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THE HOUSEHOLD

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

ESTABLISHED 1868.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 9.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1876.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

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

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THE SUMMER'S DEATH.

Hotly the glare of the August
Burnt to the heart of the city;
Summer is dying, its roses
Wither in sorrowful pity—
Pity for days now departed,
Days that shall have no returning;
Wept by the sorrowful hearted,
Mourned for and longed for with yearning.

Summer, thou beautiful summer,
Sweet as the heart of a maiden,
Bringing the song-bird and hummer
Bee, with his sweets overladen;
Now thou art passing and dying,
Passing away in thy glory;
Fading and sinking and sighing—
This is the end of life's story.

Soon shall thy hours of transition
Seem but a thing to remember—
Seem but the glance of a vision
Seen through the light of September,
Gone are the days of thy gladness,
Hears that have loved thee are sighing;
Burdened with sorrow and sadness,
Summer, bright Summer, is dying.

Passing, Oh, beautiful season,
Season of songbird and sweetness,
Touching our lives into reason,
Rounding them into completeness;
Vainly we grasp thee, for gliding,
August makes way for the comers,
Nothing of earth is abiding.
Summer thou beautiful Summer.

—Selected.

CONCERNING PINES.

OUR greatest regret regarding pines, says the New England Farmer, is, that we cannot get enough of them, or set them fast enough. We would have a line of them on the northerly side of every orchard we care to cultivate, and on every barren or unsightly knoll, and in every spot on the farm where they would protect the fields from the fierce winds and storms in winter. There is scarcely a farm on any sandy plain, or exposed hillside, that could not be made to produce more and better crops if one-eighth of the land now cultivated were judiciously set to evergreen trees. They break the force of violent winds in summer, when the

tender crops are growing, and in winter, when the fields are bare. Growing around farm buildings, they afford a welcome shelter for poultry, and other animals, and scattered over a farm, in the right places, they add a charm to the scenery which nothing else can.

Pines seem to increase the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Let one try the experiment some cold windy day, of standing for a short time on the northern, and then on the southern side of a pine grove. The difference in the climate is often as great as between March and May. The north winds as they come down over the snow covered hills, are checked in their course by the millions of fine, narrow leaves which hold the air stationary, like the double walls of an ice-chest. It is not always the coldest air that is the hardest to bear. We all know how much colder it seems to ride against, than with the wind, in a cold day. Cold air in motion, takes the heat rapidly from everything with which it comes in contact.

Dry still air or as it is sometimes called dead air, is an excellent non-conductor of heat. Dead air keeps ice from melting in the ice-house and refrigerator. Dead air in the walls of stables keeps the cattle warm, and the manure from freezing. Dead air around our own bodies affords excellent protection from the cold air outside; and dead air, held comparatively stationary among the fine, needle-like leaves which cover our pine trees, affords an excellent protection from the cold to whatever comes within its influence. Our own senses are very poor indicators of the temperature of the air or surrounding objects.

Inexperienced persons often suppose that a thermometer will show a lower point of mercury on the windy side of a building than on the opposite, even when not affected by the sun, because it seems so much colder where the wind blows. Mercury carried from a warm room would contract and run down the glass faster in wind than in still air, just as our fingers will freeze sooner in the wind than if protected from its power of rapidly absorbing heat. The heat our animals and our plants thrive in so well comes from the sun, and we would endeavor to save it as much as is within our power by protecting our stables and our fields from the fierce winds which, when unobstructed, carry away this heat and disperse it so rapidly.

To this end, pines or other evergreen trees may be planted on the exposed sides of fields or buildings with marked effect and great advantage. Besides their use in tempering the

climate, they are, when well grown, a beautiful addition to any landscape, either in summer or winter.

ERRORS IN ORNAMENTAL TREE PLANTING.

An observing traveler remarks: How often one is forcibly, not to say painfully, struck by the utter want of taste and judgment displayed in the matter of ornamental tree planting. In some instances evergreens are planted in the immediate front of houses, and so near to them that, although they had obtained only a partial growth, the branches are already intruding themselves into the veranda, thereby not only inconveniencing the residents, but presenting anything else rather than a handsome appearance, and threatening in the course of a few years, to almost entirely exclude the sunlight from that portion of the premises. Many old residences are open to similar objections. No greater error in taste, or in the important matter of health, can be committed than this.

Trees, however beautiful, should never be planted so near the house as to bar out the sunshine. There is no more effectual method of destroying their beauty, nor a better plan for introducing disease. I have known houses, thus crowded upon by trees of dense foliage, that became so unhealthy as to be regarded as almost untenable. They were restored to fitness for human habitation by removing a portion of the trees that obstructed the sunlight and the free circulation of the air.

Another error in ornamental tree planting is the setting of trees of large growth in a small yard, and especially as is frequently done in cemetery lots. Just as lofty mountains dwarf adjacent hills, so large trees have the effect of lessening to the eye the size of small yards or small buildings. It is sound and seasonable counsel, therefore, to advise all persons who are about to plant ornamental trees adjacent to dwellings, or in small yards or gardens, to have an eye to taste and health. Let them be in keeping in point of size, with the building or plot they are intended to beautify; and, moreover, let the planting be not so close as to shut out the blessed light of the health-giving sun.

—From a series of experiments at different seasons it was found that evergreens bore transplanting during the first two weeks in June and in the month of September better than at any other time. But whenever done the roots must be kept moist and unexposed and the ground well mulched. “tome,” it is not so easily discovered,



POISONOUS WALL-PAPER.

ARSENIC is a deadly poison, especially when absorbed by the pores of the skin or inhaled with the breath. Arsenical preparations will poison the atmosphere of a house and slowly work their evil effects. As a part of coloring matter in certain wall-papers they cover a large surface; they are feebly adhesive to the paper and are slowly rubbed from it by alterations of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, by currents of air, by sweeping and dusting, and, being dislodged, they form part of the impalpable dust always dancing in the air. A ray of sunlight in a room at once defines the presence of minute particles in the air, among which are the arsenical pigments, if the room is exposed to them. The various surfaces of the air-passages absorb these particles, and palpable injury is done. Among the evils caused are catarrh, bronchitis, neuralgia, dyspepsia, pain in the bones and joints, headache, debility, and a thousand natural ills; chronic disease, “a sense of giddiness,” depression of spirits may be produced. How far women who “go into a decline” may be affected is by no means problematical. Travel may benefit such, but a return home to the malign and mysterious influences of the predisposing cause may renew the trouble.

All well informed physicians know how injurious it is to pass much time in museums where anatomical preparations and stuffed animals have been protected by arsenic against moth and worms; and they should warn their patients against anything in the room which may give suspicion of containing arsenic, mercury, or any other poisonous substance subject to slow evaporation.

Manufacturers of these papers ought to know how baneful they are; those who sell them ought to know also. Generally speaking, every one knows that the bright green colors are arsenical, and that they are poisonous. But they are pretty and striking, and so they are on the walls of houses, in theaters and elsewhere, where beauty and brilliancy of color are desirable. The arsenical green is not in the ground-work of the cheaper papers; it is too costly, but it may be in the ornamental part. It is ordinarily easily detected by the eye; used as a

and it may escape notice as a part of other shades.

So important was this matter considered, that the state chemist of Michigan procured samples of arsenical paper and had them placed as a warning on exhibition in all the public libraries of the state. The report cites numerous facts bearing upon this subject. In one case where severe sickness occurred in a family, it was found that the wall-paper had set free into the atmosphere of a bedroom an ounce of arsenic every six months. This was proved by an analysis of the faded wall-paper and of new paper of the same pattern and purchase. Four or five grains to the square foot is not uncommon. In some instances children have been experimented upon, and a short stay in a suspected room has soon developed the same symptoms that others had experienced who had occupied the room before. Often a decided malefic influence has been felt after sweeping or dusting.

What is the remedy for this? Tear the paper from the walls or cover it with a thin varnish, which will securely fix the dangerous pigment. But first test the paper you buy; the green, arsenical colors are soluble in ammonia water. If a little ammonia water poured on the paper discharges the green color, or produces such a change in the color indicating the removal of the green, the paper should be rejected, as it probably contains arsenic. To identify the presence of arsenic in any paper, wet the paper with ammonia water, pour off this water on a clean piece of glass and drop into this a crystal of nitrate of silver or a small piece of lunar caustic. If a yellow precipitate forms around the crystal, it indicates the presence of arsenic.

The subject is worth consideration everywhere; this poison is all around us. An intelligent examination of wall-paper may close up avenues and sources of disease now altogether unsuspected.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

PREPARING WALLS FOR PAPER.

All walls which have to be papered even if they are new, should be well rubbed down with a large piece of pumice stone, cut and rubbed to a flat side; this will take off all bits and projections. All holes, cracks and broken places should then be carefully stopped with plaster of Paris. The smallest crevice will serve as a breeding place for vermin, and no house is safe from them, as they are often in the wood when the house is built. When the walls are well rubbed down and dusted they may be sized and papered in the usual manner, but care should be taken that all edges, corners and laps are well pasted down, so that there may be no opening for vermin to get under the paper.

If we are about to repaper a room the old paper should in all cases be stripped off and every particle of the old paste washed clean off the walls. Every hole and crevice should be stopped as before described. The walls should then be washed with a weak mixture of carbolic acid and water, or other disinfectant, in order to destroy any remains of mould or

fungi which may have germinated from the decay of the flour paste. Except this is done the mould will appear again, for there is scarcely anything so difficult to eradicate if it gets hold.

If these precautions were taken every time a room is repapered, our bed-rooms would be much more healthy than they now are. A great improvement would be made in our bed-rooms if the walls behind the skirting-boards were plastered or cemented down to the flooring-boards, instead of being unplastered, thus leaving a cavity for the accumulation of dust and the harboring of mice and other vermin, and the consequent conservation of bad smells.

A very nice style of decorating a bed-room is to paper it with one of those self-colored papers—that is, paper that has been colored in the pulp—of which there are many tints made. If the room is done with one of these, of a suitable tint, and a neat floral border run around the top and bottom, the result will be pleasing and good. These papers have an advantage over any other, inasmuch as they have no ground color upon them. Thus we have less coloring matter on the walls than by any paper or other process. Bedroom walls simply colored with an agreeable tint of color and bordered with a paper border are clean-looking and healthy.—*N. Y. Herald.*

ETIQUETTE.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—With your permission I would like to write a few lines on etiquette, as Una asks questions on that subject. She writes of living in an up-stairs tenement, and has to invite visitors up-stairs. In all cases, without an exception, gentlemen ought to precede ladies up-stairs, as the impropriety of doing otherwise is readily perceived, and in Una's case, it does not appear awkward, as the time in which the visitors tarry in the upper hall is so very brief, that, a few words, suitable for the occasion, accompanied with ease and grace, would throw off all embarrassment.

Again, she wishes to know if one ought to shake hands with every one to whom they are introduced. Respect and politeness are due to all. The shaking of hands is but a mere form in an introduction. One is not obliged to renew the acquaintance, if he or she does not wish it. Again, Una ought to use her own judgment in inviting a lady or gentleman to call on her at their first meeting. "Circumstances alter cases," the old adage says. It is not often desirable to form some acquaintances, therefore, the propriety of the occasion does not compel one to invite them.

She also wishes to know if one is expected when invited out to tea to return the compliment by asking the whole family. She can give the family a cordial invitation to visit her which ought to be sufficient. Also it is essential to politeness to thank people who inquire after our health.

I think if people would often consider the principles of etiquette, they seldom would be obliged to refer to the rules upon that subject.

AMEY.

PAPERING WHITEWASHED WALLS.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I see in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD a request for some one to send a recipe for papering on whitewashed walls, and not have the paper fall off. I have had occasion to paper on whitewashed walls twice, with good success. I use raw paste instead of cooked. B. B.

Marengo, Iowa.



FLOWER CHAT.

I HAVE just completed a new hanging-basket; it will be a beauty in a month or such a matter, but now looks almost scraggy. I shall tell you how it is made. While I was making soap I gathered some pieces of telegraph wire that had been lying in the tool-house for twenty years or more. I cut them into just the right length, (43 inches), with an old ax, then after heating one end of each piece in my fire beneath the soap-kettle, until they were "red-hot," bent it into a hook with the pincers, and then put the other end through this hook or loop, heated again, and bent it back in the same manner. After allowing them to cool, I beat and pounded all the dents out, and succeeded in obtaining a very fair ring or hoop of each piece thus treated.

Two of these were then taken, tied at equal distance apart with cord, then an old bucket-bail put in the upper one, and suspended by this means to the ceiling of the wash-house, allowing it to hang low enough to be convenient for working with; now old hoops from skeleton hoop-skirts were woven between the two rings, up and down, backward and forward, across the bottom, and in all directions, always taking care to fasten the work well by bending them around the wire. Now it was ready for filling, but, owing to other things insisting on being done first, and so much work hurrying us, several days elapsed ere enough leisure time could be gained to get our materials ready. At last there came a favorable moment, and Jessie and I seized it, took our baskets and went to the woods, coming back well laden with moss from the trunks of trees, the ground, old stumps, and all those places that it loves to cluster around—such lovely, velvety moss, of every shade of green—and not forgetting some pretty branches of fern.

Before putting our moss in, we wound the wires with Spanish moss, or simply placed it in and out among the wires, leaving the long sprays hanging down; then placed the wood moss over the bottom of the basket, green side down. At the lower edge of the basket we put slips of *Tran*
descantia *Zebrina*; then moss up the sides, taking care to place slips of *Tran*
descantia *Zebrina* and *Tran*
descantia *repens* *vittata* in the crevices between—far enough to allow their reaching the soil. After proceeding

in this way until the sides were lined, we put in good, rich soil (for fear you may think this a small hanging-basket, let me tell you it held three gallons of soil); then placed the *Tran*
descantia around the edge, planted the fern in the center, placed moss over the soil, and, after dampening it all nicely, hung it in a cellar, near a window, and here we shall leave it for a few days—sprinkling it every morning—until it gets thoroughly established and starts to growing. Then we will remove it to the shade of a tree, or suspend it in the north porch, and water every day; and I know it will be refreshing to feast one's eyes upon in the long, hot days of midsummer.

Nothing is lovelier, to my eyes at least, than a well-kept hanging-basket, and nothing is more pitiful looking than a half-watered, starving one. Such a one always makes me feel like dumping its contents out, underneath the currants or some such suitable place, to regain their freshness.

There are so many women and girls imagine they must have them, and soon as the newness wears away forget to water them, consequently the poor plants are starved to death, and the cry is "no luck." We sprinkle ours every day with nice lukewarm water, and several times through the week give them a "ducking"—plunging them in the water until they are real wet, then hang them up to drip. This method of plunging must not be resorted to until the plants are growing, and the soil is held together by the roots, or when the basket is lifted it will "wash out" in many places. I did think of giving a partial list of plants suitable for baskets, but I shall not attempt such a thing—I would utterly fail. There are so many lovely things suitable for this purpose, and each has a peculiar beauty of its own, not obtainable by another.

How well I would love to own one of those lovely hanging-baskets, filled to overflowing with beauty, that florists advertise in their catalogues, but we farmer folks must be content with "home manufacture" for awhile longer, especially now when every one unites with every one else in croaking hard times. I am going to keep hoping for the "good time coming" though, and I earnestly hope if I ever am permitted to "see my ship come in," I may see among the "gallant treasures that she bears for me" a pretty good stock of hanging-baskets and lovely flowers. "God's smiles," some one has called the flowers, and I love to call them this, too. Here I am, taking up too much space with my chat. Perhaps I shall tell you more about our hanging-baskets, and some about our flowers at a future time.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE CARNATION THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

It is well known that the examination of flowers and vegetables of every description by the microscope opens a new and interesting field of wonders to the inquiring naturalist. Sir John Hill has given the following account of what appeared on his examining a carnation:

The principal flower in an elegant bouquet was a carnation; the fragrance

of this led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satisfied with the powerful sweet, the ear was constantly assailed by an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from little creatures suited to produce it. I instantly distended the lower part of a flower, and placing it in a full light could discover troops of little insects frisking with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves and the little threads that occupied its center. What a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky husk that surrounded the scene of action!

Adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments. The microscope had given what nature seemed to have denied to objects of contemplation. The base of the flower extended itself under its influence to a vast plain; the stems of its slender leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, perterres and terraces.

On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in large companies, the winged inhabitants. These, from little, dusky flies—for such only the naked eye could have shown them—were raised to glorious, glittering animals, stained with a glossy gold that would have made all the labors of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs, vieing with the empyrean in its blue; and their eyes, each formed of a thousand others, out-gleamed the little planes on a brilliant, above description, and too great almost for admiration.

PRESERVING FLOWERS.

Paraffine is nearly transparent, and is used for preserving flowers by dipping them into it and withdrawing them quickly, when a thin coat of it instantly sets, and closes all the pores of the flowers thus treated. To be successful the flowers should be fresh, perfectly dry and free from dew or moisture, of pure white or of delicate tints.

The paraffine should not be hotter than to just liquify it. Dip each flower separately, holding them by the stem. The paraffine should be the best; melt in a new tin, set in hot water, which should be hot enough to keep the paraffine in a liquid state.

To preserve the green leaves, coat them with green wax, or with the paraffine prepared with the addition of green powdered paint. Chrome green is best, to make it lighter, chrome yellow. Some use the run-

ning pine, and mosses, while others make the leaves of wax. COM.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed a request of a young lady wishing a recipe for preserving flowers, to look as when first gathered. I should like to have her try this.

Gather the flowers when perfectly dry. Wash and dry some sand and pour it into a very fine sieve, to remove all the small particles of dust that the water did not remove, then through a coarser sieve to get the larger grains out so to have them all as near as possible of an equal size, then put some of the sand in a box deep enough to place the stems of the flowers in, take a sieve or funnel and sift the sand over the flowers so as to cover every part. It must be done very carefully so as to keep the parts of the flowers in their places and not break them.

Put them in a place where they will not be disturbed and not be too warm, let them remain two or three weeks as you think best, according to the kinds of flowers; when you want to take them out turn the box sideways so as to let the sand run out till you can get hold of the stems. They will be brittle but in two or three days they will draw dampness sufficient to toughen them. FANNIE L. E. W.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

FERNERIES.

In planting ferns of all kinds it is well to remember that they do best in coarse-grained, not sifted, soil, except perhaps for seedlings which are being started under grass. A very tasteful addition to the plants of stock beds will be a few rods of our common evergreen ivy, which will flourish beautifully, and cling to the stone over which it clammers just as upon a wall.

Another design for a fernery in a small front-yard will be to build up a kind of pillar of rock work, formed of old bricks or stones, which may be most convenient to obtain, leaving numerous openings on both sides, into which the ferns are to be planted, also tradescantia, saxifrage, or any other hanging plant, a bunch of handsome wall-ferns, such as maiden-hair, forming a graceful tuft to crown the top. If in a very shady, damp place, the bricks will soon become green and mossy, which will greatly improve the general effect.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

WAX FRUIT.

To make the moulds, take as much stiff clay as you will need, mix with a little powdered soapstone, spread it over the fruit you wish to make, taking care to make it smooth. Boil the white wax with enough powdered chalk to keep it from rising or falling, cut the mould around the fruit, taking care not to cut the fruit, with a knife spread the wax in the inside of the mould after taking the fruit out, let it harden, then break the mould off, hold the edges of the wax to the fire, then press the two edges together, and with a sharp knife remove the ridge made by pressing it together. Color with the best ground colors, using the fruit

M. E.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Great value is attached to this flower by many persons, who understanding its uses, cultivate it for the good they may derive from it in the farm yard. It grows very easily, in any situation, where it can have plenty of sunshine, close to a fence or wall. The seeds form an excellent food for poultry, and by a little care will prove a matter of great economy to the farmer. Simply cut off the heads of the plants, tie them up in bunches, and hang them in a dry place. They will fatten the hens and cause them to lay more abundantly.

FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—If any of your subscribers who do not live near the ocean, would like some sea moss for pressing on cards, I will send them some upon the receipt of a stamped, directed envelope. I believe directions for preparing it were in a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD. Address, Miss NELLY M. BAILEY.

Melrose Highlands, Mass.

MR. CROWELL:—May I ask through your columns, what I ought to do with my begonia rex? The leaves are small but it keeps sending out new ones, and the old ones drop off when about three inches long. I treat it the same as I do my geraniums and they are healthy. If some one will please answer, they will greatly oblige, COLORADO.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Will some one tell me what I can do to make my bird sing. It seems well, has been a splendid singer until the last five months.

C. W. B.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—Please inquire if any of your readers can inform me of the process of bleaching ferns without skeletonizing them, and greatly oblige,

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. CROWELL:—Tell H. E. H. in respect to the black flies on her plants, to take soot from the chimney of a wood fire and scatter over the soil in her pots of plants, say a tablespoonful to a medium sized pot, and then water gently so as not to wash off the soot. I have found this a sure remedy. Where stoves are used to the exclusion of old fashioned fire-places, scrape the inside of lids, stove, or pipe, and get some. If not effectual the first time repeat in one week, and stir the soil before watering. MARY A. B.

Martinsburg, O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I would like some one to give me a list of flowers that will grow from cuttings. I love flowers, but alas! I know so little about raising them. And will some one be so kind as to tell me whether grass can be colored with green aniline? such as is sold in bottles with directions for coloring dry goods. I tried it on grass as directed for goods but failed.

Mrs. V. P.

I have a fernery which cost me ten cents and a pie plate. Would it be of any help to tell others that crockery merchants often have accidents happen

to their glass globes so they are cracked, (the globes not the merchants,) and these they sell much cheaper? Ferneries can be made to look more natural by placing among the mosses bits of looking glass, as if the plants inside grew by running water in a lake.

M. E. C.

To A Subscriber; for a fresh water aquarium the best plants are American starwort, mermaid-weed, cala lily, and eel-grass. Any kind of moss from the bottom of some stream will add much to its beauty. You should have two or three goldfish or minnows, water-newts, mussels, tadpoles, and be sure of some snails, as besides being interesting they keep the glass and water clean. They will not require much feeding. Cracker crumbs, and small particles of beef are very good, and if you have minnows you will find them fond of Indian meal.

AMANDA.

MR. CROWELL:—Please ask some of your contributors to inform me the process of frosting wax flowers, those that are all white, and can any colored flowers be frosted? I have seen small bottles of frosting for which they charged fifty cents, and is there any method which I can take that would be less expense. I have made both colored and white flowers and heard of frosted flowers but never saw any, but thought I should like to make a cross of the frosted ones also. What is the neatest way of fastening them to the cross, and will the cross need frosting?

Bedford, N. H.

L. E. S.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I take a number of papers but like THE HOUSEHOLD best of any of them. I see by a late number that in the Questions and Answers, T. would like to know how to preserve evergreens to use with wax flowers. I think I can give her the desired information. Procure a pot or can of green paint, such as is used for painting window blinds, (you can get it at any paint shop, and it will cost about thirty-five cents,) get ten cents worth of spirits of turpentine, put the paint in an old tin dish, and enough turpentine to make it quite thin; take the evergreens, when first picked, if you have had them awhile put them in the cellar a day or two before using, dip them in the paint and shape them, put them on papers to dry, turning every day until dry. You can preserve mosses the same way.

Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how to make bouquets of autumn leaves. Tie the leaves on broom corn. An old broom taken apart will do as well. MRS. E. O. D.

GEO. E. CROWELL.—Dear Sir:—If Abbie F. will dissolve some gum arabic in the water she floats her sea-moss, she will have no difficulty in making it adhere to the cardboard.

Northampton, Mass. MARY J. S.

Take long stems of raisins, pick off the fruit carefully, leaving it as scrappy as possible, then get lumps of red wax and melt it and while quite warm dip two or three times, and you will have some beautiful sprays of coral.

W. J. F.



THE LOOM OF LIFE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love wove in!
Click, click! and another of wrong and sin:
What a checkered thing will this life be,
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one.
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Nor you or I.
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know.
And some day the last thread shall be wove in,
God grant that it be love instead of sin.
Are we spinners of woof for this life-web—say!
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better then, oh my-friend, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

—*Phrenological Journal.*

BEAUTIFUL AND ECONOMICAL FASHIONS.

NEVER within the memory of even
“the oldest inhabitant,” says a
correspondent of the Chicago Tribune,
have our fashions been so beau-
tiful, so becoming as now. Even pater-
familias, that confirmed grumbler,
finds little cause for complaint, for
economy enters largely into fashion
this year, and extravagance is a mat-
ter simply of choice, not at all of ne-
cessity. Many of the elegant toilets
that challenge admiration are “made-
over” ones, sometimes, but not always,
with the additional advantage of por-
tions of new material. Some hand-
some new toilets show charming con-
trasts in a polonaise of some light-
colored summer silk, with a skirt, an
inserted vest and front, pockets, cuffs,
collars and trimming of some delicate
check or stripe in two or more colors,
one of which is the same as the polonaise.

A handsome street toilet has a long
plain skirt, with smooth front, and
side-gores, while the fullness is
brought to the back by a cluster of
gathers at the belt. As a wide train
is desirable, the back breadth is cut
perpendicularly up the center, and a
wide gore is inserted between the
knees and the hem. A double row of
shirrs holds the skirt in place. The
polonaise is remarkably elegant. In
front it is fastened with buttons and
buttonholes to within a foot of the
hem. At this point is a showy ar-
rangement of loops and ends of rib-
bon. The back and side bodies are
extended to form a basque, which is
exceedingly graceful. It is rounded
up in a curve in the back, and cut in-
to a long point on each hip. At the
extremity of this point is a large bow
of wide ribbon. The drapery in the pretty one is of seagreen China crape.
The back is very beautiful. The crape is laid in two broad folds,

breadth is cut in a large point on the left, and rather short on the right. Instead of being attached to a belt, this breadth is disposed in a burnouse fold. An extremely elegant toilet is made of this by the addition of a very deep fringe around the polonaise.

A handsome dinner toilet for a cool day is of cream-colored cashmere and black velvet. The skirt of the latter material is long without any ornamen-
tation, but with a full, sweeping train. The polonaise is of the cream-colored cashmere, finished around the bottom with a fringe of similar color, with which is mingled a profusion of black velvet tassels. The polonaise is closed down in the front with square bows of black velvet, each having in the center three little tassels of cream and black. Collar and deep cuffs, and a pocket of velvet, complete this very handsome toilet.

Some dainty morning-robés of organdy are very beautiful, and the material is in great demand for this purpose. A lovely one is of rose-pink organdy. The front is half tight-fitting, and the back at the neck is laid in a double box-pleat, and hangs loose. The bottom of the middle breadth has a narrow gore inserted, which gives the train a full and graceful sweep. Up the front a fine and narrow knife-pleating forms a spiral arrangement, narrowing to the waist and becoming broader again as it reaches the shoulders. Another charming morning dress is of sheer blue organdy with skirt and sacque. The skirt has a deep ruffle of white Swiss surmounted by two full wide puffs. The sacque fits closely to the figure in the back and is short. Before, it is long, reaching to a point at the knees, and quite loose. Swiss ruffles similar to the skirt but much narrower, are the trimming.

Some pretty novelties in the way of dressy little sacques, with or without sleeves, are of puffs of black net and stripes of velvet or ribbon. These are finished around the edge with a ruche or pleating of net. With a white dress, or one of bright colored silk, these little jackets are very ele-
gant. A pretty and new material, which is appearing for the first time, is a large-meshed silk net, in color a rich yet delicate cream. This is de-
signed solely for polonaises. A hand-
some one, elaborately trimmed with knotted fringe, is worn over the skirt, and with sleeves of black silk velvet.

This is almost the only fabric used in combination with this cream-colored net. A grenadine dress of striped light and blue has a trained skirt with three pleated ruffles, and the upper one, as a heading, has an upright ruffle of blue silk. The overskirt is a long polonaise fastened diagonally across the front, and finished here and around the bottom with two narrow plisses of grenadine headed by the ruffle of lace. The sleeves, which reach only to the elbow, terminate in a pleating of grenadine, below which is a full ruffle of blue silk lace. An extremely stylish toilet.

Fichus are quite “the rage,” and the ingenuity of modistes is taxed to the utmost to achieve some fresh and bizarre triumphs in this line. A very

and each of these is edged by a triple row of narrow Valenciennes insertion and edging. A knot of seagreen ribbon, two inches wide, mingled with lace, confines the fichu on the breast, midway between neck and waist. Another odd but very attractive fichu consists of six folds so arranged as to form a pointed cape in the back, where it is fastened to the belt. Three of these folds are of corn-colored silk. The other three, alternating, are of black silk net, or tulle, dotted with straw. A ruffle of silk, edged by a tiny plissé of the net, borders both sides, and in front this little affair is fastened by a jabot of tulle and silk, and tiny tassels of black and yellow. A simple fichu for morning is of dotted white Swiss, three cornered in shape, and made over a blue silk piece of similar shape. A gathered ruffle of the Swiss, edged with narrow Valenciennes and two pretty bows of blue ribbon and Swiss back and front, complete a tasteful addition to a morning toilet.

The fancy for becoming little break-
fast caps grows apace, as they should, for nothing makes a pretty face still prettier, or a plain one more attractive, than one of these lovely little caps. A pretty one of white Swiss is gathered so as to fit snugly to the head, and stand a little above it, as does the Normandy cap. A box-pleated ruffle of Swiss, bordered by narrow Mechlin lace, falls over the hair, while a similar one stands up against the cap. In front, between the ruches, is a double bow of scarlet ribbon, the ends of which pass around the cap, and tie at the back in loops and ends of the same. For a brune, and a cool, breezy morning in the mountains, nothing could be prettier. Another dainty little cap, odder than the former, is even more lovely. A gathered crown of white silk net is surrounded by a puff of the same. From this drops a gathered fall of Valenciennes one and one-half inches wide. Dried grasses and little vivid barberries twine gracefully around the crown, just above the puff. This is a charming little affair, and, perched on the head of its even more charming mistress, attracts much admiration.

A VALUABLE HINT FOR THE LADIES.

A Paris fashion correspondent of Harper's Bazar says: “I will confide to ladies in general one of the secrets of the Parisians. In Paris the women of all classes are better dressed than anywhere else; and why? Some will answer, because they have good taste, and others because they live in Paris, and consequently are acquainted with every new feature of fashion. But it is not altogether this or rather this alone. The Parisienne, whatever her station, never has a large number of toilets at one time. When she is not very rich, she has but one; this she wears always, and is always in the fashion, for by the time the fashion changes, her dress also is well worn, so that she is constantly renewing her toilet with the changing fashions, if only in the way of a new trimming, new fringe, or a new collar. Other women on the contrary, provide them-
selves with several dresses at once, some of which always outlast the fashion. These cannot be thrown aside, but are worn, while at the same time new dresses are made, in turn to grow old in the wardrobe, instead of being utilized at the time appointed them by fashion, which never stops in its career. It is the same thing with bonnets, coiffures, fichus, gloves, etc. To purchase in small quantities, and to wear the articles at the exact time when they are fashionable—this is the method of the Parisians; and I believe it is a good rule to follow for all such as are desirous of appearing dressed in the latest fashion.”

There is another secret in this connection worth knowing. To dress well on small means one should purchase cheap but pretty materials and make your own dresses, taking care to fit and drape them gracefully and fashionably, and let the sewing be faultlessly neat. Make yourselves accomplished with the needle and the sewing machine. Take a good fashion periodical and study the plates, patterns, and designs, and read the articles with attention.

Debege, brown or gray is the accepted fabric for summer traveling suits. Many prefer gray or brown mohair or alpaca—they are all the same thing—for the traveling dress. It doesn't wrinkle nor cling to close, and it sheds dust better than any other fabric. Most traveling suits are made with Princess, or as it is now termed a seventy-six polonaise, worn over a skirt with a single flounce. The Princess polonaise is cut simply like a gabrielle dress, with long seams in the back reaching from the shoulders, and forming side bodies, which are continued into the skirt in the back. There is but little looping in the back, but the fullness is thrown back under sash bows and ends, which are placed rather low down. The upper part of the polonaise skirt, below the waist line, fits almost tight over an invisible bustle. These are so small now they are invoiced “invisible” in merchants' bills.

Some ladies prefer to have their traveling suits made with basques and tunics, and when this is the case the pattern preferred is the Continental basque with simulated waistcoat. The back of the sacque is always shorter than the front, and the cut-away effect is secured. The skirts of such traveling suits are short in front and on the sides, but slightly trailing in the back. They are trimmed with one wide flounce or two narrower ones. A new fashion of arranging debege and mohair flounces is to make them straight, ten inches deep, hem both edges, and lay in double side pleats—that is, make two lapping pleats over each an inch wide, then omit a space of two inches, and make two more pleats. The corners of the uppermost pleats are then bent back-
wards and fastened securely down, and a pretty and simple heading to the flounce is thus secured. A variety of pretty styles of putting on both straight and bias flounces, that are hemmed on both edges, by reversing the pleats at the top, is seen in the inexpensive suits that are sold by the large furnishing departments of ready made dresses.

THE OPAL.

Among the substances belonging to the mineral kingdom, known as precious stones, few have been held in greater estimation than the opal. So much has this been the case that the epithet "precious" is used to designate the rarer kinds of this stone, their being several varieties. The opal is hydrated silica, and less hard even than the amethyst; for while the hardness of the sapphire compared with that of the diamond is as 9 to 10, the amethyst is 7 to 10, and the opal only as 6 to 10.

It is termed "poederos" by the Greeks, and in the Orphic poems is said to imitate the complexion of a lovely youth. Pliny says:—"Of all precious stones, it is opal that presents the greatest difficulties of description, it displaying at once the piercing fire of carbunculus, the purple brilliancy of amethystos and the sea green of smaragdus, the whole blended together and resplendent with a brightness that is quite incredible."

This display of tints is owing to numerous minute and irregular fissures that traverse the stone in a certain direction, containing laminae of air that reflects rays of different intensity and various colors. But its structure causes it to be so fragile that an opal set in a ring has been known to split by holding the hand too close to the fire on a frosty day. It is also subject to deterioration, for if the fissures upon which its iridescence depends become choked up by dust or grease its value is gone. The only way of restoring its beauty is by subjecting it to a certain amount of heat, a hazardous experiment with so brittle a stone.

Like most other gems known to the ancients, opals were originally imported from India; but they are now found extensively in Hungary, Mexico, Honduras and other places. The finest and largest are discovered embedded in porphyry, in the mines of Czernovitz in Hungary. The largest opal known to the ancients was in the ring of Nonius, on account of which its possessor was proscribed by Marc Antony.

It was of the size of a hazel nut, and was valued at a sum equal to \$10,000 of our money. When Nonius took to flight he carried nothing with him but this ring.

"How marvelous," adds Pliny, "must have been the cruelty, how marvelous the luxurious passion of Antonius, thus to proscribe a man for the possession of a jewel; and no less marvelous must have been the obstinacy of Nonius, who could thus dote upon what had been the cause of his proscription." The largest opal known is in the imperial cabinet at Vienna; for this gem £50,000 has been offered and refused. The most beautiful was in possession of the Empress Josephine. It was named "The Burning of Troy," from the numerous red flames playing over its surface.

A belief in the talismanic properties of the opal was prevalent. The Turks are fully convinced that it comes from no earthly mine, but falls direct from heaven in the lightning. Marbodius relates that it confers the gift of invisibility upon the possessor, so that a thief wearing this gem might carry off his plunder in open day. The opal

is incapable of being engraved as a signet, but cabalistic rings have been marked upon the opal; and one is mentioned as also having astrological figures carved upon the circle of gold.

The opal is never cut in facets, but always en cabochon. The polishing is a work of time and care on account of the soft nature of the stone. So delicately has it to be handled that even the emery powder employed must be adoucie, namely, the emery which has been already used in polishing other gems, and thus deprived of its asperities.

A SHETLAND WOOL SHAWL.

DEAR MR. CROWELL:—I believe one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band wished for some directions for knitting different articles. I gladly give her some that a friend sent me, not long since, for a Shetland wool shawl.

Cast on eight stitches; widen one stitch at the commencement of every needle, until there are one hundred and fifty stitches. Now widen one at the commencement and ending of each needle, until you have three hundred and fifty stitches; knit plain four inches; narrow one stitch at commencement and ending of each needle (by knitting two stitches together) until there are left one hundred and fifty stitches; narrow one stitch at commencement of every needle until there are eight stitches; bind off. Put on fringe as you think best; I put in a knot in every other stitch.

Materials, three and one-fourth skeins of white Shetland wool and two wooden needles of medium size. The worsted, in Boston, costs about ninety-nine cents, and the needles ten cents. A shawl made after these directions was prized at a fair, in Boston, at eight dollars.

I hope to send something more, ere long, but a life of suffering and weakness prevents my sending many things to the dear HOUSEHOLD which my heart often longs to give.

MARY ISABELLA.
North Somerville, Mass.

LIGHT FABRICS.

This year, the cheapness and variety of cambrics and percales make them more popular than ever; and the designs are checks and stripes in all tints on delicate grounds of the same shade. A foulard finish adds to their beauty, and makes them assume a marked place among materials used for morning costumes for the street, to be worn during the summer and fall. In cambrics, as in all other material, this season, the over-dress and waist are of separate design from the under-dress. Large checks are worn with smaller ones, or checks with stripes, or these are combined over plain goods. The cambrics have very pretty checks and stripes, the former for over-dress, or one reverses the order of things at will.

In making up, care should be taken in using patterns for over-dresses which will not necessitate ripping them apart for washing. A series of carefully-constructed drawing-strings and tapes are used for looping. Among other new fabrics is

Algerienne, in all shades, in checks

and stripes, at twenty-five cents a yard—a material which will wash and is suitable for summer morning dresses; gazolene cashmere, in all shades; and spring knickerbocker cloth, a check of color on dark ground, useful and attractive.

RUG MAKING.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—We make pretty rugs out of worn cloth and a few new, bright, colored pieces. We cut them an inch square and string them on a cord, and then sew them together with long stitches between the rows. We make them round and square, but the round ones are the easiest made. The thicker your cloth the faster you get along and the prettier the rug is when done. A variety of colors and a good deal of black and gray makes the nicest one.

A. J. W.
Emley, Kansas.

A novel method of rug making came to my notice not long since. It was done in crochet stitch with a wooden hook of home manufacture. It is a very rapid and easy way of using cotton rags to advantage.

B. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I see in a late number an account of a knit mat, and I have made one of a different kind which is very handsome. I cut my materials into narrow strips, (any part worn cotton goods will do.) Cast forty-two stitches on a big wooden needle, knit three and back, then knit six and back, and so on taking on three more each time till you knit off all the forty-two. Then knit back and begin again. It makes a gore and takes twenty-five yards for one gore, and sixteen gores for a mat. You can arrange colors regularly or at random. The last looks nice for a variety. Finish by binding together, and put on a border of cloth, or a knit one if preferred.

MRS. L. P.

THE WORK TABLE.

MR. CROWELL:—We have made a pansy lamp mat after the directions given in THE HOUSEHOLD. Ours all draws up like a cap instead of laying flat. We would like to know how to alter it.

A. S. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will some of your many readers who are skilled in fancy work be so kind as to give me directions for crocheting infants' sacks, large and small? also socks, either crochet or knit?

CAROLINE.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD family give me directions for making a bead basket? They are not so much in use as formerly, but I think nothing is prettier to grow plants in. I shall be much obliged if I can have the necessary directions at an early date.

E.

As one of the Band asks for patterns for making fancy work, I send directions for a sofa pillow. Rather coarse canvass should be used. With black worsted cover with outline figures—endeavor to have no two of the figures of the same shape—fill them with bright colors, according to taste.

When made up with back of the pre-
valling color and finished by a cord
this is a handsome as well as a serviceable sofa pillow.

NANCY.

MR. CROWELL:—E. G. wishes to know how she can use her pieces of Canton flannel. I make inner soles of mine. Take a piece of pasteboard, (I use old boxes,) lay the shoe on the pasteboard, marking the size of the sole with a pencil, cutting it some smaller, then cut the flannel half an inch larger all around; lay the pasteboard on the twilled side and turn the half inch on to the other side and baste; then have another piece of flannel a seam larger all around, baste this on the uncovered side of the pasteboard, turn in the edge of this and sew them together overhand. They are excellent for children's shoes and keep the feet both warm and dry.

I also use my bleached flannel for making pigeons and cats to hang in the window, by cutting them out, shading with a lead pencil, pasting the twilled side on to a piece of black broadcloth which has been fastened on to a piece of paste board any size you like, and hung like a picture.

ISA A.

Some one asks what will set the colors in calico. I use alum for green, ox gall for blue, (your butcher will procure you some,) salt for black and white, sugar of lead for purple and lavender; of the latter use one ounce to a pailful of water.

C. R. S.

MR. CROWELL:—If L. will place the grease spot of the silk dress on her knee near the fire, and rub the spot with an old linen handkerchief, wrapped over the finger, changing the linen as it absorbs the grease, the spot will disappear. A grease spot on any woolen or silk material will come out with this treatment. I have tried it many times with success.

A. A. M.
Paola, Kansas.

Will E. C. R. please tell me the pattern of her charm quilt? And will any of the sisters tell me some pretty patterns to use for pieces of calico that have been left after cutting out dresses and aprons? Also how to make and trim pretty muslin window curtains? If any of the sisters will answer these questions they will confer a favor on a MINNESOTA GIRL.

MR. CROWELL:—L. asks through your paper for something to take grease spots out of a gray silk dress. If she will take four pounds of castile soap and one quart of rain water, melt the soap in the water, when melted add one-half pint of beef gall and one gill of spirits of turpentine, she will have soap that will take out grease and paint without injury to cloth or colors.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

MR. HOUSEHOLD:—Dear Sir:—I am desirous of making some experiments in coloring leather fancy work, gloves, and a few similar articles. Will you please inform me through your correspondent's column as to good recipes for dyeing leather black, brown, and blue, without taste or smell, or injury to the material. An early answer to my request will greatly oblige your subscriber,

J. L. R.



STORM AND SUNSHINE.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold
firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, Hope and Patience, these must be thy
graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep
school."

—S. S. Coleridge.

"COME, come, I won't have this fretting. What is all this about?" demanded Mr. Hurlburt, in no very gentle tone of voice.

There was no answer to the query, but a tired little voice continued its fretful cry.

"Georgie, stop! right away!" said the father. "Come, I won't have this crying. You may just as well learn to be a good boy first as last. All this fussing and waiting on you is ridiculous. You are old enough to take care of yourself."

Still the crying went on, only with a more grieved tone.

Georgie was just old enough to toddle about the room, and try to explore for himself among the various curious and novel objects that everywhere captivated his attention. But alas! his youthful aspirations and desires seemed doomed to meet with inevitable failure and disappointment. Just as he had reached the object of his desires, and it seemed within his grasp, "Don't do that, Georgie," or "Oh, Georgie, you must not touch that!" saluted his ears, and instantly his hopes were shattered and the object of his desires so nearly attained placed far beyond his reach. Poor little fellow! Life began to seem to him as it proves to many others, only a series of vain efforts and bitter disappointments. Unlike most grown persons, the child puts his whole heart into all that he undertakes, and his triumph or failure affords him the greatest delight or grief. As we grow older, we learn wisdom by experience, and, expecting less, feel less our disappointments; but the child, all enthusiastic, ardent, impulsive, with sensibilities keenly alive to every sight and sound, feels, far more acutely than we realize, every varying phase of the looks and tones of those around him, who form his social atmosphere.

Georgie had just experienced the downfall of his hopes by having what seemed to him a most beautiful and desirable object, that he had reached only by patient and laborious efforts suddenly taken from him by an older sister who exclaimed, "Oh, Georgie, Georgie, you must not have that; you'll break it."

It seemed to him that this was more than he could bear, and his cry of disappointment arrested the attention of his father who was dressing for breakfast in the room, and elicited the command with which our story begins.

The tone of his father's voice, however, seemed to Georgie's sensitive ears to convey only displeasure and

want of sympathy, and, far from soothing him, seemed only to add to his grievances.

The cry continued.

"Georgie!" said the now aroused father, seizing him in his arms hastily, "Are you going to obey? Stop that crying this instant!" and holding the child up before him, he looked into his face with what was intended for a very threatening and terrible expression.

Georgie, astonished and terrified, screamed louder than ever, and looked imploringly at his mother, who had just entered the room.

"You are spoiling that child, wife," said Mr. Hurlburt. "He does not obey at all, cries at nothing, and does just as he has a mind to." And putting him down in disgust he turned away.

"Georgie," said his mother with a gentle tone that to Georgie's ears expressed a world of love and sympathy, "Georgie, don't cry any more. Come to mother."

The little voice ceased instantly, and as the little fellow trotted to his mother and was received to her arms, his sorrows seemed all to vanish like magic, and he smiled through his tears as his mother kissed him, and, placing him on the bed, gave him a string of spools and his own beloved doll to play with.

All was now quiet again, and the various members of the family resumed their various occupations and meditations.

Early education, and not want of judgment or affection, had, unconsciously to himself, given Mr. Hurlburt the impression that children were to be governed by fear rather than by love; by harshness rather than by gentleness. Away from home all day, with a mind pre-occupied with other affairs, the education and training of his children was a subject upon which he spent little time or labor. And when at home, an occasional frolic with his children before they went to bed, was nearly the extent of his acquaintance with them. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should not have acquired that knowledge of the hearts and dispositions of children in general, and of his own in particular, that would alone enable him to sympathize with them and to acquire a decided influence over them.

The little incident just narrated first opened his eyes to the fact that not only as a means of influencing grown people, but in securing prompt obedience in children, gentleness is far more effectual than harshness.

We are all liable to mistakes, but only a superior mind is able to discern its own errors, and only a great and magnanimous spirit is willing to acknowledge them.

"Oh dear!" said little six-years-old Nellie that evening after tea. "Oh dear, I don't know what to do. I wish mamma would come."

"She is up-stairs putting Georgie to sleep," said sturdy little Johnny. "Let us play horse—Whoa, whoa there," continued he, seizing her by the apron. "Now go along!"

"Let go, Johnny—stop—I'm tired," said Nellie, struggling to free her apron from his grasp.

"Get up—get up I say!" shouted very well pleased; he nevertheless

Johnny, striking his sister at the same time with his little whip.

Nellie began to cry.

Mr. Hurlburt laid down his paper just in time to prevent a quarrel and said pleasantly:

"Children, come here! I want to tell you a story."

Both children ran to him, and, seating them comfortably upon his knees, he began.

"A long time ago, it is said that the wind and the sun saw a traveler going along the road with a large cloak over his shoulders. The wind, always ready for a frolic, blowing off boys' caps and ladies' bonnets, and laughing to see them chase after them, said to the sun, 'see how quickly I'll blow off that man's cloak!'

"If I am not mistaken," said the sun, "I can make him take it off quicker than you can."

"What! you make him take it off?" laughed the wind. "Well, that is a good joke. Why, you forget how much stronger I am than you. I can even blow down houses and tear up trees by the roots, and make the waves of the sea roll up as high as mountains. It would be strange indeed if I could not blow off a man's cloak."

The sun was silent, and the wind began to blow furiously.

"Oh, how the wind blows!" said the man, "I must hold on to my cloak and hat," and the harder the wind blew the more closely he wrapped his cloak about him.

Presently the wind stopped blowing and the sun came out from behind the clouds.

Warmer and warmer it sent down its rays, and the man said, "How warm it is growing! I must take off my cloak; so he took it off and hung it over his arm."

"Here is mother waiting to put you to bed—good night."

"Good night, Papa. Thanks for the pretty story."

"Thank mamma for reminding me of it this morning," said Mr. Hurlburt, with a pleasant glance at his wife. And mamma turned as she went out with the children, and with a grateful smile, showed her appreciation of this unexpected compliment.

SAVED BY KINDNESS.

One cold day in winter, a lad stood at the outer door of a cottage in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"Mayn't I stay ma'am?" he said to the woman who opened the door. "I'll work, cut wood, go for water, and do all of your errands."

"You may come in at any rate, until my husband comes home," the woman said.

"There, sit down by the fire, you look perishing with the cold;" and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He had looked at the boy, but he did not seem

made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, yet the boy begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day in the middle of winter, a peddler, who had often traded at the cottage, called, and, after disposing of some of his goods, was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:

"You have a boy out there splitting wood I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail bird;" and then the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in the court room myself, and heard him sentenced 'ten months.' You'd do well to look after him carefully."

Oh! there was something so dreadful in the word "jail." The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler, nor could she be easy till she called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head. His cheeks seemed bursting with hot blood, and his little lips quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his frame shaking, "there's no use in trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go, so young, to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold—"Oh I hadn't any mother, ever since I was a baby! If I only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked and cuffed, and horse-whipped. I wouldn't have been saucy and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! if I'd only had a mother!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeves of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church yard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said that time he should find in her a mother.

Yes, even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child. She poured from her mother's heart, sweet, kind words—words of counsel and of tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but straying mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster father is dead. His foster mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The "poor outcast" is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsook me, the Lord will take me up."

MAKE THEM COMFORTABLE.

"Mary, why will you continue to put up your shoulder in that awkward manner?" said Mrs. Lane sharply to her little girl. "I have reminded you of it half a dozen times at least this very day, and still you pay no attention to it. Now, remember, if you have to be spoken to again about it this afternoon, I shall keep you at home from Aunt Lucy's to-morrow."

The child's face flushed, and, as she looked down, her eyes half filled with tears. She seemed timid and anxious lest she should commit the fault again, yet it was almost a certainty that she would.

"Come here, Mary dear," said Aunt Lucy very gently, but with quite an indignant flush on her cheek. She began to unbutton the little dress, and examine the make of the under-waist.

"Just as I expected, sister," she said impulsively; "Here is this shoulder piece not fitting at all, but every moment slipping down over the point of the shoulder in an aggravating way. What comfort would you take with a garment acting that way? Poor little shoulder," she said, as she rubbed it gently with her soft, white hand. "Now auntie will take a stitch or two here, for the present, and will fix it better when you take it off. Doesn't that feel better? Now run and play, and after awhile you'll get all out of the fashion of putting up one shoulder."

The little girl kissed her aunt gratefully, as she tripped away, much happier than she was a few minutes before.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, sister," said the young lady energetically, when she had gone. "To leave a child in such discomfort, and then blame her for acting awkwardly. I have seen a mother scold her child for limping when she had on a shoe much too tight, or that had a nail in the heel that hurt her at every step. There is plenty of unavoidable suffering in this world without adding any needless pain to the burden. It is as little as we can do to make children comfortable when we expect them to be good and behave with propriety. Full two-thirds of the bad behavior of our children lies at the parent's door."

The remarks of her spirited young sister set Mrs. Lane to thinking more seriously than she had ever done before, on the duties of parents to make their children comfortable, and it is to be hoped the good results were seen in her after treatment of her little ones.—*Mother's Magazine.*

ROCKING THE CRADLE.

The mother that rocks and sings her child to sleep is unconsciously illustrating a scientific principle. The heart and the system of circulation are popularly thought never to rest. But science shows that under usual and fair conditions their rest is perpetual. In other words, by their rhythmic or measured motion in health the organs of circulation rest between each pulse—that is to say, eight hours out of the twenty-four, as has been calculated by computing the pauses between the beats of the pulse. The monotonous rhythm of a simple cradle song, and the gentle motion of the

rocking-chair or cradle are in harmony with the heart, and, the brain being disengaged, sleep follows.

The brain may be said to be the part of the animal economy which sleeps entirely. During healthy sleep the brain is to a great degree bloodless, and this is shown indirectly by the greater circulation of the blood in the skin and extremities during sleep. Healthy digestion, after a fairly full but not excessive meal, promotes sleep, by the calling off of the blood from the brain to the stomach.

A curious but familiar illustration of the accord between the movements and external measured sounds of motions, is shown when the nurse stops "humming" and the troublesome baby wakes straight up and provokingly opens its staring eyes. The "concert" interrupted and sleepy accord of the heart with the successive cadences of the lullaby is broken.

This is why the cessation of usual sounds will wake an adult sleeper. It is even stated that soldiers who have fallen asleep during a cannonade have awakened when the noise suddenly ceased.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A CAUSE OF INFANT MORTALITY.

The accomplished Dr. Dickson of Philadelphia, in his recent valedictory address to the graduates of the Jefferson Medical College, speaking of the bills of mortality, says:

In contemplating these registers you will be struck with horror at the immense proportions of infant mortality, the most humiliating opprobrium of civilization, and of the divine art of healing. How shall this plague be stayed? How shall we prevent the early extinction of half the new-born children of men? These inquiries have been echoed and re-echoed, but have received answers which have been only partially satisfactory. In such a changable climate as ours there is in flannel worn next the skin an almost certain protection against the diseases that produce the terrible infant mortality with which we are so often shocked.

Rich people and people who are not rich, from a feeling of vanity, decline to clothe their infants in woolen fabrics from their chin to their toes, because it deprives them of the satisfaction of exhibiting their little ones in low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, and because flannel underclothes and woolen stockings do not admit of such display of ornamental stitchings as cambric ones. Sensible mothers who discard the low-necked short-sleeved dresses for their infants, and adopt the flannel covering, we will venture to say, have no occasion to shed as many tears over little coffins as those who follow to the grave the tender victims of their vanity.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a

while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there.

quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to place in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

1. My 1st is in joy but not in shame, My 2nd is in toy but not in game, My 3rd is in hoe but not in rake, My 4th is in pond but not in lake, My 5th is in bee but not in honey, My 6th is in gold but not in money, My 7th is in fashion but not in style, My 8th is in furlong but not in mile, My 9th is in finger but not in hand, My 10th is in beach but not in sand. My whole is a famous lecturer.

ANAGRAMMATICAL READINGS.

3. It is of no — to — a man.
4. Do not — your —.
5. He carried his — and — a song.

6. Come — and — this book.

7. The cat took a — in the —.

8. You will find a — on the — side.

9. He began to — over an — of land.

10. He — his sled and goes to —.

11. Let us sing another — before we —.

12. Remember the widow's — in the olden —.

The first word transposed for the second.

MRS. W.

DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

13. K-n w-r-s -e-i-e -h- w-a-y -o-1
A-d -h-e- l-s -a-d-s- h-u-s,
A- d-w -e-r-s-e- d-o-p-n- l-a-e-
A-d -r-g-t-n- f-d-n- f-o-e-s.

ANAGRAM.

14. Ew vle ni pohe, ogthuh lusdoc perapa

Hyet girmel tub a yad,
Het nsu, ot su a figt os ader,
Liwl tratecs ethm yaaw.
Hust file si tbu na rlpia wheosr,
Nad breloest rea ubt anri,
Dan oehp het uns htat ni na oruh
Liwl bingr su yoj agina.

LIZZIE.

CHARADES.

15. Sir Everard went to the Holy Land,
And my whole was bright and clear,
But Saracen pikes pierced my second
through,
Though his stout heart felt no fear.
Sir Everard came from the Holy Land,
Worn and weak with pain, was he,
On my first he wore a jewel rare,
A king's reward of fidelity.

16. Gray, old grimalkin, sing my first
Over your kittens three,
But give my second to yon brown mice
That so infest my pantry.
My whole I made of a spool of thread,
A pound of sugar and a loaf of bread.

SQUARE WORDS.

17. Belonging to a royal court; a
city in southern Europe; an untruth;
a synonym of inactive; an ancient
people.

18. A kind of a vessel; separately,
distinctly; the birth-place of Samuel;
to decorate; a volatile fluid.

M. D. H.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

19. Ten mail rap. 20. Ho! fat meal
bun. 21. Can persevere. 22. I sin on
till cat.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

23. My first is enraged; my second
is an article; my third is a fluid; my
fourth is a chariot. My whole is an
island.



WASTE OF FOOD.

BY DR. J. H. BANAFORD.

NOT now intending to discuss the fearful waste of the grains in the manufacture of ardent spirits—about one-half of the grain products of this country being wasted and worse than wasted in producing the “cup of death” instead of the “staff of life”—it is my purpose to refer somewhat briefly to another form of waste, scarcely less marked. I refer to the various modes of preparing and cooking the grains, by which much if not most of the nourishment is actually destroyed, as may be seen by the following, from good authority—Johnson: In 1000 parts the whole wheat has 17.7 parts ashes, showing the relative amount of real substance, while fine flour has only 4.1 parts, indicating a waste of over three-fourths of the whole substance. Of phosphoric acid, wheat has 8.2, flour 2.1, a similar destruction. Wheat has of lime and soda 0.6 each, while fine flour has only 0.1, five-sixths waste. Wheat has of sulphur 1.5, fine flour none; of silica wheat has 0.8, flour none.

While the whole wheat contains just the nourishment needed for the substances of the human body, on which one may live, with water, for an indefinite period, most of that nourishment is found within the reach of the action of the sunlight near the surface, while the flour, with the exception of the germ, is mostly starch 68.7 per cent., or the element that sustains the heat of the system only, or, chemically expressed, carbon 10 per cent., hydrogen and oxygen, each 12 per cent.

While the human body contains some fifteen elements, including starch, and since starch is the most important element in white flour, indeed it is mostly starch, it would seem unreasonable that the best parts of the wheat—on which, with pure water, one may subsist and enjoy good health—should be taken by the miller from this truly valuable grain. The best parts, those needed for the sustenance of the muscles and nerves, thus squandered, leaving but little for the nourishment of the body beside the starch or pure element, which, of course, is needful, but only in the form in which it is found in nature, this ordinarily being more or less abundant according to the temperature where it grows. In hot climates the grains contain, relatively, but little carbon—starch—with a large per cent. of nitrogen and the phosphates, or muscle and nerve food, while in cold climates this is reversed. This fine flour contains but little gluten, which is the equivalent of the albumen, gelatine and fibrin of the human body. Indeed, the gluten of the wheat is the chemical equivalent of the fibrin of the beef steak, so that we may take our choice of nourishment from the pure wheat or the pure muscle of the ox, so far as the sustenance of the muscles, brain and nerves are concerned.

It should be distinctly borne in mind, at least by such as wish to secure good food, such as care more for health and strength than for the mere taste, that the best of our grains, such as wheat and oats, contain all of the elements of nourishment really needed and in just the proportion needed, if used in the climate where grown, while any separation of these elements, any waste of what is really demanded, is not only a waste of nourishment, but must prove unfavorable to health and vigor. And that fine flour is thus robbed of important elements, all chemical tests and experience must prove. In proof of this, dogs fed on this by Magendie died in forty days, actually starved, while those fed on the meal, or whole wheat, remained in good health. An author of good authority says, “The history of the Roman empire in the time of Julius Caesar shows that wheat as an article of food, combined with fresh out-door air and life, is capable of producing and sustaining the highest type of physical manhood the world ever saw. This empire was built up and maintained by soldiers whose main article of food was wheat.”

It is also quite certain that the alarming increase of the necessity for artificial teeth is due to this destruction of the teeth, their starvation, by the separation of the elements of nourishment in the wheat, giving to the brutes what our children should have for their nourishment, while the children are fed on carbonaceous food, as if to be fattened for the market! The earthy matter, the true bone materials, are the hull and outer crust, or the red part of the wheat, just the portions removed by bolting, and of course the fine flour, from which the bread and pastry of some families are made, is and must be nearly destitute. It is certain, therefore, that those who make “bread the staff of life,” and who use much pastry—as far too many families do, especially the rich compounds—must suffer from the absence of the bone and muscle food. As an illustration of this, it was ascertained that of 880 school children in certain districts of Massachusetts under twelve years of age, two-thirds had decayed teeth. There is a similar reason for the disease and loss of hair, noticed in modern times, in addition to the injury from wearing caps, etc.

Again constipation of the bowels, always aggravated by the employment of physic, is the necessary result of the free use of fine flour. While the use of the crushed wheat, cracked wheat, oat meal, the meal of all kinds, coarse food and fruits, all tend to remedy the evil.

The Journal of Chemistry, Dr. J. R. Nichols, one of the best chemists of the country, editor, uses the following language: “At the present time it is the practice to a large extent among millers to grind the finest, soudest wheat into fine flour, and the poorest into what is called ‘Graham flour.’ This term ‘Graham flour’ ought no longer to be used. It is a kind of general name given to mixtures of bran and spoilt flour, to a large extent unfit for human food. What we need is good, sweet, whole-wheat flour, finely ground and secure-sisters, I know you will be pleased to put up for family use. The brown with it, and it only costs a trifle and

loaf made from whole wheat, is, to our eye, as handsome as the white. It can be made with all the excellencies of the white, so far as lightness is concerned, and it is sweeter and more palatable. With this loaf we secure all the important nutritive principles which the Creator, for wise reasons, has stored up in wheat.”

It is absurd to suppose that our children will grow to be muscular, strong, healthy, have good teeth, quiet nerves, fair complexions and good healthy hair while starved by the use of so much flour. If we would avoid small, flabby muscles, we must use more muscle food, such as the grains afford, when used as God intended. We must be nourished by all of the elements of the wheat if we would thrive.

MORE ABOUT SETTING THE TABLE.

BY MRS. D. B. S.

I have been wondering for some time why none of our dear labor-saving sisters have not suggested the “table cover” as one of the most essential dining room requisites. As they have not done so, I have decided to stop wondering and add my mite to the general fund of usefulness, by telling you how nice it is, and how much time may be gained and labor saved by using it.

Of course you want to know how it is made. Well, first procure a piece of light calico with a large fancy stripe. It will require three widths of the goods to make it wide enough; allow enough in length so that it will fall below the table at each end, after being spread on over the caster. Then seam it up and hem both ends and it is ready for use. Now set your table with caster, knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups and saucers, and such things as you use every meal, then spread your cover over all to protect the dishes from dust and flies.

When your meal is ready to be served up, fold the cover and lay it to one side until you want to use it again. Now carry your meats and vegetables to the table, and when you have brought the things from the cellar, your dinner is ready. After you leave the table remove the victuals and soiled dishes, and then with your crumb brush and pan remove all crumbs and scraps that are on the tablecloth. As you dry your dishes, put those you will need next meal in a separate pile, then arrange them in their proper places on the table, and spread your cover on and your table is ready for next meal. Thus a great

amount of hurry and worry will be avoided, where with meat to cook and biscuit to bake you would otherwise be wondering, “Will I ever get time to set that table,” not to mention the number of forgotten little things that you would find missing on a hurriedly set table, and be obliged to get them or send Johnny, Katie, or Charley after them, which is just as annoying.

I have seen “mosquito netting” used for this purpose, but I prefer the calico as it protects the dishes from the dust while sweeping. Try one, and it only costs a trifle and

will last for several years if it has proper care. The one I am using now has been in use for nearly four years and is quite good yet.

THE DESSERT.

—It was a little boy who said: “Yes, soda water’s good; it’s like your foot’s asleep.”

—A Boston tailor had his bill-heads stamped with a picture of a for-get-me-not. This is all right if his customers have anemone.

—There is something wonderfully grand and impressive about the roar of thunder, until you discover it has soured the last half pint of milk in the house.

—In Philadelphia they have handkerchiefs with the Declaration of Independence printed on them in French, German and English, so that one can blow his nose in three languages in the Quaker City.

—“I’d thank you for another piece of that mince pie,” said Dobbins to his landlady. “Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated at this entertainment,” calmly replied the landlady.

—A little six-year-old boy went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn’t like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, “Yes, ma’am. I was only wishing our milk-man would keep a cow.”

—Old Deacon Ransom went to a circus and took his grandchild, remarking to every acquaintance he met, that the boy wanted to see the sacred animals, and he couldn’t find it in his heart to refuse him. Arriving at the tent he cried to go home, and the deacon had to spank him to make him go in.

—“And you think, darling you could be content to share my humble lot and live in a quiet way with love and me?” queried the blissful lover as he looked fondly into her translucent blue eyes. “Why, yes, precious; you have no idea how economical I am. Pa gave me a hundred dollars last week to buy a new sick, and I saved enough out of it to purchase four pairs of six buttoned kids!”

—An old farmer purchased some sweet oil in a drug store, and being asked if there was “nothing else,” he laid several packages on the counter; held up a hand with several strings tied on the fingers, and said: “Let’s see! That red string is for the bar soap; that rag is for a broom; that blue cord for a calico; that braid means four pounds of sugar, and this other string is for sweet oil. No, nothing more.”

—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, some one who sat behind him whispered, “Tip ‘em a little Latin, General. They won’t be content without it.” Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, “*E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!*” The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for miles.



VENTILATION OF SICK ROOMS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

MRS. C. E. H. in the May number asks if none of THE HOUSEHOLD readers can recommend anything that will tend to purify the air in the sleeping apartments of invalids who cannot bear the admission of cold air from without.

Some years ago we saw a query similar to the above in a "health journal," and looked eagerly for the answer, which, when it came, conveyed no new information, for it only insisted upon the necessity for a constant supply of pure air—a thing which cannot perhaps be too much insisted upon—and added that there is no patient who cannot endure the admission of fresh air from without. Miss Nightengale, in her "Notes on Nursing," says the same thing; and all of our public hospitals are arranged in accordance with this belief. There can be no doubt that by far the largest portion of invalids are not only able to bear, but are greatly benefited by the free admission of out-door air at all seasons. Indeed the invalid can usually endure this much better than his nurses can, for the reclining posture secures the most agreeable circulation of the blood, and he is, or should be, warmly wrapped up and protected from the wind, while his attendants are forced to sit and move about in draughts, and cannot have the freedom of motion necessary for the evocation if encumbered with sufficient clothing to keep themselves warm.

But there undoubtedly is a class of patients who cannot endure nearly as strong a current of cold air as their healthy attendants require. Such are sufferers from pneumonia and croup among acute diseases, and consumption among chronic cases. Yet these can no more exist without an abundance of good fresh air than others can. How they are safely to get it is a question of anxious interest to many besides Mrs. C. E. H.

Here are two apparently irreconcilable things. The patient must have plenty of good air. He cannot endure open doors and windows in cold weather.

To warm fresh air before its introduction to sleeping or other apartments is the object sought to be obtained by various contrivances, such as fresh air flues attached to furnaces, etc.; but the best of them all is inferior to a wood fire in an old fashioned open fire-place. Such a fire, if the only means of warming the sick room is both troublesome and expensive, and may sometimes be even dangerous; that is if the patient be entirely helpless, and if the exigencies of the household make it impossible to have an attendant always within call.

After many experiments we have liked best the following way of heating and ventilating the apartment of such an invalid as Mrs. C. E. H. de-

scribes. For heat let the sick room depend upon a hot air flue from a furnace, or from a double heating perpetually burning coal stove in the room below; or a similar stove in an adjoining communicating room. The sick room being now provided with warmth we proceed to ventilate it. For this, if we desire perfection, we open the big old-fashioned fire-place, or build a small new one, and in it we keep burning a slight fire of hard wood. The farther the furnace or stove register is situated from the fire-place the better. The latter open, but without a fire in it, operates rather as a flue to draw cold air downwards than as one to entice foul upwards, and is admirably adapted to induce pneumonia in cold weather. But ever so slight a fire on the hearth will coax the breath-poisoned air gladly upwards and outwards to be made sweet and pure again. To provide good pure air to replace the exhausted stuff thus drawn off, let a window be opened in an adjoining room or closet until it is completely filled with fresh air; then partly open the door communicating with the sick room in such a way that the draught from the opening shall not come directly upon the patient's bed or chair. The fresh air from this side room will be so gently drawn into the other by the action of the draught in the fire-place that the patient will not perceive, while invigorated by, it. Of course neither invalid nor nurse must allow himself to remain in the current of air between the door and chimney. In very cold weather the sick room will fill with air so rapidly that this door will need to be opened but for a few moments at intervals of from one to three hours. The warmer the weather the more slowly the room will fill with pure air.

If we can have no open fire-place, a small air-tight wood stove with a good draught is a fair but by no means cheerful substitute. In summer, when no fire is desired in the fire-place, or after removal of the stove do not close the aperture. It may be necessary in order to keep swallows from taking nightly flights in the apartments to close the fire-place with a fire-board; but in it can be cut a round hole, or in the chimney from which a stove-pipe has been removed, can be inserted one of the japanned tin ventilators that now come for the purpose—price thirty-five cents. Near this place at night set a burning lamp, and the slight heat it gives forth will act like the heat of the fire in winter as a motive power to move the foul air up the chimney. This will not be necessary if the patient can endure a strong draught of air. If this is the case, of course all that is necessary is to open all the windows and such of the doors as may be available. If this cannot be done, then, having set the lamp just below the ventilator, leave open a door into an adjoining room or hall, while a window can be left open, placing the screens, to be mentioned farther on, in such a way as to break off the draught from the bed. It is not night air which is to be avoided, but night chill. We have known an invalid who has lingered for many years beyond the hopes of physicians and friends;

a prolongation of life probably owing, in the main, to the good sense and tireless care of his wife, in constantly providing him with a supply of fresh air without ever suffering him to feel a chill. To keep his whole body warm while the fresh air is freely, but continuously, admitted to his room both day and night; he is regularly provided, during nearly the whole of the summer as well as winter, with hot soap-stones at his feet, and covered with a plenty of soft light blankets, not quilts, which are much too heavy for an invalid, and are not warm in proportion. There are during the summer few nights so hot that he would not be obliged to dispense with the fresh air if he were not so warmed. To do entirely without the air is impossible; and to inhale it laden with impurities is a slow but deadly poison; at the same time very delicate persons can only receive this fresh breath of heaven with many precautions, lest they suffer from the not less deadly, and far quicker poisons of pneumonia, and other inflammatory diseases.

If, during the winter, the invalid's bed is so situated that the air from an open window in the same room, will have to pass over the register, or by the stove, before reaching him, and he at the same time be very warmly wrapped, he will seldom or never suffer from having the windows opened in his room unless the wind comes strongly in, or the window be left open so long as to make the room chilly. This should never be allowed. If the invalid feels the cold air disagreeably it is far better to open a window for two minutes out of every fifteen, than to keep it open for fifteen or twenty consecutive minutes two or three times a day. But if the sun comes brightly in the window, unaccompanied by wind, and the patient be as warmly wrapped, head and all, as if he were taking a sleigh-ride, he will frequently enjoy the open window for hours together, not only without injury but with the greatest benefit.

To ward off draughts from inconveniently placed windows and doors, we have found large movable screens to be of great service. Those used in our family are light wooden frames, about seven feet in height by four in width, standing on firm feet. The frames are covered with dark green baize, which casts a pleasant light, and is so thick that the wind does not easily penetrate it. The baize a little overlaps the frames on the sides, so that if it is desirable to use the two screens together the loose baize from one can be pinned over upon that from the other forming a sort of hinge. Or, if further enlargement is desired, the screens can be placed three or four feet apart, and a blanket shawl pinned to the inner edges. This arrangement will be found serviceable in very cold weather, when it is necessary to ventilate the room thoroughly and quickly by opening every window and door, as the bed can be almost surrounded by it. These screens we have found useful in very many ways.

Of course the importance of keeping out of or removing from a sick room anything from which a disagreeable odor could possibly emanate, cannot be too strongly felt.

A large experience in sick rooms

has given the writer many lessons, and if Mrs. C. E. H., or any other HOUSEHOLD sister, thinks that these hardly learned lessons would be useful to her, she shall receive such as I can give, together with my warmest sympathy.

SUNLIGHT.

Mrs. Beecher says, in the Christian Union: We wish the importance of admitting the light of the sun, freely as well as building those early and late fires, could be properly impressed upon our housekeepers. No article of furniture should ever be brought to our homes too delicate for the sun to see all day long. His presence should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol, when inconveniently intense.

A sun bath is of far more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, sunlight, and homes kept free from all dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun, are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupation deprives them of sunlight.

FRESH AIR AND PURE WATER.

Each year typhus and typhoid fevers carry off thousands of victims, whose lives are thus forfeited to their ignorance or neglect of well-ascertained laws. An abundant supply of fresh air and pure water is necessary for the healthful life of both men and animals, and when they are deprived of these requisites, disease and death ensue.

In our last issue an eminent physician presented a statement of the principal causes which produce the typhus class of fevers, and this week he instances a case in which a father and two daughters died from the effects of drinking brook-water which was impregnated with excrementitious matter. It would not be difficult to enumerate a large number of other cases in which death has occurred from similar cases; but enough had been shown to answer the purpose of warning our readers against the danger of carelessness with regard to what they breathe and drink. Let us then be advised, and supply our lungs with pure air and our stomachs with wholesome food.—*Health and Home.*

—An eminent physician of Boston robs scarlet fever of many of its terrors, by prescribing for the patient warm lemonade, with a little mucilage, as often as desired, and the application of warmth to the stomach. He directs that a sheet should be wrung out of hot water and laid on the stomach, renewing it as often as it cools. Nothing but lemonade is to be given.



COMMON SENSE.

THE second requisite qualification for a good teacher is common sense. This may seem to some to be superfluous; but not so. There is much more uncommon than common sense, among men; and yet the latter is indispensable to success in the vocation of teaching. The teacher occupies a very important position. He is thrown upon his own resources; must act every day without aid or counsel upon questions which have an important bearing upon his success or failure. And what shall guide him to the choice of the best means to meet the emergency and to accomplish his object? He cannot consult his professional books or the more experienced and wise fellow-teachers; but he must act without delay. And what but his common sense can guide him to a judicious course of action? In the management and government of his school, and intercourse with the families of his patrons, he will meet a thousand opportunities to exercise this noble gift, this instinct of nature. Let parents see to it, therefore, that their teachers possess good common sense.

Another of Nature's special gifts to the successful teacher of children is a cheerful and hopeful disposition.

Some persons are constitutionally gloomy and desponding. They always look on the dark side of this bright world; never see the "silver lining" that gilds the dark cloud over-hanging them; and hence they wear upon their countenance, and express in their words, a funereal gloom that dispels all cheerfulness and shuts out the sunlight from the heart. These men and women despair of the future; anticipate no good for themselves or for others; and hence settle down in gloomy despondency to brood over their misfortunes. Now it requires no argument to show the undesirability of placing these desponders in the schoolroom.

"As the teacher is, so is the school." The gloom and hopelessness which he cherishes will be imparted to his pupils, to suppress their cheerfulness, dampen their enthusiasm, and discourage their efforts. The expression of his countenance, the tones of his voice, and indeed his very presence, cast a gloom over the buoyant hearts of childhood and youth.

On the other hand the cheerful and hopeful teacher inspires his pupils with his own spirit, and animates them by his own living example. And children need this inspiration and encouragement more than instruction. Their improvement while in school depends upon nothing so much as the happy smile and cheerful words of the hopeful and enthusiastic teacher. This very hopefulness enables the teacher to secure the best results of his directed efforts. He has to deal with dullness and stupidity; and he sees little or no improvement from day to day. He is sometimes ready to give up in despair;

but he remembers that the development of mind, like the growth of the tree, is by slow and imperceptible degrees. The steady oak that now defies the storm and tempest is the product of a hundred years; and the intellect and character which gives manhood and womanhood a proud pre-eminence in position of influence and usefulness have often been unfolded by the patient toil of the hopeful teacher under the most trying difficulties. Let it not be forgotten by parents, therefore, that nothing can compensate for the want of a cheerful and hopeful disposition in the instruction of their children. O.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

I have lately been about among the magazine publishers, and have learned some facts about the management of our leading periodicals which may be of interest. What surprised me most was to see the vast pile of manuscript which is received and is daily accumulating on the editor's hands. Scribner's Monthly, when barely a year old, had received 1600 manuscripts, while Harper's Bazar, at four years of age, had received above 14,000 articles for examination. The labor of examining them is very heavy, and is about the hardest labor that a literary person can do. The work, however, is very conscientiously performed, and the many owners of rejected manuscript need not think that their claims to attention are not duly weighed. Even then the best writers are often kept waiting for months to have an article printed, and hardly get any better treatment than the merest novice.

There is naturally great variety in the manuscripts sent to the literary periodicals. Of poetry there is a perfect glut, and essays are hardly less abundant. Next in order come sketches of travel and general description, while the most scarce class of contributions are good short stories. These are in great demand, and any one who can supply them need have no trouble about finding a market.

In one editor's room I was shown a huge safe crammed full of accepted manuscript in quantity sufficient to stock the magazine for a year, it would be thought. Each number is usually made up two or three months ahead, and it is a constant problem in the mind of the editor how to adjust the space at his command with the matter waiting to be printed. Some of the manuscripts, such as those of novels are very bulky, and look quite formidable. It is noticeable how large a proportion of the writers of fiction are women, who, indeed, form the bulk of contributors to our periodicals.

One of the curiosities connected with periodical writing is the number of cases of persons who succeed in writing one good sketch or story, and then fail ever afterward in producing anything worth printing. They resemble the famous single-speech Hamilton in Parliament, and always fail to equal themselves, either through lack of new ideas, or from mannerism due to self imitation. A lady once wrote to the Harpers sending a story for which she asked \$25. They liked it so much as to pay \$35 for it, and like Oliver Twist asked for more. She

sent several others, but they were so worthless that they had to send them all back and tell her to stop contributing. This is only a single case, but others of like character constantly occur, and they prove that while a novice may make a hit in a single instance it needs training and special capacity to succeed permanently in literature.—*N. Y. Cor. Springfield Republican.*

HOW TO JUDGE BOOKS.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us their can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness?

Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, or shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul?

If so—if you are conscious of all or any of those effects—or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case. —*Southey.*

THE REVIEWER.

HELEN'S BABIES, with some account of their ways, by their latest victim. Loring, Publisher, Boston. Neat paper covers, price 50 cents.

A New York City young bachelor receives an urgent invitation from his married sister to come up to their "Country Seat," and take charge of their establishment, while she and her husband pay a long promised visit to a dear school friend.

Her house is cool and roomy, the servants the best, the garden full of flowers, the horses in perfect condition, the town gay with summer boarders, and one divinity dear to him is among them. Her two boys, everybody says they are "the best children that ever lived," have a faithful attendant, so they will be no trouble to him whatever, and with him in charge she should feel perfectly at ease. He accepts, and his ten days' experience makes decidedly the most enjoyable book you have read for years.

"HOW TO WRITE LETTERS," by J. Willis Westlake, A. M., Professor of English Language and Belles Lettres. Plain cloth, \$1.00, extra gilt and gilt edges, \$1.50. Sower, Potts & Co., Publishers, 530 Market Street, Philadelphia.

"How to write letters" has a three-fold purpose; first, to serve as a Text Book for the use of schools—auxiliary to the study of Language and Literature, and to a business life. Secondly, to assist private learners—those who are disposed to become proficient in letter writing, but who do not have other sufficient means of acquiring this useful ac-

complishment. Thirdly, to supply an authoritative work to which persons of all classes, occupations and professions may resort for information, in regard to the many perplexing questions concerning epistolary art and propriety, which are constantly occurring to every one in the exigencies of life. The work has been made to cover a wide field—and much supplemental matter of general interest has been added, concerning orthography, punctuation, titles, forms of address and salutation—American and English—postal information, etc. It is really a judicious, refined and instructive manual on letters, and on the particulars of social etiquette involved in the structure of notes and use of cards. There are useful hints, suggestions, directions and instructions on every page.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for the weeks ending July 15th and 22d have a large variety of valuable articles, among which are the following: The Cruise of the "Challenger;" Russian Village Communities; Quakers and Quakerism; Sketch of a Journey across Africa, by Lt. Cameron, of the Royal Navy; Unbreakable or Toughened Glass; Johnsonese Poetry; Physics and Physiology of Harmony; Ode and Oaths; Leigh Hunt and Lord Brougham, with original letters, by S. R. Townshend Meyer; The extradition Quarrel; Lunar Studies; The Remington Type-Writing Machine; Physical Influence upon Character; etc., together with the conclusion of "The Lady Candidate," an amusing story from Blackwood, an instalment of "What She Came Through," an attractive story by Sarah Tyler, and the beginning of a new serial by Mrs. Olyphant. The usual select poetry and miscellany are also provided. Little & Gay, Boston are the publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York. \$4.00 per annum. This illustrated journal is without question the ablest and most successful publication of the kind, and its circulation by far the largest. At the head of its crop of artists is Thos. Nast, the foremost man in his line in the country. Few more effective sermons are put in the type of any paper than have been sketched by his pencil and chisel. There is no mistaking the point and moral of his lessons. The literary features and editorial departments are conducted with marked ability and taste.

ST. NICHOLAS, for August, is probably the very finest issue of a Children's Magazine ever published anywhere. It is called the "Midsummer Holiday Number," and in make-up and contents is specially adapted to the season; and the great variety and uniform excellence of its contributions are indeed remarkable. All classes of articles are represented, anecdote, adventure, description, sentiment, fun, fancy; and each representative is worthy to rank among the best of its kind. More than twenty articles by such writers as Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, James T. Fields, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Dodge, Noah Brooks, Mrs. Olyphant, Lucretia P. Hale, Abbie Morton Diaz, Lydia Maria Child, Horace E. Scudder; and more than forty pictures, by such artists as Miss Hallock, Addie Ledyard, W. L. Sheppard, Sol Eytinge, Thomas Moran, Fidelia Bridges, Frank Beard—altogether make a Midsummer Magazine for children such as was never seen before!

BELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA.—We have received parts 21, 22, 23 and 24 of this remarkable compendium of valuable information, the leading feature of which we have already referred to at length. The parts before us fully justify all we have said in its favor. Horace King of Thompsonville, Conn., is the New England agent, who will receive subscriptions for the complete work or any portion thereof. Specimen numbers mailed for twenty cents.

CENTENNIAL COLLECTION OF NATIONAL SONGS is the title of a low-priced music book issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. It contains ten American songs, three English, two French, two German, two Irish, two Scotch, one Russian, one Austrian, one Italian, one Danish, one Swedish, one Spanish, and one Welsh,—embracing the national songs of each. The Spanish National Song is arranged by Manual Fenolosa, and the words are printed in both Spanish and English, the translation being by E. F. Fenolosa. Brief historical sketches are given of the origin of several of the songs, and the first version of Yankee Doodle is reprinted.

MOUNTAIN REVERIE.

WILBUR BUZZELL.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.



Omit 2d time.....





CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I just want to say a word or two. Firstly, I want to "back up" some one who, in the July number, tells L. O. to make her squash and pumpkin pies without eggs. It is just what I have wanted to say every time I read recipes for making squash or pumpkin pies. Don't waste your eggs by using them that way. My experience is exactly like the writer's, and with her I'll match my pies without eggs, with any made with them.

Pickling Cucumbers.—Two years ago I made some pickles after the following recipe, and this spring they were hard and crisp as when first made. Pick small cucumbers, wipe them carefully and put them in a vessel with vinegar enough to cover them (this vinegar may be diluted by using one-third water), let them stand two or three days, pour off this liquor, place the pickles in the vessel in which you will keep them, pour on clear cider vinegar enough to cover them, lay on a flat, clean rock to keep them under the vinegar, and tell me next spring what your verdict is.

"Maria" says, bake your apple pies without seasoning, and, after baking, remove upper crust and season. A better way is to leave out entirely all kinds of seasoning. Try it and you will say, amen!

EGIA.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to contribute the following answers to several inquirers in the June number of THE HOUSEHOLD. Permit me also to take this opportunity of saying how much I admire and appreciate your excellent paper.

W. B. A. will find that powdered borax strewn around the places where cockroaches most frequent will prove the most perfect exterminator.

Mrs. Y. W. wishes to know how to make raspberry jelly. I send a recipe for both jam and jelly which she will find excellent: Put the fruit in a jar in a kettle of water until the juice will run from it, then take away a quarter of a pint from every pound of fruit, bruise and boil it half an hour, then put in the weight of the fruit in sugar and boil till it becomes quite thick. The juice which was taken away may be mixed with the same quantity of currant juice, adding its weight in sugar and boiled to a strong jelly.

To Mrs. S. R. C. I send a nice way to pot pigeons. Let them be quite fresh, clean carefully, and season with salt and pepper; lay them close in a small, deep pan, cover them with butter, then with thick paper tied down, and bake them. When cold, put them dry into pots that will hold two or three in each, and pour butter over them, using that which was baked as part. If pigeons were boned, then put in an oval form into the pots, they would lie closer and require less butter. They may be stuffed with a fine forcemeat made with veal, bacon, etc.,

and then they will eat excellently. If a high flavor is approved of, add mace, allspice, and a little cayenne before baking.

Mrs. C. H. G. will be able to keep green peas if she will try this method: Shell, and put them into boiling water, give them two or three walms only, and pour them into a colander. When the water has drained off, turn them out on the table on a cloth, then pour them on another cloth to dry perfectly, then put them in jars or wide-mouthed bottles, leaving only room for pouring clarified mutton suet upon them an inch thick, and for the cork, rosin them down and keep them in the cellar or in the earth. When they are to be used, boil them till tender, with a bit of butter, teaspoonful of sugar, and a sprig of mint.

Mrs. L. K.

MR CROWELL:—In the July number Hattie says she fails on salt rising. I would like her to try my recipe. I think she will be successful with it. In the evening, when the fresh milk is brought in, I take one-half or two-thirds of a pint, scald it and thicken stiff with corn-meal; set it aside till morning. In the morning, as soon as I can, I take half-pint quite warm water, but not scalding hot, in a large bowl or cup, turn the corn mush in it, add one-third teaspoon of salt, one-third of soda, one-half of sugar, thicken stiff with white flour; put a spoonful on top, not stirred in; put in water hot as you can bear your hand in; keep it warm but do not scald it. It will be up in two or three hours. I never have any trouble or failure with mine.

I don't consider china bowls and silver spoons essential. But I always scald my spoon and bowl of a morning. I scald the milk in a skillet. Our stove is seldom hot of an evening—putting the milk in a skillet with a handful of kindlings under, it boils in a few minutes. I mix the milk and meal in a tin cup with an iron spoon, set the cup on the kitchen table or in the cupboard till morning.

I think salt-rising bread is easier to make and more wholesome than yeast bread. I speak from experience. I trust Hattie will be successful.

Irvington, Ind. NELLIE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have read all your contributions with so much pleasure, and would no doubt be profited, too, if I would put them in practice, and have often thought while doing so, "now, here is a question I could answer, and I will shake off this indolence, or selfishness, and contribute my mite, and not always be receiving and never giving."

"Hattie" wishes to know how to remove "superfluous hair." I once copied this mode of doing it, but cannot speak experimentally of its efficacy. If Hattie finds it successful, it might be well to mention it in THE HOUSEHOLD. Dip camel's-hair pencil in large spoon of hot water, in which four drops of carbolic acid have been dissolved, apply to the roots of the hair, let it smart a moment, wash off with warm soap suds, and bathe with olive oil. Repeat once in ten days, till a cure is effected.

Another wants to know of a good

sealing-wax. I will give one I have used several years and think can not be excelled. One ounce gum shellac, one ounce beeswax, and eighteen ounces rosin. This cools instantly. You can dip pieces of strong domestic in the fluid, and press them over the tops of gallon jars by putting your hands in cold water and then manipulating. For strawberries and blackberries, the former, especially, common stone jars are much better than cans, causing them to retain both color and flavor. If bubbles arise, on pressing the cover, drop a few drops of wax till there are none, and press down.

L. K.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been an appreciative, though silent, member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band for six years. I have often felt condemned for my silence when I have derived so much benefit from the experience of the sisters. In the April number, E. B. wishes to know how to make a hair chain. I have made one for my husband which is considered very handsome.

Combination stitch.—Take four or five thicknesses of rubber cord and bind together with sewing-silk—not wrapped too closely. Then take twenty strands with twenty hairs in a strand, bind all to one end of the rubber, and arrange two strands over each figure on the board. Then work from A to 1, B to 2, C to 3, D to 4, E to 5, and repeat until the desired length.

Spiral stitch.—Take two strands at a time and work with the right hand toward you, and change from A to 1, 1 in right hand, A in left hand, B to C, D to 4, E to 5; repeat until length desired.

It makes it very pretty to change back to the combination stitch by separating the two strands in the spiral. If E. B. is successful as I was with the first I made, I know she will feel more than repaid. If I could step in and see her we would have it half done in one afternoon, and if she does not understand about the "board" and will send her address through THE HOUSEHOLD I will write and explain. I have also a lace stitch for necklaces and bracelets.

If a Young Housekeeper will try my mode of preparing peaches I think she will be pleased. To seven pounds of fruit take three and one-half pounds sugar, one ounce cloves, one ounce cinnamon and one pint vinegar. Boil sugar, spice (tied in cloth) and vinegar together, skim off what rises, then add fruit and boil until clear and can be pierced with a straw, then take out fruit and boil syrup awhile longer, then pour over fruit, cover with brandied paper and seal. These will keep without trouble and are delicious.

Preserved Watermelon.—Pare rind off and cut out all red so nothing remains but firm meat. Weigh, then boil until clear, take off and put sugar on to boil with very little water, three-fourth pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, add a few pieces of race ginger. When sugar boils, add fruit and boil until free from all streaks and of a clear amber color, skimming constantly, then take off, boil syrup a little longer, pour over fruit, cover with brandied paper and

seal. If lemon is desired, add a few slices before taking off stove.

I will send more recipes another time. I dare not add more lest Mr Crowell will think I am crowding into one writing what should do for the six years.

F. M. K.

To Lizzie B. If you will take your velvet mantle and put it in a box that would not cram it: First, sprinkle cayenne pepper in the bottom of the box; then lay in a newspaper, then sprinkle in more pepper (pretty freely), then lay in your mantle as straight as you can with plenty of pepper sprinkled on the inside of the mantle, then sprinkle more on the top, then lay in another paper to cover it all over, then sprinkle more pepper on the paper, and put on a lid to the box, you will have no bother with the moths. Furs and any clothing is kept free from moths in that way, but before using in the fall they should be put out in the wind so as to have all the pepper blown out.

Tell Mrs. A. Clark to take a damp broom and sweep her white-washed walls down, keeping the broom damp all the time, and then after the walls are perfectly dry, take a dry broom (be careful it is dry), then sweep her walls bearing on pretty hard so as to be sure and get off all the scales of whitewash, then, before papering, get a little glue, dissolve in boiling hot water, then take a white-wash brush and wash her walls down with the glue while it is hot, doing a little at a time so as to not let it get quite dry before the paper is put on. Her paste should be made of starch instead of flour and should be boiled and put on while warm. If she will follow these directions she will have no trouble to get the paper to stick.

A FRIEND.

POTATO YEAST BREAD.

A lady correspondent of the Maine Farmer says that, aside from the advantage of healthfulness, bread well made from potato yeast will soon win converts to itself because of its superior lightness and delicacy of flavor. No other wears so well. It can be served in the form of hot rolls or biscuit, cold slices or toast, and in every way it is delicious, but probably not much more healthful when newly-baked than other hot bread. As an occasional variety, rolls or biscuit, nicely prepared with soda or milk risings, provided the fermentation be arrested before it become putrefaction, are in no way objectionable, but rather heighten the flavor of the next meal from yeast bread.

An excellent recipe for yeast is the following: Boil for about fifteen minutes in a quart of water a handful of common hops or a square inch of pressed hops tied in a piece of muslin; peel and grate five large or three very large potatoes; dissolve in the boiling water one cup of sugar and one-half cup of salt; add a pinch of ginger; remove the hops, and add the grated potatoes, stir the mixture till it thickens, remove from the stove and when milk-warm add one cup of good yeast; or, if this cannot be obtained, a small yeast cake dissolved in a cup of water with flour stirred in to make a thin batter and allowed to

rise till very light may be used for the first brewing of potato yeast. It should be covered very tight and set to rise in a warm place. After fermentation ceases it should be kept in a covered jar of stone, glass, or earthenware.

Many people boil and mash the potatoes instead of grating them, but the yeast sours sooner, and sour yeast will not make good bread, even with the addition of soda to correct the acidity. The hops can be omitted if desired, but they, as well as the salt and ginger, help to preserve the yeast, and a small quantity imparts no unpleasant flavor to the bread; white sugar keeps better than brown. A porcelain-lined kettle or a bright tin vessel should be used in making yeast, as iron burns it dark. Care should be taken not to allow the yeast to become warmer than new milk while rising, as scalding destroys its life. A certain inexperienced housekeeper I once knew actually kept up her courage to brew yeast seven times before she succeeded in making it rise, all because she set it in too warm a place. She has never failed of having good yeast since, but is still rejoiced because of her own perseverance, and grateful to her neighbors for the loan of the requisite seven cupfuls for brewing!

Good flour and good yeast at hand, the bread may be made with warm water or half new milk, using one-third of a cup of yeast to one pint of "mixing" for each loaf. Use flour enough to knead smooth at night, place in a pan, cover, and set where its temperature will be kept as nearly equal as possible until morning. In cold weather the water should be a little more than milk-warm, but not hot enough to scald the yeast. If perfectly light and spongy the dough should be kneaded thoroughly, chopped with a knife to increase its fineness of grain, molded into loaves and set to rise again before breakfast. At any rate it should not be allowed to stand till bubbles rise to the surface, as then the bread will contain large air-holes, with a chance of a slight sour taste. The mass should be fine-grained and stringy when removed from the pan for the second kneading. It cannot be kneaded too much; my greatest trouble is that, with other work pressing, it often cannot be kneaded enough. The loaves should be allowed to stand in the tins (in cold weather near the fire) until perfectly light, and baked from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Of course experience is needed in addition to minute directions in order to attain perfect success, and that experience is certainly worth striving after. In our own family, during the heat of the past two months, we have found our light bread and sweet butter with fresh berries a far more satisfied dessert than pie or pudding, and the little ones, as well as their elders, show by their state of health the beneficial results of the change.

• • • "SLIGHTING" THE IRONING.

"I never learned to slight my work," said my very neat and nice neighbor. "More's the pity," thought I, as I looked at her pale and sad face. I really think it is hardly more important

to learn how to do work well than it is to learn how and when to slight one's work.

We don't want any one to do our washing less carefully. The clothes can not be made too clean—though to be sure they might all be worn out by hard and indiscriminate rubbing on the wash-board. If we could have everything as we choose, we might say that our clothing cannot be ironed too smooth, any more than washed too clean; but clean it must be, for health's sake, whether it is smooth, or not.

"It took me two hours to iron that pair of cassimere trowsers," said my neighbor. I can see them still, though they are hundreds of miles away—that pair of gray cassimere trowsers hanging freshly-ironed upon a chair. It is hardly exaggerating to say that they looked "as good as new," and not at all as most washed and ironed woolen trowsers look. That was work which it paid to do carefully. Every seam had been nicely pressed open, then the whole had been ironed while it was damp, pressing it heavily and carefully on the wrong side, pulling it evenly into shape as the ironing went on.

The woman who ironed those trowsers cannot bear to leave a wrinkle anywhere in anything she irons. She could not rest if every brown towel

was not folded exactly even, and pressed quite smooth in every part, and her conscience would have condemned her if she had not turned every sheet all about, and pressed her hot iron over every inch of it. That is labor which does not pay, it seems to me. I have not enough of royal blood in me, and few of my acquaintances have, I fancy, to feel any discomfort from such semi-wrinkles as remain in the lower half of a sheet when it has been doubled and ironed so that only the upper half came in contact with the flat iron. It is the same with my under-garments, and I would not thank any one for spending their precious time in ironing the backs of night dresses, etc. Not that I consider the fronts of any more importance than the backs, but as the garment is laid out upon the ironing-table, the front is naturally uppermost, and when that has been ironed, the whole body is smooth enough for comfort and good looks.

Of this creed I am not in the least ashamed, though earlier in life I supposed that such ironing was only to be done secretly when in haste, and never to be told upon the rooftops. You see, my friends, we can not—we who have souls as well as bodies—do all that we want to do each day and every day. We have to make constant choice between things of more or less importance. We want to keep our houses well, and we want to take good care of our children, and we want—oh! ever so many things that we can't have in these busy years, and we must go to bed when bed-time comes, for the sake of health and good nature, and no votes of ours can put more hours into the day, or more days into the week.

When I give a girl instruction about the ironing, I tell her to iron very carefully all the outside garments, not because they are better than the under-garments, but because wrinkles in these offend the eye. It certainly

makes life more pleasant to have those clothes that meet the eye look as smooth as their texture naturally permits—to have them look as good as new. As for the under-garments, they are so ironed that as they hang upon the clothes-frames, or lie folded in the drawer, they look clean and smooth, and nobody finds any trouble in their use. If the children should say to me (as they never think of doing), "mamma, you don't iron our clothes well enough now-a-days," it would not cause me one tithe the pain it gives me now to hear them say, "mamma, you hardly ever read us a story now, you are always so busy."—*Am. Rural.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—This is the second year your paper has been a welcome visitor at our home. I want my mother and sisters at the dear old homestead, to participate in the pleasure of its monthly visits. I am particularly interested in the Letters to THE HOUSEHOLD, and Mrs. Dorr's "To Whom it may Concern." I think hers in a late number cannot fail to awaken in the hearts of many a neglectful husband and wife, a longing for that better way of living, wherein the happiness of each is the first object of the other.

I once heard a gay and thoughtless girl, who had not learned as much of life then as now, remark to her betrothed husband.

"I do not like long courtships."

"I do" replied the gentleman. "I never expect to leave off courting the woman I marry."

I think he never has, for years have passed since then, and not long ago, I overheard the same woman, now a proud and happy wife say to her husband.

"Oh! I wish there were more husbands like mine."

"And there surely would be, were there more wives like mine," was the prompt reply.

Then I thought one couple at least have learned the secret of continued wedded bliss. I suspect the courting is at the bottom of their so complete success. I wish more men might remember that all those little attentions, caresses, and gallantries with which they win the maiden's heart, are just as necessary to the wife, and resolve never to leave off courting; and again that more wives would remember how much the little graces and witcheries they used to captivate the lover, would do towards securing and binding, stronger and stronger the bonds of their affection as the years roll on. I well know that no two persons brought up in different homes, differently educated, perhaps exactly opposite in temperament, with very likely only a few months' acquaintance, and that obtained under circumstances little calculated to reveal the real nature of either, can come together, and take up the cares and responsibilities of married life, without feeling, at times, the need of loving charity and mutual forbearance.

Then it is that the flame of love, which once burned so strong and bright, is in danger of going entirely out, if not kept alive by the same care and attention that kindled it in the beginning.

A fond word of love and appreciation, is an elixir to the wife, be she ever so weary and worn, while a kiss or a simple word pleasantly spoken, has power to dispel the sternest frown from the husband's face. Oh! husbands, remember to "love your wives, even as Christ loved the church," and wives oft troubled and perplexed with the cares of life, that "My grace is sufficient for you."

MAG.

Seabrook, N. H.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—Thanks for the back numbers you so kindly sent me. They will be very useful. I wished very much to send some numbers of THE HOUSEHOLD to a younger sister that I have in New Zealand, but I really cannot spare them, the recipes are so valuable to me, as I am only a few months from England, and many of the American dishes are different to ours, and I was at a loss how to prepare many of them, but I have learned very much from your useful paper and would like others to have the same privilege. I therefore enclose you post-office order for one year (and postage extra), to be sent to my sister, whose address I will enclose.

I am greatly interested in your HOUSEHOLD Band, and I'm sure the experiences of many, so freely given for the benefit of all, must be very beneficial indeed, it is such a nice way to cheer and help each other along, also the exchange of recipes, which are so varied and useful. I am surprised to find the American people use so much hot bread; for myself, I should not dare eat it very often, for I should expect to become a very confirmed dyspeptic. In England, the country people bake as much bread as will serve the family for a week, and that is eaten at every meal, so you may fancy they make a good quantity. I used to bake twice a week and most of my friends did the same.

I really do think many women have far more work in the cooking department than is either needful or right. It seems to me, we ought to first consider health before anything of less importance. I speak from experience, for I have passed through all these various stages that so many of your correspondents write of, and now, at the age of thirty, with four lovely, healthy children, I have come to California to find health, which, I rejoice to say, I have succeeded in doing, and I am determined to do all I possibly can to preserve it, and let alone the mysteries of cooking, and be contented with plain, wholesome food and plenty of fruits, which grow most abundantly here. But I fear I am trespassing upon your time, for a new subscriber should be more reticent. With kindest greetings to all the members of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Los Angeles, Cal. HANNAH H.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir:*—It is with pleasure I renew my subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD. I have taken it three years, and it seems as if I could not do without it. I love all the dear sisters for their kind and encouraging words. I, too, have known what bereavement is, for we have lost four little bright-eyed darlings, and recently I have lost my dear mother, and

now my husband and myself are left alone, and it seems very lonely. But we feel it is all well, for we have still a friend in Jesus and he has been a very present help in trouble. Give my love to all the dear sisters, and I hope the *HOUSEHOLD* Band will meet in the household above where the circle is never broken.

MRS. LIZZIE D.
Lawrence, Mass.

EDITOR *HOUSEHOLD* :—The article entitled "Frankness with Children," in the November number, was well worth the subscription price for a year, and should be read by every woman in the land. Not only mothers, but a large number of those who mistrust our children, in the numerous public and private schools of the land, would do well to read and ponder upon the truths so plainly written. Who, that has stood an instructress of children a few times, does not know the untold influence she has over them, either for good or evil? and how many would like at last to find they lost golden opportunities to do good through careless ignorance of child nature? rather should we strive to do good as we have opportunity, standing as we do next the parent in training immortal minds.

Tell the young lady of twenty-five, who wished for a hair dye, that a light heart, cheerful word and good health is all the dye she needs.

I must say the lady who wrote "Appearance of Untidiness" seems to me decidedly old-maidish; I always think, when I hear people talk like that, they, too, may have some habits not entirely agreeable to other people.

Swanzey, N. H. ELLA E. R.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD* FRIENDS :—I thought I should not write again as I had told you all, but some of the kind friends have asked for me. I thank you for your sympathy. I have nothing new to say. I am living on just the same. I knew there could be no change, but, if my sun does not shine, neither is it darkness. I find many things to do, and I take a sober comfort in trying to make others happy. I know the Father loves me. I am trusting Him. He will not fail me.

MARAH.

DEAR SIR :—Will you pardon a lover of *THE HOUSEHOLD* for offering a suggestion as to how it may be somewhat improved? I see by the questions in the Kitchen department that others besides myself are puzzled to know how to preserve the cooking recipes in such a way that they may be easily referred to, without mutilating the paper, a thing which I for one have not the conscience to do, as it is well worth binding. Now it has often occurred to me that the recipes might be printed on one side of a leaf devoted to advertisements, which could then be cut out and put in a recipe-book, leaving the rest of the paper entire.

I have also wished that the music could be published in the same way. I like most of the songs so much, and if they could be kept with my other music they would be played and sung a great deal oftener than they now are. Of course you know—I do not—

whether the plan would be feasible, or whether it would involve extra expense or trouble. I only thought as I was writing anyway, that there would be no harm in speaking my mind. I must tell you while I am about it, how much I like *THE HOUSEHOLD*. I expect to be a subscriber for life. I did without it three years on account of frequent removals, and when at last it came again, I felt as though I had greeted a long absent friend. Wishing long life and success to *THE HOUSEHOLD*, I remain, yours,

Portland, Oregon. FRANCES A.

DO YOU HAVE BED-BUGS?

MR. CROWELL :—This subject has also come up. Shall I give my own experience? I once moved into a house which had been made from a large store, consequently all the walls except the outside walls and one chamber were entirely new. I took this room for myself; my furniture had been brought on the cars. The first night I found I had company in bed. Oh dear! where did they come from. The cars? But my beds were well protected. I rose early and went to the wife of the merchant who had last occupied the store.

"Did your husband's clerks sleep in the store chamber?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear anything about bed-bugs?"

"Oh yes, the walls are full of them."

"But the walls are clean, both paint and paper."

"Yes I know, but the plastering is full of bugs."

"Thank you, good bye."

I then went to the man who had plastered and whitewashed the new rooms, and begged him to help me. On my way home I bought a pound of corrosive sublimate. By that time I was ready for my breakfast, and soon the man came with his brushes. The furniture was taken from the room, carpet removed, paper stripped from the walls, the walls swept, millions of bugs were swept down, gathered up and put in the fire. About a third part of the poison was put into a full pail of hot water, and the wall over head was thoroughly washed. Then another pail of hot water, more poison, and the walls round the room were well washed. Every crack and crevice were done over and over, the cracks between the boards of the floor were filled, and the floor was washed over with the hot poisoned water, and then the room was shut up to dry.

The next day the ceiling was whitewashed and new paper put on. It was a hard job, but I had my reward. I lived in the house several years, and not a bug was ever seen there again. We had no disagreeable smell as from using sulphur, and losing no time in removing the pests they had not found their way to the other rooms. My landlord said he would gladly bear the expense, if his tenants had energy enough to clear the house of bed-bugs. I did not stop to ask him, however, until the work was done, for either the bugs must clear out at once, or I must.

HANS DORCOMB.

EDITOR *HOUSEHOLD* :—Last evening the April number arrived, and as usual,

I sat down this morning to read, and when I came to burning sulphur, etc., for exterminating bed-bugs, I could not forbear sending you my way, which is sure, clean and easy.

For twenty-two years I have been "master of the situation." I take one ounce of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs beat together with a fork for a little while, then beat with the feather on a goosequill till it is like froth, the fine particles lying on the froth making the whole look of a grayish cast, in fact, till there is no more of the quicksilver in the bottom of the bowl than on the froth; then apply with the same feather on the mattress corners, on varnished surfaces under the ends of slats, in every place that serves as a hiding place, and don't wash it off at all, and you will not be troubled if you are thorough.

I have lived in houses where I was told, "you cannot live there, for the house is filled with bugs." But I have always conquered. When I enter such a house as above described, I use two ounces of quicksilver to the whites of three eggs, for the first application, and I seldom have to repeat it, but I watch for stragglers every day for some weeks, till all are disposed of. If you take a little of the whitewash and put in a little arsenic, and whitewash the wall around the bed, the nits will never hatch. If paper is on, I tear it off and find their hiding places and apply the quicksilver, and after a few weeks paper again. I make a strong ley and scrub the floor, especially the cracks, with a broom, and ley boiling hot.

I am sure if any one pursues "my policy," which is to kill thoroughly, they will be successful. SARAH.

CORRECT WAY TO SWEEP A CARPET.

There are three ways to sweep a carpet—one right and two wrong ways. One wrong way is to hold the broom in front of the operator, with the handle inclined backward toward him, then press down as a forward thrust is given, and thus leave the heavier dirt half way across the room, while the light particles are sent whirling about, covering, as it settles, every article of furniture.

Another wrong way to sweep a carpet is to move the broom forward with a heavy drawing stroke, by which the material to be removed is pressed into the carpet rather than worked gently along on the surface. If either of these wrong ways are adopted, the broom will wear out the carpet more than it is worn by the occupants of the dwelling. When a sweeper collects a dust-pan full of the nap of the carpet every time it is swept, a new one will soon be required. The right way to sweep is to incline the handle a little forward, then give a light drawing stroke, allowing the broom to scarcely touch the carpet. Not one-half the weight of the broom should be allowed to press on the carpet, as the dirt is moved forward. Let the dirt be moved and rolled along lightly.

If a generous quantity of tea grounds, small bits of wet paper, or clean wet sawdust can be spread over

the carpet before the sweeping is commenced, all the fine dirt will adhere to these materials. A little smart woman, who is a terror to dirt, will frequently hurl it about the room as if it were impelled by a whirlwind, and when the task is ended, her dust-pan will contain scarcely enough to pay for sweeping. But by using a good broom, having a long elastic brush, touching the carpet lightly, it will scarcely require the strength of a child to sweep a large parlor in a few minutes. Scarcely one housekeeper in fifty understands how to sweep a carpet correctly.—*Science of Health*.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE AND CAKE.

In the April number of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, A Subscriber wishes to know how to cook oatmeal as it is used in Scotland.

For Porridge.—Put on your water or milk (as it can be made of either) to boil, and after it has come to a boil salt it to suit your taste, and put in your meal stirring it all the time, put in a cup of meal to one quart of water, and boil twenty minutes.

For Oat-Cake.—Put a piece of lard the size of an egg in a dish and pour on it half a pint of boiling water, and when it is melted put in your meal; make it stiff enough to roll, then roll it out to about the same thickness of cookies, cut it in four, brush all the meal off, then place it on the griddle, if you have one, if not put it in the oven, when it is partly baked put it under the stove to harden.

MARION.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MAKING COFFEE.—Mr. Crowell :—Please allow me to say to Mrs. J. B. that after trying many different methods of making coffee, I think the following to be at once the best and the most economical. If for breakfast, prepare it the night before, in the following manner: Take one heaping tablespoonful of coffee, if you wish it very strong, to each person, but for coffee of medium strength one level tablespoonful is the rule. Put it in a small muslin bag and twist a coarse thread around the top of it a few times, no need to tie it, put it in a bowl, and for each person add one full cup of cold water, or if you have cold coffee use it in place of water as far as it will go, cover closely and let it stand over night. About fifteen minutes before breakfast turn bag and all into your coffee pot and let it just come to a boil, then set where it will keep hot until used. I put it into a bowl to soak over night for fear it might rust the coffee pot, and acquire a disagreeable taste from standing in tin. Of course the bag keeps all the grounds from the coffee.

SUPERIOR RASPBERRY SHRUB.—One quart of cider vinegar in three quarts of raspberries. Let them stand over night. In the morning strain through a bag or towel. To one pint of this juice add one pound of sugar, and boil gently thirty minutes. If you wish to keep it more than one year add a wine glass of brandy to one quart of shrub. Pour into bottles and cork tight. I have some now which I prepared nine years ago, and it is as perfect as can be. Age improves it. It intended for immediate use no brandy will be required. It is delicious in a hot summer day if ice is added and enough water to thin it.

BLUEBERRY PUDDING.—Beat one egg thoroughly in a large bowl, add one cup of milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Stir in one quart of blueberries. Thoroughly grease a two quart pail, pour in your pudding, cover the pail closely, set it in a kettle of boiling water and boil steadily for one and one-half hours. Eat with a sweet sauce, or maple syrup, or sugar and cream. It is very nice.

BLUEBERRY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, one

cup of sweet milk, in which has been dissolved one level teaspoonful of soda. Season with nutmeg, and add two cups of flour and two rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Sprinkle a little flour over one and one-half cups of blueberries to keep them from settling to the bottom, and stir them in your cake. If you wish to use berries that jam easily, it is better to spread a little of your cake dough in the bottom of your tin, then a few berries, and so on until all your dough is used. Currants that have been dried are good in place of berries.

CUSTARD PIE.—Put two eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, a little nutmeg or lemon, a bit of salt, and three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar in a bowl; beat thoroughly, and pour in a pint of milk; fill your pie and set in the oven. If not full enough add more milk. If you wish a very ornamental pie take the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg for your pie; when done beat up the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add three teaspoonfuls of white sugar, and pour over your pie; set in the oven and brown lightly, and when cold drop bits of jelly over the top of it.

RICE PIE.—Cook two small tablespoonfuls of rice until it is all in a mush. If for a plain pie add milk enough to make quite soft, sweeten it very sweet with sugar, add one egg, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake like a custard pie in one crust. If you wish a richer pie use the yolks of two eggs and some cream with your milk. Beat up the whites of the two eggs and proceed in the same manner as for custard pie.

ECONOMICAL PIE.—Some day when frying eggs for your family reserve the white of one. If you do not wish to make a pie until the next day, put two teaspoonfuls of sugar with your egg and cover it closely. The next day set a pail containing a full pint of milk into a kettle of boiling water; put in a bowl the yolk of one egg, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar and the same of corn starch or flour, add a pinch of salt, and season with lemon, nutmeg, or vanilla, add one-half cup milk and beat until smooth; stir into your boiling milk and let it cook a few moments, stirring constantly. Let it get cold before filling your pie. Set in a brisk oven and bake until the crust is done. Then beat up the white of egg you saved in your cup with the white of one you put in your pie; beat thoroughly, and add two teaspoonfuls of sugar; pour over your pie and set in the oven to brown. If you have a cup, or even two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream you can put it in your pie, and use water in place of milk, and it will be very nice.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs beaten very thoroughly, one cup of white sugar, a pinch of salt, and some lemon or nutmeg. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls sweet milk and stir in, add one level cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in four round jelly cake tins, in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Spread jelly between them and frost the top. This cake will keep fresh for months.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One-third cup sour cream, one and two-thirds cups of sour milk, one cup sugar, some salt, and lemon, vanilla, or nutmeg; add a level teaspoonful of soda thoroughly dissolved, and flour enough to make quite thick. Bake in two jelly cake tins until done. When cold cut them open and spread jelly, whipped sweet cream sweetened well with sugar, or nice thick stewed apple between them. This is a very plain cake, but if eaten fresh it is highly relished, especially by children, and is much better for them than richer cake.

CREAM OF TARTAR BISCUIT.—Into one quart of flour stir two rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix one tablespoonful of lard thoroughly with your flour, add a little salt and a cup of milk or water in which you have dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Use enough more milk or water to make it just thick enough to mould into biscuit. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

SOUR MILK BISCUIT.—One-third cup of sour cream, fill your cup with sour milk and take another whole cup of sour milk, add a pinch of salt, and a level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Stir in flour enough so you can roll them out, and bake twenty minutes.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Have large oys-

ters, lay them upon a towel and press the end of it over them so they will be very dry. Dip each one in a beaten egg, then in very fine cracker crumbs. Grease your cake griddle so they will not burn; put them on after it is hot and fry until brown. Sprinkle a little salt over them. If you use much grease they will absorb it and be too rich.

ESCALLOPED VEAL.—This is a very nice way to use the poorer parts of the veal. Boil until very tender, allowing the meat to boil nearly dry, leaving perhaps a half pint of the gravy. Set away until cold, after having seasoned it while boiling, with salt and pepper. When cold chop very fine, both fat and lean. Roll some dry bread and crackers very fine, and put a thin layer of these crumbs in a large pudding dish; wet them thoroughly with milk and a little of the gravy, then add a layer of chopped veal, then another layer of crumbs, then more milk and gravy; last of all a layer of crumbs and the top of your gravy, with small bits of butter, if your meat is not very fat. Cover so as to keep in the steam, and bake, if small, about thirty minutes, if large, forty-five minutes. Just before taking from the oven remove the cover and let it brown. If you get it moist it is very delicious.

BAKED PORK AND VEAL.—Both these kinds of meat need to be cooked a long time, and slowly. Two hours will be required for a moderate sized baking piece.

ABOUT MEATS.—Roast beef should have a pint of boiling water poured over it to keep the juices of the meat from escaping before the heat of the oven can sear it over. It should be put into a very hot oven, as hot as it can be and not burn. Put some salt in the water under your meat, and baste the meat with it quite often. Fifteen minutes to the pound will be a sufficient time to leave it in the oven if you like it rare; twenty minutes to the pound if well done.

Sausage should be placed upon a hot spider and fried quick.

Ham is nice if cut thin and broiled, or if cut thick and put in your spider where it will cook but slowly for at least an hour. It should be covered closely to retain the steam. Just before dinner bring it where it will be hot enough to just brown.

Mutton or lamb is very nice if boiled until tender, and after being seasoned with pepper and salt allowed to fry down in its own gravy.

Beef and veal are also nice cooked this way. Remove your meat and pour in water enough for your gravy. Thicken with flour and let it boil until thoroughly cooked.

Mutton or lamb, if baked, should be cooked just the same as beef.

I have given other suggestions in meat cooking in THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875, and will not repeat them here.

Corned beef, or veal, or any cold boiled meat is very nice if mixed with potatoes, in the proportion of one cup meat chopped fine and one cup chopped boiled potatoes, moistened with the gravy or with water, seasoned with pepper and salt, and made into balls. Fry brown upon a hot griddle.

If ladies who wish to do up fine shirts nicely will follow these directions I am sure they will succeed. While your clothes are in the rinse water, dissolve a tablespoonful of starch in as little cold water as will dissolve it well. Have a bright tin dish for this purpose. Pour boiling water over it until it is not very thick, let it boil two minutes, stirring it all the time to prevent lumps or a crust forming over the top. Take your shirts from the rinse and wring them out in your starch. Let them dry. About one hour before ironing them take a heaping teaspoonful of starch and dissolve it in one cup of cold water; while stirring it dip in your skirt bosoms and wring them quite dry. Now rub in your starch—rub as though you were trying to get out a dirty spot. Much depends upon this thorough rubbing. Roll up tight and let them lay from twenty minutes to half an hour. Put a piece of thin cloth over your shirt, pass your iron over it, remove your cloth, and commencing at one edge iron little by little with an iron just hot enough not to burn. Have your iron perfectly clean. Rub a bit of beeswax upon your iron and then rub your iron upon a paper to prevent sticking; or put a handful of fine salt upon a rough board, and every fresh iron you take give it a rub through the salt. If your starch is thoroughly rubbed in they will not trouble you about sticking.

Will Mrs. H. S. Dow please tell us through THE HOUSEHOLD what kind of thread and how much it will take to warp a carpet of twenty yards? Also, how to make a feather like those she put in Mrs. Sanger's?

GRAHAM BREAD.—I will now close with a recipe for graham bread which we think very fine, and it is easily made. Put two tablespoonfuls of white sugar in one quart of warm water, stir in warm flour enough to make a soft batter, add a tablespoonful of salt and a penny's worth of bakers' yeast, and last of all a teaspoonful of soda. Let it stand in a warm place well covered up through the night. In the morning stir in enough graham flour so you can just

knead it, and a teacupful of molasses. Knead well, using as little flour as possible. It should be quite soft. Put back in your bread pan and let it rise until it trebles in size. It rises much slower than white bread, but if in a warm place it will surely come up. When light enough knead again slightly, make into loaves, and fill your bread pans about one-half full. Let them rise one hour, or until your pans are full. Bake slowly one hour. When done wrap in towels, and do not cut until cold. So much depends upon keeping bread warm, although good flour is indispensable. I use the Haxall flour, or the brand of flour called "Pillsbury's Best," and think it just as perfect as flour need be. It should be mixed soft, and a barrel of this flour will make four more loaves of bread than the old process flour, because it is so rich in gluten. It is as free from lumps as new fallen snow, and if you take up a handful and squeeze it hard, it will fall back into your pan like exceedingly fine sand. If mixed soft I don't see how the most inexperienced cook could fail in having superior bread.

To all who make bread in winter I would offer the suggestion that they would meet with happier results, and have fewer failures, if they would take care to use no cold flour. It chills and often ruins it. From the making of your yeast until the last raising, great care should be taken to preserve the warmth in your bread. Put a pan of sifted flour where it will get thoroughly warmed through and use no other.

SISTER JESSIE.

If any of THE HOUSEHOLD family wish for a baked Indian pudding worth eating, let them try the recipe given in the November number of THE HOUSEHOLD on page 254. We think it the "ne plus ultra" of all such puddings.

L. B. P.

MR. CROWELL.—Will some one be kind enough to tell me how to make pumpkin butter or sauce? Also, how to keep butter through the winter, and what is the best thing to keep it in? and oblige, MRS. E. C. T.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will you ask through your columns where the gem skirt supporters can be obtained? I do not know of any agent or where they are made.

E. *

MR. CROWELL.—I want to ask some of the sisters who are farmers' wives and "know all about it," for some directions about making butter? We moved on to a farm last spring, and I should be thankful to any one who can give me any information on the subject.

MRS. EVA M. C.

Southbridge, Mass.

MR. CROWELL.—Will you please ask some of THE HOUSEHOLD sisters how to make caper sauce, wine jelly and peach pudding? (not the plain kind baked in a long pan,) but the fancy, such as you get at first class restaurants. I hope some one will know, for I am very anxious to know how to make peach pudding.

I would like to ask for a recipe for lobster and chicken salad, and if I am not asking too much I would like Jessie's recipe for griddle cakes.

MRS. M. C. E.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—Will you ask your Dr. Hanford to please write on the subject of underclothing, stating best material, etc., and giving reasons. Also, if taking drink with starchy food is against hygienic laws.

W. C.

Will some benevolent housekeeper inform me how, with least labor, I can impart a handsome polish to tins? and oblige poor, laborious,

E. M. H.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me what will remove rain spots from a velvet cloak, caused by droppings from an umbrella? Also how to remove kerosene oil from a velvet rug? Hoping to return like favors sometime, I am,

MRS. B. R.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—Having read Meta's directions for making worsted flowers, I would be pleased to receive further information on the subject. She says she will send instructions by mail with sample to any who wish. Will Meta please send me sample and instructions by mail? and greatly oblige,

M. S. MOORE.

Crawfordsville, Iowa.

MR. EDITOR.—Will some of your subscribers tell me how to make a good baked Indian pudding? and oblige a new subscriber. Also, how to make good frosting for cake?

AUNT LYDIA.



ICE BOUND.

BY JANE M. READ.

At eve, ice-bound, the land lay crystal clad;
The forest branches, bowing slow and sad,
To rising west winds fondly sighed and moaned;
'Neath cold weights bending old gray fences

groaned;
The sun's last beams just touched with crimson glow
The hillside covered o'er with brown herbs low;
Alone, unfettered, ocean's long waves rolled,
And all was bright without but drear and cold.
The cold night nearer crept, and laid its hand
On cottage windows; but the household hand
Drew near the fire that lit the twilight gloom,
And filled with tender warmth the cosy room,
And said, "Though all without be cold and drear,
If death come not within is merry cheer."

At eve the small flowers close their tender leaves,
The west wind, softly for their fragrance grieves,
The forest lightly wave their branches fair,
The ocean glistens in the sunset glare;
The world is beautiful without and sweet
As if arrayed for holy angel's feet.
The cool winds kiss the cottage as they pass,
And sport around it in the tender grass;
They seek the darkened chamber and their breath
Rests on the lids of eyes grown cold in death;
Around the tiny form they gently play,
They lift the ringlets, and then steal away;
While on the breeze a mourning wail is heard
And as we listen, while with sorrows stirred,
We hear the words, "Though all without is bright,
The heart is chill as winter's frost bound night.

Littleton, Mass.

CALICO.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WHAT shall I wear, mammy?"
And little Nelly Day looked up into her mother's face with a wistful glance, as if she was half amused and half sad.

"Wear your new dress, of course," placidly answered the widow Day.

"But, mother, it's only calico."

"That's very true, and ten cent calico at that; still, it is all you gave got, Nelly."

"And the girls are all going, mammy; even the Holdridges and their New York company."

Mrs. Day turned a pleasant, keen face toward her daughter, looked at her steadily for a minute with a faint smile lurking about her lips, and then answered, with the New England word-of-all-work, "Well?"

"But it isn't well," said Nelly with a little vexed laugh. "I don't like to go, mammy dear, where my company will be ashamed of me."

"Then I should certainly stay at home," was the serene answer.

"Oh, mother."

Mrs. Day got up and came across the room to Cornelia.

"My dear little girl, look the thing in the face. You own two calico dresses and a black silk and a gray merino; the merino is too heavy, and you can't afford to wear the silk scrambling after arbutus. Look things in the face, and take your choice."

"Our arbutus parties are so pleasant," sighed Nelly.

"Then can't you make up your mind to go in a clean calico and enjoy yourself? or have you an intention of going to show the New York people

your best gown, and how little you had cured herself, rosy, tender and hot; and in five minutes they were at

care about ruining it? Nelly, don't be a goose! Put your silly little pride in your pocket, my dear, or else use it on your sandwiches, for I know nobody in the valley has any better than I can make."

"Who's proud now, ma'am, I'd like to know?" laughed Nelly, her sweet temper and sense coming to the front; and, kissing her mother, she danced off to put a fresh frill in the throat of her silk dress for Sunday, for to-morrow the arbutus party would take all her time.

Nelly and her mother were poor; but when one is young and pretty, poverty is only a matter of small stings. It was the mother who felt anxiety for the future, who spared herself all superfluous comforts, who pinched and pared and labored to lay up a little for some day of rain, or perhaps for Nelly's wedding. Who knows?

Her husband had been dead these fifteen years. Had he lived, she would probably have been still poorer. He was a country clergyman, studious, dreamy, helpless. It is true, his wife loved and mourned him, but everybody knew it was better for her that he died and left her his life insurance. If she did not think so, it was owing to a foolish way women have of preferring a living, loving husband to five thousand dollars. Folly? Of course; but then they are women.

Now she had only Nelly, and she loved her after that same fashion; but a certain crisp common sense and provident maternal instinct helped her not to spoil the child, however much she would have liked to.

Only calico! But when Nelly left her little room next morning dressed for the expedition, Mrs. Day was altogether satisfied with her aspect.

"Mother" had made the gown herself. It was simple enough; a black and white stripe, more white than black, a single deep ruffle on the skirt bound and headed with black cambric bands; a jacket fitting closely but not tightly to the delicate rounded figure, finished with a black cambric ruffle, a like trimming around the throat, but within it a pleated linen ruff, both kept in order by a band of black velvet, from which hung a white spar cross, her solitary trinket, and one that was her mother's before her; a little black cloth sacque of a singularly graceful shape, braided on the edge in a Greek pattern; a wide-leaved black hat with a bit of snow-white feather trimming round the crown; and a pair of black gloves, much mended, and a little purple and shabby about the finger tips, completed the costume; but when you put this simple attire on to a slight, graceful figure, with a blooming face, starry dark eyes, and abundant rich brown hair turned back from the white temples and knotted up high on the small head, while a dozen little fluffy tendrils fluttered over the tiny pink ears and low white forehead, you did not remember that the dress was calico. And even an ugly calico might have been forgotten if you peeped into the clean, new lunch-basket—only a common splint basket, with an old damask towel folded over the contents, but filled with such dainty sandwiches; some of tongue that Mrs. Day

flavorous; some of quince marmalade in firm-grained slices, translucent as clouded amber; some of acid jelly, and some of maple sugar. O, be-nighted reader, who never ate this last named dainty, you have a new experience before you! here were slices of whitest wheat and some of fresh-est rye bread, well spread with golden butter, and then thickly spread again with maple sugar stirred while hot into a thick paste, sweet as honey, but spicy even in sweetness with the taste of the tree's heart, the forest odors, the fine aroma of Northern woods and wilds. No wonder that Mrs. Day's sandwiches were proverbial in Becket!

The widow looked with satisfaction at her pretty daughter; she had fashioned as well as made those graceful garments, and if the sacque was ingeniously pieced from parson Day's Sunday coat, the dress a ten-cent calico, and the white bands of feathers plucked from the breast of two Thanksgiving chickens and sewed by her own fingers, she knew that the patterns of those economic garments her own quick eye had copied from a Parisian outfit sent to Becket for the Holdridge girls' wedding, and did not Lina Holdridge lend Nelly the Bazars every week?

Moreover, Mrs. Day had an artist's eye for dress; she would have been a treasure in some great dress-making establishment, and she knew very well that Nelly's array was thoroughly in keeping, and then it was on Nelly!

So her treasure set off to meet the party at the depot, and perhaps the little girl's heart sank a bit when she saw the elaborate walking-dress of dove-colored cashmere, seal brown de bege, French gray serge, or shining poplin, frilled, pleated, Shirred, bunched, tied back and elaborated in a fearful and wonderful manner, that the Holdridge girls and their two friends from New York wore; even the village girls had done their utmost to be fine in emulation. Addy Mason was a spectacle to behold, in pea green alpaca trimmed with black velvet, and pink roses in her turban of felt; while Jane Glass was gotten up in her best black silk furbelowed with yak lace, and her new Sunday bonnet of white straw with blue-green ribbons and tips of pink; ouch! Nelly shuddered at the sight, for Jane was sallow—hair, eyes, skin and teeth. But here was a sort of counterpoise: surely she looked better than Jane or Addy, and one is not so strong minded at seventeen as to despise a crumb of comfort in any shape.

Pretty soon Nelly forgot her dress altogether. Lina Holdridge brought a gentleman toward her seat and introduced him as Mr. Fearing. How pleasant he was! What nice gray eyes he had! and how they watched Nelly while he talked to her in such a gentle, respectful, deferential way that Nelly could not be shy; and pretty soon her eyes sparkled, her color rose softly, her red lips opened to a stream of gentle, playful talk, and her bright laugh rang cheerily if softly. How soon they came to Pine Hill Station! and then Mr. Fearing carried her lunch basket, and she threw her sacque across her arm, the sun was so

the wood road, while the rest lagged behind, heated with their heavy dresses, and tired with holding up the long skirts. So Nelly and Mr. Fearing stood still and waited, and when the halting company arrived, her quick wits and nimble fingers were speedily at work to help them.

"I always carry pins and salt and matches to a picnic," said Nelly, with a laugh, "for I notice often that nobody ever remembers these things."

It was well she did to-day, and they all voted thanks to her on the spot, as with lightened burdens and smiling faces they began the walk up the steep hill road to the bare fields on the north of Pine Hill, where the arbutus grew. The day was lovely, sweet with the delicate, ineffable perfume of early spring; the sun shone warmly down, wind blew softly, the resinous odor of pine boughs sighed from the soft gloom of the woods, and the bright full brook poured over a little fall at the hill foot, as if it was so glad to be free once more it must leap and laugh to express its delight.

Here under the brown grass, hiding shy faces of baby bloom with its thick dull leaves, clustering closely to the shelter of a great stone, or creeping among bushes of sweet fern, low white birches, and tangled strings of last year's grass, the arbutus grew in profusion; and Nelly with glowing face and deft fingers coaxed the delicate clusters of tinted white or rosy pink from their low beds, and gathered them in a great sheaf. Her calico dress neither impeded her graceful motions nor vexed her soul with anxiety. Mr. Fearing, who was a young artist from New York, rapidly rising to fame, delighted in the pictures she unconsciously made, as she lifted her lovely face to call some other girl to a better place for finding the treasures, or ran lightly across the steep slope to rescue one of those fine gowns from dragging brier or pitiless bush. For now the finery came to grief; where the bushes had been "stabbed," knife pleatings, Shirred ruffles, folds, all found abounding enemies; the woolly seeds of faded golden-rods ground their small spikes into Addy Mason's pea green gown, and a fierce low blackberry vine laid hold of it and effected three triangular rents; Jane Glass's yak lace left a shred on every bush, "in memory of," Lina Holdridge said; while Lina's own pretty de bege was not only torn in the flounce badly, but was sown all over with those small black seeds that on two sharp legs set themselves in any soft fabric by the thousand, and leave their traces even when picked out. Before long they were all hot and tired, and adjourned to the water-fall for lunch; and happy was the man or woman who shared Nelly's sandwiches; even Mr. Fearing, who had tasted delicacies Becket never knew even by report, in Paris cafes and New York Clubs, came more than once for a supply of this new-found dainty—whether because he really liked them, being hungry with the keen air, or because he wanted to see Nelly's face brighten with evident satisfaction, we can't tell, or will not. He was awkward enough to spill a cup of hot coffee on her skirt, but it never clouded the pretty face a

"Never mind, it will wash," said she, and sent a grateful thought home to her mother to think it was not her precious black silk.

But Miss Bristow's dainty cashmere had its own libation of claret from the hands of a dreadful boy, who stumbled over a stone with the bottle in his hands, and liberally sprinkled that dove-colored garment with irremediable spots. The lady's dark eyes flashed, and she bit her beautiful lips. To be sure she had other dresses; but how should she get back to New York without a traveling dress? She looked at Nelly and envied her, though the next half hour brought her a companion in misery, for her cousin, Miss Rycker, in an embroidered patiste just imported, slipped fairly into the brook and sat down ignominiously in a shallow pool, of which she made a mud puddle by her sudden intrusion, splashing the elegant dress from head to foot, and making the wearer thoroughly uncomfortable. Other slight mishaps befell the party, but they forgot them in the fragrant blossom and keen sweet air.

Nelly had filled her basket to the brim with carefully chosen sprays, fastened a bunch of the deepest hued at her throat and another in the jet buckle that fastened her feather hat band. It was no special vanity in her, for they were all adorned with their spoils. Even the gentlemen were decked with button-hole bouquets. But nobody looked like Nelly, and Mr. Fearing thought so too, as she stood on the brow of the hill looking over the long valley that ran northward, threaded by a bright stream, and closed at the end of the vista by a great dark mountain. Behind our little girl a deep green growth of young pines made a verdant shaded background. Her black hat hung on her arm; her face was full of keen pleasure and simple fresh beauty; the red lips, warm color, open, innocent eyes, dark-sweet as pansies are, and the fluttering rings of hair, which the sun threaded with gold, burnishing its deep brown as the wind breathed gently among the shining tresses, and played over a low white forehead. The artist eye took in the whole picture and remembered it, but the man's heart took in a more vivid and lasting guest; for here he found a real woman—not a doll of fashion, a queen of society, but a bright, pure, tender creature, fresh and sweet as the blossoms she wore, unaffected, sweet-tempered, delicate, yet withal piquant in her manner and speech, from native wit and quick perception.

It may be inquired, naturally enough, how Mr. Fearing discovered all this in the course of one morning. I confess it seems improbable, but lovers have a wonderful insight into character sometimes. It does not always verify itself on further acquaintance, but this time the judgment was true. "More by good luck than good guidance," as the Scotch say; and if Mr. Fearing did lose his heart suddenly and hopelessly, he, at least, never regretted it thereafter. But the day was over now. They went back to the station, tired but merry, and far less elegant in aspect than the party who came down the road in the morning. Their baskets, emptied of pro-

visions and bottles, were overflowing now with exquisite bloom and perfume, that filled the crowd of dusty travelers among whom they entered with longing and envy.

Nelly was tired, but she did not find it out at once, for Mr. Fearing carried her basket home for her, and asked leave to call on Monday, with Lina Holdridge, and take Nelly to the Falls. "O, mamma, what a lovely day I've had!" said she, as she entered the small parlor, where her mother waited for her by the window.

"Calico dress and all?" significantly inquired Mrs. Day.

"That was quite the best part of it, dear, I was so glad I wore it!" And for the next hour Mrs. Day was entertained with a history of the excursion—the mishaps of finery, the beauty of everything, and just a very slight mention of Mr. Fearing in every other sentence, till her motherly eyes began to look anxious, and her heart to give a warning throb, for she remembered her youth.

But if Nelly had not mentioned his name, the widow Day's eyes would have perceived one side of the question, at least, the next Sunday, from the frequent and ardent gaze this young fellow directed toward the singers' seat, where Nelly sang the quaint old hymns in a clear fresh voice, and looked as angelic as a pretty girl could, in a black silk dress and white pique jacket, with poppies and daisies wreathed about her little black hat. It is true, Mr. Fearing went back to New York after that walk to the Falls, which took place Monday, but he reappeared in Becket more than once or twice the ensuing summer, for Lina Holdridge, who was his fast friend, contrived to let him know of every picnic, and he was available for almost all. Then there were bits of scenery he must paint, and autumn colors were proverbially splendid about Becket. But why need I recount his excuses

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he cannot supply these from his own experience?

Nelly had no more new dresses. The calico was washed and ironed many a time before autumn, and sometimes worn when it was not fresh from these processes; but by dint of various ribbons and flowers and ties, and sometimes a sleeveless jacket of old black silk, refreshed with recipes of power, and trimmed "of itself," or a puffed pique jacket black braided, or even her Sunday sacque, for that was washable, her costume seemed always delicate and elegant to the eyes of men. We cannot say as much of feminine gazers, for who can throw any glamour over the sight of a woman who knows calico and despises it?

Nevertheless there was a wedding party left Becket on the train next spring before the annual arbutus party took their trip, and the widow Day, in the role of mother-in-law, accompanied the blushing bride and beaming bridegroom; and in next year's exhibition at the Academy you might always see a crowd before one picture—a full length of a young girl standing on the grass (not yet greened with spring), a crest of pines rising behind her against the pale sky; her dress was black and white; a wide black

hat was on one folded arm, and from the other hand hung a basket heaped and running over with arbutus blossoms, and a rosy knot of the trailing beauties seemed to fasten the black and white frill about her throat, and to vie with the lovely blushing face that looked off so far with those clear deep eyes; and you could almost see the wind tossing the golden darkness of her shining hair. It was an exquisite picture, but everybody wondered why it was catalogued "Calico." However, the painter knew, and so did Nelly, his wife.

DO IT WELL.

BY LADY PLAN.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"I have many things to say unto thee," consequently do not know where or how to begin. In every number I find so many hints and useful suggestions that I read and think and think and read till I want to do something more—to call around and become acquainted and add a word, a helpful one I would wish it may be, to the general conversation. This little Household visitor wandered rather singularly into my home—of which I shall tell Mr. Crowell soon, accompanying the item with a strip of "green paper" to insure its visits the coming year, for I prize the "bits of knowledge" I have gathered from its columns and stored away in my little treasury.

At the same time I want to express my thankfulness to the elderly wise heads, such as Aunt Leisurely, Mrs. Dorr, and others, (some of them may be old heads on young shoulders,) who are helping us younger ones, not only to thinking new thoughts, but stirring us to dive down into our own hearts and see what good fruit we can bring from there into life; helping us to see life's responsibilities with clearer vision; to lift our standard higher and shape our lives to the truest type of womanhood.

My own sympathies and wishes go out especially to two sets of members of the household. First, those who have married the schoolroom, and are striving faithfully, conscientiously, cheerfully and lovingly to fulfill the duties it brings with it. Second, to those, (I do not mean to say who have married a home,) but have married a husband and so have a home with its cares and responsibilities. My letter is to both such members, and for this reason: We want to see the two sisters join hands and help each other, or at least each look after the interests that concern the other more. We want more brains, more intellect, more school method, judgment and patience, yes, and tact, too, in many of our homes and household arrangements, especially in the culinary department, and our teaching sister wants to think more than she is apt to do "what she eats and what she drinks." My first is in danger of thinking more of the body than of the mind; the second more of the mind than of the wants of the body. Let each be a learner of the other.

Classing the two together brings to my thoughts the letter of Perplexity in the April number, who after mentioning her difficulties in keeping her

house in order, says she does not know why it is unless because she was a school-teacher. I don't remember whether her post office was in the west or not, but I don't believe a New England girl said that, for I have yet to see the first New England girl among any I have ever met who has been a good teacher and is anything else but a good housekeeper.

Now don't jump at a conclusion and say: "Well, it is easy to guess in what part of our land her home may be." If you have already done so you are altogether mistaken, for never had I so much as looked beyond the western borders of our western lakes until love of travel, which had burned for years, carried me through our east on to the farther east, across the waters that wash our eastern shores. No, I am a western girl—thoroughly western. For years I was a teacher; commencing very young, first, because I loved books and wondered if I could teach; afterward, because it was so pleasant to have spending money earned by one's own self. I grew to love teaching till I taught because I loved the occupation; yes, with all its care and anxieties, though I confess I tried to make them as few as possible.

Here let me say, as I look back upon my happy school days, the latter ones seem to have been my most successful ones, those from which now I see the most good results. This I attribute more to the fact that my heart was in the work than to increased experience. Well, I loved to teach, but I hated the kitchen. My books were pleasures, but dishpans, kettles and pots were my especial abomination. In picturing my "beau ideal" of a husband, (for even staid school teachers will indulge in such thoughts,) mine must be such a one as would "prefer boarding," "didn't want his wife should be a household drudge," "wished her to give her thoughts to higher pursuits," and leave housekeeping for those whose minds could not rise above such common things.

Poor deluded creature I was! But thanks to the way my eyes were opened. Doing as a great many other girls do, with eyes at the top of their airy castles and feet on common ground, I married, in some respects, the reverse of my picture. He who was to be my husband hated boarding, anticipated with pleasure the day when he could turn his back upon restaurants and boarding houses and sit down to a cosy little table at home. Do you imagine I was dismayed by the fact when I discovered it. Not at all. Bright and glowing imagination stepped near and showed me a picture of a happy home in which there was no care; nothing but the employment of seeing that things were done to add comfort, and here and there giving a touch or adding a finish which the kind eyes of faithful servants had by chance overlooked; for such things are, in imagination as well as in story-book, and why should I not find it in reality as well. True, I did for a time. The only "if" that loomed up to disturb my serenity was, if my dear faithful cook should get sick or want a holiday, what should I do, for I did not wish to have it conclusively proven that my competence to direct came more from guess-work than it did from

knowledge gained from actual experience.

I imagine I hear some of you, who find your chief source of enjoyment comes from employment, ask: "Did not time often hang heavily on your hands?" Yes, but when it did I readily yielded to the many requests, coming sometimes from an ambitious one, "Wouldn't I please hear her lessons for a few weeks till she caught up with a certain class?" or from another, "I have been kept out of school till I am so behind, won't you hear me recite?" And so I not only took pleasure in so doing, but flattered myself and took great credit to myself, from the fact I was not wasting useful time.

Sometimes I was jostled a little out of my state of self-satisfaction, and with energy would assert the fact that a lady should be acquainted with every department in the domestic arrangement, and not only know when a thing was done properly, but know how it should be done. "Yes," I would say to myself, "I know I ought to learn, but how can I. If I try I shall surely fail at first. Bridget will see I do not know, and not only laugh, but sometime take advantage of my ignorance." No, the fact of my ignorance I must keep to myself, which I found worked very well through three or four changes of governors in my cooking department. I found this tack would not work always, but there must be a change in my system of government. I pondered long, and finally concluded an entire overthrow and new form of government was advisable.

When my plans were laid and I was ready to face the difficulty, half the battle was over. I confided my plan to my husband. As I expected, he remonstrated; said it would never do for me to make the attempt; but he was soon won over and yielded to his part of the agreement, which was that we should have little or no company for a while, and he would be satisfied with simply good, substantial, plainly-cooked food, while I was monarch in my new realm, until I could cope with all its difficulties.

Now to tell you how I went to work. I first resolved I would do little, but learn to do that little well and thoroughly before I attempted anything else. I would begin at the foot of the ladder and go up, round by round. I would do everything myself till I felt I knew how to do all that I would ask of any one else, though I never expected to reach the round upon which I would no longer improve upon what I could do by learning from others.

Well, here is my experience, if it is worth anything to any one. Our first meal alone was in the evening. For it I made tea, broiled some steak, which with a tumbler of jelly and some hot rolls from the bakers, (Aunt Leisurely, don't raise those eyebrows in horror yet,) made a very simple but enjoyable meal. For breakfast next morning I broiled steak again, (by that time I was sure I could broil steak, otherwise I should have kept on broiling it,) made coffee and boiled potatoes. Baker furnished us bread again. At dinner I tried roasting meat and baking potatoes; for dessert, simply canned fruit. You see I was not so ambitious as Mrs. B., who was going "to astonish her husband in the beginning with

an unparalleled display of housekeeping talent." When I was once thoroughly successful with one vegetable or one mode of cooking meat, for next similar meal I would try another. When I felt safe on the meat and vegetable questions, and by way of vanity could make a simple pudding or custard, I attempted bread. Ah! now came into requisition the motto, "Try, try again," and I did, sometimes successful, often not as much so as I aimed to be, sometimes almost discouraged. One day my husband said,

"You never give us any pie."

"No," I said, "we can have no pie until I am sure I can make good bread."

Oh! happy day! when he held a slice of my beautiful fresh bread up between thumb and finger and said, "I defy any one to make nicer bread than that. I never have seen any." Next day he was treated to apple pie for dinner.

Let me say before going farther that I appreciated the duties that followed as well as those that preceded a meal. In beginning I tried to study the best mode of cleansing, putting away, etc., and of arranging my cooking utensils in most convenient manners, and from experience I heartily endorse Aunt Alice's suggestions upon dishwashing.

I was encouraged each day by the fact that I saw I was steadily gaining and could do some one thing more or better than the day before, and I stood strictly to my resolution, neither to ask help or accept any, unless circumstances should require it, until I should be competent to be teacher in my kitchen; not until I was able at any time to spread out my diploma. And now I do not feel myself a "household drudge" when my husband says proudly to me,

"I have invited So-and-so to dinner to-day. You cook such and such things yourself, won't you? You know it is always so much nicer when you do."

But it is not with pride and pleasure alone I recall those efforts to learn, but with profit also, for it led me to reason and think as I never did before, upon the wants of our system, and how much influence "what we eat and what we drink" exerts upon our mental capabilities and dispositions, upon not only our own happiness but upon the happiness of others also.

And my sister that has found in the school-room to-day, your scholars unusually restless, your own self instable, or, to say the least, impatient and unable to restrain or control as you can sometimes. Stop and think a moment. What did you eat for breakfast? or for dinner at noon? Supposing, though, some kind, motherly hand prepared you good wholesome, nutrient food, did you bolt it down, and without waiting for a little social chat with the family around the table, hurry off to your room, bend over book and paper, and demand all your energies and bodily forces to supply your brain while you solved some difficult problem you would need to explain to-day, never thinking your poor digestive organs wanted to do their work first, or else you should not have given it to them to do? All they asked of you was to give them a little time, a little of your

strength, and then they would have given renewed strength to your brain.

Don't you find it comparatively easy teaching after you have had a vacation? Because nature has been recruiting. Give it time to do so each day; you will think clearer and more quickly, do your work better, and at the end of the term not leave school so exhausted as you will otherwise do. Try it, and in trying remember the motto which I think is applicable in everything: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

PEN-WORK AND ITS PAY.

BY U. U.

When our *HOUSEHOLD* friend Maud wrote asking advice concerning taking up her pen as a means of gaining a livelihood, I remember that she closed her letter by saying that she meant to write whether it brought her money or not. And another young lady, in a private letter to the author, who wishes to make pen-work pay, admits that she cannot afford to use her time for that purpose unless it will pay, at the same time adding that if she could spare the time, she would not care whether it brought her money or not.

Doubtless those young ladies and others of the same mind, fascinated by the witchery of the pen, are sincere in their assertions, and think that were they ladies of leisure, they could write on indefinitely, with no other reward than the pleasure of execution and the after delight of seeing themselves in print. Indeed, they may ask, would not the very thought of bartering their thoughts for filthy lucre take away half the romance of the work! Would not the thought of doing good, or of doing the work of an artist, with the pen, be ample compensation for the toil?

I think that perhaps some of us who have had a few years' experience in writing may recall such youthful visions of our own, which, something like young love's dreams, thinks it can always exist on love. But we find after all that there is a prosy as well as poetic side to the picture, and that feeding merely on sentiment is not very substantial diet in our commonplace, every-day life.

To be sure it helps, and helps lift the true soul above the common-place, to a greater or less extent, but we come to learn there must be a more substantial basis beneath.

It is something so, I think, with the writer. If we give our best love and strength of purpose to the work, we come in time to feel, that if it be worthy work it should bring some tangible returns. Even if the money is not positively needed for one's support the very fact that the work will bring money, glorifies the efforts and gives it higher value in a writer's own eyes. The novice may work on hopefully and patiently, enjoying the labor for its own sweet sake; trusting for recognition and reward in some way in time to come. But if as time passes there seems no reasonable success, the work is liable to grow disheartening from the very fact that there is so little to encourage the heart to proceed in its well-meant endeavor. It is not per-

haps the want of the money as much as the want of the appreciation, which the withholding of payment forces upon the writer, that disheartens in the end.

I remember that a school friend of mine, who commenced scribbling for the press—and that with the gift of a ready writer,—when scarce more than a boy, bravely asserting that he wrote for the "honor and the privilege," and sought no further reward. And then "the honor and the privilege" perfectly satisfied him. He did not, however, make a business of writing, but when he took his pen, did honor to the gift and culture he brought to its use. Not long since on meeting him I questioned him in a friendly way concerning his literary pastimes, asking him if he still wrote for "the honor and the privilege," of the work.

"No, indeed," he replied in the most business like manner, "when the press wished his efforts he must be paid for it, and when he wrote editorials or other matter for his local papers, they understood he did not spend his time for nothing. It all did well for boy's play to do it for nothing, but for a busy man's work it was different. And then the romance of the work had died out, but money gave zest to employing his pen when he could manage to spare the time."

Didn't I enjoy reminding him of his more youthful sentiments on this point? And having a little laugh at his expense? And wasn't it rich to have him admit that he had outgrown such nonsense?

There are times, of course, when this young man, or any one interested in public affairs, and in literary or educational matter may have a word to say upon questions at issue, and seize the pen, giving their opinions or efforts to such sources as are open to them, not thinking or caring for payment in connection with the matter. Indeed, I see not how any one with a gift to the ready use of the pen, can help writing sometimes, whether payment comes or not. But this is not keeping up literary work for nothing.

There is an enthusiasm in giving to the thoughts winged words, and sending them forth on their mission in the world, with no consideration in a pecuniary point of view. Thus come many of the most eloquent and pithy sayings, as well as very many outbursts of song and hymn, that at once find way to the popular heart. The reward comes with such an appreciation, and in truth the words must come forth, if once they had been formed in the mind longing for utterance.

But ordinary pen-work, that which embraces the practical as well as ideal, however much it may at times be a delight, grows to be labor, after all, and if long practiced is found to be the most exhaustive employment to be engaged upon. Enthusiasm may sustain in the first glow of composition, but the after part, and then the revision, is often drudgery indeed. And if, after a reasonable time of practice and of effort, the work brings little or no return, must not the writer become in a measure disheartened and ask: *Cui bono?* to what good do I toil, seeing no reward comes at hand? There must come a feeling that if any laborer is worthy of his, or her, hire, it is one who gives, not only time, but

the full enthusiasm of the soul to its work; and if the work be worthy of success, would it not in time meet it? These questions cannot but arise, and hence the fallacy of any young writer dreaming that their efforts could be sustained without payment thereof. They know also that the best publishers pay for such matter as they use, and wish nothing that is not worth its value in a commercial as well as literary view. Of course we may except journals of some classes, devoted to special objects, worthy in themselves, and worthy of the best talent expended upon them, yet not considered as belonging to the literature of the day, and where voluntary contributions are freely tendered to them.

Again there is much pen-work done to order, and gotten up merely to sell, which does little credit to the writer or publisher, even if it be harmless in other respects. All such work detracts from the value of true literature, and many of the writers could, by no means, find favor with more able or influential journals. At the same time, a useful or practical writer may be content to do humble work, if, of its kind, it is worthy of the attempt made. And this is far more sensible than the weak, or sensational, or sentimental effusions liable to be indulged in by young writers.

If, therefore, the aspirant can seize or steal time to indulge in pen-work, let them do it, and work conscientiously to do their best; but let them not be too much disheartened if they fail to find favor with the public, nor too enthusiastic that they can work on indefinitely with no pecuniary reward. The work has a certain reward of its own, and as a means of culture is most valuable to any one of literary taste.

SIMPLICITY IN LIVING.

We presume that most people regard their own way of living as quite as simple as is consistent with their several stations of life. Indeed, few can be found to acknowledge that their wants are all supplied, and fewer still that they make for themselves needless trouble in providing for them. It is so easy to persuade ourselves that things not our own but possessed and apparently enjoyed by others are also essential to our own happiness, that, in this age of wonderfully multiplied contrivances for gratifying every possible desire of everybody, we need a heavy balance of discrimination and good sense to decide rightly what is best for us to have or not to have.

The desire so universal for people to be constantly adding to their worldly effects, to be continually increasing their means of home pleasures and social enjoyments, is, without a doubt, a legitimate one. But many a person and family have become hopelessly entangled or drowned in a sea of trouble by attempting a more complex style of living than they can easily carry on. It is not a matter of dollars and cents alone. Much misery is, indeed, occasioned by living beyond the means at command; still many who can well enough meet all the expenses incurred are often worried into a chronic state of irritability little short of insanity, by their prodigality in living.

Take the providing for the table; suppose one who can afford it resolves to furnish elaborate dinners and stately lunches for family and visitors. Who is to do the planning? Who is to bear the responsibility of getting and directing the help? In short, who is to furnish the brains, where the lack of them in the servants would surely be attended by the most vexatious failures. Who labors the hardest, the cooks and scullions in the kitchens, where they hold their nightly carnivals, or the lady in the parlor who keeps up the style? Generally speaking, the more servants the more worry, particularly if they are employed to "keep up appearances" in society. Good meals, such as not only give pleasure in the eating, but healthful nourishment in the digestion, need not overtask the brain or the body in their planning or preparation. If the mistress of the house does it all herself, it is plainly suicidal to try to serve elaborate meals or to spend a life in experimenting through an octavo cook-book. The man who demands that his wife shall grind out from a big kitchen, even with servants to match, princely dinners from day to day, without failures in time or quality, ought to be condemned to run the concern himself for six months, when if he did not come out a better as well as a wiser man his depravity might well be pronounced total.

In the furnishing of the house every additional article brings a care with it, even though it be a necessary thing. In purchasing a new article, whether for the parlor, bed-chamber or kitchen, the decision should first be thoughtfully made that the advantage gained from its possession more than outweighs the trouble caused. In the matter of room, we find that there is not a place for everything desirable to have, in the limited space of our homes; and often the room is worth more to us than the utility of the article occupying it. The overdone style of furnishing houses is far too common among well-to-do people, compelling a great amount of discomfort to the household for lack of moving space, and wearying, harassing toil to the housewife in the care of articles which might easily be dispensed with. Too much adornment of the elaborate kind is indulged in. Costly carvings, in furniture, rich tracings and hangings, and elaborate trimmings about the room are beautiful, no doubt; but who knows the amount of care requisite to keep them in proper condition but the owner thereof?

There are some things about this elaborate style of housekeeping that no "help" can be trusted to do, and it is no sinecure for a lady to marry into a great "establishment," being put in charge of a richly furnished mansion and a platoon of servants who all want to be officers. Use and comfort first, then adornment as far as it will really contribute to our well-being, but no further, should be our rule. This rule is reversed among savages. They paint or tattoo their faces and bodies, while they scorch or shiver for lack of a simple covering. They fill their huts with useless gewgaws, while they have scarcely implements for the simplest cooking or for the rudest comfort. Civilization im-

proves our condition, increasing our sources of enjoyment, giving new zest to life, but, needlessly, leads many people into that excess of getting, doing, and displaying which makes their living a burden to themselves and a discomfort to all under their influence.

CONSCIENCE.

BY SELINA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I was much pleased with an article in the November number of your excellent magazine, on the subject of conscience. There is much good advice in the article and it is certainly written in a very commendable spirit, still I have given some thought to the same subject and perhaps hardly view it in the same light that your correspondent does, and since you have allowed others to give their opinion on this difficult subject, perhaps you will favor me with space for a few words. The writer says: "If we are in doubt about any course of action we have only to consider, would He approve this course? etc., and this criterion will at once set us right."

Now, to my mind, whether this criterion will set us right or not, will depend upon whether the decision of our judgment on the question is correct or not. If the question is the worship of saints, or any other upon which Roman Catholics and Protestants differ, they may both with equal sincerity use this criterion and their decision in the case will differ, and each one's conscience will approve its own decision. Conscience, from its nature, can not do otherwise than sanction the decision of the judgment, whether right or wrong. Now in this case, or any similar one, both parties cannot be set right. Indeed, considering any subject or matter of duty, does not necessarily warrant that we will arrive at correct conclusions, it only warrants that we will get a decision from within that will be satisfactory to ourselves!

Obedience to conscience is a duty. No one can violate this faculty without indulging a state of mind necessarily displeasing to God. Such a state of mind is sinful, but not the only sin we can commit. We are agents, and under law, and if the law is within our reach and we disobey its commands, or neglect its requirements, we sin whether the action involves a violation of conscience at the time or not. It is not true that no matter how one came in possession of a misconception of duty, they are excusable if they only obey the promptings of their moral sense under such misconception.

Yesterday I wilfully refused means of knowing my duty, and the result is that to-day I do what may be a violation of the laws of God and man, yet I perform it in obedience to the monitions of my conscience. The state of mind I indulge to-day cannot be condemned, but the act can. The question is not whether I know to-day the demands of the law upon me, or whether I have done the best I could to-day, but whether I, as an agent, have any reasonable excuse for this violation of law. Could and should

I have avoided the act which led to the crime. If so, I could and ought to have avoided this. I alone am responsible for both. My agency did not commence this morning; I was on duty yesterday as well. I have voluntarily placed myself in a position where sin is inevitable in the case, and my only safe exit is in accepting the proffered information of my duty, or if that is out of my reach, seeking forgiveness for the past and starting anew.

If I resolve to disobey my conscience in the case, I indulge a spirit of rebellion against what I believe to be divine authority. If I do the act which is a violation of a law that is in full binding force upon me, I am guilty of sin against the authority of that law. Now what shall be done in this case? Perhaps no one had better array himself against what he believes to be divine authority, at the same time I can by no means say that the act he commits is a sinless one.

It is important that we know the law under which we live, whether civil or moral, and that we obey it. If we neglect our duty, it will hardly do to offer our own notions of the requirements of the law as excuse, or our ignorance of it, when it was daily within our reach. Let us see to it that we learn our duty, and then obey our judgment and conscience, and all will be well.

OUR EXPERIENCES.

BY ASPEN LEAF.

"I see that The Tribune suggests that farmers give their daughters a piece of ground to cultivate. Wonder if our girls would like a strawberry-bed?" and father looked across the table at Nell and me to see what reply we would make to this proposition.

Nell dropped the tidy she was embroidering, and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Oh, wouldn't that be nice!" while I, less demonstrative, calmly responded that I should not have any serious objection to the plan.

Accordingly in a few days we each rejoiced in the possession of one hundred strawberry plants, and a "parcel of ground" in which to place them. Care was taken to set them at least two feet apart so that they might have plenty of room to spread themselves without interfering with each other.

"There now," said Nell, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, as she gazed approvingly at the neat, even rows. Now Nell is usually the more enthusiastic of the two, but sober, matter-of-fact I, inspired by the occasion, burst forth with,

"Breathe there a girl with soul so dead,
That never to herself hath said,
I wish I had a strawberry-bed?"

"Bravo! Rie," said Nell, with a merry laugh. "You are really getting quite poetical. But seriously, doesn't your mouth water in anticipation of the delicious berries we shall taste this summer?"

"Berries this summer! That is rich!" and superior wisdom in the shape of a fourteen years old brother of ours laughed in a most provoking way. "Why, you'll have to cut off every single blossom this spring, and you won't have a berry until next year."

Not content with this cheering intelligence he shouted after us as we slowly sauntered toward the house, "Wait till the weeds come up and you have ter hoe 'em, then you'll see," with which ominous prediction he closed, leaving us to our own reflections.

The plants were left undisturbed till well rooted in the ground, then were cultivated, after which they were pronounced ready for hoeing.

As the weather was rather warm it was suggested that we go out early in the morning. Accordingly Nell and I arrayed ourselves in brown calico dresses, put on our heads broad-brimmed hats, and covered our hands with gloves to protect them from the sun, and thus equipped started forth.

Now its all very fine and poetical to talk about "rich dark mold" and "dew drops glittering like diamonds," but—I speak from experience—a combination of the two upon the bottom of one's dress is anything but agreeable.

"Dear me," I said, as I paused at the end of the first row to rest a moment, "This hoeing is hard work. But what's the matter of your spinal column, Nell? Is it broken?"

"Thought it might be," she responded, laconically, "was feeling for the pieces."

Just then who should happen along but that brother of ours, hoe in hand bound for his own strawberry plantation. Of course Nell and I commenced to hoe away vigorously, but that young man was not to be deceived by our sudden activity.

"I say girls its jolly fun to have strawberry beds, isn't it? What was the matter of your backs just a moment ago? Wonderful lively you are just now! Perhaps might hire you to hoe my bed."

"Do go along," said I, rather impatiently.

"Just what I'm going to do, madam, I only stopped to suggest you solace yourself with that good little Sunday School hymn," and he went off singing at the top of his voice, "Twill all be over soon, etc."

"No gains without pains," said a cheery voice. This time it was father on his way to a distant field. How much good those words did us. As Nell said, "they carried us through the summer, and were as a strong staff to us through the autumn."

And when next summer father placed in our hands twenty-one dollars, wasn't all the labor and the toil forgotten? On the stand in Nell's room lies a nicely bound volume of Tennyson's poems, and on my table a copy of Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, while on the fly leaf in each is written the homely but truthful words, "No gains without pains."

N. B. If any one chooses to imagine that we each have a bank book, with a snug little sum in it credited to our names, why we haven't any serious objections to their so doing.

MY QUEEN.

MR. GEO. E. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Will you accept from an occasional reader of THE HOUSEHOLD an answer to Viva Starr's inquiry about the song "My Queen?" The words are by Stella; music by Jacques Blumenthal; Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, pub-

lishers. The words differ somewhat from those quoted; they are:

Where and how shall I earliest meet her?
What are the words she first will say?
By what name shall I learn to greet her?
I know not now, but 'twill come some day.
With the self-same sunlight shining upon her,
Streaming down on her ringlets' sheen,
She is standing somewhere she I would honor,
She whom I wait for, my Queen, my Queen!

I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She that I love may be fairy light;

I will not say she should walk sedately—

Whatever she does, it will sure be right.

And she may be humble or proud, my Lady,

Or that sweet calm which is just between;

But whenever she comes, she will find me ready

To do her homage, my Queen, my Queen!

But she must be courteous, she must be holy,

Pure in her spirit—that maiden I love;

Whether her birth be noble or lowly,

I care no more than the Spirit above.

And I'll give my heart to my Lady's keeping,

And ever her strength on mine shall lean,

And the stars shall fall, and the angels be weeping,

Ere I cease to love her, my Queen, my Queen!

Hoping this may be satisfactory, I am, yours truly,

B. P.

Viva Starr, I would like to see the rest of that poem. I have a companion for it, nearly the same, which I copied from the New York Tribune. There is no authorship given in the Tribune, but it reads like Miss Mulock. I copy it and send it so that it may possibly help you in finding the other.

MELVA.

MY KING.

When and how shall I meet him, if ever?

What are the words he first will say?

How will the barriers now that sever?

Our kindred spirits be broken away?

This self-same sunshine on him is shining,

Shining somewhere the while I sing,

The only one whom, my will resigning,

Could I acknowledge my King, my King?

Whether his hair be golden or raven,

Whether his eyes be dark or blue,

I know not now, but 'twould stand engraven

On that white day as a perfect hue.

Many a face I have liked for a minute,

Been charmed by a voice with a pleasant ring,

But ever eye there was something in it,

Something that could not be his—my King.

I will not dream of him handsome or strong;

My ideal love may be weak and slight;

It matters not to what class he belong,

He will be noble enough in my sight,

He may not be brilliantly gifted, my Lord,

And he may be learned in everything,

But if ever he comes he will strike the chord

Whose melody waits for the hand of its King.

But he must be courteous toward the lowly,

Kind to the weak and sorrowful, too,

He must be brave, refined, and holy,

By nature exalted and firm, and true.

To such I might fearlessly give the keeping

Of a love that shall never outgrow its spring:

There would be few tears of woman's weeping,

If they loved such men as my King, my King.

WHAT I EARNED AND LEARNED IN A YEAR.

BY MALACHITE.

As an appropriate illustration for this article, I would select the picture in Webster's spelling book of the country maid with a pail of milk falling from her head. I sympathize deeply with that maid. Like her I have had disappointments, but without the hope of ever becoming so renowned.

Most people have observed that purse-strings are elastic. After a careful investigation I have failed to discover the laws by which they contract and expand. They are not governed by heat and cold. I should conclude it was an arbitrary law, only that the recurrence of certain periods brings similar conditions of things.

For instance, after a long, hard winter, when supplies are getting low and everything rusty and worn, the purse-strings contract so fearfully it is impossible to slip them. Having annually suffered untold mortifications in consequence of this same contraction, my brains were racked almost to the verge of insanity, in the endeavor to devise some means whereby I might fill my own private purse, which is without strings.

Now Joshua does not intend to be close, indeed I know he considers himself extremely lavish with his money, but he thinks I am a spendthrift and quite incompetent to use it discreetly; and so, towards spring we live on a fearfully low diet, and wear faded clothes, and I deny myself the new books I want, etc. Time was when we owned a cow and I sold the surplus milk, and in that way put some stray pennies in my own pocket; but Joshua did not like to have children coming for milk, and he sold the cow.

Then I depended upon a few hens for an income, but there was a semi-weekly tirade against the innocent fowls because it cost so much to keep them, and Joshua would not allow them to be shut up, so they did not lay in cold weather, and in summer they disturbed the neighbors' gardens. Finally we commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the poor things, and we lived on a diet of hen meat until there was danger that we should feather out.

I had many years endeavored to do something in the line of small fruit and garden vegetables, but Joshua thinks the one thing needful is potatoes, consequently our few acres are planted exclusively to those delightful delicacies, with the exception of half a dozen cabbage heads and a few rose bushes next the fence. This being the situation of affairs I determined not to sit in idleness any longer, but, if it was possible for human head or hands to achieve independence, I would do it. I would remark, however, that I was not habitually idle, for I did my own housework, also our sewing, without a machine, and the knitting too, besides making my own bonnets and braiding Joshua's hats.

After spending the winter in a brown study, four plans were perfected, to be worked out during the year. One day I made a confident of our boy Harry, explaining to him my various plans, feeling sure that if one did not succeed, another would. It was impossible that all should be fruitless. If successful I promised to get Harry several things which his father refused him, and I decided that we would take a trip to the White Mountains, and there were innumerable things desirable to which I would treat myself. In imagination I had already spent about a thousand dollars of my next year's earnings. However I did not waste much time in those delightful anticipations, but in my practical way set about executing my designs. I will take up the plans separately and give the results of each.

First came authorship. I was considered a well educated, well read person, of good abilities. I was acquainted with several persons with fewer acquirements who were quite successful in literature, what hindered

me? I wrote to a "popular authoress" asking her advice on the subject. I read the letter to Harry and he decided it was a literary gem of itself, and thought me on the high road to fame. The "popular authoress" did me the honor to write me a full sheet of note paper, in which the most striking point was, that she "had burned barrels of manuscript before venturing to publish anything." Here was a fearful check upon my aspirations. I could not hope to do better than that authoress, and there arose before me a vision of two old flour barrels (for two was the least number which could have been meant) tucked away in one corner of the attic, and then whole bunches of pencils and reams of paper which I must use. What a drain upon the intellect! Five bushels of original ideas! Those dreadful barrels must be slowly filled, all before one effusion can see the light of day, and what if "barrels" meant five or six, instead of two?

My courage failed almost in the beginning. Surely there was little hope that I should ever live to reap much benefit in that direction. I did scribble over the blank side of a few old posters, and the inspiration faded away. I could but draw a little sigh at relinquishing all hopes of fame, but found a balm in the faith still remaining that I should yet gain money.

Genteel young ladies always resort to teaching as a means of support. Why could not I take some classes, if I was a matron? Indeed, in years past, I had been besought to do so. I did not find it convenient to do so then, now, I would call upon some of my acquaintances and hint that, for the sake of keeping my own knowledge fresh, I would instruct a class of young ladies in Latin and German. I really did not feel anxious about it, as teaching was not a favorite employment, and I had no doubt my untried plans would furnish ample funds; yet, if I could find time for this, it would put several dollars more in my purse. Perhaps I was growing a little avaricious. Several of my friends expressed a desire to avail themselves of the offered opportunity. Things looked favorable but no definite arrangements were made. The weeks were slipping by and I began to fear I should not finish a term before it would be time to go on my intended trip to the mountains, so I made a final round of calls and announced the time when I would begin a class which they could join if they wished. Several signified their intention of doing so. The day came. One young lady and a big boy appeared. I went through with the exercises, thinking our numbers would be increased on the morrow. At the second lesson only the boy came, and after a few days he left town. Thus ended my teaching and half my hopes were frustrated.

Figuratively speaking, only two legs remained in my stool; however one leg would answer very well, if only that one would maintain an upright position. One day as I was watering my house plants, it occurred to me that I might open a flower store in the spring. With the thought came the certainty of success, I examined my big scarlet geranium and found I could take twenty-four slips from it now,

and if it were possible to coax those slips to live and each put out a little stem of blossoms by spring, there would be six dollars clear from one plant. Proceeding at once to execute this brilliant thought the poor geranium was soon stripped of its foliage and held up its ugly bare arms in dismay. Then I studied the fine descriptions in elegant illustrated catalogues, and made out a list of seeds and bulbs, which I ordered. I determined to devote a large, sunny room to my flowers, and already fancied the effect of lovely trailing vines mingled with gorgeous exotics, which should be made so attractive that beholders could not resist the temptation to buy. I promised Harry part of the profits in this enterprise, in consideration of his bringing soil and water for me. He magnanimously declined the offer, but I thought it right he should share it. The whole speculation was to be in his name, for Joshua would not like my name to appear on advertising cards.

I was going to order several dozen pots, but not having the money on hand, concluded to wait until the plants should be well started when they could be easily transferred. While patiently waiting for seeds and bulbs to grow, wet swamps were robbed of sweetest violets, and arbutus, and brightest bits of moss, that my green room might look fresh and nice.

Faithfully I dug in dirt and puddled in water, looking each day for the green buds to burst through the brown dirt. Several weeks had gone by and it was nearly time to make gardens, when I learned to my surprise that two flower stores were opened, just around the corner, and sure enough their windows were filled with elegant hot house plants, all in bud and bloom. So our village market was supplied and instead of selling plants I found it necessary to turn my face away as I passed those shops, in order to resist the temptation to spend my last shilling for a queenly calla

ily, drooping fuchsia, or dark-leaved ivy.

Well, I thought, if I could not sell my flowers my home should be a wilderness of beauty, and after all what cheaper decoration could we have. I did not relax my care and attention, but in spite of it all the twenty-four geraniums all withered away without taking root. Even my oleander, which seemed almost like one of the family, I had decided to part with for a good price. It had annually hung full of blossoms, but this year put forth neither leaf nor bud. No flower stalks came from choice tuberoses. The most expensive seeds hidden in the dirt never re-appeared. A few straggling vines grew to the length of five or six inches and withered away. Several sickly leaves unfolded themselves, then grew brown and died. My abused geranium was the only flourishing plant I had. It bore large clusters of bright blossoms, filling the whole window with its beauty. Even that I would have sold had any one offered to buy it.

Behold the downfall of my third hope. Only one remained and that was high art. I knew even ladies who supported themselves by means of this department. My skill was ac-

knowledged; I would try. Without going into details, suffice it to say, I invested largely in expensive materials, and wrought faithfully. My productions were sufficiently admired to satisfy the pride of a more ambitious person. Indeed, one would have thought to hear the praises bestowed, that a rival of the old masters had risen upon the earth. The goods were distributed among friends, through the country, for sale. Reports still told how much they were admired. I longed for something more substantial, while my creditors still waited for their pay. Being naturally very honest, it was galling to owe debts which it was impossible for me to cancel. Autumn came bringing no returns. There remained the last hope of holiday sales, and by strict economy, self-denial, and an unexpected legacy, I had finally discharged my liabilities. Having deliberated more upon ways and means than Congress did upon the purchase of Alaska—and having been reduced to the verge of bankruptcy—at last, when Christmas and New Years had gone, I received the report of one sale, which after the commission was deducted, gave me two dollars, the total receipts for my year's work!

The almanac warns us that another summer is past; we have touched bottom in the butter-tub; the parlor carpet is in rags; my best shoes are growing red at the toes and my gloves out at the fingers. If I suggest an article needed, Joshua predicts ruin and starvation. What can I do but philosophize and cease to have wants?

HOW SHALL WE TRAIN OUR GIRLS?

Americans always censure that usage which in England gives the titles and estates to the oldest son, and leaves the others, too often, to shift for themselves, or, what is worse, to sit down in mean and beggarly dependence on the favored one.

But do not many among us make quite as unjust a distinction between the boys and girls of their families?

All Americans, except snobs and simpletons, rear their sons, no matter what their prospects, to some honorable business or profession. But too many train their girls for mere parlor playthings, and defraud them of all chance for honest independence in the days of darkness which may come. There is an insane idea among a certain class, that an idle girl, ignorant of all the useful arts of life, is a lady above her who applies herself to study, and learns to do something thoroughly—who has an aim in life.

The hope of such weak parents is that their daughter may make a great marriage, and be the ornament of some elegant home.

Will this be less likely if she knows how to order a home, if she is well read, if she is skilled in music, in painting, in writing, or sewing? Will she be less a lady in her own home for having had the training of a sensible woman in her father's house?

Suppose this girl never marries—many noble women do not—and that her riches take wings, and the strong arm she has leaned on fails; what is to become of her then? She will be

utterly helpless, and will become an unhappy woman, whom the world can lose without missing.

The Princess Louise is an artist, and has illustrated the poem which her noble young husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has recently published.

There is no royal road to art, and her skill, like that of any other noble woman, is the result of study and labor.

Bismarck's daughter is what we in America should call "a capable girl." Besides her accomplishments, she has great skill with her needle, is versed in all the good German home arts, and is possessed of rare good sense and kindly virtues.

Let us be done with the nonsense which awards the title "gentlemen" to our sons who work, and denies that of a "lady" to any but aimless, useless girls. Let our girls all have a chance for honest independence in this world of many changes.—*The Watchman.*

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbins' Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap and return my thanks for it, and, as you ask for honest opinions of it, I will give you mine, which is, that it is the best soap for washing purposes that I ever tried. The clothes wash easier, look whiter, and will undoubtedly last longer, than any other soap, or washing crystals, or compounds of which I have tried a good many, and conscientiously say Dobbins' Electric Soap is the purest and best soap it has ever been my fortune to come across. There was a man along the other day peddling a "Centennial" soap and wanted me to try a bar, but I told him I had found the best thing of all, and that was Dobbins' Electric Soap, and had just bought some of it, and am going to ask our grocer to keep it on sale so all my friends and neighbors can have it and all get it as we want it without any trouble.

MRS. A. DUNBAR.
Reynolds Bridge, Conn.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I freely say that Dobbins' Electric Soap is as good as recommended, and is, in my opinion, the best soap there is made. Wherever tried it will introduce itself, and I can honestly recommend it to all those wanting soap, to be the best they can get.

MRS. C. A. GORE.
Kilbourne, Mason Co., Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been trying Dobbins' Electric soap for some time, and will give you my honest opinion of it. Yesterday I washed for eleven persons, (four men, three women, and four children from fourteen years down to three.) My washing was unusually large, and I only used half a bar of the soap. I make a suds, and let the clothes soak as the

directions say, then rinse them out twice, and wring with the wringer, and put them out, and now they are all ironed; are white as snow, and I am delighted. I have a large cistern and with a box of Dobbins' Electric Soap I feel that the troubles of wash day are over. I can safely say it is the best soap I have ever used, and the soap we all need.

MRS. MINNIE H. STORN.
Macon, Ill.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Several weeks ago I sent for and received a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap and though I have been deterred from sending you before an acknowledgement, I have often thought with pleasure of its merits. I desire through you to thank I. L. Cragin & Co. for their promptness in sending it, and I can truly say their soap is a very superior article, everything it is represented to be if not more. I have recommended it to my friends and intend to keep some on hand always. Thanking you for introducing such a superior article to the public, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. D. M. DRAKE.
South Canton, Mass.

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THE SPECIAL PREMIUMS have been awarded as follows: First, I. W. Briggs of West Macedon, N. Y., who sent between Dec. 1st, 1875 and July 1st, 1876, a list of 575 yearly subscribers; Second, J. B. Putney of Middletown, Mass., 468 subscribers; Third, H. M. Fletcher of Newport, N. H., 448; Fourth, H. J. Parker of Rochester, N. Y., 274; Fifth, C. S. Murdock of Ridgeview, N. Y., 259. The Dictionary for the greatest number of Postoffices represented was won by Mr. Briggs. The greatest number of Trial Subscribers (357) was sent by H. H. Coe, Tioga, Penn. The first premium to County Agents was won by Mrs. M. A. Smith of Boone Co., Iowa, with a list of 77, quota 55; the second by Mrs. F. R. West of Polk Co., Iowa, list 106, quota 100; the third by Mrs. E. Norris of Clare Co., Mich., list 42, quota 40; the fourth by Mrs. F. F. White of San Benito Co., Cal., list 50, quota 50; the fifth by Mrs. S. N. Sparrow of Henry Co., Ill., list 122, quota 140; the sixth by Mrs. M. A. Talbot of Marion Co., Ill., list 200, quota 250; the seventh by Mrs. Marietta Barnard of Union Co., Ind., list 38, quota 50; the eighth by Mrs. F. B. Fobes of Freeborn Co., Minn., list 43, quota 55; the ninth by Mrs. P. C. Charlebois of Kitsap Co., W. T., list 16, quota 20; the tenth by Mrs. Warren Dunbar of Ashland Co., Wis., list 8, quota 10.

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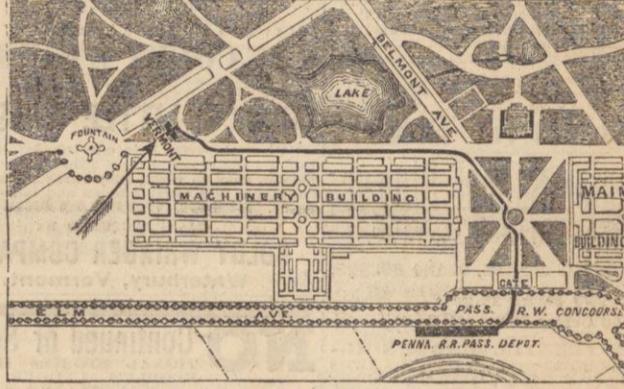
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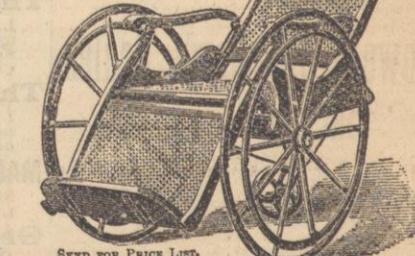
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