enjoyment, which is peculiar to the labor of producing these, must ever be wanting; the mind and heart cannot feel or possess, for the

price thereof has not been paid—a price far more precious than gold or silver.

## TABLE CONVERSATION.

A great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of severely talking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social, and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes.

For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality.

## THE DESSERT.

—A lazy fellow once declared in a public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious man; "I'm obliged to work for it."

—A stranger was in town the other day trying to sell for a curiosity a boat compass, which he stated had been in his family for over five hundred years and was reported to have once been owned by Pontius the pilot, though he frankly said he could not vouch for the last statement.

—To French ladies are conversing on the qualities and demerits of their own fair sex. Said one, with a twinkle in her beautiful blue eye, "I have never known but two women who were really perfect." "Who was the other?" asked her companion, with a smile on her fine thin lips.

—Dr. Holland says the most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. It would seem that he had never observed the tender care with which a man handles a meerschaum pipe that is just beginning to have a bilious look around the base of the bowl.

—Everybody has read the story of Henderson, the man who last summer swallowed a cherry stone, which, refusing to be dislodged, has, while in his stomach, grown into a small cherry tree. The man who wrote the story is a relative of George Washington, who refused to cut the tree down.

—"Grandma, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of the venerable lady who sat on the garden seat knitting. "No, my dear; why is it?" "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

—The Burlington Hawkeye tells of two commercial travelers comparing notes: "I have been out three weeks," said the first missionary, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," replied the second commercial evangelist; "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's an order from the house to come home."



### SPRING DISEASES.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IN THE autumn, in anticipation of an important change in the season, we make certain preparations to meet the exigencies of the case. So, also, we need to have some reference to the change from cold to hot, since all abrupt changes, either of climate or habits, to a certain extent must shock the system, especially when not well fortified by correct living and invigorating measures. Our health and comfort will measurably depend on our regard to these changes of climate, or in other words to our adaptation to existing conditions, these varying conditions absolutely demanding a course of treatment widely different, both as regards the protection of the body and its nutrition.

And let it here be premised that if we would secure the highest vigor and health we must have the same reference to the selection of our food, that appropriate for the difference states of the temperature, as for our clothing. That we may sustain the animal heat at about 98° Fah., (without which we cannot endure but a short time in any climate or in any circumstances,) in cold weather it is necessary, not only to bring the powers of the system into unusual activity, thus evolving heat, but also to select food calculated to aid in producing this warmth. In accordance with this law of our being, we are active in one season and indolent in another, while the appetite—which might be unerring in its demands aside from our abnormal condition—conforms to the climate, though the change is often less than the climate changes. Resulting, also, from this law, in the polar climates and in our winters the natural appetite demands, relatively an excess of one or more of the three following classes of food, the sweets, the starch or the oils, all of which are regarded as “respiratory food,” or that which sustains the animal heat and promotes the fattening process. Which of these we may choose to select to a certain extent is a matter of fancy, since all produce about the same warming effect.

Most, if not all of these, are in especial demand in the cold season, in consequence of which the heat is sustained and the blood becomes decidedly carbonized. And here it may be remarked that while all are rich in carbon—fuel-food, there is a wide difference in their digestibility. While sugar seems to enter the circulation without any material change, any special taxing of the stomach, the fixed oils so resist the action of the gastric juice as to render them unfit for weak stomachs, at least; and of course, weakening the stronger ones, as a necessary consequence. This has been proved beyond dispute by the experiments of Dr. Beaumont. In the language of the great Pereira, “Fixed oil, or fat, is more difficult of

digestion and more obnoxious to the stomach than any other alimentary principle. Indeed, in some more or less obvious or concealed form I believe it will be found the offending ingredient in nine-tenths of the dishes which disturb weak stomachs.”

Now a legitimate inference is that if these fuel-foods, the sweets and starch being the best on the whole, should be discontinued, gradually, as the warm weather of the spring returns, most of the “spring diseases” and summer complaints would disappear. Could we adopt the food in early spring that the natural appetite craves in the corresponding weather of the autumn it is not supposable that any of these periodic diseases would remind us of wrong doing. But, since the appetite does not as easily change, does not immediately conform to the weather, the thick and carbonized blood of the cold weather continuing the heat is overpowering of necessity induces fevers, inflammations, throat affections, derangements of the stomach and such diseases.

Remembering that cold weather demands an excess of food, as a means of sustaining the animal heat, it must be evident that, as the weather demands less clothing, a diminished amount of food should be used, and that of a more cooling nature than the fat meats, the sugars and oils of the winter, such as the vegetables, the fruits—acids. Hence, the acid canned fruits are appropriate, for the spring and not for the winter's use as may be seen in the fact that the first produced in the season are particularly acid, cooling and thinning to the blood. If, therefore, we would diminish our food promptly in the spring, gradually discarding the fuels, gradually conforming to summer usages, we might throw the physis, the “spring tonics,” “biters,” etc., to the dogs, not dreading “spring diseases.”

### AMATEUR NURSING.

The following extracts are from an admirable article in “Nursing” in a late number of the Saturday Review:

Affection only, however warm, will not qualify a sick-nurse. The cool head and steady hand of a professional stranger is often to be preferred. Many a life has been sacrificed by ignorance, or stupidity, or anxiety, where the nurse would gladly have died to save the patient. The event of a fever has before now been determined by the clapping of a door, or by an injudicious spoonful of unsuitable food. The indulgence may prove fatal of some whim which a fond mother cannot deny to her sick child. The longed-for change of posture may be accorded a day too soon. The cruel application of another blister may be put off a day too long. A moment's thorough draught, a cup of tea, a piece of news, a second pillow, may settle the struggle between life and death.

How often the doctor leaves a house feeling that it is only in spite of the nursing that his patient will recover! He shudders to think of the messes which will be brought up as beef-tea. He is in despair when a poultice is

prescribed, as he is almost certain it will be so applied as to do more harm than good. And, valuable as all kinds of baths in illness, he dare not order them, knowing the insane way in which his orders will be carried out. Above all, he is afraid of what may be termed the “cumulative dose,” whether of medicine or nourishment; and finds it impossible to persuade either the patient or his family that half a dozen tablespoonfuls of brandy in half a dozen hours are not the same thing as one glass in six hours; or that, where he orders medicine to be taken every two hours, the effect will not be the same if a double or treble dose is taken at once to save trouble.

There is an opening for what may be called medical assistants, to take a place between lady doctors and ordinary sick-nurses. They might be taken from the class which now supplies the suffering fellowship of governesses, already too numerous; and from which companions who are no company are now drawn. They would require to have the keen perceptions and nice ways of ladies, yet they must not be above supplying all the patient's needs. Their training ought not to be made expensive, for women are apt in learning these things; hands which could never play a sonata of Beethoven, might adjust a bandage, and voices whose singing would be painful to hear, might soothe the sick one's ear with kindly words. Where the lady of the house is laid up, such a nurse could answer her letters, see a visitor who called to inquire, read the newspaper intelligently, talk of something besides the dying agonies of her last case, and, perhaps, judge wisely when the patient must be kept quiet and when she may see a friend. Such a person could without offence dismiss a visitor who stayed too long, and assume the responsibility of allowing the children to see mamma, while she ordered their goings to prevent a racket or cry.

But it is painful to see a patient nursed in the common manner. The tact required for a sick-room differs from all other kinds of experience. Amateur nurses seldom possess it. Now and then a lady is to the manner born, and without instruction or previous experience blossoms into a full-grown nurse at a moment's notice. The doctor who finds one ready in a house rejoices heartily. His own credit as well as the recovery of his patient is probably assured. Seldom, however, has he this good fortune. His ordinary experience is very different.

If he wishes the sick-room kept at a certain temperature, he cannot have it managed. The fire is alternately half-extinct and blazing up the chimney. There is no care to have it warm at sunrise and sunset, and moderate when the sun is shining and the air warm. The invalid is awakened from a priceless sleep by hearing the cinders fall on the unprotected fender, or by the noise of a clumsy hand putting on coals, which might easily have been wrapped in pieces of damp paper and left ready for noiseless use. The morning meal is perhaps delayed until the patient has passed from appetite to faintness. Perhaps, when it comes,

the tea is smoked. Household troubles are freely discussed in the room. Mary has given warning because there is so much more going up and down stairs since Missus was ill; the cook is so extravagant, and yesterday's dinner was spoilt; Johnny has cut his finger, and Lucy has tumbled down stairs; such things are told as if they would amuse the invalid. But worse than this is the mysterious whispering at the door, and the secrets obviously kept to excite the nervous patient's suspicions. The irritating creak of a dry boot, the shuffling of a loose slipper, try a sick person's patience unreasonably; and the amateur nurse argues against such silly fancies, and thinks they are matters in which reasoning can be of any avail.

The untrained nurse never commences her arrangements for the night until the patient is just beginning to grow a little sleepy. She then arranges the pillows, moves the chairs, stirs the fire, and perhaps makes up her own bed. Such fusses at sleeping time produce fever in a most unaccountable way, and the amateur is amazed and bewildered because the patient lies awake all night. Besides all this, and no matter how noisy and elaborate the preparations for the night's campaign, several things are forgotten down stairs; no beef-tea is to be had in the middle of the night, no spoon for the medicine, no boiling water.

Amateurs do not know that sick people should not be asked what they will have, but should be saved even the mental exertion of making a choice. However desirable it may be that they should arrange their affairs, business matters should not be discussed before them. Sometimes a man who has not made his will before his illness, will be anxious and uneasy till he has made it, and will get better when the matter is off his mind. But to arrange such things requires nicety and tact such as the amateur, who perhaps shares the sick man's anxiety, cannot show.

### COLD FEET.

A few days since a young lady who suffered from almost constant and severe headache, though perfectly healthful otherwise, consulted a physician with respect to her malady. The first question asked by the physician was: “What do you wear on your feet?” For reply the patient put out her foot, incased in a thin cotton stocking and a morocco slipper. Further inquiry elicited the fact that she wore no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. “Do you suffer from cold feet?” asked the physician. “O yes,” was the reply; “my feet haven't been warm for a year; they're always cold.” It ought to be needless to say that the prescription of this physician was woolen stockings, thick shoes and a covering of flannel over the entire person.

If Henrietta has not got rid of her warts, if she will rub them a few times with a piece of white chalk, they will soon disappear.

LORA LU.



## OUR DAILY RECKONING.

If we sit down at set of sun,  
And count the things that we have done,  
And counting find  
One self-denying act, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard;  
One glance most kind,  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then we may count the day well spent.  
But, if through all the life-long day  
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;  
If through it all  
We've done nothing that we can trace,  
That brought the sunshine to a face;  
No act, most small,  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

## THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

BY SIN SAXON.

## TO THE TEACHER.

IT SEEMS to be a thoroughly established belief, that the teaching of music, that of the piano perhaps more especially, is a very light, profitable employment, and thus is adopted by many young ladies, who are obliged to earn their livelihood, more for its gentility, than for any desire or talent for it. But to our mind, it is one of the most wearing employments one could take up, requiring great perseverance, unlimited patience, and untiring study, first, of all the general rudiments of music; second of the different languages employed, German, Italian, etc.; third, of the lives of the standard composers, both ancient and modern, as far as history has them. You will find it to go far to help a pupil understand and enjoy a sonata or other musical composition to know when and under what circumstances it was composed and a little of the life of the composer.

We will suppose that you have procured a few pupils, and are prepared to start in your vocation. In the first place you will look for an instruction book. Many teachers do away with this, however, preferring to glean here and there, from different authors; but system is a great thing after all, and too rapid changes from one theme to another, makes one familiar with nothing. After a thorough examination we are convinced of Bertini's superiority over all others, first for its progression, every key being taken in its order, by easy lessons, and then by what might not inappropriately be termed an advance-review the keys are repeated in lessons of more difficulty, and with new characteristics. Second, for its system. Lessons, scales, chords, etc., are all arranged in their separate compartments, so that a teacher in a short time, can turn readily to what is wanted, without a protracted hunt through book or index. Many of the lessons are not of as pleasing a character, to beginners, as some of the newer instruction books, but they are of a good solid style, leading the taste in the right direction. Two other books are necessary, viz.: "Schmidt's" five-finger exercises, and a practical text book; we like Oliver's. With these, the pu-

pils will have work enough before them for the first term. When the different keys are well understood an easy piece may be indulged in, still combined with practice of the scale and chord of the key in which the piece is written, and five-finger exercises. At the same time a beginning may be made in "Thorough Base" by teaching the intervals in the scale; or by showing the art of transposition from one key to another; and thus by easy stages, leading on to harmony and composition.

After the instruction book is finished, there are progressive studies by Heller, Duvernoy, Clementi, etc., all good and worthy of attention. In giving a piece study your pupils' taste. Better to play a bright little barcarolle or bolero correctly and with expression, than to go stumbling through a sonata, with no ear for or enjoyment in it; but strive to cultivate a taste for true harmony, and by introducing a short classical piece here and there to gradually draw the taste in that direction. Many of the finest compositions are tedious to a pupil, because of their great length, and so great judgment should be used in selecting such as will not tire the interest, or cause the scholar to lose taste in them. Make the lessons of some difficulty, something that will need good thorough practice to attain perfection in, and vary the scales and chords, (such as playing two notes in the right hand to one in the left, and vice versa, etc.) to make them pleasing.

Fail not to pronounce correctly. Many professional musicians make themselves ridiculous by their pronunciation of composers' names. You wish to speak your own language correctly, then why not any other? There are certain easy rules, both in Italian and German, by which one may get at the right pronunciation without being a finished scholar. Few of the hundreds of teachers can themselves give the true pronunciation of "*a piacere*," or "*cantabile*," common musical terms. A teacher once told us she "did not think it made any difference how the word was spoken, if the pupil knew the meaning of it." We did not agree with her, and felt that a lesson given with such ideas was not half given, and not worth paying for.

Remember that you are supposed to give a certain amount of instruction for a certain remuneration, and do not fritter away the best part of the hour in frivolous conversation with your pupil. Endeavor to work conscientiously, and to have the best interests of your charge in view, and the results cannot fail to be satisfactory both to yourself and those you teach. For the convenience of young teachers we give two lists of good teaching pieces, each beginning at the simplest, and growing in difficulty. If in the future there are any among our readers who wish any information in regard to their teaching or practice, we shall be glad to hear from them.

1. May Flowers. Oesten. Flower Song. Lange. Premier Tyrolenne. Leybach. Mountain Stream. Smith.
2. Kinder Sonata. Krause. Sonata Facile. G minor, Beethoven. Profound Amour. Egghard. Militaire March. Wollenhaupt. Last Smile. Wollenhaupt.

## EDITORIAL TRIALS.

We have alluded to the editor's trials—the strain upon his sympathies. Suppose we present a few of them. A young man with little experience of life, high ambitions, great expectations, thorough industry, sends a manuscript and accompanies it with a letter, in which he says that all the hopes of his life are hanging upon the fate of his paper—that the editor has a destiny in his hands—that the writer is waiting to hear his fate, etc., etc. A woman writes that the living of herself and her children, who have been left without a protector and provider, depends upon the editor's decision, and that if her manuscript is not accepted, she and her little ones must become beggars. A young girl just from school, wishes to earn her own living, and relieve a father who has failed in business. Another girl desires bravely to educate her brothers and sisters, who have been left without the requisite means. A woman is possessed with an overmastering desire to do good with her pen. Hundreds write that they are poor, and that they have no recourse but their power to write.

To a man who carries a heart, such appeals are painful beyond expression. He has no right to yield the slightest consideration to them, and he must not do it. They have no right to distress him in this way, but they do not know that. The resort is so desperate that they are really unfitted by it for doing their best work. The presumption always is that the literary part of the case is consciously a weak one. The urging of an illegitimate consideration would hardly be indulged in by one who felt strong in his literary claim. When a man is large enough to write for the public, he is usually large enough to see that an illegitimate claim to attention degrades him; indeed he is large enough not to think of making it.

After all, the mistake of the novice begins in his incompetent idea of literature. No man thinks of putting his first picture in the exhibition; but the moment a man begins to write, he wants to print, forgetting that there is no art that demands more study and practice than the literary, and that he has had no special training for it. Without experience in life, without training in art, and with only a natural facility for expression, he has a fancy that if he could only get a publisher he could succeed at once. Our painters, our sculptors, our singers, our architects, are obliged to go through long courses of instruction and practice; but our essayists, our poets, our novelists, seem to think that they must fly when they tumble from their nests, or it is all up—or down—with them.—Scribner.

## CONCERNING BOOKS.

I think it a favor to the lovers of choice religious reading to let them know of "Unspoken Sermons," by George Macdonald. His style is of the highest order. Published by Geo. Rutledge & Sons, 416 Broome Street, New York. A small work with plain binding. It is explaining scripture. "The Child in the Midst," "The Consuming Fire," "The Higher Faith,"

"It shall not be Forgiven," "The Elooi," "The Temptation in the Wilderness," "Love thy Neighbor," "Love thine Enemy," are some of the subjects. Price of book only \$1.25 or \$1.50.

George Macdonald is one of finest writers of Scotch stories, and of a fine poem entitled "Without and Within." But the book "Unspoken Sermons" will not grow old as long as bible truths are fresh. He is clear, a deep thinker, and I love to re-read such passages as "Shall God's thoughts be surpassed by man's thoughts? God's giving by man's asking?" etc. No. "Let us ascend to the height of our Alpine desires; let us leave them behind us and ascend the spear-pointed Himalaya of our aspirations; still shall we find the depth of God sapphire above us; still shall we find the heavens higher than the earth, and His thoughts and His ways higher than our thoughts and our ways."

Also, "Homeward Bound," by Olive A. Wadsworth. Published by Presbyterian Board of Publication. Price 75 cents.

Let us hear from Mrs. Dorr about books. I hope she will read and give us her opinion of "Unspoken Sermons." JESSIE.

## THE REVIEWER.

MY LADY HELP—And What She Taught Me. By Mrs. Warren. Price, 50 cts. Loring publisher, Boston.

Lady-helps; or, Domestic Service for Gentlewomen, was started in London some two years ago by Mrs. Rose M. Crawshaw, wife of one of the wealthiest iron-masters in England, a lady of extensive influence, and marked benevolence. The knowledge that thousands of poor gentlewomen were forced for want of employment to face a hopeless horizon of penury, or abject dependence upon others, set her to work in earnest to solve one of the most difficult social problems of the day. She started a project for employing them in domestic service under the name of "Lady-helps," asking for them privileges becoming to the station they were reared in, and guaranteed in return, more truthfulness, better service than they were getting. At first her plan was ridiculed—pronounced impracticable. The plan was tried; the scheme flourished and daily made headway, till now the demand exceeds the supply. It did other good. It familiarized the notion that there is no loss of dignity, but rather the reverse, in domestic service. Educated women, of limited means, were willing to forego gayeties, and give their energies to making home more attractive. In New York city a similar office has been opened, which is meeting with marked success. Mrs. Warren, takes the matter up, and, in her direct, common-sense way, tells the story of a married couple tried by incompetent help, constantly changing, till the wife, in desperation, engaged a lady-help. Four years she stayed with them, and this practical, common-sense story tells "What She Taught Me." It will be read with real profit by every American lady.

THE ATLANTIC for April has for its opening paper the "Diary of a British Officer," stationed at Boston during the siege of the city in 1775. John Fiske contributes an able historical paper on "The Races of the Danube," which makes it easy to understand why the Eastern question is a complicated one, and difficult of solution. Mr. Longfellow's "Ballad of the French Fleet, October, 1748," is very quaint, and has a touch of humor not often found in his verses. Mr. Howells gives the two concluding chapters of his bright comedy romance, "Out of the Question," ending it in what will be deemed an eminently satisfactory manner. The South Carolinian who gave such a graphic description of the political condition of his State in the February number, contributes another chapter on "South Carolina Morals," and Mr. James' story of "The American" approaches its conclusion, and loses none of its interest. R. H. Stoddard contributes a long narrative

## LINWOOD. S. M.

MRS. EDWARD CLARK.

MODERATO.

1. The day is past and gone, The ev'ning shades ap-pear; Oh, may I ev-er keep in miud, The night of death draws near.  
2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se-cure from all my fears; May angels guard me while I sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears.  
3. Lord, when my days are past, And I from time re-move, Oh, may I in Thy bos-om rest, The bos-om of Thy love.

OLIVER. 8s. &amp; 7s.

E. CLARK.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spirits seal: Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.  
2. Tho' destruction walk around us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly, Angel guards from thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
3. Should swift death this night o'er take us, And our couch become our tomb, May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom!

FAIRBANKS. 5s. &amp; 9s.

E. CLARK.

1. Midst sor-row and care, There's one that is near, And ev-er delights to re-lieve us.  
2. 'Tis Jes-us our Friend, On whom we de-pend, For life, and for all its rich bless-ings.

EUPHRATES. L. M.

E. CLARK.

1. When we, our wear'd limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppress'd, And Zion was our mournful theme.  
2. Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings, neglected hung, On willow trees, that with'rd there.  
3. How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God our King, Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

poem entitled "Wratislaw," and there are other poems by Alice Williams Brotherton, H. H., and Mrs. Piatt. Edwin P. Whipple criticises Dickens' American Notes, and Knight's Mechanical Dictionary is made the subject of a careful review among the body articles of the number. "The Contributors' Club" contains, as usual, bright and suggestive paragraphs on various topics, and the musical department of the magazine offers a very effective song—"The Creole Lover's Song"—written by E. C. Stedman, and set to music by Dudley Buck.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The two most

attractive articles in the April number are "A Chapter from Real Life," describing the experiences and struggles of an English lady of refined breeding, who some years since crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship and lived for a time in squalid boarding houses in New York city; and an account of "Wye Island," by Mr. Robert Wilson, who always writes graphically of the social manners and customs of the South, and in his present paper brings into vivid light a forgotten page of family history. "The Tartar and his Home," by Edward C. Bruce, is full of information and lucid and

suggestive views in regard to the East. It is finely illustrated, as is also a second paper on the "Valleys of Peru." The fiction of the number includes a deeply interesting installment of "The Marquis of Lossie," by George Macdonald, a short and amusing story with the odd title of "E," and the conclusion of Auerbach's "Gawk from America." An editorial paper on "College Classics and Classic Colleges," deals in a somewhat trenchant way with the English and American system of higher education, as contrasted with that of Germany,—a subject which is now attracting the attention of most intelligent people.

There are other interesting papers, the whole forming a very attractive and entertaining number.

THE FOLIO for April, in addition to the usual amount of miscellaneous reading matter, has the third paper by James M. Tracy on Harmony, and seventeen pages of choice music, including "Fairy Lake," "Twas the Master that knocked at the door," (in memory of P. P. Bliss), "How so fair," "Life let us Cherish" (waltz), and "Our mighty Lord has Risen" (Easter anthem). The Folio is published by White, Smith & Co., 516 Washington street, Boston.



## POETRY OF HOUSEWORK.

BY G. E. E.

If you cannot win a kingdom,  
Or rich foreign lands explore;  
If you cannot with the sailor  
Plough the seas from shore to shore;  
Though you may not in the conflict  
Win achievements great and grand,  
Yet you still can wash the dishes—  
Dream yourself in fairy land.

You can scald and cut your fingers,  
Wash the pans and kettles clean,  
Feel poetic thrills of rapture,  
Sing of hero, knight, and queen.  
You can weave your brightest fancies,  
Let imagination rove,  
While you stand for hours together  
O'er a scorching cooking stove.

Though you cannot move a nation  
By your eloquence or power,  
Though you cannot make the desert  
Bud and blossom like the flower,  
You can wield the broom and duster,  
Make your rooms so clean and neat,  
Then smile sweetly when your Tommy  
Tracks the mud in from the street.

It, perchance, is not your mission  
Lofly actions to perform—  
And it may be you can never  
Bring about a great reform;  
Yet you can mend Harry's jacket,  
Sew the buttons on his clothes,  
Keep John's buttonholes in order,  
Patch his knees and darn his hose.

Ah! the poetry of housework!  
This is truth the poet sings,  
That we can discover beauty  
Greatest in the common things.  
Let the beauty all around you  
Enter in and fill your soul—  
Find it in dishcloth and skillet,  
Scrubbing-brush and hod of coal.

Do not wait, then, idly longing  
For some noble work to do,  
When the kitchen is a kingdom  
Holding forth such charms to you.  
There is real poetic beauty  
In each nook and corner there,  
In the rollingpin and washtub—  
Cobwebs—dustpan—anywhere.

CONVENIENT KITCHENS MAKE  
PATIENT HOUSEWIVES.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AS THE peace and harmony of the household depend, in a great degree, on the patience and amiability of the housekeeper, it is important that the building and convenient arrangement of the kitchen should receive much thought and well matured deliberation. The choice of the utensils necessary to the proper performance of the work to be done in it when the building is completed is a prerogative of the mistress which no wise man will attempt to dispute, and in deciding on the style of this part of the house, she more than any one else should be consulted, and her wishes and judgment have the greatest weight.

Fourteen feet by sixteen—not including the closets—eighteen by twenty, and twenty by twenty-five according to the size of the house, are very good dimensions for a kitchen. The first size is suitable for a small house, the other to measurements for medium sized and quite large houses. We have, however, often worked in much smaller kitchens than the smallest of these quite contentedly; but that was in our

early days of freedom and independence, when not subjected to the caprice and carelessness of help. When compelled to submit to such incumbrances, one comes in too close contact to find very small kitchens agreeable.

Three large windows are desirable and for a spacious kitchen four will make work more comfortable. If your architect refuses so many windows, attempt to secure, at least, a door half glass. If possible, have kitchen windows, like doors, open in the middle to the floor; for, more than any other room in the house, this should have free sunlight and fresh, pure air. We have no fancy for the dim, shadowy light of fashionable rooms in any part of the house; but in this apartment light and good air are indispensable. Servants will be far more amiable and healthy if they work in a light, airy room, and food will be less liable to be flavored with seasonings not authorized by any well recommended cook book. There is, also, another and very important advantage in these long windows; they have no window seats upon which untidy girls can leave soap, wet towels, or greasy dishes, which misdeeds are a grief of heart to all good housekeepers, and a disgusting sight to all who pass by.

A range or cooking stove should never be placed opposite a door or window if it can be avoided, for sunlight or wind striking across them, will deaden either coal or wood fires, and thus prevent the oven from baking well. But if this mistake is made, and cannot be repaired, the only help for it is to drop the curtains and close the doors or windows while the fire is needed.

Some kind of ventilator is important over the range or stove, by which steam and all disagreeable odors can be carried off without prevailing the whole house. A perfect ventilation over the whole house is very important, and is quite as necessary in the kitchen as in any other part of the house. We know a small country house where a very small room is built on the back part of the kitchen to prevent overheating the main room. It is just large enough for the cook stove, with narrow space for one to pass around it. The roof of this little room is carried up as high as the kitchen chamber, with a window near the top, which can be opened or shut by means of a pulley. At first we thought this a fancy, which would never repay the expense. But careful observation for a few weeks convinced us of our mistake. We gladly bow to the wisdom of the contriver, and were we building in the country, would select that mode of ventilating a kitchen.

It is more convenient to have the sink on the left side of the range; but, whichever side it is placed, it should be as near the window as possible, to secure plenty of light. A "water back" can always be connected with a range, so that hot or cold water may be turned into the sink at pleasure; and for that reason the sink must be fitted close to the boiler.

Marble or soap stone sinks are much more desirable than wood or iron. They are more durable, and much more easily kept sweet and clean. A

large soapstone or marble bowl for washing dishes, set permanently at the left hand corner of the sink, with a hole in the bottom covered with a fine strainer and connected with the waste pipe underneath, is a greater convenience than one can realize until they have tried it. Also a "grooved" soapstone or marble slab for draining dishes. It should be "set" a little inclined, so as to drain into the sink. A slight moulding, about one inch high will be needed round the edge of the "drainer," to prevent the rinsing water, when poured over the dishes, from spilling on the floor and also keep the dishes from sliding off.

With a sink thus furnished no dish-pans are needed, except to wash pots and kettles. But although, in the end, this is the best economy, yet the first cost cannot in all cases be afforded. In that case, as the children sometimes say, "Let's play we don't want them," and be well content with a wood or iron sink; and a neat lattice, made of wire on wood, can be fitted over the rinsing pan with little expense; it is a simple affair, and particularly desirable and useful, because it compels a girl to stand her dishes upon this lattice or drainer one by one as she washes them. This prevents the cracks, nicks and breakages so inevitable when dishes are tumbled into a pan one on top of the other, large and small together. This is very convenient where there is a range, when the hot water is carried by pipes into the sink and can be made to flow with no trouble, at will, over the dishes that have been washed. Even when the water is not carried into the sink by pipes, but must be brought in a pail or pitcher, these draining and rinsing arrangements are still a great saving of time and trouble.

We are exceeding our limits, yet there are many things connected with kitchen comfort and convenience which we must seek another opportunity of saying.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

BY AN ECONOMIST.

I propose to give a few ways of saving money in household affairs, all of which I have tried myself, and know that "a penny saved is a penny earned." We are all of us apt to pay away money for doing those things which we think we cannot do ourselves, many of which I am sure we could if we only knew how. I want to speak of the leaky tinware, which I have no doubt is a torment to all, and to those in particular who live at a distance from the tinman, and who must often lay aside much needed utensils on account of a little hole that can easily be mended. The following description will be addressed particularly to boys, but why should not the girls learn to do such work, when the family contains no boys? I have known girls, and ladies, who could solder a tin pan as well as a tinman.

How perplexing it is for tin ware to "spring a leak" at the wrong moment, and how much trouble it is to mend it by means of rags, putty, pine plugs, dough or tacks. Nearly all of you have seen the tinman work, and I have no doubt you have often said, "I could

do that as well as he if I only had the tools." I am certain you could, and you can have the tools at a very slight expense and trouble. These are all the articles needful; a soldering iron, a scraper, a stick of solder, a bottle of acid and a piece of rosin.

You can buy all of these in a neat box for eighty cents, of Perry, Mason & Co., Boston, but you can make them yourselves as well and cheaper. Procure a piece of copper of almost any shape and large enough to be when hammered three-fourths to one inch thick, and one and a half to two inches long. Any blacksmith will shape and drill it for you. It can be easily drilled by keeping it moist with turpentine. Into the drill hole drive a piece of iron wire as large as a lead pencil, and a foot long. Fasten this into a wooden handle and it is ready to tin, which is done to make the solder adhere to it when in use. The pointed end of the copper must be filed smooth; heat it and rub it briskly on a board on which has been placed some bits of rosin and solder; it will soon be covered or "tinned" and is now ready for use.

The other articles are more easily made. An old saw file with the end ground to a short beveled edge makes the very best scraper, as a file is often needed for removing rust. The acid and rosin are used to make the solder stick, the acid on old tin, the rosin on new.

If you should ask a tinman how to prepare the acid, I presume he would refuse you, as one did me once, so I will tell you. Get one-half ounce muriatic acid and put in as many bits of zinc as it will dissolve. The acid costs about ten cents an ounce and the bits of zinc can be obtained at the tinshop, or out from the edge of the strip under the stove. In the latter case they must be well scraped before they are put into the acid. Procure a few cents worth of solder from the tinman, and you are now prepared to mend any hole in tin or iron dishes that any body can mend and you will save the cost of your material many times every year, besides avoiding the bother and delay of sending to the shop. My outfit cost me but eighteen cents and in a few weeks I saved nearly a dollar.

This is the method of soldering; scrape the tin bright all around the holes and put on a little acid with a pine stick. Touch the solder with the hot iron and a little drop can be taken up and put over the hole. If it does not stick at once, rub the iron back and forth over the brightened tin and the hole will soon be mended. You will very soon learn the knack both of lifting the hot solder and making it stick.

If you can not afford to make such an iron as I have spoken of, an old file ground to a blank point can be made to do good service, only in this case the solder must be cut into bits and placed on the hole and touched with the hot iron as it cannot be made to lift the solder as does the copper. I have mended many a tin pan with such an iron. After learning to solder don't do as I used to do—punch holes for the sake of mending them.

Speaking of mending tin ware brings me to another kindred subject, mending crockery. This can be done in

several ways. It should be mended while the edge is freshly broken as cements stick better than after the surfaces become greasy. White lead ground in oil or varnish painted on the edges, make good strong joints, if the dish be set aside for a few months. White of egg mixed with calcined plaster will mend quite well. If the edges be made hot, covered with gum shellac and pressed together while quite hot, a good tight joint will be formed, though not standing very hot water long.

Here is a recipe for a white cement, that I know to be good, for I have mended glass ware with it when it would break in a new place sooner than in a joint: One-fourth ounce pulverized white shellac, fifteen grains of pulverized gum mastic, one dram ether, one ounce good alcohol. Add the ether to the gums, let it stand one hour, then add the alcohol, and keep in a warm place till the gums are dissolved. Keep tightly corked. To use it, heat the edges of the article and apply the cement with a camel's hair pencil or a feather, then press quickly together, fasten with a string and set it away for a few days. If the directions be followed, hardly more can be expected of a cement, I have rarely failed to make a strong joint with this last cement.

When the brass collar on lamps become detached from the glass, it can be easily fastened on by calcined plaster. Thoroughly clean and wash the glass and the collar, and spread on the plaster mixed to a thick paste with water. Now rapidly press on the collar and set the lamp aside a few hours; it will be mended so it will be nearly as good as when new.

This calcined plaster Paris can be put to a good many uses about the house. I should not think of keeping house without it. A pint will cost four cents, and last a long time. It makes a cheap and useful cement for almost any purpose. Cracks in stove ovens can be filled with this, also the joints about a stove. If an oven burns on the top, it is only necessary to plaster the top of the oven under the covers with this; spread it on from one-fourth to one-half inch thick. This will prevent burning, because it deadens the heat. Knife handles can be fastened on with this much better than rosin or sulphur.

These are but few of the uses to which plaster can be put. At some future time I may give some more methods of saving money with perhaps some practical recipes.

#### BRING BACK THAT GRIDIRON!

I was interested in noticing in the March number of THE HOUSEHOLD a correspondent on the gridiron, and though I have never thought the subject one worthy of words, yet as he requests ministers of the gospel to agitate the matter, will attempt to do so slightly, though at the risk of not saying the things desired.

Where would our friend have us find our warrant for denouncing the eating of flesh-meat, or does he suppose we recommend and denounce at pleasure?

One who knows there was a time when flesh was not eaten, ought also

to know as well that after that time, namely, after the deluge, the Almighty in language unmistakable gave to Noah's posterity, (whose posterity we all are,) all animals as well as plants for food. Gen. 9:3.

We also find Him, in giving laws to His ancient people, carefully distinguishing between animals which were and which were not to be eaten, and in some cases even commanding the eating of flesh. And when we come to add the fact that nowhere in our Book of Instructions is to be found a hint that flesh-eating is sinful, I ask what are we to stand on while we "grapple this cruel, disgusting habit?"

It is somewhat singular, if our physical system does not need flesh-meat, that so large a part of the race feel, and always have felt, at least since the flood, what they suppose to be the need of it. And equally singular, if its use does not promote our health and strength, that the opinion should so generally prevail that it does.

Our correspondent mentions some articles of diet which he thinks we should use, but for the use of some of them I am unable to find the sanction which I do for the use of flesh-meat, *e. g.* where is our license for swallowing up a young life before it has had the privilege of peeping, simply because we have found and robbed the nest where it was deposited? Or who authorized our friend to frighten away the harmless, helpless calf, and, taking his place rob him of his breakfast?

Any one at all acquainted with the dairy knows that if we have any considerable quantity of good milk for our use that many calves must die, or the country would be overrun with cattle; and if our friend's policy were to be pursued these cattle must be allowed to live on until kind starvation should take them from their misery.

I can imagine a gentle-hearted vegetarian quietly spreading his butter and never dreaming that the body it was intended to nourish slumbered beneath the corn-field; and as he complacently breaks and eats his cheese how much would he give to know that the stomach to which it belonged by first right had been used in preparing it for his?

Again, I ask, where is the inhumanity of slaying animals? If left alone they would all die, and indeed some of them quite as painful deaths as now, and certainly there would be many more to die.

The truth is, these reform ideas are excellent in themselves, but are away from home on this earth; and from them we are constantly flung back to earth again, and must meet the deal with its realities, gross as they are.

We are sufficiently familiar with these opinions to know that they originate not on gridirons, but in abattoirs.

W. K.

#### CLEAN KITCHENS.

The following excellent advice about kitchens and how to keep them clean, appeared not long since in Scribner's Monthly:

The first consideration in a cooking-room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You cannot dar-

ken this room through parts of the day in summer, as you do others, and consequently fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into the house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the paper on the walls. Hard finished walls are more cleanly, for they can be washed; but unless they are better than in the kitchens we have seen, they look dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and "splotchy." There is nothing that will compare with the old fashioned white-wash, pure and simple. The color-wash may give the walls a prettier tint, but it must be put on by a practiced hand, whereas white-wash may be applied by any one, whenever a dirty spot makes its appearance.

It is true, unpracticed hands do not apply the brush as evenly as could be wished, but a few streaks are white and clean. Don't have the wood-work painted; don't have anything painted. Things in a kitchen will get soiled. It follows they must be cleaned. Soap is a foe before which paint invariably quits the field. Very soon the color will be off in spots, and nothing less than repainting the whole room will ever make it look clean again. It is still more objectionable to leave the wood in its native state. It requires frequent scrubbing to keep this clean, and even this process will not suffice to keep all sorts of wood in good condition. Some woods actually blacken under the scrubbing brush. But if the native wood, even common kinds, is well oiled and varnished lightly, the room will be prettier for it, and, with very little washing, the wood-work can be kept sweet and clean.

#### CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Away last summer, in July I think, with Mr. Crowell's permission, I stood up before the Band, and made my little speech, and closed by asking "some questions of those ladies who had testified to their use of Dobbins' soap. Not a soul paid the least heed, but they all commenced talking as hard as they could, on every other subject they could think of. A little embarrassed, I concluded they had not heard me, or else considered the merits of the soap beyond discussion, and drawing my shawl around me, I was about to slip off home, when Gladdys Wayne spoke up, and said she liked my way of making bread, very much, which pleased me so, I thought I'd stay a little longer, and try again. Mr. Chairman, (I believe Mr. Crowell is chairman of these monthly meetings,) can I have the floor for a few minutes? thank you. What I want to know about the soap, is this: nearly all who have spoken of using it, give the impression that they do not boil the clothes, where do they get the authority? surely not from the directions on the wrapper, for that says, "take them out of the solution, and treat in the ordinary way," I thought I would try the experiment myself, and I admit the clothes look just as well as when scalded, but will they continue to do so? Now will some one who

has tried that way for a year or so, please tell me, if they still keep white and clear, and not only oblige me, but a great many others to whom I have recommended the soap? Then beside Dobbins' soap, which is the best I ever used, I always put a couple of table-spoonfuls of ammonia in my wash machine, and the clothes just wash themselves, indeed, I used to use it with common soft soap, with almost as good results as with Dobbins'. It is the best friend a housekeeper can have on hand. For cleaning wood work, it is unsurpassed. A cloth wrung loosely out of even clear water in which there is enough to feel just the least bit slippery, and rubbed over a door, then wrung dry, and wipe, will leave the paint like new, and you can do it without making the least slop on the carpet.

I learned something about frying doughnuts this winter, that may be new to some others, too. A neighbor told me about it, as I watched her making hers, just before Christmas. She put a piece of tallow half the size of an egg into the lard, which she said kept the lard from boiling away so fast and could not be detected in the cake. I took her recipe, and went straight home and made some. I thought they were very good, so if any of you would like to try them sometime, here is the recipe: One egg, one cup of sugar, one and a half cups of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, cinnamon or nutmeg, just as you prefer, mixed very soft.

Some time ago, I saw a recipe for cake without eggs, in a paper, with the suggestion, "Try it, you will be surprised with the result." That excited my curiosity, and as eggs were very high that winter, and quite an object in cooking economically, I did try it, and was so pleased with it, I told all my neighbors about it, and now I believe I'll tell you. One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, enough flour to make the consistency of other cake, flavor with extract of lemon, beat it well, and it will look as white and taste almost as well as pound cake. Persons who love rich cake may not fancy it, but I can't eat very rich cake, and when alone, I think this healthier for ourselves, and especially the children, than anything richer.

Now, no one likes housework better than I do, and it is a pleasure to me to keep my house in order, but oh dear! isn't it monotonous? Men don't realize how closely a woman who does her own work, is confined in the house. They go off in the morning to their work, or business, get the fresh air, and meet other persons, and all day long, come more or less in contact with others, so that they don't feel the need of social intercourse like the woman who has only the children, the broom, and the everlasting pots and kettles, to keep her company. To be sure she may have her flowers, books, and even music, and enjoy them to the utmost, too, but it wakens a person up, and refreshes both body and mind, to get out and meet other people. I have been so tired, I thought it almost impossible to dress and go

out of an evening to some little social gathering, yet once there, I would forget all about being tired, and enter into the enjoyment of the evening with all the zest of a younger person, go home rested, and have something pleasant to think about next day over the daily routine of a housekeeper's work.

I remember one day last fall when I felt particularly nervous and despondent, every thing seemed to conspire together to go wrong, till completely disgusted with myself, and the whole household arrangement, I gathered up my work and children as soon as the dinner was over, and started off to visit a friend who lived out from town. The walk was through the woods, which at that time of the year are especially inviting and soothing to me. After going a short distance, the town was completely hidden from view, and sitting down on a mossy log, I reveled in the beauty around me. The children ran on to throw sticks and leaves into the little stream close by, and with nothing to disturb me, the worry of the day was speedily forgotten, and I heard only music and poetry. The wind talked and whispered to the trees, and they nodded, and swayed back and forth, while from here and there, came the joyous songs of birds, and the chirping of insects, now and then a leaf would whirl slowly down to the ground, or a squirrel scamper up a tree, while over all was the clear blue sky, with its far away clouds floating lazily by. I was rested soothed and calmed down, till I felt like a new being.

On reaching my friend's, house I found her busy potting plants for her bay window during the winter. She is a cheery little soul and loves her plants so, that they seem to grow if she only looks at them. I noticed her pictures had drooping vines draped over the frames, and even the clock was almost covered with them. She said that the vine "wandering jew," would grow just as well in water as in soil, and she put slips of it in bottles of water and suspended them behind the pictures, and they grew rapidly all summer, all the attention needed being to keep up the supply of water. I shall certainly try it myself next summer. A pretty little hanging basket of ivy, was only a cocoanut shell, for which one of the girls had crocheted a cover of scarlet yarn, making tassals and cord of the same. There was no costly furniture in the room, but the flowers and vines, and white curtains, presided over by a sunny countenance, gave one the feeling of rest and contentment.

She had pancakes for supper, and while frying them, she remarked she had seen so many persons use nearly a spoonful of lard for greasing the griddle, every time they refilled it, which beside being unnecessary, grimed the walls, and filled the house with the smoke of the burnt grease, the odor of which clung to everything. She used a clean cloth just greased with the least bit of lard, when first used, and the same cloth does a number of times, without any additional grease. I have tried it, and find all the griddle needs is to be just wiped off with it between each filling.

I enjoyed my visit, and as the whip

poorwills began to wake up, started home, carrying a bouquet of verbenas of almost every shade of color. As we slowly retraced our steps, along the path through the woods, rustling the dead leaves with every step, my mind was filled with peace and quiet, and somehow, next morning, things got straightened out of themselves, and I felt better for my walk for a week.

Do any of you ever have trouble with your churning? (I am going to tell everything I know while I have the floor, I may not get the chance very soon again.) Sometimes the cream seems to be in such a condition, it just won't come, and you may churn and churn. Especially is it the case if the cow is nearly dry. A tablespoonful of soda put into it, will very often remedy it, from the fact that the butter is in very minute globules, around which is a tough little sack, that must be broken before the butter can be gathered, hence the churning mot on. The soda helps to make these little sacks tender, or, if the cream be very sour, as it should be, breaks them entirely.

And now thanking you all for your attention, I will for the present, bid you goodbye. LEONORE GLENN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I am now a subscriber for your valuable paper for the first time, and I am very much interested in reading it. In the last number a sister asks for a recipe for old-fashioned ginger-bread. I think I have it. So many that eat of what I make, say that it reminds them of old times when they used to buy such at "General Training," in big cards. I cut mine in small cakes about two by three and one-half inches, and crease them with the back of a thick knife.

While I sit reading THE HOUSEHOLD, so absorbed am I in its contents that I imagine I am in the midst of all the sisters that contribute for it, and that each is trying to aid the others in getting on in this domestic warfare as easily as possible. I am really glad to see so much interest manifested for each other. I think if I could have had the reading of such a paper when I was young, and beginning housekeeping, how many tears and heart-aches it would have saved me.

Those days have long since passed away, but they are still fresh in my memory. I wonder if the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, think of another benefit that they derive from the perusal of its pages, that is, that the different themes that are brought up and discussed through its columns, tend to keep their minds bright and clear, and sets them thinking on various subjects, that are not particularly a part of it, that is one of the reasons why I value the paper.

For a great many years I have been trying to satisfy myself as to the cause of some persons minds failing sooner than others, and I think I have solved the problem, it is this, that those persons that have but one idea or hobby, lose the use of their mental faculties soonest. I know a lady who is but a little over seventy, with good physical health, who cannot tell who is the governor of the state, and hardly knows her children if she does not see them often. For some thirty or forty

years, she has talked about but little else than her religious belief, and that belief is just exactly as it was forty years ago. And the consequence is her mind is dead to all else.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance who died in his ninety-fourth year, kept his mind fresh and good as in his youth, up to his very last moments. He could converse upon any of the popular themes of the day as understandingly as any one. He read all the books and papers that came in his way, had his own opinions, and was ready for an argument at any time. And this leads me to the conclusion that anything that causes us to think and investigate helps largely to keep our minds youthful, and what can be more desirable. I would like to hear through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if any one else is of my opinion. I have a great deal more I would like to say, but I am afraid I have taken up too much space already, and, besides, I sat down to give a recipe for gingerbread, and here it is.

*Old-fashioned Gingerbread.*—One tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of pulverized alum, each in one-half cup boiling water, one pint New Orleans molasses, one tablespoonful ginger, one-half cup butter. Mix soft, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

I have a recipe for hard soap which I think is the best I ever saw, very easy to make, and very cheap also. One dollar and forty cents will buy material, (grease included,) to make soap enough to last my family (myself and husband) one year for all uses, shaving included, my husband prefers it to any he ever bought, it can be perfumed for toilet use.

*Hard Soap.*—Six pounds of sal soda, three pounds unslacked lime, four gallons of rain water, seven pounds clean grease. Place soda and lime in a large soap kettle, after breaking the soda in small pieces, adding the water slowly to admit of slacking the lime. When dissolved boil for fifteen minutes and allow to stand until the following day. Pour off the pure liquid, throw away the sediment, returning the pure to the kettle well cleansed. Add the grease, and allow the whole to boil one-half hour, or till it is of the consistency of strained honey, it can be perfumed when nearly cool, and put into moulds, or it will cake nicely in the kettle and can be cut out in cakes, as any one prefers. Instead of throwing the sediment away, it can be saved in a tub and put one-half pailful water on it, stir it thoroughly, let it settle, pour off the pure in crocks or jugs. It makes good washing fluid. C. C. B.

MR. CROWELL:—Will you allow me for the first time to contribute a few words to THE HOUSEHOLD? I have been a silent member for a few years, but now wish to say a word to some of the Band. I have been greatly benefited by the information given this year in fancy work.

Allow me to return thanks to A. S. who in the August number gave her method of coloring grasses, with analine. I tried it and it proved to be excellent. For mosses, for basket or wax flowers, I do not think a better way can be found. I found by staining the thick moss resembling pine (which can easily be done by taking

one or two sprigs and tie it on broom corn) that it makes a valuable addition to a winter bouquet.

I also made a pretty yellow by using the yellow analine powder alone, preparing it with boiling water, the same as green. Take the white everlasting, color some yellow, some red with red analine, and gather some double tansy just after the yellow blossoms die, you will find large clusters of light and dark brown, two distinct varieties, color these also, leave some the natural color, use vermilion for some, and you will have a nice variety. I also wish to give thanks to a Keystone Sister, for directions in March number, for a wreath, I made one, using the analine dyes and the flowers I mentioned above, and it is very much admired.

I would like to know the address of Mrs. G. A. M., Uxbridge, Mass. She says she will give to any one who sends patterns for spatter-work letters. I wish to get some very much if she will give her address, or if you will, or tell me if sending to those initials would suffice. Hoping to see some of this, that is intended for the paper soon, and this address you will oblige.

I wish to say that I availed myself of the offer in the July number, and received a copy of the chromo, "God's Promise." It is very fine. M.

Mesopotamia, O.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—I wept with E. E. as I read the account of the Lord's dealings with her. Her letter comforted me somewhat. Since I wrote you of my "two bairnies," God has transplanted one of them to His own garden. My "first-born" and only son, two years and nine months old, was stricken with diphtheria and membranous croup which in eight days terminated his beautiful life. My affliction is very great, but how much greater is that of E. E.? I can appreciate all she says of the happiness we should deem it to have them back even at the increase of work and weariness. For the benefit of those who have still their loved ones left to care for, let me say that one of the sweetest reflections to me now that he is gone, is, that I was never too busy to attend to his wants. Even in the season of "fretting," of which I wrote you in my last, I seldom lost patience with him. I never scolded him or corrected him when angry. Often when work was pressing, so that I felt I must make every moment tell, have I laid down everything and spent a half hour playing with him. I was always repaid then, in the happiness it gave him, but now these reflections are doubly sweet.

Weary mothers, don't push the little elbows from your knee, "your tired knee that has so much to bear," don't say "I haven't time" to any innocent request, for think "if the white feet into the grave had tripped," if some morning there is one less plate to wash, and one less chair to set in place, how would your heart ache then!

"I wonder so that mothers ever fret  
At little children clinging to their gown,  
Or that the footprints when the days are wet

Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;  
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more.  
If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,  
There is no woman on this earth could say  
She is more blissfully content than I.  
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumbled by a shining head;  
My singing bird from its nest has flown—  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!"

PERSIS.

In a recent number, a sister of the Band expressed a desire that there might be more religion in these papers. Did she never notice, how, without the paper being distinctively religious, that a vein of Christianity pervaded the whole? I have often remarked it, and as often thought there must be many Christians among the correspondents. We have never seen the shadow of a sneer against religion, nor a word which could wound the most fastidious Christian. And this is a great deal to say of any paper not professedly religious. I have often thought I would like to know Mr. Crowell personally. He is wonderfully indulgent to us all. I think he would give place to anything reasonable sent to him. A press of matter on hand, often causes delay in publishing the articles sent him, and I smile when any of the Band request a speedy answer to her question. But whatever it is, the answer comes after awhile. And now I offer something too good to be lost. I offer it especially to the sister who, last year, in a freak of nervousness, said she asked bread and I gave her a stone. Here is a bit of the "true bread," "which if a man eat thereof, he shall not die." It is headed, "A Telegram from Heaven," and recently published in the Vermont Chronicle.

A young man was employed in a telegraph office in a town in England. In some way God had led him to see himself a sinner, and this caused him great distress of mind. Like a lamb on the mountains, he felt that he had wandered from God, and was lost, and he knew not where to find the Shepherd. But Jesus, "the Good Shepherd," took a singular way to find him and bring him back. The young man went to the office one morning in great distress of mind because of his burden of sins. He was lifting up his heart in secret, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," when a click of the telegraph machine told him a message was coming. He looked and saw it came from Windermere, up among the lakes of England. There was first the name and residence of the person for whom the telegram was sent, and then followed these words from the bible: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Then followed the name of the person sending the message.

This was a strange message to send by telegraph. The explanation was this: The telegram was sent to a servant girl living in the town. She also was in distress about her sins, and was trying to find the Saviour. She had a brother who was a Chris-

tian, who was a servant to a man spending the summer at the lakes. The poor girl had written to her brother asking him the great question, "What must I do to be saved." Her brother had no time to write just then, so he sent her this telegram. The young woman found her way to Jesus through these sweet words from her brother. And so did the young man at the telegraph office. This was indeed a telegram from Heaven, to him, and to her. The Good Shepherd had made use of the telegraph wires to bring His lost sheep back to Himself. Those precious words, "The Lamb of God," "Redemption through His blood," "The riches of His grace," "Sin taken away," how very precious.

HANS DORCOMB.

MR. CROWELL:—I can no longer refrain from saying a few words in praise of THE HOUSEHOLD. I get very much good, enjoyment, and profit from it. Every woman ought to have a copy, she then would think she must have it every month as long as she was a housekeeper. I never liked to do housework, but by reading your paper it has been made pleasanter and easier. From every number I get something new and useful, and many of those sisterly letters are very comforting and interesting.

There are many things I would like to say, but fear to trouble you with too much of my scribbling. You are doing a good work in a much needed direction. Long may you prosper.

I think Bessie Brown is much mistaken in her views of married life. There are as many unkind wives as husbands, and as for petting the child, that is what the mother likes above all things else, much more than to be petted herself. Bessie will learn something in the February Letters to Alice, and much more when she is a wife.

May I be one of the Band?

Linn, Mo.

S. S. C.

DEAR BESSIE BROWN:—I was much interested in your letter in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, and pleased with your thoughtfulness. Marriage involves too much of obligation, it pledges too much either of good or evil, to be undertaken without thought, and even most serious questioning as to the motive. Unhappy marriages are many, but they might have been avoided had the parties to them paused and contemplated each other's fitness. And when you see unhappy wives and homes where love is a stranger, I do not wonder you are "afraid" of this "marrying business."

That wives have failed where with patience, love and great kindness they might have succeeding in making loving husbands and happy homes, I do not doubt. That some husbands are inconsiderate and wholly indifferent to the wants and happiness of their wives, is, I fear, too true, and proven by the sad faced women whom we sometimes meet.

You think "people do not seem to be as happy after, as before marriage." If not, I think it is often owing more to a want of charity and consideration on the part of each, than to a lack of affection. "Marriage involves certain mutual sacrifices, under the most

favorable circumstances." "Husbands and wives," says Gail Hamilton, "take too much for granted. Their love is not an inexhaustible tank, but a fountain depending on the stream that trickles into it for a supply." You have been told by Patty, that "Courtship is all romance, while married life is the sternest of all stern realities." A worthy writer tells us, "There can be no ideal perfection in marriage because there is none in life; but it can, and should, embody the tenderest affection, the deepest trust, the divinest charity, and the purest faith which human nature is capable of manifesting."

With a bit of my own experience I will close. Eleven years ago I became a wife; for years I was unhappy, not because my husband was unkind or unloving, (for he was neither,) but because my heart was ever questioning his love; instead of seeking his happiness I sought only my own. I long ago discovered my mistake, and have since had but little cause for unhappiness. Think you there are not other selfish wives?

And would I call them back again,  
Those happy, dreamy days of youth,  
Relinquish all that Time has taught,  
Lessons sad yet full of truth.

No, no; my heart is calmer now,  
My children's love repay my care,  
And when at night I bend the knee,  
Mine wholly is a thankful prayer.

Farmington, Minn. CORA WEED.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—I enjoy THE HOUSEHOLD so much, and my little scribbles have found me some kind friends among the Band. If "Gladdys Wayne" wishes my address she can get it from you, but I don't want to have it published. Sympathy is very grateful to one who has much to bear, even when they have near and dear friends to turn to, but especially so to such as I who stand seemingly alone in the world—as to woman's help at least. Husbands do not understand their wives' cares and sorrows in bearing and caring for their families, till it is too late to offer the wee recompense of a manifested affection and sympathy.

A friend has kindly loaned me books this winter, and I've read "Helen's Babies," (so natural,) and "Stepping Heavenward," (the third time,) and "Daniel Deronda," in Harper's Monthly. The last I cannot like. The fact of Dorothea in Middlemarch loving her husband's nephew, during his lifetime, was, to my taste, if not unnatural, not to be sympathized with, at least in real life, but Gwendolens like infatuation, as manifested, and the introduction of Mrs. Glasher spoils the beautiful language, the depth of Jewish history for me. One cannot help sympathizing with both while one cannot approve. ROSAMOND E.

Atglen, Pa.

## THE DISH OF BAKED BEANS.

You want to soak them over night, or parboil them in two or three waters, until they are at the cracking point. If your appetite is not robust enough to eat pork and you have the art to cook them without it, all that is required is to season the dish to the fine point of half a pinch of salt, a single shake of the pepper-box, and a lump of butter, neither too large nor

too small, and have a piece of fresh spare-rib roasted separately to serve with them. The beans must also be of just the right consistency when put into the dish for baking. All you need of the oven is to have it "neither too hot nor too slow." The beans must then simmer until they are "just done."

To secure the exact shade of brown over the top, and the precise degree of heat and moisture inside needed to bring each individual bean to the very point of cracking and coalescing with its neighbor—without entirely doing it—that is all the direction one needs as to baking. If it is not clear, you must learn, as the boy learns to swim. And then, as to serving. It is the egg of an effete and over-ripe social despotism to "dish out" a pan of baked beans. Assert your independence, and preserve the integrity of your result by placing them upon the table in the dish in which they were cooked. Let the servant pass around the empty china, if you wish, to assure the family or guest that you have it.

## POOR LAMP WICKS.

A writer in the Scientific American says that during an experience of five years in the sale of lamp burners, etc., he has found that where burners have been thrown aside as worthless, on account of the difficulty of raising and lowering the wick, the fault has been almost invariably with the wick itself. After remaining in the oil for some time the wick becomes hard, and thickens to such an extent that it will not pass up the tube, while a new wick will work perfectly well in the old burner. Unless a wick can be made which will not be affected by oil in this respect, no longer wicks than those now in use are needed.

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

GREEN TOMATO SWEET PICKLES.—One peck of sliced tomatoes, one cup of salt, sprinkled in layers and let stand over night, then drain, add water and vinegar, and boil till tender; skim them out and pour over them a syrup made of two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful each of mustard and allspice, one-fourth pound of cloves, four green peppers, and a little horseradish. Put the spices in a bag and scald in the vinegar; when strong enough remove them. Try it. It is beautiful and not so sweet but you can eat and enjoy it.

FOR RICH SWEET PICKLE.—One pint of vinegar, one pound of sugar, one-fourth ounce each of cinnamon, allspice, and cloves. For any kind of fruit, as peaches, pears, or nice sweet apples. DOTTY W.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One cup of corn meal, two cups of graham flour, one cup of wheat flour, two and one-half cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. Steam five hours, and bake half an hour.

MRS. A. F. M.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet cream, one full cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and flavor to taste. Bake in one tin.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn meal, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger, a small piece of butter; scald all together; when cool add two well beaten eggs, and bake one hour.

VEGETABLE OYSTERS.—Cut them in thin slices, boil in clear water until soft, then pick a little codfish fine and add to the oys-

ters, boil all together a few minutes, then season the same as oysters. Eat with crackers.  
Mrs. C. W. L.

**FEATHER CAKE.**—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two and one-half cups of flour. This makes one loaf.  
M. A. T.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—If I was only gifted I would like to express my gratitude to your many able contributors for their many words of cheer and comfort, and tell them how much good to one humble soul they have done. I wish to say that I have tried the recipe for graham rolls, by a subscriber in the November number, and like them very much. I notice one of your readers wants to know how to make chocolate creams such as we find at the confectioners. I send a recipe.

**CHOCOLATE CREAMS.**—Take two cups of white sugar, half a cup of boiling water, and boil together nearly ten minutes; meanwhile put upon the teakettle in a bowl half a cake of unsweetened chocolate to melt. After the sugar and water have boiled ten minutes, set the dish into a basin of cold water and beat until it comes to a cream. Flavor and roll into balls, then place on a silver fork and dip into the melted chocolate, drain, and put on buttered plates and set in a cool place.  
Mrs. C. C. P.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I would like to give to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD my way of making

**PIE CRUST.**—Take lard for six pies, allowing about a heaping tablespoonful for each, put in one-half teaspoonful of soda, and beat with a fork about ten minutes; leave out one-third to roll in the upper crust. When the pie is ready for the oven, wet the top with milk.  
Mrs. M. E. B.

**CAKE.**—One pound of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two nutmegs, ten eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda.  
RUHLA.

**HULLED CORN.**—One quart of corn, put to soak at night in warm water; in the morning change the water to enough to boil it in, put in a rounding teaspoonful of soda and boil till it will hull. Rinse as usual.  
A SUBSCRIBER.

**MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:**—Dear Sir:—I saw a request in your paper for a recipe for

**NICE CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.**—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of molasses, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of sweet milk, a little citron, and one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice.  
ANNIE J. A.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I send you a few recipes, some of which are in reply to questions asked in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD.

**TO DESTROY RED ANTS.**—Place a dish of cracked hickorynuts where they trouble, and they will gather upon it in great numbers; then take some corrosive sublimate and wet all the cracks where they come, and destroy all those which have gathered on the nuts, and they will soon disappear. Keep the corrosive sublimate in a vial, and label it, for it is a poison, and when wanted add a little spirit to it.

**CREAM CRACKERS.**—Two eggs, with the whites well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a very stiff dough. The secret of having them light, is in working and pounding the dough a good deal. Then roll thin and cut in round cakes, and bake in a quick oven; or cut in some fanciful shape and fry in hot lard.

**CURRENT JELLY.**—Take one pint of juice and boil twenty minutes; then add one pound of sugar and boil two minutes, removing whatever impurities may rise to the top, and turn into tumblers; when cool cover with paper which has been dipped in the white of an egg.

**ANOTHER.**—Boil one pint of juice thirteen minutes, then add eleven ounces of sugar and boil eight minutes. This is very nice and not as sweet as the other.

**TIP-TOP CAKE.**—One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, two cups of flour, a heaped tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a half teaspoonful of soda, and one cup of raisins.  
A HOUSEHOLD FRIEND.

**GINGER SNAPS.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of lard, one tablespoonful of soda, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of ginger, and a little salt. Mix very stiff, and bake in a quick oven.  
Mrs. B. M.

**SWEET TOMATO PICKLES.**—After picking my tomatoes, washing them in cold water, and trimming them, I slice and boil in good old cider, or vinegar and water of about equal parts of each, till tender, and instead of soaking them over night as some do in weak brine, I put in a little handful of salt when boiling. When they are drained, put in the tub or jar. Spice with cinnamon, allspice and cloves, put in a little bag, or they may be omitted, as you like. Sweeten to taste.  
LORA LU.

A piece of damp flannel dipped in whiting, applied to painted surfaces and with little rubbing, will instantly remove dirt and grease.  
E. T. B.

**CRAB APPLE JELLY.**—I see in the October number of THE HOUSEHOLD Mrs. H. B. L. asks for a recipe for crab apple jelly. This is the way I make mine: Pick the stems off the apples, and halve them to make sure there are no worms in them, then put them in a porcelain kettle, cover them with water, and boil slowly till they are soft. When they have boiled enough, strain them, being careful not to get any seeds or pulp mixed with the juice; then take a cup of sugar to a cup of juice, and let it boil till it will congeal into a firm jelly. To ascertain when it is done enough, take a little of it in a saucer and let it cool. When done put it in the glasses or moulds, and make it air tight by cutting a circle of paper the size of the glass, and paste it down with the white of an egg.  
ETTA.

**SAUSAGE.**—For twenty-six pounds of meat use nine ounces of salt, two ounces of black pepper, two ounces of sage, and two ounces of saltpeter dissolved in a cup of boiling water. Warm the meat slightly and knead with the hands until thoroughly mixed together; put into sacks made of white cloth and suspend them to nails in the wood-house chamber, or any other cold place.

**PICKLE FOR HAMS AND SHOULDERS.**—To every one hundred pounds of meat, take eight pounds of best coarse salt, two ounces of saltpeter, two pounds of brown sugar, and four gallons of water. Mix the above and pour the brine over the meat, after it has lain in a tub some two days slightly rubbed with salt. Let the hams remain in the brine six weeks, then dry several days before smoking.

**TO PICKLE BEEF FOR PRESENT USE AND FOR DRYING.**—Cut the beef into sizable pieces; sprinkle a little salt upon the bottom of the barrel, then pack the beef without salt, pour over it a brine made by dissolving six pounds of salt for each one hundred pounds of beef in just sufficient water to cover it. In two or three weeks such pieces as are designed for drying will be ready to hang up, and if it is a little too salt for frying you can freshen it as you would pork without its losing its flavor in the least. But if intended for summer use throw away this brine and put on a new one made as above, and it is all right for long keeping.

**MINCE PIES.**—Take finely chopped beef, part fat, add to it chopped sour apples in proportion of two parts of apples and one of beef. For a large batch add two or three pounds of seeded raisins. Thin the mixture with cider, and sweeten with brown sugar. Season with cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg (or mace, which is better). Add a handful of salt and cook it up in a tin vessel, stirring it constantly to keep it from burning; pour it into a convenient vessel with a cover and set it in a cold place. If it freezes it will be all the better for it. In this way you can have fresh pies all winter.

**FRIED CAKES.**—One cup of sour milk, half a cup of cream, one cup of sugar, two well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon or nutmeg, mix and roll out thin. Cut with a round cake cutter, and the center of each with a thimble. Fry in hot lard.  
Meridian, N. Y. ANN B.

**ENGLISH CAKE.**—Ten eggs, the weight of ten eggs in sugar, the weight of eight eggs in flour, the weight of six eggs in butter, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

**HYGIENIC FRUIT CAKE.**—Two quarts of sifted graham flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of thick sweet cream, two cups of sugar, and one pound of raisins. Mix the baking powder thoroughly with the flour before wetting it. Beat the cream and sugar well together, then add nearly all the flour. The raisins are then added, which should first be steamed very tender; also a little salt and lemon juice, or other flavoring, with the balance of the flour. Bake slowly from one to two hours.

**ICING FOR CAKE.**—Three heaping tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar to the white of one egg, using two or three eggs, according to size of the cake. It should be iced while a little warm.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—One pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Bake well. Whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, stir in one cup of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. When the pudding is done, spread over the top a layer of jelly, or other sweetmeats, then pour the whites of eggs over this and brown lightly.

**LEMON BUTTER FOR TARTS.**—Juice of two lemons, one and one-half cups of sugar, three eggs, a lump of butter the size of an egg. Stir well, and put in a bucket or pitcher, and set in a kettle of hot water, stirring occasionally until it thickens. E. L. M.

**FROSTING FOR CAKE.**—Get Cooper's isinglass, dissolve a small piece in hot water, then add pulverized sugar until thick. A piece two inches square will be enough for a large loaf of cake. Do not put it on until the cake is cold.

**APPLE JELLY.**—Take sour apples, do not peel or core them, remove the stems and all imperfections, then put into a porcelain kettle and cover with water, put a cover on the kettle, and let them cook slowly until soft. Do not mash them. Strain through flannel, and to one quart of the liquor add one pint of white sugar, then let it cook until it jellies, which you can tell by cooling some on a plate. If you wish you can flavor with any extract. I hope you will like this, as I call it my nicest jelly.  
CONSTANT READER.

**STEAMED PUDDING.**—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of flour, one egg, two great spoonfuls of butter, one great spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; pour into a pudding steamer and steam one hour. To be eaten with sweet sauce.  
X.

**TO COOK FRESH MEAT.**—For beef, veal, lamb, or lean pork, have the necessary quantity ready sliced, lightly rolled in salt, and on a dish near the stove. Have your griddle, or spider, very hot, put no grease on it, but put on quickly as much meat as you can without crowding. Turn the meat as soon as possible after it is put on the griddle, and keep it turning until it is done, to prevent the juice from escaping. If the juice escapes while cooking the meat is not so good. Add nothing, and do not cook it too long, as it will cook tender within five minutes. Keep hot until served. A little juice will escape after the meat is taken up.

**SAP COFFEE.**—When you begin to get your meal, take three quarts of sap that is already boiled down to suit the taste, and add a teacupful of flour scorched very brown, but not burned. Let the preparation stand on the back of the stove, or where it will keep hot but not boil. Just before you are ready to serve the coffee, add the amount of cream or milk you think best, and just bring the coffee to a boil, being careful it does not boil over. Water with maple sugar, or even

coffee sugar, made in this manner is good. Scorched corn bran gives a fine flavor to common coffee. It is always best to scald the milk and sugar with the coffee, but if this is not done, put the cream and sugar into the cup before pouring the coffee.  
AUNT LAURA.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I put up eggs last spring according to Mrs. L. C. C.'s directions in the April number, and most of them have kept nicely. A few have hard yolks while the whites seem fresh. Will she please tell me if she has such trouble and the cause?  
Fall River, Mass. MRS. L. B.

Will some one of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for cooking some dainty dish to take to a sick person? as I am inexperienced.  
A. B. C. D.

**GEO. E. CROWELL:**—Dear Sir:—In the article "How to Keep Cool," by Gladys Wayne, she speaks of potato snowballs. I would like the recipe. Will you please give it in the usual way?  
Mrs. Thos. S. M.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—In answer to Mrs. Hinde, of Anaheim, California, as to the proper way to use Dobbins' Electric Soap, I advise her to follow the directions that come with each bar if she wants to obtain the best results. It can of course be used like any soap, by rubbing on, but the best and most economical way is to make the solution according to the directions. This advice Mrs. Tremain, of Blue Earth City, Minn., will also find useful.

**MRS. L. C. W.** should have rinsed her blankets in hotter water at first, so as not to chill the solution of soap while retained in the fabric of the blankets. Now she will have to soak them in boiling water until the soap is dissolved, then rinse them out thoroughly in hot water first, and afterwards in cooler water. She undoubtedly put too much soap in the suds at first.  
AUNT MATILDA.

Will L. B. R. please tell me if the Indian pudding recipe was just right, in the November number, page 254? I made one and it seemed so dry, I thought there must be a mistake about the milk or meal. Had the apple ought to be all on top? Please answer and oblige.  
S. L. K.

**MR. EDITOR:**—Will some kind reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me a recipe for making waffles? and oblige,  
A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I would like to ask through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD if any one of its Band can inform me the exact way of making pretzels, such as the Germans use in beer saloons to eat with their beer? Also inform me how to make and dye feather flowers?  
RUHLA.

**MR. GEO. E. CROWELL:**—Dear Sir:—Can some of the lady readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me where an infant's wardrobe, or outfit, can be purchased complete.  
H.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD:**—Will E. V. H. be kind enough to send to THE HOUSEHOLD the poetry entitled "Weaving Sad Fancies Dear?" and oblige,  
MINNIE.

Will some lady of THE HOUSEHOLD please give in these columns the directions for frying mush, as it is cooked in the hotels? Please give exact directions, whether it is fried like doughnuts, or on a griddle, and how it is prepared, and oblige,  
E. M. M.

Will Hans Dorcomb please be more explanatory in her description of the sofa blanket? I am much interested, but did not see first description. I would like to know in what stitch it is knit. If in afghan, how is it knit in half squares? When completed, is it lined? etc. Please explain.  
Canton, Ill. MONICA.

To M. H. F. Use browned flour to thicken gravies.

Please send information about cooking wild fowl, and oblige,  
E. M. F.



## RESURRECTION.

BY E. O. P.

Brightly falls the golden sunlight  
Over mountain, hill and glade,  
And the tender springing verdure  
Casts its pleasant flickering shade.

All the sky is blue and hazy,  
All the air with perfume sweet,  
While new life is upward springing  
Everywhere beneath our feet.

Now the chain of winter's broken,  
And the world with joy is rife,  
Nature's host is resurrected,  
Rising up to happy life.

And our hearts look out with gladness  
On this miracle of God,  
Where a lesson meets them ever  
From the thickly printed sod.

And we catch with holy reverence  
From each perfume-laden breath,  
Songs of joy where once was silence,  
"Light from darkness, life from death."

From the graves where sleep our loved ones  
To the life of light beyond,  
Does the glory of the spring-time  
Lead our yearnings deep and fond.

From the miracle around us,  
Over all the changing land,  
Christ's great work of resurrection  
Do we better understand.

And our souls reach outward, upward,  
Toward the living light of God,  
Where eternal spring-time ever  
Sheds its fragrant breath abroad.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Number One.

BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

TOM and I never had any "lover's quarrels." The nearest we came to a disagreement before marriage, was when the subject of "our home" first came up for actual discussion. For years we had been mutually looking forward to the establishment of that home; and for years before I had grown to think of such possibility—ever since we were schoolmates—it had been the dearest hope of his great, honest heart.

A farmer-boy at the beginning, with his education to secure and his own way to make in the world, he was subjected to many discouragements; yet he never gave up. Willingly would I have shared his fortunes, but he would not have it so. Proud-spirited, yet generous almost to a fault, he was determined not to allow himself to take the woman of his choice from her home until able to provide for her a home beyond all foreseen question of loss. Realizing that my health was not of the best, this seemed to him the more essential. Putting aside with a firm hand all thought of self, looking only to the best good of another, and struggling with failures, losses and disappointment, he toiled on, for years, in the lands whither he had gone to "seek his fortune." Meanwhile, discharging the duties devolving on me, acquiring some knowledge of household economy, etc., and doing what I could for our future, I waited; and with no shadow of doubt as to his faithfulness.

I suppose it is needless to say what those letters, in general so regularly traversing hill and plain, were to us. I say "us," for I doubt not that, oftentimes finding him "in a strange land and among strangers," they were as much to him as they could be to me. Yet, I confess that his letters were not always satisfactory. Men and women are so different as regards love matters. Having once given and received assurance of abiding love, the majority of men rest secure therein—more especially after having by marriage sealed the compact—whereas woman must needs receive frequent reiteration of such assurance. Being no exception to the general rule, and somewhat impulsive withal, I had much to learn; and perhaps those years of waiting taught me as nothing else could. His letters were not always—indeed, they were seldom—what is termed love letters. Sometimes they were very matter-of-fact, relating almost entirely to his business, etc.; they did not always evince that interest in my life and enjoyments that I felt in his, so it sometimes happened that when a letter was delayed unusually, and I could almost have exclaimed, "my kingdom for" a letter! it failed to bring the comfort craved. For letters, like events in every-day life, are not always opportune in their arrival. At the moment, it would seem that he did not care for me as I for him; but better judgment always prevailed over the moment's impulse. I knew him faithful—I would not, could not, doubt his love. Ah! I have much (though I then failed to see it) for which to thank those years of waiting; not least of which, is that they taught me, as another has expressed it, "not to expect too much." Had our engagement been of short duration, like some of our friends', I, like them, might have suffered married life to be irreparably embittered by the thousand little things that to the fond wife so often seem indifference or neglect on the husband's part, while in reality his heart is as tender and as true as in the days of courtship, over which her memory so regretfully lingers. Perpetrated in the every-day intercourse of home-life, before years, observation and experience had taught me that life cannot be all sunshine, that men and women are but human, and that we should

—not marry,

Or, marrying, take our lover as he is,"

these little omissions of attention might have created much unhappiness, the feeling of momentary pique leading to coolness of manner, or—who knows?—an interchange of hasty, unkind words; then misery, and, mayhap, estrangement—results too fearful to contemplate. But perpetrated as they were, by letter, there was small chance for harm to result from them, the feeling of pique passing away without real injury to either, since he remained in blissful ignorance of its existence. To speak words of censure for imaginary or actual offence, on the impulse of the moment, may be easy enough; but when it comes to deliberately writing them out "in black and white," and posting them off to one unconscious of our feelings, and who may be waiting longingly for some kind or loving word from us—

why, the thing is next to impossible; we refrain from writing them, or, if written, seeing how they look on paper, we put them in the fire at once. So I grew to know and to control myself; grew to think of him, not only as "a very Mars," but as "a very man, \* \* \* \* \* with human failings," as Saxe puts it; so, I was prepared to meet him, learn his faults, bear with them, and love him in spite of all.

This brings us back to the starting point—the discussion of "our home." The time finally came when he returned, the happy owner of a farm, and—better still—the same boy-lover, only grown bearded and bronzed and more manly. There was, as he told me, only a little old house—"an old tumble down," he termed it—on the place. He must build a house, which I was to help him plan, as well as to select the site; and as we should, of course, wish to begin housekeeping in good style, he suggested that we be married at once, and board at his father's for a year or so—he could then superintend the building, at the same time attending to other business; and hoped, by good management, to be able to begin housekeeping within a year.

What a dilemma! A man to be dispossessed of an idea without injury to his feelings. Here, indeed, was need of all my woman's tact. It had long been my belief that, unless there are those depending on them for care and companionship elsewhere—that unless duty clearly decrees otherwise—every husband and wife should pass the first years of married life in a home of their own, and as nearly alone as may be, so the just claims of society be not disregarded. However well two persons may think they know each other before marriage, they are, comparatively speaking, strangers, having yet to learn their mutual ways and habits; for, to quote Mrs. Dorr, not until after marriage does "their real acquaintance with each other's character and disposition begin." And of all studies, this should be free from the interference or influence of others. I felt that to pass the first months of married life anywhere save in the sacredness of our own home would be to sacrifice almost every hope of learning to know each other truly and at our best, and be starting life all wrong.

Never would the establishment of our home seem to us just as then; never again would our chances for happiness there be the same. And besides, I believed that I was regarded with favor, and some degree of affection, by "his folks." I wished to keep that place in their regard until, in time, I might fairly win what I so much desired—the place of a beloved daughter and sister in their affections. And observation, in numerous instances, had taught me that as a general thing, for a daughter-in-law to spend the early years of married life in the same family, is not the way to do so. Of course I did not say all this to Tom—not for the world would I breathe to him aught that might seem like a doubt of his loved ones. But I finally won him over to think, with me, that it mattered little about the "style," as that term is generally understood, so we were comfortable and contented, and that it would be best to repair the

old house somewhat, making it as comfortable and as convenient as possible, and go to "keeping house" there at once—and within our means—postponing building until better able, instead of investing our all in a new house, waiting months yet for our home.

Glowing pictures I drew of the peaceful home-life we would enjoy; the golden sunset hours spent in the vine-wreathed porch that should be added to our "cottage," and the long winter evenings at our own cosy fireside. As I pictured them, there came to him visions of lonely, wakeful hours away out on the plains, with only the canopy of heaven above him, when he had dreamed of this home, the stars, gleaming afar off and so unconscious of human joy or pain, seeming scarcely more distant; living it all over in memory, and waking, as from a dream, to see me at his side and "home" so near, he—but never mind what he said. Suffice it to say that we—Thomas West and Jean Douglas—were married within a few weeks, and, after a short visit to his parents, began housekeeping in the old wood-colored house; and here we are still.

## PAPERS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Number Twenty-seven.

I think that there is no more mistaken idea in the world, than the one often indulged that people in an invalid, or semi-invalid state should do nothing, be nothing, and aspire to nothing but invalidism with all its whims and crochety notions. I have been there myself, and thus know all about it, and am well aware how difficult it is to overcome the ennui and depressing feelings which cannot but exist where the health is broken, the nerves prostrated, and the whole system more or less demoralized by sickness and its consequent infirmities. Often the walls of a sick-room become almost as formidable as the far-famed Chinese walls of its ancient cities, while, "To be or not to be," not unfrequently becomes a matter of almost fatal indifference to the victim within.

I think in some natures there is not a little danger, in case of failing health, of settling down resignedly to a life of invalidism, the patient discouraged with every attempt to rise above circumstances, and thrown back by every effort to overcome existing obstacles. Friends often assume that exertion in any way is harmful, and while there are cases in which the patient should be held back from using his or her freedom in the least, it is often better to encourage in so doing than otherwise. A strong will on the part of the invalid will frequently work wonders in assisting nature in its recovery, while a fixed determination to, if possible, take up one's bed and walk, may in many cases do much to help in the desired result.

In saying this I am by no means casting reflections on any of the letter-writers of this journal, who have mentioned their weary invalid days, with their discouragements, and are seeking for patience to endure, and asking for hints and helps for passing away the tedious hours. These have my most heart-felt sympathy, and one

or two correspondents, more particularly at some former time, made me resolve to write on this topic, though I hesitated, and even now waver, that I have begun. We would not, like the friends of the ancient Job, come with hollow words, or speak of things which, by experience, we know little or nothing in reality of. But to one, for whom all the early years of fresh young womanhood, were years of suffering, partial helplessness, and weakness, the word invalid has a painful significance; while the knowledge gained in those years may not be entirely without meaning to others in somewhat similar conditions.

But before attempting to help smooth this thorny way for any of my friends—as was my first thought on taking my pen—and without even hinting now at methods of recreation and pastimes for the sick-room, I am going to beseech you to make every sensible effort, and to take encouragement, that the demon of invalidism does not claim and keep you its confirmed victim. We may, if sickness is made too attractive, settle down to it with too much resignation, as a thing to be accepted, instead of fighting against it as with an armed foe. For sickness is a foe, let us say what we will; and if the good Lord permits evil, that is no reason why we should not contend against its continued presence with us. Our foe, too, is armed—so thoroughly armed, that we seem weak indeed if we even attempt to overcome. Often it may seem to us better to quietly lie down and die, than to struggle on in suffering and seeming uselessness.

But oh! life is not one's own to give or to throw away, nor is health to be considered as a matter of unimportance, as concerns others as well as ourselves. No one, be they rich or poor, learned or unlearned, has a right to live and endure a state of weak invalidism or slothful inactivity, if by any effort of their own, with the use of necessary aids and the blessing of Providence they can wholly or partially rise above it. That there are cases of utter hopelessness we well know, and many more of most doubtful uncertainty where the sufferer can only be still and wait, leaving the result with God.

Yet among subjects of chronic diseases, and especially such as affect the nervous system, causing despondency and discouragement; the will has more to do in assisting towards recovery than most people imagine or think possible. In George Macdonald's "Seaboard Parish," the instance is given of a young girl on her eighteenth birthday, thrown from her horse and from injury to the spine, she is for months unable to move even as much as a single foot or a toe without anguish. At last the question arises whether or not she must not be persuaded to more exertion.

Says the physician: "She must sometimes be urged to make an effort—not judge by her own inclination. I have had," continues the doctor, "in my short practice two patients who considered themselves bed-ridden. One of them I persuaded to make the attempt to rise, and although her sense of inability was anything but feigned, and she will be a sufferer to the end of her days, she did rise and

now goes about the house without inconvenience and is better physically and morally for the effort. The other would not consent to try, and I believe lies there still." And the young girl, by careful effort and patient waiting, at last could leave her bed and walk.

I once heard a woman past middle life, and who was never strong, tell of the trials of her younger days. A complicated disease either of hip or spine had laid her for a time helpless upon her bed, and her friends and physicians instead of encouraging her ultimate recovery, said she must make up her mind to be bed-ridden in all probability for life.

"But I cannot be bed-ridden, doctor," she replied, "I must not give up to it—there take my hand and help me rise."

"It will be too painful, and only make you worse," was the reply.

"But, doctor, I must not always lie here; at least I must try to get up"—and try she did, and though she fainted with the first effort, she persisted in the attempt till slowly, little by little, she began to mend, and at last to help herself once more. She never became strong or of firm health, but her life was a cheerful and a useful one. With an active, cultured mind, and a resolute will, she could not rust out, but at times would gather pupils around her in the home she had made for herself, and also adopted an orphan to rear and care for, who is as an own daughter to her, in the years of her advanced maidenhood.

Not always can the strongest desire and the most determined will, with the best of aids, take one from the sick-room, while some need to be restrained rather than otherwise from using the little strength they may have gained. In this, I think however, it is not so much making a slight exertion, that injures, as to do it carelessly and perhaps overdoing at a single time, which often discourages from farther attempts.

But there are sluggish natures that need arousing, and not unfrequently the victims of a partially imaginary sickness that need to be coaxed out of themselves, as it were, into health again. And sometimes necessity does what nothing else can do for them.

A lady, really a sufferer from chronic and nervous diseases, was cared for by the kindest of husbands, who allowed her everything she thought she required and was in reality a martyr to her sickness and also to her whims. Her young daughter, too, became nurse and companion, while the mother, though able to make some exertion and take charge of her house, felt herself unable to go into society or see friends at her house. Half her disease was imaginary, and thus her home was a hospital. Then suddenly the devoted husband and father died, and with him died the salary that was their dependence, save a few hundred and a small life insurance. Something now must be done, and though the daughter hoped to obtain a few music pupils the mother felt obliged to come to the rescue. In her girlhood she had been very ingenious in fashioning her own and her sister's hats and bonnets, and had not entirely given up doing this work in her own family. Employment from friends was obtained, and she

entered upon her work till it became quite a thriving business in her hands. There was a necessity for her to see people, and as she had enough to suffer and to do without indulging in imaginary ills much of the nervous prostration and weakness left her, and she became in better health, better spirits, and was really a better mother and a better friend than before. She was never well, and had frequent days of decided suffering, but on the whole her necessities were a benefit to her health and to her higher, more perfect womanhood.

On the other hand there are those—often care-burdened wives and mothers, who are really ill, and who need nothing so much as an opportunity to rest and to take their ease, for a time at least. They see no way to do it, and the husband, perhaps, considers it all needless, and so they go on, living, and doing, and suffering, when a respite, or a change, might brace them up to a new lease on life. A change is often the best of remedies, and exertion, in some way other than the daily household duties, most beneficial to the invalid. Perfect idleness and thinking over one's ailments often increases the trouble; while if the mind and attention can be pleasantly occupied, and care for a time relaxed, much good can come from a period of comparative physical rest. To the slothful invalid on the other hand, some mild physical exertion may be the best medicine that could be prescribed.

But there is one thing which no invalid should allow themselves to do, and that is to sit down and study upon their own ailments, and thus keep thinking constantly of themselves. It is wise for every woman and young girl to have a well defined knowledge of physiology—and it can be studied at home nearly as well as at school—with an understanding of hygiene, or the laws of health. And it is also well to know what to do in cases of simple illness, and especially of accidents. But the moment an invalid begins to study all the symptoms of various diseases given, say in the "Family Physician," or some other real or pretended medical work, just so soon the imagination will run riot, and the patient will be considering himself, or herself, the victim of nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to (as I heard one young lady say of herself, though she was by no means an invalid or out of health in any general way).

It is said that young medical students frequently imagine themselves the subjects of this, that, and the other disease treated of in their books, and that it often requires a strong effort of the will to overcome the delusion. Physicians, as we well know, if sick, do not prescribe for themselves, while another physician is better in case of sickness, in their own families, than they are themselves.

And now having said all this, I know there are sufferers who must suffer on, and helpless ones be helpless still, and weak invalids who can never by any will or human power become strong or in comfortable health. Others must endure for a time, and then perhaps by wise measures and patient waiting may in a good measure recover health and strength.

But how to spend the long weary days—what to help make invalid life more cheerful and endurable we must leave till another time to talk about.

#### LETTERS TO ALICE.

Number Five.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

In your last letter, my dear Alice, you spoke of a beautiful chromo that you had seen during your last visit to New York,—an exquisite bit of coloring where the far blue mountain tops and the crests of the pine trees lay bathed in the golden sunlight, while away down in the valley below the herdsmen's huts slept in dim repose, and the brook wandered over the pebbles and among the mossy rocks so like a thing of life that one could almost hear its gurgling. You added "I longed to make it my own; and to hang upon my parlor wall that its imprisoned sunshine might brighten these long winter days, and give a glimpse of summer in the very heart of January. But I felt that I could not afford it."

Now, Alice, I want to whisper a little secret in your ear. Four yards of velvet ribbon, at twenty-five cents a yard, will cost just a dollar. How many times four yards did you tell me there were upon your new traveling suit? And what was the price of the chromo? Put this and that together at your leisure.

It seems to me that with you, as with many others, the question is not so much of absolute economy as of judicious expenditure. You are not compelled to live from "hand to mouth." Your yearly income, upon which you can depend with almost absolute certainty, although by no means an extravagant one, is yet large enough to cover all reasonable wants and to leave a margin for a rainy day. You know, almost to a penny, how much you can safely spend over and above what is actually required by the exigencies of your position in life, and after the "Lamp of Sacrifice" has enabled you to see clearly what is your duty to the way of charity and christian benevolence. How shall you spend that surplus?

Judicious expenditure—what does it mean? Buying nothing that one can possibly do without? Shutting one's purse closely except to demands for bread and butter, for fuel, and for such "fig-leaves" as are actually indispensable? Does it mean ministering to the body and overlooking the claims of the soul? Is that judicious expenditure? Nay, verily. Yet it is upon just such an expenditure that many householders, both men and women, pride themselves, deeming themselves patterns of thrift and praiseworthy economy.

Does judicious expenditure lie in the making of wonderful bargains? In running from store to store in order to discover, after half a day's labor, that A. B. and C. sell Merrimack prints at a quarter of a cent less per yard than do D. E. and F? In purchasing what you do not need because you fancy that the price of the article is less than it may be next year? In cumbering your house and wardrobe with useless articles merely because they are cheap?

A useless and needless purchase is dear at any price.

Is not judicious expenditure, such expenditure rather as will give to yourself and to your household the greatest amount of good, of real, solid, permanent happiness in exchange for your money?

Not long since I heard a lady say as she looked around the cheerful, homelike, tastefully adorned room in which she was sitting. "I wish my parlor was like this. Mine looks so bare, so empty. It needs brackets and statuettes, and ever so many things. But dear me! I can't afford them. We are not rich enough."

I looked at her in speechless astonishment. Not rich enough! Yet she was rich to wear—and what is more to the point, perhaps, to pay for—velvet and point lace. She was rich enough to buy a silk dress whenever she needed, or imagined that she needed it; to have half a dozen new hats and bonnets in the course of the year, and to procure whenever she fancied them the costly trifles that add so enormously to the expense of a woman's wardrobe. Yet she could not afford to beautify her home. That, according to her own showing, was bare, empty and unadorned.

Yet she was a woman of cultivated tastes, of great refinement of thought and feeling. She was not vain nor silly. She appreciated and loved the beautiful. She would have been infinitely happier, on the whole, if one-half the money that she yearly spent upon her person, had been spent for the "things of beauty" that are "joys forever." But she had given no thought to the matter. While she felt the lack in her home she had never looked about her for the remedy. Her purse was not exhausted, though perhaps it was better filled than yours or mine—and she had not paused to consider whether there was not some better investment than the one she was making. In short she had never wrought out any little problem like the one I presented for your consideration a few moments ago.

A set of fine laces is a good thing. But, if one cannot afford to have both, is not a sunny painting or a lovely chromo, or a choice engraving that tells some sweet or pathetic or ennobling story, a better thing? The laces lie folded away in one's drawer. Half a dozen times in the year, perhaps, they are brought out and exhibited of an evening; and perhaps at its close half a dozen women will say to their husbands, "Did you see Mrs. So-and-So's beautiful laces?" As for the rest, they neither knew or cared whether Mrs. So-and-So wore real point, or mock valenciennes. But the picture! That needs no interpreter. It is sufficient unto itself. Yearly, monthly, daily, hourly it does its own appointed work, cheering, elevating, consoling, strengthening. It is ever before you, a silent monitor, a most discreet and faithful friend. So, Alice, the next time you go to New York pray turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the young men who sing the praises of dry goods and millinery, shut your eyes to the sheen of ribbons and the floating of laces and buy your chromo.

Ruskin says that if one cannot have pictures that are perfect in their way,

or at least such as are very remarkably good, it is better to have none. Perhaps so—for Mr. Ruskin. But it is difficult to find perfection, and equally difficult to define it. One man's perfection would be another man's imperfection; and I venture to assure you, Alice, that you and I can find a great deal of pure enjoyment, a great deal of help, a great deal of strength in pictures that to Mr. Ruskin would seem very faulty and imperfect. Shall we go thirsty because we cannot quaff from the fountain head? Must we drink nothing because we cannot afford Orvieto, or the bottled sunshine of Monte-Beni? Shall the poor man starve because porter-house steaks are beyond his means?

So also of heads, of busts and of statuettes. Hardly one person in a thousand is able to purchase them in marble. Are we therefore compelled to go without them? Shall we have no flower-crowned Hebe, ever fair and ever young, no heavy-lidded Clytie, no dove-like Lesbia, no Psyche, beloved of the gods, no Diana, severely cold in her immaculate purity? Shall Eve, still pondering the mystery of temptation and sin, never look down upon us from some lofty niche? Shall the dear head of our Saviour, heavy with sorrow and bowed down with the weight of a world's transgression, never remind us of Love's triumph over Death?

If we cannot afford plum-cake, we can at least refresh ourselves with bread. If our purses refuse us marble, let us console ourselves with parian. If we cannot afford parian, let us satisfy our cravings with plaster.

In a dark by-street of one of our northern cities up a flight of dirty, rickety stairs, there was a few years ago a small dingy room. One about to enter it had need to gather up one's skirts very closely, for the white dust lay everywhere, not only thick, but aggressive. The little room was both workshop and studio; and it was overflowing with moulds and models, busts and statuettes in all stages of progress. Dante and Shakespeare, Milton and Raphael and Rembrandt looked down from brackets on the wall. Galileo, a stately, imposing figure, sat there in severest majesty, surrounded by maps, charts and scrolls, and holding the world in his strong right hand. You felt as you gazed upon the quiet, thoughtful, resolute face, that the firm lips might open and say again, as they had said centuries ago, "But it moves, nevertheless." There half sitting, half reclining, Cleopatra rested upon a royal couch—beautiful, majestic, true daughter of the Ptolemies, and yet earnest, impassioned, proud and tender woman. That single cast, which was exquisitely finished, placed upon a suitable pedestal, would have been an ornament to any room, possessing a value far above upholstery and black walnut. But it could have been purchased for the paltry sum of three dollars and a half. How long would it have taken my friend who lamented the bareness of her parlors, to have saved that amount from her ribbons and breast knots?

Yet one's home need not be bare of ornament, prosaic and void of brightness, even if one cannot afford simple pictures and plaster casts. There are

ferns and mosses to be had for the gathering; there are bright tinted autumn leaves that flutter about our feet, mutely beseeching us to press them and arrange them in tasteful forms, that so they may be saved for a while from utter annihilation. Roses and geraniums, pinks and fuchsias will bloom in the poor man's window just as freely as in the rich man's conservatory. Simple hanging baskets, such as the very poorest can procure, formed even from the shells of cocoanuts, or from the small roots of trees interwoven in fantastic shapes, with a wooden bowl in the center, will overflow with bloom and verdure. Ivy will cling as gracefully to a white-washed wall, and stretch its green arms hither and you, as eagerly and happily as if trained upon frescoed ceilings or around plate-glass windows. I hope you have at least one little stand of plants, Alice. They will repay you a thousand-fold for all your care, your patience, your watching: and will brighten your home as hardly any other adornment can. You will learn to prize them, too, not merely for the sake of their beauty and perfume, but for their own sakes. You will think of them after a time almost as of loving, sentient human beings; who rejoice in your presence and grieve when you are away. And as you see them ever turning toward the light—stretching out their yearning, tender arms toward their God, the Sun—drawing color and loveliness and full development from his smile, they will speak to you of your God, and you will feel that you need the sunshine of His presence, the dew of His love, the support of His strength. If you have none, get you some plants, dear Alice, even before you get the chromo!

#### MEN'S PART IN HOME-MAKING.

Most of the preachments we have seen from the text of happy homes have been aimed at the women. This is natural enough for they are the home-makers of the world; and in a future number we shall "join in the chorus," and also say something to the young folks about their part in a work from which no responsible member of the family can be excused. But just now we desire to nudge the heads of the households, and ask them how they are performing their responsible part in the realm of home. Most men seem to think they have little to do in creating an "atmosphere of home." Their forte lies in breathing and enjoying the atmosphere after somebody else has made it—and not a few can't get along and make known their authority without "raising a breeze" in it. Men are too busy, too much preoccupied, too impatient and thoughtless, and—it must be said of some of them—too selfish to do their fair share of that pre-eminently millennial work, the creating of a happy home, wherein love reigns supreme, and amiability, affection, cheerfulness, joy and peace are the natural conditions of family life.

Now, in certain things man has been a constitutional shirk from the time of Adam—if the scientific gentleman have left us any Adam—down to this day. Men will fight for their homes, and make slaves of themselves to their

business to maintain them; but like the proverbial man who would die for a woman, but never would bring up a scuttle of coal, they can't tell what their children are studying at school, who their mates are, what they are learning of good or evil, nor hardly anything else that a father ought to know concerning his offspring. It is so sad a fact as to spoil the satire, when it is said that many a father finds his Sundays and holidays too few to enable him to "become acquainted with his boys." But we maintain that a man who hasn't time to be a father to his children, with all that includes, has no right to have any. He wrongs them, robs himself, puts an unjust responsibility upon the mother, and neglects his highest duties, human and divine.

There are so many ways in which a father may contribute to happy homelife that it seems strange the number of houses should so greatly exceed the homes. It takes so little to make children happy at home, that it is a wondrous pity so many little ones are miserable, or uneasy, or discontented. If for an hour after the evening meal the father should give himself to his children, would the mother wear out so fast, or the children be so lawless, troublesome and uncomfortable? What a ministry for good to both parties is a papa's frolic with the babies! What an interest is added to the books, the drawings, the games, or even the studies, if father enters into them!

Aside from the children, and in homes where haply there are none, men still have a more direct part than most of them are ready to bear, in making the daily life pleasant. We hardly need say that a man should set the example for the family in patience, cheerfulness, courtesy, forbearance, and all the amiable moods and graces that are the soul of home happiness. The sort of men who display all their suavity and politeness on the street or at their business places, and save the storms, and sulks, and sourness, and all the evil brood of devilish dispositions that they characterize by the convenient euphemism, of "moods"—well, we have our opinion of them! and if they will come within range we don't mind expressing it privately; but we are afraid it wouldn't look well in print!

The whole tribe of home tyrants; men who make the entire household revolve around them as the center; whose tongues are chronically "furred" in the morning, and nerves so upset in the evening that the family must keep silence while they read and smoke; who "can't bear" the noise of innocent and natural mirthfulness; who have to be toadied and tended and humored; they ought all of them to be doomed to pass their days in shabby-genteel boarding-houses, without sight of wife or children—with hash for breakfast, warmed-over pancakes for lunch, and lean mackerel and centennial hens for supper, with the lodger overhead always learning the trombone, and servant girls that steal the hair oil. They don't deserve a home, and no man does who will do nothing to make it. For man's rights do not include the right to all the comforts of a home without any of the work, or worry, or self-sacrifice.

or thoughtfulness and well-doing incident to its creation and maintenance.

A good many men think they have done their full duty if they pay the bills, more or less grudgingly. But one might as well try to warm a room with a fire-place and a pair of silver-plated andirons, and no fuel or fire, as to make a home with money. The money simply makes a place for the home: to complete it the man must put in himself, and the best part of himself, at that.—*Golden Rule.*

#### AN APPEAL FOR AID.

MR. EDITOR:—Please find enclosed the subscription price of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year, which I should like sent from January 1877 to January 1878. My sister has taken your excellent paper for several years, and I have read hers freely, but now I am going to have it for myself.

Now, Mr. Crowell, I want to ask you to spare me space to say a few words to the ladies through the paper. You see I have got myself into business and I want your help. The fact is, that when I offered in the February number of THE HOUSEHOLD to send samples and directions how to make zephyr flowers, I thought that half a dozen or so of our HOUSEHOLD sisters were going to write me, and I had an idea that I should correspond with them, giving lessons and sending samples, and receiving from them in return some mutual benefit, but when I received so many letters that—well I stopped counting at sixty-five, and still they come—to illustrate, when I ask the postmaster "If there are any more of those letters?" he answers, "Millions of them." [Moral—Don't advertise your business in THE HOUSEHOLD unless you are prepared for precisely this result. It never fails. ED. HOUSEHOLD.]

Well, I answered until my arm was lame, and have prepared boxes of samples for some, for we became convinced that to learn so as to be of real benefit and do nice work, they must have some perfect specimens of all the different kinds of work as well as leaves and flowers in different stages of completion.

Many have offered fancy work in return, and some send for my terms. One young lady says she saw a wreath at the Cincinnati Exposition and she will gladly pay for it if she may learn, etc. Some have sent stamps, and some without sending stamps have written a business like note requesting that their samples and directions may be sent by return mail. Some have asked for a sample. Now I wish to explain that my wreaths are not made all one way, but include many ways, as a leaf that would look natural for a lily would not make a China aster, and roses are not made like daisies, pansies and autumn leaves and—well I must stop sometime.

I will say to all those (except those I have written to and made terms with) that I will send them a box containing nice samples of all the different kinds of work, and will either write directions as plain as possible which will be understood with the flowers to look at, or, with your permission, will write the directions for THE HOUSEHOLD.

I will do this for two dollars for each box. I cannot possibly send them free, as it would take a good deal of zephyr, wire, expenses of sending, as well as weeks of work.

Allow me to suggest a way which will make it easy for those who wish. If I remember aright there are no two letters from the same place, but have come from Maine to California, so there will be no difficulty for each to find three others who may join them, each paying fifty cents apiece and learning from the same samples, and when they have all learned, dividing the samples between them as they can agree. Oh, dear! my few words are so long that I fear they will never appear in our HOUSEHOLD, and I shall have written it for nought. None need fear that they will not be satisfied with their specimens, for I intend to do the fair thing by all, but patience! for I cannot make all at once, but will take them in the order that I receive their communication containing the required amount.

To those who have sent stamps, one, two, three, etc., and one lady sent nine, that if they do not send as I have suggested in this, that I will write them sending some information in a letter. Letters which do not contain any stamp and postal cards I cannot answer unless they wish the box of samples as indicated above.

Mrs. M. E. J.

Akron, Erie Co., N. Y.

We append the following letter as a fitting sequel to the above.—ED.

I wish to acknowledge through THE HOUSEHOLD the receipt of some zephyr flowers, and instructions for making, from Mrs. M. E. Johns, Akron, N. Y. I think the flowers very beautiful, and easy to make. Those wishing to acquire the knowledge of such work would do wisely to write to her, enclosing postage stamp, etc., for returning the wished for instruction, for they imitate the natural flowers very perfectly.

Miss D. R. R.

Hanover, N. H.

#### NELLIE'S PLAN.

BY PANSIE PERT.

Do any of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD feel compelled to make their list of magazines and other reading matter smaller for the coming year? To them, then, I write, and for their benefit give the details of a conversation held between the writer and a girl friend, not many days ago.

"Nellie," said I, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, "how is it you have so many periodicals this year, while last year you had none?"

She gave a satisfied little laugh, as she replied, "Ah! *mon ami*, thereby hangs a tale; you shall have it however, and then you may put it into readable shape for some of my sisters in tribulation. You must know in the first place, papa—good soul—last year began to think, talk, and dream hard times; yes, he had that dreadful epidemic very hard, and the most aggravating way in which it showed itself was in the stoppage of the influx of reading matter into our home. Our evenings had always been delightful; the boys stayed at home perfectly lamb-like, and in the long winter even-

ings the curtains were drawn, a nice cosey fire blazing on the hearth, (papa would have a fire-place in our new house,) then we would make a circle around the center-table, papa in his large chair, busily at work but as bright and interested as any of us, and then Fred, Frank, Lizzie, and your humble servant. We children read aloud for the general edification, in turns. Oh! it was just solid comfort! We had a number of papers, magazines, and occasionally a new book. You may well suppose I was aghast at the thought of giving up our beloved 'readings,' as we called them; but papa was perfectly sure that he would be utterly ruined if we did not retrench, so for the year of eighteen hundred and seventy-four—peace be to its ashes—we managed to survive with but little reading, but I decided that the next year should behold our readings revived again; but how I had to manage! First, I called a council of war, and said to my brothers:

'You degenerated urchins, how many cigars do you smoke in the course of a day, on an average?'

They declared they were very temperate and did not exceed two a day. Well, I coaxed them, teased them, scolded them, called them 'old darlings' and 'great bears,' till they promised—I suspect to get rid of me—to content themselves with one a day and give me the ten cents extra, or sixty cents a week. Only think! a dollar and twenty cents every Saturday night! I put away the amount every week into a work box, and such a miser as I made of myself all that blessed year. I levied taxes on papa occasionally, bought fewer neckties, got only eighteen yards of cloth for my new suit when I ought to have had twenty-one, and economized generally, aided and abetted by Lizzie and *ma mere*. At the end of the year there was a counting of the hoarded treasure, and you may believe I felt as wealthy as—well, he said his name was 'Capt. Kidd as he sailed,' so I do not know what it was on *terra firma*—Lizzie danced till every curl on her head was horizontal instead of perpendicular. The little work box held just eighty dollars, and my experiment was a triumph. Such a list of literary goodies as I made out would have made your mouth water; all the first-class magazines and papers, and then quite a nice little sum was left, so we bought a Webster's unabridged dictionary, and some beautiful volumes of poems. Mamma was delighted with the success of my little plan, papa beamed with satisfaction, and the boys declared in their awful slang that I was 'a perfect brick.' Now I have given you my experience and you must be my scribe and send it to our dear old HOUSEHOLD."

Here it is, with the "scribe's" best bow to all of the sisters, and the prayer of "Tiny Tim."

#### LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

I. L. Cragin & Co., 119 So. Fourth St., 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.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—My bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap came in due time. You wish me to give my "honest opinion" of it, which I will cheerfully do. To say that I am delighted with it is not saying half enough in its favor. I put the clothes to soak according to directions, and commenced wringing them out with only a little hand rubbing. I would not have believed they would have been so white and clean, had I not seen for myself. I could scarcely believe my own eyes, so much hard labor saved—boiling of clothes entirely done away with—no house filled with steam, and nothing to do after nine o'clock Monday morning. I almost wondered if I was dreaming. I am just thinking how nice it will be on a hot summer morning, to heat the water, put the clothes to soak, eat our breakfast, and find our washing done in a twinkling, and seat ourselves on the cool piazza and pity our friends and neighbors who are rubbing away with grandmother's old fashioned lye soap until noon. So I say "three cheers for Dobbins' Electric Soap." I shall advise all my friends to use it.

Mrs. A. M. IVES.

Hatley, Province of Quebec.

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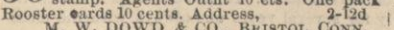
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