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# THE HOUSEHOLD

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

W. RICHARDS, INC. ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., SEPTEMBER, 1875.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

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

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### A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand;  
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year and day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast—  
A wave came rolling high and fast  
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and be to me no more;  
Of me, my day, the name I bore,  
To leave no track or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,  
And holds the water in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught,  
For glory or for shame.

### ORNAMENTAL PLANTING.

BY F. S. LAWRENCE.

IT is a mistaken idea, indulged in by many that to make a home place beautiful requires a large expenditure of money; and it is still more a mistaken idea that to accomplish this successfully, a person must be acquainted with the rules and principles of landscape gardening in all the minutiae of its details, or if they lack this knowledge they must, perforce, employ some person learned and skilled in the intricacies of the art, to do it for them. These ideas have no doubt deterred many from undertaking what they have long desired—a home beautiful in its surrounding and adornments. Taste and purpose combined with study and observation will produce the desired result—oftener much more satisfactorily than a lavish expenditure of money. Contrast, if you please, the little, unassuming, modest cottage, costing a few hundred dollars,

at most, but surrounded with a judicious assortment and well arranged variety of trees, shrubs, climbing vines and flowers, with the large, uncomely structure, called a mansion, upon which its owner has expended thousands, lacking these pleasant and humanizing surroundings, and say which of the two is the more attractive and homelike.

One great drawback to success, and which should be strongly guarded against in ornamental planting, is in undertaking to do too much, or in other words, overdoing. We are apt to crowd too many varieties into too small a space, which ultimately become a crowded mass of tall trees and small shrubs, giving a very uninviting as unattractive appearance to our places, when our hopes and desires have been otherwise. This arises in a great measure from a want of forethought as to future growth of the tree or shrub. This is more particularly so with the novice, who does not understand fully beforehand the effect to be produced by the trees he plants—whether its future is to be of large size or otherwise. Most of them when first planted are of small size—just taken from the nursery row perhaps—and having a very natural desire to have as many varieties, not only of ornamental kinds, but fruit as well, leads him to commit this great error. This is the more apparent where the grounds are more limited in extent, in our cities and villages, than upon the broader fields of the farm. Yet in too many instances can this defect be seen even there. Trees have been set out indiscriminately without any regard to their size or to their ultimate growth.

An Austrian or Scotch Pine, as also the Norway Spruce, are objects of beauty when only three or four feet high, and are very attractive in their appearance and are eagerly sought for, for ornamental planting, but how often do we see from ten to twelve of them occupying the space that should be allotted to only two or three, forgetting that when these small shrubs attain their maturity, they attain large size, crowding and robbing each other of nourishment, and from being things of beauty, will languish and die, and become a blemish upon the picture sought to be created. The same trouble and difficulty arises from the indiscriminate setting out of maples, elms, and other deciduous trees, whether they be placed along the boundaries of our lots, along the borders of streets or highways or upon the lawn or within the dooryard. Most of these too at maturity attain large size, and require room to perfect themselves in all the magnificence

of their natural beauty and elegance.

The number and variety of trees to be planted should depend upon the extent of the grounds they are to occupy—the larger and more extensive the grounds, the more numerous and varied the trees—being careful to give each tree, or plant, ample room to perfect itself as nature intended. If the grounds are small and limited in extent, plant only small trees and shrubs, of which fortunately we have a great variety at our command, but plant them very sparingly. The grounds had better be converted at once into grass plats or lawns, than to be crowded with a confused mass of trees, vines, and shrubs, that will cause us vexation of spirit the remainder of our days.

Another great error committed by many, is in attempting to accomplish in a day, that which it will require nature, perhaps years to perfect. It consists of the very natural desire and determination of having at once, what may be called a "finished" place, rather than await the slower processes of nature in developing it. To gratify this, large trees must be planted rather than small ones. While it may be desirable to plant large trees along our streets and highways it is not commendable to do so upon the lawn or in the front yard. A small tree well planted and taken care of will in a very few years outstrip the larger ones in growth and beauty. It is never advisable to transplant large evergreens which usually receive such a check to their growth by the act of removal, that they soon become unsightly objects and finally, after languishing for a time, die. I can recall numerous instances and that within a very short time too, where I have seen this attempt to "improve upon nature" carried out with results the most dire and disastrous, neither body, limb, or twig remaining to recompense the owner for his outlay of time, trouble and expense.

Notwithstanding these apparent difficulties which I have endeavored to point out in this article, I cannot close it without urging upon all the importance of planting trees not only for utility, but for ornament. Do it if you have no other place than in the streets or highways, along the borders of your grounds or lots, and my word for it, you will never regret the time, trouble, or money spent in doing so, remembering that, "He who plants a tree creates a life," and erects at the same time a monument to himself, equally as enduring as the marble column or the granite shaft, pointing heavenward to cherish and perpetuate his memory.



### BED-ROOM DECORATION.

Number Two.

PERSONALLY we have an objection to paper hangings from the fact that they are very liable to be used as a covering for the accumulated dirt of years. In many houses, one paper is put upon another, time after time, until there is a gathering of perhaps five or six, and sometimes more layers of paper, paste, size and dirt, forming a mass of matter which only requires favorable circumstances to become putrescent, and in damp weather, or when closed up for a time, they soon begin to get mouldy and musty smelling. The accumulation of size, flour paste, and the absorption during all these years of the foul gases created in all inhabited rooms, and which we believe wall papers absorb and retain, all tend to form a mass of corruption little dreamt of by those who inhabit them, and whenever there is the slightest damp in the walls the flour paste begins to ferment, mould forms, and we know not how many kind of diseases may be originated and fostered by such corruption.

Let us turn for a moment, for the sake of contrast, to some of the farm house and rural cottage bed-rooms in the northern counties of England. The rooms, as a rule, are low enough truly, and accommodation is of the rudest, but we shall find the walls and ceilings, perhaps white washed with lime, beautifully clean looking, the bits of bed hangings and counterpanes white as snow, and trimmed with a strip of blue braid, or possibly they may be made of the old-fashioned blue and white gingham or check pattern; a strip of carpet at one side of the bed or possibly all round it, a chair or two, and a table completes the furniture, but how clean and sweet smelling and health-giving everything appears! and not only appears, but is so. No musty fusty smells—no decaying matter on the walls to create disease. In such a room, we lie down with pleasure, and rise refreshed. No wonder that health comes back to us, and with the aid of fresh air, regular and simple habits, and good appetite, we regain lost strength and energy, and go back again to the daily routine of city life like giants refreshed, to battle and toil with the world again, for a time.

Now, in our town houses we reverse this state of things altogether. Every



inch of floor must be covered with thick carpets, which are perhaps only taken up once in three months, and in many cases, once in twelve months; and when they are taken up, the amount of dust, dirt, etc., which gathers underneath them, in that time is alarming from a sanitary point of view. When the carpet has been down for a length of time, the dust rises by the pressure and motion of walking, and thus makes the air we breathe impure; this will be the case however carefully they are brushed and swept; this is also one fruitful cause of bad smells, for wherever dust accumulates, foul smells will also exist. In houses where much gas is burnt in the lower rooms, the bed-rooms above are almost invariably unhealthy, as the burnt air ascends to the bed-rooms, vitiates the air, and thus injures the sleepers. We believe there is no remedy for this except every burner is connected by tubes or otherwise, to a ventilating shaft, which will remove the burnt air and escaped gas as fast as it is produced. And we cannot see why this may not be done cheaply and effectually in houses and shops which are built; in houses to be built the matter would be simple.

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. Whether they get into the unsound wood when on shipboard, or are brought from the forests, is a question we cannot solve. When the walls are well rubbed down and well dusted, they may be sized and papered in the usual manner, but care must 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.

But if we are about to re-paper a bed-room, or in fact, any 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 over 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 is sure to appear again, and quickly, for there is scarcely anything so difficult to eradicate if once it gets hold; but if these precautions were taken every time a room is re-papered, 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-board, instead of their being as now 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. They may be had from thirty to thirty-six inches wide. If the room is done with one of these, of a suitable tint, and a neat floral border run round 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, and thus we have less coloring matter on the walls than by any paper or other process. Bed-room walls simply colored in distemper, with an agreeable tint of color, and bordered with a paper border, are also very clean looking and healthy; in fact, this is the least objectionable manner of decorating bed-rooms, as we get rid of the necessity of using flour paste, which is always a danger, and thus reduce the evil to a minimum.

—*Building News.*

#### A GENTLEMAN.

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May Crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first found a man. To be a gentleman it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says, "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto, by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who

preached righteousness by his words and works, before a profane world." —*Bishop Doane.*



#### WATER-LILIES TO SELL.

Here's a miracle of bloom,  
Here's a drift of sweet perfume,  
White as snow, with golden crown!  
Laughing eyes, come down, come down!  
Buy my lilies! buy my lilies!  
Here's a bargain for the town!

Lilies blown this blessed morning,  
Lilies that outshine the dawning,  
Scented with the wild night dew,  
Drenched with sunshine through and through,  
Dreams of places where they grow  
Nestle in their hearts, I know!

Silent pools, along whose edges  
Droop the flag flowers, bend the sedges—  
Dear companions of their pleasure,  
Anchored in eternal leisure—  
Pools where stars lock down and smile  
On my lilies, mile on mile.

There the echoes haunt the rushes,  
Ghosts of sound, misleading thrushes  
With a hundred mellow gushes;  
There the pink azalea flushes.  
In their hearts my lilies keep  
All these memories fast asleep!

See these cups of dazzling bloom,  
Filled and brimming with perfume!  
Come down and buy, Laughing Eye,  
Lilies sweet and fresh I cry!  
Whoso buys them buys delight,  
Folded in their cups so white!

#### WINTER DECORATIONS.

BY ADELAIDE S. HILL.

IN a time of peace prepare for war." In other words, in early autumn get ready for winter. I have read *THE HOUSEHOLD* for two or three years, and have long wished to add my bit of interest, or at least, information to its columns. The truth is, I do not like cooking and therefore can give neither interesting experiences nor wonderful triumphs in the culinary art. I have never attended to the cultivation of plants; other people do the work and I make the bouquets. I love to arrange flowers and might be able to give some valuable hints on that subject, but just now I would like (with the permission of the editor) to talk about winter decorations.

I care not how plain the carpet or how ancient the chairs may be, you can render your room more charming than any fashionably upholstered parlor by a few simple natural objects, of which I presume some of you have already made use. When the long, cold winter evenings come, how much pleasanter to gather in a cheerful, attractive room, than in one devoid of all save necessary furniture. Let me tell you how we adorn our sitting-room for the winter. Of course there are pictures, and brackets, and vases and statuettes; these are mostly Christmas presents from one member of the family to another, and can be enjoyed by all. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," you know.

In August we fill some of the vases with wandering jew, or jointed ivy or inch-plant as some call it. This vine grows readily in water and by November is very luxuriant. We fill a large

necked bottle with the same green plant and conceal it behind an Apollo upon a corner bracket, the vivid green of the leaves and the pure whiteness of the marble bust forming a very pleasing contrast. It seems to me there is nothing that is so much the embodiment of plant life as this same wandering jew. It will grow anywhere, in earth or water, and with the same bright, cheerful green leaves.

As early as the first week in September, an hour's search upon the edge of a swamp procures us our winter supply of clematis vine. It must be gathered before the blossom has begun to "feather." Let it be just past the flower and not fully gone to seed, that it may blow after it is hung in the room. We cut all the leaves from the branches; we do not break them, for in doing so we are liable to break the branches also as the fibre is very brittle; we twine these long branches over and around the pictures. A little later in the season we procure our autumn leaves, (sumach and maple and oak) and mingle them with the clematis. I'll tell you how we pressed our leaves last fall, and they kept better than they had any previous year. For two days after gathering we put them under heavy pressure; we then subjected them to the heat of an iron, the end of which was rubbed with beeswax. We never varnish our leaves; it gives them a shiny, unnatural look, but the wax seems to restore the lively hue which is taken away from the leaves by long continued pressure. Our ferns we press as long as possible, for they will curl in spite of everything; these, the green and white, we arrange under the windows and over the doors. Our sitting-room wall paper cost only twenty cents a roll, so we can afford to stick pins in it.

Just after the first frost comes we gather the bitter-sweet or Roxbury wax work. This is a climbing plant and will be found running wild over the trees in fields and pastures. One year we used these scarlet berries with green fern leaves, and every one admired the combination. We gather various kinds of grasses during the summer and dry them to arrange with everlasting and fill the vases upon the mantel. Last fall we found something new for our winter bouquets, something that we think quite an addition; it is the seed vessel of the milk weed. If gathered at the right time it will partially open and give the appearance of the softest, downiest of feathers, with lovely chestnut brown tips; two or three on one branch are a real treasure.

If these few hints will be of any use to the many readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD* and lead some of them to search the forest another autumn for winter decorations, they are heartily welcome to them.

#### WINDOW GARDENING.

BY W. H. WHITE.

The favorite and interesting house-culture of flowering and ornamental plants is fast growing and spreading among rural, as well as "town" dwellers, and is a favorable sign of increasing taste and refinement.



As remarked by a city minister, from the stand of one of our village churches, lately: "Where the male inhabitants go into raising fruit, generally, and the ladies grow flowers in profusion, there is little danger of crime prevailing to any serious extent." Such will be found the case wherever horticultural and floricultural pursuits prevail, therefore, they are to be encouraged by all, rather than have "cold water" thrown at them.

In the window culture of flowers more ornament and taste is called in requisition at the present day than formerly. Now, few are satisfied to grow plants entirely in plain earthen pots, but in addition thereto must have fancy or rustic stands, boxes, hanging baskets, etc. Hanging baskets of one description or another are found quite common wherever a few plants are grown in the sitting, or dining room, some of them quite ornamental; others have in addition, rustic stands, boxes and baskets with feet for them to stand on in the window, which form very attractive ornaments for a bow, or a common window. For our window garden we have constructed some basket stands, and also a hanging basket for one window to grow plants in for the purpose of indoor and winter attractiveness, and this is how it was done.

From the woods we procured a quantity of laurel, top, body and branches with the roots—the common flowering laurel of our woods and swamps is the kind—there is no kind of wood that equals this, which I am acquainted with, for this kind of rustic work. This is scraped and divested of all its outer bark, underneath next the wood is a yellow, thin skin bark, which is partly left on in strips, scraping through to the wood one-half or more of the surface, leaving the outer surface quite ornamental. The more crooked, knotty, and knurley it is the better for the purpose.

For the hanging basket I took a common round, wooden bowl, deep as I could find, some fourteen inches across the top; around the top I put two willow rods about as large as the little finger, divested of the bark, these were nailed fast with one-inch finishing nails, same as used for all the rest; then I took two ratans about one-fourth of an inch in diameter and about four feet long, for handles; these were made fast to the under side of the bowl, coming up over, crossing and looping at the top, the four ends being placed at equal distant spaces on the bowl. Next we take our laurel and cut three pieces for feet, so that when we wish the basket can stand on the floor, etc.; these were made fast to the bottom at equal distance; next I cut off crooked, knotty and knurley pieces, from one to three, four, or more inches long, fitted and nailed them to the bowl so as to entirely cover and hide the surface from view, or as nearly so as possible. When entirely covered, I took a stain of ground burnt umber and slightly stained the willow rods around the top; made the ratan handles fast with wire at the top and where they cross below; then, with shellac dissolved in alcohol, I gave the whole two good coats, going over very care-

fully. The bowl was then fitted with a lining of sheet lead, for durability, etc.

For a standing one I took a paint keg, a one hundred pound one, sawed off about one-third the length from the top, to this I affixed three legs, crooked and suitable, raising the top of the keg to a level with the window sill. The legs were braced with crooked sticks of laurel, prepared as above, and the whole keg covered with short cut pieces, same as the hanging basket, the top being finished around similar to the basket, a crooked branchy stick some four feet long, but so crooked as not to rise over about two and one-half feet, was made fast to the keg, and on the end of the branches we hang cocoanut shells filled with soil, and some trailing plants suitable; the whole covering was shellaced same as the hanging basket. For another we are constructing a box some two and one-half feet long, one and one-half feet wide, and one foot deep, lined with zinc, to stand on four legs about two and one-half feet high; this is covered similar to the others only the laurel pieces are somewhat coarser, or larger, to correspond with the size of the basket. Roots of the laurel often have bunches, or knots of fine warty look; these make the finest work when interspersed with other crooked sticks, knots, etc.

Now, reader, you who live where the laurel can be had for the gathering, there is nothing in this but any one with common genius can do; so during the leisure of the fall, gather the laurel, root and top, and during the winter prepare and make one, or more of these or like rustic ornaments for your living room, to be in place filled with growing and flowering plants another season; or, if you are good at driving business, you can have it made and in operation for a "New Year's present," and what can be more appropriate, for a sister, mother, or lady love than a finely constructed and neat hanging or standing basket for the window? Try it and see with what pleasure it will be received and what joy give afterwards. —N. E. Homestead.

#### FLOWERS FOR WINTER.

It is only when plants are healthy and prolific of perfect flowers, continually renewing, that they can fully satisfy the eye of the weary invalid or the storm-staid child. Plants already exhausted by summer blooming can not renew good bloom without many weeks of rest, and a growth of new shoots from near the roots of the main stems. Only new and healthy shoots can carry supplies freely enough to swell either leaves of flowers or fruit to large size and full beauty; and only healthy roots can collect supplies, and only healthy clean leaves can digest them for use.

Roses (teas and dailies) may be prepared in August by cutting them back to well placed buds or shoots low down. This, of course, arrests all farther summer bloom, or if it does not entirely, the bloom should be nipped off as soon as they begin to appear. As soon as new growths set in, stimulate with top-dressing, or

with a weekly use of diluted liquid manure. If any shoot threatens to extend irregularly, its tips should be nipped when it has reached a point where a bifurcation will be well placed. Blossom buds will show on the tips before winter.

Heliotropes must be prepared similarly by close pruning. The pots of these, as well as of roses, are best plunged in the soil in a sunny place, so that the leaves may have full light and the shoots be well matured. But the heliotrope must be taken in in September, before they feel the least touch of frost, and the roses before it can pinch them at all severely. Geraniums that have been kept rather dry should be repotted early in September. It is best to rinse all the old earth from the roots and shorten them pretty close, as well as the tops, planting them again firmly in fresh good earth before the root can dry any. Keep shaded and not too wet for a week or so, and as soon as growth appears, water and feed well. This will soon result in handsome and thrifty plants, which will bloom by Christmas, and continue for months.

To secure copious bloom of bedding geraniums next summer it is essential to have fresh young plants, and to that end cuttings should be set now, immediately. They will root easily in the open ground in the moisture and temperature of August, if covered with a pane or two of shaded glass, to retain moist air and obstruct excess of heat. After roots have formed, as indicated by the appearance of young leaves, the cuttings must be potted, and then returned for a week to their shelter. During winter they must have light; they will do well in a window where neither frost nor much heat can reach them, and they will begin to bloom in April or May, and continue all summer in surpassing beauty, if well watered and fed.—Country Gent.

#### PANSIES—HOW TO MANAGE.

F. J. Laughlin tells the Fruit Recorder how he or she grows pansies. Perhaps the amount of water might be increased without detriment, as pansies love water:

I will tell your lady readers something about my last summer pansies, and how I treated them. I sowed the seed in open ground in May—transplanted as soon as possible, and then hurried up the growth of plants by frequent application of liquid hen manure; and how they did grow! They came into bloom in the hottest part of summer, and continued till after frost. From first bloom to last, flowers very large. I gave them a dose of this stimulant every week—often twice a week. If I neglected them too long, they seemed to droop, and the stalks get dry and woody, but one application would revive them. Circulation seemed to begin anew, and the brown-looking branches grew crisp and succulent.

My plan of applying was to give each plant a tablespoonful right on the roots. It is really interesting to notice how soon a dose seems to make them feel jolly. What faces they make at you! What grimaces! Are they really trying to talk? One can

almost fancy they are,—really struggling for speech, judging from their facial contortions. I began to think, last summer, that I had robbed my pansies of their natural trait of character, viz: modesty; for really, they seemed to look decidedly impudent, mounted on their long flower-stems, standing so erect, and looking you full in the face, with some of their faces on a broad grin at that.

But my letter is too long. Pardon this intrusion, if what I have said is such. I have not meant it so. Time was, when I would have been so glad to get any information as to the management of that most sweet, interesting, truly modest, but most ambitious little flower, the pansy. Before closing, I must say that there is little danger of getting this liquid too strong for the pansy. I tried the same in strength on some geraniums and fuchsias. The result was, every leaf came off, leaving the stalk quite bare.

#### WORMS IN FLOWER POTS.

We have puzzled ourselves over these little white wrigglers until we think we have found the "philosopher's stone," this time certainly. Before putting fresh earth in the pots, place it in an old pan, set it in the oven, and bake enough to destroy all germs of weeds which the soil may contain; then, after the plant has made itself at home in the jar to which it has been transplanted, water with the following preparation:

"Sulphate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; add to them one pint of boiling water; when thoroughly dissolved, cork tightly, and put a teaspoonful of it to every three quarts of warmish water used for watering. A few drops of it added to the water in hyacinth glasses will stimulate the bulbs to much finer growth and blossoms. This liquid seems to be obnoxious to the small white worms." If the earth has been well baked, a little fine cut tobacco sprinkled on the soil, and kept there, will usually prevent their appearance, and at the same time stimulate the plant. Sometimes a little red-pepper, sifted lightly on the soil, will do this.

We learn from the Country Gentleman that many use kerosene with good effect, by pouring it on the soil, taking care that it does not come in contact with the stem of the plant. Another correspondent in the same, mulches sparingly in wood ashes which benefit the plant and kill the insects.

#### FLORAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Will some flower loving member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please give some plain directions how to make an inexpensive window garden, also a fernery? I have two south windows which I would like to ornament thus.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell a reader of that paper if there is any process by which to preserve natural flowers? If there is any process by which it may be done please answer through these columns and oblige your subscriber.

MRS. HEINEMAN.





## OVERSKIRTS, BASQUES AND SLEEVES.

JUST now, apron overskirts, sometimes very long, but often of but medium length, are the style for street costumes. In many cases, this overskirt is only an apron with neither side nor back breadths, but in others a scarf back is worn, reaching nearly to the bottom of the underskirt.

Although the shape of these aprons does not admit of much variety, yet one mode is susceptible of such a number of arrangements in putting on the trimming, cutting the cloth straight or bias, etc., that very many different styles are shown. For instance, the apron may be cut with the front line laid upon the straight fold of the cloth, to avoid a seam in the middle, or the apron may be cut bias directly in the center of the front, and the seam concealed by trimmings. This latter is a favorite mode of cutting when the front is to be trimmed with lengthwise bands of jet galloon, worsted braid, or velvet ribbon. Cut in this way, woollen material clings more closely to the figure than when cut straight, the one thing desired above all others in the designing of overdresses. The seam does not really mar the appearance of the apron, and often no effort is made to conceal it, but long-looped bows are placed its entire length, which give it a rich and elegant appearance. Striped goods are often cut with this bias seam in front, and in these the stripes are perfectly matched and the effect produced is very pleasing. These overskirts, whether cut straight or bias, should be lined with paper muslin, or light crinoline, except when made of camel's hair or cloth.

An elegant way to make this apron overskirt (it is also called the tablier overskirt) is to shir the outside in wide lengthwise puffs upon the lining. This forms a tablier entirely of puffs, a very handsome style of overskirt. A plain side breadth is sometimes used, upon which the fullness of the front is shirred, or the puffing may be carried back and concealed at the ends under the loops of the wide sash. Still another caprice lays a finger-wide straight strip up the front, between the lines of shirring, on which a row of buttons or small bows of ribbon may be placed. Around the lower edge of these overskirts jet or tape fringe is placed, or knife pleatings of silk upon woollen materials. The triple apron is also sometimes seen with three aprons outlined by knife-pleatings, fringe or lace. Handsome cashmere tabliers are also shown among imported goods, quite or nearly covered with silk or jet embroidery. Others, less costly, are finished with vines in silk embroidery running around the lower edge or in perpendicular rows up the skirt. Overskirts ornamented in this way are so elegant in appearance that they are much worn, although very expensive.

Though the tablier overskirt is the

favorite for dressy costumes, ladies of plainer taste and more economical turn of mind will be glad to learn that the long round overskirt is still much worn. For plain everyday dresses for ladies obliged to work in the school-room or an office, this style has proved very desirable, for two reasons: first, because its simple outline requires very little trimming, and secondly, because its long straight folds conceal so well anything that may be defective in the skirt beneath. The Greek overskirt, though still seen in fashion plates, is not shown in the furnishing houses at all and but seldom on the street.

A new style of walking skirt in which the apron that we have so fully described is quite abjured, is deserving of mention, since it is especially becoming to short, stout ladies, and for them may come to be the favored style. In this there is no overskirt in the front. The front breadths are trimmed with perpendicular rows, and a broad row of shirring or other trimming at the side outlines the overskirt, which is simply two straight back breadths, which are only twelve or fourteen inches shorter than the underskirt, are trimmed on the lower edge with knife pleating or shirring, and are slightly looped in the form of a pouf under the sash. The effect of a suit made in this way is to increase the apparent weight. It is the most economical of all designs, too, for in it the goods are so little cut. Overskirts for evening wear are all in the apron form, being generally made of jetted lace or net.

Setting aside the consideration of the polonaise, which, though not so much in favor as it has been, is much too useful to be allowed to "go out" entirely, the basque waist is the only one seen. But of the variety of shapes and styles that come under the designation of "basque," the name is legion. Now, this is very fortunate, for of these various designs for the corsage a lady can be allowed to select that which best suits her figure. This is a great advantage, for the fashion of the bodice is one of the most important points in the female toilet, since it may be made the means of concealing or greatly lessening any defect or exaggeration in the natural form. In selecting a pattern for a corsage, fashion should never be consulted alone, but the first consideration should be of the suitability of the waist to the figure, age, and general appearance of the wearer. This first principle of real elegance is so frequently disregarded that it cannot be too earnestly insisted upon.

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to give a particular description of the different styles of basques displayed in the new fashion-plates; but we may allude to one or two, and sum up a few of the points that all seem to possess to a greater or less degree. Prominent among the favorites, we may mention the double-breasted basque, which buttons closely, in a diagonal line across the front. The lower part is sometimes close-fitting, but more often has more or less fullness laid in postillion pleats at the seams of the back. The cuirasse so often spoken of, is still in favor, especially for handsome figures. This

basque displays the outline of the form so plainly that only those whose shape is naturally so perfect that they need not seek to conceal or lessen some defect, are disposed to give it unlimited favor. There are also several styles of coat-basques—having rolling collars, vests, and jaunty deep points in the back. It may be remarked in general that all basques are made close-fitting. Very little trimming is put upon them, none about the waist; and the collar, or other finishing of the neck, is so arranged that it serves in itself for trimming.

The styles of neck-trimming are so numerous that we cannot attempt to describe them, but may mention the rolling collar, almost like a gentleman's coat-collar, is rapidly gaining in favor. A pleated fraise in the back, and a coat-collar in front, is very stylish. The majority of basques, too, have short lappels, though one style, which has two long ends in the back, greatly resembling gentlemen's dress-coat flaps, is seen; and still another, in which the side-forms are cut much longer than the rest of the basque, and ornamented with pocket and buttons. Basques are shown to some extent with the French back, that is, without side forms; but they are not becoming, except to handsome figures. The side forms are therefore much more generally worn, since the slender and the stout alike look well in them. The most nicely fitting of all the new styles in basques is one which is generally spoken of as Worth's basque, being the one from which he has modeled most all of his late costumes. Its distinctive feature is that both front and back are each cut in in two pieces, and these second side forms conduce greatly to the perfect fit of the garment.

The first object in making a selection of a design for sleeves, should be to set off the beauty or conceal any defect in the arm. This consideration concerns the trimming of the sleeves only now, for, except for evening dresses, all sleeves are made after the coat pattern. For a handsome arm, nothing could be more becoming than a close-fitting coat-sleeve. It should be so perfect in its fit, however, that, though close, it should never seem to compress. Probably never was such a variety of modes of trimming shown for sleeves as now. We cannot attempt to make any enumeration of them. Pleatings are probably the most fashionable, especially pleatings laid on with a cuff. Cuffs of all shapes and sizes are seen, and revers, folds and bands. Shirring is also used, and, indeed, trimming of any kind desired. Lengthwise trimmings upon sleeves are very stylish. These are pretty for short, plump arms, but very unbecoming to arms that are long and thin. Horizontal bands around sleeves give the effect of roundness and plumpness. A sleeve with the outer arm scalloped, and a button and simulated button-hole in each scallop is simple and yet very stylish and pretty.—*Fireside Friend*.

## ABOUT PINS.

Our pins, the oldest of them, come from the tombs. The Egyptians buried them for us years ago. They are

elaborate and costly in workmanship, the longest being eight inches. These pins are ornamented with large gold heads and bands. The ancient Mexicans used thorns of the agave and the aloe for pins. Our English grandmothers of the sixteenth century exercised their patience and impatience in using dear little pins, which were wooden skewers. (I wonder how they dressed the babies of that century.)

The first pins made in England were manufactured at Gloucester, in 1626. Ten years later they were made in London, and afterward in Birmingham. We owe the business of pin-making in the United States to the war of 1812, which so interrupted our commerce that the value of a six-penny paper of pins rose to one dollar. Our first pins were made by Englishmen, at the old State prison in Greenwich village, now included within the limits of the city of New York. The effort was soon abandoned. Again, in 1820, the same tools were made to do duty in pin-making at Bellevue almshouse. The enterprise failed. Mr. Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, invented and patented in England the first machines that made solid-headed pins. That effort failed to meet success, and he waited nine years before the first solid-headed pin was sold in London. One year earlier, Mr. John I. Howe, of New York, obtained a patent in the United States for making pins with wire or spun heads, and these were the first machines in which the pin was completed by one process that proved successful. The same inventor patented in 1840 a process for making pins with gold heads.

There are now in the United States eight or nine mills where pins are made, and Connecticut claims the pin business as almost exclusively her own, four of the mills being in the valley of the Naugatuck.

An application at one of the Connecticut factories to see a pin made was met with the reply: "We will show you with pleasure plenty of pins after they are made, and every process except the making of the pin." There is a secret, wonderful department in this mill, where eighty-five machines devour tons of wire, and send forth millions of pins, and from this department curious eyes are excluded. A man named Fowler invented the machines which are so carefully hidden, and a story is told that in his last great period of doubt and agony, lest, after all, his creation should fail of life, help came to him in the form of a dream, and by it success. The capacity of one of these mills is 7,000,000 pins a day, or 2,191,000,000 per year.

The best English pins are put in green paper, which was sacred to the best quality of American pins; but now, alas! it is made to cover the poorest quality of iron pins as well, such as are sold at a fraction over three cents a paper. The best pins of the American and Howe companies are now put up in the form of a book, and are called "book pins." A book contains two hundred and sixty-four pins, including five sizes, in eight rows, one of which is black.

The pins, as first shown at the mill, are of brass and iron. The brass pins receive whitening from long boiling in copper vessels with block tin. The



iron pins receive their whitening by a process which is kept secret.

After whitening, the pins are put through a machine which throws off all the straight well-formed pins, and carries away all the bent, imperfect pins as absolute waste. Another machine assort the pins, selecting with precision each size, and conducting it to its proper receptacle.

The most curious and interesting process is that of putting the pins into the papers. It requires possibly thirty seconds for the pins to pass from the mass into their places in the paper, the same machine selecting them by the head, marshalling them in single file, delivering them over into companies, creasing the paper, and fixing them in place. It is the iron pins that have created the belief that English pins are alone worth buying. Merchants buy the poorer qualities and even the iron pins, consumers alone suffering, since the merchant buys at the lowest valuation the cheapest article and sells it at the price of the best quality of brass pins. A paper of *ne plus ultra* pins contains three hundred and sixty; the poorer qualities but two hundred and eighty. The cheapest quality of iron pins are called adamantine, between which and the *ne plus ultra* there are several grades.—*Hearth and Home*.

#### WOMAN'S DRESS REFORM.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

It seems to be generally conceded, not only by physicians and physiologists but by all sensible men and women, that the present style of dress for women is not only expensive, inconvenient and comfortless, but very injurious to health.

One objection to the prevailing mode of dress, is, that it places too much clothing about the waist and abdomen and not enough over the extremities, thereby preventing a proper circulation of the blood, and creating an undue heat in those parts of the body covered with so many thicknesses of cloth which renders the wearer liable to various inflammatory and congestive diseases.

But the chief objection is the great weight of clothing sustained by the hips and waist, pressing upon, and injuring the organs below the diaphragm, causing not only weakness and exhaustion, but too frequently frightful suffering and incurable disease.

All these evils may easily be avoided by letting the shoulders bear the burden, and this can be accomplished either by suspenders or by a system of garments like that which has been brought to the notice of the public by Abba Gould Woolson and others.

A large class of sensible, well-informed people admit that the prevailing style of dress is all wrong, yet, strange to say, they go on as before, making no change whatever in their own attire. How is this? It is simply the power of habit; the dread and dislike of new customs. "Excellent!" says our friend, Mrs. Candid, on laying down a book or an article upon this subject. "Excellent! I wish this reform movement success," and forthwith she goes out and does what she can to promote the good cause by re-

modelling her own and her children's garments, upon true hygienic principles.

Alas! no, nothing of the sort. I am a little too fast. She cries, "Excellent! excellent!" and then she stops. Ah! what a tyrant is custom! and what slavery is like the slavery of habit?

How important then that in dress as well as in other things, sensible and right habits be formed in youth. And who but mothers can form these habits? With them then lies the responsibility of the health and comfort of the rising generation.

#### WOMAN'S DREADFUL DRESS.

Very few women know how to appreciate an easy, healthful dress. They think their dresses are loose, when a man or boy put into one as tight, would gasp for breath, and feel incapable of putting forth any effort except to break the bands. Ladies are so accustomed to the tight fits of dressmakers, that they "fall to pieces" when relieved of them. They associate the loose dress with the bed or lounge. To be up, they must be stayed up; and to recommend a comfortable dress to them, is not to meet a conscious want of theirs. It is a great pity, none the less.

If they could once know what a luxury it is to breathe deep and full at each respiration, to feel the refreshment which the system takes on by having the blood enlivened and sent bounding through the veins, to have the aids of digestion which such process gives, to have their own strong, elastic muscles keep every joint in place, and themselves erect; if they could for a good while know this blessed luxury, and then be sent back into the old, stiff, straight jackets, they would fume, and fret, and rave, in very desperation, if they could not get rid of them. As it is, they prefer to languish, and suffer dreadfully, and die young, and leave all their little children; and I do not see any other way, but to let them be sick and die till they are satisfied.

If only the sinner were the sufferer, it would not be worth while to make a great ado about it; but the blighting of future innocent lives, which must follow, renders the false habits of our women in the highest degree criminal.—*Laws of Life*.

#### A CHEAP TIDY.

Rosella would like to know how to make a cheap yet pretty tidy. Get a ball of knitting cotton, number twelve, which will cost ten cents. Then with a coarse crochet hook chain up one hundred and twenty stitches, then knit twelve double stitches in the last twelve chain stitches, then three chain and one double in the third chain stitch three chain, one double, three chain, one double, three chain twelve double, and so on till you get across. Then knit back and forth till you get across eight times then reverse the check. This is a checker-board tidy; when you have nine checks your tidy will be square, then chain up seventeen stitches and join with a single stitch at the corner of the check, then seventeen more chain at the corner of the

next check and so on around the tidy, then seventeen more chain and catch in the middle of the loop around the tidy. Fringe in the middle of the last loop.

Another way: Take scarlet dress braid, and cut in pieces four inches long; gather one edge, draw up close, fasten the ends of the braid. Then take thread, number sixteen, and crochet one double, two chains around the braid, then one single, three double and one single round that. You will want sixty-four wheels; sew them together and fringe with knitting cotton or thread.

Will Rosella please tell me how she succeeds? I would like to know how to make the frames and winter bouquets she spoke of. Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell me how to color orange and how to knit round rings? EFFIE.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

MR. CROWELL:—Will some one of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD who will be kind enough to send me samples of tatting for tidies, edging or insertion, give me their address through your valuable paper? if so I will in return give them a pretty pattern for a pin-cushion.

Rosella asks in the June number for a pretty yet cheap pattern for tidies and toilet sets. I think I have never seen anything prettier than the pansy mat given a few months ago or if that doesn't suit you, I think "Java canvas" is very neat. One can get canvas and patterns at most any dry goods store. I should be pleased to have her send directions for making paper frames to imitate leather work.

Many thanks to L. E. L. for the oat meal recipe given in the March number. I have been using it ever since the twenty-sixth of the month and see it has already done me good.

ROSELLE.

If Lilly's mamma will use brandy and castor oil, equal parts, in her hair and it helps her as much as it has my friends, I think she will be pleased with the result. LIZZIE.

#### CONCERNING THE HAIR.

Dr. Benjamin Godfrey has written a book on the "Diseases of the Hair," in which he says that a woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet, and that a young lady of Massachusetts refused a thousand dollars for her cranial covering, which was only one inch short of this measurement. Four hundred hairs of ordinary thickness would cover an inch of space. The blonde belle has about one hundred and forty thousand filaments to comb and brush, while the red-haired damsel has to be satisfied with eighty-eight thousand; the brown-haired damsel may have one hundred and nine thousand, the black-haired but one thousand and two thousand. Few ladies consider that they carry some forty or fifty miles of hair on their head; the fair-haired may have to dress seventy miles of threads of gold every morning. A German experimentalist has proven that a single hair will suspend four ounces without breaking, stretching under the process

and contracting again. But the hair thus heavily weighed must be dark brown, for the blonde breaks down under two and a half ounces.

#### GOOD NEWS.

Jennie June says that the days of the fifty dollar bonnets are numbered. Not much longer will there be found idiots among women who will pay that amount for an article which the first shower spoils, and of which the fashion changes every month. For a long time the question has been asked, Why can not women have their hats for ordinary purposes finished and made ready for wear by the manufacturers, like those of men? That question has been answered, in part, at least, by the ladies' "Panama." This hat can be obtained, neatly bound finished upon the inside with leather, like those of men, and trimmed with a band and bow of broad black, blue or brown ribbon. Hats and bonnets will be furnished to women and girls for ordinary wear in the same way, and without any more expense or trouble, than they are supplied to men and boys. There is still hope for the millenium.

#### TO PRESERVE FURS FROM MOTHS.

Having furs in use now, which have been used fifty years, I offer my own and my mother's mode of taking care of them. So far they are uninjured.

Put them away when it is still cool and before the moth miller begins to fly about. Take them into the sunshine and fresh air, and with a small corn whisk broom strike quickly every bit of the fur, first the wrong way of the fur and then the right way. Do this thoroughly but not hard enough to hurt the fur; lay it on an open newspaper and shake black pepper thickly over the fur, fold it in the paper and then in cotton or linen cloth; put it in the box and tie the box up in a thick cotton bag having first wrapped the box in a folded linen sheet, well secured. If your furs are good, as mine are, they are fully worth this trouble and care. Moths need never touch them. EXPERIENCE.

#### TO COLOR A LAVENDER DRESS.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—In reply to Cora's enquiry "how to color a lavender that is faded," I will tell her how I did; take two teacupfuls of black tea put into a bag of thin cloth, then put into a large iron kettle with two pails of water, boil until the strength is out; then dissolve two teaspoonfuls of copperas and put in, taking out the bag. Have your dress ripped to pieces and washed clean and rinsed in warm water, put it into the liquor and let it remain with frequent airing until it is the shade you desire. Let me hear how you succeed.

FANNY FERN.

—An old bachelor, who doesn't know much about fashions anyway, says: The present style of men's hats is said to be an exact reproduction of the fashion of 1840. The present scrambled style of ladies' head dress is of older origin, being the identical fashion which prevailed before the invention of combs.





## MAKING FUN OF IT.

BY WINNIE WILDWOOD.

DEAR! I don't want to study all the time. Charley don't have to," vehemently exclaimed Master Fred, jerking out each syllable with tremendous emphasis, while the run died out of his eye, the merry smile gave place to a dreadful pout, and the frown wrinkled his brow in a most unhappy way. "I want to have a little fun sometime," continued he in a little softer tone, judging probably from the expression of his mother's face, that his petulance had exceeded the bounds of even her forbearance.

"Well, Fred," said his mother, "learn your reading lesson and we will have some fun; real live fun," she added, perceiving a doubtful look on his phiz as though he felt a little uncertain about the merits of the proposed sport.

"How would you like to play 'Bakerman?' she afterward inquired, when the reading lesson had been learned and very creditably recited. "You drive a bread cart, you know, and sell me crackers and cookies and such things?"

"O, splendid, mother!" responded Fred with animation. "Will you buy 'em?"

"Yes, I'll buy everything you've got, if you'll be sure to make the right change. I shouldn't want to trade with you if you should cheat me," she replied.

Accordingly the rocking horse was harnessed to the wood box and a miscellaneous stock of playthings collected to represent the stock in trade. Master Fred with his feet swallowed up in papa's rubber boots and his head lost in uncle Charles' old beaver hat, put on an air of immense importance as he mounted the cricket which had risen to the dignity of the driver's box.

"Whoa!" cried the pompous young driver, pulling hard upon the reins as though his Goldsmith Maid could only be stopped at all by the utmost skill of his dextrous driver. "Whoa! be steady, I say," repeated he soothingly to the supposed to be excited steed. "You hold the reins, Bennie," continued he to two year old Toddlekins, who always claimed his share in every enterprise, "and don't let her start."

Bennie professed his satisfaction with his part of the programme, and Fred, with a ludicrous air of importance made his first business call.

"Have any fresh crackers to-day?" he inquired pompously, mimicing the tone and manners of the village headman.

"How much are they a dozen, Mr. Brown?"

"Two cents," replied Fred promptly.

"Well, that's cheap enough," said his mother. "I'll take five dozen. Can you make the change? here are fifteen cents."

"Yes, mam. Two, four, six, eight,

ten," repeated Fred, slowly counting upon his fingers.

"Ten cents and how many make fifteen?"

"Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—five cents your due. Have any pies?"

"What kind of pies?"

"Mince pies."

"How much are they?"

"Three cents."

"Yes, I'll take four."

"Three, six, nine, twelve," repeats Fred, again counting upon his fingers. "Twelve cents for the pies."

"Here are twenty cents; can you make the change?"

"Yes, mam. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. Eight cents your due," says Fred, and gives his mother a slip of paper for change.

So the trade continues, till books and blocks and papers, balls and all manner of children's toys are transformed into bread and tarts and cookies. Fred thinks it is capital fun and the arithmetic lesson goes down like sugar coated pills, all for the fun of it.

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

## SCENE I.

(Lily and her nurse walking in the grounds near the house.)

Lily. I am going to have a birthday party. We are going to have dinner under the trees. Bessie and Ella and Georgie are coming.

Nurse. I am sure your Papa is very kind to you. You ought to be a very good girl.

Lily. My dress is a great deal prettier than Bessie's. Ella's best dress is not so pretty as my every day ones. Ella looks so funny with short hair and freckles on her nose. I like long curly hair like mine a great deal better.

Nurse. "Handsome is that handsome does." Miss Ella is a kind, good little girl and very patient with her little brother Georgie.

Lily. I don't like Georgie. He is too little to play. I wish he was not coming.

## SCENE II.

(Table set under the tree. Children sitting around it. All the children dressed in neat plain dresses and aprons except Lily whose dress is covered with ruffles, embroidery and lace, with a sash tied in a great bow behind.)

Lily. Give me some chicken, nurse.

Nurse. Wait, Miss Lily, till your friends are helped.

Lily. I won't wait; I want some chicken; I am hungry. (Tries to reach over and help herself.)

Nurse. Take care! You will spill your mug of milk. Sit still, Miss Lily.

Lily. Give me something to eat, then.

(Nurse helps all the children as quickly as possible.)

Ella. Oh, what a pretty place this is! How smooth and green the grass is!

Bessie. What a nice place to play croquet!

Lily. Nurse, give me some cranberry.

Nurse. There is none on the table, Miss Lily.

Lily. Go into the house and get some, then.

Nurse. Here is some nice apple jelly.

Lily. I don't want it; I tell you I want cranberry.

Nurse. Oh, Miss Lily, I am ashamed of you. What would your Papa say to you?

Lily. I don't care. Get me some cranberry this minute. I cannot eat chicken without cranberry.

Georgie. Dat's good tziehen. Georgie likes tziehen.

Lily. Cranberry! cranberry! I will have some cranberry, so nurse, get it for me, I say.

Nurse. Be a good girl and eat your dinner. Here is a nice bunch of grapes for you.

(Lily snatches the grapes from the nurse and throws them at the nurse and stains her cap.)

## ENTER PAPA.

Papa. What is all this? What is all this? Lily, why do you behave so badly?

Lily. She would not give me any cranberry.

Papa. There is none on the table; eat your dinner, and behave like a lady.

Lily. (Pouting.) I don't want any dinner. (Looks very cross and sulky.)

Papa. Oh, very well, then you must not stay here and spoil the pleasure of your friends. (Takes Lily in his arms and carries her into the house.)

## SCENE III.

Lily locked into her room looks out of her window and sees her cousins happily eating their dinner under the trees.

Papa. (Standing near the table.) Children, I hope you are enjoying yourselves. Are you having all you wish to eat?

Ella and Bessie. Oh, yes sir, thank you.

Ella. What splendid grapes and peaches.

Lily. (looking out at the window.) Oh, I wish I had eaten a peach and a few grapes. I wonder if nurse will not save some for me. There are candies, too! Oh, I wish I was down there. Now they are getting down from their chairs and leaving the table. Papa has brought out the croquet set. Now they are all playing croquet. Little Georgie is knocking the balls about, too. Oh, I wish I had not been so foolish and naughty. (Calls from the window.) Papa! Nurse! Papa! They do not hear, oh, dear! (Cries) Hoo-oo-oc-oo.

## SCENE IV.

(Widow Long's cottage. Widow ironing. John and Ann, seven and eight years old, laying the table for supper. Everything very plain.)

John. Oh, I am so hungry; it seems so long since breakfast. What is there for supper, mother? (Sets a pitcher of water on the table.)

Mother. We have bread and potatoes, dear.

Ann. Is there butter or milk to-day?

Mother. No, we are out of butter, and I have no money to-day. Salt will do as well. (Mother puts the potatoes on the table, Ann gets the bread and they sit down.)

John. Oh, I am so hungry!

Ann. So am I. How good this potato tastes with salt.

(Knock is heard at the door, John opens it and Lily's nurse enters, bringing cold chicken, jelly, fruit, etc.)

Nurse. Mr. B. sent this to you.

Mrs. Long. Oh, he is very kind I am sure.

(Nurse goes out.)

Ann and John. Oh, mother! mother! do see! Chicken and sweet potato, and such splendid peaches! Oh, what a feast we shall have!

Mrs. Long. God is very good to us, let us thank Him for all these blessings.

## SCENE V.

Lily. (alone in her room.) Oh, dear! they are all gone, and this is the end of my birth-day party. They had such a merry time this afternoon, and I lost all the fun just because I was so silly and naughty; I wish I had been a good girl.

## ENTER PAPA.

Papa. Lily, are you not sorry you behaved so badly to-day?

Lily. Yes, Papa, (hanging her head.)

Papa. Then come and kiss me. I have sent what was left of your feast to poor little John and Ann. They seldom have good things to eat, and therefore know better than you how to enjoy them. I hope my dear Lily will try and be a good girl, not rude and cross, but gentle and cheerful. You were rude to your friends and rude to your kind nurse. Are you willing to tell her you are sorry when she comes in with the bread and milk for your supper?

Lily. Yes, Papa, I will if you wish it, for I truly am sorry.

Papa. Next week I will invite your cousins here again, and I hope you will then be a good girl and enjoy their visit. But if you wish to be happy remember this. People who are filled with thoughts of themselves, of their own importance, their own pleasures, and their own wishes, are sure to be miserably unhappy. But those that forget themselves in trying to be kind to others are always sure to be loved and happy themselves.

ANNA HOLYOKE.

## PARENTS READ AND PONDER.

## Number Two.

I urge the importance of correct primary instruction at home and in school. The same method should be adopted in both; viz: the object first, and then the sign, which may be either a picture or a word; and in either case, it should be seen and recognized by its looks. By this method, children are taught to read words and sentences before they know the letters of the alphabet, just as they have at home learned to distinguish different objects by sight and by name, without stopping to analyze or explain. The analysis will come naturally afterwards, and the instruction so given will be much more interesting and profitable.

Parents as well as teachers should understand that the old system of instruction is unnatural and unwise; and they should always give the preference, in employing instructors, to those who have been trained in modern methods.



Indeed, all parents should be so well informed as to the best methods of school government and instruction as to be qualified to exercise an intelligent supervision over the training of their children. Intelligence in school matters is a necessary qualification to enable parents to appreciate a good school and a good teacher, to adopt the best system, to provide a suitable outfit and to secure a wise administration of educational affairs.

I will next enquire what system of organization shall be adopted. Except in the cities, the district system has generally prevailed in this country. Every one who has given the matter any attention, is aware of the disadvantages of this system; and many earnest efforts have been made to remove the evil by a change to what is termed the town system.

In some states the town system has been established by law; in others, enabling acts have been passed allowing the towns to abolish the district, and establish the town system.

The advantages of the town over the district system may here be considered.

1. Under town supervision, the schools would all be of the same length, giving the children in every family an equal amount of instruction. Under district supervision, the length of the different schools differs from twelve to thirty-six weeks during the year. And, as all parents are taxed equally, according to their ability to support the public schools, and as every man is interested in the education of every other man's children, all should enjoy equal school advantages.

2. Under town supervision, just so many schools would be established as are needed, and no more. Under the district system, the number of schools is determined by old district lines, without regard to the number of pupils to be provided for. The result is, some of these schools are crowded much beyond the capacity of the buildings to accommodate, and others are so small that the advantages of classification and emulation are entirely lost. And other evils result direct from the same cause. The small schools are likely to employ teachers of a lower grade, to have a more stingy outfit, and a less careful supervision.

3. Under the town system, the aggregate expenses of the schools would be much diminished. A single instance will illustrate and establish this fact. In the town of L—, there were five schools, in all of which there were only thirty-six pupils. In one other school in the same town, there were this same number of pupils. The large school was in session twenty-nine weeks during the year, at an expense of \$260. The five small schools for the same time, cost \$2,430. In the one case it cost per scholar, \$7.22, and in the other, \$67.50, to say nothing of the interest on the money invested in school property. O.

#### HOW TO PUT NERVOUS BABIES TO SLEEP.

A baby is a very tender thing, people say; but most of them are very far from knowing how tender. Imagine how nervous you are in certain

states—when recovering from illness, say, when the fall of a book or a slam of a door makes you quiver and feel faint, as if some one gave you a blow. That is the way a young baby feels at its best. A puff of wind will set it gasping, its little breath blown quite away. A noise makes it shiver, a change of summer air makes it turn death cold.

A baby is the most nervous of beings, and the tortures it suffers in going to sleep and being awakened by careless sounds when just "dropping off" are only comparable to the same experience of an older person during an acute nervous headache. Young babies ought to pass the first months of their lives in the country, for its stillness no less than its fresh air. But where silence is not to be commanded baby may be soothed by folding a soft napkin wet in warmish water, lightly over the top of its head, its eyes and ears. It is the best to put nervous babies to sleep.

I have tried it hundreds of times for a child so irritable that paregoric and soothing syrup only made it wide-awake. A fine towel would be wet and laid over its head, the ends twisted a little till it made a sort of skull cap, and though baby sometimes fought against being blindfolded in this way, five minutes usually sent him off into deep and blissful slumber. The compress cooled the little feverish brain, deadened sound in his ears, and shut out everything that took his attention, so that sleep took him unaware. Teething babies find this very comfortable, for their heads are always hot, and there is a fevered beating in the arteries each side.

#### TRAINING CHILDREN.

MR. CROWELL.—Sir:—Will you allow me a little space in your HOUSEHOLD for a thank offering? I have never written before, but I wish now to express my thanks to those who have written such excellent words for parents. I am intensely interested in anything which will give me any practical advice in regard to training up children.

I have two, a boy nearly ten years old, and a wee little lady of seventeen months to care for, and that I am trying to train up to a good and useful maturity; so that anything coming from mothers, who have had more experience than I have had, is especially acceptable to me. I think the care of children is a serious responsibility; a subject that should have more of thought and study, given to it, than it generally receives; seeing that we have the formation of character, and of habits of thought and life, to so great an extent in our power.

I think it is exceedingly hard a great many times, to know just what to do, just how much indulgence to allow, and when to apply the check, and again, not the least of my troubles, is to "possess my soul in patience," with the many pranks of childhood. But I know that it is my aim, in all that I do for my children, to have their highest good in view, and in all my dealings with them, to consider its bearings on their future life and character.

MRS. G. E. S.

—Don't tell a child you will do a thing unless you intend to keep your promise. A strict observance of this rule may save you the agony of seeing your child become a liar. If you say, "I'll skin you alive!" go and skin it though it bring tears to your eyes.

—If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for a want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand.

#### THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Learn a little every day.

2. Let us scatter blossoms ever,  
All along our pathway here;  
That their beauty and their fragrance,  
Long may live to bless and cheer.

3. R O S E 4. A Z O F  
O V A L Z O N E  
S A U L O N C E  
E L L A F E E D

4. Temperate. 5. Miserable. 6. Education. 7. Eloquence. 8. Roguish.

9. T  
C A P  
C A B I N  
T A B L E A U  
P I E T Y  
N A Y  
U

#### ENIGMA.

1. My 19, 6, 17, 5 is a division of time.

My 8, 1, 10, 22, 12, 24 all should seek to gain.

My 2, 9, 13, 18 is a part of duration.

My 14, 23, 18, 16 are the extremities of the foot.

My 3, 4, 7, 5 is a burdensome employment.

My 11, 20, 24, 6 is a coin.

My 15, 11, 22 is an uneven number.

My whole is an old and true proverb.

#### ANAGRAM.

2. Heert si a srocs ni verey file,  
Dan a dene fo tensear rearyp.

Tbu het nelloy areth taht neal's no God,  
Si paphy weyhervere.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

3. A sibilant consonant; an habitual drunkard; displayed; a man in military service; corruption; word used as conjunction or adverb; a liquid consonant.

#### SQUARE WORDS.

4. A body of water; a wind instrument; a sound in music; an act.

5. A pace; spiritless; a lady's name; the top of a mountain.

#### PYRAMID PUZZLE.

6. A consonant; a sailor; disabled; concealed; one who sacrifices; centrals read down form the name of a very useful animal. EMILY L. R.

#### CHARADES.

7. She stands in her pleasant chamber,  
With her snowy robes about her,  
The sisters round her are weeping,  
For what will they do without her.  
Carelessly waiting and watching,  
And patting the neck of his steed,  
My second stands idly whistling,  
For my whole is coming with speed;  
He springs from his pawing charger,  
He flings my second the rein;  
He meets her, his beautiful darling,  
And kisses away her pain.

8. For my first are several uses,  
For my second many more;

King of the members is my second,  
Crown of beauty counted o'er,  
Sorry, vacant, dull, and poor of soul.  
Pray you, did you ever see my whole?

#### A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

9. It was about a town of Morocco of a day in midsummer, that my friend a capital of one of the United States a town of Vermont and myself, being allowed our town of Mississippi, started on a little excursion.

We chose no division of Africa to visit, but wended our way towards the river of South Carolina—*island of the Pacific*.

Had it been a lake of Minnesota day we could not have enjoyed ourselves so well, but as it was North Sea Island—and no signs of a cape of Oregon, the walk was delightful.

The first object of interest was an island of the Pacific column, that from its peculiar form and its appearance of once having been a river of Arkansas reminded us of the Bible history of an island in the Pacific. It was a lake of Louisiana sight, and we spent a lake of New York time admiring it.

Next we noticed a river of Montana in the shape of a town of Connecticut with the sunlight upon it, it presented a city of Colorado appearance. At length we reached the lake of Minnesota shore. Above and below was a wide expanse of a mountain of Pennsylvania.

Far in the distance we could see hill of Virginia at work while around us flew many plural of an island in the Pacific.

We sat down to rest upon a town of Arkansas and were soon asleep, to be rudely awakened by a dash of a town of Michigan after which seaport place of Maine we were glad to hasten home.

#### RIDDLE.

10. It changes sin to goodness,  
And God, the good, to sin;  
It tells us of the wanderer's home,  
The joy he has within.

It takes the fault of men away,  
Permits no harm to many;  
It covers up the crime of friends,  
And gives no peace to any.

It leaves no worth with anyone,  
No shame for vile transgressions;  
No tear runs down a sorrowing cheek,  
For cruel, long oppressions.

It drives all fear from out the breast,  
It kills all hope forever;  
It changes faith to unbelief,  
And leaves friends friendless ever.

A happy cure it is for grief,  
No pain can live beside it;  
It beats all lotions ever made,  
So say the ones who've tried it.

Invert the first of letters, three,  
And merchants all desire it;  
But when it tells how business goes,  
No one of them admire it.

It's loss will to the childless give,  
The boon for which they pray;  
While it by parents, rich and poor,  
Is much desired each day.

From off the end all letters take,  
Until there's left but one,  
And a measure used in measuring cloth,  
You'll have when you are done.

Behead the word, cut off the last,  
And then behead once more;  
Except the first, you'll always have  
The same you had before.

JO. HANNEN.





## SETTING A TABLE.

BY B. M. B.

PERHAPS there is nothing in the whole range of housekeeping that more thoroughly displays a housekeeper's neatness and order, than the way in which she sets a table. One may have the coarsest of table linen and the most clumsy pattern of earthenware, yet when both are laid with precision and care, the effect will be vastly more refreshing than much costlier table furnishings disposed in a disorderly way.

I have an acquaintance, a most estimable lady whose principles of morality make her life a perfect system of ethics, but whose daily household acts are in direct contradiction to the first law of heaven. It is a lucky circumstance and by no means an intention of hers if the middle seam of the tablecloth approximates the central line of the table. Ordinarily one side of it hangs drooping down despondently, while the other clings desperately to the verge of the table leaf with a melancholy attempt to hold on or perish in the attempt. The cloth being laid, then follows a kind of general deluge of crockery and cutlery in which the pairs after their kind have a decided antipathy to be assembled in couples and go straggling off, each on its own account, after a most obstinate and unconjugal fashion.

While such a disorderly style of table setting, although actually true in this case, is fortunately rare among housekeepers, yet many a woman who prides herself on setting a good table for visitors, is uncomfortably careless about the arrangement of her home-table. She would be greatly shocked to present a bread plate to her guests that was not perfectly tidy in appearance, yet she is in nowise disturbed in placing before her family, one that is piled with odds and ends, of fresh and stale bread, plentifully garnished with suspicious-looking crumbs. A butter-plate is sometimes made even more unattractive especially when its component parts wear an air of having done individual duty on several previous occasions.

Of course it is not to be supposed that a good housekeeper must invariably have on hand a supply of fresh food, but she will never put anything upon the table that is really unfit for eating. If she happens to make the deplorable mistake of having sour bread she will have too much concern for the health of her family to have it appear on the table as bread, but will make it figure as cream or butter toast, first making it sweet by dipping into weak soda water as it is taken from the rack, or she will destroy its identity wholly in griddle cakes, or dainty bread puddings with plenty of raisins as decoy. If there are remnants of past meals to be disposed of she will not huddle different kinds of food together in an incongruous mass, but she will make of them nice little

side dishes that are at once economical and palatable.

There is a vast deal of penny wisdom in the world that is an entirely different article from genuine economy. Some persons have the impression that to be economical they must make their food just a little too poor to satisfy the carnal appetite. As a natural result the same article of food generally puts in an appearance at table day after day till it becomes a moral certainty it will remain untasted, then with regrets, it is sent to join the numerous birds of its feather in the waste-pail. The truest economy is to make food good enough to be eatable after its first freshness is gone.

There are other things that contribute to the tidiness of a table that are sometimes overlooked. For instance, who has not seen gravy boats that after each successive warming over of its contents, bore well-defined tide-marks, indicating the gradual subsidence of the gravy? Sauce bowls or stands also have a way of registering their degree of fullness by leaving crisp little circles, which although quite perfect in themselves have a decidedly sorry aspect as a table ornament. Castors and salts if not frequently polished should at least be entirely free from dust. Indeed, anything which was originally intended to shine, should do so if one would have a delightfully fresh looking table. To facilitate such a result little more is needed than to carefully remove stains from silver as soon as they are made; this keeps it looking well always, which is far preferable to allowing it to get generally into a state of eclipse, to be restored only by a considerable outlay of time and strength.

Just here this suggestion would apply to general housework. Very likely a woman who has health and strength would prefer to let extra jobs accumulate till a stated "clearing up" time, but most women who find that their daily round of household tasks takes quite all their strength, it is far easier to do these extras little by little every day, having the comfort of feeling meanwhile, that a renovation is quietly going on, without being in the least overtaxed.

In view of all the annoyance and embarrassments that must inevitably follow untidy habits of housekeeping, it would almost seem that St. Paul had an eye to its infelicities when he wrote "Let all things be done decently and in order."

## HOW DO SERVANT GIRLS PICK UP INFORMATION?

In the July number Mrs. Dorr tells us incidentally of an Irish servant girl who showed herself to possess considerable knowledge of the nature and contents of books, of a class that she would naturally be supposed to know nothing about, and seems at a loss to account for the phenomenon except on the supposition that such information was in the air. Perhaps it was,—in the air of the dining room.

Had not that girl been employed as table-waiter in some intelligent family at some time? It seems to me that a girl who was not steeped in stupidity, as too many of them are, might pick up a good deal of information on a

variety of subjects while waiting on table if she chose to attend to the conversation going on around her. That this is sometimes done I will prove by the following anecdote which was told me by the lady herself.

A company of ladies and gentlemen of culture had been engaged at table for several days discussing the very interesting and important topic of "Mother Goose's Melodies," trying to determine what part of the collection of nursery rhymes, published under the name, were written by the veritable Mother Goose and what were interpolations of later date and different authorship.

Just after dinner one day the lady of the house had occasion to step into the kitchen for a moment where the two waiter girls were eating their dinner.

"They say fish is good for your brains," said Mary, "well, I don't want any, I have too much brains already."

"But perhaps," remarked Fanny, "if we eat enough of it we might get so by and by that we could talk about 'goosey, goosey, gander.'"

The lady withdrew much amused by such a capital piece of sarcasm from the kitchen. S. E. D.

## PORTER-HOUSE STEAKS.

Epicureans of carnivorous tastes, who have known the juicy delights of the "porter-house" steaks served by a Delmonico or a Welcker, may have sometimes wondered in the meditative mood of post-prandial ease why, how, and by whom the much-affected dish was named. For once we do not turn to Old English records for the origin of the homely term. It appears that "Porter houses" were known in New York city as long ago as 1814—places of resort for the thirsty and the hungry from land and sea, and although characterized by the sale of England's favorite drinks, porter, and ale, food of all substantial kinds was to be obtained therein.

A hungry pilot of New York Bay once, in the year 1814, entered Morrison's porter-house, on Pearl street at an hour when its larder had been exhausted of the usual cuts of meat, and when they were not procurable at the markets, and gave a generous order for a supper of beefsteaks. Morrison had nothing but the beef ordered for the next day's family dinner, in the shape of a sirloin roasting piece, and from this he offered the old pilot a cut, which he accepted. "Yes, my hearty, anything as long as it's a beefsteak." After ravenously devouring, he turned to his host who was expecting dissatisfaction with the order, "Messmate, another steak just like that." After having finished his steaks and porter the old pilot ordered his steaks to be "cut off the roasting piece for the future," and soon his companions learned the good that lies in the "small loin steak," and Morrison was obliged to instruct his butcher to cut his sirloin into steaks for his customers, and the butcher ordering his subordinates and messengers, designated them as the "Porter house steaks," and increasing custom and extending repute soon established the term now so common in all eating houses of our country and New England.

## THE DESSERT.

—It appears that coining copper is not profitable. The Government has not made a half-cent since 1857.

—"We find that he came to his death from calling Bill Jackson a liar," was the verdict of a coroner's jury in Missouri.

—Traveler (to landlord.)—"Show me a room with a good fire in it, for I am very wet; and send me a tankard of ale, for I am very dry."

—The wife is the sun to the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavenly bodies, like husbands, from flying into space.

—A California paper says: "The milkmen of San Francisco have formed a mutual aid association. One holds the can while another pumps."

—A lazy fellow falling a distance of fifty feet and escaping with only a few scratches, a bystander remarked that he was "too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself."

—"If Jones undertakes to pull my ears," said a loud-mouthed fellow on a street corner, "he will just have his hands full, now." The crowd looked at the man's ears and thought so, too.

—A man was indignantly exclaiming that his knife had been stolen, when at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him, "I found your knife among my cabbages; how came it there?" The man was silent.

—A father fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two sons to a distant friend's until the peril should be over. A few weeks after, the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

—A man rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in St. Paul, and approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked, "A man has tied a hoop to my horse's tail! Can I do anything? "Yes," replied the attorney; "go and untie it." That was good advice, and didn't cost but five dollars.

—A colored deacon of Virginia, in conversation with a gentleman, said: "We're looking for a new minister." "But I thought you had one," said the gentleman. "Well, we had; but, you see, we's sent him in his resignation." That process of sending in a man his resignation is an easy way of getting rid of him.

—At a circus, while the rope-walker was going through his performance, a boy about twelve years old turned to an acquaintance of the same age and remarked: "Tom, don't you wish you could do that?" "Yes, I do," sadly replied Tom, "but my folks make me go to school and are determined that I shan't be nobody."

—"Where have you been, Charlie?" "In the garden, ma." "No—you have been swimming—you know I cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair, how wet it is." "Oh, no, ma, this is not water, it is sweat." "Ah, Charlie, I have caught you fibbing; your shirt is wrong side out." Boy, triumphantly,—"Oh, I did that just now, ma, climbing the the fence."





### THE CARE OF INFANTS DURING THE SUMMER.

BY S. E. D.

**D**URING the summer and fall numbers of babes annually fall victims to that scourge of infancy, cholera infantum. Perhaps a few words of advice and caution to young and inexperienced mothers may not come amiss from one who has had some experience in bringing up babes with the feeding bottle, such being much more liable to the disease than those nursed at the breast.

In the first place, any derangement of the bowels should receive prompt attention. Cholera infantum commences with a diarrhea, and a looseness of the bowels so slight as to cause no uneasiness may, if allowed to run on, suddenly develop into more alarming symptoms.

If the young mother is disposed to be troubled, her fears are frequently set at rest by older people; such was the case when my own first-born began to have a slight diarrhea. I mentioned it to several elderly ladies, neighbors, who had brought up children of their own and in whose opinion therefore, I had confidence.

"How many movements of the bowels does she have in a day?" was the inquiry.

"Three or four," I replied.

"O, that is nothing," they said, "that is no more than she ought to have; little babies' bowels are always loose."

Now this may be true with infants in general but there are exceptions to all rules and my babies must be the exception for they have never, when in health, had more than two movements a day and usually but one. But it is not after all the number so much as the nature of the discharges that determines whether there is cause for alarm. If they are perfectly natural, very well; but if they are green, pale and watery or mixed with lumps of curdled milk, there is something wrong you may be sure.

Then comes the question, is the milk you are feeding the child with, good and does it agree with him? There is a great difference in milk, both as to its richness and the length of time it will keep before souring. We have just changed our milkman because we found that as soon as the weather became warm, milk brought in the morning would be sour before four o'clock in the afternoon. The milk we have now keeps perfectly sweet over twenty-four hours though kept in exactly the same place as the other.

If you keep cows there will be no trouble about the baby's milk as you can have it fresh twice a day. If you have it to buy, get it if possible in the neighborhood, measured fresh from the pail; it is much nicer than that shut up for hours in cans which I fear are often not so thoroughly washed as they ought to be. And you do not know either, what foreign substances

may get into the cans through the carelessness of the milkman. A few weeks ago my little babe suffered terribly from colic a whole day because the milkman had purchased yeast in his can and then filled it with milk next morning without washing.

Next, let me inquire what kind of feeding bottle you use. Not one of those complicated inventions with the long rubber tube, I hope, if you do, I beg you to discard it immediately. I had one of them for my first baby and thought it very nice and so handy, as I could lay baby down and let her feed herself while I was doing something else. A physician who is my husband's cousin warned us against it, said it was an ingenious invention to be sure but was unfit for an infant's use, as you could not tell whether that long rubber tube was clean or not and he doubted very much whether the little brush which accompanies the bottle could clean it thoroughly. But my husband and myself disregarded the warning and set our cousin, the doctor, down as a fussy old bachelor and an old fogey who was given to running down modern inventions. But perhaps if we had heeded him our first-born's life would have numbered more than five months. I have no doubt now that he was right. I have frequently noticed on the inside of the rubber mouth-piece of a bottle, a greenish coating which nothing but a vigorous scraping will remove. Now a mouth-piece wears out in a few weeks and has to be replaced with a new one, but if that becomes foul in so short a time and in spite of repeated washings, what must be the condition of the tube which lasts indefinitely?

The cover of the bottle, too, is a part that cannot be kept sweet. It is of porcelain lined with cork. The one I used troubled me by smelling sour when to all appearance it was perfectly clean; but one day I let it fall and broke a piece out of the side and the mystery was explained. There was a coating of sour milk between the cork and the porcelain; and there is no means of preventing this, the milk will find its way in between the cover and its lining and there is no possible way of cleaning it out.

The bottle I now use is an ordinary vial of large size with a rubber mouth-piece slipped over the neck. This is simple, easily cleaned and there is no place where impurities can hide; you know when it is clean and it is almost as easy to feed a child with it as with the other. The greater part of the time my baby takes her food in her cradle. Sometimes the bottle slips so that I have to go and prop it up for her once or twice before she finishes, but frequently I arrange it on the pillow so that she can take all the contents without any help.

One thing more. If your nurse or any one else tells you there is no need of getting up in the night to warm milk for the baby for you can heat the milk hot when you go to bed, put it in the bottle, wrap the bottle up and put it under your pillow and it will be all ready when the baby wakes—don't do it. Better get up two or three times in the night, though that is seldom necessary, than endanger the baby's health and life. Milk shut up in a bottle and kept under a pillow several

hours will be sour or so near it as to be unfit for an infant's stomach. Some nurses will tell you this and do it themselves, but don't follow either their advice or example. Do not take your baby away visiting while feeding it with the bottle; better defer all visits out of town till baby is old enough to eat, for it will necessitate changing and rechanging the milk and this is always attended with danger. If you are satisfied that the milk you give the child does not agree with him, the best thing you can do is to change it, but otherwise change is to be avoided.

### VISITING THE SICK.

Mental impressions made upon the sick exert a powerful influence upon the termination of disease. The chances of recovery are in proportion to the elevation or depression of spirits. Pleasant, cheerful associations animate the patient, inspire hope, arouse the vital energies and aid in his recovery; while disagreeable and melancholy associations beget sadness and despondency, discourage the patient, depress the vital powers, enfeeble the body and retard recovery.

Unless persons who visit the sick, can carry with them joy, hope, mirth and animation, they had better stay away. This applies equally in acute and chronic diseases. It does not matter what a visitor may think with regard to the patient's recovery, an unfavorable opinion should never find expression in the sick room. Life hangs upon a brittle thread, and often that frail support is hope. Cheer the sick by words of encouragement, and the hold on life will be strengthened; discourage, by uttering such expressions as, "How bad you look!" "Why, how you have failed since I saw you last!" "I would have another doctor; one who knows something!" "You can't live long if you don't get help!" and the tie which binds them to earth is snapped asunder. Let all persons be guided by this rule: Never go into the sick room without carrying with you a few rays of sunshine!

If the patient is very weak the visitor may injure him by staying too long. The length of the visit should be graduated to the strength of the invalid. Never let the sufferer be wearied by your too frequent coming or too long remaining, nor by having too many visitors at once. Above all things, do not confine your visitations of the sick to the Sabbath. Many do this and give themselves credit for an extra amount of piety on account of it, when if they only would scrutinize their motives more carefully, they would see that it was but a contemptible resort to save time. The sick are often grossly neglected during the week only to be visited to extremes upon the Sabbath.

### THE EARTH CURE FOR ULCERS.

I dried and pulverized some clay, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, and recommended it as a valuable remedy to a neighbor woman who had for ten years a very bad ulcer on her ankle. She had paid our best physicians over fifty dollars for treat-

ment, without any relief. She applied the dried clay almost constantly for about six months, and a perfect cure has resulted. The first effect of the preparation was to remove inflammation and relieve pain, and now she says there is no scar remaining, and her limb, which was stiff and lame, is as elastic as when she was a girl. The woman is a very large, fleshy person, about forty years of age. I considered the test a very severe one, and the result very satisfactory. About a gallon of pulverized clay was used.

### ICE IN SCARLET FEVER.

The Davenport, Iowa, Gazette reports a case of scarlet fever in that city hopefully treated with ice. The patient was a little son of W. Foster, Esq. On Saturday evening he was so far gone as to be unable to even whisper. The feet were cold, while his head and body were burning with fever.

As a desperate remedy, the attending physician tried what he had read of, but never resorted to, ice bandages about the throat. Relief came in a brief time after the application of the ice, and on Sunday the boy recognized and spoke to his parents in a clear voice. Improvement continued up to Sunday evening with a hope of complete recovery.

### DYSENTERY.

I have known dysentery in its worst form to be cured, after other medicines had failed, by drinking wheat flour stirred in water, in quantity of about half a tumbler of water, made to the consistency of cream with the flour. It may be advisable to add a pinch of salt, or the flour may be eaten in its dry state. The same effect is produced in cases of chronic diarrhea.

TIMOTHY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, and noticing many recipes from your numerous readers, I would like to add one or two which I consider excellent.

**Troches.**—One ounce pulverized cubebs, one ounce pulverized licorice, one ounce pulverized gum arabic, one-half pound pulverized sugar, just water enough to moisten, warm slightly, stirring constantly, roll thin, and cut out with a thimble, and dry.

**Rule for Essences.**—One ounce of the oil, and one pint of alcohol. This will make an extract equal to that we buy, for much less price. EDNA W.

Norwich, Ct.

MR. EDITOR:—Lily's mamma must first cure the chilblains then there will be no trouble about keeping the feet warm.

**Recipe for Chilblains.**—Dissolve a piece of borax the size of a large hickory nut in two quarts of hot water. Bathe or soak the feet with the water as warm as possible; dry without wiping. HATTIE A. E.

Washington, D. C.

—Some one asked, last summer, a remedy for warts. When I was a girl I used to rub the juice of green bean leaves on them with perfect success.

MRS. E. S. B.





## WOMEN'S NAMES.

VERY few persons, it may be supposed, know the meaning of their names, and just as few, it may also be supposed, ever took the trouble of trying to find out. Shakespeare's inquiry, "What's in a name?" would take considerable time to answer, if the person questioned should undertake to go over all the ground it covers. A writer who has been looking into this subject of names has gathered and published the following interesting facts about them:—

On a certain occasion, two French ambassadors were sent to the Spanish court to negotiate a marriage between one of the Castilian princesses and Louis VIII. The names of the royal women were Urraca and Blanche, the first of whom was the elder and more beautiful, and was intended by the court for the French king, but the ambassadors resolutely persisted in their preference for Blanche, on account of her name, saying that Urraca would never do. They were sensible men. So Blanche was made queen because she had a fair name; and Blanche was always fair, if not beautiful. Is there not something in a name?

Mary, albeit some etymologists translate it marah, (bitter,) is one of the sweetest as well as commonest ever given to woman. I prefer to consider it as signifying exalted; or, as another authority has it, star of the sea. Maria and Marie (the latter being French) are merely other forms of the same name, and, of course, have the same meaning.

Martha means bitterness, which, alas! is too often significant of the lot of women; but our Marthas may be very sweet girls, in spite of the etymologists.

Anna, Annie, Hannah, and probably Nina and Nancy, are all from the same root and signify gracious, or kind, of which fact the fair owners of these cognomens will please to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly. Jane, now generally familiarized into Jenny, though differently derived, has the same meaning as the foregoing.

Ellen was originally Helen, (Latin Helena; French, Helene.) According to some etymologists, it has the meaning of alluring, while others define it as one who pities. Many a Helen, since she of Troy, has proved alluring, and some have shown that pity is akin to love. Ella is only a variation of Ellen.

For Sara, (Hebrew, Sara, or Saria; and Arabic, Zara;) we find two definitions—a princess, and the morning star.

Lucy signifies like light, and the name was anciently given to girls born at day-break. (Aurora, Aureolia, and Aurore; (golden, the dawn, or morning redness;) Bertha, (bright,) and Clara, (clear,) may be grouped with it.

Louisa, (French, Louise) is the feminine of Louis, and has the meaning

of protector, or one who furnishes a place of refuge or of rest.

Fannie, or more formally, Frances, is frank, or free; Elizabeth (better as Lizzie;) Isabel and Eliza, truer and Sophia, wisdom.

Catherine, or Katherine, derived from the Greek, Kathare (pure or chaste,) is one of the best of all our female names. It is pretty in its Irish modification, Kathleen, and most attractive as Kate.

Caroline, Charlotte, and Carlotta, are all feminine forms of Charles (Spanish, Carlos; German, Karl,) which comes from the Slavonic Krol, a king; and the fair owners of these fine names should, therefore, be queens—queens of hearts.

Julia, of which Julietta and Juliet are simply diminutives, signifies soft-haired; Harriet, mistress of the house; and Alice, a princess.

Emma should be tender, affectionate, motherly. The name is said to signify, literally, one who nurses, cares for, or watches over another; but another authority translates it industrious.

Susan signifies a lily, and is a fitting name for a tall, slender, flower-like girl, of fair complexion, and native grace. As companions for this, Lillian (lily-like) Istanlina (white lily-bud) may be mentioned. The last is of Indian derivation, but might very appropriately grace the fairest of Anglo-Saxon maidens.

Margaret comes to us from the Latin Margarita, a pearl. But another, and, if possible, a still more beautiful signification, has, curiously enough, attached itself to the name. The German words *magete* and *maghet*, which words were easily confused with Madge, and thus with Margaret. Daisies were also called *maghets*, maids or margarets, whence we have the French *marguerites*, daisies.

Among the beautiful names less frequently met with, are: Agnes, chaste; Agatha, kind; Amelia and Amy (from the French verb *aimer*, to love,) beloved; Adeline, of noble birth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Gertrude, all truth; Grace, favor; Matilda, a brave maid; Laura, a laurel; Phebe, radiant, or light of life, and Edith, rich.

Beatrice (one who blesses) is a sweetly significant name. It is a favorite one in Italy, and is not entirely unknown here. It should be more common; and the same may be said of Letitia, joy; Irene, peace; Lois, good; Blanche, fair; Miranda, admirable—see Shakespeare, in the "Tempest;" Eve, and Eva, life giving, or faithful; Ruth, satisfied; and Salome, peaceful. Almah is of Oriental origin, and signifies a virgin. Alma (without the *h*) is Latin, and means benign, genial, or one who nurtures or cherishes. Cora is a maiden; Junia, youthful (ever young she should be;) and Barbara, strange or foreign.

The promise of great beauty may be acknowledged by such a name as Mabel (*mabelle*), my fair one; Amanda, lovely; Rebecca, of enchanting beauty; or, best of all, Calista, most beautiful; Anabel (from Annah, or Hannah, and bella) signifies kind and beautiful.

I have mentioned several floral names. There are others which one might wear as she would a crown of

fragrant blossoms. For instance: Rose and Rhoda, a rose; Viola, a violet; Florence, blooming; Flora, the goddess of flowers; Olive, the olive tree, (or, symbolically, peace;) Althea, marsh mallow, (Greek, *althaia*, *altharino*, I heal;) hence, also, very beautifully, as well as appropriately, the healer; and Thalia, flowery joy.

I have room for only a few more out of the many that might be offered, but must mention Minna, love; Stella, and Estelle, a star; Nora (Honora) honor; Evadne, well-pleasing; Millicent, (prettier as Milly,) honey-like; Madeline, magnificent; Theodora, gift of God; Pauline, little one; Amoret, little love; Winnifred, (Winny,) winning peace; Silvia, born in the woods; and Una, only one.

## LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

As the subject of writing for the press has been under discussion to a considerable extent in these columns for the past few months, the following sensible and well-timed remarks from the New York Times will be generally appreciated. Though the picture drawn is by no means a flattering one we must all admit that its shadings are true to nature.

Nothing is easier, in the estimation of many people, than to make a book or to write successfully for the press. Impecunious people, and people who have failed at every thing else, are especially convinced of their fitness for a "literary life." Men whose success in life has not met their anticipations, are prone to think that their failures are due to an excess of the literary faculty, and they too fall back upon the pen.

If it were possible to see, in one comprehensive view, all the people who dabble in what, for want of a better word, we must call literature, there would be brought into the prospect a very motley crowd. There would be persons of all kinds, representing in their original callings every possible occupation, and in their lives every degree of failure. There would be scholars of the highest order, and many more whose ignorance is only equalled by their pretensions. The number who have voluntary made penwork their profession would be found to be comparatively small, and it is only they who would rightly measure their prospects. All the rest would be found to be building castles in the air; looking to the fortune that they think is sure to be theirs whenever their transcendent ability shall have come to be acknowledged by the public. Such people are encouraged in their delusion by the statements that are published from time to time of the salaries of prominent journalists, and the profits of popular authors, but with these statements the other side of the picture is not given. The fate and sufferings of such men as Cervantes, Otway, Johnson, Goldsmith, Butler, Campbell, Dryden, and others, are readily forgotten. It may be answered that when these men lived, literature was less appreciated and the profits smaller. That is true; but the laborers were fewer too.

Mr. Carlyle has said that literature as a trade is neither safe nor advisable, and we do not think it often proves

much better when taken as a last resource. Thackeray pronounced it one of the greatest evils to be born with a literary taste. Charles Lamb declared that any thing is better than to become a slave to the booksellers and to the reading public; and even in the "Arabian Nights" literary labors are pronounced worthless if intended as a means to buy bread. Miss Mitford wrote for "hard money," but avowed that she would rather scrub floors than suffer its penalties. Washington Irving, in a letter to a nephew, hoped that he was looking forward to something better than literature to found a reputation on. Southey said the greatest mistake in life a man could commit was to follow literature for a livelihood. Within a comparatively recent period, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and scores of others less generally known, have died almost in actual poverty. And yet they worked hard all their lives. The ranks of indifferent writers are full to repletion. If all such writers could be convinced that their efforts can not lead to the goal their imaginations foreshadow, they might possibly be diverted into some more useful path. But this is almost hopeless while their persistence depends, as it generally does, upon a too exalted notion of their own powers.

It is elsewhere stated that "Planche the great French critic, who died some years ago, between the contending forces of his life—celebrity and poverty—avowed that twenty-five years of literary labor had not produced for him more than ten thousand dollars—four hundred dollars a year!—and he was no corporal in the army of the pen, but a marshal, who received his baton at his first campaign."

## THE REVIEWER.

GERMAN FOUR-PART SONGS. For mixed voices. By H. N. Allen. Price \$1.50. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Mr. Allen has shown excellent judgment in the selection of these compositions, which have all the beauty of the older four-part glees of Deutschland, without the tinge of melancholy, which must be acknowledged as a defect.

The composers are of the best. Among them we notice Schumann, Abt, Franz, Hauptmann, Gade and Hiller. Words by Goethe, Uhland, Hoffman and Rueckheart brighten the score, and titles are well chosen. "The Rosebud," "The Little Ship," "Love like the Wind," "The Linden tree," "Welcome Repose" and "Peace to the Slumberers," are specimens, and indicate the genial character of the poetry.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The number of The Living Age for July 10th and 17th, contain William Blake, from the Cornhill Magazine; an instalment of The Convent of San Marco, from MacMillan; Parts I and II of "The Dilemma," from Blackwood; an instalment of German Home Life, Sea Studies, by J. A. Froude, and Peasant Life in North Italy, from Fraser; Thomas Love Peacock, from the New Quarterly Review; A trip into the Interior of Formosa, a Geographical Day Dream, and Sir John Lubbock on Bees and Ants, from the Spectator; with the conclusion of Miss Angel, by Miss Thackeray, an instalment of Fated to be Free, by Jean Ingelow, and the usual choice poetry and miscellany. Littell & Gay, Boston, Publishers.

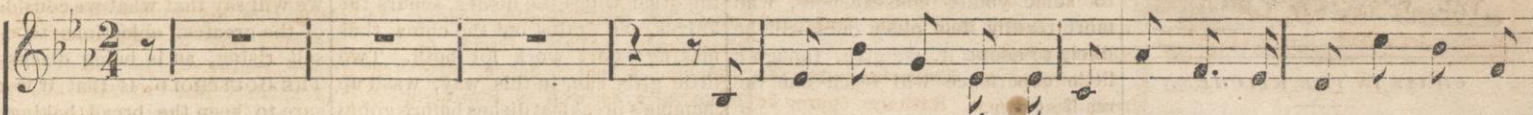
THE WIDE AWAKE is the title of a new juvenile magazine for girls and boys. It is elegant in all respects, and richly illustrated. The first number presents a very fine variety of reading matter and of illustration as well. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. \$2.00 a year.



## SHAKE HANDS!

By J. H. McNAUGHTON.

Author of "'Twas a Story," "Faded Coat of Blue," etc.

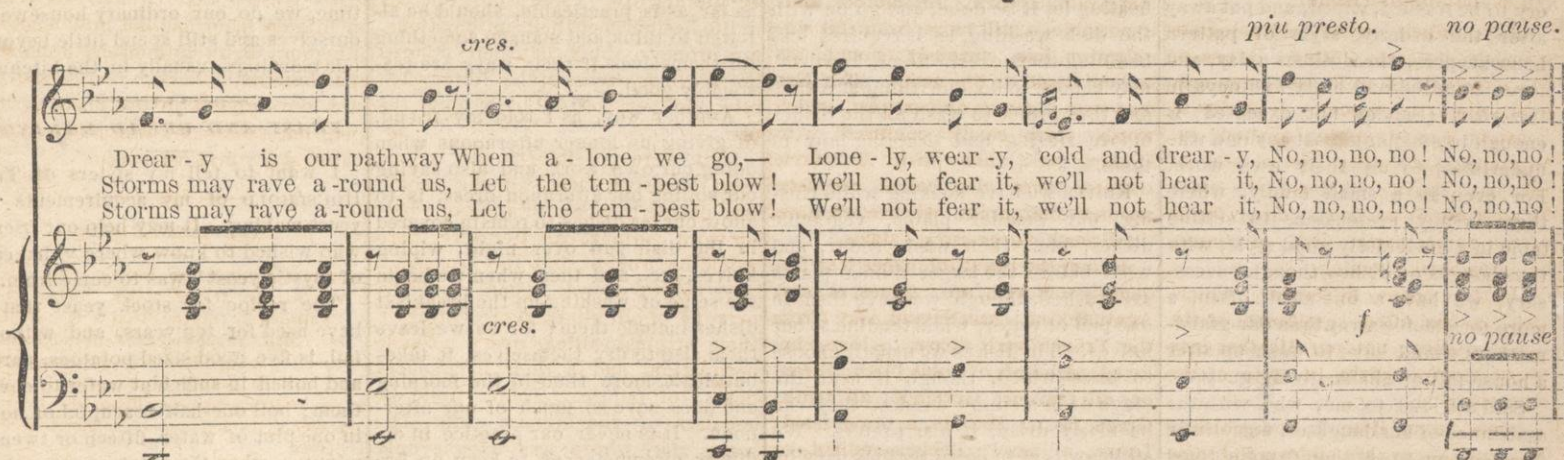
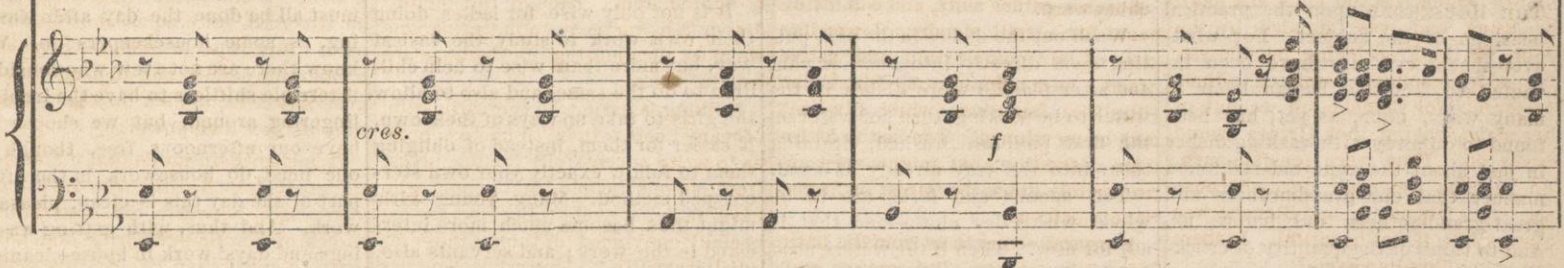


1. Shake hands once more, once more be friends, And keep old mem'ries
2. If you frown, I'll frown, and all we meet Will frown and cloud the
3. Our path goes up and our path goes down, The world may smile and

MARCATO.



warm and true; In storm or shine be friend of mine, And I'll be true, a friend to you.  
gloom-y street; But you laugh, I'll laugh, and ev-'ry one With song and fun goes laughing on.  
world may frown; But up and down we'll cheeri-ly go, Like old "John An-derson, my jo."

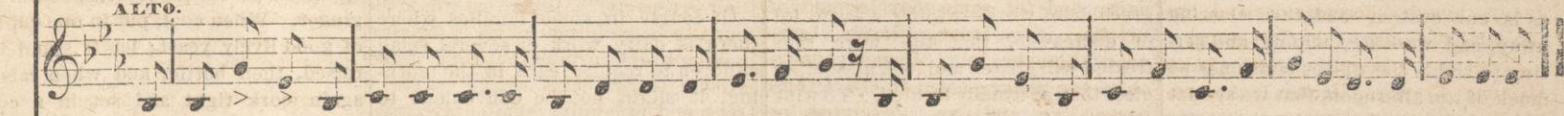


Drear-y is our pathway When a-lone we go,— Lone-ly, wear-y, cold and drear-y, No, no, no, no! No, no, no!  
Storms may rave a-round us, Let the tem-pest blow! We'll not fear it, we'll not hear it, No, no, no, no! No, no, no!  
Storms may rave a-round us, Let the tem-pest blow! We'll not fear it, we'll not hear it, No, no, no, no! No, no, no!

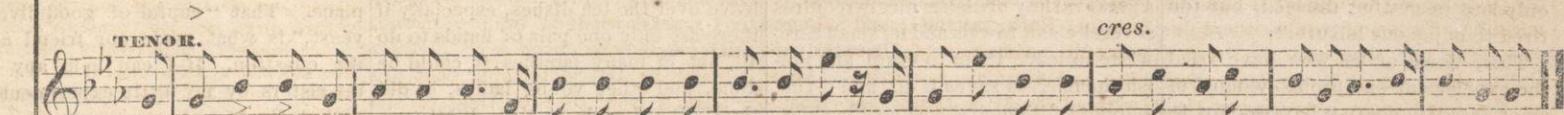


SOPRANO.

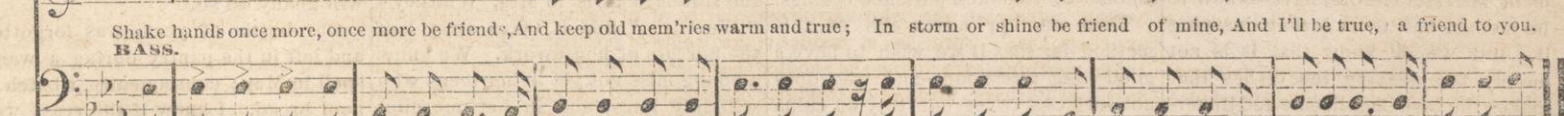
Shake hands once more, once more be friends, And keep old mem'ries warm and true; In storm or shine be friend of mine, And I'll be true, a friend to you.



ALTO.



TENOR.



Shake hands once more, once more be friends, And keep old mem'ries warm and true; In storm or shine be friend of mine, And I'll be true, a friend to you.



BASS.



ACCOMP.





## CHATS IN THE KITCHEN.

WASHING DISHES.

BY U. U.

UCH a homely subject to write upon, and such common-place work it is to do! It seems scarce possible to invest it with a poetical idea, or to throw over it any of the sentimental glamour, such as some have a fondness for doing in case of much of the ordinary work of life. But irksome drudgery as it is usually voted to be, there is one thing in its favor; it leaves the mind comparatively free to roam as it will, and thus while the hands are busy, thought and fancy may come to the aid of toiler, causing partial forgetfulness of one's homely labor.

But it was not to poetize or to sermonize upon this subject that I took my pen, but to have a little chat with THE HOUSEHOLD upon the practical bearings of the subject. For whatever machinery may have been invented to facilitate human labor in many ways, none, as yet, has been found to do away with washing dishes in just about the same old-fashioned manner that our grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before us. And to think of the quantity of crockery to be washed, wiped, and put away after the orderly style of pattern housekeepers, three times a day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, (Sunday not excepted) is enough to stagger almost any one who undertakes to do their own work. For even in a small family, where there is any pretensions to setting table in a moderately good style, with the changes of dishes thought necessary, we have at one meal, often, a more formidable array than our grandmothers would have to wash up after a house full of Thanksgiving guests.

Said a friend to me, who with the assistance of her daughter, sometimes does her own work, though not obliged to do so. "The hardest part of getting along without help, is the doing up of our after-dinner dishes. We can quite patiently perform our morning labors, but having rather late dinner—as is our custom—and then clearing away, and washing, wiping and setting to rights the dishes consumes so much of the afternoon, that we are not only late in getting dressed, but too tired to enjoy our leisure."

This, those of us who have tried the experiment—as probably most of us of THE HOUSEHOLD have—know to be just so, and there is no gainsaying it. But we all know that it is not merely the washing the dishes that makes the task so toilsome and lingering, for that part can be quickly dispatched; but to wipe and replace a large lot of china, takes not only much time but is altogether harder work. And so, I am going to tell you of THE HOUSEHOLD, as I did my friend, that we dispense with the latter part almost entirely; draining our glass and china, and wiping only such things as the silver, and other dishes that require

it. And thus, when we do wash our own dishes, we have some time for other things in life besides.

Our method, which may be of use to some young housekeepers, who more readily than older ones will be likely to adopt it, we give, though a little experience will teach one the readiest way.

To begin with, we economize all that is possible in handling the dishes over, and over, and over again, as is the practice in many homes. Thus, in clearing the table we find it a great saving to take our large dish-pan direct to the table, putting into it cups, saucers, glasses, spoons, and forks, with other small pieces, being careful first to rinse off coffee grounds, etc., at least to do it before putting on the water. Then the larger ware can be quickly removed, or placed on a salver and all taken of together, to save time. When ready to commence operations in washing up make a good suds, and have ready a pan to rinse the dishes in, and close at hand a large tray—or as some may choose a shallow basket, in which is folded a good sized cloth, on which to drain our glass and china ware.

Wash out the dishes in the pan, putting them directly into another pan, and after placing more dishes in the water to be soaking, turn hot water on the first pan full washed, draining them into the tray already at hand.

The spoons and forks are to be wiped with a dry cloth—and that is all, for now. Then if the waters need heating let it be done, and go on with the dish washing, as it requires less handling them over. Some, however, may choose to do one thing at a time and thus prefer to wash all the dishes before rinsing and draining any of them.

Knives we have soaking while rinsing our smaller plates, vegetable dishes, etc., then wash, scour, and wipe before the larger dinner plates are washed, though we have them in one pan of water, while tending to our knives. Tin dishes we usually choose to have wiped, though if near the stove or in a sunny window they can be nicely dried, if one prefers. We all know that in dairy regions pans by the dozen, are dried in the sun, and so may all dishes be as well. One beauty of this method for our china, besides the immense saving of time and the getting rid of the most disagreeable of work—wiping a large lot of dishes—is, that the ware thus treated will glisten and look altogether nicer than as usually treated. To wipe a great variety of dishes nicely requires several clean towels and no small care, while to leave them to drain and polish themselves saves it all, and a vast amount of time and patience besides.

Then another advantage of this method is, that if we wish to have a good long afternoon—and who does not—we can cover our tray of china with a cloth, and leave it in the kitchen or pantry unmolested until the dishes, or such of them as are needed for the next meal, are to be put on to the table. Where it is the practice to keep the table constantly set, the dishes will ordinarily be dried by the time one has the work finished up ready to put on the table; but it gives us an opportunity to leave the kitchen

and get dressed earlier, to let them stand as they are.

Where there are two to do up the after-dinner work, one can wash while the other wipes the dishes, scours the knives, and drains out the china, thus making short work for both. Two little girls can, in this way, wash up mamma's breakfast dishes before going to school in the morning, without it seeming half the task it is to wipe them all, and replace them again.

One of your correspondents, I remember, some time, wrote of putting all the dishes into the pan at once, and then washing in boiling hot suds. As for that method, nothing, we are sure, could induce us to put in all sorts promiscuously and work in such a crowd, even had we a pan as large as a washtub; and if the writer had the various sorts of dishes that many of us do from our dinner tables, she would find it hardly practicable to fit them all in at once even were it pleasant working in such a "muss." It might do for "dishes for two," but for four or five or more, especially after dinner, few would care to do the same.

It is not only wise for ladies doing their own work to study the easiest way, but more than wise to help children to do the same, and also to allow the girls to take up ways of their own, if easier for them, instead of obliging them to follow exactly your own stereotyped method. Many young girls might thus become much more interested in the work; and servants also, as far as is practicable, should be allowed to think and manage something for themselves if their ways are reasonably good.

Another way, as I told my friend, of giving us longer afternoons when doing our own work and also saving our soiling our afternoon dress, is to allow our tea dishes to remain covered in the dish pan over night, wiping knives, etc., and then when we begin the seige of washing up the breakfast dishes include them; for as we leave them also to dry themselves, it takes but little more time in the morning and does save so much of our afternoon. It is never our practice in ordinary circumstances to keep up fire in the kitchen after dinner, more than to boil the tea, and we plan to have our kitchen work done in the morning, except the inevitable doing up of the after dinner work.

Of course in some families where there is dairy work or several small children to require care in the morning, it might not be convenient to leave over the tea dishes, especially if there are only one pair of hands to do all, but in many families it could be done, and other young ladies, as did the Holibard girls in Mrs. Whitney's "We Girls," find it takes away half the horrors of housework. We know a young miss not yet in her teens who willingly rises, and in her morning frock ready for work, washes the tea dishes which mamma allowed to be left over, while her mother is getting breakfast, wiping, this time, such as are needed for the table and putting them on it in place, leaving the rest washed ready to drain out after breakfast with the others from the table. Thus she does not soil the neat dress which she wears at school and even-

ings at home, besides it seems much less of a task to do such work in the morning than at any other time.

To wander a little from our subject, we will say that what we consider one of the greatest objections to making salt rising, as is being discussed in THE HOUSEHOLD, is that it is almost sure to keep the bread baking if not some of the making around after dinner; while as we make bread at our house it is usually ready to be kneaded as soon as convenient in the morning to do so, and thus early out of the way. With flour sifted ready, it is only a moment's clean work to sponge bread at night and we ask for no better bread than can be made without all the fuss and watching and waiting for salt rising. And while such bread is good if just right, and when freshly baked, it does not as a general thing give as good satisfaction in families as the more common method. It suits occasionally, though to some it is decidedly disagreeable.

Another thing that we manage to do mornings is our ironing. We, one of us and then the other iron different forenoons instead of thinking it must all be done the day after washing, as some housekeepers do. We know there are not a few who consider it terrible shiftless to have the ironing lingering around, but we choose to have our afternoons free, though if one must do housework in the after part of the day this is clean, pleasant work. And thus, with getting washings and days' work in house-cleaning time, we do our ordinary housework ourselves and still spend little beyond our mornings, usually in the kitchen.

## YEAST AND BREAD MAKING.

I want to tell my sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD of my acquirements in yeast making. It may help our friend who wished to know where "that cup of mystic yeast" was to come from.

The recipe for stock yeast that I have used for ten years, and without fail, is five good sized potatoes, pared and boiled in sufficient water to cover them; boil one-half teacupful of hops in one pint of water, fifteen or twenty minutes, when the potatoes are cooked through, mash them very fine, pour over the water in which they were boiled; strain in the hop water; then add one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger. When cool, put in one cupful of good lively yeast; let it stand till raised, then bottle, and when raised again cork tight and set in a cool place. That "cupful of good lively yeast," is what made our friend ask the question. If I can help any of my sisters by my little experiment I will gladly do so.

Our bottle of yeast was forgotten and left in the pantry during a warm spell in May; consequently, a batch of poor bread. I knew if the yeast was still lively, the acidity could be worked out by taking a small quantity of each ingredient and a very little yeast—a teaspoonful or so—as soon as raised, put in a little more of each thing till the sourness is all gone.

Then the idea was, why would not the same ferment without any yeast and the sourness be worked out in the same way?



Acting upon the thought, I took a spoonful of potato from the dinner table, put a pinch of hops to simmer on the back of the stove, after steeping a few minutes, strained it with the potato, mixing with it one-half teaspoonful of sugar, a very little salt and ginger; covered and set it in the drier, on the lower shelf where it would keep warm but not scald. The third day it had bubbles through it; the fourth it was quite light, but did not smell quite right. I thought if it was worth anything it ought to raise potato and sugar; so I put in two tablespoonfuls of the former, and one teaspoonful of the latter; in a few hours that was raised; so far, so good, thought I, and stirred up a little batter in a pint cup, then poured in the new yeast and set it near the stove. In the evening that batter was running over the top of the cup. If for stock yeast thicken with potato instead of flour as it sours more readily with the flour.

I now wanted to see it in loaves so as to be sure of success. For four large loaves I use one quart of warm water, stir in flour till it will make a stiff batter then add one-half cup of stock yeast; set in a warm place to be raised over night. This particular baking I added the pint of spongelike yeast. In the morning it was running over the one gallon crock. Then I proceeded in the usual way, and I had beautiful, sweet bread. If the sponge cannot be worked immediately stir it down; and if cold weather set the flour where it will warm. In the winter I always manage to have boiled potatoes for breakfast on baking days, mash two or three fine, pour over the water in which all were boiled—of course they were pared and the water is white and nice; when cool enough to bear the finger, pour into the sponge adding a handful of flour; as soon as it is raised this time it should be kneaded, as it may sour if left to stand. This to be sure is extra trouble, but I think it pays in the superior quality of the bread. I do not think it necessary in the summer as it raises so quickly without any extra trouble. I have a large, deep pan in which to knead the bread; fill it two-thirds full of sifted flour, make a hollow in the center, pour in the sponge, rinse the crock with a quart of warm water, and pour it in, adding a heaping tablespoonful of salt. Work in as much flour as possible to be worked smoothly; when it is worked enough so it will not stick to the board, divide and lift out the one-half to work a while then work the other half; letting it stand a few minutes softens it a little. I work the dough toward me turning it round and round, sometimes running the thumbs through to break the fibre—if fibre it can be called. Ten or fifteen minutes on each piece is sufficient to make it quite smooth; then put in a vessel that will raise it up and not spread it out. I use a pail that is smaller at the bottom than the top, it keeps warmer and prevents a crust on top.

Cover with a thick cloth, old tablecloths make nice bread cloths. Set in a warm place to raise; a shelf over the stove a little higher than my head I find the best place; it can be kept more evenly warm there than any-

where else. If it is allowed to get too warm it will be runny, and when baked dark and coarse. Two hours is generally sufficient, sometimes it will raise in much less time, but judgment must be used. When it has about doubled in size divide in four. It will need but a few turns now on the pastry board. If a pan of biscuit is wanted make three loaves taking the remaining fourth, rub into it a lump of butter the size of an egg, when worked in smoothly take off lumps a little larger than an egg, make a few turns on the board, then round off in the hand, set evenly in the pan, cover and set to raise again, this time one-half to one hour is enough mostly; if raised too much it will crack on top and lose its sweetness. Have the oven hot enough to begin to bake but not brown much the first half hour.

Never touch the bread when it is all a quiver of lightness, wait till it hardens then turn, that all sides may be alike. One hour and ten or fifteen minutes is not too much for good sized loaves, better too much, than too little; I think clammy bread detestable. The right color is a rich golden brown. Each housekeeper must know for herself how much wood to use to procure the right result. When taken from the oven take out of the pans set up edgewise and wrap in the breadcloth.

Now I have not gone into the minute details, thinking I am going to enlighten old housekeepers and have them leave their old and tried ways, but for the young ones who have not been trained to do such work. The most I have to say now is, don't give up at the first trial. There is no one who can put in print just how long the bread ought to raise, or just the right heat for the oven. Remember the lines in your old school reader,

"If you don't at first succeed,  
Try, try again."

VIOLA.

Minnesota.

#### LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—I have just entered on my second year's subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD which you must know I prize more highly than all the other papers that come to our house; it is truly a home paper and brings with it each month an encouraging word for us young wives and housekeepers. My husband pretends he don't like it, says as sure as it comes, I want some fence moved, walk changed, or something fixed, and declares the spirit of improvement that works in it is by some means transmitted to me, that I get very ambitious to have things nice, about once a month; still I know he likes it for I often find him when he thinks I am out of sight, devouring it greedily. Many of the recipes I find invaluable.

Ever since I was married I have urged a friend of mine to take your paper but she thinks she cannot improve on her housekeeping, consequently declined. Last week however, her husband brought our mail out and took it to their house, as is often the case, they living near; they read the paper and liked it so much they had written to you and subscribed before I got mine from their house. I saw her

yesterday and she is well pleased with the paper.

I find I have written quite a letter and fear I have taxed both your time and patience, knowing you must have plenty to require all of both you may may happen to possess. Yours,

Mrs. W. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Permit me to-night to say a few words. I have been a silent member with you for the last four years. I often wished to thank the dear sisters for their helping hand over the hard places in life, but a knowledge of my imperfections kept me still; I thank the dear Father in heaven that helped you to speak the kindly encouraging words of love and reproof, of which I stood so sorely in need.

It is of aunt Rachel's dish cloths that I would speak of now. I think if A. W. Q. had followed the directions just as given in the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD she would have but little for her wipers to do; though she has a large family, one would last a week without a visit to the wash tub. Aunt never told us to get the thick, hard twisted cotton that would squirm in our hands when wet. I am sure I like them the best of any I ever had. I must confess I have been a housekeeper twenty years and never knew how to wash dishes as I ought before I saw those rules as given by aunt Rachel.

Thanks also to Gipsy Train for her hints for washing and baking days, and all the rest of THE HOUSEHOLD Band; may you never grow weary in well doing.

And dear young sisters, you can never know the value of these monthly visits. I often think what they would have been to me when I began housekeeping with limited means, poor health, and soon a large family to do for, with no systematic training in housework. How many mistakes might have never been made, and hard days' work been avoided, had I had the council of such a band of friends, but feel that I am not too old to mend my ways even now. I ask your prayers, all of you, that I may do right, and meet you all an unbroken band in our Father's House. Mrs. B.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Though I have been a reader of your valuable paper only since last January, I already prize it very highly and anxiously await its monthly visits. It admirably fills its place as a household paper ever bringing words of cheer and true lessons for all. Then let me also thank you for the sunshine it sheds on our little household.

While reading in the June number, my attention was drawn to Maud's question concerning conscience as a guide; to whom, if I may without intrusion, I would like to say a word; I may perhaps shed a ray of light on her pathway. But this conscience question is confessedly difficult. I think, Maud, that you ask two questions. Thus: "Shall we obey conscience?" and "Is conscience a true moral guide?" are not identical.

To the first we say yes, most certainly; to go contrary to conscience is to sin whether the act itself is right or wrong absolutely. The intent, pur-

pose, is taken into account, so we may sin while doing that which of itself is right, if we think it to be wrong; in so doing our conscience is defiled.

To the second question we must give a negative answer. It may lead right and it may lead wrong; of this we have numerous examples. Take the various religions or the different denominations among protestants. All are not conscientious in any one denomination, but some in every one are; they, equally honest and guided by conscience are led in every conceivable direction. The truth lies here; conscience itself must be led aright.

Conscience is not the measure of right and wrong but of what we think to be right and wrong; we have been taught differently and since conscience can at most but keep us true to our convictions we of course do not all find in conscience the same guide. But my dear Maud, we are short sighted creatures at best; no one of us knows that his thoughts and actions would bear the test of absolute right, but this we do know, that if we do the best we can, if we make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities, the great loving Father above will say, "It is enough." He has not left us alone to find out the right, light has come into the world through the words and example of Him who is the way. We, then, to whom the light of the world has come are expected to walk therein. If we shut our eyes through indifference or otherwise and will not see, no matter what conscience may say, the Supreme Guide has said, "Ye are not of me."

I would say then, to conclude my homely homily, let us strive to be true, true to our mission, then shall we dwell with Him who is the truth, where no error is, but truth and love forevermore. MARY.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Every number of our paper brings something that either enlists all my sympathies, arouses all my antagonism, or stirs up some other kind of a rumpus within me. I stand it with tolerable composure for two or three months, but by that time I am like a bottle of ginger-pop, and ready to "go off" at the least provocation. But don't be alarmed, for I come to you this morning in a comparatively calm mood, save for one thing—Octavia's letter in the April number.

And such talk is to me what a red rag is to some animals, and, meaning no disrespect to our sister, I, nevertheless, feel very much like shaking her. I may be wrong, but my present impression is that Octavia is one of those who care nothing for dress, and have but little of that which we call "knack" in arranging it. This, with considerable independence and a spice of contrary willfulness, she mistakes for the voice of conscience, and forthwith jumps at the conclusion that it is right for a woman to wear only the plainest possible garments.

Now I don't care a straw what our sister wears, but I simply want to know if she is consistant in this matter. How about Octavia's other clothing? Are her night-ropes and other such garments, "plain" enough to "adorn



a beautiful woman?" I'll warrant you that we should find just as many ruffles and tucks and yards of cambric edging in going through her bureau drawers as in our own. And I should not be surprised if Octavia bought the latest style of hat, or had her old one pressed into it, and trimmed it, although plainly, doubtless, (but why trim it at all since "a plain garment," etc.?) in the approved style; wears two-button kids, when she can get a good bargain; gets a parasol with the prettiest possible handle for the price she can afford to pay; does up her hair in the prevailing style, or as near it as is becoming to her; and in fact violates the principle of her letter in numberless ways. We believe, too, that "a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman," because it sets off her beauty to the best advantage; but shall we therefore deny to the homely woman the privilege of indulging in a different style, if thereby her homeliness is partially concealed, or so modified as to render her more pleasing to her friends?

But Octavia almost upsets my faith in her when she asks, "Where should dress reform commence, if not where Christianity must, in one's own heart?" and then goes on to say that "the Bible teaches Christians to 'be not conformed to the world.'" Now what is "reform?" Is it going from one extreme to the other, as Octavia does (according to her own story)? Reform is the correcting of existing abuses, and that woman is no reformer who abuses the taste given her by the Almighty, and makes herself unnecessarily homely. I do not admire the multitude of humps that sometimes disfigure a woman's back, but if a little graceful looping of the folds of her dress will relieve the gaunt, angular outlines of a tall, spare woman's figure, why should she not indulge in them?

Trimming is not always essential to elegance of dress. Miss Anna Dickinson, on the stage, is one of the most elegantly dressed women I ever saw, but her dress is simplicity itself, so far as trimming is concerned. As to our being "not conformed to the world," we all know that we must be in a great degree, and that our Lord meant to condemn it only so far as it tended to draw us away from Him, and detract from our influence in the world.

The way to bring about a dress reform is not by making ourselves conspicuous and ugly, but by showing to the world that a woman may be becomingly and even elegantly attired, without one-half the waste of time and money that now accompanies the making of a fashionable suit.

Now, my dear sister, do not think me unkind for I do not mean to be. I write this simply because I am as anxious as yourself for the advancement of women, and still more for the interests of Christianity. I firmly believe that the nearer we get to a thoroughly cultured type of womanhood, in manner and dress, as well as in mind and conversation, the closer do we bring the world to Christ. Because the world is cultured, so must we be, and the more skillfully we fight it with its own weapons, the more respect and consideration do we

command not only for ourselves but for the religion which we profess.

Hoping that this heartfelt expression of my views may meet with our HOUSEHOLD'S sympathy, I drop back into the ranks once more. CLAIRE.

By the way, if Mrs. Carrie V. will send me her address, I will direct her to a remedy which I am tolerably sure is just what she needs for her "nervous prostration." She can address "Claire," Lock Box 1287, Springfield, Mass.

#### SEASONABLE DISHES.

##### SUMMER BREAD, OR SCALDED ROLLS.

Put into the bread-bowl the wheat-meal required, say one pint for the first experiment and pour into it at once boiling water enough to wet it—as a general rule, one-half as much water as meal. Stir it with a spoon barely enough to mix evenly, and herein lies the knack, to do this with as little working as possible. Then roll out two-thirds of an inch thick, having a well floured board, and cut out with a biscuit-cutter. Somethink them a little lighter to cut into squares or strips with a knife, while others make them into biscuit with the hands. Bake in a fair oven twenty minutes.

They do not require so much heat as the batter biscuit, nor need they look really brown when done. They are apt to be a little harder than the batter biscuit, but not necessarily so if baked quickly. They are seldom too hard for those with good teeth, while they can be made tender enough for the toothless by shutting them up in a close-covered dish, with a napkin to absorb the condensed moisture.

They are considered by many better cooked than the batter biscuit, because they are scalded before baking. They are frequently used at any time of the year, by those whose ovens will not bake the batter biscuits. They are also more acceptable as cold bread, and are therefore better for lunches.

##### LUNCH BISCUIT AND PIE CRUSTS.

A more acceptable variety to some is made by adding Zante currants and a little sugar to the scalded rolls, in the proportion of half a gill of washed currants and one spoonful of sugar to the pint of meal, well mixed, and then scalded as above with half a pint of boiling water. But nothing is more satisfactory for lunches than the oat-meal cracknels, made up either with or without the currants and sugar, by scalding, rolling out to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, and baking with gentle heat until the moisture is well done out.

This is also an excellent pie-crust, rolled out to about the thickness desired when done, for it swells very little in baking. It bakes a little too quickly to make it very desirable for an upper crust; but it serves nicely for tarts and tart pies, where the fruit has already been cooked, or where it cooks very readily. Ornaments made of it, and laid flat upon the tart, do better, such as festoons, dots, leaves, stars, etc. Or the pie can be made of fresh fruit, with an upper crust, and then the crust removed after baking; but this is rather wasteful, as the lat-

ter will be almost sure to be spoiled by overbaking, and therefore not eatable. But for an undercrust in tart-pies it has all the best qualities of a shortened crust with none of the really hurtful ones. To those who "must have pies," we urge a trial.—*Science of Health.*

#### CANNED FRUIT.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—"Pansy" in the July number speaks rather doubtfully of fruits in mid-winter, or fruits out of season, and she furthermore recommends cranberries stewed, oranges sliced, and sprinkled with sugar or cocoanut.

We all know that the putting up of fruit involves a great deal of labor. But now comes the question what are we to do who cannot buy oranges and cocoanuts for love or money?

Occasionally we see a few oranges on a railway train and we buy a half dozen, (which exhausts the stock) for the pleasure of giving the little ones a treat, but the price is by no means an inducement thereto. Cranberries in some parts of the northwest are plentiful and cheap, but generally speaking, they are scarce indeed, and taste of silver. Cocoanuts are if possible, still more difficult to obtain.

Aside from the question of dietetics, fruits are a medicine. I cannot conceive how any housewife who is a mother, can do without them. There are some fruits that are positively injurious to children during the heated term, plums for instance, yet which are decidedly beneficial, in the early spring months.

We know that physicians sometimes object to canned fruits; it is not however upon the ground of an objection to fruit, but rather because of the careless manner in which it is canned. Glass is the safest, and in the end the cheapest. In fact, there are some fruits that are deteriorated by contact with tin, delicate fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, and blackberries. Peaches, peas, plums, and strawberries, etc., are perfectly safe and healthful if put up cleanly and with ordinary care in tin. It would certainly be better to buy our fruit, were we simply to consider our own comfort during the very warm weather, but, it rarely pays to do so, both quantity and quality are so poor that we have no relish for it. A. S. M.

Albany, Oregon.

#### LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and the pantry. Indeed, I have thought it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have

suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that they afford; still it is of great advantage to them. I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast, salt and flour to use, and she became quite an expert baker.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement and a most useful part of their education.

#### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

**SUGAR KISSES.**—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir into this one-half pound of sifted white sugar and flavor it to your taste. Lay it, when stiff, in heaps on white paper, each the size and shape of half an egg, and an inch apart; place the sheets on tins and put in a hot oven; when they turn a little yellow take them out and let them cool five minutes. Take two kisses and press the bottoms gently together until they adhere and so continue until all are prepared. They are very delicate and good and look handsomely. M.

**HOW WE COOK PARSNIPS.**—Wash and scrape them clean and boil in salt and water until tender, then you can cut in slices and fry in a little butter until brown.

I will give Molly H. a recipe for **JELLY CAKE.**—One cup of sugar worked with one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of new milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a little salt and nutmeg, and flour to stiffen; bake in three jelly tins.

Will some one give me full instructions in spatter work and so plain that I can understand it? FANNY FERN.

**RASPBERRY VINEGAR.**—*Editor of Household.*—In reply to inquiry of M. E. O., asking information for making raspberry vinegar I will give you my method which is as follows. To two quarts of raspberries slightly bruised, add one quart of good sharp vinegar and let it stand over night; strain through a flannel bag and to one pint of juice allow one pound of white sugar and boil until the sugar is dissolved; bottle and cork for use. A SUBSCRIBER.

**ED. HOUSEHOLD.**—*Dear Sir.*—Some one in THE HOUSEHOLD asks for hygienic recipes and I enclose a few. Won't all those subscribers who are interested in health reform help on the good work by sending recipes to THE HOUSEHOLD; especially that correspondent who writes from Our Home at Danville?

**OATMEAL CAKES.**—Scald one pint of oatmeal and add two eggs, one tablespoonful of flour and enough milk for a rather thin batter; bake in hot gem pans.

**RYE ROLLS.**—Four tablespoonfuls each of rye and wheat flour, one pint of milk and two eggs. Bake in gem pan.

**RICE WAFFLES.**—Two cups of boiled rice, two cups of flour, two eggs and milk to make a rather stiff batter. Put the whites of the eggs in last.

**LEMON CREAMS.**—One and one-half cups of water, the rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch rubbed smooth. Boil in a water bath until it is the thickness of thin cream or like boiled custard. S. E. B.

Racine, Wis.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—*Mr. Editor.*—Seeing an inquiry for making chicken salad in a late number I send a recipe which is very nice. Joint two chickens, stew them quite tender, remove them from the fire, let them remain in the broth until cold, then cut in pieces nearly an inch square and a quarter of



an inch thick. Prepare the dressing thus: One tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a cream, the yolks of two hard eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, one tablespoonful of mustard, one dessert spoonful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful each of black and cayenne pepper, the yolks of two uncooked eggs, six tablespoonfuls of vinegar; fill your salad bowl with celery, cut fine two pickled cucumbers and the whites of the eggs, then the chicken and dressing, mix well.

Marie.  
New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Crowell, I have a recipe for washing woolen blankets which I think is better than the one given in your June number. I will send it to you and hope you will think as well of it as I do.

**WASHING WOOLEN BLANKETS.**—For two or three blankets take one pint of soft soap, two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and dissolve in boiling water. Add the solution to a tub half filled with cold water and large enough to contain the blankets; let them stand entirely covered by the solution from twelve to twenty-four hours, then squeeze and rub thoroughly but do not wring them; put in a basket over a tub and let them drain. Rinse in clear cold water and drain twice, then rinse in blue water, drain and hang up to dry. Be sure to use cold water and not wring during the process, then the blankets will not shrink but will dry white and smooth.

Mrs. Susan W.  
Hartford Conn.

**EDITOR OF HOUSEHOLD:**—In reply to some one asking the recipe for cream cakes, I will give the following.

**CREAM CAKES.**—One pint of cold water, one-half pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour and ten eggs. Boil the water and butter, while boiling, stir in the flour, cool it thoroughly, then stir in the eggs one at a time without beating and add one teaspoonful of cold water and a little salt.

**Center Mixture.**—One quart of milk, not quite two coffee cups of sugar, one coffee cup of flour and four eggs. Boil the milk, beat the sugar, eggs and flour together and stir them into the milk while boiling; flavor to taste. Bake the cakes fifteen or twenty minutes; when cool make an incision in the side and fill with the mixture. Follow these directions closely and the result will be most delightful.

Another lady wished to know the recipe for

**CHOCOLATE CAROMELS.**—One and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, butter the size of an egg; when nearly done stir in a cup of unsweetened chocolate.

L. A. R.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I have now belonged to THE HOUSEHOLD Band for a little over a year; although I have been a silent reader, yet I can heartily say not an entirely indifferent one. I have derived much benefit from the recipes contained therein, and am willing to contribute my mite, so will give two recipes for cake, which I know to be good, also one for coconut pie.

**COCOANUT PIE.**—One good sized coconut peeled and grated, one quart of milk, sweetened like custard, a piece of butter the size of a walnut in each pie; four eggs to the quart.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—Stir to a cream a pound of powdered white sugar, and seven ounces of butter, then add the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, half a nutmeg, or a teaspoonful of rose water and stir in gradually a pound of sifted flour. I allow a teaspoonful of baking powder to a cup of flour. Bake immediately. Half of this recipe makes a good sized cake.

**CHOCOLATE CAKE.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup each of butter and sweet milk, the yolks of ten eggs, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar or baking powder. Prepare the chocolate by taking a quarter of a pound of sugar and the whites of five eggs; pour enough water over the sugar to dissolve it then boil it till you can almost pull. Pour it boiling hot on to the beaten whites of the eggs and stir till nearly cold, adding grated chocolate while cooling, to suit the taste. Bake in jelly tins.

Jessie Maude.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I will send my recipe for

**BROWN BREAD.**—One pint each of Indian and rye meal, one quart of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one teaspoonful of salt. Steam three and one-half hours.

**SQUASH PIES.**—To one pint of sifted squash take one quart of milk, four eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar; cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. They are delicious made this way.

**PIE CRUST.** M. B. wants to know how to make nice pie crust. Take one cup of lard to four cups of flour, a little salt, mix with ice water. Knead as little as possible; roll a little butter or lard into the upper crust. This makes four pies.

Effie.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Your little paper is always warmly welcomed with us, and we often find in it exactly the hints we have long needed about some household matter. I would like to answer a few of the questions asked in late numbers, it may help some one among your numerous readers.

Mrs. S. M. S. asked recently how to work mottoes on perforated card-board. Pieces of card-board already stamped with the mottoes are for sale in most fancy goods stores. If these are not to be had, one can, without much difficulty, draw a suitable pattern, copying the letters from any of the various alphabets used in canvass work. After the pattern is nicely drawn on the perforated card-board, commence and work in single zephyr wool in cross stitch, either using shaded worsted, this being the simplest way, or shading each letter according to taste. Different colors may be introduced for each of the different words. Large fancy capitals may be employed with good effect, also ornamental lines around the letters; the latter being generally worked in black.

Hair may be colored a darker shade by dipping in a very weak solution of lemons aniline dye for an instant, then rinsing and drying in the air. Care must be taken not to let the hair remain too long in the liquid, as exposure to the air will deepen the color very much. If it still proves too light a shade after drying it can be easily dipped again. Professional workers in hair curl it by moistening; then fastening it securely about round sticks, and baking several hours in a rather cool oven. The curls are afterward removed from the sticks and dressed with a little oil.

Some one wants to know how to make her English ivy grow more rapidly. Ivies require age to attain their highest beauty but their growth may be much hastened by careful culture. Repot each autumn with an entire new supply of the richest soil obtainable, water daily with warm water and keep its leaves well washed and clean. Treated in this way ivies frequently make rapid growth, sending out several long branches during a single winter and very speedily transposing a common sitting room into a lovely apartment.

Ox muzzles lined with thick, green moss make very effective hanging baskets; fill with oxalis and maurandia vines to twine over the cords, and hang from the sides, and they will form beautiful masses of green all the long winter.

Hazel Gray.

**MR. CROWELL:**—It is good to go to a sister for help. I am happy to say that Nell can obtain spoolers, needles, or other attachments for Leavitt's machine, at 241, Forrest Avenue, Chicago, of Mr. Nickerson, dealer in sewing machines.

I would like to inquire through THE HOUSEHOLD how to pickle blueberries without vinegar?

A Neighbor.

Chicago, Ill.

"Invalid" asked in a late number for the best make of muslins for shirting and family use. New York Mills is the best brand in the market, but as this is rather hard to wash and iron, some ladies prefer to buy Wamsutta, which stands next in quality. Utica Nonpareil, Davol, and Fruit of the Loom, are also considered good muslins, although ranking after those first named.

M.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—As this is my first year among, you I have not had the courage

to step to the front. But I see so many questions asked, and see how kindly they are answered, I make bold to present myself, hoping by answering some questions, before I ask any, to be welcomed.

If Nell will rub her new kettles with a piece of fat bacon and then wash in hot suds, I think she will find them clean.

Julia can set the color in her calico by dissolving five cents worth of sugar of lead, in a pail of rain water, and soaking the dress a while in the solution. I think this recipe answers for all colors; alum will also set green.

The friend of THE HOUSEHOLD, can make a breakfast shawl in two ways. If she wishes it to fasten around the throat, she must make a chain first long enough to go around her neck; make a double shell at each end and in the middle; this widening process is continued until the shawl is as large as you like it, finish with fringe. The other way, is, to make a chain, say one yard, if you want it large, knit two rows clear across, at the end of the third row leave off one shell, continue in this way leaving off one shell every third row, until you have made a point; finish all around with a shell border any width you like.

H. M. Thompson can make a comb-pocket, by cutting a piece of pasteboard oval shape, six inches across, and ten inches long, covering with merino, silk or cloth, to match the hanging of her room; make a pocket (same shape as back and a little wider) to extend not quite half way up, sewing through the center as well as round the edge, this gives you two pockets, one for combs, and the other for brushes; a smaller pocket may be added above, cut semicircular, which not only improves the looks, but is very convenient, put a quilting of silk or braid all round, and a loop at the top to hang it by. A bed pocket may be made to match it, by cutting a half circle (eight inches) in pasteboard covering in the same way, putting two small pockets at the top, letting them come to the straight edge; and one large one below; tack a cord at each corner, and suspend over the head of your bed, just above the pillows; this is quite pretty and in sickness is very convenient, the large pocket, for handkerchiefs and the small ones for watch and smelling salts. I hope I have not wearied you.

Another Sarah.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I wish you would ask some one how to make molasses and sugar ginger bread, like the bakers.

Mrs. Mary A. G.

East Northwood, N. H.

**GEO. E. CROWELL:**—Will some one inform me how new flannel blankets may be washed and look well. It seems there is an oil used in preparing the wool which ordinary washing fails to remove. Mine were spotted when dry, though carefully washed. How may red silk handkerchiefs be washed without losing brightness?

Some good ice cream recipes would be very acceptable. I hope I may be able to communicate something useful in return.

Mrs. S. P. E.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Dear Sir:—Will some one of the numerous readers of THE HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make a down comfortable? and oblige,

An Old Subscriber.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Will you, or some of the many readers of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how precious stones sank in value? and oblige a constant reader,

Kitty Renssell.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Sir:—Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD Band please tell me how to make colored fires such as are used for illuminations? and oblige,

A Member.

**DEAR HOUSEHOLD:**—I wish to know what will entirely remove the color from a buff linen dress? Also, if there is any way that brown linen table cloths can be made perfectly white without injuring the cloth? Will some one who knows please answer immediately? and oblige,

A Constant Reader.

**MR. CROWELL:**—I have been a reader of your very excellent paper two years. The first I changed with a neighbor. This year I am a subscriber, and intended trying to get up a club in my neighborhood, but have been prevented by inclement weather, and family affliction.

Some of the sisters would like an easy way

to clean their silver, also, knives and forks. Put one quart of unslacked lime in a stone crock, pour one gallon of water on it and it is ready for use. Dip your spoons, knives, forks, or brass candlesticks in and rub with a cotton cloth.

The clematis vine is wild with us, does not not require any cultivation.

Poke root cut in slices and laid about in the cellar and closets will drive off crickets and cockroaches.

I give thanks to THE HOUSEHOLD for many valuable hints received. Mrs. M. M. G. Marion, North Carolina.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—I would thank any person of experience, to give a recipe for putting butter down in the summer, so it will keep for use in winter.

Wm. C.

Sublimity, Oregon.

Will some of the sisters please tell me which is the best kerosene stove? I want to get one but do not know which is the best.

Will some of your many readers please tell me where the store of the Providence Tool Co. is, in New York? I have a wringer that was made by them, that I would like to get repaired, and oblige,

A New Subscriber.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one of your many readers tell me through your valuable paper how to make pie-plant jelly? and oblige,

A Reader.

Sheridan, M. T.

I would like much if some one would send to THE HOUSEHOLD directions for making floating island.

If Rosella will cut any thick white goods the size and shape she desires for her toilet-mats, and crochet a pretty edge all around each with any color of split zephyr she may prefer, she will find them very serviceable and nice.

EM.

Wady Petra, Ill.

If Mrs. W. will try honey and alum for croup, I think she will find the remedy very effectual.

C.

**EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:**—Will some one through THE HOUSEHOLD be kind enough to tell me how to take the spots from ivory handles?

Mrs. H. L. H.

Cairo, Ill.

**FRIEND CROWELL:**—Nell can get a new spooler for her Leavitt sewing machine of Leavitt & Brant, number 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

I. C.

Manchester, N. H.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD, if there is any who can do so, prescribe a remedy for a sharp pain in the finger joint, accompanied by a constant swelling and spreading of the same?

A Subscriber.

Please tell Mrs. Jas. A. Grayson that her piano keys would not turn yellow if exposed in a light room; no instrument with ivory keys should be kept closed, excepting when sweeping and dusting, and then a sheet could be thrown over more easily. But to the question how to clean them; wet a soft cloth in alcohol and rub off all dirt, then expose as much as possible to the sunshine. If they are very yellow it will take a few weeks to restore the original whiteness. To facilitate the process re-wet with alcohol once or twice, though they will whiten without in time.

Mrs. H. P. E.

Hill, N. H.

**MR. CROWELL:**—Sir:—I have been a reader of your interesting paper for three years, and only wish you could send it oftener as it is always so welcome; I have been a house-keeper for some years, and often smile when I recall my past blunders, and wonder how I did get along without your instructive paper. Yet after some years of experience, there are many things in which I feel my ignorance. I could fill my paper with questions, but my conscience would not allow me to so impose upon your time and patience. But at the present time we are discussing the different merits of different refrigerators; would some of the sisters give advice as to merits and cheapness, combined. As summer is upon us please answer soon.

Also as to bedding—the very best kind, whether spring, straw, moss, etc., and you will greatly oblige one who looks for much good advice by which to profit withal. Yours,

Mrs. Nellie H.

Sparta, Ill.





## ECHOES.

BY M. M. P.

Far, far down in the mammoth cave,  
Where gloom and darkness reign,  
A few gay notes, sent lightly forth,  
Return a sweet refrain.

Those ringing echoes skip and dance,  
And please the wondering ear,  
Till it seems a cloud of music has burst  
And scattered its raindrops here.

Our deeds are sounds, sent lightly forth,  
Whose echoes will return;  
Ah, will they come a sweet refrain,  
Or discords, harsh and stern?

We catch a glimpse, in this present life,  
Of the good or ill we've done,  
But never conceive the echoes may roll,  
Henceforth, eternally on.

## AGNES.

BY E. D. K.

IN the initial number of *Wide Awake*, the new childrens' magazine, is a sweet little story of a stepdaughter, entitled "The White Chrysanthemums."

In reading it, I was strongly reminded of a noble girl, whose life has been—at least, to me,—an epic poem, full of grandest meanings. I could not begin to sketch it all in the small compass of a paper like this; but I would like to tell you something about that portion of it which was spent under her father's roof, and in the care of her young sisters.

My own father had for many years been acquainted with Mr. Morris, and when the latter married the second time, my mother called upon his new wife, and thenceforward the families were always more or less intimately connected.

Mrs. Morris was a handsome woman, personally, exquisitely neat, very capable, very sensible, and perfectly aware of her attainments as a housekeeper. Not over generous, a trifle exacting, constitutionally bilious-nervous; she was not always in that serene state which, in a lymphatic temperament, is often mistaken for "good-nature." She was brave to bear great troubles, but little things annoyed and vexed her. A faithful wife, sincerely devoted to her husband and family, her patience was not unfrequently put to the test, and the quick words came quicker than she meant, and sometimes sharper, followed by keen, remorseful pangs which she was too proud to acknowledge.

The first Mrs. Morris had left one child, an affectionate, sweet-tempered, tender-hearted little girl of seven years, the counterpart in miniature of her blue-eyed, fair-haired mother. Mr. Morris loved her as his life; and it was because he loved her, and could not bear to surrender her to the tender mercy of hirelings, or part with her to be brought up among relatives, that he thought it best to marry again. He chose, as he hoped and believed, wisely; a woman not too young in years, one who had known something

of trouble in her youth, and who, though not demonstrative, he felt confident was prudent, just, true, and loving.

He was mistaken upon some points of her character, though I do not believe she ever intended to deceive him. Love blinded him to many of her faults, as it has others in similar circumstances, and exalted her virtues till he believed her to be something far above the average of women, and vastly his own superior. And, indeed, she was his superior in many ways. Not in book-knowledge, perhaps,—she had not been highly educated—but such education as she had had, that of discipline, and sorrow, and wrong, had made her character a far stronger one than his.

Mr. Morris was large-hearted, generous to profligacy, tender almost to effeminacy; a man of noble impulses, ardent temperament, and sunny disposition; poetical, rather than practical; energetic, rather than persevering; on the top wave of jollity to-day, deep in the slough of despond to-morrow.

Two people more unlike than these two are not often united as man and wife; yet I will not affirm that such marriages are those most productive of discomfort and discord. On the contrary, I believe contrasts of temperament conduce as a rule to harmony and happiness. How it might have been in this case, had Mr. Morris been childless, and his wife his first love, I do not know; and perhaps I might add, had he been the first upon whom her own affection had been lavished. She had been disappointed once; frankly, she confessed it to Mr. Morris; but she did not add, what perhaps she was not herself aware of, that it had soured her a little, and inclined her to uncharitableness and jealousy. Unhappily, little Agnes stood in the way of her fully reciprocating her husband's entire confidence and devotion. She was the pledge of his love for another woman than herself; the child resembled strongly the dead mother—she knew it by the picture of the first Mrs. Morris, which she had found in her husband's desk, laid away with a few yellow, well-thumbed letters in a pretty, delicate hand-writing, some withered flowers tied with a faded pink ribbon, and a tress of soft, shining hair. Be it said in her honor, that she was not searching for anything of the sort, when she came upon these hoarded treasures, that she handled them reverently, nor wondered that the sweet face had charmed the heart which she said to herself would never be wholly hers; that she would not so much as read a line of one of the letters, though she burned to do so, but laid everything back in its place, with a stronger love for her husband and a bitterer ache in her breast than she had ever known before. Somehow she felt that the father's love for his child was a love for the woman whose likeness that child bore; unrighteous, now, because she was dead, and he had asked another to fill her place. Strange reasoning! which wrought distrust in her heart, and a growing jealousy of the peculiarly tender intimacy between the father and his orphaned little girl.

Nor did the feeling wane when her

own first-born darling was laid in her arms. Ah! had it but been a son instead of daughter! How closely she watched her husband! Did he love this child as he did Agnes? Ah! it was the second—not the first.

The months went on. With scrupulous exactness she performed every wifely duty; her pretty dark-eyed babe she loved almost fiercely. But toward Agnes there was still that intense aversion as to an embodied wrong; sometimes softened, it is true, in the woman's better moments, by the child's unbounded delight in, and affection for her little sister, but burning again with renewed fervor when the father took her to his bosom, and lavished upon her with starting tears his fondest caresses.

She thought sometimes, poor woman! of the Hebrew mothers, and the greater honor those received who had borne the largest number of children. She would make her husband love her better than the dead wife; she would make him love her children better than Agnes; and within her soul, if not on her lips, she repeated Rachel's prayer of desperation, "Give me children, or else I die!"

Four were born to her during the next seven years, all girls.

Sad years they were to sensitive, slighted, little Agnes, hungering for a mother's love. Yet she was dutiful, having inherited a disposition unusually sweet and amiable, and reflecting toward the woman who stood in the place of the dead, her father's unfaltering respect and devotion. Her sisters became very, very dear to her; she was their untiring slave, from choice. As they grew older, developing gradually characters which had borrowed not a few of the less pleasant traits of both parents, there were strifes among them calling for adjustment and discipline. But the mother seldom chid them in Agnes' presence, and never suffered Agnes to correct them with a word of reproof. Now and then the eldest, who seemed to have imbibed with her mother's milk much of the woman's dislike for this gentle stepdaughter, and who was quick to discern the different treatment Agnes received at her hands, ventured an insulting word, or even a blow. Once only Agnes made complaint. Fanny denied the offence charged, and the stepdaughter was dismissed to her chamber with a stinging sarcasm upon her jealous, fault-finding (?) disposition.

Agnes was now sixteen. Yet in most respects she was still a child. Her busy fingers, under Mrs. Morris' training, had become skilful at most kinds of needle work; she was orderly and neat; quiet and careful; she could spread a table, or make up a bed as well as her mother; could be fully trusted to sweep and dust without oversight; had learned many of the mysteries of cooking; and was a great assistance to the worn woman in the care of her little ones. Yet she had never been made a companion in any sense; and now she began to feel keenly the difference between her own position in the family and that of her schoolmates. Poor girl! hungering and thirsting for a loving word, a gentle, motherly embrace! Sometimes she felt as though she must throw her-

self upon her knees before Mrs. Morris when she saw her passionately kiss her own darlings again and again, and beg her to give her a corner of her mother heart, out of pity for her loneliness and motherlessness. Did the woman suspect it? for she seemed more than ever at such times to forbid the girl's approach. It was hard, bitter hard for Agnes; and Mrs. Morris' conscience scourged her pitilessly for her indifference and cruelty, but she did not relent.

More and more her cares, though shared, harassed her; her children were fretful and sickly; Fanny was especially trying because of a sullen, rebellious temper; she was herself weak, nervous and irritable; and, added to these, her husband had developed a growing appetite for strong drink, which thoroughly alarmed her. A threat, uttered in her presence one day, by a troublesome neighbor, had sent her to Mr. Morris' papers, and she learned to her surprise that the pretty little home, which she had always supposed free from incumbrance, was heavily mortgaged, and even her husband's life insurance policy made over to a stranger.

Her heart sank within her utterly; and in the quiet of her chamber, for the first time in her married life, she "lifted up her voice and wept."

Somebody stole into the room. "Dear, dear mother! tell me what it is! You have been sobbing so long! I could not bear to hear you. If you would only let me comfort you!"

The woman was herself again in an instant.

"Agnes! leave me! My griefs are beyond your healing. Wait. I charge you not to speak of this to anybody—least of all, to your father. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, mother."

Spurned again! Yet Mrs. Morris suffered more in the re-action of that blow, than did her step daughter from the dealing of it. For years she had been fighting against her better nature; she did love the girl; how could she help it when she saw Agnes' unselfish affection for her own children? She longed to beg her forgiveness for all her cruel coldness; but an indomitable pride kept back her confession. She could not humble herself before the daughter of her dead rival.

But the time was coming, though she knew it not, when the dreaded words must be said; when the power of "a stronger than the strong man armed" would force them from her unwilling lips—all too willing, then.

One day there was a heavy fall up stairs. Agnes hurried over the staircase, and found her mother lying helpless and senseless upon the floor. With almost superhuman strength, she lifted her to the bed, and then running to the window, screamed to a neighbor.

There were watchers all night by the bedside of the stricken woman. Toward morning a child was born, prematurely; a son. But his little life fluttered for only an instant on the threshold of being, and was gone.

Two hours thereafter Agnes was called. They found her sitting in her chair; she had not slept.

When she came into the room, she



discovered that she was alone with the dying woman. And then and there, in agony of spirit, Mrs. Morris poured out the long pent-up confession. "Oh! if I could but live to atone for my wrong!" she exclaimed. "And my children! my children! God is going to punish me in them for my cruelty toward you! I never dreamed that they might some day be motherless. And how could I bear that a stranger should treat them, as I have treated you? O, God! my punishment, though deserved, is greater than I can bear!"

All at once she calmed herself.

"Kneel here, Agnes," she said, gently. "No child could have been more loving, kind, and dutiful than you have been to me," caressing her head with her white hand. "You have been far more of a daughter than my own—than they would ever have been. I know their faults—they are mine, also. Oh! what other woman will ever bear with them?" again she burst out. "Who will be patient with them when I am gone?"

"Mother!"

"Well, child." The words were spoken with a tender pathos that made the poor girl sob almost to heart-breaking.

"I hardly dare to ask you."

"Do not fear, I am dying."

"Have I been a good sister to the children?"

"Always,"—faintly.

"Loving and trustworthy?"

"Always,"—more faintly.

"Will you give them to me?"

There was no answer. The two mothers had met in the land of shadows.

## II.

Agnes kept her vow, for it seemed to her sacred as a vow.

The time came when in her sweet, blossoming womanhood, she was sought as a wife by one who loved her, and had loved her from early childhood. She never told her heart, whether or no an answering chord had been touched in her own breast; but said simply: "I cannot leave the children, I promised mother."

Her trials had already recommenced. But her rare patience and hopefulness seemed equal to every new emergency. First of all, the home was given up. Then sickness came; three of the little ones were prostrated with scarlet fever, and the youngest but one was left a cripple, when she had recovered. All this time, Mr. Morris drank, and drank deeply. He was a painter by trade, and made good wages. But he squandered them lavishly. Agnes began to be troubled; sorrow had made her wise, and looking back, she thought she understood some of her mother's unspoken griefs.

One night when the children were in bed she ventured to lay her heart open before her father. He acknowledged his weakness with tears, and promised to sign the pledge. He did so; and kept it for a year. Then he fell, through sudden temptation, and his old habits returned upon him with renewed force. Added to this, Fanny grew daily more headstrong; Alice was nervous and peevish; and the three-year-old baby, which had alway

seemed to mourn for its mother, wasted away and died.

The years went on, and found Agnes still at her post. Her lover had left her and gone to a distant city. Rumor said he was married, and Agnes sighed, and believed rumor. And still their fortunes waned. Mr. Morris was now a confirmed drunkard. Now and then he was sober enough to do a week's work for some friend of his better days who had force of character, and disinterested benevolence sufficient to undertake for a limited period the control of his appetite. But this happened only seldom; and Agnes was forced to employ her needle in behalf of the family. Amelia, the second daughter, the most thoughtful and helpful of them all, who really loved Agnes with a genuine sisterly affection, now began to take upon herself the household cares. Fanny was still kept at school; Agnes had destined her to be a teacher. But the girl had other projects quite independent of her elder sister's plans. She had always been impatient of control, and she now considered herself of a suitable age not only to declare but to maintain her independence. She was handsome, and she knew it, and was vain of it. She wanted to deck herself out in fineries which she well knew would cramp the family for weeks in their purchase; but she selfishly insisted upon the gratification of her vanity at the expense of the others. Her poverty and her father's habits galled her indescribably; and one day she gathered together her little all, and under cover of an errand she had promised to do, stole away in the evening in company with a young man who had not borne the cleanest reputation, leaving behind her a note which cut Agnes to the heart. In justice to Fanny, let me add, however, that she was married to her companion that night. Agnes' influence had done at least thus much for her—it had saved her from shame.

Afterward, apparently really penitent, she wrote her sister from a western state, and Agnes saw in her letter that the girl was not happy. Was it that she had found her husband out, or that she was beginning to understand herself? And then this strange event happened: A revival of religion swept the place where they were staying, and both were converted. Explain it how you may, but it made of a silly, self-willed girl, and her hitherto unprincipled husband a noble woman, and an earnest, active Christian man.

Amelia was fifteen, Alice thirteen, and Sophy twelve. Sophy was the cripple, but she could do dainty work at crochet, and even embroider very prettily. Amelia too, had found she had another talent besides that of doing housework well; she could also do pen-marking acceptably. As for Alice, her sweet voice seemed to be her only special gift. But how to cultivate it, that was the question.

One day a stranger called, Agnes' old lover. It was a sorry time; Mr. Morris lay upon the worn-out lounge in a drunken sleep; and all at once the room seemed very bare to poor Amelia, who had recognized Mr. Lanman, and come down from her chamber to ask him in.

She greeted him by name, politely,

and invited him to a seat, a simple wooden chair, guiltless of paint; it stood by a window looking into an un-

"Ah!"

"Fanny is married, and lives in Ohio."

sightly yard, full of dirty children.

"You remember me, then, Miss—Fanny, I believe."

"Amelia," she corrected.

"Can it be possible? You children have grown up faster than I dreamed. But where is Agnes? married, too?"

"O, no. She has stayed by us ever since mother died."

Unconsciously, Amelia had interposed her chair between her visitor and the sleeping drunkard. But he had seen what she did not notice; and his "Poor girl!" meant more than Amelia thought.

"I am expecting here every moment," said Amelia. "She needed the air, and I begged her to go out, but she seldom is gone for more than an hour."

The door opened, and Agnes entered.

"You have a caller, sister," explained Amelia, in answer to the girl's inquiring look, for she did not clearly see who it was. "An old friend whom you will be glad to meet."

"It cannot be Har—, Mr. Lanman, I mean?"

"No other," he replied, grasping her hand cordially, and retaining it in both his own, despite her evident uneasiness. "Have I then, changed so very much, Agnes? I suppose I ought to follow your example and say 'Miss Morris,' but then I should so soon forget myself, that it is hardly worth while. I have come from my bachelor's den in Cincinnati, utterly disgusted with living alone any longer, and fully determined to change my condition to that of a Benedict before I return."

Agnes blushed to her forehead, and Amelia exclaimed, "Then it isn't true that you ever married, Mr. Lanman?"

"Never, to my own knowledge, Miss Amelia. No, I've waited for my bird almost as long as Jacob served for Rachel, and although in sorrow and shame I confess my entire unworthiness of her, I am daring enough to say that I don't mean to go back without her. Now don't plead 'the children,' Agnes. Amelia will take care of them, and you have fulfilled your promise to the dead. Say 'yes' to me this time, I beg."

"Harry," she faltered, "you forget. There's father." Her eyes were full of tears.

Amelia came up to her and put her arms about her neck.

"I'll take care of him, too, sister. Trust me, I'm old enough, and don't you know he fears me now-a-days, more than he does you. Don't say 'no' to Harry."

Brave Amelia! she knew what she had assumed, and self-rebelled for one brief moment at the sacrifice; but love for Agnes triumphed, and she took the yoke upon her young shoulders without a pang.

"Say 'yes,' or you don't love me. I'll say it for her, Mr. Lanman."

"Come, seal it, Agnes. It is said." And he drew the dear girl toward him and kissed her.

They were married quietly on a lovely June day, and Alice's problem

was solved. She accompanied them to Cincinnati, and was placed under the care of an eminent teacher of music. Harry had insisted, partly for Alice's sake, and partly that Agnes might not wholly miss "the children." But for all that, her heart ached for crippled Sophy when she said goodbye, and for that other child who had once been—a man.

He shed many tears at the parting; he could do it easily, now. Poor, besotted wretch! But in her heart, his loving daughter held nothing but pity for him.

"O, be very, very patient with him, won't you, Millie?" she whispered. "For dear mother's sake, and for the sake of the happy days long gone."

Happy days! Ah! it was her love which had wrought the apotheosis, and all things seemed glorified when she looked back.

Amelia *did* try to be patient. But none the less she exercised her new-found authority, and she even flattered herself that she should yet reform the broken creature whom she still called "father."

She went out herself, and begged work for him; and for days and even weeks she kept him sober. But his old adversary found him again; and one November morning he fell from a scaffolding to the sidewalk beneath, and was taken up with both legs broken. They removed him to the hospital by the advice of the physician who was called, and a child came and told Amelia.

For more than a week she attended him faithfully; but he had received internal injuries of a fatal character, and one evening at sunset he quietly breathed his last in Agnes' arms.

After the funeral, Fanny, who had accompanied her older sister East, took Sophy home, and Amelia went to Cincinnati with Harry and Agnes, where she soon found friends, and succeeded in making her new business quite remunerative.

Alice became a public singer, and subsequently married a music dealer in the city.

As for the Lanmans, the stream of their wedded life flowed smoothly for six joyous years, and then succeeded the days of darkness, "when neither sun nor stars appeared, and no small tempest lay upon" Agnes. But of those days I cannot speak, nor of the long after-brightness. They are a story in themselves; and my present aim was simply to sketch hastily—as I feel that I have done very inadequately—the girlhood and young womanhood of as noble a step-daughter as ever lived—a heroine in the truest and widest sense.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Fifty-eight.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

That the strong are bound to respect the rights of the weak, is so universally admitted that it may almost be regarded as an axiom. Even among schoolboys, no matter how rough and ill-natured they may be, the big boy who abuses and tyrannizes over the little ones, who threatens or challenges those younger or weaker than



he, is hooted at as a bully and a coward. All over the civilized (and perhaps we might also say the uncivilized) world, the strength that takes undue advantage of weakness, is despised and execrated.

At least, this is true in theory. Avarice, selfishness and ambition do, in fact, often lead men to oppress and over-reach those weaker than they. But he is bold and lawless in evil-doing who would dare openly to avow such a purpose in himself, or to uphold it in another. The world professes to be of the same mind as St. Paul, and to believe that those that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

Yet, while none of us have any desire to dispute this truth, is it not the fact that there are two sides to this, as to all other questions? The knights who, approaching from opposite directions, quarreled over the shield set up by the wayside, one declaring it to be silver, and the other gold, are the prototypes of all one-sided, one-ideal people, who refuse to look at subjects save from their own stand-point. We are apt always to think of the obligations of the strong to the weak. Suppose that to-day we consider the thought suggested in May, and ask ourselves if the strong have not some rights that the weak are bound to respect? Whatever conclusion we may arrive at, it will not hurt us to look at both sides of the shield.

Did you ever think how hard it must be for the two or three year old baby boy to find himself supplanted by the little soft, pink, downy bundle of flannel that suddenly appears in his mother's arms, steals into her bed—where perhaps he has always nestled—creeps into all hearts, and is at once crowned king or queen of the household? He himself has been the engrossing subject of interest ever since he was born. He has been kissed and petted and caressed. His mamma has been his own constant companion and playmate. Her arms have been his cradle in the twilight hour, and her voice has sung him to sleep with low, sweet lullabies. Whenever he was tired, or troubled, he has known just where to go for rest and comfort. Mamma's kiss was always ready to make the sore spot well, whether it happened to be on the little chubby finger, or in the little restless heart.

Now all is changed. Mamma is in bed, with another baby that she loves and kisses lying on her arm—just in his place! There is a strange woman, whom they call the nurse, keeping guard over them both, and she holds up her finger and says "Hush! hush!" when he opens the door and puts his curly, bewildered head into the room. Mamma smiles at him, but she does not take him up, and coddle and comfort him as she used to. She only puts her hand on his head, tells him he must be a good little boy, and asks him if he doesn't love the baby! He is pretty sure he does not; especially when in the course of an hour or two, utterly tired of wandering forlornly about, he thinks he will climb into the cradle and take a nap. Lo! there is the new-comer, snugly wrapped in dretty new blankets, lying on a ruffled pillow that he saw his mamma making a few days ago! He cries, poor, for-

lorn, little mite that he is, and somebody laughingly catches him up, and carries him off lest he should disturb mamma, telling him he is a man now, and he must let the baby have his cradle. Then he wanders into the kitchen, and Biddy the cook tells him to feel of his nose, saying—"Sure, me by, an' its broken I'm thinkin' it is!" Papa comes in to dinner, and catching a glimpse of him calls out,—"Hullo, Tommy!" and then bounds upstairs, three steps at a time, to see if he can ascertain what color the new baby's eyes are!

Be very tender and pitiful toward your Tommy, young mother, when this hour of real trouble comes to him. He has his rights as well as the baby. I really believe that the seeds of jealousy and sullen discontent have been sown in the heart of many a child by injudicious treatment at a time like this. Don't let any one tell him that "his nose is broken," and he "can't have his mamma any more," and that the baby has "cut him out." He may not understand the silly speeches, but he will catch their spirit, for all that.

That older children should be taught to be very tender of the little ones, very considerate, and very generous, is so perfectly obvious that it is not worth while to say it. Yet in many families it is painful to see how right and justice are ignored in the concessions that are demanded of them. Mary has a doll that is the delight of her heart—or a set of dishes that she prizes as highly as you do your choice French China. But baby sister cries for them, and Mary is called a selfish girl, and berated for her meanness and want of generosity, if she objects to having the one robbed of its beauty, and the other broken to pieces. Fred is a thoughtful, studious boy whose books, and pictures, and "specimens," and all the quaint and curious things he gathers about him, are of untold value in his eyes. He locks the door of his room, because if little Archie gets in there in his absence, with his quick, observant eyes, and his mischievous fingers, he is sure to make trouble and to upset things generally. Ten to one, if Archie cries, Fred is told that it is a shame for a big boy to want to keep everything to himself, and that he does not deserve to have a new book if he is not willing to let his little brother take it. Is this just? While Fred, is taught to be generous, should not Archie be taught that he has no right to meddle, without permission, with his brother's own private property?

The eldest daughter is often made the slave—a willing slave it may be, but no less a slave—to the whims and caprices of all the younger members of the family. If she is gentle, affectionate, and self-sacrificing, this often becomes more emphatically true. She has no time to think her own thoughts, or to live her own life. She has left school it may be, with an eager desire for knowledge. The cup she has tasted has but increased her thirst, and she longs for deeper draughts. There seems to be no reason why she should not drink deeply of the fountain of living waters—and oh! there is so much to be learned, so

much to be garnered from the vast treasure houses of human thought!

Yet there is one obstacle that is nearly, if not quite, insuperable. It is in the very atmosphere that surrounds her—a certain intangible, impalpable something in the manner of those about her, which seems to say that she is selfish, and thoughtless of others, if she seeks the quiet of her own room for reading or study. I know a young girl who used to get up in the early dawn of summer mornings, hours before the rest of the family were stirring, and hours before she had had the sleep and rest she needed, to review the lessons she had learned in school,—the French and Latin that were slipping away from her. There was no earthly reason why she could not have had two hours a day to herself, without this sacrifice of her morning sleep. But she was the eldest of a large family; and though there were plenty of servants in the house, she told me that she was always made to feel that she shirked some duty or responsibility, if she went to her own chamber with book or pen.

Mothers! let your older daughters have some time to themselves each day; time to think, time to commune with their own hearts, and to live their own individual lives. It is well for them—and for you—that they should help you bear your burdens, and that they should love and care for the younger children. But do not, because you find the young shoulders are strong and willing, lay too heavy a weight upon them! Do not let the little ones cling always to the skirts of their garments. Leave them free at times to seek the healthful solitude that is good for any human soul. A wise man says that the greatest good of college and university life grows out of the fact that there a boy has a room of his own, the door of which he can close against intruders.

This subject widens and deepens as we go on; and it is one of the troubles of these Household talks of ours that it is not possible to exhaust any theme in the allotted half hour. One cannot help asking the question whether weak moral natures must always be coddled at the expense of stronger ones? Weak natures are apt to be selfish. Have we not a right to ask whether the selfishness and the weakness are not both increased, by too generous a submission on the part of stronger natures? Is not the world made illiberal, and uncharitable, by too great a fear on the part of the strong that they shall harm the weak? That is, if your education and training, and the still, small voice within, alike tell you that a certain course is right and best, and you turn aside from it merely because some weaker soul thinks it is wrong, is it certain that you help that soul? Is it not possible that if you had gone quietly on your way, obeying the dictates of your own conscience, and doing what you believed to be right, that very act might have been an illumination to the blinded eyes which would have enabled them to see farther and clearer? Are not ignorance, and weakness, and prejudice, increased by tolerant submission to their dictates on the part of strength and knowledge?

In short, is it true that the weak are always helped by having their burdens borne by the strong?

#### COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE.

Poets and novelists speak with enthusiasm of the fresh, fair cheeks of country lasses, of the abounding health and spirits of those who dwell in rural districts, but observing travellers find to their astonishment that such are the exceptions and not the rule. We venture to assert that there are more dyspeptics, more rough, unsightly complexions, more stoop-shouldered, heavy footed, and narrow chested women to be found in any rural district in proportion to the number of inhabitants than in any large city, if we except the extremely poor who swarm in attics and cellars, and among whom the signs of disease are of course very numerous, and the mortality great indeed.

If this be true, what can be the reason? Our country friends have purer air, less excitement, fresher fruits and vegetables, unadulterated milk, etc., etc., and should have largely the advantage over the inhabitants of cities. We think it must be the ill-assorted and poorly prepared food which is too often served in country houses. We do not mean to condemn all. There are doubtless many who study the laws of health, and know how to prepare wholesome and palatable viands, but how much more numerous are they who subsist on sour milk bread oftentimes green and odorous with saleratus, or salted meats, or fried eggs, and indigestible pork, till it becomes a wonder that they live at all under such unfavorable circumstances.

The writer once had the misfortune to board for six weary weeks at a place where nothing but sour milk bread was made. At first it tasted very well as it was good bread for the kind, and a change from what she had been accustomed to, but after two or three weeks it had become so distasteful to her that she would cheerfully have given a dollar for a slice of good, wholesome raised bread, but no one in the neighborhood ever made any, and it could not be procured for love or money. Besides this, corned beef was the staple for dinner about two-thirds of the time, and although she liked it very well before, she has never eaten it since when she could avoid it.

In many houses the bill of fare is something like this: For breakfast, a piece of beef steak, fried—not broiled as it should always be—coffee, doughnuts, (another fried abomination against which every healthy stomach rebels), and the afore mentioned bread of sickly hue. For dinner, some kind of salt meat, or roast pork it may be, with vegetables, etc., and pudding or pie which smacks strongly of lard. For supper, hot biscuits almost invariably—the worst time they could be eaten—with sauce, and cake, which may, like the bread, be too strongly impregnated with soda, the whole to be washed down with tea which has been thoroughly boiled instead of steeped. Rich, sweet milk is too valuable to the butter-making matron for her to allow it to be drank freely at meals.

We would respectfully suggest in



the name of health that that household god, the frying pan, be banished to some high and inaccessible shelf, or at least that it should hold a subordinate place in the culinary department instead of being the chief reliance of the cook; that pie crust should not be made exclusively of lard, but should contain some butter or cream to make it in any degree wholesome; that hot bread at night does not conduce to sound and refreshing slumber, and that in a region where hens are never on a strike, one's cake should acquire a golden hue from the use of eggs and not from such doubtful ingredients as soda and saleratus, which cause premature decay of the teeth and other disagreeable results. It may not be amiss to add that it is generally conceded that much of the fine health and clear complexion which the Jews almost invariably possess is due to their carefulness in diet, especially their abstinence from pork.

Then too, the country people do not dress as hygienically as city people. I refer to the middle class in cities, not the ultra-fashionable. A young girl of sixteen years was visiting me for a week or two in the middle of the winter from a country town some twenty miles inland. She is a farmer's daughter and was obliged to go a mile to school every day when at home, yet she wore no under-flannels of any description, though she inherits a tendency to pulmonary complaints from her mother, and has always been a delicate child. She expressed surprise that I, a strong, healthy person who had never known a sick day since childhood, though born and reared in the heart of a great city, should dress so warmly, when I was less exposed to the inclemency of the season than she, but I told her that "an ounce of prevention was better than a pound of cure."

Then too, walking is a form of exercise seldom taken by country people. If they are going anywhere they usually jump into a wagon or buggy instead of journeying on foot, though the latter would be more beneficial if the distance were not too great, as it brings the limbs into active exercise and strengthens the muscles.

The houses in the country, especially those which have been built for sometime, are not constructed with a view to the healthfulness of the occupants. Quite often the windows cannot be lowered at all, and consequently the respired air has no chance to escape. The facilities for drainage, too, are sometimes very imperfect. A young woman from this neighborhood went to a town in the mountain region of New Hampshire to spend a few weeks last summer and returned home with typhoid fever caused by bad drainage, from which she died, although she had previously been a healthy person. Six or eight persons who were boarding in the same house were also sick and if I mistake not, it proved fatal in one or two cases beside hers.

These things show us how careful we ought to be, and I have touched upon these points in a spirit of kindly criticism, hoping that some who may never have considered how much depends upon seeming trifles may be in-

duced to change for the better many of their ways of living, and while they enjoy the pure, sweet country air which floats about them like a garment of light, and which ought to give them a new lease of life with every inspiration, they may not counteract the blessings of their lot by an erroneous system of housekeeping which renders them less capable of enjoying life than the dwellers within city walls who pay proper attention to what they eat and drink, and sleep at night in well aired apartments on clean and wholesome beds.

Let me sketch an ideal country home. It stands on elevated land with a southern exposure, and all day long the gladsome sunlight enters with healing on its wings. The windows open both ways and good ventilation is thereby secured. The furniture need not be elaborate; plainness and simplicity are more befitting the place where nature holds her seat. Bouquets of flowers, wild or cultivated, may well supply the lack of other ornaments. Climbing roses and graceful vines upon the outer walls may atone for the lack of costly draperies and rare pictures on the inner side, and a soft green lawn sloping gently away from the entrance is an adequate exchange for rich carpets within.

The table, though it glitter not with cut glass or burnished silver, may be daintily spread with snowy linen and arranged with order and precision. The bread if made of flour, is light and white as foam, if made of Graham meal, which is far better, it has the rich brownness of a ripened nut. Fresh eggs and meat seasoned with sweet butter and destitute of pork fat, garnish the board; potatoes, dry and mealy, not rendered moist and unpleasant by overmuch water; pies, if need be, with more fruit than crust, cake light and golden as the heart of an egg can make it, pure honey and ripened berries or fruits for sauce, guiltless of spices or sugar, and after all, a refreshing sleep, not on a feather bed, under a stifling comforter, falsely so called, but on a sweet clean mattress, under a light woolen blanket in a room which has been purified by the sun's rays through the long, bright day.

In such an abode as this how brightly would the roses bloom on pallid cheeks, the angular, ungraceful form round into curves of beauty, the dragging footstep bound into elasticity, the clogged spirit hitherto weighed down by the weariness or weakness of the body, take flight and carol like the lark in the upper air.

O, ye who languish where the waters laugh and ripple in the sunshine, where the bird-notes crowd each other in prodigality of joy, where "all the trees of the field clap their hands and the little hills rejoice on every side," why are ye out of tune with the universal harmony? Does God mean human lives to be so burdened with their own existence that they cannot sympathize with nature? A thousand times, no! Let us sweep our homes clear of everything which hinders our highest development of body or soul, that "whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we may do all to the glory of God."

PANSY.

Boston, Mass.

#### WEDDING EXTRAVAGANCE.

At ancient Babylon weddings the guests threw pennies at the bridegroom coated with glue, so as to adhere to his person. Among Egyptians the hands of the bride are covered with paste, and as she moves about the room the guests stick coins to them. Having obtained a good supply she unloads and renews the operation. Immediately after an Absynian couple are united, a lock of hair is cut from the head of each and fastened to the other. In Dalmatia, during the last century, all the friends of the bride, male and female rode to the church decked in enormous peacock feathers. Some tribes of Jews in Europe make it a rule to smash every piece of glassware at a wedding, sparing not so much as a goblet. In Benares, the marriage ceremony consists in leading a couple into a stream of water, walking them twice around a cow, and then tying their clothes together. These customs appear very absurd to us, but they are scarcely less ridiculous and nonsensical than many of our own. Young people—and indeed parents—often betray more interest in making a display at the wedding than in the wedding ceremony itself. To create a sensation is the primary object with them and the instances are not rare where newspaper reporters are invited to be present in order to spread the affair before the public. It is very customary in New York for parents to spend a thousand dollars or more on a daughter's marriage. Frequently five times that amount is thrown away upon bridal occasions when royal banquets add to the other heavy expenses.

In the matter of presents, this tendency to extravagances particularly manifests itself. Things have come to such a pass that one is now almost expected to make over a gift of some description to every gentleman and lady friend entering wedlock. A young man recently observed in our hearing that he was going to marry, if for no other reason, to get back some of the many presents he had bestowed during the past ten years. Brides are anxious lest they should not have a good display of gifts. Gentle hints are thrown out to relatives and friends. Bridegrooms are often fearful lest they shall not make as good a showing as the other side of the house; and they likewise resort to drumming. Thus it is that unwilling conscripts are compelled to walk up and deposit their offerings at nearly every hymenial altar. And only the handsome things must be done; for are not the gifts conspicuously displayed so that all the guests can see just what each one gives?

Formerly in Wales, a "bidder" decked in ribbons, was sent through the surrounding region two weeks before a wedding to ask people to send gifts of any kind. Many dispatched circular letters by a courier, stating that "all donations would be thankfully received." This practice was so common that the printers kept "bidding" forms in type, changing or making additions to them as new marriages might require. One of these, dated Carmarthen, August 19th, 1828, reads: "We beg leave respect-

fully to acquaint you that it is our intention to enter the matrimonial state on Tuesday, September 23d. Whatever favor you may then think proper to confer on us will be gratefully acknowledged, and repaid with thanks whenever required on a similar occasion, by your humble servants, Dennis Woode, Eagenia Vaughn." We smile at perusal of this epistle; and yet is not such frankness and explicitness of purpose preferable to the covert manner in which so many now-a-days dispatch "bidders" in the shape of cards and devices?

Of course the spirit of rivalry and emulation which pervades society makes people anxious to vie with or excel one another in the amount of presents received. If A is to be married to-morrow, she cannot have less of a display than B had to-day. And so the demands upon relatives and friends constantly increase. The gifts, at an up-town wedding the other day, when an ex-officer-holder's daughter was married, amounted in value to over one hundred thousand dollars.

So rapidly has the mania for presents increased, that they are now in many instances hired for the occasion. We are assured that this is becoming quite customary; that there are to be obtained on hire at several of our large dealers, jewelry sets, plates, and other articles appropriate for wedding testimonials. There is some excuse for the poor peasantry of Eastern Ireland, who are accustomed to lease wedding-rings kept for the purpose; but what is to be thought of that love of display which covers the bridal tables with "presents" secured for the time being?

Very many of the wedding gifts are of no practical use to the receivers. How many brides, for example, receive a dozen or more fruit-baskets? They are from friends, and consequently must be neither exchanged or bartered away. If the practice of bestowing presents must continue, it would be well to revive the old Talmudist's custom of putting the articles up at auction on the wedding night for the benefit of the couple. There would be some sense in this; or in reviving the old English practice, of returning the presents to donors when they marry. In the latter case givers would select articles of value which might be useful to themselves, instead of bestowing beautiful but useless trinkets. In addition to the gift extravagance, large sums are squandered for expensive outfits, for cards, carriages, etc.; and after the ceremony is concluded, the couple think they must make a long and expensive tour before settling down. No matter what the cost may be, they must follow the customs and fashion, though they be compelled to scrimp and economize for years afterward. We have now in mind a couple who made a bridal tour to Europe, and returned home to occupy a very diminutive rented house, where they still remain, and probably will for a long time to come. They expended a sufficiently large sum on their journey to have purchased a snug, rural home near the city. And this is only one of many such cases. Young couples are returning every day from costly bridal



tours to settle themselves in narrow quarters up three or four flights of boarding house stairs. It is when starting out in life that married people particularly need money. The sensible bridegroom will suggest to his intended father-in-law that he give to his daughter, as a "nest egg," the sum which he had expected to expend on her wedding.

Nothing is surer than that the proportion of the unmarried to the married will rapidly increase, until society reforms and returns to the simple inexpensive custom of our fathers. If managing mothers find their daughters remaining on their hands, they need look no farther for an explanation than the present extravagant habits of society. Certain it is, that as matters now are, our men will continue to steer clear of matrimony, though the bachelor tax, instituted by the Emperor Augustus, and improved upon by the Maryland Assembly in 1756, were to be revived and rigidly enforced. The young man of small means would submit to any taxation rather than to marry a woman whose ideas of living called for a hundred-dollar wedding ring and a five-hundred dollar wedding tour. — *Hearth and Home*.

#### LESSONS FROM A ROSE-BUSH.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

There is a graceful rose-bush growing against the garden wall, and a little while ago—only a little while—it was crowned with beautiful bunches of sweet white roses.

It was to us then as another presence, a living, holy presence, reaching out its offerings of love and joy; and we used to sit in its goodly shadow, dreaming of all things beautiful and pure, thinking of the noble service of those lives which blossom into beautiful words and beautiful deeds, which are spent in making the world brighter and better.

O, what a garden of loveliness would earth become did we sit down oftener under our rose-bushes, did we study more faithfully the lessons of beauty and un-selfishness which we might learn from them.

But in an evil day there came over the rose-tree a sad, sad change.

The air was as soft, the sky was as bright as ever, and the sunbeams threw about it the same golden tissue; but the spoiler's hand had touched it, and its glory was tarnished.

Standing a little aside, for we could not love it quite as we had used to do, we looked reproachfully at the thousands of little worms that were consuming its loveliness and destroying its vitality—looked at them and thought of those other worms, the poisonous thoughts and evil habits which are sometimes eating out the fabric of human character, even threatening to consume the soul itself.

Then I remembered how the Destroyer has set his seal upon everything of earth, and I wondered if I needed to see my beautiful rose-bush rifled so to remind me that there is no lasting joy for us here, that the sweet and the bitter, grace and deformity, are closely interwoven through all our lives.

We may thank God that He did not fit up this world so perfectly as to leave us no place for holier longings; may thank him that when earth fails us we have still the prospect of joys which are changeless forever more.

All this I thought and much beside, standing by the white rose-bush; then clipping off a stem of leaves and blossoms, I noticed that these little ravagers were not all alike, that some of them were bright-hued while others were almost colorless. Clinging to the leaves there were scores of them of the same rich green as the leaves themselves, but among the white petals of the roses they were scarcely tinged with color, being almost as white as were the flowers.

Wherefore is it that these little creatures are so like and yet so unlike? Whence the mystery?

Have you never read, in the schoolmen's lore, about those specimens of animal life that assume the color of the food they eat, that are green or brown or scarlet or any other color, and sometimes of no color at all, according to that from which they extract their living? Here we have a beautiful illustration of this suggestive fact; for if the worms that are green now had eaten of the delicate petals of the flowers they would have been colorless too, and if those little white worms had lived upon the coloring matter of the leaves they would have been of the same deep green.

And just here lies the lesson which these little creeping things may teach, the lesson that reminds us how we take on the shade and character of our surroundings, of the intellectual and spiritual food upon which we subsist.

It is not our bodies that are affected thus, not the material bread we eat that can produce such a change, then were it of smaller moment; but *ourselves*, the mind and the soul, are assimilated unto the nature of that upon which we feed them.

It is the company we keep, the circumstances that surround us, the books we read or study, and our thoughts as well, the hopes and aspirations that we are cherishing, the desires we nurture and the ideals unto which we are striving to attain, that are moulding and coloring our character, our real selves.

If we associate with the low and profane, with those who are striving for no treasures than the earthly, we are not slow in placing our own standard on the same inglorious level, are not slow in acquiring their unholy practices and sordid habits, such copyists are we.

But if we delight most in those who are sitting daily at the Saviour's feet, we shall breathe the same pure air, shall be fed by the same heavenly manna that is transforming their souls into the likeness of our glorious pattern.

And as we are moved by others, so in like manner do we influence them; as our lives are made purer or more unworthy by their example, so do we inspire within them holier ambitions and nobler purposes, or we lead them away from the excellent and the good.

O, it is fitting then that we guard well the avenues of our influence; that every word and every act be regulated by love to God and love for the souls

of our fellow-men; that our hearts, which are the fountain of life, be cleansed from everything that might befoul the out-gushing streams.

The intellectual bread with which we are feeding our minds gives them their coloring; the circumstances in which we place ourselves help mould our character; even our thoughts become a part of ourselves, so closely are they interwoven with the fabric of our inner beings; and in the same measure that these are high and holy or base and sordid, will our lives become sublime, or only low and grovelling.

It is thus we are each the fashioner of our own character; for the food which is within our reach, is of every conceivable shade, and it is for us to choose whether we will partake of that which will stain our souls, or make them pure and beautiful; whether we will grow strong and healthy, or weak and fearfully diseased.

But alas, all our appetites are carnal, our power to choose is weakened by sin, and even when we would do well some unseen force is holding us captive.

Fettered and nerveless, small indeed would be our hope were it not for the loving-kindness of One whose strength is made perfect in weakness, were there not for us a blessed release from these earth-fetters when we only ask to be delivered from their galling weight.

Yes, looking unto the All-wise, we may learn how to reject those poisonous morsels that yet are so sweet to our morbid taste, may learn how to choose meat which will nurture all high and holy aspirations, which will develop a pure and symmetrical life, making our souls as spotless as these little insects whose food has been only the sweet petals of the lovely white rose.

#### HELPS TO HEALTH FOR MOTHERS AND INFANTS.

Number Two.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

The months of July and August have come to be dreaded by young mothers, for during these months so many infants and young children are yearly swept away by disease and death. And not until October does the watchful mother begin to breathe more freely and to "thank God and take courage."

Thousands of mothers all over the land are seeking and praying for help to bring their children safely through this trying period of the year; others are running headlong into danger and preparing for themselves bitterness and sorrow, from an utter ignorance of what is good for themselves or for their children, full of love perhaps, for their children, but ignorant of those laws of health that it is necessary for them to practise; ignorant of the cause of disease or its cure.

To these with a heart full of sympathy I would speak. First as to causes. These are mainly:

1. Improper food.
2. Unsuitable clothing.
3. Impure air.
4. Unfavorable mental influences.

All these affect the digestion, and

whatever tends to prevent or retard digestion, tends to produce diarrhea, inflammation of the bowels, cholera infantum, etc.

At a medical meeting held in New York, in June 1875, Dr. Fuller Walker read an interesting paper called "Enterocolitis" in which he says:

"My data show that about nine-tenths of these cases occur between the ages of seven months and two and one-half years, or at that period in life when the mother begins to feed the infant with other food than that offered by the breast.

Undoubtedly the gravest error committed by parents is in the matter of giving food to their children. I find it to be almost always the fact that a child suffering from inflammation of the bowels has been fed with bits of everything that is going about the house. Not more than ten cases out of the three hundred occurred in children below the age of six months, and not more than twenty-five in children over three years of age. These facts show that bowel complaints commence in children from the time those having them in charge begin to stuff them with a great variety of food, much of which is totally unsuited for their little stomachs and tender bowels."

Does not this seem reasonable? It is a well established fact that infants cannot digest the same articles of food that are eaten by grown persons. At first the infant can digest only milk; the cutting of the first teeth shows us that a change is going on in the organs of digestion and that nature is preparing the digestive organs to take other food; but this change is very gradual, and not until the first set of teeth are all through (twenty in number), may we venture to feed the child with the family at the table; because the child will naturally wish to imitate its mother and others in eating whatever is set upon the table, especially if it have a bright and attractive appearance. Then if the child is allowed to taste of this and that, to eat in short whatever it cries for, in a short time the chances are that illness will result. For all the food that is not digested or dissolved in the stomach is after much pain and fruitless effort, passed on to the intestinal canal, and all this effort of nature takes strength and blood and vitality and makes the child not stronger but just so much weaker, and less able to digest his next meal. Then when this undigested or partially digested food has passed through the stomach and the first division of the large intestine without being digested, the last chance for obtaining any nutriment from it has gone; it must go on as a foreign and offending substance through the remaining divisions of the intestines, causing irritation and suffering until it is expelled from the body. Can we wonder that in so many instances the result is inflammation of the bowels, cholera infantum and death?

But says one: "Let the child come to the table for his regular meals but be firm in refusing him all food that is not good for him."

Digestion is best performed and we derive the greatest benefit from our food only when feeling happy and tranquil. Now neither mother nor child, nor any one else at table, can have



any peace or enjoyment of a meal while a battle is going on with a child or even if the child submits, for so young a child has not mental or moral force enough to enable it to submit to repeated petty disappointments with cheerfulness. Such grace is rare even in older people. No matter how poor a family may be, the mother of a young child should have her meals in peace and cheerfulness. This is necessary to secure for her a good digestion that her milk may be good in quality and quantity, to nourish her young and delicate child. No other food is so good as the milk of the mother, especially if she be a healthy, cheerful woman. And in order that this nourishment may be good and abundant, the health of the mother should be carefully cherished. She should have plenty of help and cheer, plenty of fresh air and nourishing food, rest and recreation, love and sympathy. And all these are equally important and beneficial to the child.

But let us now consider what kinds of food are most suitable for a child when dentition is so far advanced as to show that he needs other food, or is able to digest other aliment than milk. A small, tender piece of mutton or beef may be put into cold water and heated and boiled slowly for several hours, adding only a little salt and rice, then strained and left to cool. When cold remove any fat that may be upon the top and a nice jelly will remain. This forms an excellent nourishment for young children, taken in small quantities two or three times a day.

It may be eaten cold or warm as the child prefers it. Perhaps it is better to have it slightly warmed. It should be prepared in small quantities and kept in a perfectly cool, sweet place, for it is all-important that all the food given to the child be fresh and relishing. Then for a change give the child rice well boiled, with cream and white sugar, or rice gruel prepared from ground rice; or arrow-root, corn-starch, milk-porridge, sago, prepared barley, etc. The taste of the infant must be consulted and the effects of each article of food carefully noted, for what is good for one child may not always suit another. Children as well as grown people have different tastes and different stomachs. But very much depends upon the skill employed in the preparation of food. Let no true woman neglect to perfect herself in this most useful and valuable accomplishment.

Children require to be fed oftener than grown people, but yet not too frequently. The stomach must have time to dispose of one meal and also to rest a little before the next meal is taken. Regularity is important, promoting good digestion and good temper, with children as well as with grown people.

The subject of the diet of young children seems inexhaustible and I fear I have already wearied my readers, but I must mention before closing the importance of giving the child fresh cold water as often as it desires it. A child while teething and even before any teeth appear often suffers extremely from thirst, and a little cold water given occasionally will add very much to its comfort and health.

## 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 sent for a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap and liked it so much I immediately ordered a box from Parsons & Bugbee of Providence. I never used soap I liked as well and would recommend it very highly to others.

MRS. LYDIA B. METCALF.  
East Cumberland, R. I.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have a servant that has been in the family several years, and in that time I have had Doty's Washer, a Steam Washer and several kinds of patent soap, but she has discarded them all and thought there was nothing equal to lye soap, the wash board and her two fists, but after two trials of Dobbins' Electric Soap she was forced to acknowledge that the clothes did wash a great deal easier and were as white as when boiled and bleached, saving the time and trouble. In fact, superior to anything we had ever used, consequently I want more, and so do my neighbors, and our grocer says he will order some instant. Yours with kind wishes,

MRS. W. M. NELSON.  
Equinunk, Pa.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I sent for and received a sample bar of Dobbins' Electric Soap, too late to use last week but gave it a good trial this week. I find it all and more than recommended. Indeed no word that I can say will do it justice. I have ordered a box of it, C. O. D. Three of the merchants have now promised me to send for it, but I want a box of my own. Am going to get all of the dealers in soap here to try a box of your excellent soap and I hope they will do it. Yours respectfully,

MRS. A. M. LAGGARD.  
Emporium, Cameron Co., Pa.

To Mrs. M. A. J. You wished me if I tried the "Dobbins Electric Soap" to write you my opinion about it. I have now used it three weeks, and I must say it goes beyond all my expectations, and each week I have liked it much better. I think besides washing the white clothes, it is the very best soap I ever tried for washing calicoes and flannels. I got it in New Haven, and tried it one week, then asked my grocer to send for some. He has done so and I have recommended it to my friends, a number which have tried it like it, and now I shall not want any other. I cannot speak in its praise too highly and feel as though I wanted all the world to know of its merit. Now, please pardon me for writing you so long a letter for I did not intend when I began to trouble you to read so much, but as I am in earnest about the soap I could not help writing about it.

Milford, N. H. MRS. N. G. JR.

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

WE TRUST every one of our present subscribers will send us a half dozen or more trial subscribers before Oct. 1st. See A Trial Trip, on last page.

DYSPEPSIA IS A HYDRA-HEADED monster, from which originate nearly all "the ills the human flesh is heir to." The Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the protoxide of Iron, is a long-tried and well-established remedy for this distressing complaint; it has cured thousands when other remedies have failed.

MANY SUFFER rather than take nauseous medicine. Sufferers from coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, or tendency to Consumption, will find in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry a remedy as agreeable to the palate as effectual in removing disease. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

WE HAVE SEEN POOR, SICKLY, RICKETY CHILDREN, who's chief diet has been Starch and Arrowroot, grow strong and healthy when changed to Ridge's Food. A leading London paper says it is full of flesh forming particles and is competent to support life single handed.

For an article of great utility, and which will prove a blessing to every housewife, we refer our lady readers to an illustrated advertisement in another column of the DOVER EGG BEATER. Grocers, hardware dealers, in fact all storekeepers will do well to have it on sale.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &C.

The tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &C.

These pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines preserved in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner SIXTH and ARCH STS., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

According to the experience of those who for years have been in the habit of purchasing groceries in large quantities it is much the most economical way; especially is this the case with those goods which improve with age, of which class soap is a notable representative. Bear in mind then that the American Peerless Soap improves with age and that no family should be without a box instead of buying it from "hand to mouth," as is too often done.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., one of the oldest, most extensive and reliable establishments in the United States. 9-2f.

We wish to have our readers bear in mind the crushed wheat manufactured by Messrs. F. E. Smith & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., of which frequent mention has been made in these columns. Having used this article for several months it has become with us well nigh indispensable. As a breakfast dish, fresh from the boiler, it is delicious, and for a lunch, cold or otherwise, it is unrivaled. We hope its use will continue to increase.

The best newspaper for the money it costs, and pronounced by all competent, intelligent critics the leading American newspaper, is The New York Tribune. This is not a matter of exaggeration, but an existing fact. The Tribune paid for its news and correspondence alone last year more than \$1,500,000. In repayment for such enterprise the American reading people are greatly increasing its circulation, patronage, and business prosperity. It does not give all the sensational news, but you will find a full record of all that is worth knowing. In current events from all parts of the globe, in stating fully the progress of scientific investigation, in presenting a comprehensive statement of religious and theological teachings, in correspondence, in editorials, agricultural articles, literary matter, and market reports, The Tribune fairly excels.



MRS. D. A. INWOOD'S CELEBRATED DIAGRAM FOR DRESS CUTTING, with Illustrated Book of Instructions, \$1.50. Also, STAR FLOUNCE, FOLD, POINT AND SCOLLOP CUTTER, \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Send stamp for circular. East Somerville, Mass. 1-9eomd



FOR MOth-PATCHES, FRECKLES,

AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or DR. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.



**GILES' LINIMENT**

**IODIDE OF AMMONIA**

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frost-bites, Chills, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every kind in man or animal.

"Thrown from my wagon on the ice, splintering the bones of one wrist, spraining the other, and suffering from severe contusion about the head. One bottle of GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA reduced the swelling and took away the intense pain. There can be no mistake in regard to its great virtues."

W. L. COOK, Islip, Editor Long Island Herald.

Sold by all Druggists. Depot 451 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Only 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

Once Joined, Never Divided!



To introduce our Superior Style of Table Cutlery, we will send to any address by mail, post-paid, upon the receipt of \$1.00, one of our Beautiful Steel-Bladed, Hot-Water Proof Handled Butter-Knives, Silver-Plated Throughout. Worth twice the money. Circulars, giving full description and Post-paid price of all our styles, sent on application.

WOODS CUTLERY CO., Antrim, N. H.



**EMPIRE**  
[Self-Inking] and  
**BOSTON PRESSES.**

For Job Printers & Amateurs. Prices of Presses and outfits from \$4 upwards. Send 6c. for our splendid new Catalogue of Presses, Cuts, &c., just out, with complete illustrated instructions for beginners. Gorham & Co. 143 Washington St., Boston.

Printing Office complete for \$5 5-6adv

**10 DOLLARS PER DAY**

AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.



**SPECIAL PREMIUMS!****Open to All.**

The attention of our readers is called to the following list of Special Premiums which will be given to our agents, in addition to the regular premiums and commissions allowed them.

To the agent sending us the largest list of yearly subscribers previous to Oct. 1st 1875 we will give

**A COTTAGE ORGAN, worth \$200.**

For the Second largest list

**A GOLD WATCH, worth \$100.**

For the Third,

either **A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$80,**  
or **APPLETON'S AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, worth \$80.**

For the Fourth,

either **AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50,**  
or **A SILVER WATCH, worth \$50.**

For the Fifth, Prang's Beautiful Chromo,

**REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN, worth \$25.**

The above selection of Premiums is designed to be equally desirable by ladies and gentleman for which reason a choice of two articles is given in the third and fourth offers.

**ANOTHER LIST****DESIGNED FOR COUNTY AGENTS.**

The campaign of 1875 is to be conducted mainly by COUNTY AGENTS of whom we have already appointed a large number. We hope to have one in each county in the United States before January, 1876. These agents receive a circular containing terms, etc., and giving the quota of subscribers to be raised in each county, based upon its population, location, and other circumstances and the person who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from any County in proportion to the quota assigned to it, before Oct. 1st 1875 will receive

**A SEWING MACHINE, worth \$75.**

For the Second largest list we will give

**AN ELEGANT SILVER TEA SET, worth \$50.**

For the Third

**A SILVER WATCH, worth \$35.**

For the Fourth,

**A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$30.**

For the Fifth

**A CHILD'S CARRIAGE, worth \$20.**

For the Sixth

**A CRAYON PORTRAIT, worth \$15,**  
(Life size and copied from any picture.)

For the Seventh,

**A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.**

For the Eighth, Prang's Brilliant Chromo,

**SUNSET IN CALIFORNIA, worth \$10.**

For the Ninth

**Family Scales, (24 lbs.) worth \$5.**

For the Tenth

**A Gold Pen, worth \$3.**

Remember these premiums are to be given to the agents procuring the largest number of subscribers in proportion to their quotas—so that all have an equal chance, and the most valuable premium may be earned by the smallest list.

**To Single Subscribers.**

We have on our subscription books the names of several thousands of SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS. A single subscriber is not necessarily an unmarried one but merely one whose copy of THE HOUSEHOLD is the only one taken at his or her postoffice. Those who receive this paper in wrappers (except in a few of the large cities where all are wrapped) will understand that they are single subscribers and therefore interested in this paragraph. Now it is just as easy for us to send fifty or a hundred copies to an office as one and we much rather do it, so we call upon those friends to send us lists of sub-

scribers from their postoffices and not compel us to wrap each paper singly—you have no idea of the large amount of work it causes every month. No matter if you don't get but one name besides your own. That will be two and that will make a bundle. Read what we will do for you: To the single subscriber who shall send us the largest list of yearly subscribers from their own postoffice we will give

**A BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, worth \$12.00.**

For the Second largest list we will give

**A Family Clothes Wringer, worth \$7.50.**

For the Third,

**A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, worth \$5.00.**

For the Fourth, a copy of

**GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE U. S., worth \$3.50.**

For the Fifth,

**A GOLD PEN WITH SILVER CASE, worth \$2.50.**

Many of these single subscribers will, we hope, become County Agents and thus compete for the other prizes also.

**4thly and to Conclude.**

To the agent sending subscribers from THE GREATEST NUMBER OF POSTOFFICES we will give a copy of

**WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, worth \$12.**

For information regarding postage, etc., see items in Our Desk on last page.

**BOYS****LOOK HERE!**

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

**High Flyer Kite?**

A patent Kite Frame made by machinery so that it can be put together in five minutes, and a tough manilla covering printed in colors.

The best Flying Kite ever made. Thirty inches wide and three feet high, and weighing only four ounces.

Inquire for it at the stores, or send for a description to

**MILTON BRADLEY & CO.,**  
Springfield, Mass.

**\$ MONEY FOR AGENTS IN our** ten New Novelties just out; needed in every house; sample and circulars free by mail. H. B. WHITE & CO., Newark, New Jersey. 6-4ins

**BRADLEY'S PATENT CROQUET**

is the BEST ever made because no other has the **SOCKET BRIDGES** or **IRIDEXICAL BALLS.**

The Socket Bridges double the value of any set without increasing the cost to the purchaser.

**MILTON BRADLEY & CO.,**  
Springfield, Mass.

**LA SELL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN,** Auburndale, (near Boston,) Mass. Attractive home; best instruction in all branches; special care of health, manners and morals; nearly full. Next year begins Sep. 23. Address early. 7-3c **CHARLES C. BRADON, Principal.**

**ANY PERSON**

**not already a subscriber**

**to THE HOUSEHOLD**

**can secure a ticket for**

**THE TRIAL TRIP**

**of three months (postage**

**paid) for only**

**TEN CENTS.**

**A GOLD DOLLAR**

**will be given the person**

**sending us the largest**

**number of Trial Sub-**

**scriptions**

**Before Oct. 1st, 1875.**

1868. 1875.

**THE HOUSEHOLD****For 1875.**

Friends, one and all, thanking you for your presence and patronage in the past, we herewith present you with our

**PROGRAMME FOR VOL. 8TH.****A New Volume!****New Type!!****New Contributors!!!****New Subscribers!!!!****A Better Paper for Less Money!**

We take much pleasure in announcing to our readers that in addition to retaining all of our present excellent corps of contributors for the coming year, we have secured the services of several new writers of rare ability, the whole forming a list unequalled by any similar magazine in the country, and insuring to the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD for 1875 a volume of unusual attractiveness and value. Among our new contributors will be found **ROSELLA RICE**, who under the nom de plume of Pipsissway Potts, wrote the well known and universally admired series of articles entitled "The Deacon's Household," and **ETHEL C. GALE**, formerly a prominent contributor to *Hearth and Home*. Our readers will be pleased to know that these ladies will contribute regularly to our columns. **MRS. DÖRR** will continue her admirable series "To Whom It May Concern," in which all are concerned—in short our bill of fare is to be of the most unexceptionable quality as will be seen from the following

**LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR 1875.**

**Mrs. JULIA C. R. DÖRR,**  
**Mrs. JULIA A. CARNEY,**  
**ROSELLA RICE,**  
**ETHEL C. GALE,**  
**ANNA HOLYOKE,**  
**Dr. J. H. HANAFORD,**  
**Prof. HIRAM ORCUTT, (Experience),**  
**Mrs. BERNICE D. AMES,**  
**Mrs. SARAH E. AMES,**  
**HELEN THORNTON.**  
**C. DORA NICKERSON, (Kitty Candid)**  
**MARY CUTTS,**  
**Mrs. ELISA E. ANTHONY,**  
**ELLEN LYMAN, (U. U.)**  
**LIZZIE E. PINCOTT,**  
**ALICE W. QUIMBY,**  
**OLIVE OLDSTYLE,**  
**E. D. KENDALL, (E. D. K.)**  
**AUNT LEISURELY,**  
**GYPSEY TRAIKE,**  
**SARAH J. B. COLE,**  
**CHRISTABEL,**  
**BARBARA BRANDT,**  
**A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD,**  
**EDITH ELLIOT,**

and others who will contribute more or less frequently to our columns.

We shall procure, wholly or in part, a new dress for THE HOUSEHOLD, which we hope to have ready for the new volume, and make other improvements in its appearance from time to time as may be desirable and practicable.

At the same time, notwithstanding the extra expense we have incurred and the increased value of the paper in consequence, the price will remain the same, though many publishers are adding from 25 to 50 cents to their publications without making any improvements, on account of the new law requiring prepayment of postage after January 1, 1875. In fact THE HOUSEHOLD will ACTUALLY COST A LITTLE LESS than heretofore as we shall send it for the coming year prepaid for

**One Dollar and Ten Cts.**

making it by far THE CHEAPEST PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

**THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled.

**MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.**

**MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD AND NERVOUS DISEASES.****A Book for Every Man,**

**JUST** published by the Peabody Medical Institute; a new edition of the celebrated medical work entitled **SELF-PRESERVATION**. It treats upon **MANHOOD**, how lost, how regained and how perpetuated, cause and cure of **EXHAUSTED VITALITY, IMPOTENCY, Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Gloomy Forebodings, Mental Depression, Loss of Energy, Haggard Countenance, Confusion of Mind and Loss of Memory, Impure State of the Blood, and all diseases arising from indiscretions or excesses.**

It is, indeed, a book for every man, young and middle-aged men in particular. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth, illustrated, price only \$1.

**A Book for Every Woman.**

Entitled, **SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY OF WOMAN, AND HER DISEASES**; or, *Woman treated of Physiologically and Pathologically*, in health and disease, from *Infancy to Old Age*. 350 pages, bound in beautiful French cloth. With the very best prescriptions for prevailing diseases. Price \$2.00.

**A Book for Everybody.**

The Peabody Institute has also just published a new book treating exclusively of **NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES**, more than two hundred royal octavo pages, twenty elegant engravings, bound in substantial muslin, price \$2.

Either of the above books are sent by mail to any part of the world, closely sealed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Or all three books sent to one address at the same time on receipt of only \$4. Here is offered over eight hundred and fifty pages of the ablest and best printed and bound popular medical science and literature, on subjects of vital importance to all, for only \$4—barely enough to pay for mailing. It should be borne in mind that these great Medical Works are published by the **Peabody Medical Institute**, an honored institution, established with large funds for the sole purpose of doing good. These are, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary works on Physiology ever published. There is nothing whatever that the **Married or Single of either sex** can either require or wish to know, but what is fully explained, and many matters of the most important and interesting character are introduced, to which no allusion ever can be found in any other works in our language. All the *New Discoveries* of the author, whose experience is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any man, are given in full. No person should be without these valuable books. The press throughout the country, the clergy and the medical faculty generally highly extol these extraordinary and useful works. The most fastidious may read them.

Address the **PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE**, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House), Boston, Mass., N. B. The author and consulting physicians can be consulted on all of the above named diseases, and all diseases requiring **SKILL AND EXPERIENCE.** 1-12

**MORE THAN 200,000****'FAMILY FAVORITES'**

bear constant witness to its superiority over any Sewing Machine ever manufactured. These machines are manufactured by the **Weed Sewing Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn.,** and sold by agents or canvassers in almost every section of the U. S.

**TRY THEM.**

**IMPORTANT CUTTING BIAS TRIMMING** made a pastime by using **ELLIOTT'S SCALE GUIDE**. Every lady knows the difficulty of cutting Bias of uniform and accurate width. With this Guide a mistake is impossible and the work can be performed as accurately and rapidly as the cutting of a straight strip. We send the Guide Scale by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of 50 cents. Agents to introduce this wonderful improvement wanted everywhere. Address **SCALE GUIDE CO., 43 Broomfield Street, Boston, Mass.** 7-4d

**200** **DECALCOMANIE PICTURES** and list sent post paid for 25 cts. **GEO. BOLES, 165 Tremont St., Boston, Ms.**



## TILDEN LADIES' SEMINARY.

FALL SESSION BEGINS ON MONDAY,  
SEPT. 13TH, 1875.

We have added to our large and permanent Board of Instruction, a practical and efficient Elocutionist, who will drill by sections, the whole school in reading and elocution, as a specialty. Send for a Catalogue to

HIRAM ORCUTT, A. M.,  
West Lebanon, N. H.

July 1, 1875.

## QUININE HAIR TONIC!

Still growing in public favor. Each month increases its sales nearly double that of the previous month. The following are some of the reasons why it pleases so universally.

**BAYOLINE** never fails to stop falling out of hair.

**BAYOLINE** will immediately eradicate dandruff.

**BAYOLINE** keeps the hair soft and pliable.

**BAYOLINE** is as clean as pure water.

**BAYOLINE** will not color the hair.

**BAYOLINE** has won for itself a popularity which has never before been equalled by any other preparation recommended for the same purpose. All who have used it are willing to vouch for its ability to perform all that is claimed for it. It is without doubt the best Hair Dressing ever used. Prepared by

**LEVI TOWER, JR., BOSTON.**

Sold Everywhere. 50 cents a bottle.

As a guarantee of the reliability of **BAYOLINE** we are permitted to use the name of **GEO. H. NICHOLS, M. D.**, who has used it in his family with exceedingly beneficial results, and is perfectly acquainted with its composition. He unhesitatingly recommends it to his patients, and declares it free from any injurious substance.

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## THE BEST OFFER EVER MADE!

**Read!**  
**Reflect!!**  
**Resolve!!!**

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have made an arrangement with the manufacturers of the most popular organ in the country by which we are able to offer

## AN ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN

for its value in subscriptions to The Household. In other words for \$200 (and \$20 to prepay postage), we will send Two Hundred copies of The Household for one year, and an Estey Cottage Organ worth \$200, or one of any other style or price on the same terms.

Hundreds of families can now be supplied with these beautiful and valuable instruments without any money and with but little trouble.

Societies of every kind are particularly invited to consider this proposition. A few day's work by two or three interested members, would furnish church, vestry, hall or lodge-room, with a nice organ when it would be difficult and often impossible to procure one by direct subscription. Catalogues containing styles and prices furnished on application.

Remember that one yearly subscription to The Household counts as One Dollar toward a Cottage Organ of any style or price desired.

We have also a similar arrangement with the manufacturers of one of the best Sewing Machines in use so that any one may have

## A Weed Sewing Machine

for its value in subscriptions to The Household. That is, for \$60 (and \$6 to prepay postage), we will send Sixty copies of The Household for one year and a Weed Sewing Machine worth \$60, or one of any other style or value on the same terms.

Ladies here is a chance for you. The Weed is a well-known and first-class machine and this offer places one within the reach of nearly every person.

Subscriptions may commence at any time and be sent from any number of Post-offices—the more the better.

**GEO. E. CROWELL,**  
Pub. of Household.

## POLAND

## Mineral Spring Water

CURES ALL

Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Piles, Dropsy, and all Affections of the Liver.

References of the highest responsibility abundant. Send for Circular.

## LIST OF PRICES.

Barrels, . . . . . \$7.00  
Half Barrels, . . . . . 4.50  
By the Gallon, . . . . . .50

**JACOB GRAVES & CO., AGENTS,**  
26 No. Market Street, Boston.

12 Chromos for \$1. The grandest chance ever offered agents. We will mail to any address, post paid, 12 beautiful Oil Chromos, size 9x11, mounted, on receipt of \$1. Sell for \$3 in an hour. Try a chromo agency, it is the best paying agency out. Everybody loves and buys pictures. We have work and money for all, men and women, boys and girls, whole or spare time, daytime or evening, at home or traveling. Inclose \$1 in a letter. Chromos by return mail. They sell at sight.

**WANTED** Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, gold Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents. Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue. Address, F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

## EMPLOYMENT,

Pleasant and profitable. Catalogue with full particulars and sample free. E. M. DOUGLAS, 12-12 Brattleboro, Vt.



**J. ESTEY & CO.**  
Brattleboro, Vt.  
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

## Competition Confounded!!

THE UNRIVALLED EXCELLENCE AND POPULARITY OF

## BIGLOW &amp; MAIN'S

## Sunday School Song Books

PLACES THEM

FAR IN ADVANCE OF ALL

COMPETING BOOKS.

Booksellers know this, for they sell them.

## Brightest and Best

(Just Published)

OVER 100,000 COPIES SOLD AND DELIVERED DURING MONTH OF MAY.

## Royal Diadem

(A WORTHY FAVORITE.) ABOUT 400,000 COPIES SOLD.

## Pure Gold

(OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.) NEARLY ONE MILLION COPIES HAVE BEEN SOLD.

## Winnowed Hymns

FOR PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS,

Is being adopted everywhere. Over 350,000 Copies already sold.

One Copy of either of the above sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

## BIGLOW &amp; MAIN,

76 East Ninth Street, New York,  
91 Washington Street, Chicago.

Agents for the best-selling Prize Package in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, gold Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25c. Circular free. 6-31ms BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

## CENTRAL VERMONT RAILROAD.

## SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 4:20 and 8:25 a. m.; at 2:00 and 3:30 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:30 p. m., connecting at New London with steamer for New York.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Ogdensburg at 12:40 p. m., Montreal at 3:50 p. m., St. Albans at 7:25 p. m., Brattleboro at 4:20 a. m., for Springfield, New York, &c.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 8:25 a. m., arriving at New London at 5:15 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave White River Junction at 5:00 p. m., Rutland at 3:30 p. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 8:40 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., reaching Miller's Falls at 2:50 p. m.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 4:55 p. m., 10:20 p. m.

MAIL TRAIN.—Leave New London at 5:00 a. m., Brattleboro at 10:30 a. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, and Ogdensburg.

MIXED TRAIN.—Leave Brattleboro at 7:15 a. m., for Bellows Falls and White River Junction.

EXPRESS TRAIN.—Leave Miller's Falls at 11:25 a. m., arriving at Brattleboro at 12:24 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.—Leave New London at 8:25 a. m., Brattleboro at 4:55 p. m., for White River Junction.

NIGHT EXPRESS.—Leave Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., for White River Junction, Rutland, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal and Ogdensburg.

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

J. W. HOBART, Gen'l Sup't. St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875.

## Household Premiums.

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

No.	PREMIUM.	Price.	No. of Subs.
1	One box Initial Stationary,	\$0 50	2
2	Indelible Pencil, (Clark's),	50	2
3	Embroidery Scissors,	50	2
4	Name, Plate, brush mk, etc.,	60	2
5	Ladies' Ivory handle Penknife,	75	3
6	Autograph Album,	1 00	3
7	Package Garden Seeds,	1 00	3
8	Package Flower Seeds,	1 00	3
9	Half Chromo, Autumn Leaves,		
	Winter Wren or May Flowers,	1 00	3
10	Butter Knife, (silver plated),	1 00	3
11	Turkey Morocco Pocket Book,	1 00	3
12	Set Jet Jewelry,	1 50	4
13	One vol. Household,	1 00	4
14	Six Teaspoons, (silver plated)	1 75	5
15	Pair Tablespoons, (silver plated)	2 00	5
16	Six Scotch Pl'd Napkin Rings,	2 00	5
17	Rosewood Writing Desk,	2 25	5
18	Rosewood Work Box,	2 50	5
19	Gold Pen with Silver Case,	2 50	6
20	Photograph Album,	3 00	7
21	Gilt Cup,	2 75	7
22	Six Tea Knives, (ebony handles),	2 50	7
23	Pie Knife, (silver plated),	3 00	8
24	Soup Ladle, (silver plated),	3 50	9
25	1 doz. Teaspoons, (silver plated),	3 50	8
26	Family scales, (12 lbs., Shaler)	4 00	8
27	Six Tablespoons, (silver plated),	4 00	9
28	Six Dining Forks, (silver plated),	4 00	9
29	Family scales, (24 lbs., Shaler)	5 00	10
30	1 doz. Tea Knives, (ebony handle),	5 00	10
31	Sheet Music, (Agts. selection)	5 00	10
32	Child's knife, fork and spoon	5 00	12
33	Hf. Chromo, Morn'g or Even'g	5 00	12
34	Gold Pen and Pencil,	6 00	12
35	Carving Knife and Fork,	6 00	12
36	Spoon Holder, (silver plated),	6 50	14
37	Folding Chair,	5 50	16
38	Croquet Set,	6 50	14
39	Family scales, (50 lbs., Shaler)	7 00	14
40	Clothes Wringer,	7 50	15
41	Webster's N'tional Dictionary,	6 00	15
42	Syrup Cup and Plate, (silver plated),	8 00	18
43	Six Tea Knives, (silver plated)	8 00	18
44	Fruit Dish, (silver plated),	7 00	16
45	Gold Pen and Holder,	7 50	17
46	1 doz. Tablespoons, (silver plated),	8 00	18
47	1 doz. Dining Forks, (silver plated),	8 00	18
48	Photograph Album,	10 00	18
49	Stereoscope and 50 views,	10 00	20
50	Elegant Family Bible,	10 00	20
51	Folding Chair,	8 00	24
52	1-2 doz. napkin rings, in case,	8 00	22
53	Child's Carriage,	10 00	25
54	Cash,	6 25	25
55	Castor, (silver plated),	10 00	25
56	Sewing Machine, (Beckwith),	12 00	24
57	Cake Basket, (silver plated),	12 00	30
58	Chromo, Sunlight in Winter,	10 00	25
59	1 doz. Tea Knives, (silver plated),	14 50	30
60	Photograph Album,	18 50	30
61	Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,	12 00	30
62	Folding Chair,	20 00	50
63	Guitar,	20 00	40
64	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	20 00	45
65	Ice Pitcher, (silver plated),	20 00	50
66	Child's Carriage,	25 00	60
67	Silver Watch, (Waltham),	35 00	50
68	Bickford Knitting Machine,	30 00	75
69	Harper's Pictorial Bible,	35 00	80
70	Cash,	35 00	100
71	Lawn Mower, (Allen & Co.'s),	45 00	100
72	Tea Set, (silver plated), elegant,	50 00	100
73	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	60 00	60
74	Lamb Knitting Machine,	65 00	125
75	Ladies' Gold Watch,	80 00	175
76	American Cyclopaedia, (Appleton's)	80 00	200
77	Sewing Machine, (Weed),	100 00	100
78	Irving's Works, (Sunnyside Edition, 28 volumes),	105 00	250
79	Dicken's Works, (Riverside Edition, 27 volumes),	108 00	200
80	Gent's Gold Watch,	125 00	275
81	Cottage Organ, (Estey),	150 00	150
82	Cooper's Works, (Library Edition, 32 volumes),	144 00	350
83	Cash,	400 00	1000
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85	Piano, splendid 7 Oct., (Bening & Klux),	700 00	1500

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A **BLUE CROSS** before this paragraph signifies that the subscription has expired. We should be pleased to have it renewed. Do not wait for an agent to visit you, but enclose \$1.10 in a letter, giving name and post office address plainly written—including the State—and direct the same to Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro, Vt. Don't send *Personal Checks*, we cannot use them.

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

SEE OUR OFFER OF Organs and Sewing Machines for their value in subscriptions to THE HOUSEHOLD. We hope to send at least one of each into every county in the United States and Provinces in the next twelve months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We are unable to comply with the request of our correspondent from Marietta, Ga., as she did not sign her name.—Dot. We do not return rejected manuscripts unless requested to do so and stamps are sent for the postage.

BEAR IN MIND that we again offer our popular lists of Special Premiums to our most successful agents, which will be awarded October 1st, on the conditions given in another column. As we shall probably have more favorable weather during this campaign than for the last six months, we trust our lady agents will improve the occasion and fill the quotas of their counties at an early day.

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

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AGENTS DESIRING A CASH PREMIUM will please retain the same, sending us the balance of the subscription money with the names of the subscribers, and thus avoid the delay, expense and risk of remailing it. The amount of the premium to be deducted depends upon the number of subscribers obtained, but can be readily ascertained by a reference to Nos. 54, 70 and 83 of the Premium List on the opposite page. It will be seen that from 25 to 40 cents is allowed for each new yearly subscriber, according to the size of the club. In case the club cannot be completed at once the names and money may be sent as convenient, and the premium deducted from the last list. Always send money in drafts or post office orders, when convenient, otherwise by express.

ANY ONE MAY ACT AS AGENT in procuring subscribers to THE HOUSEHOLD who desire to do so. Do not wait for a personal invitation or special authority from us, but send for a sample copy, if you have none, and get all the names and dollars you can, and send them to us, stating which premium you have selected. If a premium

is not decided upon when the list is forwarded, or if other names are to be added to the list before making the selection, let us know at the time of sending, that all accounts may be kept correctly. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. It is no use to order a premium until the requisite number of subscriptions have been forwarded in accordance with the instructions given in our Premium List. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver. In ordinary circumstances a premium should be received in two weeks from the time the order was given.

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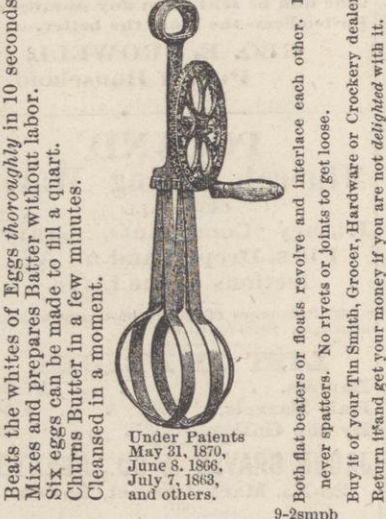
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